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# THE HOUSEHOLD

BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME

ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 7.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., AUGUST, 1874.

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## The Household.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.  
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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,  
CROSBY BLOCK, - - MAIN STREET,  
BRATTLEBORO, VT.

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### THE OLD FARM HOUSE.

At the foot of the hill, near the old red mill,  
In a quiet, shady spot,  
Just peeping through, half hid from view,  
Stands a little moss-grown cot;  
And straying through at the open door,  
The sunbeams play on the sanded floor.  
The easy chair, all patched with care,  
Is placed by the old hearth-stone;  
With watching grace, in the old fire-place,  
The evergreens are strewn;  
And pictures hang on the withered wall,  
And the old clock ticks in the cottage hall.  
More lovely still, on the window sill,  
The dew-eyed flowers rest,  
While 'mid the leaves, on the moss-grown eaves,  
The martin builds her nest:  
And all day long, the summer breeze  
Is whispering low to the bending trees.

### HINTS ABOUT ORNAMENTAL GROUNDS.

BY ETHEL C. GALE.

TO have grounds that shall be really beautiful in all essentials, it is not necessary to launch out in any of those ways that render the free use of money imperative. Expenditures may easily be reckoned by thousands of dollars when once one enters upon the task of trying to outshine one's neighbors, but if beauty, for its own sake, is desired, moderate sums laid out with care and taste, can accomplish it.

One can readily calculate how much one can afford to spend yearly for the purpose of adorning one's home, and not undertake to do more than the allotted sum can do well. In the spring the labor of a man will be required for about a fortnight to spade and manure the flower-beds, preparatory to the reception of plants and seeds, during which process the owner should be constantly on hand to prevent her choicest perennials from being tossed into the rubbish pile, to rake leaves from the lawn, and later to keep the latter closely shorn and the roads neat.

With these exceptions, the ladies of a family can do all that is required without taking any more exercise than is good for them, if they lead the sedentary lives too common with the majority of those American women who do not belong to a farmer's family.

Where the grounds are sufficiently spacious, whatever flower-beds there are, should be principally on one or two sides of the house, leaving the others for a shaded lawn; by which I do not mean that the trees should be so thickly planted as to exclude the sun, but rather that they should be grouped in such a manner as to give in some spots, broad, deep lines of shadow, and permit in others, bright, clear and sunny openings. Of course, where there is a view from any particular point, great care should be taken so to plant the trees that they may serve to enhance it, as by a beautiful framework, but not to intercept it. Where your ground is alternately rocky and smooth, rejoice. Nature has done everything for you. Plant around you in careful imitation of your great preceptress who has so skilfully prepared the land for you, trees, shrubs, and rock-loving vines. From the smooth intervals pick off any loose stone that may chance to be there, and, with very little trouble, you will have the most delightful combinations of rock and lawn, of sunshine and shadow.

In planting trees it is generally better to "mass" together those of a similar kind than to mix varieties. Where the grounds are very extensive and the groups correspondingly large, the effect of planting evergreens and deciduous trees together is often good, but in smaller places it is better to put them in distinct masses. As a rule it is much better to plant by twos and threes, or more in proportion to the size of the trees and the nature of the grounds; but sometimes there are trees so fine in development and proportion as a well-grown weeping elm, that it is a sin to leave them encumbered with near neighbors, however pretty these may be in themselves.

Trees should never be planted in straight rows, unless sometimes by a fence, where they may be expected to serve somewhat as a screen to shield from roadside observation; nor in rows of any kind excepting where they follow the curves of a road-way, which may often have a fine effect, especially where the road is long and winding.

Large flowing trees, like the horse-chestnut, should be allowed to stand in clear spaces where their blooming treasures may not be lost to view, but the tree mentioned should never

be placed in too close proximity to the dwelling, as the dense growth of its large, dark leaves give it, when the flowering season is past, and the effect is somewhat softened by distance, an almost funereal appearance.

Flowering shrubs, which are beautiful as a sort of fringe-work on one or two sides of large groups, leaving the other two sides clear that we may walk into its heart, look well when planted two or three sorts together; for instance, the *Wigelia rosea*, or a dark red rose, with their showy coloring can be contrasted with the pure white blossom wreaths of the various white spireas.—*Selected.*

### SLAB WALKS.

In many sections of the country, where the soil is composed largely of clay, or black muck, cheap walks of some kind from the dwelling-house to the outbuildings are always exceedingly desirable, especially where there is so much travel as to wear out a grass walk, and to tread up the turf. Pieces of old boards are objectionable, as they are so liable to be pushed out of their places. One of the cheapest and most satisfactory modes of making temporary walks is to procure a wagon-load of wide and heavy slabs at a saw-mill. If possible, select slabs of durable timber, then excavate a concave channel in the ground to correspond with the convex side of the slab. Let the flat surface of the slabs appear even with the surface of the ground.

In case some of the slabs are to be laid over hollows, or depressions in the ground, block them up with stones or wood, and haul a load of clay or sods to fill up the low places even with the top of the slabs. Now bore a two-inch auger hole through the slabs about one foot from each end, and drive strong wooden pins two feet long through each hole two feet into the ground. By sinking the slabs in a depression even with the surface of the ground, and pinning the ends down with a pin made of oak, chestnut, locust, or any other durable timber, loaded wagons and sleighs will pass over walks without displacing the slabs. But if slabs or boards be laid on the surface of the ground, they will often warp and twist to such an extent as to be almost a nuisance.

When boards or planks are employed for a narrow walk, let the ends of two be securely spiked to a piece of scantling, with two or three similar pieces of scantling between the ends, to keep the planks clear from the ground, so that they will not warp.—*The Builder.*



### HOUSE DECORATIONS.

WHITE and gold, says the *Building News*, is a favorite color for drawing-rooms, and is considered to be in the purest taste—we confess we don't think so. Large rooms of unrelieved white, with heavy deep gold mouldings, do not appear to us to be in good taste. The gold and white do not blend; the one seems independent of the other; in fact, the gold appears to be there to tell one at once, and very plainly, too, that it is put there solely for the sake of its glare and glitter, and not as a part of an harmonious whole. In any decorative combination of tints, gold leaf should take its place as a color, having its due weight in the balance, and no more. Used thus, it will never be obtrusive, but help to produce richness without vulgarity, glitter without tawdriness, repose without dullness. Where pure taste is exercised, gold leaf will be used sparingly, for there is no stronger evidence of a vulgar taste than a too profuse use of gilding in decoration. Any one may produce a gorgeous effect by a prodigal use of gold and color, but the true test of the decorator's art is to produce a rich and harmonious effect without the aid of gold leaf.

Instead of white and gold, we prefer to have the doors and all other wood-work in the drawing-room painted in tints; or the panels, mouldings and quirks tinted, and the stiles white; by adopting this course, we still retain its purity, but add warmth and harmony. The panels may be painted with either floral arabesques, or simple lines and ornaments, in quiet, pure tones of color. If with flowers, they should be properly supported by springing out of some object—a vase, a husk, etc.—as a natural outflow from the general design of ornament. We object altogether to bouquets of flowers tied to nothing with ribbons, and supported by nothing. We were looking at a room in a magnificent old mansion, a few days ago, done in this style. The walls were white, or what had originally been panelled wainscot. On the panels were bouquets and pendants of flowers (not wreaths or festoons), exquisitely painted, and surrounded by heavy gilt mouldings. The flowers had nothing to support them, and were tied up with ribbons that had nothing to hold by. The effect, as a whole,



was very bad. Had they been real flowers, they would have been held up in some way, but being painted ones, we presume the artist felt sure of their sticking where he had put them. Now had these beautifully painted flowers but formed a part of some well considered design, how different the effect would have been!

In some of the best class of drawing-rooms the wood-work is got up in polished white enamel, that is, a mixture of white lead with varnish that dries hard. Several coats of this is given to fill up the uneven parts; it is then rubbed down with lump and ground pumice stone and felt, until level and smooth; it is now varnished three or four times with varnish and flake white, and when hard, cut down with felt and ground pumice stone in water, and polished by the hand. If this is got up properly, and well polished, the effect is good, but the cost is enormous, in consequence of the large amount of labor required to work it; and we have very considerable doubt as to whether it is worth the trouble and cost when it is done. The advantage in point of appearance and durability is so small over ordinary flat or dead color, that we are inclined to think that the extra cost and labor are thrown away.

The imitation of woods we think to be out of place in a drawing room, except elaborately inlaid work; but in a large drawing-room, in which pilasters or columns from a part of its constructive features, imitations of light-colored marbles may be used with propriety, if well done—not otherwise. Drawing-rooms are sometimes painted in the Pompeian style; but we consider this to be a mistake, and out of keeping with our climate and habits.

The morning-room, or breakfast-rooms, should be treated in a cheerful style, warm and comfortable. The wood-work may be grained any light, clean looking wood, or a well executed imitation of inlaid woods, all good and serviceable of its kind; above all things, it is necessary to avoid a depressing dullness in such a room. When we enter it in the morning, all should look bright and cheerful, and in accordance with the good things spread out for our use. Such a room judiciously colored gives zest and relish to our food, and soothes our temper.

With regard to the decoration of the hall and stair-case, much depends upon the size, style of architecture and general character. The Greek, Italian, and Roman styles admit of marbles being used as a lining for stair-cases. In our Northern Gothic houses it was easily used for that purpose, but was used as an inlay in stone, a style of an eminently decorative character. On the walls of a grand hall and stair-case, we know of no style of decoration so much in accordance with its grandeur as marble, but if that is unattainable, a good imitation may be used with propriety. The stair-case ought, in all cases, to be essentially different in its treatment, from any other part of a house. Its decoration should be as different as its structural features are to the rest of the house.

In painting imitations of marble or

staircase walls, it is always advisable to make choice of a medium tint of the marble to be imitated, that is to say, there are certain blocks and slabs of (we will say) Sienna marble which are less strongly marked than others both in vein and color. These are better adapted for painting than the darker parts, inasmuch as they allow of a uniform tone of color being kept throughout. Nothing looks worse than to see one block or slab strong and dark, and the next light and faintly marked. Vestibules or entrance halls are often done in imitation of inlaid marbles, which, when well executed, is an admirable style of decoration for this purpose. Much care and judgment is required in the selection of the marbles, and the choice of a suitable design. Much of the prejudice against the use of imitation marbles has arisen from the use of marbled paper hangings, the majority of them being such gross caricatures of the marbles they profess to represent; and even the best of them are so utterly inferior to really first-class painted marble, that no comparison can be instituted between them. A wall covered with paper never can have that evenness of surface and smoothness of finish that a painted wall properly prepared has. Consequently we see at once that it is paper, which fact destroys all illusions at once. If we can see at once how an effect is produced, that effect will not appear so pleasing as if the manner of its doing is effectually concealed; the greater and more complete the deception, and the more pleasure and wonder it excites, the greater is the pleasure which we receive from its beauty. Unfortunately this is the case with many other things in this life; once we get behind the scenes, the enchantment is dissolved. And whatever style of decoration adopted it is well to remember that nothing can be in worse taste than to cover every part of our house with busy ornament creating a feeling of unrest and oppression utterly opposed to the true principles of decorative art.

#### GUARD YOUR CONVERSATION.

If you say anything about a neighbor or friend, or even a stranger, say nothing ill. It is a christian and brotherly charity to suppress our knowledge of evil of one another, unless our higher public duty compels us to bear accusing witness; and if it be true charity to keep our knowledge of such evils to ourselves, much more should we refuse to spread evil report of another. Discreditable as the facts, it is by far the commonest tendency to suppress the good we know of our neighbors and friends. We act in their matter as though we felt that by pushing our fellows down or back a peg we were putting ourselves up or forward. We are jealous of commendation unless we get the larger share.

Social conversation, as known to every observer, is largely made up of what is best understood by the term scandal. It would be difficult to find a talkative group, of either sex, who could spend an hour together without evil speech of somebody. "Blessed are the peacemakers" is not the maxim by which we are chiefly governed

in our treatment of personalities. Better a thousand times stand or sit dumb than to open our lips ever so eloquently in the disparagement of others. What we should do in this, as in all other human relations, is to practice the golden rule. If we do unto others as we would that others should do unto us we shall be exceedingly careful not to volunteer ill words about them. Where other than a good word is to be spoken, let it be spoken to the person concerned, that he may know your motive is not idle, cowardly and sinister, and that he may have a chance to defend himself.



#### FLOWERS OF THE HEART.

There are some flowers that bloom,  
Tended by angels ever from their birth,  
Filling the world with beauty not of earth,  
And heaven-born perfume.

Along Life's stony path,  
To many a toiling pilgrim cheer they bring,  
And oftentimes in living glory spring  
Beside the poor man's hearth.

Fairest of all the band  
(Even as the snowdrop lifts its fearless head,  
In storm and wind, unmoved, unblemished),  
Truth's precious blossoms stand.

The daisy's star is bright,  
O'er vale and meadow sprinkled wide and free,  
So to the shadowed earth doth Charity  
Bring soft, celestial light.

Oh, cherish carefully  
The tender bud of Patience; 'tis a flower  
Beloved of God! in sorrow's darkest hour  
'Twill rise to comfort thee.

So, when all else hath gone  
Of joy and hope, through winter's icy gloom,  
The Alpine violet puts forth its bloom  
Where sunbeam never shone.

Strong self-denial's stem  
Of thorns, clasp well, for, if not upon earth,  
In paradise 'twill burst in roses forth,  
Each present thorn a gem.

These are the flowers that bloom,  
Tended by angels even from their birth,  
Filling pure hearts with beauty not of earth,  
And heaven-born perfume.

#### WINDOW PLANTS AND GARDENING.

BY W. H. WHITE.

IN our common rooms it is no easy task to grow plants to any degree of perfection; to attain any degree of success requires considerable attention to details; and these details generally consist in little things, but require an imperative observance, if we would meet with success to the greatest degree attainable under the circumstances; healthy plants with fine foliage and profuse bloom can be obtained in no other way; neglect of any of these essentials is the cause of the diseased, unhealthy appearance so frequently seen in plants grown in our parlor and living rooms. Occasionally we go into a house and see fine, healthy plants with clean, handsome foliage, and a profuse sprinkling of flowers; the plants seem to love the hand which cares for them, and rewards with handsome flowers. If we are observing, we shall see the secret of success consists in the fact that their peculiarities are known, and all

their wants anticipated and performed in the proper time. She feeds them properly, and gives them the requisite light, air and warmth.

A too frequent fault of those who attempt window gardening is, in attempting too much; starting too many plants for their window accommodations, or else more than they can spare the requisite time to properly care for. It is better to grow only two plants well, than to have four weakly, puny things which can give no particular satisfaction. Plants must have light, the strongest light which it is possible for our rooms to receive; the morning light is that which best suits plants, so that in choosing our window we should prefer that one which affords the most light from the east and south, where the morning and midday sun's rays will fall on our plants; still, plants will grow, and, with the best of care, attain moderate success at any window where they can get the cheerful rays of the sun any portion of the day.

Our next requisite of success is in maintaining the necessary temperature of the air in the room in which we grow our plants. An open fire-place with a fire, affords the very best and most healthy heat; but a stove with a pan of water standing over it answers the general purpose. The temperature of the room should never fall below forty during the night, and be maintained some twenty or more degrees higher during the daytime. If we are careful to maintain the proper temperature and give the necessary light, our plants will grow healthy and of a stocky growth; without these duly proportioned, the plants will draw out long stalks, with few leaves at great distance apart, and often of a pale green or whitish color.

Study nature and follow her laws. Pure, fresh air is as essential as light and heat; and this can only be had by attention to ventilation. As a general thing, during the coldest of winter, the frequent passing from room to room, opening and shutting the doors, will supply the requisite air; but in mild, warm days the outside door should be opened, or the window dropped a little, for a short time. Syringing or washing the foliage of the plants should be attended to at least as often as once a week, to keep the plants clean as well as to afford moisture for the foliage.

Plants confine within doors are very liable to become infested with insects and their eggs. Fumigation with tobacco smoke will clean plants of all aphides and other insects, but has no effect on their eggs. To fumigate a plant or plants, confine them in a box under a barrel, or some other way, put a pan of coals with some tobacco leaves on the coals in with the plant, not too near, or the plant will get too hot, and give a good smoke; this will destroy all living insects; in two or three days give another, and you will be rid of insects for some weeks.—N. E. Homestead.

#### PLANTS IN HANGING BASKETS.

BY HORTICOLO.

In my trips among my Horticultural friends, I have often been surprised



at the striking similarity in the selection and arrangement of plants in hanging baskets; and now wish to enter a plea for some of our more common plants—not with a view to the exclusion of many of the half hardy ones now in use, but as an encouragement to many who have only attained partial success with the usual selection. I have more than once enjoyed the wonder of some of our celebrated florists over baskets, which, on more careful inspection, are found to contain only very common plants. One of the most prominent of these cases was with a basket which contained one plant each of Trailing Morning Glory (*Convolvulus Mauritanicus*), Nasturtium, Honey Suckle, Strawberry, *Convolvulus Minor* (white), Partridge Berry (*Mitchella repens*), and common field Cinquefoil.

Those who have never tried it, can hardly imagine how much the character of some of the more common vines of trailing or climbing growth may be changed, by systematic crowding in a hanging basket, when it is accompanied with proper pinching back of both main and lateral shoots; not only is the habit of growth very much dwarfed, but the natural scattering bloom of such runners as the Nasturtium and *Convolvulus*, is concentrated upon a small amount of vine; and the superficial observer is often deceived as to the identity of well known specimens. Even such notorious stragglers as the *Convolvulus major* may be reduced to order, and behave themselves with becoming dignity in the hanging basket.

By proper treatment, the Nasturtium may be kept down to a length of two feet, and add very much to the beauty of the collection. The Trailing Morning Glory (*C. Mauritanicus*), may be pinched back until its numerous side shoots are covered with a profusion of light blue flowers—or, if space will permit, it can be carried off in any direction. One spray of common Honey-suckle will do very much to relieve the back ground of the basket; and although it rarely blooms under such cramped conditions, yet its foliage is an advantage.

Some speak highly of the *Sedum Sieboldii*, but I do not find that it does well in the changeable temperature of a common sitting room, but seems to have its proper room in the more equable air of the conservatory.

A plant or two of the common strawberry will do much to improve the beauty of the basket, and, like my humble communication, adding nothing of beauty of themselves, they serve to show the bright colors of their companions.—*The Horticulturist*.

#### A WORD FOR FLOWERS.

Almost all garden works of the present time have a great deal to say about pretty flowers and continuous blooming flowers, and harmonies of color, and foliage which shall make a garden look tastefully gay through all the season. This is all very well, and yet we have often wondered why more attention was not given to sweet things, which are at least as deserving of our regard as pretty ones.

Most kinds of gardening require some expenditure. A beautiful lawn

requires constant labor to make and keep it so; much cultivated taste is required to arrange trees and shrubs so that what are called superior landscape effects shall be produced; and to arrange flowering plants so that each color shall harmonize with the other and gorgeous effects be produced, requires the employment of numerous plants and a cultivated taste in arrangement that few are able to command. But it costs little to have a few sweet flowers. Even a child knows how to sow mignonette and sweet alyssum seeds which soon come up and make fragrant blooming plants with a little care or trouble for the rest of the year. The lemon verbena, or lemon "Napoleon," as it is often called, is raised from cuttings and with some difficulty, but after being once raised it is a plant very easily grown and takes care of itself with very little trouble. There are few plants which emit a more grateful fragrance, agreeable to most persons than this old-fashioned bushy plant.

And then the delicious fragrance of the various honeysuckles, what can be more delightful? Some of them to be sure are of no account. The yellow and scarlet coral have no perfume, but the Belgian monthly and the several varieties of Japan honeysuckles are among the sweetest things that blow.

All these are very hardy and very easily handled; but besides these are the white hardy jasmine, which however is not quite hardy, and which seems very liable to suffer from small insect plant pests, but is an admirable plant to have when it does well.

If one has a clump of old trees which are not particularly desirable for their own sakes, but because a clump of something green in Summer is desirable, strong growing grape vines, may be allowed to grow over them which will not only add to the loveliness of the tangled bewilderment of the foliaceous mass, but will emit a most grateful odor in early summer evening when the grapes are in flower. It may not have been observed by others, but it is likely that some kinds of grape flowers are more fragrant than others. Some twenty years ago there was a variety known as the sweet-scented grape which never bore fruit, and was valued solely for its exceeding sweet flowers but which seems unfortunately to have gone out of cultivation—at least we cannot find it in any nurseryman's catalogue.

For a cheap bed of delicate evening perfume, there is perhaps nothing that will afford more satisfaction than one of old-fashioned perfumes. The large night moths know this and hover around the flowers all night long.—*Germantown Telegraph*.

#### MULCHING.

This is a term used by horticulturists for shading the ground around growing trees, shrubs and plants. There are many plants so delicate in their structure, that they absolutely require mulching the first summer, to insure their roots a firm hold in the ground. But as most of our summers are so

dry and hot, there are few plants that are not benefited by mulching.

If the ground around fruit trees is cleared of the weeds and grass, and mulched with leaves or straw, immediately after a rain, the tree will be invigorated, and a fine crop of fruit be the reward. Roses that are wilting and showing a sickly bloom will be revived, and bloom in beauty, by mulching when the ground is moist. The Dahlia, a plant that requires a great deal of moisture, will bloom in perfection until frost, if kept properly mulched throughout the summer.

Now, when we recommend mulching, we do not mean a few leaves or straws placed immediately around the plant, but a coating so thick that the sun cannot penetrate through, and placed as far from the plant or tree as the influence of the roots extends. Anything that will shade the ground, rock, brick, or plank, will answer to mulch with; but substances that in their decomposition will make a soil, are decidedly preferable. The native forests mulch themselves, and we see how rank and vigorous they grow. We think that, unless the surface be kept constantly stirred around a tree or plant, the rays of the sun should never rest upon it.

These who look upon labor and effort as a great bug-bear, may get along without mulching. But those who mulch properly will actually save time and labor, for when it is well done, the labor is done for the year; and the soil is all the time being enriched, as the plant grows and perfects itself. Therefore, we say to the orchardist, mulch around your fruit trees; to the vine-growers, mulch among the vegetables; to our fair lady florists, mulch among the flowers. Never tire of mulching.

#### THE CALLA.

The calla is found near the river Nile, in Egypt, consequently is a native of a warm latitude. It revels in a rich, warm and wet situation. We have found by watering it with hot water daily, (nearly boiling hot will not injure strong plants,) that flower buds and blossoms are forced freely. One plant so treated last winter produced twenty-two blossoms. The winter previous the same plant produced eighteen blossoms, and seems as healthy as when the experiment was begun. As spring comes plant the bulb in the garden, or let it stand comparatively dry in the pot in the open air; planting out is much the best, as then it produces a fine growth. It needs a rest, a chance to gather new life and strength. For this reason the open air culture is necessary during summer.

Pot up early in September for winter use, so it will get well rooted before the time comes for forcing it, which ought to begin the first of November to get it into bloom for the holidays. Earth up the stem if you are afraid to pour the hot water directly upon the stem or roots. Pot with rotted sods, or even partially rotted sods, and give liberally liquid manure all winter weekly, or put in with the dirt well rotted manure, say one-third. Use six or eight inch pots and no repotting will be needed for the year.

#### BEDDING-OUT PLANTS.

"Bedding-out" plants are those which have been kept in the house-window or green-house through the winter, and can now be made useful to give to the garden an immediate flowery appearance. Pansies are favorites—they grow well in shady nooks where other flowers will not, and their flowers continue from early spring till late in the fall. Heliotropes fill an important place among "bedding-out" plants. They are desirable for their fragrance, as well as the profusion of their flowers from June to October. Among all the varieties which contribute to the gay and lively appearance of the garden, the verbena is the most generally cultivated, and claims first rank among brilliant flowers. They look well in small beds by themselves.

Salvia, a strong-growing, gorgeous fall-flowering plant, is unequalled for planting in masses. The ageratum is excellent for beds and borders. Fuchsias are most desirable; their graceful, pendent flowers, with petals of the richest colors, produce a most attractive whole. A moist, shady position is the most suitable for them. The rose—the queen of all flowers—requires a very rich soil, and no flower better repays cultivation.

#### THE FERNERY.

In planting ferns of all kinds it is well to remember that they do best in coarse-grained, not sifted, soil, except, perhaps, for seedlings which are being started under glass. A very tasteful addition to the plants of the rock bed will be a few roots of our common evergreen ivy, which will flourish beautifully, and cling to the stones over which it clambers just as upon a wall. Another design for a fernery in a small front-yard will be to build up a kind of pillar of rockwork, formed of old bricks or stones, whichever may be most convenient to obtain, leaving numerous openings on all, into which the ferns are to be planted, also tradescantia, saxifrage, or any other hanging plant, a bunch of handsome wall-ferns, such as maiden-hair, forming a graceful tuft to crown the top. If in any shady, damp place, the bricks will soon become green and mossy, which will greatly improve the general effect.

#### ORNAMENTAL VINES.

Trees and flowers are not enough with which to adorn and beautify the lawn and garden. Vines are so fresh and fragrant they should be trained about every house. With their aid the modest cot can be transformed into a flowery bower. Among the annuals always to be remembered are morning glory, cypress vine, canary bird flower, sweet pea, etc. Of perennial vines, honey-suckle, woodbine, Virginia creeper, clematis, westaria. Ornamental foliaged plants are very popular just now; the coleus stands among the first. They are excellent for beds, but should not be set out too early. Geraniums are of various colors, and should be among every collection, both their colors and fragrance entitling them to a prominent place.—*N. Y. Examiner*.





## MORE OF MISS FINN'S HINTS.

BY ONE OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

MISS FINN had gone to Mr. Goodwin's for a two or three weeks' seige of family sewing, for Mrs. Goodwin and her two daughters, all had dress-making and repairing to be done, and always assisted what they could when Miss Finn was at work. "It is just hiring some one," as Mrs. Goodwin often said, "to make ruffles, and folds, and headings, for these are what take the time more than all the rest of the sewing." But as it must be done, the cheapest way was to have Miss Finn to help, as her suggestions were worth so much to the perplexed housewife, who had so much on her hands.

Then, as it was hard times, they were going to economize all they decently could in material, or rather, do what they could with material at hand where it was worth the time and expense of repairing. And here Miss Finn's genius was a great help in the matter.

"There," said Mrs. Goodwin taking a black silk dress skirt from her wardrobe, "is there any possibility of doing anything with this for Bell? as I surely cannot use it for myself. For you see that the trimming is frayed out, and there is not enough to trim anew, and, of course, it cannot be worn without trimming, if only because it will show where the former was put on. But I hardly know how to spare it myself," she continued, "as a common black silk skirt is such a stand-by to wear with any kind of polonaise, or upper garment, one may choose."

Miss Finn took the skirt and looked it over, then did a little planning in her own mind and was ready for action. She proposed that the trimming be taken off, the skirt nicely sponged and then retrimmed, in the prevailing fashion.

"But there is not enough of the silk to trim it for myself again," said Mrs. Goodwin.

"No, but you can get some new silk of a common quality, which will be good enough to cut up into trimmings, and which, if it matches the dress, in being the same shade, will answer every purpose, and make your skirt look nearly as well as new. The silk, as you see, will not cost you as much cloth of some common material would for a whole skirt, and it will be just what you want for a thousand occasions, and in all seasons, except the coldest winter weather."

"O, what a nice plan!" said Mrs. Goodwin, "I wonder that I had not thought of it myself, for I felt like parting with a tried friend to give up this always suitable part of a dress."

And when Miss Finn's hints were carried out, the skirt looked so nicely that some of the neighbors really thought it a new one, till the matter was explained, and Miss Finn's genius praised, as she knew that it would be,

and nothing pleased her more than to please and help her patrons. While Miss Finn was making the skirt, she told how she made a new suit out of two old ones at the rich and honorable Mr. Lytes, and for his eldest daughter, without their spending one cent upon the material. The dresses were an old black silk one, made before overskirts were in vogue, and with only slight trimming upon the skirt.

The silk was made the ground-work of the suit, then a nice polonaise was cut from the grenadine, the waist and sleeves lined with the silk, making it as handsome as a new one. Then the rest of the grenadine was used for ruffles to the silk skirt, the front breadth, being ruffled nearly to the top, making, when finished, one of the handsomest suits she had made this season.

Then for the girls, Miss Finn proposed putting together this, that, and the other, to make out their summer outfit, and of which I would write more particulars, only that it will be so late before this reaches THE HOUSEHOLD readers, that the hints would be of little service this year, and would either be forgotten, or out of fashion, before another season.

Only each housewife, and each daughter, can learn to think and plan for themselves in these matters, and if there are old fashioned garments which have been laid aside, a little calculation will often bring them into requisition, and never has fashion more favored economy than at present, when half suits are scarce less stylish than are whole ones of the same.

## HOME DRESSES.

Once, some years ago, when we sojourned for a time in the little town of M—, we made the acquaintance of a handsome and gifted woman, whom we shall call Mrs. Brown. We first met her on the occasion of a formal reception at a college in the place. She was most elegantly dressed in a deeply-trained black silk with satin trimmings, and thread lace garniture and pearls. She was the cynosure of all eyes; every detail of her attire was in perfect keeping and we felt a pleasurable sensation in looking at her, such as one feels in looking at the picture of a skillful artist.

We had heard of Mrs. Brown before this. She was the wife of one of the well-to-do citizens of M—, one who was considered wealthy there, and was quite an authority with her own sex, especially on questions of dress. She was able to afford handsomer materials than the majority of her neighbors could wear, it is true, but her exquisite taste in the arrangement of her attire, which rendered her noticeable always, was the true cause of her oracular position in the matter of dress. We met Mrs. Brown many times after this. We met her at dinner and tea-parties, at pic-nics, at concerts, and at church, and never failed to admire her stylish appearance, quite as much as her friends could wish; but unfortunately for us and for her, we saw her once too often.

It was a bright Monday morning; we had taken an early breakfast, and

while the dew yet hung on leaf and twig in glistening drops, we started out upon a botanical excursion. For several hours we had wandered through the woods, and had collected many rare specimens of flowers and leaves, and the sun was now high in the heavens and we were hot and weary, and had turned our footsteps homeward. Just without the woods on the outskirts of the town, we saw a large and handsome house. We thought it the residence of some one of the magnates of the town, but judged that we might safely dare to enter the yard and ask at the rear of the house for a drink of fresh water. The kitchen door stood wide open. Under a shed without, a stalwart Irish woman was washing at a tub. Within the door a frowsy-headed woman, attired in a loose and faded wrapper, without a collar, was directing the work of another Milesian who was stirring a bowl of starch. While the obliging washerwoman, leaving her tub, was bringing us a glass of fresh water, our nerves received a severe shock as we recognized in the very slatternly appearing woman within, the much admired Mrs. Brown, the leader of fashion and style in M—. We made a hasty retreat from the vicinity of that kitchen door, pondering as we went on the value of taste in dress that did not assert itself in one's home as well as outside of it.

We have spoken of this instance, fair readers, to paint with it a moral for your consideration. Mrs. Brown represents by no means a small class of people. We have seen scores of women, who, like her, were very careful about their personal appearance when in public, but when at home, and employed about the household, were careless to a degree that was positively disgraceful. Now we take it, a lady will be a lady, in appearance, always. It matters not how much of disagreeable household labor she may be obliged to perform, if it be her duty, its performance will not in the least detract from the fact of her ladyhood, but a slatternly garment, worn without excuse of necessity, ought to have a decided effect upon her social standing, even if it does not. We feel sure that neglect of this kind must blind a woman to the true uses and standards of dress, and cause her to regard other criterions than those which good taste and fitness demand. Wear calico, my dearsisters, at your work, by all means, you can substitute no other material so valuable on account of the ease with which it can be cleaned and rejuvenated, but remember that your house dress need never lack neatness of appearance, nor taste in design, because it is a calico. To-day, especially, are you without excuse, if you have not a plenty of neat home dresses. The new prints put in market this spring are prettier than ever before, and were never so cheap at any time during the last ten years.

The combinations of black and white make the most stylish designs, and those of good quality, especially when the ground-work of the pattern is white, wash most admirably. There are bars, and stripes, and blocks of black upon white grounds, as well as devices of vines, and figures, and

spots of various kinds, and hair-stripes also. The simpler the design, the prettier, as a general thing. There are also patterns of dark grounds, black, purple, or indigo blue, with zigzag stripes of clear white, but though these are very pretty, and make most elegant and stylish wrappers, there is always danger that they will not wash well. The designs of lavender and lilac on white grounds are safer in this particular, and the gray and buff grounds with figures of white, are most pretty and serviceable.

Nine yards of calico will cut the simple wrapper for home wear, but more must be allowed for trimming. The garment should be cut with a simple Gabrielle front, and trimmed to the knee with three straight ruffles set some distance apart, each headed with a bias band. A wide Spanish flounce of three breadths edges the back of the gown, headed with a narrow ruffle. This Spanish flounce is worn almost universally for the back breadths of wrappers, though the front may be trimmed in various ways. We have spoken of the triple narrow flounce; the flounces may by narrower and increased in number. They may be put on also, perpendicularly, as well as transversely, or diagonally, to follow one of the newest caprices of fashion, or running from a point in the middle of the front breadth diagonally upwards to the sides. The Spanish flounce may also be trimmed with a narrow ruffle.

But the trouble of "doing up" wrappers, when elaborately ornamented, ought to warn busy housewives not to waste work on a garment that is really more useful without excessive trimming. Down the front of the wrapper, large buttons of smoked pearl should be placed; a pretty way, and one requiring but little extra work in these days of sewing machines, is to close the front with strings of the material from one to two inches in width, hemmed and tied in bows at intervals of from three to four inches, down the front. These should be tied loosely and untied and smoothed out when the garment is washed. From the waist line, let a ruffle extend upward on one side of the garment and around the neck if you wish, in that case, a white ruffle should always be worn within this; however, the plain finish of cord and band around the neck, which admits of wearing the lined collar, is quite as pretty as the ruffle and less trouble. The sleeves of this garment should be cut after the pattern of the plain coat sleeve, and may be finished with a cuff, a single or double ruffle, or in any combination of these that ingenuity may suggest. The belt should be of the calico, straight, and bound with the same; a bow behind, and a single pocket, in bag shape, for the right side may be worn. The ruffles of striped calicoes should always be gathered, those of figured designs will look much prettier laid in small plaits, and pressed flatly in place.

Ladies who do not like to wear wrappers, can have their calicoes made with overskirts or apron-fronts, in the various designs given in linen suits. Blouse waists, and the plaited sailor waists, will be quite as gener-



ally worn this summer as last. In our opinion, the calico dress has always a neater, tastier appearance than the calico wrapper, but either can be made so as to combine both neatness and elegance, considerations which no woman can afford to neglect at home any more than abroad, whatever question of possible economy may trouble her.—*Fireside Friend.*

## ON TEMPERANCE.

BY OLIVE OLDSTYLE.

As Temperance seems to be the general theme just now, perhaps it may not be amiss to have a little conversation upon the subject in THE HOUSEHOLD.

Much is said and written about the "woman's movement" in this matter and I am not going to say one word in condemnation. It is time something was done to stay the tide of intemperance which is rolling over our land, carrying our young men to untimely and dishonored graves; and destroying the happiness and prosperity of thousands of families; and if the women can wage a successful war against king Alcohol, amen and amen. But in order to gain a complete and permanent victory, and induce thinking men to forsake their cups, and appreciate their labors, I think it is highly important that those who actively engage in this crusade against dram drinking and dram selling, should be temperate themselves. Are all the women temperate who gather in the streets and in saloons to pray and exhort and plead with men to stop their unrighteous traffic in "fire-water?"

They would be shocked, no doubt if one should ask them the question, yet I do ask it in all candor.

There are many ways of being intemperate. Some are intemperate in the use of alcoholic liquors, some drink tea intemperately, and I learn that many of our refined American ladies are becoming fearfully intemperate in the use of opium; a drug more shocking in its effect than even ardent spirits.

I hope there are no opium eaters among the crusaders. (I should speak of the disgusting habit of using tobacco, if I was not writing especially for the sisters.)

The people of the United States as a nation, are known to be intemperate eaters. High living is fast making us a nation of invalids.

I read many recipes for cooking with brandy or wine numbered among the ingredients. No temperance woman will put brandy into her cake and pies. But what I am coming at is the alarming intemperance in dress; the idolatrous devotion of our modern ladies to fashion and style. Who will join in a crusade against extravagance in dress and the absurdities of fashion?

I read in a late paper that a liquor agent was stopping not long since at a hotel in Toledo, when he was called upon by a deputation of ladies who by some means had learned his business. He received them courteously, and after listening attentively to their appeals in behalf of temperance, he craftily broached the subject of ex-

travagance in female dress. They were fashionable ladies, and he had before him the most perfect illustrations of his subject. He grew eloquent upon his theme, much to the annoyance and chagrin of the ladies, who had no thought of being thus reminded of their own short comings, or intemperance. Finally he declared himself so overwhelmed with the importance of his subject that he must pray; whereupon he dropped upon his knees and in a vigorous manner set forth the sins and follies of modern fashionable dress.

The ladies were much exasperated, but what could they do? It was a fair chance for the retort, "Physician heal thyself," and he improved it. He might not have been perfectly sincere in praying, but it is possible he had a fashionable wife and stylish daughters at home, and knew something of the evils which follow in the wake of costly display. At any rate, I think the subject needs prayers, tears, exhortations, resolution and perseverance, nearly if not quite as much as any other form of intemperance. To say nothing of the ruined health and shortened lives of fashionable women, we know not how many men have been driven to the wine cup to drown carping care, by extravagance.

I read that a year or two ago, there was exhibited in France a piece of lace six yards long, the price of which was eighteen thousand dollars—three thousand dollars per yard! The monstrous high price deterred the noble ladies of the European Courts from buying it though they longed to become the notable possessors of so rich a treasure. But an American woman, the wife of one of our wealthiest manufacturers saw it, and without hesitation snapped it up at the full price as readily as her mother would have bought six yards of print. Eighteen thousand dollars,—enough to buy a comfortable home for eighteen families,—for six yards of lace! To-day the husband of that woman whose wealth was thought to be unbounded, is almost, if not quite, bankrupt. Who can wonder?

We read about a great deal of embezzlement and fraud; nearly every week tidings comes of some great defalcation by some one supposed to be honest. When I read such accounts I think, poor tempted man! I wonder if an extravagant family drove him to it. It is hard, very hard for a wife to see her husband come staggering home cross and brutish, or jabbering over his silly drunken gibberish. God pity those wives, and save their husbands! And is it not trying to a husband and father who toils all through the long days to provide for their families, to know that his wife and daughters are running up bills at the dry goods stores, the milliners and dressmakers which he cannot pay because his income is already exhausted? People live beyond their means, and pride drives them into dishonesty to obtain means to pay their bills. Extravagance is ruining our nation, and fashionable folly is driving men and women to poverty and disgrace.

Men of might and eloquence; women of influence, zeal, and persuasive

power; unite your strength and join together your forces in one grand crusade against intemperance in all its forms, and may God speed the right.

## DECORATION OF BED-CHAMBERS.

Many persons who are somewhat fastidious about other portions of their houses, do not think it necessary to pay any attention to the appearance of their bed-chambers. As a home is for the use and pleasure of those who live in it, and not for the gratification of stranger-eyes, it is obvious that those apartments which are strictly reserved for family use should have as much pains taken with them in the matter of proper adornment as those of a more public character. Comfort, of course, is the first thing to be considered, but if it is possible to combine a little beauty with comfort, the trouble that it all costs will be more than repaid.

There is nothing more indicative of refinement and genuine culture in a family than bright, cheerful, and tastefully-decorated bed-chambers. Tasteful decoration does not necessarily mean expense, and it is possible to make a chamber look very pretty at a very small outlay. Indeed, in many instances, no outlay at all will be required beyond what would be incurred under any circumstances. The women of a family, especially, are apt to pass a good portion of their time in their bed-chambers, and in some households the sleeping apartments are used alike for sewing-rooms, sitting-rooms, and nurseries. It is worth while to obtain all the innocent pleasure we can in this life, and there can be no doubt that life is pleasanter if most of its hours are passed in cheerful-looking apartments.

It is an excellent plan to give a predominating tint of color to each room; thus there may be a blue chamber, a pink chamber, or there may be varieties in the combinations of tints. Thus, if the walls are buff, the prevailing color in the furniture and decorations may be blue, and vice versa. It adds very much indeed to the appearance of a house to give each room a distinct character of its own, and we insist strongly upon it as one of the essential principles of home decorations. What we have already said with regard to the adornment of walls will apply here. As the ceilings of bedrooms, however, are usually lower than those of the apartments on the first floor, the dado may be dispensed with, especially as the bedstead, the bureau, and other large articles of furniture, fill up a good portion of the walls. A dado in a dark tint, however, will be found to be advantageous, especially if it is well varnished, in preventing finger-marks and dirt-spots from showing as plainly as they otherwise would, and it will certainly give the room a sort of snug finish obtainable by no other means.

The plain tinted papers are as much to be recommended for the bed-chambers as they are for the parlors, but if the ceilings are very low, perpendicular stripes will be useful in increasing the apparent height. Such striped papers as we have indicated

as suitable for the dining-room are the best for the bed-chamber; only we think it more important, in the latter, to avoid complicated patterns and strong colors. Every person who has been ill knows how annoying a pattern upon a wall or ceiling may become to one stretched upon a sick bed, and for this reason, if no other, it should be dispensed with.—*To-Day.*

## SIMPLICITY OF DRESS.

Female loveliness never appears to so good advantage as when set off by simplicity of dress. No artist ever decks his angels with towering feathers and gaudy jewelry; and our dear human angels—if they would make good their title to that name—should carefully avoid ornaments which properly belong to Indian squaws and African princess. These tinselries may serve to give effect on the stage or upon the ball room floor, but in daily life there is no substitute for the charm of simplicity. A vulgar taste is not to be disguised by gold and diamonds. The absence of a true taste and refinement of delicacy cannot be compensated for by the possession of the most princely fortune. Mind measures gold, but gold cannot measure mind. Through dress the mind may be read, as through the delicate tissue the lettered page. A modest woman will dress modestly; a really refined and intellectual woman will bear the marks of careful selection and faultless taste.

## SOFT SOAP AND VINEGAR FOR THE HANDS.

A correspondent of the Scientific American says: "Our men in the shop use soft soap to remove the grease and dirt from their hands when they quit work. This, they find, causes cracks to come; but if they dip them in vinegar just after washing with soft soap, their hands will remain soft and smooth, and heal up." The editor says commenting on the above statement: "In the ordinary careless manufacture of soft soap, there is apt to be sometimes an excess of alkali or lye, above that necessary for complete saponification. This has a caustic action on the skin, making it rough, and otherwise injuring it. After using soap of this kind washing in vinegar removes the excess of alkali from the hands. Vinegar, being an acid, combines with the alkali forming neutral and soluble salt."

—To knit the heels of stockings double. After setting the heel, widen a few stitches, according to the fineness of the yarn, commence at one side, knit the first, then slip off the next without knitting, knit the next, slip the next, and so on across. In knitting back, slip those stitches that were previously knit, and knit those that were slipped. This makes an old fashioned double heel.

—The new feather fans appear to be quite the rage. They are much smaller in size than those used last summer, and not half as awkward-looking. Those of peacock feathers are the handsomest, on gilt or ivory sticks. The old swan's down fans in use during the days of our grandmothers are also coming in fashion again.





## POLLY PANSY.

Pretty Polly Pansy  
Hasn't any hair;  
Just a ruff of gold down  
Fit for ducks to wear;  
Merry twinkling blue eyes  
Noselet underneath,  
And a pair of plump lips  
Innocent of teeth.

Either side her soft cheek  
A jolly little ear,  
Painted like a conch shell;  
Isn't she a dear!  
Twice five fingers,  
Ten tiny toes,  
Polly's always counting,  
So of course she knows!

If you take a tea-cup,  
Polly wants to drink;  
If you write a letter,  
What delicious ink!  
Helps you read your paper,  
News of half the town;  
Holds it just as you do;  
But ah! it's upside down!

Polly, when she's sleepy,  
Means to rub her eyes,  
Thumps her nose so blindly,  
Ten to one she cries!  
Niddle noddle numkin  
Pretty lids shut fast,  
Ring the bells and fire the guns,  
Polly's off at last!

Prop her in her cradle,  
Draw the curtains round,  
Fists are good for sucking—  
Don't we know the sound?  
Oh! my Polly Pansy,  
Can it, can it be?  
That we ugly old folks  
Once resembled thee!

## MISCHIEVOUS CHILDREN.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

"I never saw such mischievous children as I have!" said an irritated mother one day. "Henry, go and sit down in your chair and sit there till I give you leave to move. Grace and Willie pick up every one of those chairs and put them in place. I wish I could have one moment's peace! Do look Mrs. Inwood! Is it not enough to provoke a saint?"

I looked where she pointed. The chairs were all lying end to end upon their backs where Henry had been playing railroad cars. The cat was dressed in the baby's clothes and lying in the cradle. In one corner, paper dolls, spools and various odds and ends, had been collected together and arranged to represent a miniature baby-house and furniture, while the floor was strewn with scraps of paper and whittlings.

"Since you ask me I must answer you frankly," said I. "I see nothing provoking in all this. On the contrary I see great cause for thanksgiving."

"Thanksgiving!" echoed she, "what do you mean?"

"Look at your children," I replied, "and ask yourself if you have not great cause for rejoicing. All this that you call mischief simply shows that they are healthy and active in mind and body, and if rightly trained likely to become useful members of society. Grace is showing already a taste for housekeeping, and the pains she has taken with that kitten gives

a hint of the motherly patience and careful love she may have for her own children one of these days. Willie and Henry will certainly be active energetic men, if they go on as they have begun."

"But I do get so tired of their noise and confusion and disorder," said she, despairingly. "My head aches, and my back aches so now that I do not know what to do! And I feel cross, and out of patience with everything."

"Would you mind letting the children play in the yard a little while?" I asked. The children looked up eagerly at their mother as I spoke and awaited her reply.

"Yes, go," said she, "but be careful not to soil your clean clothes." And off scampered the children in high glee.

"Now," said I, "for you I prescribe a good dose of oxygen. Put on your bonnet and take a walk with me. I dare say you have not been out of the house for three days."

"No, I have not been out since Sunday," she replied, "and this is Thursday. I have so much sewing to do to keep the children presentable that it keeps me busy all the time."

I looked at her work basket and saw it piled, and the table strewn with embroideries, frills, and half-made garments undergoing a process of elaborate trimming, and thought to myself that her ideas on the subject of having her children "presentable" differed materially from mine, but I kept my thought to myself and merely insisted on taking my weary neighbor into the fresh air. Baby was quiet and happy playing on the floor with his playthings, while the faithful nurse, Nora, who had just brought him in from taking an air bath in his baby carriage, sat beside him mending a little stocking and stopping in her work every other minute to smile at baby, pick up some plaything he had thrown out of his reach, or to change his position to one more comfortable.

"You have a good nurse," I said as we closed the door behind us. "It is not easy to find such persons as are fit to be entrusted with the care of children. Household goods and dishes may be replaced if broken or spoiled, but our children will bear the impressions that they receive in early childhood and infancy, to their dying day."

"Nora is an excellent girl," replied Mrs. Perry, "so gentle and patient with the children."

"That," I rejoined, "is exceedingly important. A child is almost sure to be like his nurse and mother in temper. It is really wonderful to notice how children unconsciously adopt all the modes of thought, speech and action that they see around them. *Be yourself what you would have them be*, is the first rule for those who have the care of children."

"Mother! mother!" shouted little voices behind us. We turned, and saw the children running after us, and waiting a moment for them they ran up with bright flushed faces warm with exercise. "Mother, they are burning up the shavings! See the bonfire! See, see, mother! may we go and see it?" We looked and saw a bonfire on the sidewalk before a block of new houses just finished.

A man near by it was throwing on shavings and rubbish brought from the house opposite.

"May we go and ask for some of those blocks?" said Henry, "it is too bad to have them burnt up."

"Do let them go" pleaded I, as I saw Mrs. Perry ready to deny their request. "We will go, with them." And we all went together, the children in advance; and in a few minutes they had their aprons full of blocks, and were on their way home with their treasures, with delighted hearts.

"Keep them in the yard children," said I, "or on the back porch as mother says, till we come home."

"Yes, yes," shouted they, and we waited a minute to see them run home, and to listen to their plans. "I shall build a house and barn," said Willie, and "I can make doll's chairs and sofas and a bedstead," said Grace. "I am going to make something with mine," said Henry, "that will surprise mother and all of you. It is a secret, only I wish I could get a saw and a gimlet"—and their voices died away in the distance as they disappeared through the front gate.

"Now look at poor little Minnie Prim," said I, "there she is in the house over the way. She sits at that window half the day, looking so sadly at the children playing out of doors in the fresh air and sunshine. She moves about the room so mournfully and quietly, or throws herself languidly on a lounge saying in such a forlorn way that it goes to my heart, 'Mother I've nothing to do.' Poor little girl, she is dying by inches. She has all her life listened to a perpetual 'Don't do this, and 'don't do that,' 'keep quiet,' and 'sit still,' until the poor child has lost all spirit and life. Her childish energy and enthusiasm have been eaten up by ennui and idleness. Miserable, fretful and discontented, the house is her prison, and her finery fetters that bind her to the parlor lest she should soil or hurt it playing as other children do in the fresh outer air."

It is as natural for a child to play and frisk about as for a young kitten or lamb. And we must encourage it and make it a perpetual study to give them plenty of pleasant employment, and such employment as will develop their minds, their muscles and their affections. This is one of the greatest secrets in managing children well. Keep them busy. Not alone because

"Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do,"

but because when they are busy they are happy, and when they are happy they are good.

A bright active child is wretched unless busy about something. We cannot inflict a severer punishment than to compel such a child to sit still and do nothing. But I am preaching you quite a sermon. I beg your pardon."

"Indeed, I am glad you have called my attention to the subject. I shall try to practice what you preach if I can. But busy children are not always happy. There is Sarah Brown who helps her mother all day long and never has a moment to herself."

"Of course we must not expect

children to work all the time," I replied,

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," you know. But children like to be useful and to help mother, especially if by so doing they win her smiles and words of love and encouragement, and this also develops their affectional natures and gives the mother a more firm hold upon them, to keep them safely anchored in the tempests of life."

"Here we are at home again," said Mrs. Perry, "my head ache and back ache are all gone. I must say you are an excellent physician!"

"Fresh air is one of the best medicines I assure you," said I, "try it often, as I do, and you will know its value. And now as a good friend I advise you instead of sewing from morning till night on those elaborate dresses and under garments until you have back ache and head ache, go out now and then and have a good play with the children, it will do them good and you too. Teach them all the plays you used to enjoy when you were a child. They will be just as happy in plain clothes; nay happier, for they will not be in constant dread of offending mamma by injuring them. And remember soiling the dress is not half so bad as soiling and sullyng their hearts and consciences by leaving them to bad associates."

"But what will become of the sewing?"

"Oh, let poor Mrs. Grey help you do part of it. She needs the work and the money. And a little fresh air now and then, and time to think of, and with, your children is worth more to you than money just now. It is not a religious and sacred duty to keep their dresses in the light of the fashion, but it is a most important duty to take time to study the health, happiness, and well being, of the children that God has entrusted to our care."

"How busy and happy they seem with their blocks on the porch. They do not even see us coming."

"Children are very easily made happy or miserable. A very little thing which would seem to us the merest trifle, is enough to fill their little hearts with delight or with grief. Unsympathizing people make me think of Beecher's crocodile story."

"What was it?"

"A crocodile and a little child were on the bank of a river one hot day. The blazing sun and swarms of mosquitoes and flies so tormented the child that it began to cry. 'What is the matter?' said the crocodile, looking at the child, 'I don't see anything to cry for.'"

But happily the griefs and sorrows of children, though as deep and real to them as our greater ones to us, are not so lasting. Their attention is quickly and easily diverted to some new object.

A good mother needs not only sympathy but forethought, fertile invention and tact. We must give them a suitable place to play in, where they can run and jump, and exercise their lungs and muscles to their heart's content, and by a little thought and contrivance we may save ourselves much noise, trouble and inconvenience.

And if with the utmost care and forethought, there are still times



when you are weary and disheartened, remember this is the mother's sowing time, and no field was ever half so fertile as that given us to cultivate—the hearts and souls of our children. Can we not afford to work and wait patiently for the harvest?"

"Ah, here comes Nora with baby," said Mrs. Perry, as we entered the house, and she hastily threw off her bonnet and took the little fellow, who was all eager impatience to go to his mother.

"What a comfort children are!" said I as soon as all was quiet.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Perry, "but I do get very, very tired sometimes when they are fretful and noisy and everything seems to go wrong."

"Did you read that beautiful little poem by Mrs. Albert Smith, called 'Tired Mothers?' It was in the June HOUSEHOLD. And there is another I like very much, that always seems as refreshing to me as a cool breeze in a hot day in August. I will repeat it for you some day."

"Do say it now if you can, please."

"It is

#### 'MY CHOICE.

Yes, I know there are stains on my carpet—  
The traces of small muddy boots;  
And I see your fair tapestry glowing,  
All spotless, with blossoms and fruits!  
And I know that my walls are disfigured  
With prints of small fingers and hands;  
And I see your own household whiteness  
All fresh in its purity stands!

And I know that my room is invaded  
Quite boldly, all hours of the day;  
While you sit in your own unmolested,  
And dream soft quiet away.

Yes, I know I have jackets that wear out,  
And buttons that never will stay;  
When you can embroider at leisure,  
And learn pretty arts of 'crochet.'

And I know there are lessons of spelling  
Which I must be patient to hear;  
While you may sit down to your novel,  
Or turn the last magazine near!

Yes, I know there are four little bedsides  
Where I must stand watchful each night;  
While you go out in your carriage,  
And flash in your dresses so bright.

Now, I think I'm a neat little woman,  
I like my house orderly, too;  
And I'm fond of all dainty belongings,  
Yet I would not change places with you!

No! keep your fair home with its order,  
Its freedom from trouble and noise;  
And keep your fanciful leisure;  
But give me my four splendid boys!"

"Good!" said Mrs. Perry. "Who is the author?"

"I do not know. I wish I did. It was first published in the New York Observer, I believe."

"Are you going? Do come again soon, I shall remember your visit when I am tempted to complain of mischievous children."

#### EARNEST WORDS WITH PARENTS.

##### Number Twelve.

Selfishness in children is developed also through emulation. We must here distinguish between the good and the bad in the application of this principle. Emulation that seeks excellence and distinction for their own sake, and for the advantages they bring to their possessor, is commendable. It implies a strong desire for superiority, but it has honor for its basis, and a desire for greater usefulness. Hence, Dryden says with propriety, "A noble emulation heats your breast." But when competition

degenerates into rivalry, it engenders every resentment, and detraction, and seeks out self gratification. The former aims to merit success; the latter is satisfied to obtain it. An appeal to this principle in the family or school, usually awakens only an envious and selfish ambition. And hence, the offering of prizes to the one who shall excel all others in a given task, is open to serious objections. Such a prize is not a reward of merit, but of success, which is often gained through superior ability, or superior advantages, and at the expense of every noble and generous feeling. This kind of emulation may secure to one or two of a class, a higher order of attainments, but this is too frequently gained by the sacrifice of that generous sympathy and true manliness which are the only sure guarantee of future success and usefulness. The many who have made the greater effort and are really more deserving, are wronged, and the successful competitor is always injured, more than benefited by such promotion.

Pride and selfishness under such training, soon become the ruling passion of his heart. Hence, I would say to parents, as I have said to teachers, let all prizes offered to children be based upon real merit, and let them be given to all the deserving, instead of one. Again, selfishness sometimes degenerates into dishonesty, which manifests itself in the little business transactions among children. A favorite son, for instance, boasts that he has "got the best end of the bargain" in exchanging knives or pencils, with his playmates; and his doting father smiles approvingly upon his success, and marks this act of shrewdness as evidence of special business talent. The boy has had the example, it may be, of his father and his father's neighbors, and has observed that over-reaching is the common habit of many in society, in the transactions of everyday life, and why may he not practice sharpness and be commended for it? If petty fraud is so common among men, why may not the sons follow their example, and learn the art of trade, thus early? Is it strange that we so often read of theft, and forgery and speculation from government, and embezzlements from bank and railroad corporations, when so many of our youth are trained in the school of selfishness from early childhood? Whatever we desire to have expressed in the nation's life, must be taught to our children, both by example and precept. And what so important as strict integrity and benevolence, in distinction from dishonesty and selfishness?

But these habits also, must be formed under faithful family training, if they are to appear in practical life. They are based upon the golden rule of Christianity. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and in this loving and doing for others, "there is great reward." It is not in receiving benefits from our fellow men, or from God, that we experience the greatest happiness, but in laboring for their good,—in the exercises of the benevolent spirit. And this important lesson can be easily impressed upon the tender heart of

children by teaching them to share their food and playthings with each other.

Unfortunate is that mother who has but one child to train for her country and her God, unfortunate indeed, is that child who has no brothers or sisters to call forth his generous sympathies and self-denying actions. He may on this very account, grow up a "spoiled child," through selfish indulgence. But the child who has learned this important lesson, in early life, may have begun a journey across the continent, or a voyage across the ocean, to carry civilization and Christianity to the destitute and needy.

To the same end children should be trained to habits of industry. "The idle brain is the devil's work shop." And this is not all. Industry rightly understood and directed, calls into exercise the benevolent feelings. Children should be taught to work voluntarily and cheerfully, and for the sake of helping their parents, and doing good to all around them. And this helpful service may be rendered still more extensively, as opportunity offers, by earning money, not to be spent for their own gratification, but to enable them to contribute, of their own means, for the relief of suffering humanity. To forget self and love others is God like, and this is an important lesson for childhood to learn.

How instructive the answer of our Saviour to the bigoted Jews who sought to slay him, because he wrought miracles on the Sabbath day, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." The "Father worketh!" Prompted by infinite love, He worketh for the welfare of his creatures, and it is only through the working of his power that his love is manifested. Christ worked to relieve the suffering poor, to comfort the afflicted, to bind up the broken heart, and to breathe into the benighted soul conscious of sin and guilt, the sunlight of hope, joy and blessedness. And he is our example. The spirit he manifested and the lesson he taught, should be imparted to our children, that they may become co-workers with him in the world's elevation and redemption. For the want of such training how many young men of our day are spending their lives in indolence, and wasting their energies, both of body and mind, in useless or ruinous indulgence; and how many young women, lost to every noble sentiment and aim in life, spend their years in the cold formalities of etiquette, in frivolous gossip among their equals, and in dressing and pleasure seeking.

Let parents, if they can, estimate the consequences of such habits, to their children, and to the world, and they will have a measure of their own remissness, in neglecting duties so important.

#### EXPERIENCE.

#### 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 to Puzzles in July number were first received from Emma N. Storer, Brunswick, Maine.

ANSWERS:—1. Let all things be done decently and in order. 1st Cor. xiv. 40. 2. Botany.

3. C  
A L E  
C L A R K  
E R R  
K

4. H A Y  
A D A  
Y A M

5.—Indiana, Laporte.

I l L  
N o r A  
D r o P  
I d a h O  
Ann Arbor  
Newport  
A l E

#### ENIGMA.

1. I am composed of thirty-four letters.

My 3, 7, 33, 14, 29, 12, 1, 27, 34 is the name of a 15, 26, 15, 29, 24 we all like to have in our 6, 32, 22, 13, 5.

My 30, 17, 16, 10, 29 is a vanity of 4, 23, 8, 19, 12.

My 28, 31, 26, 10, 21, 20, 17, 34 is a town of 2, 13, 26, 9, 11, 3, 4 inhabitants.

My whole is the name of a beautiful poem.

J. A. C.

#### SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

2. I am in Abel but never in Cain, I am in Lot who "dwelt in the plain," I am in Ishmael and Beer-sheba too, While in Sarai and Isaac my 4th you may view,

My 5th is in Esau who his birth-right did sell,

While in Leah and Rachel I constantly dwell,

In Dan, not in Naphtali, my 7th is revealed,

While in Gad and Asher my 8th is concealed,

In Reuben the eldest and Issachar am I,

And though not in Judah, I'm couched in Levi,

My 11th is in "Ephrath" where Jacob's wife died,

My 12th is in Joseph where rests Jacob's pride,

In Zebulun and Simeon united I dwell,

While in Benjamin I bid you a reluctant farewell.

Let me pause just "one minute" to finish my rhyme,

In Ephraim and Manasseh my 15th keeps time,

My 16th is in Machpelah where Abram was laid,

My last's in "Rebekah" the "Syrian Maid."

My whole is one of Christ's beatitudes.

G. L. P.

#### ANAGRAM.

3. Keaps lygent ni tish rowld fo sour  
Ehwer dloucs oerweeps eth yks,  
Dan testeews lowseif nad staircf smrof

Ear reve tirts of ide,

Ewerh fishrpind shangee nad eth site

Hatt idnb donf ratseh rae viner,

Limd hootsing drows ear kile het artss

Taht tilgh eth dimtinhg veneah.

#### DIAMOND PUZZLE.

4. An interjection; to flow; to rouse; aslant; a kind of cloth; to purchase; a vowel.

#### SQUARE WORDS.

5. A fish; an open space; trade; a seasoning.

6. A seat; a river in Europe; a kind of cloth; sciences.

#### CHARADES.

Trees and Plants.—7. To stitch, and to fasten. 8. An interjection, and a boy's name. 9. An oily substance, and a squirrel's food. 10. A conveyance, a pet name for mother, and a small nail.





## EGGS AS FOOD.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

EGGS, though really a very valuable article of diet, intended as a great blessing to the race, are often if not generally, productive of more harm than good, like many of our blessings they are more frequently abused by extra cooking, than used as they were intended. To understand the relative value of the nutriment of the egg, let it be remembered that it is rich in albumen, an element which "constitutes the most important part of animal food." The white of the egg contains fifteen and one-half per cent of albumen, four and one-half of a kind of mucous substance both of great value in the animal economy. The yolk, more than seventeen per cent of albumen, twenty-eight per cent of a yellow oil, consisting of stearin and oleine. The two contain all of the elements entering into the chick, making blood, muscles, bones, feathers, beak and claws. The albumen of the egg is the source of all the tissues of the chick, the action of the air with the iron, carbon, or oil of the yolk, etc., effecting all of the necessary aids in producing that wonderful transformation of a nearly colorless matter, apparently one substance, to an organized being, widely differing from the original elements. This is in accordance with the statement of Liebig that "albumen must be considered as the true starting point of all animal tissues," all nitrogenized articles of food, whether derived from the animal or vegetable kingdom are converted into albumen before they can take part in the process of nutrition. If this is true, the nourishment of the egg surpasses that of most of the meats. While it is true that albumen is an absolute necessity, it must not be inferred that one can long subsist on this alone. While this makes muscles, carbon, as found in the starch of the potato, and grains etc., in the sweets and oils, must promote respiration and add to the fatty deposits; we are not all muscle, or bone or fat, and cannot subsist on the elements producing these only.

But the digestibility of the egg depends upon its preparation. The albumen of the egg and the cabbage,—the last of which is rich in the muscle producing nitrogen—is rendered difficult of digestion by heat, by coagulation. Both are more wholesome when not covered, the latter being used now by the Dutch, Germans, and others of the East. The white of the egg coagulates at a temperature of 160° or about two-thirds of the boiling heat, hence the egg may be cooked without boiling over a slow fire if it must be thus injured. To cook it by boiling in the shell, the white being the most exposed to the heat, is not the best method of preparation, some break them into hot water and thus cook all parts about alike, somewhat impairing the taste by contact with water. An improved process is to break them into

a dish and then put it into the steamer carefully watching that they do not cook too much, on some accounts it would be better to beat them fine, a general mass of both parts. By this course we avoid that solid mass of the white as seen in the coagulated, hard boiled egg. This white and solid mass is very difficult of digestion, such a mass restricts the action of the gastric juice in the stomach; when thus liquified for cakes, etc., it is more easily digested than it would be probably, if subjected to the same amount of heat while in the mass, but of all methods of cooking, none can exceed the abomination of frying them solid in lard, combined with ham, making a compound more difficult of digestion than any ordinary article of the table, too difficult for any ordinary stomach and certainly unfit for a weak or dyspeptic stomach.

Strange as it may seem, the custard has long been popular for the sick, or at least in some localities; the unbaked custard it is true, is not only nourishing—too much so for some patients, those with a poor appetite, indicating the need of but little food—yet when thoroughly cooked, especially when combined with a lard saturated crust, it is unfit, totally so, for a weak stomach, and such may weaken even the most robust, the strongest stomach, and it should be remembered that when the body is weak the stomach can not escape that weakness, and should be rested and favored like the body.

The raw egg is not only very nourishing but easy of digestion. A writer has said: the lightest as well as the simplest mode of preparing eggs is to boil them only as long as is necessary to coagulate the greater part of the white, slightly without depriving the yolk of its fluidity. Raw eggs are said to be a gentle laxative, and were formerly in repute in cases of jaundice and obstructed liver. When boiled hard and especially when fried, they are less soluble in the gastric juice, and are commonly very difficult of digestion. These observations apply to omelettes, pancakes, fritters, and other dishes as made with eggs and cooked by frying."

The above remarks are fully sustained by Dr. Beaumont's experiments, in which he learned that raw, whipped (fine) eggs digested in one hour and a half, while the time of the hard boiled and fried was three and one-half hours.

Again, the cost of an egg diet is not as great as that of some of the meats, taking the amount of nourishment into the account. (I do not mean fancy eggs at \$15 per dozen as sold by Mr. Graves, and other fowl fanciers.) The average price of eggs per dozen for the year is about the same as that of beef steak of the first quality, and yet a dozen of eggs of the medium size weigh about one pound and a half, of course giving an advantage to the eggs in the matter of economy of which we may have regard at least in "hard times," if we would be honest. And for certain temperaments, especially for persons of special excitability, the eggs would be preferable, since they are far less stimulating than beef, affording about fifty per cent more of nutrition with less to inflame

and excite the system. And here it may be remarked that provision dealers will assure us that fashion has much to do with the prices demanded for the different parts of the ox, and that there are portions of about the same value in the steak which command not more than one-half the price.

I repeat, the less the egg is cooked the easier is the digestion, the less it taxes the stomach. In making puddings, therefore, the good housewife will do well to add the egg, when practicable, after other articles have been partly or wholly cooked.

## WHAT SHALL WE HAVE FOR DESSERT?

Let me suggest to your readers a few ways of varying the dessert at dinner—changes from the inevitable pie. They may not be new, yet I never see them at any table besides my own.

Make a dough as for biscuit, roll thin and spread with currants, cherries, or any kind of berries; raspberries are especially good. Roll it up like jelly cake and steam it till done. To be eaten with sweetened cream.

Another is: To one pint of sour milk add one teaspoonful of soda, flour to make a batter, and a handful of dried cherries, or currants. Pour it into a basin and steam till done. To be eaten with sweetened cream.

Instead of the sweetened cream for the above pudding, a sauce made of half a pint of cider, half a cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter boiled and thickened with a little flour, might be used. Or instead of the sauce a syrup of sugar and water boiled is good with either of the puddings.

The following I know to be new to your readers, for it is my own invention. Towards spring when apple butter becomes a drug in the domestic market it can be used in this wise: To one pint of apple butter add a pint of sweet milk, a cup of sugar, (more or less according to the sweetness of the apple butter,) and two tablespoonfuls of flour. Bake in tins lined with pastry, and with strips of pastry across the top. Please try it.—*Cor. Ohio Farmer.*

## EQUALITY AT TABLE.

The social war still rages, says a Paris correspondent, respecting the custom of a host selecting from among his guests the most conspicuous of the invited, passing them in review before the company as he conducts them to the chief seats at the table. The abolition of this inhospitable inequality is strongly urged. At a dinner-table there ought to be no subalterns, but a Spartan equality. The Russian plan is excellent, where the guests assemble and mix at a buffet, a sort of overture to the dinner, and make acquaintances before passing, *sans ceremonie*, to the dinner-table. In the eighteenth century the rule was for the ladies to enter the dining-room alone, those nearest the door passing in the first; for any lady to offer to make way for another of exalted station, the latter would consider the intended deference as an impertinence. The gentlemen afterward followed and took seats by chance.

## THE DESSERT.

—A Boston confectioner has taught his parrot to say "pretty creature" to every lady that enters his shop. His business is rapidly increasing.

—"I mean't to have told you of that hole," said a gentleman to his friend who, walking in his garden, stumbled into a pit of water. "No matter," said the friend, "I have found it."

—"Building castles in Spain, Mr. S.?" said the landlady to Spicer, who was thoughtfully regarding his breakfast-cup. "No, ma'am," said Spicer, "only looking over my grounds in Java."

—Benjamin Franklin's autograph has reached Michigan, and it makes one feel lonesome to see tears trickling down the cheeks of aged ladies as they gaze upon the venerable relic, written on paper made in 1869.

—As a rich and pretentious man was looking at some paintings which he proposed to buy, the dealer pointed to a fine one and said—"That is a dog after Landseer." "Is it really?" exclaimed the pretender. "What is the dog after him for?"

—Absent Man o' Business: "O, Mr. — (forgets his name), will you excuse me one minute? Take a seat—pray take a chair—take a—." Meek Client: "Thank you, I have one —." Man o' Business: "That's all right—take another!"

—A Norristown youth sent his girl a box of grapes, one afternoon lately, and the next day a fellow met him on the street and said: "Those grapes were jolly good last night; send some up every Wednesday evening—that's my night, you know."

—"Humph!"—said an Englishman to a Scotchman, as they were walking over the fields, "oats are all very well in their way; but in England we feed them to our horses, while here they are food for men." "Ay ay!" said the Scotchman; "an' just see what fine horses there are in England, and what fine men we have in Scotland."

—A lady from the South has enjoyed an interview with Emerson, and writes to the Memphis Avalanche that she was delighted with "the fluting and frilling of his inviolated words." The Detroit Post is surprised to hear this, as only last year the philosopher had his words "cut biasing, but with plain borders, tastefully folded back, and secured with a blue ribbon."

—Pending the occurrence of a threatened earthquake, a South American paterfamilias sent his boys to stay with a friend beyond the limits of the fatal section. The convulsions did not turn up when due, but the youngsters remained in their place of safety till the following note procured their recall;—"Dear P.—send the earthquake along here, and take home your boys."

—It was an unfortunate idea making the new ten cent scrip so much like the fifty cent scrip. It is no pleasant sensation, after hurrying from a store and all the way home under the impression that you have beaten somebody out of forty cents, to find you have the right change after all. We may be a little prejudiced, but it strikes us this is taking an ungenerous advantage of trusting nature.





## HOW TO LENGTHEN LIFE.

HUMAN life is made up of a succession of periods of growth and decay. From birth there is a gradually ascending series to maturity, and from thence a descending one to death. Nature has undoubtedly affixed to each epoch a certain duration, the limit of which can never be exceeded, and is seldom attained.

It is impossible to ascertain with precision the length of the separate parts or the aggregate whole of a natural human life, for such has never been passed within historic times. The greatest age to which man ever attained must fall short of the number of years to which he might have reached if he had been originally constituted and continued to exist in perfect conformity with nature's law. Thomas Parr, who died at the age of 152 years and 9 months, and had lived under nine kings of England, may be said, in comparison with the probable duration of a perfectly natural life, to have been cut off in the very flower of youth. He, in fact, was prematurely destroyed by a surfeit of royal indulgence at the court of Charles I, where he had been summoned on account of the rarity of his great age. Parr's body after his death was examined by the famous Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, who found the internal organs in the most perfect state, without the least symptom of decay. His cartilages were not yet turned into bone, as they are ordinarily in old people. It was evident that he had died from a plethora caused by his too greedy enjoyment of the royal cheer.

That it is possible to prolong the duration of life by human means no one will question. The average age of man, yet so contemptibly small, has been greatly augmented by the skill and appliances of modern art and science. The improved hygiene of civilized communities has more than doubled the rate of life during the last hundred years. Each individual, moreover, has it in his power to increase the number of his years; and this not only by avoiding the obvious causes of ill health, to which most rational people take care not to expose themselves, but by following certain rules, less apparent but equally simple, which few even of the wisest think of ascertaining and following.

It should be a great point with all to strive to prolong each period of the ascending series of development, for this will not only prolong life directly, but indirectly by protracting the descending series of decay. In childhood and youth particularly, it behooves us to cherish with the utmost care the accumulating fund of vitality. No organ should be tasked beyond its power, yet each should receive the exercise proportionate to its gradual development. No one should consume in childhood and youth what should be stored for the use of maturity and old age. "The energy of life," says

Hufeland, in his German way, "will be in an inverse ratio with its duration; or the more intensively a being lives the more will its life lose in extension. The expression fast living, which, as well as the thing itself, is at present so common, is not, then, altogether improper. One may certainly make the process of vital consumption, whether it consists in labor or enjoyment, more or less rapid, and thus live either fast or slowly. The less intensive the life of a being the longer will be its duration. If the intensive life of a plant be increased by heat, manure and artificial means, it will expand itself to perfection more rapidly, but it will also soon decay.

The rule is simply this—when as a child act as a child, and do not put away childish things until you become men. All premature use of mind and body, and every attempt to shorten the natural periods of development, will be heavy drafts upon future years—so heavy, in fact, as seriously to diminish and possibly to exhaust the fund. By lengthening and giving as full a development as possible to the epochs of childhood and youth, there will result a maturity so full of vigorous life that it will be capable of defying disease and repelling death, until wearied nature welcomes it as a sleep.

Each period of human life has its tendency to diseases of a particular organ. In infancy and childhood it is the stomach which, having the largest proportionate development, is most likely to be disordered, in adult life it is the lungs, and in maturity of age the head. This is, of course, a general and not an absolute law; and childhood, manhood and age, are each liable to all varieties of malady, though more particularly to one kind that may be called its own. It is, therefore, an important rule for the enjoyment of long life to keep an especial watch at each period upon that organ which has the greatest disposition to disease.—*Harper's Bazar.*

## SALT RHEUM.

The term salt rheum has been applied to so many different skin eruptions and diseases, that it is hardly used in medical literature at all. If a person has any skin disease on any part of the body for any considerable time and especially if it be on the hands, it is sure to be characterized as salt rheum, whatever may be the cause or nature.

The name is applied more often, however, to a malady known to science as *eczema*; this occurs in a variety of forms, so that if salt rheum be taken to mean this, it might be properly applied to a number of quite different appearances. *Eczema* is caused by many things. Any irritation of the skin may induce it, as irritating chemicals, hot air too long applied, the direct rays of the sun, hot or cold water too long kept in contact with the body, as we see in the hands of washwomen and on the bodies of those who bathe too long or too often; or any irritating substance in contact with the body, whatever its nature, may bring it on. Catching cold, a slight fever for a day or two, a fit of indigestion have frequently induced the disorder. The eruption on the

legs and thighs is usually due to both the heat and irritation of the clothing. Some people seem to be constitutionally pre-disposed to it, and it will appear on a certain spot, and remain in a chronic state for weeks and years, despite most of the treatment that may be brought against it. Yet in many of these cases, there is kept up a continuous irritation of the diseased spot, the eruption vanishing as soon as the irritation is removed.

Infants often have *eczema* on the head and face, and are covered with scabs and running sores; this is often called, vulgarly, scald head. *Eczema* may attack people of any age, but more often afflicts the young and middle-aged than the old. The rule is, that it appears as an eruption of fine vesicles—that is, fine blisters filled with clear fluid, the vesicles seldom being larger than a pin head. These blisters dry up with or without redness, burning and pain in the skin round about, and form scabs and crusts, which after a time fall off, the redness slowly disappears and recovery takes place. Frequently, however, when the scabs and scales fall off there is left a raw, suppurating and bleeding surface, which again becomes covered with scabs, and the cases become chronic. Sometimes the whole skin will seem to peel off and leave a very red, disagreeable surface; again the skin will crack deeply, and bleed on every motion or disturbance of the part.

As it is seen in its different stages, *eczema* presents a great variety of appearances, and some writers are ready to call a dozen skin diseases, as described heretofore, by this name.

As to treatment, the only thing necessary or proper to say here is, that measures for the cure of acute diseases of *eczema*, are to be directed to improving the general health of the patient, and removing all sources of irritation from the affected part. Get the system into a healthy state otherwise, and this disease will seldom be seen. Were we to write all that might be said on the subject of the hygienic management of the body, of course this article would be well nigh interminable. If a case of *eczema* be chronic, it should be sent to a competent physician, as no rules we could give would, in the hands of the unprofessional be adequate.—*Cor. Prairie Farmer.*

## HINTS CONCERNING HEALTH.

These warm spring suns, says an Eastern journal, will tempt many young and inconsiderate persons to make changes in their underclothing, which may prove very detrimental to their health. Flannel next the skin should by no means be removed until after the cold spell which always comes near the middle of May, and then thinner flannel, or raw silk should be worn in place of what is taken off. In India, the British army is clothed in flannel the year round, and this regulation has been found effectual in preventing those summer complaints which formerly cost so many lives in that tropical country. We commend the suggestion herein to mothers of young children. Those living on the sea coast cannot, with safety, dispense with flannel entirely,

even during the heated term. An east wind, or any sudden change in the skies, should find the safe covering ready to be put on at a moment's notice.

A close observer will find that he takes cold, not when the weather changes from warm to cold, but from cold to warm. Thrown off his guard by the mildness of the temperature, he neglects necessary precautions, and suffers the inevitable penalty. When the difference in the height of mercury at noon and midnight is greatest, then care is most necessary in the regulation of one's clothing as to amount and warmth. "The greatest sensation of cold we ever experienced," says a writer on health topics, "was in the morning at 5 o'clock, with the thermometer at 56 deg. in Texas, where we were accustomed to ride under a sun heat of 150 deg. during the day.

Persons of good constitution and sound health are apt to think they can violate hygienic laws with impunity; that they can eat at irregular intervals, and anything they fancy; can sleep as much or as little, and when they please; can sit with damp feet, and do, in general, exactly as they please, and it will be all the same. As well might William B. Astor fancy his vast fortune needs no looking after; that extravagance will not waste it; that bad investments will not diminish it; that panics will not affect it. He knows better than that, and every possessor of fine health should know that this invaluable gift is to be cherished, cared for, and preserved, or, like other riches, it will take to itself wings and fly away.

To those who live in close or crowded rooms, we mention an experiment made by a physician in England: "I have repeatedly taken organic matter from the windows of a crowded room and experimented with it. This matter condenses on the glass and walls in cold weather, and may be taken up by means of a pipette. If allowed to stand, it forms a thick, apparently glutinous mass; but when this is examined by a microscope, it is seen to be a clearly marked confervoid (resembling seaweed) growth. This matter in the air is as injurious to health as organic impurities in water, and acts as a ferment by which diseases of the nature of fever are engendered.

## CURE FOR THE BITE OF A MAD DOG.

Take one ounce of red chickweed, put into an earthen vessel that has never been used for any other purpose. Pour a quart of strong beer on it and simmer, on a slow fire, down to a pint; strain, while boiling, into a tin dish containing one ounce of theriack, stirring until well mixed. Give the patient this dose, milk-warm, before eating any breakfast and eat nothing for three hours. He must drink no cold water, or eat animal food (not even fish) for fourteen days.

This is a dose for a grown person; the half is given to a child of twelve. If the dose is too large for the patient, sickening him, half can be given the second morning.

To beasts you give double the quantity observing the same care in regard to water.





## BOTH SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

BY U. U.

YES, there are two sides to this question of authorship, as there are to every other pursuit and calling, and I am not sure but Mrs. Carney and "Christabel" are right in intimating that Mrs. Dorr, and the writer of these "Papers," have taken a too shady view, in reply to Maud's letter.

But the inquiry, as coming from Maud, was not concerning the pleasure of writing, but the probable pecuniary advantages it would bring; it was not the sunny romance connected with literature, but the stern, practical matter of fact of the case, in making this a business, as it were, of life.

And if the unvarnished truth must needs be presented in sober colors, as a practical fact, does it follow that there is no lighter, more poetic tints to be seen in its more sunny aspect? Indeed, only the length of my former article prevented me from touching upon this, which now, if the subject is not worn threadbare, claims a further, more encouraging word. And we consider that there are multitudes of young girls besides Maud, who are gazing into the future undecided as to what to do, and not a few, like her, looking longingly to the fields of literature for their work, and for their harvest returns, we may perhaps be pardoned for referring again to the topic of her letter.

For despite what we have said discouragingly upon relying upon the pen for support, the field of literature is a most enchanting one, and the satisfaction which may come to the true and earnest writer, aside from all pecuniary consideration, may be among the choicest delights and the purest joys of our existence. It is not alone the enthusiasm of creating—though this is one of the exquisite delights, which cannot be conveyed to another—nor is it in the fame that may come, but it is something deeper, holier, more peaceful; like gazing upon a child that we love and drinking in joy, merely because of love. And if it chance that we may have touched another heart, have stimulated one to higher endeavor, have helped one in a dark or tangled way; or cheered, or made merry an appreciative reader, or found one single additional friend because of our pen utterances; then, indeed, we have sufficient recompense of reward.

There are times when it seems that all discouragements and dissatisfaction faded away in the brightness that surrounds the pen, like a halo of glory; and when to give utterance to our thoughts, and to weave pictures of fancy, is living, in the highest, most beautiful sense of the word. Ofttimes, we may feel to count all things as naught compared to this, and, in our rhapsody, such things as food and raiment, and the grosser needs of life may seem as of little account.

But to come down from our airy flights, we begin to feel that we are only mortal. Bread, and meat, and potatoes may seem vulgar to consider in lieu of our poetical flowers or romantic visions, while dresses, and shoes, and hats and gloves may appear as vanities compared to the mental habiliments with which we have arrayed ourselves. But when we are hungry, or cold, or shabby in dress; when our stationary and stamps come to an end; then if our brain-weavings bring us little or no return, in the shape of what to love is the "root of all evil," and we have no one to supply our needs for us, then the glamour of writing fades somewhat away and we wake up to the fact that our hands must find something more practical to do—even if it come to washing dishes, rather than to starve, steal, beg, or desecrate our pen.

Not, friend Christabel, that we advised Maud to resort to this for we are sure she is capable of something better; but we insisted, and still do that it might prove better to spend part of one's time in some mechanical work, rather than to trust, at least till one is assured a place in letters, to the uncertain success and the wearing life of authorship.

If Maud, or any other young girl of literary tastes and aspirations, is assured of a home and support there through the years of apprenticeship as a writer, and is willing to write and to re-write; to meet the discouragements that will come, and still work on, bidding her time, then, in time, it is possible that the pen may yield at least a fair reward, for the labor it has been devoted to.

It was the thought of the necessity of the case, the desire at once to make the pen a source of profit, that seemed to take from the work its due divinity and to make it liable to degenerate into a mere business matter. And is there not a danger also that this, certainly, if success does not come, may check the aspiration of the young writer, and dishearten her from doing as well as she otherwise might have learned to do, had she not looked to her pen as a support, instead of as a pleasure and helper?

A young woman of ability and education once told me of her former desires to make a business of writing, and her enthusiasm in her work. And, in her maiden efforts, she met with kind and encouraging words from others, and also with more success, in having her articles printed in really worthy publications, than falls often to the lot of a novice. But after all her work yielded her very little reward in way of money, though considerable by flattering hopes for the future. "But I was obliged to give up the dream," said she, "of making it profitable for the present, and I was poor and must make my own way in the world for myself." For though a home was afforded her, yet she found she could not even earn her necessary "pin money"—nay, she said, scarce enough for the stationary and stamps consumed in her experiments. And so in utter discouragement and in disgust, she laid aside her pen, and soon was in a position where her talents had ample room to

work and to do good, and at the same time, was in the receipt of a generous income thereby.

Now I have often thought, that in this case, literature might have lost one who would have adorned it, merely because she was wooed in the wrong way, and what should have been the last consideration, must needs be almost the first. Had she made writing a secondary consideration as a means of support, then, when her position was established it, might have returned to her its full reward. As it is, the way she began, causes the disheartening effect to come to her as sad memories, whereas otherwise, in her leisure she might now do work with her pen far more satisfactorily than then she could possibly do, with the goad of necessity driving out the beauty and enthusiasm of her work. Then again the young brain should not be overtaxed to create, nor should its crude efforts all appear in print.

Does Maud remember in Miss Alcott's "Little Women," when Mr. March the father of Jo is made to say, "let your thoughts have time to ripen"—and to this is added the remark, that he allowed his thirty years to grow before presenting the fruit to the public. And though Miss Alcott herself commenced writing while young, yet, if we are to credit report, she undertook other labors to help supply herself with the necessities of life, trusting not to the luck, even of her gifted pen, for all that it could afterwards give her. And in her story of "Work," she teaches the honor of labor, and we are told that some portion of her own life is interwoven in the tale.

Another thing, as we before hinted, there is danger that depending on the pen, by a young person, is liable to be to the disadvantage of true literature. There is danger of the writer getting in a way of supplying the cheap demand, for what money it will bring, rather than striving to excel by determining to do none but worthy work. In the story of "Little Women," to which we again refer, we remember that the German professor gives it, as his declaration, that it is better for a young girl to sweep the mud in the street than to do this,—not, I suppose, that he would advise that more than I did factory work; but that, of a choice of evils, this was the least.

Mrs. Carney herself admits that some mechanical labor may be as well for a writer,—if this be in one's own home it is well, but if there is necessity of some means of support outside, some paying employment will help, we opine, rather than hinder the ultimate success of a young writer.

Mrs. Carney tells us that her own maiden efforts in literature—those which, we infer, brought her the truest of joy—were accomplished, not as a business matter (as they brought her "nary a cent,") though of course the apprenticeship was a help to the after worker. And she also mentions one as written after a weary day's labor, and admits that she engaged in teaching, not daring then to trust to her pen for her whole support.

It is so, we think, with those who now stand at the head of authorship among men; they had at first other means of livelihood, writing as they could, till

at last the pen became remunerative. And where one has means to rely upon, and can wait without discomfit, then it may be safe to seek no other way of support, for if the pen fails, they are not left penniless.

Honestly we believe that much harm has been done to literature, and perhaps not less to young authors, by the holding up a few prominent examples of the success of certain writers, as a bait to lure others into attempting the same success for themselves. Occasionally a young writer strikes on a lucky vein that brings them into notice, and so into paying business at once. But this is only one case in hundreds that attempt, while those to whom we owe the most in the world's best literature, and those whose success in best assured, were content to wait, and to woo her favors as a friend, whether it gave money at first or not. It is something like a lottery as to chances of success—one in a thousand may win the grand prize, while the other nine hundred and ninety-nine must accept the smaller favors, and some among them perhaps none at all. But look at it in whatever light we may, there is a sunny side to writing, for those who love their work, and whatever discouragements may have arisen to have hindered, we would nevertheless have indulged in the luxury of the pen. We could not do otherwise, even were it to be seized in stolen moments, but sometimes we must write, if only for our own relief and pleasure. We could think while we worked, and then make our work less a drudgery and at the same time our mental labor less exhaustive, than to give the time more closely and persistently to it.

Kind, grateful words, by one's readers, are among the sunny things that come to help in this work, and they come to us as sweetly, if not more so, when what we may have written goes forth as seed by the wayside, without the sower's hand perhaps being known by its readers.

—A curious mistake of authorship has just come to light in the case of a Continental litterateur of considerable fame. Carl Detlef—a name that has gained an enviable reputation in literary circles through the medium of several excellent works of fiction generally supposed to be the productions of a masculine mind—is now known to be the nom de plume of a very talented young Prussian lady, Miss Clara Bauer. Miss Bauer is the daughter of a gentleman occupying a position in the civil government of her country and moves in that high and fashionable society of which she has given so many pleasant sketches. Unlike many of the German authors, who, even in a novel, allow the metaphysical tendency of the Teutonic mind to evince itself, this author has the rare faculty of producing a work equal in interest to a French society novel without the intrigue and other barely hidden demoralizing condiments with which such a work is generally spiced. "Valentine, the Countess," the latest from her pen, has just been translated by "M. S." and published by Porter and Coates. It is a novel that may be read with both pleasure and profit, as it, while affording a few hours pleasant reading, also gives a good tendency towards certain womanly graces, by giving to its heroine "Valentine," not only the enchanting figure of a fair Countess, but the beauty of a noble souled woman.

Messrs. Porter and Coates have also just issued a new novel by Holme Lee and Annie Thomas: "The Vicissitudes of Bessie Fairfax," and "No Alternative." Of the latter Dr. Shelton McKenzie, an able critic, says, "it is one of the very best novels of the season."



## KITTY BROWN.

Words and music by J. H. McNAUGHTON,  
Author of "Belle Mahone," "'Twas a Story," etc.

*con 8va*

*p*

1. Long years a - go, with hand in hand, Went Kit - ty Brown and I to school; So sweet her face, so sweet her  
2. The dear old schoolhouse! there it stands, A - moun'ning o'er the vanished days; Oh, shall I meet there nev - er

*cres.*

*dim.*

song, I heed - ed not the mas - ter's rule! Her ten - der hand, her win - ning ways, Taught  
more That dear, sweet girl, with win - ning ways? How ten - der was her lit - tle hand! How

*dim.* *dolce.*

*f* *sostenuto.* *dim.*

more to me than mas - ters do; She taught my heart with gen - tle praise, To beat so ten - der and so true.  
thrill - ing sweet that voice to hear! But where that voice, and where that hand? My heart gives answer with a tear.

*cres.* *f* *p*

Soprano &amp; Alto.

Dear Kitty Brown, oh sweet Kitty Brown! Tears on my cheek are trembling down, Warm hand in hand no more we feel, Yet heart with heart may wander still.

Dear Kitty Brown! Dear Kitty, sweet Kitty Brown! Tears on my cheek are trembling down; Warm hand in hand no more we feel, Yet heart with heart may wander still.





## THE HOUSEHOLD TREASURE.

BY SOPHIE M. HALL.

"The dearest household treasure  
Which to me the years have brought,  
The sweetest of home pleasures  
Lingering often 'st in my thought,  
Is the treasure that stands always  
In the cosy corner there,  
Is the pleasure that my child-days knew,  
In the old home rocking chair."

"Be seated, dear; as token  
Of my friendship deep and true,  
I offer the old and broken  
Rocking chair to you.

You see how broad the battered seat,  
How its arms are stretching wide;  
Shall I tell you why this is to me  
The dearest thing beside?"

"Only three summer's suns had kissed  
My sister's nut-brown hair,  
When the angel pain laid heavy hand  
Upon our darling fair.  
In father's arms, on mother's breast,  
She was rocked, and sung to sleep  
In this old chair;—and waked no more—  
Do you wonder that I weep?"

"Oh! happy hour at even time!  
When the busy day was done,  
With the mellow light of lamp and fire  
Our day had just begun;  
For climbing into father's lap,  
(He had learned to hold all three;  
One boy on each of the chair's broad arms  
With me upon his knee.")

"We told of all the day had brought  
To us, of pain or joy,  
Or begged for stories of the time  
When he was a little boy.  
Then a simple song together  
Was a crown to the day's delight.  
Without it, we were never  
Quite willing to say, "good night."

"You'd have smiled to see us huddled,  
And rocking to and fro;  
And hear through our song the noisy creak  
Of the rockers come and go;  
But suddenly, it seemed, at once  
Had vanished all our joys,  
For ne'er before had father been  
'Too tired to hold his boy's.'"

"Oh! turn away, for I must weep—  
How still the house doth seem!  
The past with all its memories  
Comes, like music through a dream,  
We children now are scattered wide;  
Oh! Christ, keep our hearts as sweet,  
As when we left on this dear old chair  
The traces of childish feet."

## A CHAPTER ON MATTERS AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

BY AUNT LEISURELY.

MY DEAR NIECE ZILLAH:—  
Your letter was received, and perused with pleasure. I am glad you enjoyed the donation party at the minister's, and pleased that you like the minister and his family. Had I been one of the company I don't know that I could have enjoyed it more than the description you gave me of it.

Among many pleasant things you heard, which gave you food for thought, was a remark made by a refined, intelligent, old lady, she remarked, that "children never could repay their parents for what they had done for them." "It has crossed your mind many times since, and weighed somewhat heavily upon your spirits." I have often heard persons express themselves so, and in my younger days felt it was a strong expression and would bear a little modifying, and

now that I am a parent, my heart rebels more earnestly, and I feel it will bear a great deal of modification. It is right and natural that parents should care for their children from the cradle to the grave, should they be spared to witness the whole journey, and while words are too poor to express my condemnation of the child that could neglect a parent in their old age or infirmity, I would not have their lives saddened by the thought that with all their trying, they never could pay the great debt they owe. In my opinion the truest way of repaying our parents for their care of us, is by trying to lead a life of pure integrity ourselves, and doing our whole duty by our children, it would be an unthinking parent indeed who would not feel themselves doubly and trebly repaid for the care which should never have been anything but a pleasure.

You feel perplexed about sending Maggie away to school, as your mother entreated you on her death-bed to always watch over her, and to keep her with you. I think my dear that while we strive to follow the wishes of our departed relatives as far as we can, we should not feel we were doing wrong to take a different course, should circumstances warrant it. When your mother died Maggie was a tender, delicate little being; no wonder the mother-heart yearned over her and wished her cherished as she would have done had she been spared. It was not necessary for you to leave home to attend school, for while your mother lived, you resided in a town where good schools were abundant, but now, on a farm, several miles from a good school, all is changed. Well, so would your mother's opinion have changed were she with you now. Maggie from a delicate, dependent child, has grown into a self-reliant, energetic girl, eager to acquire the foundation for a useful life, and with the good sense to know that an education is that foundation, yet you hesitate because of your promise, and your father is loth to advise, so you come to your aunt in your perplexity. Well, your aunt will be a conscience for you, and she advises you to send her to school.

And now, that I have given the advice that you asked for, to the best of my ability, I will add a little more on the same subject gratis, knowing it will be received in the same spirit it is given.

See that Maggie's outfit is such as will place her in good standing on her entrance as a stranger in a strange place, for reason as we will, dress after all is the main thing we are judged by among strangers. I know at this time much is said and written against the follies and vagaries of fashion, and extravagance in dress is as it should be, by many persons bitterly condemned, but I am not speaking of rich and superfluous clothing for school-girls, I am only advising good substantial clothing, suitable for her age, of good material, neatly made, and plenty of it, even if the family at home, be stinted for the time being, let the one that is from under the home-roof be abundantly supplied. No matter how much we censure the proceeding, yet we cannot but acknowledge that appearances go a great way in that miniature world, a boarding-school, as

elsewhere; and the well-dressed girl will command respect from teachers, scholars, and servants, that is denied to one that is shabbily attired. We earnestly wish it were not so, we know the whole thing is wrong, but it is so, and as we cannot reform the whole world, it is well as far as we can to conform to circumstances. Many parents think it a trifling grievance that their children feel themselves not as well dressed as their companions, but my dear, we send our children to school to be instructed and profited thereby, how can they do so when their minds are harassed by any cause whatever, and to a sensitive young person nothing is more galling than the consciousness of being meanly appareled. They cannot bear it philosophically as more mature persons could, all they can do is to suffer. I knew a girl while at school, whose family were fashionable people, lived up to every penny of their income, and had much planning and scheming to keep afloat. They considered that the older ones who were in society must dress well, so the poor girl at school had to be content with her sisters cast off finery, so there she was decked out in flounced grenadines, faded silks, gay bonnets, and soiled ribbons, altogether out of place in a school girl, she knew and felt she would look much more respectable in plain good clothing, and I know it occasioned her intense mortification, although her sensitive pride kept her from speaking of it. How very much better appearance she would have made had her wardrobe been composed of neat muslin or print dresses for common wear, then with plenty of neat ruffles, cuffs, and collars, she would always have looked the lady-like school girl.

Also in regard to pocket-money, see that Maggie always has enough to meet the little exigences of school life, many little articles that could be dispensed with at home, become real necessities at school, in case of sickness, etc.

At almost every school, little treats, entertainments, or a present to a beloved teacher or something of the kind may be gotten up among the pupils, and the girl that is impecunious, is really in an embarrassing position; she is either compelled to decline a share in the amusement, and be harassed by the knowledge that her stinginess is commented upon, or borrow from some more favored associate, and be tormented with the consciousness that the whole school is aware of the state of her finances, neither of which position is calculated to add to the pleasure of the festal hour. It requires more moral courage than most young persons are possessed of, to tell a whole school that she must deny herself the pleasure of attending a concert or something of the kind, or cannot contribute her share for some little pleasure for others, because she has not the money to give. It does not, if young persons are properly trained at home, cause them to spend money lavishly because they are entrusted with it, but it gives them a proper respect for themselves, and commands it from others.

You say "your new girl is an excellent worker, keeps her kitchen in

apple pie order, but, has such a temper, and is one continual snap from morning till night." That "the children are afraid to put their noses in the kitchen, and if you have a request to make you feel like a criminal awaiting sentence." I sympathize with you my love, and for your further comfort can add, it is nearly always the case, where you see a thorough worker full of energy and vim, you generally see them full of fire also, and make the kitchen a tempestuous port for small craft. But we cannot expect all the virtues to be centered in one poor girl, so I would just let her have the kitchen as much to herself as possible, and as she is saving, cleanly, honest, and industrious, it is in good hands. Of course in the eyes of such notable people, children with their noise and litter, undoing in a few minutes the work of half a day, are a nuisance, and such an opinion of the small fry is not confined to hirelings alone; many, many mothers whose bump of order is largely developed, much as they love their children, are in a chronic fret, because they cannot keep their homes, their children nor themselves in the order so dear to their hearts.

I know one mother who in her early married life, gave one the impression by her manner of living, for I don't think she ever considered the subject, but just acted out her own loving, cheerful nature, but by her manner of living one would suppose her children's pleasure was her one object in life. She had a room, which by courtesy was dubbed the nursery, but unless she was in it, it was generally minus the children, they wanted to be where mother was, and trailed after her, to their and her perfect satisfaction. If she was baking, so were they, little pies and loaves were made on the same tray and with the same utensils, potatoes were roasted in the ashes, corn popped on the stove, at all times and seasons, nuts cracked on the hearth, molasses boiled, chairs tied together for sleighs and wagons, and all the pastimes that juvenility delight in fully indulged and enjoyed. Kittens and pups, pet chickens and a rabbit were as much at home in that household, as the children; visitors, preferred taking the miniature bedlam in homeopathic doses, and the husband and father was much of the same mind.

All the children in the village liked to be there for that was just the spot where they could have a good time without hindrance, and neighbors' smiles over the antics of the happy gleeful children were mingled with groans over the doleful housekeeping.

But as years passed away a change came over her; whether she heard any of the comments her housekeeping called forth, or whether as she grew older she began to see for herself, I am unable to say, but certain it is she turned over a new leaf completely in her household arrangements. She became in time a perfect housekeeper, and just in proportion as her orderly propensities developed, just in that proportion her disposition soured so that in place of the loving, cheerful, easy going mother, she became the fretful, nervous, fault-finding Martha. It really was no more the home it once



was than if it was not composed of the same members. The children felt the effect, but with their limited powers of reasoning, could not understand the cause; all they knew was, mother was cross. She at last was satisfying the neighbors, but was the change really for the better? I pondered much over the metamorphosis, viewed it I think from every standpoint. No one could complain that the change had been made too abruptly, for it extended over a period of five years. All I could do was to helplessly say to myself, why could she not have adopted the happy medium, and came to a stop in her march of improvement, at the end of two and a half years, and realize that she was living about right, then her children could have felt they still had a home where they could have a taste of old times without rebuke, her husband could have come once in a while into the house without being implored "for mercy's sake to clean his feet and step over the sill," and her neighbors could have enjoyed her well-ordered fireside, without being tempted to think that blind and deaf people were not so much to be pitied after all.

But dear me, I am floundering in deep waters now, and see no chance of getting out, but if I get on terra-firma once more, you will hear again from your loving, AUNT LEISURELY.

#### WHERE ARE THEY?

BY OLIVE OLDSTYLE.

THE HOUSEHOLD seems like a monthly meeting and greeting of some scattered family. We feel like shaking hands as each familiar name appears. But, sometimes, when families meet after long separation; dear familiar faces are missed from the social circle;—loved voices are no more heard; and to the question, "where are they?" the answer comes, "gone to the land from which no traveler returns." So in THE HOUSEHOLD we miss some names which had grown familiar, and look in vain for a cheerful greeting, or listen for a strain of sadness, and watch in vain for some token that they still live and will return some day. But we look, and listen, and watch in vain: and to our anxious question, what has become of our old friends? where are they? Echo answers, "where are they?" and we are no wiser than before.

Mrs. Dorr makes her appearance, true and faithful, as the months go round. One or two more are quite punctual, while others occasionally put in an appearance.

Our old acquaintance "a Martyr of the Period,"—poor weary soul,—comes as often as she can get time, with a bundle of her griefs; and as we read we feel sorry that she is not brave enough to declare her independence. Other familiar names are handed in each month, and new additions are made to the family gathering; but some who used to bring their offering to the monthly feast, come no more. Where is spicy "Kitty Candid?" and "Constance" the minister's wife? Has the "old maid" got married at last? Has "Violet Winslow" with whom we used to sympathize, escaped from the tyranny of her fussy aunt?

We remember one who gave her name as Percie Barton, and many others are missing. We often wonder whether they all still live; and we should like to know if the man who criticised so many tables, has found a wife who keeps him and his house in perfect order.

But there was one who touched the key note of our sympathy; who gave one sad wail of anguish, one pit-eous cry for help, and then became silent as the grave.

Was "Marah" the child of some busy imagination? Did some one write that appeal in behalf of the many hungry, aching hearts who sigh for sympathy; or was there a real woman who wrote and signed her name Marah, because she had drank deeply of the bitter waters? How we longed to go to her, and clasp her in our arms, and tell her of one Friend who is true, tender, loving, faithful. One who pities her and counts all her tears,—whose great heart is sympathizing in all her loneliness. He knows and understands it all; for "He came unto his own, and his own received him not!" Ah Marah! you received coldness in return for your love and faithfulness, and you are grieved, and your heart is hungry, O! so hungry! Cold hearted people may boast of their strong minds, and smile disdainfully at what they term your childish grief; but we know, and the dear Lord knows that a true and loving wife longs for kind words, loving smiles, and expressions of tenderness, such as first won her heart, from him to whom she has given all. But the loving, pure and faithful Jesus received more than mere coldness. "He was wounded in the house of his friends." He was reviled, spit upon, and slain by those he came to save. He was a man of sorrows, and has measured every depth of suffering and knows how to pity, and is able to deliver.

Is Marah still alive? Has the cloud passed by and left only sunshine and brightness? If so, she ought to tell us, so that we may not waste sympathy; for there are other aching hearts who need all we have. Is she still grieving because bright hopes have faded, and the rosy hues which made her sky so beautiful on her wedding day, have vanished and left only a murky sky and twilight gloom? Cheer up Marah! I believe there is light in the future for you if you will trust in Him who was wounded for our transgression, and by whose stripes we are healed. Carry your sorrows all to Him and He will deliver thee and give thee, not only the sunshine of His love, but also that for which you sigh, the love and companionship of your husband. I have known husbands as cold and indifferent as yours, who had no desire to hear their wives read or sing, and who thought all petting childish and silly;—and some of those same husbands have learned to appreciate a kind word, and even relish a little petting themselves. And when their wives try to make home comfortable and bright for them, they see it and express their gratitude. Courage Marah! your bright days are coming. I see them in the future; be patient, be kind and faithful still, and bide your time; and when it comes,

thank God with your whole heart, and with your husband travel on to that better land where sorrow and disappointment never will come.

#### LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR "SISTER IN PERPLEXITY:"—I have searched through my May HOUSEHOLD, for a reply to your appeal to Model Housewives, but excepting sister Sarah's timely verse find nothing. I wonder if your Mrs. Mann, and a lady or two of my acquaintance don't know that they are model housewives; they must have seen your article for they read the HOUSEHOLD of course, they couldn't succeed as they do, without that. I, like you am exceedingly anxious to find out their secret of management, but an appeal from me would be no more effectual than yours and that of Mrs. O. C. I suppose. I hardly dare make one for fear some sister worn out with our importunities should dash our ambitious hopes to the ground, by a letter *à la* Mrs. L. G. (in canning corn, etc.) stating that this accomplishment of always having things looking just so, is an innate faculty, and if we did not possess the germ we were incapable of cultivating it, and if we did possess it, we should have found it out ere this. Defend us from such an idea.

Do you think we could learn anything by giving this subject our most candid consideration and comparing notes? I should like to hear from you and any others in this way, and will venture to give my thoughts on this subject.

When I am caught in some such predicament as that you so graphically describe, on looking back I invariably find that I have been indulging in shirking, not idleness, for usually I have been very busy but have not done the work of each minute in that minute. To explain, every particular spare for the last few weeks has been my plant stand, where I have several boxes in which I have sown seeds. I get breakfast all right, probably because I am too stupid and sleepy to think of anything else, then cannot or do not resist the inclination of going to look at my little nursery, and I fuss there watering and pulling up tiny weeds, perhaps till I am called away then my table is hardly cleared, when I think of something I intended to have for dinner, and which must be got over early, and by the time my dishes are put into the dish-pan, they are crusted over and hard to wash. Everything hurries, too, sweeping, dusting, baking, etc., and the wiping off of paint and windows, (necessary to their looking just so,) has to be omitted. Of course if any one comes in, my work is found doing, not done, and not even doing in a systematic, pleasant way, but jerking jarring along. I make strong resolve of adhering, in the future, to my plan of work even to the minutest moment of the morning, and for a few days all goes smoothly. I have plenty of leisure in the afternoon when all is in nice order, to count my pansies, and wonder how much longer those snouts of seeds on my verbenas are going to remain.

A month or so ago, I felt it was my urgent duty to feed the birds, and im-

mediately after breakfast too, then I had to watch each tree, on which I had put crumbs for some time to see if any, and how many birds came to eat. Before Christmas, I was tempted to hold up my slippers just a minute to admire them, and at all times of the year, I want to read the papers before my work is done. But that is given up now, and writing this will perhaps strengthen me in that determination.

My conclusion of the whole matter is, that housekeeping is an absorbing occupation; a very pleasant, healthy and honorable one, but one that requires devotion and much persistency in method. I do not mean that I should be contented to have my own or any one else's ambition limited to having things always looking just so; that is only a part of what goes to make up an intelligent, courageous loving woman, who is a help and comfort to all who come in contact with her.

I wonder if I am trespassing on the kindness of our Editor, in asking all in perplexity over this important subject, to let us hear their opinions and conclusions. I am sure I should be benefited by such an arrangement.

Before closing allow me to thank Mrs. W. in January number for her recipe for Graham bread. It is excellent. I am much indebted to others also.

ANOTHER JULIA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD FRIENDS:—I have listened silently for a long time to your social chat, but as you all seem friendly may I draw my chair a little closer and consider myself one of your number? I want first to thank Mrs. Dorr and Mrs. Carney for their cheering letters, for I am one of the Mauds who are looking life in the face, and asking for something to do. I will not ask you to listen to my "cry of distress" or even to reply, for it is the same old story over again; you have all heard and seen and some of you may have felt, a story of orphanhood, of struggles with sickness and poverty, of thirsting for knowledge and something better than we had known, and having at last reached the height of our ambition, viz. the education requisite for a district school teacher, to find that somehow we had missed our calling, and for some unaccountable reason were unsuccessful.

There is nothing harder to bear than failure. One may strive for years to attain a worthy object, may spend time, money, and even life itself, but if only he gain that object at last, he is well repaid. The world is ready to applaud the successful ones, but for those who strive and never win, it has no words of encouragement.

It was one evening when I had reviewed for the hundredth time the different aspects of this gloomy picture, that I picked up the December number (I think it was) of the HOUSEHOLD, and my eye fell upon Mrs. Dorr's letter in reply to the "Louisiana girl."

Nothing could have suited my case like those hopeful words. They were like balm to my troubled spirit. I wish every lady of the HOUSEHOLD would read that letter again. I am sure it will make you all better contented with your life, and at the same time create in you a noble discontent.



that aspires to something better. Do not think, dear friends, that I am unhappy and ungrateful, I have many things to be thankful for, and one that affords me a great deal of pleasure is a love of reading. By it I can converse every day with those who are wise and good, cultivated and refined. I love to study the lives of noble women who have risen by their own efforts to places of trust. I am glad that I live in a free country where good reading is floating everywhere and all who wish may educate and cultivate themselves.

I thought when I began that I would like to say something for the benefit of the HOUSEHOLDERS, but my letter is long enough. I think however I will tell you one plan for using up old papers. It is to cut out the articles you wish to save and make them into scrap books. I am collecting materials for books with something like the following titles. "Health Hints, Sketches of the Lives of great Men, Science and Art," etc. You can buy blank scrap books at a trifling cost, or you can make them yourself. Take merchant's old ledgers, or Patent Office, or Agricultural reports and thin out the leaves. Paste is better made of starch than flour, but mucilage is better than either. If you use paste make it thin and free from lumps, be careful not to spread it on thick or it may warp or mould, paste on both sides of the leaves. You can fill the book at one time, laying the dry leaves you cut out between every pasted leaf, put a weight on it, and lay it in a warm place to dry. No doubt some of the ladies will laugh at the idea of not knowing how to make a scrap book, but as I was writing I thought of the lady who thought the recipes were not written plain enough, so for her benefit and the others who were "born without judgment," these directions are "respectfully dedicated." JEAN.

Did you ever notice how nonchalantly a man will saunter up to a perfect stranger and ask to light his cigar?

It is perfectly refreshing to see how the stranger takes it as a matter of course, and when the operation is over, goes on his way and never thinks of it again. It never enters his head to ask the man's social position, or to scan him from head to foot, to find out whether his clothes are this year's or last year's style. And again, see one man rush up to another, and slap him on the shoulder, with a "Hallo, old fellow, how are you getting along?" Little he cares for the passers-by; he is glad to see his friend, and is not ashamed to show it.

Now take a well-bred, stylish woman of the world. When on the street, if through some calamity a stranger should ask her for a pin, do you suppose she would immediately, with beaming face, hand her the desired pin? Not a bit of it. She gazes at the woman before her, takes a mental estimate of how much her dress cost a yard, notices that she wears an imitation lace collar, also that her gloves are dyed, says to herself: "What impudence these poor people have;" and then aloud: "Madame, I have not the honor of your acquaintance, and also, am not a walking pincushion; there is a store near by;" and with these cut-

ting words, sails proudly along; while the mortified woman feels an almost insane desire to step on her train, which is sweeping the sidewalk. Again, when the well-bred woman of the world, meets a once dear friend, after years of absence, she does not hasten with outstretched hands, and heart brimming over with kindness, to meet her. That would be vulgar, and she prides herself on her knowledge of what is, and is not proper, and accordingly advances a few steps, holds out one jeweled finger, and says: "I have not seen you for an age. How very haggard you are looking. Where did you buy that lovely dress—but it is not very becoming to your complexion. Won't you sit down for a few minutes, as I am going shopping as soon as the carriage comes around. No? Call again, as my time is so occupied, that I really don't think I can find time to visit you. Good-bye." Is it any wonder that woman does not visit her fashionable friend again very soon? When a stranger is introduced to the well-bred woman of the world, she eyes her all over, with the supercilious look which the sex knew so well, how to assume towards one another, mentally pronounces her awkward, gaudily dressed, very gushing, not a particle of style about her, wonders who her dressmaker is, is ready to swear she is painted and powdered, and then bowing distantly, gives her the cold shoulder.

Such is the difference between a man's and woman's ideas of friendship. MRS. E. E. ANTHONY.

#### COOKING EGGS.

Eggs bear a relation to other animal food similar to that which seeds bear to other vegetable food. They are the depositories of vitality, stored up to form a new link in the continuation of the species. They are probably the purest form of animal food, though they compare unfavorably with seeds in several respects. They lose their vitality sooner, and they partake more or less of whatever impurities may have belonged to the animal that produced them. They are not so nutritious as some of the seeds, and they require more care in cooking.

Like seeds, one of their principal ingredients is albumen, which is nearly pure in the white; but unlike vegetable albumen, it coagulates with heat. If the heat is great, becomes so hard, as to be extremely difficult of digestion. Hence eggs are more easily digested raw than cooked, and hence also the objection to hard boiling. Dr. Beaumont found bits of hard boiled egg-white, no larger than a pea, sometimes remained in the stomach after everything else had yielded to the action of the gastric juice. Such logic is unanswerable. He deduced from it the importance of careful mastication. We women can go a step further, and find in it an intelligent reason for so cooking the eggs that they will not require this extra care. Fried eggs are still worse than those which are boiled, both because subjected to a greater degree of heat, and because of cooking fat into them.

Even in the common method of boiling them rapidly, "three and a half minutes," the albumen next the

shell is quite too hard. It should be uniform and custard-like, and this is secured by the method, now becoming quite common, of merely letting the eggs stand from seven to ten minutes in hot water. This should be boiling hot at first, but the cool eggs reduce its temperature somewhat. The exact time required will vary with the relative proportions of eggs, and water, with the size of the eggs, with the heat and thickness of the utensil used, with the warmth of the place where it stands, and with the weather also, a little more time being required in dull weather. The cook will soon learn what allowance to make for her utensils; and for the rest, she must use her judgment every time. They are not so easily spoiled, however, as in boiling. If left in a little too long, they can be plunged into cold water for a minute or two. If even kept hot until the yolk stiffen, the yolks will not be hard. The yolk should be cooked just enough not to break rapidly when turned out. These are, properly speaking, not "boiled eggs," but "curdled eggs."

These curdled eggs make an admirable dressing for many breakfast dishes—boiled sump, oatmeal mush, cracked wheat, and especially for small hominy. The gentle method of cooking eggs may also be observed in making egg-toast. Have the milk almost boiling, in a flat dish, and break in the eggs one by one, cooking a few at a time, and being careful not to let them run together. Sprinkle in a little salt, and let them stand hot and covered until firm enough to take up without breaking. Then have ready some split batter biscuit (gems,) softened in hot milk and laid on a platter, and when the eggs are done, dish them one on each half of a biscuit, and serve warm. This is a handsome dish, and though not quite so digestible as hominy dressed with eggs curdled in the shell, it is still far better than the fried potatoes and griddle-cakes that form the staple of so many breakfasts.—*Science of Health.*

#### HELPS IN IRONING.

It quite depends on the way ironing is done whether it is agreeable or not. The ironing board must have a slip-cover, to be washed each fortnight, and besides there should be a large piece of thin cotton to lay over starched things to take the first pressure of the iron. This piece must be fine, for coarse cloth will leave the impress of its threads on nice fabrics. A breadth of an old jaconet skirt is the best. A bowl of clear water, with a clean sponge or soft brush, or worn white rag, must be ready for dampening spots that have dried since folding, or have not ironed smoothly. The table ought to be solid, without leaves, and a high chair should be provided, so that one may sit close to the board, touching it with the waist. It is just as convenient to iron sitting as standing, if one gets used to it, and most of the fatigue of ironing comes from standing long at a time.

A housekeeper who knows how to be good to herself—as every woman ought to be—will have a table for ironing with one side hollowed out, like the cutting boards which seamstresses use in their laps. It will be

easy to sit up to such a table, and in a swivel chair that can be raised or lowered at will, the gas stove or furnace on one hand, the clothes frame on the other, many a poor, tired woman would find the dreadful ironing day one of the easiest of the week.

Truth to say, these conveniences are named not more to recommend housewifely exercise to idle people whose nerves are pining for it, than in hopes that some overburdened working-bee may be able to test the comfort of these helps. Those who have the most work to do generally have to do it the hardest way. A good mistress will see that her servants have all these conveniences if they can be taught to use them. I confess that the pleasure of wearing white muslin and crisp ruffled skirts is much alloyed by the thought how some gasping girl has toiled over them in a heated laundry or burning attic on a July day.—*Bazar.*

#### HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

**LETTUCE DRESSING.**—Five eggs beaten together, level teaspoonful of salt, same of pepper, tablespoonful each of butter, cream and mixed mustard, half a teacupful of vinegar; put all into a tin bucket and place it in a vessel of boiling water, stirring all the time until it thickens; when cold thin with salad oil. Wash three or four sweetbreads and boil in salt and water, when cooked, skin and chop them up, and mix thoroughly with the dressing. Place a tablespoonful of this in the middle of each lettuce leaf with the smaller leaves around it. Serve for dinner or tea.

**SPONGE CAKE.**—Half a pound of sifted flour, one pound of sugar, whites of twelve eggs, yolks of eight eggs, grated rind and juice of one lemon; beat the yolks very light, then add the sugar, grated rind and lemon juice, and beat very hard. Whites of the eggs must be beaten until they stand alone. Put in one-third of the whites of the eggs and give it a splendid beating, then stir in the gentlest manner possible one-third of the flour, alternating with one-third of the whites of the eggs until you get all in. Remember if you beat it after the flour goes in it will be sad. It is best to have some one beat the whites while you are beating the yolks.

**JELLY CAKE.**—A Piece of butter the size of a walnut, two cups of sugar, one cup of cream with a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it, the yolks of four eggs beaten light, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar mixed well through nearly two and one half cups of flour, the whites of four eggs, well beaten first, and a teaspoonful of vanilla.

**WEDDING CAKE.**—Three pounds of butter creamed with three pounds of brown sugar, two dozen of eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, four pounds of raisins (after they have been seeded) chopped fine, five pounds of currants, after they have been well picked over, washed and set aside to dry, two pounds of citron, sliced very thin and chopped fine, two nutmegs grated down, one tablespoonful of ground cinnamon, one-third of a teaspoonful of ground mace, two pounds of sifted flour, cream, butter and sugar, add yolks, then two-thirds of the flour alternating with the whites of the eggs, then add spices. Dust the fruit well with the remaining third of the flour and mix in at the very last.

**APPLE CHARLOTTE.**—Pare and chop your apples fine, butter your earthenware baking dish first, and put a layer of bread crumbs in the bottom, then a layer of apples, then another layer of crumbs, sprinkle very thickly with brown sugar, nutmeg and pieces of butter; keep on so until your dish is filled, ending with crumbs and half a teacupful of water sprinkled over all. Bake and eat with rich cream—some add a little ground mace also.

**HOT SLAW.**—Cut the cabbage very fine and add salt and pepper to it, four tablespoonfuls of vinegar mixed with mustard until as thick as cream, two ounces of butter, half a cup of rich milk, the yolks of two



eggs; put all in the skillet and stir all the time until it stews for a few moments. You can add olive oil if you fancy it.

**MACARONI.**—Break it into pieces about two inches long and wash it well, put it into boiling salted water and let it boil for half an hour, drain the water off and add milk, butter, pepper and grated cheese and let it stew for another half hour; or after draining the water off, put it into a deep earthenware baking dish, buttered first, a layer of macaroni, then a layer of grated cheese, a little sprinkle of cayenne pepper, little bits of butter and so on, put on the top slices of butter and pour on enough of rich milk to fill the dish; bake twenty minutes to half an hour, but do not let it become dry by exposure to too intense a heat. J. I. M.

**DOUGHNUTS.**—I would like the lady readers of THE HOUSEHOLD to try my doughnut recipe and see if they do not pronounce it excellent, because the doughnuts absorb so little fat. One teaspoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of sweet milk, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one tablespoonful of sweet cream or lump of butter the size of a hickory nut and spice to taste, roll thin and cut with a round tin, making a hole in the centre with a thimble; fry in lard.

In this state where eggs are scarce at three cents apiece we cooks have to exercise all of our ingenuity to make good wholesome dishes without them. I find that corn starch is a nice substitute in pumpkin pie; or stale gingerbread or cake of any kind makes a palatable pumpkin pie. AUNT DORCAS. East Raymond, Me.

**HOE CAKE.**—Mr. Household:—A stray number of your magazine just fell into my hands and among other things is a query to make a genuine hoe cake, I will give my recipe. Have good pure meal made of white corn, neither too fine or too coarse, in either case you cannot make good bread; add salt to suit the taste, then mix with pure water, pouring the water with one hand and mixing with the other until you have your dough soft enough to pat out easily, rather it would be too thin than otherwise; have your griddle hot sufficiently to brown meal when sprinkled on, grease your griddle well to prevent sticking, then sprinkle meal over the griddle, pat down your dough and pat it out till half an inch thick, brown thoroughly then turn over and brown the other side and it will be ready for the table. I prefer this kind to any that can be made. I have traveled some in the east and have not found any good meal in the country through which I traveled; first they used yellow corn and secondly, their meal was too fine, which makes clammy bread. FARMER.

**COOKIES.**—Five cups of flour, two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of milk, sour is best but sweet will do, one teaspoonful of saleratus. These are very good. Other nice shortening, besides butter, may be used if one desires.

**SOAP FOR FAMILY USE.**—Ten pounds of potash, ten pounds of unslacked lime, twenty pounds of grease. Dissolve the potash in two pails of water, pour it off on the ten pounds of lime. Melt the twenty pounds of grease and pour the clear liquor upon it, and stir it well together. Add more water to the lime and pour off when settled till you get all the strength of the potash and lime, and the barrel is filled.

**SPONGE GINGERBREAD.**—One cup of sour milk, one cup of molasses, one-half cup of butter, two eggs, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of saleratus, one tablespoonful of ginger, flour to make it thick as pound cake. Put the butter, molasses and ginger together and make them quite warm, then add the milk, flour and saleratus and bake as soon as possible. I think I never have known the above recipe to fail. Instead of butter, nice fat may be used, even the fat which fries out from sausages, and the ginger bread will be just about or quite as good. M. L. C.

**DEAR SIR:**—I see a Subscriber asks for a recipe for rice muffins. I send one which came from North Conway.

**RICE MUFFINS.**—One-half cup of rice, boiled soft, stir in three spoonfuls of

sugar, a piece of butter the size of an egg, salt, one pint of sweet milk, one-half cup of yeast, two quarts of flour; let it rise all night, if needful add in the morning a little soda. E. B. S.

**RAISIN PIE.**—Pare one lemon, chop and boil the peel, to the pulp add two-thirds of a cup of chopped raisins, one egg, one cup of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of water and the peel when boiled. Bake with two crusts. E. M. G.

**A GOOD CEMENT.**—Mr. Crowell:—A Southerner wishes a good cement to fasten a burner on a kerosene lamp. I have used alum and think it good. Clean the lamp and burner good, get all the old cement off and then melt the alum, put it in the burner, and put it on as quick as possible, for as soon as it is cold it is ready for use. It is also very good to fasten knife and fork handles with. MRS. D. J. C.

**CHICKEN SALAD.**—Boil a nice fowl; when cold, cut off all the meat, and chop it, but not very small; chop a large bunch of celery, and mix with the chicken. Boil four eggs hard, mash, and mix with sweet oil, pepper, salt, mustard, and a gill of vinegar. Beat this mixture thoroughly, and just before dinner pour it on the chicken.

**CEMENT FOR GLASS, CHINA AND WOOD.**—Steep Russian Isinglass twenty-four hours in white brandy, gently boil and stir the mixture until it is well compounded, and a drop of oil, cooled, will become a thick jelly; then strain it through a linen cloth, and cork closely. A gentle heat will dissolve it. Apply to the edges, place them together, and hold them five minutes. C. M.

**CHOCOLATE DROPS.**—Dear Household:—In a recent number of your paper I saw that Abby asked how to make chocolate drops, here is a recipe which I have tried and found excellent.

**For the cream.**—Boil two cups of sugar and one-half cup of milk or water for five minutes; add one teaspoonful of vanilla, then beat for half an hour or till stiff enough to hold, then make in drops.

**For the Chocolate.**—Take three-fourths of one-half pound of unsweetened chocolate, grate and steam over the teakettle. Drop the creams when hard (one at a time) into the hot chocolate, using two forks to take them out (quickly), set the drop on one fork, on the bottom, using the other fork to scrape the chocolate off the cream, gently slip the drop on to a buttered dish. If when cool the chocolate drops stick to it, hold the dish for a second over the steam of the teakettle then slide them off. I. H. B.

**LOAF CAKE.**—Three cups of milk, one cup of yeast, one cup of sugar, stir to a thick batter, let it rise, then add three cups of sugar, two cups of butter, two eggs, raisins and nutmeg.

**YEAST.**—Grate twelve large potatoes, pour over them three quarts of boiling water, let it stand on the stove until thoroughly scalded, stir to prevent burning, boil a handful of hops in a pint of water, strain into the above, when taken from the stove add two-thirds of a cup of salt, two-thirds of a cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of ginger; when nearly cool put in some yeast to raise it, let it stand where it is warm until it is light, then put it in a stone jar and place it in the cellar; stir well before taking out to use. This yeast will keep good four or five weeks in the summer. Try this ladies and tell me through THE HOUSEHOLD if it is not good. I find it very convenient to have yeast ready at any time. A. E. G.

In the recipe for coloring with cochineal, in last month's issue, the word ounce was by accident omitted in the second line. It should read "to one ounce of cochineal," etc.

#### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

**DEAR HOUSEHOLD:**—In April number I find an inquiry how to clean silver ware. I have one which will give full satisfaction. Dissolve twenty-five cents worth of oxalate of potash in about a pint of water, dip a fine rag or sponge in the solution and wipe it

over the silver ware, the black will disappear in an instant; have a dish of clean water on hand and dip the silver ware in and wipe it dry with something soft, and all is done. It is also good for gold jewelry which get tarnished. Sulphur will make all silver ware and jewelry black. Bottle the solution and it is good for future use. Keep it away from children as it is a deadly poison. L. F.

**MR. CROWELL:**—I should like to ask through the columns of your paper the recipe for German rolls. INQUIRER.

Perhaps some readers of THE HOUSEHOLD may be glad to know a method of removing white spots from varnished furniture. Take a clean cloth, any bit of cloth will do, spread a little lard or other clean grease on the cloth, sprinkle fine table salt on the grease or oil, and rub the spots, which will very soon disappear. I never knew it to fail. It is also excellent to clean the backs of chairs when soiled by the head.

I wish some of our HOUSEHOLD Band would tell me how to clean kettles which come with a new cook stove, and oblige, NELL.

**EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:**—Dear Sir:—Please inquire of your readers if any one of them can tell of any means by which the color green can be set in calico so that the goods will not fade when washed. By so doing you will greatly oblige, JULIE. Brighton, Ill.

**MR. EDITOR:**—Will some reader of THE HOUSEHOLD please give directions for making cheap, but pretty picture frames? Also, what shape to cut pasteboard vases that are to be covered with shells? E. H.

Will some member of THE HOUSEHOLD give a recipe for pickles put up in bottles with mustard, such as we buy? and oblige, C. E. G.

Will some one please give some hints as to the arrangement of a scrap-book?

I should like very much to see in THE HOUSEHOLD some articles on music—anything pertaining to the subject will be of interest. CORA.

**MR. EDITOR:**—Will some one please inform me how to knit a breakfast cape in shells? I know how to knit shells but do not know about the widening. Also, how to make infant's socks either knit or crochet? and greatly oblige, A FRIEND OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

Mrs. L. S. says in THE HOUSEHOLD, "what makes kerosene lamps leak sometimes, but not all the time?" You know the illustration in Natural Philosophy of the cup of water in which one end of a strip of cotton is immersed, while the other hangs over the side of the cup; and in a little while, owing to capillary attraction the water is emptied on the table. Perhaps you leave your lampwick just right for burning—that is a little above the top of the tube. If you will turn it down until the time comes for lighting I think you will not be troubled, at least I found it so when I used oil and kerosene; from both of which I am now happily delivered. E. L. C.

**MR. CROWELL:**—In the March number some one asks for a recipe for cement. Make a thick mucilage with gum-arabic and water, then add starch in fine powder to thicken it, a little lemon juice is sometimes added.

If Nellie and Susie will procure a bottle of liquid bronzing, such as used for shoes, and carefully bronze the straws for their picture frames, they will find the effect very pleasing.

H. A. asks for a recipe for pie crust, I send one, but do not know how many pies it will make. One cup of butter, one cup of lard; stir until all lumps are removed; stir into it one quart of flour and wet with ice water till of a consistency to roll out. Save flour enough from the quart for that purpose. Norfolk, Va. F. M. K.

**DEAR HOUSEHOLD:**—I received the March number last night. I don't know how I could dispense with you, and so say my neighbors. Will some of THE HOUSEHOLD Band please give me directions for making a convenient

comb bag or box to hang by the glass? My combs get so dusty on the bureau.

I send a pretty and simple design for a tidy. Cut a circle of red opera flannel, say four inches in diameter, crochet a narrow edge all round (no need of hemming or turning down) with very coarse spool cotton seven circles, three inches in diameter, crochet the same edge, and then tack well together. If a large one is desired, cut fourteen more circles, three inches in diameter, and treat the same way. If I see this in print I'll be encouraged to write again. H. M. THOMPSON.

**MR. CROWELL:**—Dear Sir:—Will you be so kind as to ask some of the contributors to THE HOUSEHOLD to inform us how to can strawberries? We cannot keep them from fermenting.

Do any of your numerous readers know of a cement for glass which will stand heat. M. L. C.

**DEAR HOUSEHOLD:**—I feel glad whenever I see your welcome face. It is a rest for weary ones; a company that is, to say the least, agreeable. My special message is one of inquiry. Are mushrooms worth the eating? are they nutritious? I see their culture urged and their good qualities, as far as taste goes, much praised but are they composed of the best elements for us to eat. I ask for instruction. In our dear HOUSEHOLD some one is wise enough to tell me and others can learn at the same time. I also would like some one to give the use of the following herbs: lavender, rosemary, thyme and rue. Is parsley used for other purposes than garnishing? If some one versed in this department will answer I think many will receive useful hints. I often read among the Questions and Answers many that interest me, and would willingly answer sometimes did I not feel confident that others would do better. A. A. L.

If A Southerner will put a little kerosene oil in her machine oil can with her machine oil she will find that it will prevent the oil from gumming and there will not be coal oil enough to hurt the machine. E. J. Council Bluffs.

**MR. CROWELL:**—Will some of your readers please tell me how to get moths out of fur? A. L. MARSH.

**DEAR HOUSEHOLD:**—I would feel very badly to be obliged to dispense with your teachings, for although I have been one of your number but a few months still I feel that I am a better housekeeper than I was before I perused your pages.

I want to thank Mrs. F. A. P. in June number for hints in regard to stove-cleaning and would advise my good sisters to "go and do likewise."

I think Gypsy Train could not have so many troublesome comforts as I have or she wouldn't be likely to get through with her washings quite so quickly, she would find they would claim their share of attention whether mamma wanted to stop or not; little faces would have to be washed, little stomachs filled and little troubles soothed until caring for them would get to be the rule rather than the exception and she would be likely to feel, if she was lucky enough to get through before dinner, she was doing pretty well.

Will some one please give an opinion in regard to children going bare-footed. I have read that it was bad, but it seems to me to be a healthful, natural way, at any rate they enjoy it. I have read "Bits of Talk" by H. H. which you advertise and would advise all mothers to read it as it will probably be worth much more to them than the price and I think if we can get valuable information in regard to the management of children that we should not value the cost.

I want to say one word in regard to the feeding of infants before they cut their teeth. Give them nothing but milk unless you wish them to have a hard troublesome time teething; follow this rule to the letter and you will not regret it I am certain.

Will some one advise me in regard to buying bulbs this season, I don't want to spend but \$2.00 for them, now what kind shall I purchase? S.





## THE BLASTED PINE.

BY MARY CUTTS.

It rose from 'mid the forest wild,  
Unbending, firm, alone,  
And bright and beautiful its garb  
In radiant sunbeam zone.

It towered in fearless majesty,  
As mighty monarch proud,  
While many a noble tree around  
In meek submission bowed.

Unheeded drooped the graceful elm,  
The aspen trembled nigh;  
None were there in the forest gay  
With thee, proud one, could vie.

Thou king of trees! I've gazed on thee  
With wonder and delight,  
Nor ever deemed that aught but time  
Thy towering head would blight.

I've watched amid thy dark green boughs,  
The wild bird build her nest,  
Delighted as I thought, to find  
Such lofty place of rest.

I've seen morn's first awakening beam  
With glory tinge thy head,  
And evening's gentle farewell ray  
A softer beauty shed.

I've gazed on thee in love and pride,  
I've watched thee day by day;  
Thou seemed created to command,  
Thy subjects, to obey.

One moment thus,—the next, alas!  
Thy noble trunk is riven,  
Thy form enveloped in a shroud  
Of sacred fire from heaven.

Scorched, blasted, withered now, proud one,  
Thy melancholy air  
Seems that of conquered hero brave,  
In bitter, mute despair.

I mourn, lament thee, blighted one;  
For I remember thee  
In days of sorrow and of grief,  
In days of joy and glee.

But now, alas! nor sun nor breeze,  
Nor singing bird, nor rain,  
Will ever, ever call thee back  
To glad life again.

The ivy soft may cling around  
In sunshine and in storm;  
The morning and the evening dew  
With tears may bathe thy form:

'Tis all in vain, for naught can e'er  
Revive thy beauty more:  
Farewell to thee, thou stricken one!  
Thy day of pride is o'er!

## "SETTING A HEN."

BY BARBARY BRANDT.

"PATERFAMILIAS" was leaving town for a few days; just as he was leaving the house, he turned to me with his blandest, most insinuating smile, saying:

"My dear; you won't forget to have an eye to the chickens, will you? You know we had bad luck with them last year, and I want to do better this time, so do consider them under your special charge till I return."

Of course I acquiesced immediately, thinking it was not a task difficult to perform.

He paused again for a moment, this time upon the doorstep. "There's one more thing," said he. "There's that black setting hen, you'll find her on some of the nests. Can't you take her off and shut her up somewhere? She's been a real trial to me, and I don't want to set another hen, I've got all the chickens I can attend to."

This time I didn't promise to execute the commission quite as readily as I did the previous one, for some way I dreaded the encounter with a refractory setting-hen, but as the dear old gentleman still lingered, looking rather wistfully toward me, I said "Yes," and "good-bye," in the same breath, rather faintly, and "pater familias" went striding off down the street as jauntily as his three score years would allow, and I busied myself about my household tasks, until noon. Then I went out to the barn, hunted up my chickens, and fed them, admiring as I watched them, their plump softness, their bright black eyes, and dainty little ways; I loitered there in the old barn, a long while, watching the cunning, little downy mites, and occasionally looking off through the open door of the barn, across the lovely green stretches of meadow-land, to the belt of dark pines beyond, through which I had occasional glimpses of blue waters dancing in the sunlight. It was lovely out here in the soft spring sunshine, and unconsciously my mind had strayed far away from the present, and though my eyes still rested upon the familiar landscape, all a-flicker with light and shade, I saw only scenes far, far removed from me, by the hand of time. Suddenly, a sound, shrill, ear-torturing, like the sudden "going off" of an alarm clock, or a watchman's rattle, broke upon the stillness and disturbed my reverie.

"Oh, that setting hen," I groaned inwardly. I hesitated a moment; "I don't want to take her off, and there's nobody in sight."

I walked slowly across the barn floor, towards the door, but a strong sense of my filial obligations, impelled me to keep my word, so I returned to the charge, and crept quietly up to the box whence the sound had issued. I peeped in; there she was, a jet black hen with eyes sparkling like black beads, every feather in her crest erect, and maintaining an air of the utmost defiance, as she confronted a poor, dejected looking, white hen, who had somehow edged herself into the box beside her, and stood there on one leg, looking meekly, and appealingly toward "Dame Partlet," as if asking forgiveness for the intrusion, but with much the look of one who dared not turn to depart, fearing an attack in the rear.

What should I do? I dared not thrust my hand in to remove either of them, and I was ashamed to turn away with the feeling that I had let a miserable setting hen get the better of me. So I appealed to their sensibilities. "Come out biddies," said I, "come out." They each turned up one beady eye towards me, but neither seemed inclined to heed my exhortations.

Next I tried more violent measures, "Shoo! shoo!" said I, clapping my hands violently. The effect was startling; the white hen flew up into my face, with a suddenness that brought my heart into my mouth, (I use this remark as a popular and appropriate figure of speech, not that I suppose that organ did change its locality,) and went flying out of doors. While that vicious setting hen, made several vehement remarks in her mother tongue, and puffed herself up like an alderman, but showed no signs of moving.

What was to be done? Time and patience, were ebbing fast, I looked about me, close by my side was a long stout stick, I thrust it into the box, and gently insinuated it under the hen and poked her off the eggs which were in the nest. She received my advances with the greatest equanimity, merely settling herself down anew wherever I rolled her over, and answering my most vigorous thumps with a shrewish cluck.

I was getting desperate! I braced myself for the effort, shut both eyes tight, reached quickly down into the box, and seizing her by the tail, threw her out upon the floor. She immediately flew back and settled herself cozily upon those eggs, as if determined to spend her life there. This was too much, my blood was up! and once more I took that hen off her nest, with a suddenness that must have surprised her. She flapped and screamed, with an energy that was almost appalling, but I rolled her up in my apron, and ran hastily down into the orchard where I had noticed a small box, and thrust her in. "There, old lady," I remarked, as I put a barrel cover over the box, "I hope you'll like your new quarters!" I fear the irony was rather lost upon her however for she paid no attention to me, but settled down as quietly as if this were the first of May, and she had just moved in "to the very tenement she wanted."

I left her to her meditations, and went slowly back to the house. I forgot all about my charge, until late the next fore-noon when going hastily through the orchard to look after her, I discovered that someone had removed the cover from the box, and "my bird had flown." Instinct taught me to look for her in her old haunts. There she was, safe again in the same box from which only yesterday I had taken her.

I wasted no words upon her this time, and although she expostulated fiercely, I paid no attention to her, but carried her off to a little side yard, shut her in, and left her to her solitary confinement.

Just at sunset I went out once more to visit my "setting hen," almost expecting to find her gone from the enclosure. To my surprise I found her where I had left her, but settled contentedly down in one corner of the yard, she had scraped together a lot of dirty leaves, into a sort of nest, and there was that indomitable hen, setting on a bit of broken glass and a clam-shell. Now this seemed to me such sheer waste of time, and the pluck and persistency of that hen were so admirable, that I decided her patience should be rewarded.

I brought from the house a basket of eggs, from the barn, an apron full of nice sweet hay, and dragging a box down under the shade of an old gnarled apple tree, set myself to work to build a nest for poor old "Blacky."

"What a nice surprise this will be to her," I thought, "I'll just put her down here by the box, and then leave her to discover the eggs herself."

Accordingly I seized her from her impromptu nest, and ran down through the orchard with her, unheeding her struggles, and noisy clucking.

I deposited her before the box, in full view of that nestful of eggs, but instead of seating herself upon the

nest, or in any manner displaying the slightest gratitude towards me, for my services, she turned upon me in a towering rage, and flew toward me, with such evidently malicious intentions, that I was fain to depart.

I retired with rather undignified haste, to a spot some yards away, where I had discovered a barrel underneath the drooping limbs of an apple tree, and climbing with some effort to the head of the barrel, sat there with my feet coiled under me, and awaited the result. It was delightful here; the old apple tree was a mass of delicate pink and white blossoms, that spread out above, and around me, like some great snowy tent; occasionally the soft west-wind swayed aside the branches for a moment, letting in a flood of amber sunlight about me, and above my head two robin redbreasts, who had built there, were caroling their good-night songs. It was vexatious that that troublesome setting hen must interfere to spoil my enjoyment of the balm, and blessing of the hour. But I turned my eyes resolutely toward her, and waited.

Once or twice she walked round that box, looking up and down, and into the box, as if suspecting some trap. She stepped gingerly about through the long lush grass, lifting her feet high, and carefully as if afraid of disturbing some one. Then she paused a moment, standing on one leg, and stretched out her neck into the box, keeping up a sort of soliloquy as I supposed, all the time, (for she talked in a language I could not understand.)

She brought just one eye to bear upon the nest, and looked long and intently upon the eggs; then without moving her body, she calmly surveyed them, with the other eye, by skillfully turning her head upside down.

All this time she showed no intention of entering the box, or of otherwise gratifying me. I fancied she felt a sort of sardonic joy, in knowing I was perched up there on that barrel waiting her pleasure, and meant to enjoy it to the utmost.

A meditative rooster, with his harem of hens, stalked gravely toward her. Instantly she assumed the defensive and placing herself before the entrance to the box, ruffled herself to a prodigious size, and cackled and screamed so viciously, that the dignified old fellow evidently bethinking himself of the trite adage, "Discretion is the better part of valor," calmly withdrew his forces, and left "Blacky" in undisturbed possession of the field.

I sat awhile longer under the drooping branches of the apple tree, and waited; waited, until a fat green worm, dropped from somewhere, down upon the back of my neck; I couldn't stay there any longer, so I determined to decide the matter at once, by catching my tormentor and forcing her into the box. I crept slowly up to "Blacky" who sat now crouched in a fragrant bunch of catnip, with an easy, "at home" sort of air that seemed to say, "I am settled comfortably here for the night, and I defy you to disturb me."

With a sudden swoop I caught her in my hands, and forced her into the box, put a cover over the box, a stone upon the top of all, and withdrew a little way to admire the effect. Evi-



dently she was secure now, and would not again evade me. A serene sense of satisfaction diffused itself through my mind. We had had a "good square fight," and mine enemy was checkmated.

I peeped in; there was that indomitable setting hen standing on one leg, wedged into the corner of the box, as far removed from the nestful of eggs as possible, and looking fully determined to spend the night in that position. I left her to her meditations; for it was beginning to dawn upon my mind, that woman is not the only female of any species who, "When she will, she will, depend on't, and when she won't, she won't, and that's the end on't."

Next morning it rained furiously, so I left "Blacky" to her fate until late in the afternoon, the rain having then somewhat abated, my heart softened toward her, so donning over-shoes and water-proof, I provided myself with a little basket of corn, and picked my way through the long wet grass, which twisted viciously about my ankles with every step, and made my way toward the box, where I had left Blacky. Just before I came in sight of the box, a familiar sound smote upon my ear. Amazed I turned to look, and there in the very bunch of catnip, whence I had ousted her only the night before, sat that incomprehensible hen, hurling defiant squawks at me with a vigor that cannot be described. Some mysterious agency had removed the cover from the box, and she exercising her inalienable rights, had chosen freedom, at the expense of a drenching, rather than a warm dry nest, and confinement withal.

I was stirred to admiration; her obstinacy was its own reward. I left her in peaceful possession of the field, and since that time, I have never taken any setting hens under my charge. I came off second best this time, and am not willing to incur a like defeat in the future.

But for obstinacy, persistency, and stick-to-a-tiveness, commend me to the "setting hen."

#### ORIGINALITY.

BY ALICE W. QUIMBY.

Sweet Rosa Wylde was the darling friend of my school girl days, and she was no less dear to me now as the graceful, amiable Mrs. Carey. Bright and warm with the light of her genial spirit is the new home-nest whither she had flown, the snug little nest that is transformed by her touch into a beautiful heart-home.

It was early in the winter when I yielded to her constantly urged entreaties and spread my wings for a flight to her fairy land. O, how rapidly those short days went by, how soon the approaching holidays hurried me away from her, back to those whose relationship ties gave them a stronger claim upon my kindly offices. We were sitting one chilly afternoon in her cosy little parlor, the sunshiny apartment that was parlor and family sitting-room combined, were sitting there talking over the olden times when we were living together our gay, careless lives and building beautiful air castles in the golden future. We

were never weary of those happy memories for the world grew fairer and more beautiful in their enchanting light; and so fascinated had we become that afternoon we scarcely heard the light step in the passage or the gentle tap on the door till it swung open and revealed to us aunt Lizzie's cheery face, as she stood there smiling her pleasant greeting. We gave her a joyful welcome and both sprang forward to remove her wrappings and place for her the easiest chair in her favorite corner by the fire.

Aunt Lizzie Selden was my friend's next door neighbor, and a kinder, warmer hearted or more unselfish aunt no loving soul ever need to crave. Rich in generous impulses and tender sympathies, blessed with the faculty of looking upon the brightest and best side of life, with a quick appreciation and a keen relish for its music and pleasantry, she was honored and loved through all the wide circle of her acquaintance.

A notable housekeeper was aunt Lizzie, too, an oracle in all matters that belonged to her realm, and the model which many an aspiring mother held up to her daughter as the goal of her ambition. Nobody's house was more neatly kept, nobody's bread was lighter or sweeter, nobody's pie crusts more flaky and white than aunt Lizzie's; and there was no end to the variety of her nicely cooked meats, her puddings and delicate relishes, while her sauces were richer and nicer, her jams and jellies sweeter and more transparent than any in all the region.

"Roy pronounces my pickles perfectly magnificent, aunt Lizzie," Rosa lifted her sweet face, beaming with a triumphant smile. "Even eclipsing his mother's, and that is a great victory you know."

"Horse radish is just the best thing I know of to keep your vinegar clear and sharp. I've used it these good many years and nobody could ever ask for nicer pickles than mine are,—if I do say it. How do your sweet pickles keep?"

I knew how to testify to the perfection of Rosa's sweet pickles; but I could hardly appreciate the discussion which followed on the different varieties their skill and ingenuity had concocted. Then followed criticisms and comparison of notes on diverse matters of household interest in which Rosa displayed a degree of knowledge most creditable to herself, while aunt Lizzie brought forth many a choice treasure from the rich store-house of her experience.

"O, I made a splendid sponge cake for tea last night," the sprightly little woman went on; "wasn't it nice?" turning toward me. "You shall see, aunt Lizzie," and tripping lightly out, she came back presently with a generous slice. "See how light. Our hens have supplied us so well lately that I had plenty of eggs;" a silvery laugh rang out as she passed round the plate.

"It is nice and light," commented aunt Lizzie, examining it critically. "How many eggs did you use Rosa?"

"O, I was very lavish with them, for I had a big pile to go to. Do you find eggs in the snow banks at your house, aunt?"

"Eggs in the snow bank," repeated aunt Lizzie with an incredulous emphasis, her eyes opening wider, "Eggs in the snow bank! What does the child mean?"

"Why, just what I say, to be sure," with another merry laugh. "Seriously though, aunty, don't you know that in every snow drift there is a nest of eggs? It seems strange to me that people appreciate so little the treasures that come sifting down about us in these winter snow storms; strange so few have learned how excellent an offering these same beautiful snow flakes are bringing to us."

There came a peculiar smile over aunt Lizzie's face as she inquired:

"Do you use these 'offerings' for your custard pies? Perhaps you boil them for breakfast, though—a substantial meal they must make?"

"No, I have not tried that yet, and I hardly think I shall so long as it is for their rich and nutritious properties that we use eggs in the ways you mention. But in cake, where the chief object sought is lightness, these pure white eggs answer the purpose excellently well, as you see."

"O, you put other things enough into your cake to make it nice with no eggs at all; that is how you come round me. You can't make a fool of me that way," turning a piece of the mysterious cake over and then breaking it in two, examining it carefully.

"No, indeed I did not do any such thing as that, I just made it in the ordinary way, only dipping my cooking-spoon full of snow for every egg I wanted to use. I think I used about three for this. Fresh laid eggs are the nicest you know, and so is freshly fallen snow. Try it for yourself, aunt Lizzie, and then you won't laugh at me any more." But that excellent lady shook her head doubtfully.

"I guess I shall have to send word about this to THE HOUSEHOLD," Rosa went on laughingly, "it is such a piece of economy. Then besides, I shall be sure to take the palm for healthful cooking, in this regard at least, since to my cakes nobody can offer the objection that they are partly made up of eggs that have been baked an hour or two. Ha, ha!"

"It strikes me Rosa," said aunt Lizzie, wiping and re-adjusting her spectacles, "that your favorite paper is a great institution inasmuch as it serves as a sort of 'escape-valve' to let off the immense volume of steam with which the kitchens in the land are reeking, because of the great wisdom and complacency of those who hold sway there,—a wonderful institution."

"Yes, it is a 'great institution,' rich in suggestion; but I confess I sometimes am a little perplexed in the multiplicity of recipes and directions which its correspondents lavish upon us," a troubled expression flitted across her face, "and I am thankful I am not altogether at their mercy."

"That is it," replied aunt Lizzie with an emphatic nod, "that is it. You need to know yourself in the first place in order to receive much benefit from these choice bits of information."

"O no, not always, I have learned many a nice thing from THE HOUSEHOLD, and expect to many another;

but I am amused sometimes to notice how many different ways there are of doing the same thing, every one of which is of course the best. For instance, one housekeeper says, 'wash flannels in warm water that is moderately warm, using but little soap;' her flannels never shrink, therefore this is the way to do it. Another would have the water very warm and make the suds very strong—only adding the caution that we are not to rub soap directly on to the flannel, as 'it will destroy the fibers of wool.'

"I am glad I have found out what ails my stockings," retorted aunt Lizzie with mock gravity. "The fibers are completely gone in some places on the bottom; it must be Mary has never read that. I shall have to look after her, for I can't have my stockings ruined in this way. I am glad you saw that in THE HOUSEHOLD, Rosa, before they were quite destroyed," and we joined in a hearty laugh at her earnestness.

"How is an ignorant body going to know what to do?" queried Rosa as soon as she recovered her breath, "since there are scarcely two who perform the same work in the same way."

"Why, they must treasure carefully the lessons which their mothers taught them," affirmed aunt Lizzie, "and use their judgment about what the newspaper says."

"If they happen to have any," added Rosa in an undertone.

"Which of course they have," replied aunt Lizzie, "or they've no business to be meddling with these things any way. I tell you a housekeeper has need of brains in controlling the mysteries with which she has to deal."

"What a pitifully narrow view of life and its responsibilities those people take who contend that a housekeeper has no need to be educated," I ventured, half interrogatively, for I wondered how aunt Lizzie regarded this old-fashioned notion.

"Well, yes," she replied after a moment's hesitation. "Though if a girl could know she was going to spend her days in a kitchen she might study a good many things that would be of more use to her than French or Latin; there is a good deal of time wasted, too, over what are foolishly called 'accomplishments.' I have always got along well enough without these things."

"So you have, dear good aunt Lizzie," I replied with warmth. "But not every one is blessed with your natural tact and ability. Then besides, in these times nobody can feel in the least sure she is going to spend her days in a kitchen, you know; and if she could, the better disciplined mind she carries there the happier will she be and the better will she perform her duties. Have you never noticed how much brighter those homes are whose mistress is educated than are the abodes of ignorance?"

"Yes I have thought of this, and believe it is often true," she acknowledged; "but it has sometimes seemed to me as if book-learning unfitted girls for work in the kitchen by setting them up above it, and making them think that to be fine ladies, with delicate hands and unsoiled garments was the mark of scholarship and t



one thing to be desired above all others. Deliver me from such learning."

"Deliver us all from such as that," I reiterated. "But those who have such ideas are they whose education has been only superficial, who have never delved deeply enough to secure that mental treasure which alone is worthy the name of scholarship. They who are truly educated never feel above the work which God has given them to do, whatever it may be; and if the house wife has been trained to think and act carefully, with precision and in system, if her brain cultivated and her mind well stored, she will be a hundred-fold more useful in her sphere as well as a greater joy to herself and to the little world in which she moves."

"I believe you are right, and that the more of such education we have in the kitchen the better," she affirmed with emphasis. "A woman is none the worse if she knows the reason for what she is doing, even though it has been learned from books; and it is no matter if he mixes sentiment with her bread and cakes, or repeats poetry as she goes about her work, provided she does that work thoroughly and well."

"Which she is fully as likely to do when she sees how beautiful and excellent is the path of duty," I added, just as Rosa looked up from the paper she had been glancing over and burst out with the exclamation, "just think of it! here are five recipes all in a row for making yeast—hop yeast with variations; isn't it funny? The ways and means of household economy were still uppermost in her mind, and she had not noticed that we were speaking of anything else."

"And neither of them I presume is quite the way you or I, or a good many others do it," added aunt Lizzie, with her quiet smile.

"Isn't it interesting to know there are so many ways to do the same thing?" Rosa went on. "I hardly realized it before. And of these many ways all are equally good, perhaps."

"That so many different processes are used it seems to me is one of the best evidences we have that there is healthful vitality in the kitchens of our land," I suggested, "life enough for independent breathing, enough to give the spirits that preside there originality, instead of leaving them to be mere copyists."

"I hope you would not insinuate that I am 'only a copyist' when I presume to follow a rule which somebody has laid down for such luckless novices?" queried Rosa, glancing toward me archly.

"Yes, to be sure," I replied, "if you cannot incorporate these suggestions into your creed so fully as to make them your own."

"That our housekeepers are very original nobody can doubt," she retorted, folding up the paper she held. "You and I will count ourselves into the list, won't we aunt Lizzie?"

"I shall leave off at the head and have to go to the foot I reckon if I don't run home and see to the supper," that excellent lady added, with a sudden start. "I forgot Mary was going over to spend the night at uncle Simeon's."

#### A LONG SUMMER'S DAY.

BY EDITH ELLIOT.

"I have known a word more gentle  
Than the breath of summer air,  
In a listening heart it nestled  
And it lived forever there.  
Not the beating of its prison  
Stirred it ever, night or day;  
Only with the heart's last throbbing  
Could it ever fade away.

Words are mighty, words are living,  
Serpents, with their venomous stings,  
Or bright angels crowding round us  
With heaven's light upon their wings;  
Every word has its own spirit,  
True or false, that never dies;  
Every word man's lips have uttered  
Echoes in God's skies."

I was recovering from illness. New strength and life coming slowly back after long weary days and weeks of suffering, seemed to give new hope and joy to my heart. Every leaf and branch moving and shining in the bright sunlight, seemed to speak of the goodness and love of our good Father. But what made me more glad and happy than anything else was the kind care and presence of my husband. It is true he was too busy to be with me much, but a few minutes by my side now and then, a cordial grasp of the hand, and sometimes a kiss, did me more good than medicine. We never talked love. It had never been his way. I do not know that he ever said to me "I love you" in his life. He said something that made me think he did when he offered himself. I really thought he loved me then, and I really loved him. He seemed so kind at times that I forgot his indifference and coldness at others. It is not his way to be very demonstrative or ardent, as it is mine, but lately he had been so kind and attentive, never more so I thought.

"I am so glad to have you here, it does me so much good," I said to him one evening as he sat by my side with my hand in his.

He laughed, saying, "Oh you are like a drowning man, you catch at anything."

What did he mean? I could not tell. A shade fell over my heart, but I threw it off. It was only his teasing. I was going to get well and be happy and be such a blessing and comfort to him.

One or two more days passed pleasantly, and I grew stronger and able to walk across the room. I sat in my easy chair after breakfast, having risen earlier than I had been able to do since my illness, when I heard a step, and my eyes and my heart welcomed my husband. He sat down in a chair at a little distance from me, and seemed evidently troubled at something. He began to find fault with the housekeeping, then with the amount of help. Pretty soon he said:

"If you were away and sister here, I should get along well enough."

Thoughtless words perhaps, and I dare say soon forgotten by him who uttered them, but ah! they sunk into my heart like lead. He left the room. I choked back the tears and tried to forget it. What had I said or done to offend him? I could not tell. Only the day before, I was so happy! Only that morning! I was so sure he loved me. Why was I doomed to be always displeasing him. Ah! men are not like women, I thought, they do not

love as we do, we are ready to fall at their feet if they give us a kind word, and are cut to the heart with an unkindness which perhaps they never meant. It never does to cry; we must be cheerful before them at least, or they set us down as sulky or cross. Ten years of married life has at last taught me that. Read Phoebe Cary's poem called "Arthur's wife" if you want to know what a wife should do. So when he came in again I bravely stifled my sadness and smiled a welcome. I praised the new purchase he came to show me and expressed the interest I really felt in all he was doing. Ah then I should have stopped for him to lead the conversation, but no, it seems always as if when I am most earnestly striving to do right I get myself into trouble. Yet "*Fais ce que dois arrive que pourra*" is my maxim. I knew my husband disliked to write letters, and was always neglecting his correspondence. I had often gladly relieved him of this duty. One letter in particular should have been written long ago, as we had promised a definite answer. I offered to write it, asking what I should say. In vain I urged what seemed to me our true and honorable course.

"We are as wide apart in our views as the poles," was the reply I received.

I became persistent as my ideas of justice were aroused and he left the room in disgust. Ah ye wives! read "persistence" in "Little Foxes," if you want to avoid this rock, indeed read the whole book. I wish I knew it by heart and could ever learn to practise. When he had gone I threw myself upon the bed and wept. In vain I tried to control myself. It seemed the last straw. The words spoken to me in the morning came back, and it seemed as if my heart would break; and now what more had I done? Only striven to have him do, or let me do, what I felt was only a matter of right and honor. Must I have no conscience? What could I do? Nothing. A man is as likely to be right as a woman, and when she is married she is in a measure merged in him, and cannot always act out her own impulses. She may advise gently, no more. Nothing will ever be gained by urging. It is hard not to feel responsible for the acts of our husbands; it is so natural to feel as if you were a part of them; but we must learn to do it.

I pass over the hours that followed of bitter weeping; for I tried in vain to read or sleep or divert my thoughts. How I longed to throw myself upon the shoulder of a dear mother or sister or faithful friend, and find comfort. All were far away; no one near who could sympathize with or understand me. I lay on the bed and covered my face with my handkerchief as if I would sleep, for I was too proud to have any one see me cry. Then my mother's words came back to me, "When you are sad, dear, or in any trouble, 'Go and tell Jesus.'" I tried to do so, and to ask help and wisdom to be a good wife and mother, a good daughter, a good sister, a good friend, and a loving child of God. My tears flowed all the faster, and my pillow was soon wet. I longed to be alone. Hours passed and my dinner was

brought to me, but I could not eat. As might have been expected I was much worse in the afternoon, and slowly and sadly the hours of that "long, long weary day" passed on and evening found me still lonely and in tears. My nurse was one of those cold, hard, mechanical sort of women who are little comfort to the unhappy patient under their care. She had gone out for a little while after tea, and I lay watching the fading light and the gathering shadows of that long summer's day, weak and exhausted. I heard a step at the door, and my husband entered. His step was light and brisk as usual, and he walked to the bureau and took out a clean towel.

"My dear," said he, "I am going down to bathe in the salt water this evening, the weather is so sultry I think it may do me good." He turned to leave the room without coming to the bed.

"Shall I not see you again to-night?" I said faintly, "Oh please come here a minute."

"What is it?" said he as he came to the bedside and taking my hand looked at me kindly though carelessly. "Why what is the matter! You have been crying."

"Oh," said I "I have been feeling so miserable about what you said this morning. Do tell me what you meant. Do you really wish me away?"

"Wish you away! what can you mean?" said he, "I don't understand you."

In vain I repeated to him the conversation of the morning. He protested that he had no recollection of saying anything of the kind, and would not believe he ever said it. Our conversation had made no impression upon his mind. He had been thinking of other things all day, and was sorry I had been so unhappy but did not think he had said anything to cause it. He hoped I would sleep well and feel better to-morrow, and then he kissed me so kindly and tenderly that I ventured to ask if he really loved me, to which he answered lightly and almost laughingly:

"Certainly, why do you ask such a question?" and kissing me again and bidding me a cheerful "good night," left me with a quiet heart, more soothed and comforted than word can tell by those few kind words.

Oh! the power of a word! Who can estimate the power of the tongue for good or evil? Serious illness, insanity, nay even death, has been caused by thoughtless words. Oh! the harsh unkind word! how it crushes your spirit, deadens your heart, palsies your arm, darkens your pathway, and desolates your hearth stone! And then the power of a kind word! How it soothes your spirit, lightens your labors, cheers your heart, gives you new inspiration and courage to take up the battle of life again and bravely bear its burdens and cheerfully suffer its crosses. How it sheds a halo of light and glory on all around you. It makes the air fresher, the grass greener, the sky brighter, every form of earth more lovely and more fair, It is the best sauce for your food, the best doctor when you are sick, the best opiate when you would sleep, the best help when you are weary.



"Like childhood's simple rhymes  
Said o'er a thousand times,  
Kind words can never die."

Oh! wife, husband, child, parent,  
brother, sister, watch carefully your  
words. "Behold how great a matter  
a little fire kindleth."

#### WESTERN VIEWS.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

To make a trip to the west and not see Niagara Falls and the father of waters, is like the "play of Hamlet with Hamlet omitted." And still many may see the falls and yet not see them. He who visits them for the simple purpose of seeing a volume of water fall 164 feet on the American side and less on the other, may feel disappointed. To obtain something like adequate ideas, one must remember that this rare chain of lakes, almost oceanic, find their outlet through the Niagara, 36 miles long and of great depth, and in doing so, must bear an immense volume of water over this precipitous brink, into a deep, dark, seething abyss, whose unfathomed chasm is ever throwing up a spray, rising even above the level of the stream above. The "horse-shoe fall" volume of water is 200 feet wide and the descending sheet it is claimed, is 20 feet thick, which, with the American fall, 900 feet wide, is constantly rushing 100 millions of tons hourly into this chasm of the "thunder of waters." I pity the poor mortal who can stand in front of this mighty marvel of nature's peaks, gazing on the stupendous work, unmoved by feelings of the deepest solemnity, and by sentiments of adoration as he feels the power of the great I Am, as he can scarcely feel elsewhere. As he sees these waters careering on in their deep and worn channel, to the depth of 210 feet, with a similar distance from the water to the bank-level, he may form some idea of the stupendousness of this wonder of nature, with the power of this mighty stream, which has worn its bed from Queenstown, a distance of seven miles, to its present position, now wearing at the rate of about one foot each year. A fine view of this vast chasm is seen from the "suspension bridge," a wonder of mechanical skill, 800 feet long and 250 above the water. It is suspended by four cables, ten inches in diameter, made of small wires, enough to extend in a right line, 4000 miles. The structure weighs 800 tons and is estimated to sustain 12,400 tons, so firm that the ponderous train causes but very slight vibrations. The length is 800 feet, width 24 and cost \$300,000.

After leaving the chasm these agitated waters flow frantically through this vast flume, semi-artificial with a river-bed 500 feet from the precipitous brink, which is wooded to its very verge, perpendicular and regular as if chiseled, for some 20 to 30 feet and then irregular and sometimes shelving. On this frightful brink, cattle graze, and children play, apparently unconscious of peril, while the trains pass so near that a slight accident might hurl men hundreds of feet among the ragged crags below. Above is the new bridge, the longest one of the kind in the world, from which a fine view of the falls is obtained. Still

farther up is seen the river, its foaming rapids apparently eager for the final leap, some 37 verdant islands, the river varying in width from three miles downward. Of course, on the Yankee side, this stream is utilized by the establishment of mills etc., while near the bridge, a shaft some 200 feet long, extends from the brink down into the angry waters, the motive power of machinery above.

On the Canada side the wish for annexation is often expressed, but if we should judge of the general population by the few seen here—not fair, it is presumed—we need not be in haste, on account of a Yankeeizing of our population, since it is supposed that the true Canadian Yankee is a concentrated compound of the N. E. species, Jew, Turk, Hottentot, Arab, consolidated with special reference to the most scientific tricks and schemes of fraud and robbery, under the cover of a thin film of politeness and courtesy, on an ample basis of impudence, systematic coolness and unblushing rascality. Thus far it is believed that they do not charge for their falsehoods—quite remunerative if they did—for the air and sunlight, or for their many, many deceptions, all this may be done by their adepts in the future, when they learn to measure them. Some go with the expectation of being Jewed, willing to be cheated rather than spend the time to contest their claims, and you will not be disappointed, and yet they can not rob you of the remembrance of grand and sublime views.

These falls with the river and lakes, are fair types of the style of the "great West," where things are done on a stupendous scale, with but little reference to the ideas and customs of the East, from which it has been supposed that the vast ideas have been derived. At Chicago, for example, the plan of supplying a great city with water from a great distance with intervening pipes and reservoir is discarded, while their pet lake, the Michigan, is used as an ample reservoir, and from a "crib," one mile and a half distance cool and pure water is led to the city through a tunnel, pumped into high towers and then distributed to the city for culinary purposes and for fires. The "Great fire" demonstrated the importance of an additional water supply and still another tunnel is now in process, about seven feet in diameter, and fifty feet below the lake level to extend to the "south side," there to have large and deep wells for the use of the fire department. The entire length of the tunnel is to be six miles. For the pumping of this water there are five engines, the largest, a 1,100 horse power machine, costing \$200,000 all consuming 47 tons of coal daily! This supply is also connected with a sanitary measure of vast importance, changing boggy low lands into an artificial river, reversing the current and sending the filth of the city, the former malarious elements of this region, into the Illinois river and thence into the father of waters, a work of stupendous magnitude, worthy of such a great city.

The "panic" of the East seems to have passed, if indeed it was felt in this place (Elgin, Ill.) when the amount of building is unusual, more

than ever before. It is a fine site for a Western city, and though still young, it is enterprising, and will compare favorably with Eastern cities, having a fair per cent from New England, Vermont being well represented, particularly in the schools, an honor to the place.

#### DEBT.

BY AUNT LEISURELY.

To a person of integrity, nothing is more galling, than the inability to pay what they owe.

If misfortune assail you, if your utmost endeavor to succeed in the world be of little avail, especially if you be in debt, you must go "melancholy mad" if you wish to satisfy the censorious, narrow-minded regulators of society; you must become utterly cast down and discouraged, thereby totally unfitting yourself to seize the opportunity to regain your best footing, should it offer, for in the eyes of such persons the light of your cheerful countenance is your badge of dishonesty.

"If I were in debt," sneers one of these wet blankets, "I would not be so merry," thus doing all they can to deprive you of your only capital, cheerfulness, and casting shadows in your pathway, already darker than you can well grope through.

But I should counsel you, if placed in this unenviable position, to accept of it as part of your cross, and part of the discipline necessary to your spiritual development, you are high-spirited and proud, perhaps, it has a tendency to humble you, and make you feel your dependence, not on your fellow-man alone, but upon your Heavenly Father, who for some wise purpose suffers you to be thus humiliated.

I am perfectly aware that a person thus situated can scarcely purchase a pair of shoes, without some one wondering how they can afford it, and to take a visit outside of walking distance is considered a treason to the "powers that be," but that is one of the sharp points of the cross, and like the rest should be borne patiently.

In no situation in life is the injunction, "Let us run with patience the race that is set before us," more needful to be adopted and treasured, than that filled by an honest person in debt.

Anxious to act justly to all, beset on every hand, tormented with fears of what may come to pass, putting on the semblance of cheerfulness, to decoy the unhappy heart into the reality, if possible; receiving hints and taunts from those whom you had considered your best friends, and which fall on the bruised feelings like cold lead, denying yourself little pleasures in which there is really no expense, because it has the appearance of extravagance, endowed with generous impulses that must be kept under curb and rein, the knowledge that others not half so worthy are free from the corroding care that debt brings in its train, requires patience indeed.

You are deprived of the sympathy of friends, (if a person in this fix can lay claim to such a commodity,) they will converse with you upon any sub-

ject but your money troubles, they think you are ashamed of it whether you are or not, they will not come to you with sympathy and encouraging words, which spoken in season and coming warm from the heart would strengthen and bless, but they content themselves with standing afar off, making you the subject of condolence in their intercourse with others, and by the time it flows back to you it is anything but comforting.

Many, thus placed, lose all independence of action, and almost of thought; a fly completely wound up in a web could be no less a free agent. Their creditors own them body the mind, but it should not so be; poverty is no disgrace, nor debt, providing it is not brought on by disgraceful means such as gambling, and others sinful pleasures, then, cause and effect, are under one and the same ban, but of such we are not speaking,—therefore, with a firm trust in God, a clear conscience, an unflagging determination to do the best you can under all circumstances, nothing should forbid you to hope that in time you will be free.

But you had no business to get in debt, the world will say. This is too true, we all know, but poor humanity is not omniscient, it lays plans where it sees no possible danger of failure, but there are so many "wheels within wheels," time brings so many changes, which is not given to mortals to foresee and guard against, what you planned for the very best, time has shown you to be the most injudicious possible, and through no fault, perhaps, scarcely before you are aware of it you are in that "slough of despond," debt and interest, that indefatigable worker, that servant which requires no watching, but works on day and night, fair weather and foul, remorseless and relentless, is doing its level best to keep you there.

I believe there are hundreds who are brought to beds of sickness, and perhaps death, who if some friend rich in this world's goods should go to their bedsides before it was too late "for the poor soul to understand" and say, "I have bought up every note against you and give them back to you, I have paid every dollar you owe in the world, all I ask of you is to get well, and I will assist you to stand again," I believe nine out of the ten would rise renewed men, buckle on the armor of hope and encouragement, and commence anew the battle of life.

But alas! all are too busy running their own race to turn aside to help a brother who has stumbled and fallen by the way, and not until death has put a bar to all human help, even if such could be had, do they stop to consider what might have been.

No one in sound health and easy circumstances can realize the feelings of a person thus harassed. Viewed from afar, it looks a small thing, and if death, hastened perhaps by his own hand, claims him for its victim, little allowance is made for the sleepless nights, the brain racked and fevered, until it is incapable of taking anything but a distorted view of its surroundings, his path was so thorny, his way so dark, he really had no strength to battle longer, he must have rest, and



to his disordered fancy, the only place that could give it, was the grave.

And the world moves on, and few know or care to know, that died of debt, is the most truthful inscription that could be placed on such tombs.

The following article was not received until the Dispensary for this month had been printed, in which department it more properly belongs, but treating upon a subject of so much importance we have decided to insert it here rather than delay it another month.

#### HELPS TO HEALTH FOR MOTHERS AND INFANTS.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

Worn and weary little mother, striving and toiling in vain to quiet the fretful cry of your poor little infant, and at the same time attend to your numerous household duties, overcome with heat and fatigue, exhausted and disheartened at the endless routine of daily labor that to your dim vision seems to bring you neither love nor reward, with my whole heart do I pity you and sympathize with you. I see you now sitting by the little cradle and vainly trying to relieve and soothe the little sufferer. You take him in your arms, and offer him nourishment, but he refuses to take it or to be comforted. Still that low fretful wail. I see your despair, your exhaustion, suffering and anxiety. Is there any pain on earth greater than to see a dear child suffer and be unable to relieve it? And then by-and-by there is the empty cradle, the desolate house. Ah! I see it all too plainly. Poor, sad, weary, anxious mother, with my whole heart can I weep with you. But

"He gives but little who gives his tears,  
He gives his best who aids and cheers."

How gladly would I say something that might avert from you this suffering.

"An ounce of preventive is worth a pound of cure." The best I can do for you is to write you some of the things that I have learned from careful study, observation and experience, and if possible save you from paying as dearly as I have done to obtain this knowledge. I will begin by telling you what not to do. If your infant is fretful and seems ill, do not give him medicine. Do not send for a physician who will give him something to check one disease only to pave the way for a worse and perhaps a fatal one. Do not be too ready to conclude your child is ill. A thousand little annoyances or wants which he is unable to make known to you may make him restless and fretful. In summer, and especially if teething, an infant often suffers much simply from want of cold water. A clean napkin wet in cold water and applied frequently to his mouth will cool his gums and parched mouth and soothe him like a charm; or you may hold a glass containing a small quantity of fresh cold water to his lips and let a few drops go into his mouth, and he will enjoy biting the cold, hard glass tumbler.

A relaxed condition of the bowels does not in itself show disease, indeed it is far better than the reverse.

It is only an effort of nature to remove impurities from the system, and should not suddenly be checked. Too much cannot be said upon the terrible effects of dosing and drugging upon the delicate organization of a frail and tender infant. In cases of extreme illness recourse may be had to a good physician, but in ordinary ailments it is far better to have recourse to other agencies than drugs and medicines to effect a cure.

"What," says some reader, "must we do nothing for our children when they are ill?"

Yes, my dear woman, you must strive to aid nature. "The best of us can do nothing more than to aid nature," was the remark of an excellent physician; and the motto of the celebrated centenarian and eminent physician, Dr. Holyoke, was "Duce natura sequor."

What shall be the nourishment of the child?

If possible that provided by nature; his mother's milk, and nothing else. It is at once light, nourishing, easy of digestion, slightly alkaline, and therefore not so liable to sour upon the stomach as the milk of the cow; in short no other nourishment is half so well adapted to its wants as that provided by God. The time for weaning a child must never be in the heat of summer or sooner than October.

Bear in mind that the quantity and quality of the milk depend upon your own health and spirits. It is useless to expect your infant to be either well or happy unless you are well and happy yourself. It is therefore plainly your first duty to your child and to God to take care of your own health, and inasmuch as this cannot always be done without the help and co-operation of husband and friends it is their duty to do their part to keep the nursing mother surrounded by pleasant and cheerful influences, and as far as possible both in mind and body "as her best," for the child's sake.

Says Dr. Tracy in his excellent work "The Mother and her Offspring," "The mind should be kept in a quiet and happy state with the most assiduous care, inasmuch as the quality of the milk is very liable to be injuriously affected by any unpleasant excitement of the feelings, or other causes producing a more constant and continued state of unhappiness. Nursing women should be always calm, cheerful and happy if they would have their babes healthy, quiet and good-natured. No secretion so evidently exhibits the influence of the depressing emotions as that of the mamma." Sir Astley Cooper says "a fretful temper lessens the quality of the milk and causes it to disturb the child's bowels," etc. Fretfulness or irritability on the part of the mother is frequently caused by overwork. Moderate exercise is beneficial, especially if taken in the fresh air, but violent exercise and over-fatigue as well as anxiety and depression of spirits, injure the quality of the milk and make the infant restless and fretful. And anger, jealousy and ill-temper sometimes turn the milk so sour as to throw the child into convulsions and perhaps cost him his life. And not only this but the prevailing temper of the parent is almost always transmitted to the child,—

who must rejoice or suffer for it all through his life.

How important then that the nursing woman be always calm, cheerful, and even tempered, looking on the bright side, never disturbed, flurried, hurried, worried or excited. She should be surrounded always by cheerful and affectionate friends. She should work slowly, and always take time to rest when she is tired even if she is thereby compelled to have some things undone, which she would gladly have accomplished.

It is vain to think a nursing woman can work as hard as any other. It is a great draft upon the system and takes much strength and vitality to manufacture nourishment for two instead of one. What would a farmer say if you should advise him to yoke up his cows and drive them as oxen. No, indeed, he knows better, and would even be indignant at the thoughtless boy who should beat or hurry them going to or coming from their pasture. "It will dry up the milk and spoil the cow," says the farmer. And will he be less thoughtful for his wife and children?

This reminds me of a true story. A farmer who took great pride in his fine horses and cattle was one day taking a sleigh ride with his wife, and thought he would try to cross the river upon the ice, although his wife who was a timid, feeble woman preferred to go over the bridge. Soon after the horse and sleigh were fairly upon the ice it began to crack badly. "Stop, stop, Josiah," said the wife, "do let me get out."

"Sit still, Chloe," said the impetuous husband, "sit still, 'taint you I'm thinking of, it's the horse."

The quality and quantity of the milk is not only affected in the ways I have mentioned but it may be affected by the diet. This should be simple and nourishing, and whatever is found by experience and observation best to suit mother and child individually. For what suits one may be bad for another, and the reverse. "But," says Dr. Tracy, "the use of any and all kinds of spirituous or fermented articles of drink, is extremely improper. These often will increase the quantity of milk, but they are very liable to injure its quality." Coffee also is generally injurious. "Many women," he says, "are able to increase the quantity of their milk by the free use of good black tea or cocoa, with a liberal diet of beef-steak, lamb, and other nourishing but plainly cooked articles of food, together with a suitable amount of exercise in the open air."

For women who are liable to depression of spirits fresh out door air is especially necessary. The infant also should have an abundant supply of it. Dr. Donne, physician to the late empress of France, says in his admirable work, "Mothers and Infants," that infants should be kept in the open air several hours of each day. A little walk or ride is not enough, and every day that the child fails to go out is a total loss to him so far as health is concerned. Without going into all the philosophy of the beneficial effects of light and air upon the system, we would simply say try it. Let your children spend the greater part of their lives out of doors

If you would have them strong and vigorous; and you yourself should spend considerable time each day out of doors walking, riding or exercising in whatever way suits you best, when convenient taking the infant with you. It will be an excellent opportunity for you to study nature, trees, flowers, grass, stones, animals, birds; all the beautiful things that God has created for our pleasure and comfort; and if in observing their wonderful beauty, completeness and adaptation, you learn a more perfect trust in the loving and glorious Giver of all good, you will be not only laying up treasures for yourself, and promoting the health and peace of your infant, but sowing in his young heart seeds that in the coming years may ripen into a glorious harvest.

#### "OLD MAIDS."

BY C. DORA NICKERSON.

Now there should be nothing questionable about the fact of being an old maid. But there is, nevertheless, and though I do not feel personally aggrieved, yet I am going to rehearse a few of the sweet little occurrences which crowd into a "belated sister's" life.

For example a man comes along with sparse whiskers and shining pate, cracked voice and trembling steps, and lo! your friend bows obsequiously and introduces him; whereupon he scrapes and bows in return, holds his cane daintily, pulls his thin whiskers contentedly, talks patronizingly and mayhap ventures to enquire for your husband. As you reply that you never possessed that luckless appendage, he looks askance at the gathering gray in your hair, then at the intelligent eye, then wonderingly over you from bonnet to boot-tips, marvels that so sensible a piece of human mechanism should remain single, and then bows himself off, feeling almost sorry he has wasted so much time over what other men must have passed by.

Your friend's ears mark his retreating footsteps a moment, and then turns to you and says:

"A very fine man is that Mr. Smith, and a bachelor too! just think of it! he seems too nice to live alone, for I dare say, he would make some fine woman a pattern husband. He can marry any day, I've not a doubt, but he shows himself sensible in remaining single after all. You see a man can live alone better than a woman," (with a sort of glance at you that sets you to thinking of your birthdays,) "for he can take care of himself, you see," with another glance that clasps your fingers in a sort of test grip around your well worn wallet.

"Take care of himself" indeed! And how? He repairs to a furnishing store and commences at the cuticle, and puts on till he is dressed. (A single woman would have made all but the boots.) Then he hires a woman to wash, brush, and mend his clothes, and darn his stockings. Raves and tears if she leaves a button off his shirt, and without ingenuity enough to sew on another, goes to his business with his shirt agape, and hasn't even the benefit of a woman's thoughtfulness to put a pin in, and pull the necktie down to hide the head.



Then if he happens to have the tooth or headache! If it holds on any length of time, anybody in the boarding house would be willing to have the tooth extracted for him, if it were possible,—or to have his head amputated—if it were lawful. And if he is sick with a fever or any disease that puts his single body on a bed! A greater sufferer never existed since the days of ancient martyrdom; and if he continues sick a week, he gets so nervous, he'd make his will a dozen of times if he had patience enough to tell the lawyer what property he was possessed of.

And when he is convalescent! oh miserable fate that places the nurse over him! Her punishment for wrong doings must be intended to be inflicted on this side the river. If she survives such a campaign, no earthly judge could be hard hearted enough to sentence her to further penance, though her sins were as scarlet.

And then talk of a man being better fitted to live alone! who ever says it knows better, or else they know nothing at all about it.

And old bachelors like that your friend smooths her hands contentedly over, while he goes on and meets a friend perhaps to whom he remarks:

"I've just met Mrs. Jones and was introduced to her friend who is visiting her. Very interesting lady but an 'old maid,' and his very face puts on a look of horrified pity.

"Pretty?" queries the other.

"Yes, fair looking enough now, but its likely she'll have a sharp nose and chin when she gets old enough. You know old maids always do," and his friend bows assent knowingly and passes on mentally regretting that his friend Jones has to have old maid hangers-on. She can't be married of course, or she would have been ere this.

If a woman is thirty and unmarried, men straightway question for the reason, and then seek no farther acquaintance because somebody hasn't made the Miss a Mrs. before. When perhaps this very woman toiling on alone, was so true hearted, she chose to be loyal to her better nature, rather than marry the very man Miss A. or B. took for the sake of position or wealth. Or mayhap, in her golden girlhood days, she had seen a dear head pillowed upon the gray earth, and with the falling clouds had gone the purest affection her heart could ever hold, and because the daisies blow over the grave, the pale forget-me-not blooms softly in her heart of hearts, and she lives out her life, truer to her immortalized love, than many a wife to her marriage vows.

Or mayhap, because of the immutable workings of God's unalterable laws no master hand had touched the heart chords that could have sent out true love-music, and she chooses rather to be loyal to her better self than to share another's home and give back no heart place in return.

Very few women live to be thirty or forty without having been sought for by some one, but because no husband stands at her side, must she be dubbed unattractive and useless? Because a woman goes out into the world and battles for herself cheerfully, must she get naught but looks of pity or

contempt? or because she chooses to work for herself alone, rather than risk an unhappy home or an unkind husband, must she always be regarded as one of society's ostracized?

If a woman with a plain Miss before her name beautifies her home with dainty little knick knacks, and invents quaint bits of ornament and improves upon this or that, her friends call it pretty mayhap, and say it is just the thing, but they will add "It is old maidish! just one of her whims. She really does know how to make some useful and handsome ornaments but then old maids always do!" Let a married woman do all this, and they straightway open their eyes in gratified astonishment, and lo! she is pronounced a genius. (Old maids and genius produce the same results you see, but the origin of these results is quite another thing.) Now when is the world going to see with different eyes? I am making no complaint for this class, but am simply stating facts as they daily occur and as every single woman can testify. They can be first and last at beds of sickness—work cheerfully for church fairs and solicit funds for every charity for miles around—but its to be expected. "They've no husband or children and can do it as well as not." If you are single and happen to become a popular writer or reader, the world ventures to assert that there have doubtless been marrying opportunities which you chose to let pass. If you are a simple and unpretending everyday worker, people know there have been no suitors, "because old maids would marry if it were possible, of course." That there is a difference somehow between the conventional regard for married and single women is a plain fact; just where it is, it is hard to determine, but it exists somewhere, doesn't it?

#### A FEW THOUGHTS.

"Maud" has found "something to do," since last November, which has been interesting, and withal, will be profitable to her in the end, in a pecuniary point of view, as well as to all of THE HOUSEHOLD readers, if they read aright, and "treasure it up in good and honest hearts." I refer to reading the responses from Mrs. Dorr, Mrs. Carney, and others, and I thank her for "the cry," that called them forth, for they are read as eagerly by others, as by herself.

One cannot expect to offer much more by way of advice that will be beneficial, but I would like to say a few words about school teaching, as I have had some experience in that line.

"Mag" in the April number, thinks that "the first term in teaching is usually the hardest," and it may be, and probably is as a general thing, but there are exceptions. I look back to my first term taught at the age of seventeen, with the most pleasure of any, I think. The surroundings have much to do with making the duties of teachers pleasant and endurable. They are sometimes obliged to submit to many inconveniences. The greatest one in my opinion is "boarding around," which every one has not the strength to do, especially in such "out of the way places" as Maud

speaks of living in. Supposing the boarding places to be near the school house, all constitutions are not adapted to the changes of going from some homes with comfortable lodging rooms, and an abundance of good things with which to supply nature's wants, to tarry awhile in homes the opposite. All school houses are not very inviting. Some indeed (to the shame of those who have the rule, be it said,) would afford but poor shelter for human beings. The most dismal dreams that I have, are often connected with dilapidated, miserable old shells, called school houses. Now I do not wish to discourage teaching in the least, for there is a bright, as well as a dark side to the picture, and I have seen both. Many lasting and pleasant associations have been formed in, and outside of the school-room. There are desirable schools, but they are not always to be obtained for the asking. If persons make teaching a business, they are compelled to accept such situations as are to be had.

"Maud" speaks of not being strong, and what I wish to say is this: Strength and good health are indispensable. Teachers must possess these requisites, or they cannot perform their duties faithfully. At night, they need a home (my motto is the same as that of THE HOUSEHOLD, "Be it ever so humble there is no place like home") and a room by themselves where they can throw off all restraint, and rest and meditate, instead of feeling that they are visitors all of the time, and must exert themselves to be agreeable for fear the host and hostess will think, "well, I guess the school-ma'm isn't very smart, or else she is too proud to talk to us common folks." This is often the case; they are mis-judged. They are too weary in mind and body after the severe strain on their nerves throughout the day to visit, but they wish to give satisfaction, so strenuous efforts are made to accomplish that end. When the mother is busy with her household affairs, they romp with and amuse the children, or if the weather will not admit of this, they surround themselves with the children (oftimes this is a necessity, for there may be but one or two rooms in the house, "but they must board their share" which is not very small, judging from, and allowing the board to be made up on the number of children) and teach school night as well as day, and retire at night with aching head and throbbing heart, and try to woo "Nature's sweet restorer, sleep," but alas! often fail, and arise next morning unrefreshed, to return to their daily tasks. This is followed up week after week, and month after month, and the strongest soon "break down."

If Maud can obtain a school that is desirable, and not injure her health trying to teach, I say with Mag, try it again, by all means, but if such is not to be obtained I should prefer doing housework in some small respectable family, with the consolation of knowing that she has a steady boarding place, and knows that when night comes, she has a room by herself, and knows where the next meal is to come from. She may not have as much time to write an occasional article for THE HOUSEHOLD, but the

time that she does have to devote to that, may be more valuable, and she may accomplish more. Her nerves will be stronger. She understands housework too, and that is in her favor. It will come easier to her to perform it. I cannot discourage her writing some, for it is her nature, and I enjoy it myself. Many an hour was spent in school when a child, in writing stories, etc., on my slate, with the arithmetic lesson to be learned, before me. No doubt the teacher thought I was very studious, and would have a perfect lesson. I cannot advise her to do housework on the strength of having had experience in that away from home, but were I to live my life over, should prefer it to injuring my health as I have in some schools. Mag has a pleasant, cosey school house, likes to teach, but not because she is obliged to earn her own living. It is the opposite with Maud. It will be understood why my first school was more pleasant than some, when I say, I was strong, it was novel, I loved the children and taught in a room and boarded at my own home. The surroundings were pleasant. I am aware that I have presented the dark side of school teaching, but they are facts. Perhaps I may give the other side at some future time.

MARY.

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It is well known that soap improves with age, so it is good economy to purchase it by the quantity, by which you will also save considerable in cost. And when you buy be sure and remember that the American Peerless is the best.

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

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



## ARTIFICIAL INCUBATION.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

Those who will sit patiently and watch the operations of one of "Jacob Graves' Incubators," will learn lessons of wisdom in this department of investigation of which the uninitiated can scarcely form an idea. The process is indeed a remarkable one, the transformation of very simple substances in a very brief space of time, into a vital organism, inert matter soon assuming the form of active life, by processes wonderful in all of their aspects. Indeed, the structure of the egg is a marvel of itself, and may well interest the investigator of nature's laws and nature's wonders, for almost an unlimited time. If we commence at a mere point, the "germination dot" at the center of the yolk, which, of course, is the origin of chick-life—around which is the germinative vesicle. This is in the yolk, which contains, perhaps the most important element of food for the prospective chick, which is contained in a somewhat tenacious membrane. This is surrounded by an albuminous substance, the white, which is really in several layers. At the larger end of the egg there is a large air-cell, separated from the mass of the egg by a colorless membrane, the egg-mass being really suspended at the ends by a peculiar cord, on which it may revolve it is supposed, millions of times, and yet not be broken, though twisted around as many times.

As soon as the warmth, natural or artificial is applied, as it seems, the process of these wonderful changes commences. They may be more distinctly seen at the larger end near the air-cell, the substitute for the lungs of the chick, in the future to be, and in accordance with its original design, this partial breathing sufficing for the present want. The first stage of this development is the production of minute cells, in a very simple form at first, around which other similar or more complex ones are formed, then after successive changes and transformations, the future tissues, bones, muscles, viscera, etc. etc., are formed. The first important change is seen in the yolk, some parts of which become more opaque, others more transparent than in their natural state. The "germinative vesicle," at the center at an early period rises at the top where the germ is to be formed. The yolk is divided into sections—a process of segmentation. It is first divided into two parts, each complete spheres, and then subdivided and so on till a large number has been formed.

After twenty-four hours the embryo which is seen a few hours earlier, is distinctly seen a little larger at the ends, the air-cell being slightly increased in size. The yolk at this time rises a little higher in the white and is a little flattened on the upper surface, in which two small veins expanding the embryo, are seen, extending to the membrane at the larger end, by which they communicate with the air in the same manner that the blood is affected in the lungs. About the 3d day red vessels are seen, and indeed the general network of veins and arteries, constituting the general system of the

circulation of the blood in the chick. At this time and even after, Mr. Graves examines his eggs to remove the unpurified ones which are not injured and may be used. And here it may be remarked that Mr. G. believes that the "bad eggs," redolent with "sulphuretted hydrogen gas," are not of this class, but are those in which a chick embryo has died and decayed. On the 5th day the limbs may be seen to move slightly, while the heart has undergone some changes. At the end of the 6th day, the weight of the egg has diminished, the air bag having correspondingly increased, while the shell is dryer, less clear, and more brittle. The chick at first lies on the left side but sometimes at this period, he turns on to the back. At the end of the 13th day, the head is changed and curved, the bill under the right wing where it remains. From this time on, the progress seems slower though it goes on regularly, in part out of sight, gradually developing the future chick till about the 18th day, when the growth is completed in size and form. On the 19th day the air-bag extends around half of the interior of the egg. From this time a distinct sound from within may be heard. During this same time the remnant of the egg is principally absorbed by a membrane and deposited in the abdomen of the chick, which constitutes the last meal taken in the shelly prison. On, or before the twenty-first day are made the preparations for the escape, which is an ingenious operation. On the point of the beak or at the top of it, is an improvised "pick-axe," suggestive of the single horn of the rhinoceros, sharp like the diamond, with which a series of punctures are made, the chick turning in the shell. When the revolution is nearly completed, the chick presses against the shell with the feet, making vigorous efforts by which the shell is burst apart in two pieces and the prisoner is free, that is, free to flounder and pant for a time and rest after which he commences his scratching and pecking, and is hovered by the "Artificial Mother," never dreaming that he should naturally have had a true mother, though he does not seem to suffer from the want of such.

## Reversible Body PERAMBULATOR.



By a simple arrangement the Body can be turned as shown in cut, and the child thus be kept in sight of attendant and also away from storm, wind or sun, or it can be used as an ordinary Perambulator, taking but a moment to reverse, and is held firmly in either position.

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No medicine has been more successful in curing *Fever and Ague*. For a sudden Cold it is almost a specific. Rheumatic and Neuralgic affections give way to it when all other remedies have failed. It is eminently a *Family Medicine*, and by being kept ready for immediate resort in cases of accident or sudden attack of disease, has saved many an hour of suffering, and many a dollar in time and doctors' bill.

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

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

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

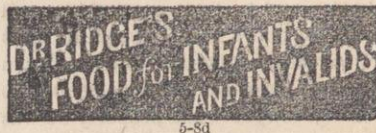
Dr. Schenck is professionally at his principal office, corner Sixth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, every Monday; and at the Quincy House, Boston, on the following Wednesdays, June 10th and 24th, July 8th and 22nd, and August 5th and 19th.

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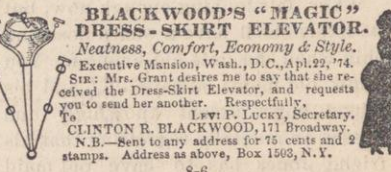
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Organic matter, - - - - -	64.00
Yielding Ammonia, - - - - -	9.66
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The inorganic matter contains phosphate and carbonate of lime, common salt, a trace of potash.

For grass land, mix with loam, say three times its bulk, and sow broadcast.

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For a hill of potatoes and corn, a tablespoonful is sufficient.

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Leave Brattleboro at 4:20 and 8:42 a. m.; at 2:00 and 3:30 p. m.

MAIL TRAIN.—Leave St. Albans at 6:20 a. m., Brattleboro at 3:30 p. m., connecting at New London with steamer for New York.

NIGHT EXPRESS.—Leave Ogdensburg at 12:35 p. m., Montreal at 3:45 p. m., St. Albans at 7:25 p. m., Brattleboro at 4:20 a. m., arriving at New London at 11:15 a. m.

MAIL TRAIN.—Leave White River Junction at 5:00 a. m., Rutland (mixed) at 4:30 a. m., Brattleboro at 8:42 a. m., arriving at New London at 5:15 p. m.

MIXED TRAIN.—Leave White River Junction at 5:00 p. m., arriving at Brattleboro at 9:40 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAIN.—Leave Brattleboro at 2:00 p. m., reaching Miller's Falls at 2:50 p. m.

GOING NORTH.

Leave Brattleboro at 7:00 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 4:55 p. m., 10:20 p. m.

MAIL TRAIN.—Leave New London at 5:00 a. m., Brattleboro at 10:30 a. m., for White River Junction, Rutland, Burlington, St. Albans, Montreal, and Ogdensburg.

MIXED TRAIN.—Leave Brattleboro at 7:00 a. m., for Bellows Falls and White River Junction.

EXPRESS TRAIN.—Leave Miller's Falls at 11:20 a. m., arriving at Brattleboro at 12:20 p. m.

ACCOMMODATION TRAIN.—Leave New London at 8:10 a. m., Brattleboro at 4:55 p. m., for White River Junction and Rutland.

NIGHT EXPRESS.—Leave New London at 3:17 p. m., Brattleboro at 10:20 p. m., for White River Junction, Rutland, Burlington, St. Albans, Montreal and Ogdensburg.

Pullman's Drawing Room and Sleeping Cars are run on night trains between Springfield and Montreal.

J. W. HOBART, Gen'l Sup't.  
St. Albans, Vt., May 23, 1874.

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We offer the following list of PREMIUM ARTICLES to those who are disposed to aid in extending the circulation of THE HOUSEHOLD. With the number and name of each article, we have given its cash price and the number of new subscribers, for one year each, required to obtain it free:

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1	One box Initial Stationery,	\$0 50 2
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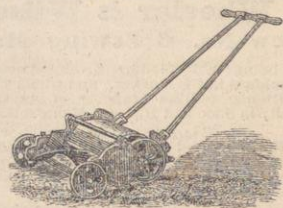
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