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THE HOUSEHOLD

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

ESTABLISHED 1868

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 17.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., MARCH, 1884.

No. 3.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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The Heranda.

MARCH.

Ah, surly March! you've come again,
With sleet and snow and hail and rain;
Cold earth beneath, dark sky above you,
What have you, pray, to make us love you?
No month is half so rough as you,
December winds less harshly blow;
What churlish ways! what storm-tossed tresses!
Your presence every one distresses!
Haste, haste away! We longing wait
To greet fair April at our gate,
Cold earth beneath, dark sky above you,
Surely you've naught to make us love you!

"Ah, see these blossoms!" he replied,
Tossing his hall-torn cloak aside—
"Though other months have flowers a-many,
Say, are not mine as fair as any?
See peeping from each dusky fold,
The crocus with its cup of gold;
Violets, snowdrops white and stilly,
Sweeter than any summer lily;
And underneath the old oak leaves
Her fragrant wreath the arbutus weaves—
Whatever sky may be above me,
Surely for these all hearts will love me.

—Exchange.

PEAS.

FOR early green vegetables we have lettuce, spinach, and dandelions. Next to follow are green peas. As a market vegetable they are cultivated more extensively than all other early vegetables. The market gardener plants them by the ten acres, and there will scarcely be found a garden without its early peas. Their culture is simple, and there are some of the ladies of THE HOUSEHOLD in the far west and even in New England who might benefit health and mind, and perhaps earn money by a little out-door exercise, if they were given a few hints how to cultivate them, although it is not considered a woman's place nowadays, yet they are often very capable, and enjoy the work as well as to work among the flowers.

Early peas in many gardens are the first vegetables for the table. A light soil, liberally manured, will produce an abundant yield. Southerly slopes for early varieties are preferred, and if for market it is quite important that they should be early to obtain a high price, and they are often quite profitable on account of allowing the ground to be cleared in June to plant a second crop of cabbage, turnips, celery or strawberries to gather in autumn or the following summer. Plow or fork your ground well. A fork with four to six tines is worked much easier, doing better work than a spade, if the garden is small and will not admit a plow. For early use sow in

double rows ten inches apart, giving two feet space between double rows when several rows are planted. For field sow in double rows, leaving space between rows two and one-half feet to admit horse hoe, planting peas three to six inches deep. If planted deep they will retain more moisture in a dry season, and continue in bearing one to two weeks longer.

Hoe as soon as the peas break the soil, and continue the same every two weeks until in bloom, when they will take care of themselves. The early varieties grow from one to two feet high, and require no bushing, while the later sorts take more room, growing three to six feet high, requiring brush for support. It is therefore necessary to make rows three to three and one-half feet apart, but they can be planted in double rows which will save one-half the labor in bushing, and by planting in double rows in place of single, one-half to one-third larger crop can be obtained from the same amount of ground.

There are late varieties, equal, if not superior, for the table to the Champion and tall Marrowfat which will gradually work into favor as they require no bushing. For instance, the dwarf Marrowfat grows only about three feet, ripens a little earlier, and is nearly as productive as the tall, black-eyed Marrowfat, while for the wrinkled varieties, Yorkshire Hero grows about two and one-half feet, ripens earlier than the Champion, is about as productive, and better, richer-flavored, and can be recommended to take the place of the old varieties, requiring less labor. The Telephone and Stratagem peas are both very excellent, rich-flavored, wrinkled varieties, worthy of trial in any garden, growing but two and one-half feet high.

It is a good plan to manure peas in the drill, covering light with soil before sowing peas. Early varieties may be the first crop planted as soon as the frost is out of the ground, as a little frost and snow will not injure them if two or three inches high.

By experiments on my trial grounds, in 1883, I found the following to ripen in succession for the table, planted side by side on the same day, all having the same care:

Date.	Varieties.	Height.
June 10.	Excelsior	24 in.
" 13.	First and Best	20 "
" 14.	Early Sunrise	22 "
" 15.	Imp. Dan O'Rourke	18 "
" 15.	American Racer	24 "
" 17.	American Wonder	8 "
" 18.	William Hurst	12 "
" 20.	Little Gem	20 "
" 23.	Stratagem	18 "
" 28.	Telephone	36 "
July 1.	Dwarf Marrowfat	40 "
" 5.	Champion of England	60 "
" 6.	Yorkshire Hero	30 "

The Excelsior, Early Sunrise, William Hurst and Telephone, attracted particular attention on account of their bright, rich appearance, covered with blossoms and an unusual amount of large well-filled pods. For a first early the Excelsior can be rec-

ommended as the best and most prolific for family and market, Stratagem for second early, dwarf Marrowfat or Yorkshire Hero for late. C. E. ALLEN.

NUTRIMENT IN GRAIN AND HAY.

Corn is a fat producing food. Its fat giving elements predominate so largely that it is not fitted for constant feeding, except to lay on fat at the cost of suffering loss to the general animal system. It is hardly worth while to take it into consideration as a nutritious food, and it is wholly unfit to feed exclusively or in any great quantity to colts. It is in no sense what the developing system of a young animal needs. The value of a food for this class of animals, and for animals that are heavily worked, is in the protein they contain, and common corn contains only from eight to fourteen per cent. of that. In a thousand pounds, therefore, corn may be fairly considered as possessing a hundred pounds of nutriment. Of course, we cannot wholly throw away the other elements as being useless, but they are so subordinate to the one named in point of nutrition that, in noticing a subject like the one under consideration, it is not worth while to attempt to determine their value. Oats will average larger in protein than corn will, and are a preeminent nutritious food, as every one of experience knows. They vary very much in the proportions of their elements, but an average lot of oats is worth double for feed of horses and colts what corn is, and that is stating it quite mildly. Timothy averages about six per cent. of protein, but is valuable also as furnishing bulk, the value of which cannot be accurately estimated.—Western Rural.

FEEDING STOCK.

The Massachusetts Ploughman says that some farmers have an idea that any boy can feed farm stock as well as a man, but the more observing believe that to feed stock so as to secure the best condition on the smallest amount of fodder, requires quite as much skill as any operation on the farm, and it is a work which requires both study and practice; study to learn the nature and requirements of each class of animals, and the nutritive qualities of each kind of food; practical experience so that the particular wants of each animal in every class may be thoroughly understood. While the farmer should endeavor to have his boys feed the stock a portion of the time, he should always be with them to give directions and to see that the work is properly done. The knowledge of how to make cattle eat up the coarser fodder without waste, is fully possessed by some farmers, while others do not even know how to make them eat up clean the best of hay, but keep large quantities before them the most of the time. For economy there is nothing like keeping a clean crib, giving cattle only as much as they will at once eat up clean. This will apply to all farm animals as well as cattle.

The Drawing Room.

MORNING VISITORS.

WHY is it that people who have nothing to do seem determined to keep others from working?

If there is any thing calculated to try one's patience it is repeated interruptions when very busy; and this trial is a frequent one especially in a busy town or city. Breakfast is over; you have just begun the business of the day with enthusiasm and the freshness and energy that one always has, if ever, after refreshing sleep. You are just fairly engaged in your work when a ring is heard at the door and your neighbor, Miss X., is announced.

"I thought I'd just walk over as I've nothing else to do, and have a little chat with you," she laughingly remarks in reply to your courteous greeting. It is not your day for receiving visitors and she knows it perfectly well, yet she stays talking about nothings during the best hour of your morning; when Bridget comes in to tell you that old Ann is in the kitchen wishing to see you. Excusing yourself you descend to greet your quondam servant who detains you with a long tale of her misfortunes. Her husband has no work. (Who could employ the drunken fellow?) She wishes to find places where she may work by the day, needs clothing for herself and children, etc. This sad case dispatched with such comfort and aid as lie in your power, you return to the parlor, for Miss X. has apparently no idea of going. You are meditating on bringing down a mending-basket when she rises and takes her departure.

Is it not strange that one who thinks herself well-bred, should be so ignorant of the laws of etiquette, as not to know that, in this country at least, it is a piece of rudeness to call on one, other than the reception day, and not then before two P. M., unless you are a very intimate friend, or come on important business that cannot be postponed.

However, as this unfashionable tramp has departed, you resume your work; but with somewhat abated vigor. Only a few minutes elapse and you are beginning to recover your zeal and interest, when again the bell rings. Mr. Z. You do not remember the name but do not like to send word you are busy, as he may have come on business of importance, or perhaps some one from out of town introduced by a friend. So again you draw upon your stock of good nature, courtesy and hospitality, and greet the gentleman (?) with all due deference and kindness. Mr. Z. makes some unnecessary remarks upon the weather, and then introduces some remarks upon himself. His special need at present is want of employment. He has, he says, formerly been in affluent circumstances, but has met with reverses, owing, perhaps, to his own misconduct

and intemperance; but he has lately signed the pledge and joined the church and having been transformed in this way from a sinner to a saint, seems to feel that he has a claim upon your time and attention. After inflicting upon you some long, tedious particulars and endeavoring to elicit your pity for his suffering family, he informs you that he has heard so much of your benevolence that he thought you might perhaps be able to find him some employment.

"What can you do, or in what business were you last engaged?" you inquire.

"I was last engaged," he says, "in the patent medicine business."

You secretly wonder how it was that he failed in making this popular humbug profitable. Perhaps he did not put in alcohol or molasses enough to please the palates of his patients. However, it is a blessing to mankind that one man has failed in it. The remark of Oliver Wendell Holmes occurs to you: "If all the medicine in the world were cast into the sea it would be infinitely the better for mankind, but infinitely the worse for the fishes."

But not wishing to prolong the conversation you merely say you are sorry that you don't now know of any thing—he had better apply to the employment bureau at the Y. M. C. A. rooms at nine o'clock in the morning.

He has applied there, they have no position for him.

Then he might do well to apply at the employment department at the Industrial Restaurant. He will have his name registered free; and get warm meals for five cents, or for his services sawing wood; and a comfortable bed for ten cents; meantime you will take his address and send him word if you hear of any thing suited to him. Taking the address he gives (if he gives it, which is very uncertain) you rise and bow slightly, but courteously, as a hint that you expect him to go. But no, he produces from his pocket a small book, which he says, as a last resort he is trying to sell, and although you assure him that you have already nearly two thousand volumes, and do not wish it; he pleads his poverty and the sufferings of his family. He has walked miles, sold nothing, not tasted food for twenty-four hours, etc. It is just possible this may be true. *No-blesse oblige*. So without further ado you pay him for the book the price he asks, knowing perfectly well that you could buy it for half that sum of the publisher, in New York.

He goes, and with him another bright morning hour. You glance into the kitchen to see that all is going on right there; give a few directions and again go to your work up stairs. In less than ten minutes the bell rings again. A nice looking German woman sent to you by Mrs. Taft, the missionary, to see if you know of any employment for her. She has been a cook in good families in New York, but is now married to a veterinary surgeon who cannot find employment here; she would like to work by the day, has good references. You like her face and are sorry for her, but cannot employ her. You put on your hat and walk to the next block to introduce her to a good intelligence office there. On your return you see Bridget at the front door saying to a lady you are out. She turns and meets you ascending the steps.

"Are you the lady of the house?" She is so happy not to have missed you. She wishes to sell you an encyclopedia—or either of two other valuable works—sold only by subscription. Will you oblige her by just looking at them? Talks so fast in their praise that you cannot get in a word "edgewise."—At the first opportunity you have to, speak without inter-

rupting, you tell her you are sorry, but really cannot take any of them. She is sufficiently well-bred not to urge the matter or try to detain you which makes you the more sorry you cannot oblige her.

As she goes, Bridget informs you that Tommy McCormick is in the basement wanting to know if you wish to buy any more matches of him. You know him of old. His father is a drunkard. Tommy is trying to earn something to help his mother who is tied up at home with young children. You pity them and like his spirit but have already more matches in the house, which you have bought of him at various times, than you could use in a year or more. It is dangerous storing so many. It might set the house on fire. You advise him to bring something else the next time, give him food to eat in the kitchen and an apple to put in his pocket, inquire for his mother, brothers, and sisters and tell him to come again. You know perfectly well that he will come without an invitation; but this little piece of courtesy brings a smile to his forlorn little face, and does you no harm.

It is nearly lunch time. Hardly worth while to go up stairs again. Still much good is often accomplished in a quiet half hour. The brave, patient face of that poor little match-boy ought to be an inspiration. Hark! There is the bell. You open the door. A masculine-looking woman with very austere face, enters.

"You have children, I understand."

"Yes, madam."

She hopes you feel the importance of attending to the securing of their souls' salvation. Doubtless you will be glad to find a valuable aid in this work—a child's bible, issued in numbers, payment to be made every month.

"What! You don't wish it? nor care to look at it?" She gazes at you with an expression of holy horror. In a harsh nasal tone she launches forth upon you a sermon on the duties of parents.

You mildly reply that you have already two or three works in the house of a similar character. Does this relieve her mind? Not at all. Hers is much superior to any other work. Apparently it would seem the only one worth owning, and she persists in expatiating upon its merits keeping you standing, waiting for her departure, and since you are firm in refusing to take it, evidently regards you as a sinner past redemption.

The door bell rings. A man asks if you are not the lady who gave clothes to his little boy last year? He thought you might have more. You haven't any this time. You gave away all you could spare last week. You direct him to the Industrial Restaurant. He goes, and the woman with the child's bible, and you go down to lunch, for the children have come from school.

This is a true picture, and will readily be believed by many readers who have passed through a similar experience. The story might be prolonged indefinitely, but this is a fair sample of what may be expected any fine day in a large city or town.

The moral is obvious: When you make calls for your own pleasure or profit, call at a suitable hour, likely to be a convenient one to the one you call upon; say what you have to say, with deference and dispatch, and your hostess will place your name in her good books credited not only with a fair share of worldly wisdom, but with what is of more value, good sense and good breeding.

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

"Stars that seem the mutest go in music all the way." How fortunate it is that each one of us, who will, may carry in our hearts a perpetual fountain of gladness and song, which the ills of life cannot suppress. We are so apt to hide the

better part of ourself, and to force down our inborn frankness and whole-heartedness when we come in contact with the formalities of the world, that it is fortunate for us, and the highest attributes of humanity, that we may sometimes listen to the under-current of joyousness which flows through even the least demonstrative natures. We all have some sources of hope, and love, and joy, and it is fortunate that it is so. And it is in the most quiet and peaceful natures that we find the purest and deepest sources of happiness.

—Let us recognize the beauty and power of true enthusiasm, and guard against checking or chilling a single earnest sentiment.—H. T. Tuckerman.

—The love of the beautiful and true, like the dew drop in the heart of the crystal, remains forever clear and liquid in the inmost shrine of the soul.

The Conservatory.

FLOWERS.

Flowers preach to us if we will hear.

The rose saith in the dewy morn,

"I am most fair,

Yet all my loveliness is born

Upon a thorn."

The lilies say, "Behold how we

Preach, without words, of purity!"

But not alone the fairest flowers:

The merest grass

Along the roadside where we pass,

Lichen and moss and sturdy weed,

Tell of His love who sends the dew,

The rain, and the sunshine too,

To nourish one small seed.

—G. D. Rossetti.

FLORICULTURAL NOTES.

Number Twenty-seven.

BY MRS. G. W. FLANDERS.

I HAVE been looking over my floral correspondence this morning, and find quite a batch of questions that have not been answered, but I trust the friends will pardon the delay when I tell them that sickness forced me to lay down the pen.

Minnie W., the daphne is not a hard plant to cultivate. I give mine the same compost that I do geraniums, a trifle richer perhaps. It delights in a sunny window and when growing fast is quite a thirsty plant, but do not overwater; when it is standing still or resting, a very small quantity will suffice. It usually begins to blossom in December, but often it will not do so until January. It depends upon how the plant has been treated through the autumn months. The flowers are in terminal clusters, white and sweet scented. This variety is called *daphne odorata*; it is a native of China. *D. cneorum* hails from Europe. It blossoms in the spring and bears a pretty cluster of rosy pink flowers. The *stephanotis floribunda* will give better satisfaction if you can give it more sun. A south window is best suited to this hot-house climber. It is not what I call a delicate plant, for it will thrive in ordinary soil, only moderately rich, but it should be porous, and the pot should have good drainage. You will be delighted with the flowers. They are borne in umbels, pure white, of a waxy texture and very fragrant. They usually blossom in September. It is a native of Madagascar.

Mrs. S. E. Miller, your request came too late in the season, the earth was frozen hard and covered with snow. Yes, the plants you want, grow wild here, but not plentifully. I do not think you would succeed with them. They are hard to domesticate in their native home. I have tried both.

The Indian pipe, *manotropa uniflora*, is found in rich woods, and it is decidedly a child of the woods. You cannot tame it. The whole plant, stem and flower, there is no foliage, is a pure waxy white, and for this reason it is sometimes called corpse plant. If you transplant them they turn black and die.

The trailing arbutus, *epigea repens*, is a beautiful flower. I doubt if you have any thing sweeter in the southern states, but it is to be regretted that it will not grow and blossom in our gardens. I have a clump in the cellar that I shall bring to the light in February, hoping I can cheat them into bloom. They are scarce in this section of the state, but where I lived when a child, they grew quite plentifully in our pasture lands. Many an April day I have gathered handfuls of the pink and white clusters partially under the snow. I think the climate of Georgia would be too warm for this cool natured plant.

Mrs. C. A. Dolce, the lily of the valley, *convallaria majalis*, will flower nicely in the window. Pot the pips in any good soil, and set in the cellar a few weeks in the dark. I leave mine until they break through the soil, then bring to the light and sunshine.

Yes, there is another variety of the *convallaria*, *majalis rosea*, but I have never seen it, so I cannot speak of its merits from knowledge. It is said to be as hardy as the well known, white flowered variety.

Jennie Gould, yes, the bouvardia can be propagated from cuttings, it is only a question of time. They will not strike root as readily as a geranium or a fuchsia. I have a plant in blossom at this writing from a slip taken in August. I root them in bottles of water set in a sunny window. They can also be rooted in wet sand in the hot sun. They require heat to urge them, and then it will sometimes take them a month to get fairly started.

Florists usually propagate the bouvardia from root cuttings as they make stronger plants than cuttings from the branches. This is done by taking a root of an old plant and cutting it into pieces about an inch long. Plant these pieces as you would other cuttings, but on y allow the end to just reach the surface of the soil. In a little while they will start to grow, and make fine plants for winter. The soil should be kept moist not wet, and set the pot in the sunshine.

The bouvardia is of the easiest culture and one of our finest gems for winter flowering, with its rich racemes of white, bright rose, scarlet, crimson and carmine flowers. The varieties are all so pretty that whichever you select, will be sure to please. I have seen but two double varieties, Alfred Neuner, white, and President Garfield, pink. Between the double and single I have but little choice. I am glad to answer this question about the bouvardia, through THE HOUSEHOLD, for I well know there are many who think it cannot be propagated outside of a greenhouse.

I find the same idea is associated with *daphne odorata*. It is slow to root and that is all the puzzle there is about it. It can be rooted in moist sand or earth, in the sun, for this, too, likes heat. Let me tell you how I rooted some last summer. I cut back a plant in June, and planted the cuttings behind some geraniums, close to the granite underpinning of the house, making the soil firm about them. They were watered only when the other plants were. I did not disturb them until September, when I found every cutting a strong rooted plant, and I had not given them a moment's care after the planting. So you will perceive they are not hard to propagate, but slow in starting. All we want to succeed is a little patience and perseverance.

Another friend requests me to give a description of my window garden, through these columns, but that would take up too much time and space. However as I like to oblige my friends, I will mention a few plants that are just before me.

The most conspicuous is a large plant of *aspidistra lurida variegata*. The leaves are variegated, no two alike; some are green, striped with white, others white, striped with green. It is a very good-natured plant, does not mind a little neglect, and it seems to flourish well in shade or sunshine.

On the opposite corner of the table is the *abutilon Thomsonii*. I cultivate it more for the foliage than the flowers; the leaves are very ornamental.

In the center between these two stands the tall-growing begonia, *argyrostigma picta*. This is another good plant for a regular "stand-by." The foliage is green on the upper surface, spotted silvery white; underneath crimson.

I have the tricolor and bicolor geraniums, and a few coleuses, pretty ones, too. I do not keep many, my rooms are too cool for them in winter.

The *euonymus variegata* is another pretty foliage plant. The leaves are edged, and splashed with white, and are as glossy as if freshly varnished. I usually keep it in the cellar winters, but it was too pretty to shut away from sight when repotted in September.

Just in front of these taller-growing plants is a *fargugium grande*, with its dark, glossy green leaves, irregularly blotched with white. It is a showy plant.

I have a good display of flowers, heliotropes, fuchsias, bouvardias, cyclamens, geraniums, etc. But I must speak a word in favor of the new geranium, *Lamoines Cannell*. The flower is semi-double, dark purplish crimson color, and of a velvety texture. Except that it is more velvety in appearance it might well be called a double Dr. Denny, for in color it is identical with it. Mrs. Charles Pease is another fine double; in color a lovely shade of pink. The upper petals are marked with white which gives the flower a novel appearance. It is a fine variety. Orange Boven is a new single variety of very pleasing appearance. The flower has a bright orange center, and is edged and marked with white. The trusses are large and finely formed. The Gem comes appropriately named, for it is one of the prettiest of pretty geraniums. The flowers are in rosette form, and in color are a dark, crimson purple. The reverse side of the petals is white, which makes the flowers appear as if variegated. It is a gem most truly.

I have the abutilons, Firefly and *boule de neige*, in the same pot. The bright carmine flowers of the one, and the pure white ones of the other, intermingle, and the effect is pretty indeed.

I have begonias in bloom, but I will mention but one, the *grandiflora* variety. Too much cannot be said in its praise. The flowers are large and borne in drooping panicles. The color is a pale delicate shade of pink. I consider this variety one of the best.

I have a good assortment of primulas, but the most exquisite gem is the double white variety, Mrs. John Saul. It is full and double with petals overlapping and beautifully serrated. It is a gem of the first water.

But I came near passing the *oxalis ortgiesi* by in silence. It is a pretty and a very interesting plant to me. Its growth is like a miniature tree, straight and evenly branching. But, oh, what a sleepy head! At early evening it gets ready for a nap; the branches fold up to the main stalk, and the leaves fold down; then what a transformation is wrought? You would hardly recognize my pretty plant

in its sleeping posture. But in the morning as soon as Sol waves his magical wand over the earth, presto! my little tree stands full spread again. It is like opening and closing an umbrella.

For white foliage plants I have the *glaucium corniculatum*. I like it better than centaurea. It is the finest thing I have found for the yard. A circular bed with glaucium for edging and coleus in the center is very pretty. It wants a sunny place, and but little water. Give it but very little in the winter. The flower is yellow, quite pretty, and very short-lived, lasting only a few hours. I usually store mine in the cellar where they keep over nicely.

I have trailers, and climbing vines, and many other plants that are considered more choice than those I have mentioned, perhaps I will tell about them in some future letter, but just now time presses and space narrows, and I want to tell you about my choice flower seeds that came all the way from Jerusalem. They came so late in the season I have only planted two varieties, just to see if I could recognize them. Now, I think one should be pardoned if she naturally expected to get some rare and beautiful native plant from those seeds, coming as they did from that far away country, with its hallowed associations, but alas for human hopes and expectations when they center in a flower seed! Bergamot and marigolds! Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Let not my disappointment make me ungrateful for thy treasures.

PLANTS IN THEIR WANDERINGS.

BY CLINTON MONTAGUE.

Every plant once had its own home, just as every man has his own fatherland. But very much as men have done, many of them have gone wandering about the world, and are found growing far from home. They have journeyed in various ways, some as little feathered seeds carried by the wind, while others have been borne by birds of passage from country to country. They have been swept far from their native haunts by the waters of overflowing rivers; they have floated away on the waves of the sea; even animals as well as birds, have aided in their migrations. For the most part, however, man himself has carried the plants from one land to another, sometimes purposely, oftener by accident.

I do not know of any thing that would be more interesting, if they could only speak, than to listen to the conversation of the flowers of a conservatory, especially if they were talking of their old homes, or of what befell them on their journeys through the world. As they are not gifted with the powers of speech we shall have to do the talking ourselves, which, though it may not be as pleasant, will serve a purpose quite as well.

This stalk of myrtle is descended in a straight line from the shrubs which flourished around the marble temples of Hellas and whose leaves wreathed the brows of the champions who conquered at the Isthmian games. That young citron tree, on the lower shelf, sprung from a seed brought by a ship from Sicily. The tree from which it was plucked grew near Enna's classic plain, and in sight of the fiery crater of Mount Etna. This rose bush standing between them, filled with lovely blossoms, was once at home in the gardens of Cashmere, and perhaps saw the pageant of the dark eyed Nourmahal when she rowed over the rose covered lake in her fairy barge. The camellia, yonder, received its name from a priest, who, returning from a missionary journey in China, brought it with him as a memento of some oblique-eyed celestial. This mountain rose, whose purple blos-

soms rivals the camellia in beauty, has wandered clear from the shores of the Euxine; and the ancestors of this superb rhododendron grew upon the heights of the Himalaya in northern India.

Here is a wonderful passion flower, winding about a pillar near the corner. Once it grew in the dark wilderness of a Brazilian forest, twining like a living thing upward on the giant trees. Long ago, Spanish monks carried it away with them to Europe and said:

"This flower is a great marvel of creation. In its blossoms are represented all the instruments used in the martyrdom of Jesus—the nails, the spears, and the crown of thorns; and upon the crown, even the drops of blood are to be seen. This flower has already made known, symbolically in those distant lands, the sufferings of our Lord, before the foot of a Christian preacher ever trod them."

These aloe trees came from cuttings brought years ago from the Cape of Good Hope. Look at this stately dahlia, which looks as if it had been reared in a royal court. It has traveled all the way from the tropic plains of America, where long before the eyes of the swart Genoese, it gazed wonderingly on Aztec or Peruvian magnificence, in the nut brown hands of some dusky maid of Montezuma's court, or the Inca's palace of the sun. That serpent cactus, which stretches downward from the hanging basket above our heads, came from the same region, for its ancestral home was on the dry rocks of Peru, where the llama wanders and the condor nests.

Here are flowers, too, from southern Europe, others from Asia; while the beautiful acacia tree, which lifts its graceful foliage above the neighboring olives, had its home on the banks of the sunny Nile, where the pyramids lift their eternal shadows.

These hot-house plants growing and blossoming here so peacefully together, have been gathered from every continent and zone. The auricula, whose ancestors the chamois cropped upon the slopes of towering Alp, mingles its perfume with the vanilla fragrance of the heliotrope, of whose leaves, in its native haunts the Peruvian marmot nibbles. By what strange accidents, in answer to how many motives, and to serve what varied interests of men, have these plants come into companionship! The seeds of the beautiful persicaria (*polygnum orientale*) were procured by M. Tournefort, from the garden of the Three Churches near Mount Ararat, the spot on which the ark is supposed to have rested, and presented to the superintendent of the *jardin des plantes* in Paris. More than three hundred years ago, a tulip bulb was brought from Persia to Europe. Its descendants have traveled far and wide, so that now the poorest country child may have a tulip bed, whose flowers shall be just as bright and beautiful as those in a king's garden.

The seeds of some flowers have come to us accidentally, among rice grains or coffee beans, others have been carried from one continent to another in bales of wool or cotton, or clinging even to the clothing of travelers. A sailor from Hong Kong when arriving in London found a strange-looking seed in his pocket and planted it. It germinated and grew and became the father of all the bamboo trees in England. The first twig of weeping willow that ever reached Europe is said to have come from Asia, plaited into a wicker basket, and, planted there, to have put forth root and branches.

In these later days great florists take special pains to get from distant lands beautiful, still unknown ornamental plants, whose habits in their home haunts they carefully observe. They find out whether they like best the sunshine or shadow, dryness or moisture, warmth or

coolness, loam or sandy soil, and then offer them in their new home that which suits best. If the right conditions and treatment have been hit upon, the grateful plant will soon show it by plentiful leaves and blossoms. Many a strange tale might be told of the labors and dangers which plant gatherers have endured before all the flowery treasures in our gardens and green houses were won. Men have descended into the burning craters of Hecla and Mauna Loa, and climbed the icy heights of Alpine summits for some tribute of Flora that they prized. They have spent years in wearisome search, crossing oceans, penetrating jungles, hazarding life and limb to learn the nature of some botanical prize. Some of these adventurers' experiences I may tell you if the heavens see fit, on some fair day when the woods are green.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. CROWELL:—You write me that you have received many letters from persons who wish to get roots, or slips of the vine mentioned by me as the Kentucky Hunter. I do not know the botanical name. Some people call them merely runners. There may be other names but I have no knowledge of them. I do not think I could supply a great many with roots, as they are rather brittle and need to be packed carefully to send by mail, and I do not know whether the seed will grow. I will try some of the seed, and if it grows I will save some next summer for the sisters, if there are not too many applications. I sent some roots by mail to one lady some years since and she planted them, but they did not come up.

AUNT OLIVE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one of your many readers kindly inform me what treatment a lobster cactus requires after it is done blooming?

MRS. S.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one tell me what treatment to give tea roses to make them bloom, also, what will destroy lice on plants?

B. E. H.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one kindly enlighten me in regard to the agapanthus? Having had some bulbs given me I am desirous of giving them the correct treatment and know positively nothing. Please come to the rescue and oblige,

MICHIGAN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will you ask if any of the sisters know of a flower called touch-me-not?

MRS. A. HEFFRON.

Freestone, Sonoma Co., Cal.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Mrs. Flanders or Mrs. Wellcome tell me the proper temperature of a hot-house for day and night, also, what effect coffee grounds when mixed with soil have on plants?

MRS. A. M. D.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one tell me what will destroy lice on plants, and how to take care of bulbs after they have bloomed? I have only one. Its name is Excelsior Pearl. It had ten blossoms, and perfumed the house all over. A good many of the neighbors came in to see it. They never saw any thing like it. I don't know whether the soil ought to be changed or not. I got it last spring.

HELEN BELDEN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of your readers give me any information in regard to barberry hedges?

MRS. G. R. W.

I would say to Laura T., that whale oil soap is sure death to lice on any kind of plant, and it doesn't injure any plant. Last spring I went over my roses and honeysuckles that were loaded with lice. The result was healthy plants, and plenty of flowers. I had no garden syringe so took an old switch broom, dipped it in the solution and where the branch was covered with lice, I laid it in my hand, and brushed it freely with the solution. I got my whale oil soap in a tin can; it comes that way, with directions pasted on the can.

MRS. S. S. MERRILL.

Berkley, Cal.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the many readers of THE HOUSEHOLD tell me what to do to keep the buds of my geraniums from blasting? and oblige,

M. S. C.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please ask some of the sisters what to do with a fernery that has looked well all winter and spring. Does it need to rest or any enriching? If some one will send directions they will greatly oblige,

MRS. I. H. E.

The Nursery.

A QUESTION.

When a little boy stood clinging
To the western window sill,
And the bright new moon was swinging
In the sky beyond the hill,

Seeing that the orb once yellow,
Once so large, and round, and bright,
Now appeared a semicircle,
Almost drifting out of sight.

Asked the child, while grayer shadows
Fell beneath the maple trees,
"Did God break the moon in pieces,
Mamma?" climbing on her knees.

Sometimes with the wrong conclusion
Of a saddened, trembling heart,
Ask we not in eager question
But decide in hasty part,

"God hath broken our best treasure—
Yes—we know he hath the right,
And we pray we may not murmur,
But our lives are touched with blight."

Let us rather say in patience,
"That our lives might be more fair,
God concealeth in his mercy
That which seems so rich and rare."

We but see the narrow circle
Of our gladness once so wide,
But most safe within his keeping,
God sees still its other side.

But if like the rays of sunlight,
Passing through the falling rain,
But to multiply their beauty,
And, most blest of all, to gain

The fulfillment of the promise,
"I will look upon the bow,"
Gifts to us are truly broken,
Causing us a moment's woe.

Is it not that greater value
In God's mercy they may don?
And that He our joys may render
Fit for Him to look upon?

JOSEPHINE L. ROBERTS.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

BY ANNIS WAYNE BOWEN.

"O DEAR, I think it's perfectly hateful!"

Carrie Hammond was staring through the window, frowning at the rain with a face as black as the clouds and eyes that threatened to follow their example, for the tears were just ready to fall.

"O d-e-a-r! I think it's perfectly hateful!" she repeated.

"So do I," said her mother.

Carrie turned round quickly and looked at her mother suspiciously.

"What do you think perfectly hateful, mamma?" she asked.

"For a big girl of ten to stand pouting because of the rain."

"But, mamma, it isn't the rain, it is because I'm afraid Fred and Emmie and all the rest of them can't come, and it will be so long before I have another birthday."

Mrs. Hammond smiled. "It is too early in the day for despair," she said. "If instead of fretting you will pull out these bastings, you will help me and feel much happier, and so shall I, for you drive me distracted by drumming on the pane."

So for half an hour Carrie helped her mother and really tried to forget her disappointment, and she had her reward a little later when Uncle John's carriage drove up.

Carrie flew to the door.

"I'm so glad you've come!" she cried.

"Me and Dobbin, we wouldn't turn out in sech weather for nobody but you, Miss Carrie," said Silas as he opened the carriage door and unloaded the children, Fred and Emmie and Bessie and Tot.

Then such a racing and chattering, the house was full of sunshine and laughter, no matter how it stormed out of doors.

"See my new wed mittens," shouted Tot, before he was fairly in the house. "See my wed mittens, Aunt Ma-wy, see my wed mittens, Cousin Ca-wy, theys got taswils."

At which the older children set up such a shout that Bessie had a hard time to

get in her piece of news that "Uncle Rob's Tom eated up Emmie's Dickie bird." She said it several times before she was heard, the children were so full of fun over Tot's "taswils."

Bessie caught Carrie's arm.

"Uncle Rob's Tom eated up Emmie's Dickie-bird," she said again.

"Now Bessie," said Emmie, "What did you tell that for, just to make me feel bad at the very beginning of Carrie's birthday."

"Did he really eat up your darling little canary?" cried Carrie. "The hateful old cat, I'll never pet him again."

Fred began to laugh.

"Let me tell it," he said. "You see, Tom pounced on Dickie and ran off with him before our eyes, and Emmie nearly cried herself sick and we never found any thing but two tail feathers, so we couldn't even bury him. And Uncle Rob shut Tom up in the carriage-house loft to punish him—"

"But it didn't punish him one bit," interrupted Bessie, "for he caught a sparrow up there."

"Now, Bessie, you keep still and let me tell it. You see," began Fred again, "Uncle Rob promised to buy Emmie another canary and so he did—prettier than Dickie, but Emmie said it wasn't Dickie and she did not love it one bit, and she would never forgive Tom. So next morning pussie came purring round as he always does at breakfast, and he begged of Emmie. She tried to push him away, and there was a paper pinned to his ribbon. And this is what Uncle Rob had written on it.

I ate up poor Dick,
And made myself sick,
And Robert has beaten me hard with a stick.
So darling Miss Emmie, your pardon I crave.
Please love me again
If you possibly can,
And forget I am poor little Dickie-bird's grave.

And it made Emmie laugh and then she got mad."

"I wouldn't have minded if Uncle Rob did poke fun at me if he hadn't made me laugh when I wanted to feel sorry for poor Dickie," said Emmie.

"You cried hard enough afterwards to make up for it," retorted Fred.

"I'd have cried too," exclaimed Carrie, putting her arm around Emmie to show her sympathy.

"Girls are all alike," said Fred scornfully.

Carrie and Emmie were ready to make a sharp reply and I fear there would have been a dispute, but just then Mrs. Hammond came in with her arms full.

"We left Carrie's presents till all were here so that you might help her enjoy them," she said. "Carrie, my dear, papa and I thought you were old enough to have useful gifts. This comes first, from grandpa," and she pushed forward a rocking chair that Carrie said "just fitted her." Then all the rest tried the fit and found it perfect.

"This goes with the chair," added Mrs. Hammond, handing out a hard square parcel, with "from mamma," written on the wrapper.

Carrie did not look so pleased when she found a well stocked work-box, for she was not fond of sewing, but Emmie, who was a beautiful sewer, and whose dolls rejoiced in most wonderful wardrobes, was delighted. Then came another large, oddly shaped parcel, which proved to be a wall-cabinet "from papa."

Carrie fairly danced with joy to see that "O mamma!" she cried.

"I thought it a pretty expensive present to give a little girl like you," said her mamma, "but papa said you wanted one so badly he would get it."

And while the children gathered round to admire, Mrs. Hammond took from a box a beautiful Japanese cup and saucer.

"Grandma sent you this, dear, to start

your collection, and out of my box of curiosities we will find enough to make a show."

So the curiosity box was searched for bric-a-brac, and many odd things were pulled out.

Bessie held up a quaint little leather purse.

"O Aunt Mary! what a funny little purse," she said.

Mrs. Hammond smiled and quietly taking the purse opened it and showed an old worn silver dime to the wondering children.

"Grandma gave me that purse when I was a child," she said, "and I will tell you about this dime which has been in it for twenty years."

"Why auntie, did you have that money when you were little and not spend it?" asked Bessie, her eyes wide open with astonishment.

Then as the children gathered round her, and sleepy little Tot nestled in her lap, Mrs. Hammond began:

"Once upon a time—"

"I thought it was to be a true story," said Fred.

"So it is," answered Carrie. "Mamma always commences that way."

"Be still, chillen," commanded Tot.

Mrs. Hammond started again. "Once upon a time when I was about Carrie's age, our family re-union at Thanksgiving was held at Uncle Stephen's. But that Thanksgiving was so stormy that people were afraid to venture out, and grandpa and grandma (my father and mother), Cousin Lizzie Holcome and I were the only guests at the feast. Etta and Alfred (Uncle Stephen's children) were greatly disappointed that we three were all the young folks, and between the disappointment and the storm we had a dull enough morning."

At the dinner table we were too busy with our turkey to notice the talk of the older folks till we heard Uncle Stephen say:

"There are some words in the English language for which there are no rhymes."

Then grandpa said, "Don't you remember the story of the great man who offered a prize to the poet who should find a rhyme for porringer and a man brought this:

"The Duke of York a daughter had,
He gave the Prince of Orange her.
So my lord, I claim the prize
For making rhyme to porringer."

And Uncle Stephen told of another prize that was won for "making rhyme" to window.

"A cruel man a beetle caught,
And to the wall him pinned, oh!
Then said the beetle to the crowd,
'Though I'm stuck up, I am not proud,'
And his soul went out at the window."

At that we children laughed and Uncle Stephen was so pleased to see us cheerful again that he said he would give a silver dime to the one who could bring to the supper table a verse with the best rhyme for porringer.

So after dinner we carried our chairs into a corner of the great parlor, and each with a pencil and paper commenced to grind out rhymes for porringer.

Cousin Lizzie looked over at us with envious eyes as she heard us laughing at our mistakes, but as she was a grown up young lady, she doubtless thought herself too old to join us.

Alfred bit his pencil and looked out of the window. He scratched his head till every hair stood on end, and he looked like a genius or a scarecrow, we could not decide which.

Suddenly Etta said, "O won't lozenger do?"

"Don't be so foolish, Etta," said Alfred. "Its lozenge not lozenger."

"Well the girls all call them lozengers at school," replied Etta, "and I am going to try it."

So she wrote down while we looked on and laughed—

"There was a man, he had a pig,
He was a little lozenger—"

"Who was 'a little lozenger,' the man or the pig?" asked Alfred who could tease if he couldn't rhyme. "And what do you mean by his being a lozenge anyhow?"

"Why, the pig, of course," answered Etta, "and I mean he was fat and round." And then she began to laugh herself at her comical verse. But as she could not think of a better rhyme she kept those two lines, but by supper time she had not found a way to get porringer in, and the old folks had a good laugh over her "lozenger."

Alfred brought a blank sheet, and a very mussed up head, and was as good-natured as possible. "There wasn't any thing that would rhyme with the old word," he said.

"But you, mamma," interrupted Carrie.

"Yes, dear, that is what I am coming to. I was determined to win that silver dime (for those were war times and coin was a rare sight) and here it is. Now I want you all to listen carefully to the rest of my story and tell me what you think of it."

I went off by a window alone and after an hour's hard work succeeded in grinding out this verse:

Once we had a little dog,
And he was a ranger.
He always drank his milk
Out of a pewter porringer."

Once Cousin Lizzie came by me.

"Can I help you?" she asked.

"O, no! thank you." I answered.

"Uncle said we were to do it ourselves."

But when I had finished my task I carried it to Cousin Lizzie to read because of her kindness. I remember just how I looked, a little girl in a green dress and a big white apron, as I stood before her.

"Will that do?" I said. "It don't rhyme very well, but it is the best I can think of."

"Yes, child," she replied, "but if you will put the word far, in before ranger, it will read better."

"So it would," I said. "Only I am sorry you told me, for may be I would have thought of it before supper time, and now I can't use the word because it would be having help."

But Lizzie persuaded me, "it wasn't the kind of help that uncle meant, I had written the verse myself, and that one little word wouldn't make any difference." So at last over-persuaded, I got a fresh paper and wrote my verse over with the new word in. But I hope you don't think I was a happy little girl that evening when Uncle Stephen read out my verse.

Once there was a little dog,
And he was a far ranger.
He always drank his milk
Out of a pewter porringer."

"Pretty good," laughed papa, and mamma said quite proudly. "Did you compose that without help, Mamie?"

Conscience cried out, "Now is the time to tell." But while I hesitated, Cousin Lizzie spoke out before me.

"She wrote it all herself," she said, "and I think she is a very smart little girl."

O how my heart sank. I had really wanted to get the load of deceit off and Lizzie had fastened it tight on for if I told now I would convict her of story-telling, and I hated to be a tell-tale. So I stood blushing with shame while uncle took this dime from his pocket and paid me the price of my sin, and every one praised me for my smartness and for my generosity when I tried to coax Etta to share the prize with me. Poor me! I hoped to ease my conscience by giving up the money.

So my holiday ended wretchedly and I

put the dime in this old purse and hid it away that very night. I never wanted to see it again. Then as I lay awake I thought the matter over. "You deceived them all," cried conscience, "and took what did not belong to you."

"It was all Cousin Lizzie's fault," I answered, tossing about in my misery, saying to myself that I would have earned the dime anyhow, for Etta didn't have a verse, and Alfred hadn't any thing.

Within a month Uncle Stephen and his family moved to the far west taking Cousin Lizzie with them and I never saw any of them again.

"O mamma!" cried Carrie. "You ought to have told right out."

But Fred spoke up bravely, "You oughtn't to have put the far in at all," he said.

Now when I was a little girl I liked the stories well enough, but the morals I couldn't bear, so I will leave the little folks to find out the moral of this true story for themselves.

THE YOUNG HUNTERS.

BY SYBIL ASHLEY.

In a quiet country village in the western part of Massachusetts, lived two boys named Harry and Willie. Harry, a boy of ten summers was an only child, a son of parents who had but a limited supply of this world's goods, but in whose hearts there dwelt a hope that they should one day see their boy rise to some high position in the world.

Willie was two years older than Harry, and had two brothers younger than himself. His parents were in much better circumstances than Harry's.

Like all boys they were anxious to go hunting. They were too young to understand any of the dangers and accidents they were liable to come in contact with by using such playthings.

After obtaining their parents permission, and many promises from the two lads that they would be careful, they agreed one evening, that they would try their success on the following day. It was late that night when they felt like sleep. Early the next morning, after they had their breakfast, and their mothers had given each a lunch to take with them, they started in search of game.

They had to go quite a distance before they came to the woods. On the way they thought they would try their skill by shooting the first bird they saw in a tree.

"O, there is a bird," said Harry, and he had no sooner said this than he had fired at it, but not being much used to a gun he did not hit the bird. But he was not discouraged with this poor beginning. In a short time they entered the woods where they soon saw a large gray squirrel.

"As long as you didn't hit the bird," said Willie, "and I am older than you, I'll try to shoot the squirrel."

So he pulled the trigger, and the poor squirrel fell to the ground. They went to it, and finding it was dead, Willie took it up and put it in his game bag.

They loaded their guns ready for another trial. As they were walking along Willie suddenly cried out:

"There's a rabbit! O how I wish I could kill it." But they thought they would get a little nearer before they tried to shoot. In their great hurry and excitement, Harry hit his foot against a stone, stumbled and fell. As he fell his gun hit something and discharged, the powder filling his face and eyes.

Poor Harry cried pitifully and Willie hardly knew what to do, but having good presence of mind, took Harry's hand and led him to the road, where he stopped a man in a carriage and asked him, "If he

would give them a ride, as Harry had got badly hurt." The man kindly took them in and carried them to Harry's home.

His mother was nearly frantic when she saw the condition her boy was in. The man who brought the boys home offered to get a physician, and the father being away at work, the mother gladly consented.

After being gone a short time he returned bringing the good old doctor with him.

After examining his face and doing what he could to relieve him, he told Harry that he would be obliged to stay in a dark room. A place was made for him in the sitting room, the blinds closed and the room made dark.

After Harry was made as comfortable as he could be the doctor left the room to go home. But the mother followed him to the door, where he told her that he was afraid her little son would never see again.

All that loving hands could do was done for poor Harry. Willie came often to see him, but the two boys could not refer to their first hunting without tears in their eyes. Both said that they would never go again, even if Harry recovered his sight, for perhaps their punishment was sent because they had taken pleasure in trying to deprive those helpless, happy little beings of life, and Willie declared that anyway, he never would shoot any thing for sport as long as he lived.

CARING FOR CATS.

DEAR CHILDREN OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—As the most of you love cats, I want to tell you how to care for them, for of all the pets in the family, perhaps none are so often fondled as the cat. As a general thing cats are cleanly animals. Habits of cleanliness in the house are easily taught, and a well cared for and properly treated cat will even teach her kittens to be cleanly.

Pussy's food ought always to be nice and clean, and the dish that contains it ought to be washed every day. Putting fresh food among that which was left from a former meal is a sure way of preventing a cat from enjoying, or even touching her food. If well fed, a cat's coat is thick, soft and shining, and she takes delight in keeping it so. When ill or neglected, the coat becomes rough and thin. It is usually after being well fed that puss sits contentedly down to wash herself with her tongue, and pay attention to her personal appearance.

Milk, as well as pure, clean water appears to be among the necessities of pussy's life. Many children who mean to be kind to their pets, rarely think of this. Cats in the country, in some respects, have the advantage of their city cousins, as they generally have a full supply of milk, and can find water somewhere with which to quench their thirst. A saucer of water should be kept in a corner for pussy, and should be pure and fresh every day.

Cats do not thrive well without grass and catnip, and here, again, the country cat has the advantage over the town cat, as in the country these can be found at all seasons of the year. Catnip can usually be found at city drug stores, and some of it should be placed where pussy can have free access to it.

Do not attempt to keep puss entirely on raw fresh meat, as she will be pretty likely to have convulsions if you do. Her food may consist of almost any thing she likes, except raw meat. Cats are fond of fish and salted pork, of which a small quantity may be given them as often as relished. If you want pussy's fur to look smooth and glossy, give her a small lump of butter or a little cream,

and you will be surprised to see how quickly she will groom herself with her rough tongue.

Many cats are very intelligent and can be taught a variety of amusing tricks, if taken in hand when quite young. We have seen them taught to roll over, and to jump through one's hands, and to lie still as if dead, and to stand on their hind legs and beg for food like a dog.

House cats are generally turned out doors at night to find sleeping quarters wherever they can.

Dear children, you who love your pets, have a place provided for them to sleep in, especially during the winter months.

Meridian, N. Y.

AUNT ANN.

THE MOTHERS' CHAIR.

SOME NURSERY HINTS.

Happy is the mother who has a dressing room attached to her nursery; but they are the favored few. Dressing rooms are built to my lady's chamber, and to the guest room, and closets are considered indispensable for all other parts of the house, but the nursery is looked upon as a sort of nuisance, to be tolerated indeed, but by no means to be indulged with a dressing room.

So the first thing a mother does when she realizes her needs, is to provide herself with a screen. But a screen is a very squeamish room mate, and requires the most considerate treatment. Nurse throws her best skirt over it, when she comes in from the shower, of a Sunday, and while her back is turned, small Edmund catches hold of the skirt, and by a very gentle tug, succeeds in pulling the whole affair over on himself—poor, frightened little boy. Whenever one of the five goes to the washstand, mamma cries out, "Oh, take care, the screen is falling!" and fall it very often does.

Now I can tell you of a screen that never falls. It has three leaves, each one three feet broad, hinged together; leaf number one is flat against the inside wall in a corner, and the washstand is planted firmly against it. Leaf number two, (the middle one) presents its papered side to the room, and is ornamented with birds and beasts, for the amusement of baby. Leaf number three faces number one, at right angles with number two, and just far enough from the wall to open and shut easily, making the door of this little square closet, which has for its fourth side the outer wall of the room. The wood work of the screen is substantial enough to allow a row of small nails on the upper frame of leaf number one, for wash rags, sponges, towels, etc., and of larger nails, on leaf number two, for night gowns and wrappers. I hope your corner has a window, as mine has, and you may now be the owner of a snug, well lighted, little dressing room, which will keep out of sight the unornamental necessities of your nursery.

If architects had any humanity, they would always contrive to have the roof of a shed, or porch, under the nursery window, reachably near; but when this is lacking, a good wide board swung by ropes to the window frame, will serve to keep the buckets and pans odorless, and give the crib mattress a lodging for sunshine and fresh air.

How does your five-year-old Bessie get a chance to play with her doll's bedstead and china, without being raided upon by baby Edmund?

The only plan I know is to have two broad shelves put against the wall, (with broad sides if necessary and perhaps divided off into little compartments,) just high enough for Bessie to stand at, or to reach sitting on a grown up chair, but entirely out of baby's bailiwick. By the time he is able to finger these shelves, he

will also have grown old enough to obey orders.

Did you ever hear of a croup closet? You know often croupy little folks have to be kept in doors, and in one room, while the uncomfortable hoarseness is upon them; and if you have ever tried it, you can hardly fail to remember the difficulty of finding entertainment for these little "shut-ins." A shelf of your wardrobe, or closet, devoted to playthings never taken out on ordinary occasions, is a great relief. The simpler the things, the better they last. A box of empty spoons will build fairy-like castles; a handful of old picture papers, and a pair of harmless scissors, a few pieces of paint and a feather-tip brush; a tribe of rag babies, and such easy-to-be-had playthings, are as good as French toys, and better.

But the most valuable bit of nursery experience known to me, is the advice given me by a mother who had raised a family of enviably gay and charming children. "Do, Lizzie, see that your children get a wholesome amount of neglecting so that they may learn from the first to bear the burden of their own existence."

ELIZABETH P. ALLAN.

Sisters, did you read carefully the article in The Mothers' Chair, in the December number of THE HOUSEHOLD? Johnnie was a naughty boy, wasn't he? Yet I have had similar experience with unruly boys, and many of you probably have, and there are many more such cases than there ought to be in this civilized nation. I know such actions are really unnecessary, but we have to learn by experience and observation how to avoid them.

I think many of us do not begin soon enough to teach our little ones to obey us. It is a lesson they should learn, just as much as to repeat their A, B, C. Yet do we realize this? We make them obey us at certain times, but do we teach them to do it always? A child is old enough to be taught to do as he is told, just as soon as he is sure to do as we tell him not to. We can usually tell when that is.

I fully sympathize with those who dislike to punish children. It certainly is not a pleasant thing to do, but when it is to be for the present and future good of the child, ought we to neglect it?

I try to be even with them—not to go by "fits and starts." We coax them to do a thing at one time, and drive them at another, and are very much surprised that they are not model children to mind.

It is a poor plan to hire a child to obey us. If we do so once, there will be no end to it, and no wonder. Wouldn't you and I have cried a little, or said "I won't," when children, if we could have had an orange or a quart of peanuts by so doing? However, we should be sure to keep our word with them, and if we promise a thing, give it without fail, whether it be a nice toy or a whipping. Else they will have little faith in what we tell them, and soon learn to doubt us.

We should cultivate cheerfulness. You and I, dear mother, oftentimes feel discouraged and sad, but we should strive to make our homes cheerful and pleasant, and wear a sunny smile when possible. Children brought up in places where a smile is as rare as a ray of sunlight in a prison cell, are apt to be like plants which grow in some dark, gloomy recess, where the sunbeams never reach them.

My dear, perplexed parents, I can think of enough, but I am a poor hand at conveying my thoughts to others on paper. We will hope for the best for all the dear children in the land. If we sometimes make failures, and lack wisdom in training our darlings, we must remember that "to err is human," and try to do better next time. ONE WHO IS INTERESTED.

The Library.

THE SHIP LONG DUE.

You're gazing with a troubled eye
Across the ocean blue;
You say you're looking for a ship
Now many long weeks due.
Well met, my friend. I wait my ship,
I, too, have anxious fears;
But, ah! my vessel has been due
For many, many years!

I sent the pretty venture out
In youth's sweet long ago;
Her pennon boasted rainbow hues,
Her sails were white as snow.
With not a flaw from stem to stern,
And not a spot or stain,
She bore herself right gallantly
Upon the peaceful main.

Well freighted with my rosy hopes,
Of which there was no lack;
I bade her bring me precious fruit
In lieu, when she came back.
But I have waited now, my friend,
So many winters through,
I think I scarce should know again
My bark and fairy crew.

And yet our ships may yet come in
When we expect them least;
Well laden with a cargo fine
On which our souls may feast.
Yet should they fail to reach us here,
There is a Harbor where
They may cast anchor yet, my friend,
A Port serene and fair.

CHAUTAUQUA STUDIES.

Number Three.

BY JEANIE DEANS.

WITH pleasure we take our pen to again greet THE HOUSEHOLD readers with cheering words from Chautauqua. The long evenings are yet with us and our regular reading not interrupted, however the stormy March may bluster and howl without. This college for the people, this world's university is doing so much for so many, opening up such a store-house of knowledge it is no wonder its lovers are enthusiastic in its praise.

For our February reading we take first, "How to Get Strong and How to Stay So." Those who read this brighten at once, saying, "Have you read it? If not, do so at once." The teacher of the grammar school in my own town told the writer she read certain chapters then gave them to the school in lectures or talks, hoping thereby to inspire her pupils with some of her own enthusiasm. It is written by Dr. William Blaikie who has certainly done his work well. To introduce the subject, I will copy a few lines from the beginning of the first chapter.

"Probably more men walk past the corner of Broadway and Fulton street in New York city in the course of a year than any other given point in America—men of all nations and ages, heights and weights. Look at them carefully as they pass and you will see that scarcely one in ten is either erect or thoroughly well-built. Some slouch their shoulders, and double in at the waist; some overstep, others cant to one side; this one has one shoulder higher than the other, and that one both too high; some have heavy bodies and light legs, others the reverse, and so, each with his own peculiarities. A thoroughly erect, well proportioned man, easy and graceful in his movements is far from a frequent sight. Any one accustomed to athletic work and knowing what it will do for one, must have wondered at times why most men allow themselves to go along for years, perhaps through life so carrying themselves as not only to lack outward grace and ease they might possess, and which they occasionally see in others, but so as to directly cramp and impede one or more vital organs.

Nor is it the man's fault always, that he is ill-proportioned. In most cases it comes down from his progenitors. The father's walk and physical peculiarities

appear in the son, often so plainly that the former's calling might almost be told."

A man naturally supposes that when he eats and sleeps well he is pretty healthy, and so he is usually; but when he is contented with this state of things, he forgets he is developing some parts of the body, leaving others weak. This book is just the thing to awaken the mind to a right view of things, even though good ideas are already there.

A half-formed resolution, a slumbering purpose is sometimes suddenly roused to light and action by the seasonable word, though that word be nothing different from words and truths already reiterated and heard. The impulse, the start is what is needed in physical development as every other enterprise, and this is the aim of the book, for, although dwelling upon ways and means to cultivate muscular strength and development in those well along in life, it dwells particularly among the children and the young. The author takes the ground (as who would not?) that every child should be educated physically as well as mentally, that such culture be as thoroughly and systematically taught as grammar or arithmetic with as competent teachers as in either of those branches.

Minute directions are given to start a home gymnasium, and instances cited again and again to prove its benefits.

Walking is urged. Never ride when you can walk, is repeatedly urged, and the best means of getting one's self into good walking trim are dwelt upon. It gives as an illustration of the walk of many, the face of a clock with hands at two minutes past six. The Americans, old and young, of both sexes, are far behind their English neighbors in this respect. There is no need why it should be so. A little American thought and energy rightly applied would soon bring about a different state of things, and no one will assume we are behind in these acquirements. To the writer, who has ever had faith and pleasure in open air exercise this book is teeming with interest and she would gladly place it in the hands of every mother, teacher, business man, student, and working-man.

Next, a hand-book, Chautauqua text book, number twenty-one, "American History," by J. M. Hurburt, A. M. This starts off with a preface most sensible and historical. One feels he has added to his mental growth by reading that alone. Its history leads us back to no dim and shadowy legends and myths of far away centuries, but begins as it were, with yesterday, containing the annals of to-day.

In the general facts relating to the North American continent, its form is first considered, being that of an immense triangle having for its three corners Panama, Alaska, and Labrador. Its longest side fronts the Pacific ocean extending about 5,000 miles, the northern line broken by Hudson bay is 3,500 miles, while the other side of the triangle extends from Labrador to Panama bordering on the Atlantic for nearly 3,000 miles. The entire surface of the continent is given as 7,400,000 square miles, about twice the size of Europe.

Then come the natural divisions, and after that the natural features, among which are, 1. The two great mountain ranges, the Alleghanies in the east, of which Mount Buckley in North Carolina is the highest peak, reaching 6,775 feet, and the Rocky mountains in the west, of which Mount Elias in Alaska, 17,900 feet, is highest. 2. The system of great inland lakes five in number, not far from the center of the continent, emptying by the St. Lawrence into the Atlantic ocean. 3. The four great rivers of the continent—the Mississippi and its branches, running southward, the St. Lawrence east,

the Mackenzie north, and the Kinchpak in Alaska flowing west.

Then the characteristics of America among which are its freedom from deserts, its comparatively small amount of untillable soil, its nearness of all its territory to the ocean by means of its great gulfs, its system of navigable rivers, the largest in the world, the recent date at which its history begins, and its system of government are dwelt upon. Then the early races of America, the Esquimaux, mound-builders, and Indians divided into various tribes, are considered, following the political divisions.

Although the people of the American continent are Americans, still the name is generally applied to the people of the United States whose history embraces four periods. The Period of Discovery, The Period of the Colonies, The Period of the Revolution, and The Period of the Union.

We will not dwell upon the first, beginning with the hardy Norsemen and extending to the period of the colonies, but pass to the second which I think will interest us more.

This embraces two eras: The settlement of the colonies and the wars of the colonies. It is perhaps needless to say the first permanent English settlement was at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607, and the next in New England by the Pilgrims, who, from religious convictions had left the established church of England. They landed at Plymouth, Dec. 22, 1620, and though small, persevered and prospered. Their success led to the Massachusetts bay which was established at Salem in 1628 by the Puritans, a class more intolerant than Pilgrims. Their persecutions led Roger Williams into the wilderness where he founded Rhode Island at Providence in 1636. Connecticut had been settled in 1635 at Windsor by a company from Massachusetts bay.

New York was first visited by the Dutch in 1609, and in 1614 a trading post and fort were built on Manhattan island. It was ruled by Dutch governors until 1664, when the Dutch flag gave place to the English. The colony was granted by Charles II. of England, to his brother, the Duke of York, when the little city containing 3,000 people was called New York. In 1665 New Jersey was made a separate colony and in 1684 Maryland was settled by persecuted Roman Catholics from England.

Pennsylvania, the definition of which is given as "Penn's woodland," was established in 1681 by William Penn, as an asylum for persecuted Quakers. Delaware was included in this province but in 1703 obtained a separate government. In 1670 the Carolinas were founded by people from England, and divided in 1729. The last of the colonies in order of settlement, was Georgia, established in 1729 as a home for the "poor and oppressed" by James Oglethorpe, a philanthropist who received a grant of land from George II. These include the original settlements with their dates, and although it is a familiar matter in the school room, teachers often making it a regular review exercise, in the pressing cares of a busy life, even in the round of home duties they may have been for the time lost sight of, or forgotten. It is a wise thing for a mother to know something of the early settlement of the country and feel moderately well posted in dates, for that busy work-shop—a child's brain, is constantly bringing forth questions, asking "mother" as though her answer were authority sufficient.

The second point we notice is the wars of the colonies—four in number, namely: King William's war (1689-1697), Queen Anne's war (1702-1713). It was during this war that the town of Deerfield in Massachusetts was burned, fifty of its

people burned and over one hundred dragged into captivity among the Indians. King George's war (1744-1748), and the French and Indian war (1754-1763) being the most important as well as most extensive in colonial times, for it settled the great question whether France and the Roman Catholic church, or England and protestantism should control in North America.

The third period in American history, known as the Revolutionary period, extended from 1765 to 1789. Of this all the world is familiar.

We will not dwell longer upon this little book, but glance at the readings required in The Chautauquan for February. "Selections From American Literature," being brief descriptions of a few selections from John G. Whittier, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and James Russell Lowell. Snow-Bound is considered a winter poem of the highest order, having no prototype in English literature unless it be Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night." "Snow-Bound," says R. H. Stoddard, "at once authenticated itself as an idyl of New England life and manners."

The Chautauquan is a magazine of high literary art and will well repay for reading aside from other books of the course. It is published by Rev. Theodore Flood, Meadville, Penn. Continuing we find another paper on German History, beginning with the death of Luther, 1546, and bringing it to the present time or nearly. These papers, five in number, have been exceedingly interesting and though brief, dwelling only on principal events, if carefully read and studied, a good general idea of German history may be gathered.

Following this are "Selections from German Literature, Alexander von Humboldt, and Henrich Heine, together with others. Extracts from their poems are also given. The fifth paper on Physical Science—The Sea, which is very interesting, and a paper on Commercial Law, being the fifth paper in Political Economy, are given. Then come Readings in Art which are very pleasant and follow, closely connected with Greek history. The subject is divided into the following: Greek Architecture, Etruscan and Roman Architecture, Buildings of the Romans, Byzantine Architecture and Romanesque Architecture.

One of the advantages of the C. L. S. C. is its systematic arrangement; that which follows being closely connected with and bearing directly upon what has gone before. The Readings in Art, and the Sunday Reading, complete the "required" in the February Chautauquan.

TEACH SCHOLARS TO THINK.

Writers have often discussed the importance of correct habits of thought, and have dwelt at length on methods of mental culture. While it would be unjust to decry the value of their labors, it may be asked, "of what use are they to persons who do not think?" Every intelligent man must be conscious that there are many whose thinking is so extremely limited in its scope that they can scarcely be said to think at all. They are content to depend upon the thinking of others, often they pay a heavy price for their folly.

It is the business of the educated teacher to teach to think, as well as to teach how to think. This should be one great object of his efforts. It is well for him to cause his pupils to acquire as many facts for future use as possible, and to give the memory its due share of culture. But let it be constantly borne in mind that the facts learned in the school room bear but a small proportion to those acquired by observation and reading. A true education will so develop the mental powers

that they make a proper use of the knowledge thus gained. The result can only be reached by the cultivation of habits of thinking in the pupil. Not habits of thinking in this or that manner, but of continuous, earnest thought upon any subject that may be presented, till it is mastered.

CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

Can any reader of THE HOUSEHOLD furnish me with the words of the following songs: "Pining for Home and the Old Fireside," and "A Beauteous Lady, or Allen Percy's Child?" I will repay in any way I can. ALICE K. HALE.
Box 449, Perry, Iowa.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one send me the words of a song entitled the "Infant's Dream?" There are fourteen or fifteen verses. The first is as follows:

"Oh, cradle me on your knee, mamma,
And sing me that 'holy song,'
That soothed me last as I fondly pressed
My glowing cheek to your loving breast,
For I saw a scene when I slumbered last
That I fain would see again."

I will repay the favor in any way I can.
Lansing, Mich. MRS. H. G. WILLARD.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any one send me the words of a song commencing

"As I rummaged through the attic,
Listening to the falling rain,"

also, any information in regard to a poem containing these lines:

"Death comes to set thee free,
Oh, meet him cheerily
As thy true friend,
And all thy tears shall cease,
And in eternal peace
Thy penance end?"

I think the title is "Sitarum." M. L. RYDER.
Hesboro, Me.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to ask if any of the readers of our paper have, or can obtain for me the old song beginning with these words:

"Just backside of Albany stands Lake Champlain,
Little pond half full of water."

If so they will greatly oblige,
New Britain, Conn. MRS. W. B. CABLE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any member of the Band furnish me with the words of a song that begins,

"These two little hands that God has given?"
and oblige, MRS. BENJ. BAKER.
14 How St., Haverhill, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please to ask your readers if any of them can send me the poem containing these lines:

"I wonder if ever a song was sung
But the singer's heart sung sweeter;
I wonder if ever a rhyme was rung
But the thought surpassed the meter."

East Franklin, Vt. W. P. NOBLE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the sisters furnish me with the rest of the poem, one verse of which is,

"And so the baby's come at last, and I must wish you
joy.
Why couldn't it have been a girl, and not another boy?
A little, witching, winsome sprite, a sweet and loving lass,
Is what you want. This might have gone where little
boys are scarce."

and also the poem about the student who gave away an apple by law. I heard them recited once, but have failed in all my efforts to get them. S. A. HOXSIE.
Hope Valley, R. I.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one send me the poem, "The Moneyless Man?" I will return the favor in any way I can. MISS ELLA SIMPSON.
Covington, Tipton Co., Tenn.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to ask your readers, if any of them have the music of "The Old Wooden Rocker." If they have, I would exchange for any that I have that is wanted. Reber, N. Y. MISS HATTIE REYNOLDS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will any sister having either of the following minstrel songs send them to me: "Don't You Hear Dem Bells?" and a song of which the chorus commences, "When Dinah Blows the Horn?" I will exchange sheet music, or will copy and return, paying postage. MRS. W. T. SWEARINGEN.
Box 146, Paton, Greene Co., Iowa.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will one of the Band send me the words of the song, "Somebody's Waiting for Me?" MRS. B. TAYLOR.
Lincoln, Del.

THE REVIEWER.

There are few readers who will not gladly welcome the favorite hymn, "Lead Kindly Light," by John H. Newman, in

the new form in which it now appears, although the artist scarcely seems to have caught the true meaning of the poem. Print and binding are alike excellent, and the little book is a pleasing addition to the illustrated books of the season. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Another of those delightful Bodley books has been written by Mr. Scudder, to whom the children owe much already. THE ENGLISH BODLEY FAMILY brings with it the usual amount of interest, instruction, and amusement, which all who read them found in the preceding volumes. The author is particularly happy in blending these three qualities in his books, and many a child who takes no interest in the study of history, will acquire a liking for it, through the assistance of this capital series of books. \$1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Brattleboro: Cheney & Clapp.

LESSONS ON THE HUMAN BODY, by O. M. Brands, is an excellent and helpful treatise on important subjects. Divided into three parts, Physiology, Hygiene, and Narcotics, each is considered at some length, and in such a plain, yet thorough manner, that the young people, to whom such studies are usually tiresome, cannot help being interested. The author's experience as a teacher enables him to understand and appreciate the necessity of making study a pleasure as well as a duty, and the little book seems admirably adapted to home study as well as for use in schools, for both of which, after careful perusal we can cordially recommend it. Boston: Leach, Sewell & Sanborn, 87 Franklin St.

Just now when all the reading world is awakened to a new interest in the great reformer, MARTIN LUTHER, the story of Luther and his work as told by Mr. Edwin D. Mead is of rare interest. Though written with a close adherence to historical facts the work is free from the tiresome repetition which mars many biographies, indeed, the book is not so much a biography as a study of the reformation, the great work of the sturdy old German, whose teachings are yet fresh and unforgotten throughout the Christian world. In the words of Herder quoted on the title page, "Let us remember Luther's method of thought, his plain hints and his strong truths, and let us apply them to our own times." The excellence of print and binding deserves a word of hearty approval. Price \$1.25. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis, 141 Franklin St.

We have received copies of two new poems by George H. Calvert, BRANGONAR, A TRAGEDY, which gives in a condensed form the more important events in the career of Napoleon, and THE NAZARENE, a sacred poem. Both are handsomely printed and bound. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: Cheney & Clapp.

The stories of days gone by have always a charm about them, and Mr. Elwell's record of boyish days, in THE BOYS OF THIRTY-FIVE is no exception. Many readers will almost recognize their own old selves in the heroes of the sham fights, fishing excursions and school-day escapades, told of with the old-time flavor of fun, of which these particular boys seem to have had their full share. The scene is laid in Landsport, a seaport town in Maine, not difficult to discover, and which will be recognized by many who remember the old town with its harbor alive with the ships which were to all boys full of the "magic and mystery" of the sea. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: Cheney & Clapp.

T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York, have lately issued BRYCE'S PEARL DICTIONARY sufficiently complete for practical purposes, and small enough to be carried in any pocket. Price 50 cents. Also, a tiny volume entitled CHIPS FROM DICKENS,

giving many of the author's favorite thoughts in most convenient form for reference.

HEALTH IN THE HOUSEHOLD is the title of a manual of hygienic cookery, by Sussanna W. Dodds, M. D. Like most reformers, the author is an enthusiast, and while the book contains many excellent suggestions, we think the "medium course" prescribed by the writer, the safest to follow in diet, as well as in many other things. Price \$2.00. New York: Fowler & Wells.

The principles and practice of BOOK-KEEPING, single and double entry, as given by Calvin G. Hutchinson and Walter S. Parker, is a book which seems well adapted to the use of all who have little or no knowledge of accounts. By its use any student should be enabled to become an accomplished accountant and book-keeper, while to all those in actual business it will prove an exceedingly valuable assistant in many ways. Written in a comprehensive and practical manner, rendered still more explanatory by illustrating the different topics by fac-similes of drafts, notes, checks, account-books, etc., it makes one of the most complete and valuable books for study or reference yet published. Print and binding are models of excellence. Boston: William Ware & Co., 47 Franklin St.

The midwinter CENTURY has little of the midwinter about it, being a delightful number. It opens with an interesting sketch of Gustave Courbet, artist and communist, with fine illustrations from his most celebrated works. A sketch by Adam Badeau, of Lieutenant-General Sheridan, follows, which will be read with interest by his many friends. Mr. Cable's serial grows in interest, and there is a tragic little story by the author of Guerdale, which will find many appreciative readers. "The Cruise of the 'Alice May,'" and the paper on "Merlins in America," are, though widely different, of great interest. The literary readers are well remembered. Salvini's "Impressions of Shakespeare's Lear," Alice Maynell's paper on "How Edwin Drood Was Illustrated," and the sketches of Dante and Keats are fine papers. There are many other excellent articles, and several fine poems, while the profuse illustrations of the number are unusually fine. The editorial departments are full of interest, completing an excellent number. \$4.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE began its one hundred and sixtieth volume in January. Foreign periodical literature, and especially that of England, continues to grow both in extent and importance; and THE LIVING AGE, which presents with satisfactory freshness and completeness the best of this literature, cannot fail to become more and more valuable to its readers. For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year) the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4.00 monthlies or weeklies with THE LIVING AGE for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

We have received a copy of THE BAY STATE MONTHLY, a new magazine, devoted to the literature, history, and biography, and state progress of Massachusetts. It opens with a pleasant sketch of Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, well known to all people interested in agriculture and horticulture. Dr. S. A. Green contributes a paper on "The old Taverns and Stage Coaches of Groton." "The Family Immigration to New England," and "An Incident of Sixteen Hundred and Eighty-Six," are papers of considerable interest. Elizabeth Porter Gould offers an excellent suggestion to mothers, in her little sketch of "Reuben Tracy's Vacation Trips." Other papers of local interest, and a short story by Annie Wentworth Baer, complete the number. \$3.00 a year. Boston: Bicknell, McClinton & Co.

The copies of THE ILLUSTRATED AUSTRALIAN NEWS and THE LEADER lately received bring "the other side of the world" very near us while we read their well-filled pages, and look at the handsome illustrations. THE LEADER is an immense paper devoted to literature, agriculture, and the many business enterprises which make this far country a sort of El Dorado. Both papers are full of interest, and may be obtained of the American agent, J. M. Herd, 261 Broadway N. Y. Published in Melbourne, Australia.

We have received the first number of the ART UNION, a new art magazine issued by the American Art Union, and edited by Charles M. Kurtz, under whose direction it should become a leading feature in art journalism.

It is profusely illustrated by sketches from the Art Union Exhibition, and contains much matter of interest to all artists. A copy from the line

etching by Henry Farrar, "On Quarantine, New York," is given, and the prospectus of future numbers, promises to make the new venture a necessity to art lovers. New York, 44 E. Fourteenth St. The Art Union.

Those who are interested in the culture of plants either in house or garden, will appreciate the many helpful hints offered them in THE GARDENER'S MONTHLY AND HORTICULTURIST. That it is edited by Thomas Meehan is sufficient proof of its general excellence. The department devoted to "Communications" contains many items of interest and valuable discoveries as to the best methods of treatment for the different plants, trees, etc., while the chapter on new and rare plants will give pleasure to all readers as well as assistance to florists. Fruit and vegetables receive their well-deserved share of attention as do all topics of interest or instruction to the gardener. \$2.00 a year. Philadelphia: Chas. H. Marot, 814 Chestnut St.

LOVETT'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE for 1884, though small, is filled with a most tempting assortment of fruits and vegetables. The small fruits, of which Mr. Lovett makes a specialty, are in great variety, his raspberries, blackberries and grapes, worthy special attention. Nuts, too, a novelty in the garden, may be cultivated by most gardeners, who will find a good selection in this catalogue. Little Silver, N. J.: J. T. Lovett.

BLISS'S HANDBOOK FOR THE FARM AND GARDEN, is unusually attractive this season. Profusely illustrated, and giving a large amount of novelties in the line of flowers and vegetables, the most fastidious gardeners cannot fail to make out a satisfactory list of the needed seeds and plants for his summer garden, unless indeed, he finds it difficult to choose. New York: B. K. Bliss & Sons, 34 Barclay St.

The illustrated catalogue of FIELD, GARDEN AND FLOWER SEEDS from the well known house of Joseph Harris is at hand, with its pages overflowing with good things for the garden. Mr. Harris is a great favorite with the young gardeners as his special terms to boys and girls would testify, and we hope every flourishing garden will have a "children's corner" in which they may find both health and pleasure. Rochester, N. Y.: Joseph Harris.

BUIST'S ALMANAC AND GARDEN MANUAL for 1884 offers, beside a large and valuable assortment of vegetable and flower seeds and plants, the novelty of an almanac, with numerous directions as to proper dates for planting the different varieties of seeds, which will be of considerable assistance, at least to the amateur gardener. Philadelphia: Robert Buist, Jr., 922 Market St.

Peter Henderson & Co.'s Manual of EVERY THING FOR THE GARDEN makes a timely appearance offering the usual excellent variety of seeds and plants. The novelties for this season are sufficiently attractive in the illustrations, to make the most inexperienced gardener or florist anxious to attempt their cultivation. New York: Peter Henderson & Co., 35 Cortlandt St.

NEW MUSIC. We have received from Russell Brothers, 126 Tremont St., Boston, the song, "Tripping down the Sunny Lane," by J. L. Gilbert, 40 cents; "Somewhere to-night," song by Franz Abt, 40 cts.; and from J. M. Russell, 59 Bromfield St., Boston, six numbers of Russell's Musical Library, from 10 to 25 cents each.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

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

THE ATLANTIC for February. \$4.00 a year. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for February. \$5.00 a year. New York: The North American Review.

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

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

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for February. \$3.00 a year. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

OUR CONTINENT. Weekly. \$4.00 a year. New York: Our Continent Publishing Co.

ST. NICHOLAS for February. \$3.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

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

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY. \$1.50 a year. Boston: The Russell Publishing Co.

OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN for February. \$2.00 a year. Boston: The Wheelman Co.

THE ART FOLIO. \$3.00 a year. Providence, R. I.: J. A. & R. A. Ried.

THE A, B, C PATHFINDER AND RAILWAY GUIDE. Published monthly. 25 cents a number, \$2.50 a year. Boston: The New England Railway Pub. Co.

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

THE MUSICAL RECORD. \$1.00 a year. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

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

THE FOLIO for February. \$1.00 a year. Boston: White, Smith & Co.

TRAUMEREI.

(REVERY.)

R. SCHUMANN, Op. 68.

Andante espressivo. (♩ = 100.)

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The Dispensary.

HEALTH OF WOMEN.

NO SUBJECT should receive more attention than this. How necessary that the mother should have good health! The domestic wheels do not track when mother is sick. How empty and cheerless the rooms! What discomfort comes to a family in a hundred ways when mother's hand is not at the helm to guide the home.

Only mothers know of the care which a large, well-ordered household demands. Her eye must take in every detail, that the supplies do not fail. It is she who watches the sugar box, the tea, coffee, spices, kerosene, matches, soap and all table necessities. If any of these things are missing mother knows it will bring discomfort to her family. How long would it take a man to discipline his mind so that all these thousand details would receive due attention? I am afraid if men were in charge we should get up more than one morning with no coffee in the house for breakfast, and sugar box empty, because he forgot to order; but mother never forgets. She keeps things up from pantry to parlor, but in nothing does she prove her generalship so much as in her punctual, well-cooked meals.

Cooking is a grindstone on which a housekeeper's life is ground three times a day, yet mother never complains, but month in and month out, the aromatic coffee, the delicious bread, meats, gravies, pies, puddings and cakes, pass out of the dear hands on to her table. Sometimes I think the finer cook the mother is, the more fastidious and critical her family become. They take the blessing of well-cooked food as a matter of course, forget to praise when it is richly due, but are sure to tell the cook if a mistake is made. The sons of such a mother when married are apt to tell their wives how "mother cooked." No wonder!

The hearts of husband and children in such a home turn to the mother as flowers turn to the sun. Her children rush into the house after school with gladness and laughter. "Where's mother?" and they go from room to room. If she has gone away for a short time, the brows of the children grow clouded. Sometimes of an afternoon she steps into a neighbor's. The father comes in, and like the children he misses her. "Where has your mother gone?" he asks. Ah! her presence means home.

Having in a general way looked at the cares which inundate the mother, we cannot but see how necessary is good health. It is a common sight, however, to see a pallid woman, battling with ill health and weighed down by household duties. Poverty bears down, and at last she dies. The doctors give some name, but we know she died, crushed by work, care, and worry of trying "to make both ends meet."

It is not only in the homes of the poor that we find women overworked, but often in the homes of opulence. A case comes to mind of a friend who presides over an elegant home, and is a model wife and mother. For years the wide hospitality of her home has been known far and wide. Although she has good help, she attends herself to the details of her home. Now, at the age of forty-two, her health is broken. The doctors shake their heads, and say, "Rest, rest."

American life is a "fitful fever" anyhow, and the mode of life among American women is especially destructive to health. So much has to be done under the name, housework. We are appalled at the heavy labor and hardships our grandmothers endured, and yet we can

stand three hours and iron on a white dress! I believe that the women of today, although not so strong, do as much work as their grandmothers, but it is often work that is not necessary. Take pillow shams, for example. Oh, the labor and trouble expended on shams! The women of 1776 had none of the labor-saving machines which now are a part of every kitchen. They only possessed willing hands, brave hearts, and strong nerves to meet almost insurmountable difficulties. Nervous disorders are very prevalent nowadays among women. Indeed, it is the exception to find a woman who is not nervous.

Modern education is one cause of sickness, and many a bright girl goes down under the cramming process in vogue at our high schools. Only those who have experienced it, know what a school girl suffers when she is obliged to leave school on account of health. It may be she becomes a helpless invalid, and the future means an agony "long-drawn out," for not only must the physical pain be endured, but the bright plans and hopes of usefulness are shattered. We find cases like this everywhere, but I believe if girls were properly taught how to take care of their health—understood physiology better, the health of school girls would be improved.

The time to teach them is at home. Why, mothers hold in hand the health destiny of their daughters. Girls should be taught from infancy to protect the body from cold and dampness, for nearly all the ills of mankind spring from the common cause, colds.

It is a good indication to see so many advertisements in the papers of reform dress patterns; even corsets now are advertised "health improving." Woman's dress is more sensible at the present time than in years. Long trains, high heels, and false hair, are at a discount, but woman's health will not be greatly improved until her dress does not impede full respiration. Yes, breathing of woman is much hindered by her dress. The secret of the grand physiques of our great prima donnas lies in the fact they use their breath as God intended they should, not breathing with the lungs alone. Watch the breathing of a young babe, and you will see natural respiration, the abdomen will gently rise and fall. Singers are first taught how to breathe, and this is why singing is considered healthful, because it calls in play, and strengthens abdominal muscles. Why cannot the mothers bring the daughters' study, dress, and recreation, subservient to health?

Health means happiness, and makes living an intoxicating draught. Perhaps the reader thinks I place too much responsibility on the mother, as to the health of her daughters. Not so, for if a young girl can reach the age of seventeen without having chronic cold hands and feet—not subject to headache, it is more than probable she will mature into a strong, beautiful womanhood—health makes any one beautiful—and who will watch over, instruct and control a young girl's life if the mother does not.

IDA VAN AUKEN.

HELPS TO HEALTH.

Have you a bad cold in the head? Take a square piece of Canton flannel about three-quarters of a yard long and wide, double it crossways, like a little shawl, and put it over your head and neck and pin it securely with a clasp pin under the chin. You will not care to wear this elegant head dress in the day time, but at night you may wear it to bed even if it does make you resemble your grandmother, and you will find that it helps very materially to relieve and break up your cold.

If your nose has been stopped up and your throat is a little sore, and your head feeling dull or heavy or aching, this simple treatment will tend to relieve troublesome symptoms, simply by inducing warmth and promoting perspiration. A little woolen shawl would answer the purpose, but it is not so easily washed.

My own dear mother used to have pieces of Canton flannel hemmed and always ready for use. They are of great service in cases of neuralgia in the head, "stiff neck," or rheumatism in the neck or shoulder, and in tooth ache; in all which complaints warmth is a means of relief.

"But," objects some one, "is it a good plan to bundle up the head so? I thought the head should be kept cool."

Very true. We do not forget the old maxim, "Keep the head cool, the feet warm, the bowels free, and the conscience clear, and you will live forever."

Yes, the head must be kept cool, but remember that perspiration is the means that nature provides for relieving us of surplus heat. If the perspiration is checked from cold or any other cause, fever ensues, and the readiest and surest way to cure it is, if possible, to open again the perspiratory ducts. In order to do this, bathe, wrap up in flannel, avoid draughts of air and chills, and drink freely of some hot drink, say lemonade or sage tea. Cold water is also a good and useful drink. It was formerly thought that people suffering from fevers must not drink cold water. What untold misery has been caused by this absurd notion, now happily exploded. Frequent instances are related of people who were extremely ill from fevers and parched with thirst, begging in vain for water, who have at last succeeded in obtaining the wished for draught, and from that moment became convalescent.

Milk was also formerly forbidden in fevers, but it is now ascertained that it is not only harmless but is very beneficial, furnishing as it does every aliment needed to keep up the strength and yet not increasing the fever as do many other kinds of food.

I have alluded to cold water as a useful drink. Water is certainly one of the most effective remedial agents in existence, applied externally and internally, and, like all other things of greatest value, it is furnished to us freely and in unlimited quantities by the Great Physician.

Dr. Dio Lewis prescribes the following remedy for a cold: "Eat no supper. On going to bed drink two tumblers of cold water. On rising in the morning drink freely of cold water. For breakfast eat a piece of dry bread as large as your hand. Go out freely during the morning. For dinner eat about the same as you ate at breakfast. During the afternoon take a sharp walk or engage in some active exercise which shall produce a little perspiration. Go without your supper and retire early, drinking before you jump into bed, as much cold water as you can swallow."

As I have never tried this remedy I cannot recommend it from my own experience.

Dr. Paillon, of France, says that colds are speedily broken up by inhaling or smelling of ammonia or smelling salts for about half an hour. Many persons whom I have known use camphorated spirits for the same purpose and have found it beneficial.

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

REMEDY FOR A COUGH.—Roast a lemon very carefully without burning it; when it is thoroughly hot, cut and squeeze into a cup upon three ounces of sugar finely powdered. Take a spoonful whenever your cough troubles you.

DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

MRS. M. R. D. *Safe Wares.* Your question is very important, since it pertains to safe cookery, the nourishment of the family, the quality of the food being a prominent factor in the production of good health. In reference to the "marbled wares" I have simply to say that they are not in the market so far as I am able to learn. In the estimation of certain chemists, there was an objection to them, based on the fact that there was a small per cent. of lead used in the preparation of the enamel, but it is claimed by those who ought to know, that it was insoluble, and, therefore, harmless. As I have said, that is not now manufactured, but, in its place, an excellent article, known as "Agate Iron-ware." This has a very substantial base, one of good sheet iron, lined and covered with a non-corrosive substance, by a patent and a general secret—this being of a very hard substance, not affected by any of the acids used in culinary affairs. Indeed, I have applied sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol) for hours, without any effect, so far as I could discover.

It is reasonable to infer that one who would ask this question knows something of the dangers of using many of the dishes found in most kitchens, at least, while preparing the more acid of the fruits, the acids so corroding poisonous metals as to make their use absolutely dangerous. This test, by the employment of the sulphuric acid, as it may seem, is sufficient to convince one that these wares are perfectly safe, so far as all acids ever used in culinary duties are concerned. In addition to the special point of their safety, I will add that the wares are really beautiful, economical—on account of their durability—light, easily cleansed, and kept clean, receiving the heat and retaining it to a remarkable extent. I think that no one who has used them a sufficient time to become acquainted with their excellence, will willingly discontinue their use. Those of even moderate means, about to commence housekeeping, can make no better investment in kitchen utensils than by freely purchasing these durable wares, some of which may last them as long as they will be needed.

MRS. E. Tumors. The better class of our standard authors, so far as I know, do not recognize the "floating tumor." There is a vague idea there may be a tumor in the bowels, floating from one part of the abdomen to another, but all tumors must have some attachment, some connection with a definite part of the body, from which it receives its subsistence. There are those which are not as firmly fixed as others, but move slightly, as a wen, called an "encysted tumor," which may be slightly moved. It is enclosed in a "cyst" or sac. These contain a mass of matter entirely foreign to a healthy body, thus enclosed, as I suppose, that it may not contaminate the system—so closely confined that it can do no harm. Such are easily removed by making an incision in the skin, if near the surface, the sac and its contents being removed whole, if suppuration has not occurred. You ask the cause. On the principle that they contain impure matters shut in from the rest of the body, as unfit to mingle with the rest, these matters must result from an impure state of the system, made impure and unnatural by improper food or habits. I cannot express my views better than by quoting from a standard author: "The common causes are injuries, as pressure, blows, bruises, etc., although it is seldom that we can trace any particular tumor, to the particular accident from which it originated. They may arise from capillary obstruction (small blood vessels) and this is induced by many of the unhealthy eating, drinking, and anti-bathing habits of society." I cannot believe, however, that there is an absolute necessity for an injury of any kind, since the recuperative powers may be able to dispose of any and all morbid matters, to prevent harm, by encysting them. It is quite certain, however, that if we keep the system in a perfectly pure state, clean without and within, there can be no obstruction of morbid matters, no impure masses to become enlarged, when arrested in their circulation. Remembering that the blood vessels carry the materials from which the body is nourished, it may be readily seen, in the case of an obstruction, that the same nourishment—if not allowed to move on, may produce an abnormal body, growing as long as nourishment is supplied. They are "cured" by removing the causes, by not crowding the system with more nourishment than it can dispose of, but, of themselves, will cause more inconvenience than real harm.

ANOTHER FATTY. The dieting required in my "Anti-fat and Anti-lean," is perfectly safe both for your babe and yourself. The idea is simply to avoid such articles as produce fat and do not really nourish the body, and to use such as will promote health, diminishing the fat, but not troubling the system, as a whole. All fats, oils, and sweets, as sugar and the starches, like fine flour, tapioca, rice, and the like, fatten and heat, but are less nourishing to the muscles, give less real strength than what we call "nitrates."

The Dressing Room.

PRACTICAL HINTS FOR HOUSE DECORATION.

AS BABY'S crib or cot occupies a prominent position in many homes where the apartments are so small as to render it necessary to have some of the furniture in a portable shape, so that it can be reduced to a smaller size when not in use, I shall proceed to describe a folding cot or crib which will prove a boon to mothers whose house room is so limited that they would fain put baby's crib out of sight whenever the little darling is not occupying it.

This simple little crib or cot is made of four strong, slender rods fastened together with screws in such a way that it can be converted into a compact form. The bed itself is made in the shape of a hammock, of merino, damask, or other cloth, with a strong interlining of canvas, with quilting to hold the parts together. Let us suppose one to be made of blue merino, with a Swiss muslin frill trimmed with lace, and a puffing lined with blue, and medallions of lace edged with blue. This puffing is caught up around the upper sides of the crib with bows of blue ribbon. Around the entire edge of the hammock a strong piece of rope is fastened which strengthens the hammock, and imparts to it a long, boat shape when opened out. The rope is completely concealed, of course, by the merino hammock and its interlining. A tiny mattress, pillow, sheet and blanket, will fold inside of the hammock. At the head of the crib a strong rod is screwed, which bends over the top, and supports a drapery of light white muslin which corresponds with the white puffing. This drapery slips in a notch prepared for it, and is easily removed and hung away when the cot being unoccupied is folded and set in some place where it is neither conspicuous nor in the way.

A case for nail and tooth brushes can be made of pine wood, eight inches square, sawed off to form a complete hexagon. Upon this is to be screwed a half circle, fitting the center in which are cut orifices to admit the brushes. This half circle is adorned with a lambrequin made of white oil cloth, cut out in design figures, and lined beneath with red or black Canton flannel, which, showing through the open work design, produces a pleasing effect. The pine back of this case is covered in a similar way with white oil cloth, cut out in design figures which display the red or black lining, and the portion of the back which rests against the wall is covered neatly with red or black muslin or calico. The half circle is also covered with oil cloth, not cut out in design, tacked securely and smoothly down beneath the lambrequin. This convenient case can be hung upon the wall close beside the washstand, and will prove an indispensable convenience if the stand is so small that the china brush cases with perforated bottoms occupy too much space upon its limited surface.

Leaving the subject of a home-made case for nail and tooth brushes, I now inquire who among my readers is desirous of learning how to make a pretty washstand. Without waiting to hear the reply, "I—I wish to know how to make a pretty washstand," vociferated in response to my interrogation, I shall forthwith describe precisely how to construct this stand. Let us suppose it to be so pretty that it will call forth the encomium of all who behold it, and cause some one who is not the wife or the daughter of an ancient Croesus, or a

modern Rothschild to wish to make a duplicate of it. It must be perceived that this stand fits nicely in the corner, which fact is a decided advantage where space is an object. A triangular box or case made of a section of an ordinary dry goods box will answer admirably for the frame of this stand. This frame must be two feet in width, and two feet and four inches in height, rounding out on the top and bottom in a gradual curve, two inches deeper at the center. Square blocks, each two inches square are nailed under the lower corners, on which bought casters or home-made rollers are fastened. Upon the upper sides are fastened two pieces of board, eight inches high at the front, and curved gradually toward the back, where they unite in a point two feet in height. This point is sawed out with the fret saw, and nicely carved with tools, or is simply sawed out in scrolls upon the top, and embellished with painting in dark colors, or any attractive design which is pleasing to the possessors of good taste. Against the back are fastened two narrow shelves, supported by small, ornamental iron brackets, or three single brackets of carved wood, a corner one high against the corner, and one on each side, lower down, and placed flat against the sides. These shelves or brackets serve as repositories for the soap, nail brush, flesh brush, and tooth brush cases, also for the mug, water decanter, etc. The inside of the lower portion of this stand, contains a shelf for the foot tub, shoe brush, etc. Six feet above the corner of the back, a small corner bracket is securely fastened so as to hold a vase of flowers, or a basket of wax fruit, or any other appropriate ornament. This corner bracket is fourteen inches deep upon the sides, and projects about two additional inches in a rounded form on the front. The wood work of this stand is stained or painted to suit the fancy, or the furniture in the room, and the top is covered with an ornamental oil cloth, white streaked with dark slate color in imitation of marble, from which a lambrequin hangs down one foot below the edge of the top, and is cut out in scallops above which a design figure is seen. Under the design figure is laid oil cloth of buff, red, or other contrasting color, and the scallops are bound with buff or red worsted braid. From this lambrequin descend hangings of white muslin which are lined and trimmed with red or buff. These hangings effectually conceal the shoe brush, etc., which are upon the shelf within this home-made washstand.

When I was a child I lost or mislaid my tiny thimble so often that my governess, to whom I was very much attached, made for me a thimble case, which pleased me and proved useful to me. To make the thimble case she procured an English walnut, opened it carefully in two entire halves with a knife, removed the kernel, and varnished the empty shell. Then with a tiny bradawl she pierced two small holes in each shell, tied them together at the bottom with a narrow piece of bright ribbon tied into a pretty bow, and slipped another piece of ribbon through the holes at the top, and left that ribbon to tie in a bow and form a loop by which the case was hung, ready to receive my thimble as soon as it left my finger. To improve the appearance of the inside of such a case as the one just described, make a nice little pouch of bright colored silk or merino, insert it in the shells, fasten it to the bottom of them, and put a tiny draw string in the top of the pouch so that it can be easily opened to receive the thimble, and easily closed after the thimble has been deposited within its suitable receptacle.

LINDA WALTON.

Fayette, Miss.

KNIT QUILT.

This is knit in stripes of two kinds, and requires four pounds of number ten three-threaded cotton.

Wide Stripe, or Honeycomb.—Cast on eighty stitches.

1. Knit plain.
2. Purl.
3. Plain.
4. Knit six plain, * slip two, knit four, slip two, and so on, repeating from the "slip two," etc., to the end of needle, and end with six plain.
5. Same as fourth row, only purl instead of plain, slipping the same stitches.
6. Same as fourth row, plain and slip.
7. Same as fifth row, purl and slip.
8. Same as fourth row, plain and slip.
9. Knit plain, all across, slipped and all.
10. Purl across.
11. Plain across.
12. Knit three, * slip two, knit four, slip two, knit four, and so on, repeating from the "slip two," to end of needle, and end with three plain.

Alternate rows of honeycomb must begin and end with six stitches, the other with three stitches.

Narrow, or Twist Stripe.—Cast on forty stitches.

1. Knit across plain.
2. Knit four, purl eight, knit four, purl eight, knit four, purl eight, knit four.
3. Plain.
4. Same as second row.
5. Plain.
6. Same as second row.
7. Plain.
8. Same as second row.
9. Plain.
10. Same as second row.
11. Plain.
12. Same as second row.
13. Plain.
14. Same as second row.
15. Plain.
16. Same as second row.
17. Knit four plain, take a third needle, knit the next four on it, then make a twist by laying the four stitches on the third needle over the next four stitches, and going back to knit, commencing, after the four at the beginning, with the ninth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth, then the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth stitches; repeat this twice to end of the needle, thus making three sets of twists with a row of garter stitch between.

My quilt is much admired by all who see it. It is made with seven narrow and six wide stripes. I hope the directions are plain, but if any one is troubled, address with a stamp,

MRS. M. C. SPAULDING.

Worcester, Mass.

KNITTED BIB.

A Constant Reader asks for pattern for a knitted bib. Here is one which is very pretty. Please try it and report what success you have with it.

With number fourteen cotton and corresponding needles, cast on twenty-eight stitches, knit across plain.

2. Plain.
3. Knit one plain, one purl, throughout the row.
4. Purl the plain stitches and knit plain the purl ones, increasing one stitch at the end.
5. Knit the purl stitches plain, purl the plain ones, increasing one stitch at the end.

Proceed in this manner for twenty rows, then knit thirty-two rows without any increase.

53 and 54. Cast off at the beginning of each six stitches, increasing one at the end of the fifty-fourth row.

55 to 69. Like fourth and fifth rows, increasing one stitch at the end of each.

70. Increase at both beginning and end of this row.

71 to 79. Like fourth and fifth rows, increasing as before.

80. Like seventieth row.

81 to 84. Same as fourth and fifth rows. (Sixty-six stitches on needles.)

85. Cast off ten stitches in the middle, and work the two side pieces of twenty-eight stitches, each separately, as follows:

1. Narrow three times on the neck side of the bib, and increase one stitch at the outer edge.

2. Plain and purl, (without narrowing or increasing.)

Repeat these two rows nine times more, making twenty rows in all. There are now eight stitches left.

21. Knit two together throughout, and cast off on the next row.

Any simple edging can be sewn around the edge and neck of bib.

Remember the narrow ribbing, knit one, purl one, etc., is to be kept up throughout the work, and the increased stitches must be managed so as to fall in regularly with the pattern. Thus, supposing the last stitch is to be plain, followed by an increase. Then knit the first stitch plain, and the next purl, or *vice versa*. In this way the pattern will always run smoothly to the end of the work. The size of the bib will depend largely on that of the needles, and can be varied at pleasure.

M. E. MEINS.

The Dalles, Wasco Co., Oregon.

SCROLL LEAF PATTERN.

Cast on twenty-three stitches.

1. Slip one, knit one, thread over, slip one, knit one, pass slipped one over, knit nine, over, narrow, over, narrow, over three times and narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one.
2. Knit six, purl one, knit one, purl one, (making four stitches of the large loop,) knit fourteen, seam one, knit two.
3. Slip one, knit one, over, slip one, knit one, pass slipped one over, knit three, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit three, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit four, narrow, over, knit two.
4. Knit seventeen, purl one, knit five, purl one, knit two.
5. Slip one, knit one, over, slip one, knit one, pass slipped one over, knit one, narrow, over twice, narrow, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit two.
6. Knit fifteen, purl one, knit three, purl one, knit three, purl one, knit two.
7. Slip one, knit one, over, slip one, knit one, pass slipped one over, knit three, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit five, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit two, narrow, over, knit two.
8. Knit seventeen, purl one, knit five, purl one, knit two.
9. Slip one, knit one, over, slip one, knit one, pass slipped one over, knit one, narrow, over twice, narrow, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit four, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit two.
10. Knit fifteen, purl one, knit three, purl one, knit three, purl one, knit two.
11. Slip one, knit one, over, slip one, knit one, pass slipped one over, knit three, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit seven, over, narrow, over, narrow, narrow, over, knit two.
12. Knit seventeen, purl one, knit five, purl one, knit two.
13. Slip one, knit one, over, slip one, knit one, pass slipped one over, knit fifteen, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit three.
14. Bind off three, knit nineteen, purl one, knit two.

Repeat from first row.

SUSANNAH PITKIN.

KNITTED SCARF.

I saw an inquiry in THE HOUSEHOLD for knitting a gentleman's scarf of Germantown wool, and as I have been knitting one that is thought quite pretty, will tell how I did it, although I used double zephyr, but Germantown will do as well perhaps. It keeps its shape so much better than one crocheted. It has been used two or three winters, and looks as well now as when first knit. It needs two large bone or wooden needles, four or five skeins of dark-brown, and one skein each of three shades of red Germantown wool.

Cast on seventy stitches of the dark-brown, knit five, seam or purl five, knit five, purl five; repeat across the needle. Commence again in the same way, and continue until you have five rows knit. Then, purl five, knit five, etc., for the next five rows, then change back, thus forming checks in the knitting, knit four rows of checks, then join the darkest shade of red and knit two rows of checks, then two more of the next shade, two of the lightest, two of the next, two of the darkest, then join the brown again, and knit the required length, putting the colors in the other end in the same way, finishing with four rows of the checks of brown. Put deep fringe in the ends shaded in the same way as the knitting. Now of the lightest shade of red (which you have not used as much of) crochet in single crochet stitch an edge the whole length of both sides. ADELLE.

BORDER FOR SHAWL.

In the December number of our paper Iowa asks for a pretty border for shawl. Mine is made as follows:

1. Crochet all around the shawl shells consisting of nine double crochet, the last one in each shell being fastened closely to the shawl by a single crochet stitch.
2. Chain two and make one double crochet in every second stitch of the last row, and repeat.
3. Three double crochet in third space of second row, then three double crochet in the second space back. This will make the work crossed. Repeat to the end, making no chain stitches between. The double crochet stitches must be made quite long to make the work pretty.
4. Two chain and one double crochet in every second stitch of last row.
5. Like third row.
6. Make a shell of twelve double crochet stitches made loosely in center of six double crochet of last row, and fasten last stitch of each shell in center of next crossed part by a single crochet stitch.
7. One double crochet in every stitch of last row, no chain stitches between.
8. Three chain stitches, and fasten by a single crochet stitch in every stitch of last row.

This border is very handsome made of fairly floss that is crinkled. F. E. B.

Box 362 Oakland, Cal.

FANCY WORK HINTS.

HAIR-CLOTH BRUSHES.—Very dainty brushes for use on velvet, which make pretty and useful presents, are made in this way:

Take a strip of hair-cloth, no matter if old, one and one-half yards long and five inches wide, ravel one and one-half inches on each side of the piece, then roll the strip up tightly and tack it. You will have a brush from the raveled portion at each end of the roll. At each end of the unraveled part tie around it a bit of scarlet satin half-inch wide ribbon, with a little bow, and put a three-inch strip of the same between to hang it up by, the ends of the loop being hidden under the bows. Gold, blue or pink ribbon may be used for the scarlet.

THERMOMETER FRAMES.—Cut an oblong piece of stiff pasteboard, six by eight and one-half inches, cover it on one side with garnet plush over a layer of cotton and line the under side with garnet, silk or satine. On the plush, before it is put on the pasteboard, paint or embroider a spray of flowers on one side, or pretty sprays of embroidered flowers may be purchased and fastened on by blind stitches; on the other side attach one of the little thermometers which may be found at any fancy store, put a bow of satin ribbon below the thermometer, and a loop of the same sewn to the upper corners to hang it up by on the wall.

A. M. W.

CROCHETED HOOD.

Materials required, one and one-half skeins of Germantown yarn, two ounces of frosted floss, and one and one-half yards ribbon.

Make the foundation of the German-town. Make a chain of eight, make a double crochet stitch in each chain, now turn and go back the same. You have two rows of eight stitches each. Repeat this until you have thirty-one rows with eight stitches in each one.

32. The next time across widen once.
33. Plain.
34. Widen once.
35. Widen once.
- 36, 37, 38. Plain.
39. Widen once.
40. Plain.
41. Widen once.
42. Widen once.
43. Widen twice.
44. Widen twice.
45. Widen twice.
46. Widen twice.
47. Widen twice.
48. Widen twice.
49. Widen three times.
50. Widen three times.
51. Widen three times.
52. Widen three times.
53. Widen three times.
54. Widen three times.
55. Widen three times.

Now the foundation is half done, make the other half the same. Crochet them together.

Fasten the floss at one corner of the string and make five long chain stitches, and catch in the first stitch of foundation, another chain, catch in next stitch, and so on across the row, then back on next, and so on till the whole foundation is covered, make two bows of the ribbon, put one on the front and one on the back, shir a little in the back. Wear quite well forward, cross the string in the back, and tie in front. This is a very pretty hood. BLANCHE.

ALUM BASKET.

Materials, six yards of brass or copper wire and several yards of candlewick, and five pounds of lump alum dissolved in a brass kettle containing one gallon of boiling rain water.

Strong fingers, and a pair of old nippers and scissors are required to form the frame in any desired shape, which must be neatly and closely wrapped with candlewick, and suspended level by a tiny cord in an earthen vessel of greater depth than the frame, giving ample space above and below for the formation of the crystals. Place the vessel in a warm room, where it will be free from dust and molestation, though the sunny rays be permitted to fall upon it. Then pour on the boiling alum water and let it stand forty-eight hours; however, at the expiration of that time, remove carefully the superfluous lumps and clip the cord immediately or you will likely damage the elegant basket. If you will re-boil the alum

water, it will be sufficient to crystallize a few dried grasses in a short time, or the alum can be dried and used for many other purposes.

I made a handsome oval card basket with a handle, by the above recipe, nearly ten years ago, which adorns our parlor to-day, equally as nice as a new one.

SALLIE COX.

Cox's Landing, Cabell Co., W. Va.

HOW TO MAKE A HASBOCK.

I want to tell my HOUSEHOLD sisters what a pretty hassock I have made for my room.

I took a round cedar block, such as they pave the streets with here, but one sawed off a log I suppose would answer the purpose. My block was not quite large enough around to be well proportioned, so I made it the right size by wrapping old carpet around it, also put some on top so as to make it resemble a boughten one as far as possible. Then I went up garret and selected a pretty piece of blue carpet; I feared at first it was too small, but as my room is furnished in blue no other color would answer. I first cut out a round piece for the top, leaving it large enough to lap under the side strip, which I then sewed on, lapping the edges over neatly. A round piece of oilcloth was tacked on the bottom, and a piece of fringe tacked all around it where the side and top pieces met. I finished it with a little loop at the side to move it by.

The whole article cost me but twenty-five cents (for the yard of fringe), and my ingenuity is amply rewarded by the many compliments I receive for it. Make one. MRS. HARRY R. BACON.

Toledo, Ohio.

WORSTED BALLS.

I see Enquirer, in November number, asks how to make worsted balls. I will try and make it plain, as 'tis very easy to do.

Take worsted in the skein, pinch between the fingers to see that you get about the thickness you want half the ball to be. Slip a stout string through worsted at each end and fasten each string to something so as to keep the skein out smooth. Then double stout thread, wind twice round the worsted, rather close to one end of skein, tie closely and cut the thread rather short. Tie again the distance from the first tying as you wish the diameter of the ball to be. Do this till it is tied the whole length of the skein, then cut half way between the places where it is tied. Roll them gently in the hollow of the hands and trim with shears what is necessary to make them round. If properly made very little trimming is necessary. A little experience will show any one how much worsted to take for the size of ball desired.

These can easily be sewed on any fancy work. Please let me know what success you have. If this is not plain, I will try again. MIGNONETTE.

A STOCKING BAG.

The materials needed are one and one-half yards of print or cretonne, eight small brass curtain rings, a stick of braid and a large piece of pasteboard.

Cut three pieces of pasteboard each six and one-half inches wide and seven and one-half inches long, and round one end of each. Tear a strip seven inches wide from one side of the print and the whole length; cover the pasteboards with this. Cut a piece nine inches long and the width of the remaining print, hem one side and round the corners of the other; gather the ends and rounded side and sew to one of the pieces of pasteboard, running an

elastic into the hem. This is to hold yarn. Hem the ends of remaining print, gather the sides, and sew one side to the piece that holds the yarn, and the other to another piece of pasteboard. Put in flannel for needles on this piece, and put the last piece over it and fasten at the top. Fasten the rings to the top of the bag and run in the braid. O. T.

KNITTED MAT.

I send directions for making a mat. Cut the rags same as for carpet, and sew together. Have large wooden needles. Cast on any number of stitches you can divide by five; thirty-five stitches makes a good size mat. I have knitted them with fifty stitches. After casting on commence by knitting five stitches, then return, knit ten then return, then fifteen and return, and keep on increasing five each time and return until all are off, return, then commence with five again. I have never seen any mats like these. This mat is knit in gores shaped like the gores of a parasol covering. Knit them until when you lay it upon the floor it will lay flat. There will be a small circular hole in the center which I fill in this way: With the same needles cast on three stitches, increase each row until you have eight on the needle, then reduce until you have three; this will make a piece large enough to fill the place. Always be sure to knit the first stitch in each row of the mat. My mats with fifty stitches weigh five pounds, and will last in constant wear ten years. Both sides are right side. S. E. V.

LADIES' HOOD (PURITAN).

Materials, one-half skein each of white and colored Shetland wool, and two large wooden knitting needles about two-thirds of an inch in circumference.

With the white cast on sixty-four stitches, and knit forty-five purls, (twice across is a purl,) then divide and put thirty-two stitches on a string, and knit the other sixty-four purls long and bind off, then take those on the string and knit the same.

Then take the color and knit another piece exactly like the white, then baste the two pieces together. The white is for the outside, the color a lining.

Then crochet an edge of white and sew it all around the edge; sewing the colored and white piece together at the same time, or if more convenient you can crochet the edge right on, crocheting through the white and color together.

The end where the stitches were cast on is now drawn up with a string, and a ribbon bow the color of lining is sewed on.

I hope any who try this will be as well satisfied as I was. MINNIE.

CROCHET EDGING.

Make a chain the length required for your edging.

1. Pass over one chain, * three treble in the next chain stitch, four chain, one single stitch in the same chain stitch the treble were just worked into, pass over five chain stitches and repeat from *. At the end of the row fasten off, and begin the next row at the other end of the work.

2. Two single crochet stitches in the middle stitch of the five chain of the last row, five chain; repeat.

3. Four chain, two treble in the middle stitch of the five chain, keeping the last loop of each stitch on the hook; work them off together. Now work two more treble in the same stitch and work off together. Repeat. LONG ISLAND.

COMBINATION LACE.

Cast on twenty-nine stitches.

1. Knit three, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, nar-

row, knit five, over, narrow, knit three, over, knit one, over, knit six.

2. Knit thirteen, over, narrow, knit thirteen, over, narrow, knit one.

3. Knit three, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit four, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit three, over, knit six.

4. Knit fourteen, over, narrow, knit thirteen, over, narrow, knit one.

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

6. Knit fifteen, over, narrow, knit thirteen, over, narrow, knit one.

7. Knit three, over, narrow, knit four, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit two, over, knit three together, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit six.

8. Bind off three, knit ten, over, narrow, knit thirteen, over, narrow, knit one.

9. Knit three, over, narrow, knit five, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit four.

10. Knit eleven, over, narrow, knit thirteen, over, narrow, knit one.

11. Knit three, over, narrow, knit six, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit two, over, slip one, narrow throw over the slip stitch, over, knit five.

12. Knit eleven, over, narrow, knit thirteen, over, narrow, knit one.

Commence again at first row.

This is a lovely lace and the lower part would make a very pretty insertion for the torchon lace that one of the sisters wished insertion for.

F. E. H.

BABY'S SOCK CROCHETED.

Materials, one lap each white and colored single zephyr, or about one-half ounce each. Cherry, cardinal and deep pink are good colors to wash.

Make a chain of thirteen stitches, turn, miss one, work twelve double crochet, one chain. This one chain must be made at the end of every row in order to turn the work neatly.

2. Take up the back loop and work plain double crochet throughout; repeat until there are twenty-eight rows or fourteen ribs on each side.

29. Work down the twelve stitches, make seven chain, turn, miss one, work back, being careful to take up the same loop on the chain that will be taken up on the leg part.

31. Work down eighteen, make four chain, turn, work back twenty-one stitches.

33. Work down twenty-one stitches, make three chain, turn, work back twenty-three stitches.

35. Work twenty-three stitches, turn and work back.

37. Work down twenty-one stitches, turn, and work back.

39. Work down eighteen stitches turn and work back.

In making the fortieth row the wrong side of the work will be toward the hand; now join the sides, this forms the leg and instep.

At the point of joining, begin with the color, work round the instep and leg in double crochet, taking up six stitches down the first notch of instep and two across the end, three down the second notch, two across the end, two down the third notch, three across the end of the toe, and down the outside of the instep to correspond. Around the back of the leg there must be two stitches between each rib, making sixty-one stitches in all.

2. Plain.

3. Work ten, then increase by taking up a horizontal stitch on back of work, * three plain, increase, from * till there are

five increases, the third one to be in center of toe; rest of row plain.

The next five rows are to be worked plain.

9. Work eleven, * two together, two plain, repeat from * twice, the second decreasing ought to be at center of toe, decrease by putting hook through second loop, then through the first one and draw wool through all three loops on hook, work plain till within three of center of heel, then decrease, two plain, decrease, rest plain.

10 and 11. Same as ninth row, except in tenth, crochet ten, then decrease. Eleven, crochet nine, then decrease.

Work round till within three or four stitches of middle of toe, turn sock on wrong side and join the edges, taking up three or four stitches at toe and heel, crochet as one.

For top of leg, join the white and make seven groups of trebles, four trebles to a group.

2. Make another group of four trebles in center of first row.

3. Join on the color, and make * four trebles in center of white group, fasten with double crochet to the loop between first and second groups in second row, three chain, fasten to same loop in between the two groups of trebles in first row, three chain, fasten to top of sock, three chain, fasten to same loop in first row, three chain, fasten to same loop in second row, then repeat * till finished.

Run a ribbon through ribs at ankle and tie in front.

LOU.

Concord, N. H.

KNITTED SLIPPERS.

My last piece of fancy work was the knitting of a pair of slippers, quickly made, and requiring no "gumption," for one can see ahead just what is to follow. The soles are of leather, lined with cotton flannel and bound with worsted braid, and retail at twenty-five cents a pair. Use Germantown yarn, in contrasting colors. Mine was of blue and chinchilla. Cast on twenty stitches of the chinchilla, knit across twice plain, then first needle, (or first time, only two needles required,) knit three stitches, put in blue, knit two of blue, slip two of chinchilla by putting in your needle as though to seam, and putting them on the right hand needle, carrying along on back side the thread of blue, knit two blue, slip two chinchilla, knit two blue, slip two chinchilla, knit two blue, leave three chinchilla at the end for the end stitches, and turn the work.

Second time. Leaving the three chinchilla on the right hand needle for the edge, slip the first blue, seam the next, slip two chinchilla, seam two blue, and so continue to alternate, leaving the three edge stitches on the needle and turn the work.

3. Knit the blue stitches, slip the chinchilla, leaving edge, and turn.

4. Slip first blue, seam next, slip chinchilla, and so continue as in number two.

5. Knit all stitches and take up and make one stitch just before coming to the three edge stitches, then knit them.

6. Exactly like number five.

7. Exactly like number five.

8. Exactly like number five.

9. Knit three edge stitches, knit blue stitches, slip the chinchilla, leaving edge and turn.

10. Same as number two.

11. Same as number three.

12. Same as number four.

13. Same as number five.

Repeat the 6th, 7th and 8th.

After twelve blue ridges are done knit across on right side once of the chinchilla, then bind off on wrong side all but nineteen stitches, knit those (the nineteen) plain, again knit the nineteen plain, and again also. These nineteen stitches

form the quarter or side of shoe, leave three edge stitches for the lower and but two for the top, knit same as before, but omit all widening.

When of sufficient length, (I had thirty-two blue ridges, but the sole can be easily measured, as all people do not knit alike, and the quality of yarn will also make a difference,) end off with the chinchilla by knitting once plain, bind off and sew on the vamp; that will finish it to look like the other side. Crochet a simple border around, run in a twisted cord of the two colors finished with a ball on each end, and tie on top.

One skein of each color will make two pairs if alternated. Cardinal and brown are very pretty.

RIVERSIDE.

HOSE; SHELL STITCH.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I send directions for knitting hose, shell stitch, that some one inquired for some time since. It is a lovely pattern. I have knit several pairs.

Cast on one hundred and forty-four stitches, or some number divisible by nine. I knit a finger or more plain, as I like it better than all shells.

1. * Seam two, knit one, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit one, seam two, knit one, and so continue all around.

2. Seam two, knit thirteen, repeat and continue all round.

3. Seam two, slip and bind, knit nine, narrow, and repeat.

4. Seam two, slip and bind, knit seven, narrow, repeat.

5. Seam two, slip and bind, knit five, narrow, repeat.

Now you have one shell. Commence at star and repeat until you have the required length.

MRS. S. E. COCHRAN.

SOMETHING TO PLEASE THE CHILDREN.

Select a cocoanut with a good imitation face, cut it in half, take the half with the face, and put it on a rag body, made the same as for a rag doll, glue the half shell on the rag doll's head, put a little red, flannel or knit cap on the head in such a way as to cover the top and back of the rag head. Next cover the hands and feet with pieces of a dark brown kid glove, or stocking; make black velvet pants, and a red flannel jacket trimmed with gilt buttons. Next, dress the doll in these, then make a chair out of pieces of grape vine, set the doll in it, and you have a perfect imitation of a monkey.

RHONA.

A HOME-MADE HAMMOCK.

R. E. H. asks how to make a strong hammock, and what material to use. I will describe one that is very strong, inexpensive, and less liable to overturn than an ordinary hammock. Take a clean, smooth barrel, and saw it in two in the middle, take off the hoops and bore a hole in each end of every piece, then lay side by side, half wide and half narrow ends at each side, and take a clothes line and weave in and out on each side, one cord going over and the other under, leave rope long enough to suspend it by, then paint any color desired, and they will be found very easy and comfortable.

F. E. H.

STOCKING BAGS.

Cut off a piece of cretonne or foulard thirteen inches wide and a yard and a quarter long. Cut out three pieces of pasteboard seven and one-half inches long, and six inches wide, and round them at one end. Cover these pieces with the foulard, and sew two of them together at the straight ends. On the

third piece full a pocket with an elastic across the straight end or top. Gather the long sides of the piece of foulard, and set around the covered pasteboard. The straight ends of the pasteboards, and the ends of the gathered strip of foulard will form the top of the bag. Sew two rings at the upper corner of each pasteboard, and two more on the foulard, then run dress braid through to gather up the top of the bag and tie it. Sew some flannel leaves between the double pasteboards which form a needle book. Put a bright ribbon bow on the outside, and another on the pocket in which yarns are to be kept, and your bag is done.

A. M. W.

BEAD WATCH CHAIN.

A subscriber wishes to know how the round bead watch chains are made. I have seen some that were crocheted, but I think it makes them more even to string them. String as many beads as the size you want the chain, seven makes a good sized one, fasten the ends as to form a circle, then take a bead on the needle and pass it through the second bead, and every time take one bead and pass the needle through every alternate bead. I always work them around a cord for it makes the chain stronger.

I hope these directions may prove satisfactory.

ADDA.

Oregon.

THE WORK TABLE.

We are constantly receiving letters from subscribers, complaining of incorrect directions for knitting insertings and lace, and, hereafter, can publish only such as are accompanied by a sample, knitted from the directions after they are written. It can give but little trouble to the experienced knitters who kindly send us such patterns, and will be a great favor to us.

Will some of the ladies who are interested, write me about knitting machines? I have had a Bickford knitter in my house for nearly three months, and have not yet been able to knit any thing upon it. It is a seventy-two-needle cylinder and a new machine, I suppose. But if I undertake to knit a heel or toe of a sock it skips stitches and cuts the yarn on the edges; it will go very well on plain, circular work, but whenever I try to change to flat web, it will not knit perfect work. I think it a very simply arranged machine, but so far it has been of no benefit to me.

Westfield, Mass.

MRS. J. W. GIBBS.

Mrs. H. W. S. wishes to know the meaning of the * used in knitting or crochet. They are used to prevent useless repetitions, thus: Suppose the directions ran—knit two, * over, knit two together, repeat from * twice, purl one. Written out in full it would be—knit two, over, knit two together, over, knit two together, over, knit two together, over, purl one. The stars save the repetition of the words, "over, knit two together."

M. E. MEINS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some reader of THE HOUSEHOLD please send to my address, directions for knitting a wide lace collar, and number of thread used? and oblige

MISS OLIVETTE VIGOTT.

236 Putnam Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some kind sister inform me how to remove wrinkles from a much crushed black grenadine? A YOUNG SISTER.

Will some one send a rule for crocheted book? M. E. S.

Will some of the sisters send me directions for liquid stamping with perforated patterns both blue and white? LIDE.

Will some one of the subscribers of THE HOUSEHOLD please give directions for a crocheted cap for a boy two and a half years old? Also for some useful fancy articles, (not costly) for a church fair.

MRS. F. H. SEVERANCE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—N. G. asks how to crystallize grasses in alum. In sufficient water, boiling hot, to cover the article to be crystallized, dissolve all the alum it will absorb. The more alum, the heavier the crystals. Remove the water from the stove and in it place the grasses. Leave undisturbed twenty-four hours.

Goldendale, W. T. CLARA KURTZ BOWERS.

The Dining Room.

DINING ROOM NOTES.

Number Thirty-six.

"WE HAVE just bought a new house," writes one of the sisterhood, "and our dining room is on the north side of the house. It has a bay window, but I suppose it will be difficult to make it bright with plants, and—there is no closet! What can I do with it to make the room convenient? 'John' suggested that it would be a good plan to ask THE HOUSEHOLD. So I come to you."

Now, one of the prettiest dining rooms imaginable has a bay window on the north and is the only window in the room. There were no closets until they were made across the corners, as I described in this Dining Room corner some time ago. Across the window are heavy drapery curtains—olive with a band of dark red plush, which are hung on a curtain pole, and seldom drawn together except on winter evenings to keep the gaslight from the plants which grow luxuriantly in the window, which is fitted with a deep zinc pan in which the pots are placed, and earth filled in about them.

Mosses and tiny ferns grow beautifully there, so does the mignonette and sweet alyssum which is planted here and there between the pots. Geraniums flourish and blossom beautifully; so do the fuchsias, and even heliotrope, while I never saw finer primroses, and cyclamen. Ivies grow in abundance and at each corner is a maderia vine which makes a beautiful frame for the little flower garden. So pretty that even the plainest dinner served in the room seems a sort of feast. Surroundings have so much to do with one's appetite.

We have most of us sat down to a table crowded with rich food, where nothing tasted good. Where we seemed to notice only the table cloth with its folds so awry that we wanted to straighten it then and there, the odds and ends of several sets of dishes, all expensive ones, and all with nicks in the edges. When, with all the apparent plenty, nothing seemed nice, and nothing relished. And we also have seen plainer tables and plainer fare which made one feel hungry just to look upon it.

We surely ought to make our dining rooms as attractive as we can, and to do it one is not necessarily obliged to spend much money—of time we will say nothing, for it does take considerable of that. Still it pays in the end to make home attractive, and the family sitting room, the dining room and sleeping rooms should all be made as pretty and attractive as busy fingers and ingenuity can make them.

Plain white or grey shades are the best for the dining room, the floor can be oiled if the boards are well matched; if not, a new floor of common boards, not necessarily hard wood, will cost less than a carpet of good material, and out wear several. The oil can be colored with umber if a dark floor is desired, and it is prettier; only the first two or three coats of oil need the coloring. It will soak into the new wood and make it as hard and durable as hard pine. One should, however, not use shellac varnish and oil upon the same floor, as shellac will not stick to the oiled surface, and oil will not penetrate the varnish. The varnish is the easiest to apply, drying in a few hours; but the oil is the most durable, and makes the handsomest surface.

And, don't paint the wood-work white unless the room is badly lighted. Tinted paints are no more expensive and are so

much prettier. Hang two or three pictures of fruit and flowers, or a pleasing landscape, if you have them, where they will get the best light, and make the room as cheerful as possible.

But if I talk any longer about this, I shall have no room to answer the many questions which await replies, and, although many of them will be somewhat out of season, they will "keep" until they are needed.

Emma E. asks how to make apple and peach jelly without gelatine, and lemon jelly. The latter is decidedly in season, being extremely nice in these early spring days when the acid of the lemon is so refreshing and wholesome. Pour a tea-cupful of cold water over one-half box of gelatine, and let it soak an hour. Squeeze the juice from two lemons, and stir into the gelatine, then add a pint of boiling water. Place it on the stove and stir until the gelatine is dissolved, add one and one-half cupfuls of sugar and strain into moulds. I use a thin flannel bag for a strainer, and the jelly should always be made in an earthen or porcelain lined saucepan, and should not be allowed to boil if placed upon the stove. Keep on ice until it hardens, which will take from six to twelve hours.

Apple jelly is very easily made, and I never use gelatine in any fruit jelly. It destroys the fine fruit flavor, and is one of the main ingredients of the jelly sold by grocers. The sourest apples you can procure should be used, and red ones make the handsomest jelly. Wash the fruit, and cut in quarters, or six or eight pieces if large. If the apples are fair, and free from worm holes—almost an impossibility this year—do not peel them or remove the cores. Put the fruit into a porcelain kettle with just enough water to reach, but not cover the top layer of fruit and boil until the apple is thoroughly cooked. Then remove and strain through a jelly bag (flannel is best.) Measure the juice, and return to the kettle, which should have been washed and dried. Place over a steady fire, and weigh your sugar, allowing a pound for each pint of juice. Put it into a dripping pan and place in the oven, leaving the door open, as it must not get too warm, or it will melt and scorch. Skim the juice as it begins to boil and when it has boiled twenty minutes add the sugar part at a time, stirring gently till dissolved. If possible do not let it stop boiling while adding the sugar. Five minutes' slow boiling should be sufficient. Pour into glasses and when hard, cover with paper. This jelly is delicious if cranberries are added in the proportion of one-third to two-thirds of apples. Proceed in the same manner.

Peach jelly can be made like the apple, but is more difficult, as the peaches are sometimes not quite ripe enough, and at other times over ripe, so that the jelly varies in quality and is apt to be sticky. This may be remedied by using one-third apples to two-thirds of peaches, the apples giving solidity to the jelly. They should, however, be always peeled and cored when used for this purpose, so that the flavor will not interfere with that of the other fruit. In making any jelly which is difficult to make hard, the addition of apple in this proportion will be found all that is needed.

Grape jelly, for which the Muscadine and Isabella grapes are best, should never be made of very ripe fruit. Indeed, the former variety and almost any but the Isabella should be used when scarcely beyond the green stage. The flavor is much better and the jelly nicer in every respect than when the grapes are ripe. The green grapes also make delicious preserves.

The poke berries, asked about by sev-

eral of THE HOUSEHOLD readers, are used to make jelly for coloring jellies, blanc manges, frostings, etc., but will not color cake as the color bakes out. Half a pint of the berries will make sufficient jelly to last a year for a small family, as it requires very little to give a beautiful tint. This jelly was mentioned in the Notes a year or two ago, and is really well worth the trouble of making.

And now, although March is rather early to make arrangements for a picnic, I want to give the lady who asked for help in the preparation of picnic dishes, a few ideas which she can utilize when the long June days make the "basket picnic," the dinner "out in the woods" or in some sheltered corner of a sandy beach—where there are sheltered corners if one knows just where to look for them—a delight for the older ones as well as the small people.

First in order come the sandwiches, never so convenient as at a picnic dinner unless at a lunch for travelers, and they can be made in so many ways. Good bread and butter are the first requisites, and the bread must not be in thick slices nor too generously buttered. Neither must the filling be too thickly spread, no matter how nice it is. Sliced meats of all kinds make good sandwiches. The slices should be very thin, so that two or three layers are needed for each, and, if fresh, the meat should be lightly sprinkled with salt before putting between the slices of bread. A little sifted parsley, or celery seed pounded and sifted may be added if liked. Cold meat of any kind, corned beef, tongue, ham, or roast beef or mutton may be chopped fine, and put into a saucepan with a little cream, or milk and butter if you haven't the cream, to moisten it sufficiently.

Add a little pepper, and if the meat is fresh, a little salt; stir in a little dry mustard, only a pinch at a time, until the flavor is just right. Celery may be used with fresh meats if preferred to the mustard. Let it get thoroughly heated and turn into a dish to cool. Cover and keep in a cool place—but not on ice or it will be too cold to spread easily—until needed for use. Then spread the bread and put together.

Pile several sandwiches together and fold a napkin about them to keep from drying, for even in the few hours before they are served they will dry at the edges. Hard boiled eggs chopped and seasoned make good sandwiches. Cold chicken chopped and nicely seasoned—celery is very nice with chicken—is also excellent, so are the baked eggs for which I gave a recipe so long ago. In fact, I find myself often in danger of repeating some recipe given in former Notes.

Cake is usually at a discount at these out-door feasts, yet there are those who think a picnic nothing without "cake and lemonade," and for such the Washington pies spread with lemon butter, for which so many recipes are given that every one must know how to make it, are very nice. The cream cakes or puffs for which I gave a recipe lately are always nice for picnics.

The little spice cakes in January "Notes," are especially nice for such occasions, and those made from the sugar cookie recipe are excellent. If lemonade is to be a "feature of the occasion," prepare it in this manner before you leave home. Squeeze the juice from as many lemons as are needed, and to every six lemons put a pint—or less, according to taste—of sugar into a dish, with a tea-cupful of boiling water to dissolve it, cool and add the lemon juice, strained to remove seeds, and mix thoroughly. Put in a bottle, and when you are ready for dinner, all you have to do is to pour two or three spoonfuls into the glasses and fill up with water, which can always be

procured from some neighboring hotel, house or spring.

And—but my story is growing too long, and I shall have to leave it like all story tellers, to "be continued in our next."

EMILY HAYES.

THE DESSERT.

—When you fret and fume at the petty ills of life, remember that the wheels which go round without creaking last longest.

—It is easy to be philanthropic over other people's misfortunes. Any one can stand the toothache in another fellow's jaw.

—Cicero said there is an eloquence in silence. Cicero evidently used to crawl up stairs in his stocking feet when he came home from lodge.

—A little boy, disputing with his sister on some subject, exclaimed, "It's true, for ma says so; and if ma says so, it is so, whether it is so or not!"

—"I have a bright prospect before me," said the loafer. "You always will have," remarked Fogg, "I don't think you will ever catch up with it."

—Said the girl who had quarreled with her lover, "Oh, it's all right! Harry said he should try to forget me, but he always fails in every thing he undertakes."

—"B'lieve I'll mend my bad habits," said Jones, in a fit of penitence. "I would not," replied his superior fraction, sweetly, "they are all in excellent repair now."

—Two Irishmen traveling on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad came to a mile post, when one of them said, "Tread alsy, Pat; here lies a man who was 108 years old. His name was Miles, from Baltimore."

—"My case is just here," said a citizen to a lawyer; "the plaintiff will swear that I hit him. I will swear that I did not. Now what can you lawyers make out of that if we go to trial?" "A hundred dollars, easy," was the reply.

—"What is that you are wearing?" asked Farmer John, of his fair city boarder. "Oh, that is my red Jersey." "All right," was the reply; "but don't go near my brown Jersey over in that field, unless you are good at climbing trees."

—A book binder said to his wife at their wedding, "It seems that now we are bound together, two volumes in one, with clasps." "Yes," observed one of the guests, "one side highly ornamental Turkey morocco, and the other plain calf."

—Robinson, (after a meeting at the club.) "It is awfully late, Brown. What will you say to your wife?" Brown, (in a whisper.) "Oh, I shan't say much, you know; 'Good morning, dear,' or something of that sort. She'll say the rest."

—Woman who has been looking over blankets in a Main street store. "Well, I didn't mean to buy. Am just looking for a friend." Clerk, politely. "Don't think you'll find your friend among the blankets. We have looked them all through."

—At an evening party lately, a fine fellow, but one who likes to talk about himself a great deal, was interrupted in a conversation. At the moment of renewing the story he asked, "What was I saying?" A witty lady immediately replied, "You were saying 'I'!"

—A Cincinnati clergyman thought he would raise his own pork. So he bought five pigs and fattened them. Now that they are fit to kill, he says they seem so much like his own children that he hasn't the heart to kill them. The pigs are in good luck, but it's rather hard on the children.

The Kitchen.

ONE WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

Fourth Paper.

I REMEMBER upon another occasion when we had unexpected company that we were obliged to content ourselves with poached eggs, toast and fruit rolls. We contented ourselves very nicely too. As the rolls are a favorite dessert of mine I will tell how I make them.

Roll biscuit dough thin in the form of small squares, spread over with fruit. Roll the crust and put the rolls into a dripping pan close together until full. Then put in the pan water, sugar, and pieces of butter. Bake and serve with any of the sauces.

Wasn't it Sancho Panza who blessed the man that invented sleep? Often have I as heartily blessed the man or woman who invented sandwiches. I used to call them my failure-never. If nicely made and fresh, and, of course, they always were fresh, I don't wish to give the family the impression that I kept a stock of sandwiches on hand, but what I do mean, is that the meat was fresh, not withered fragments. I generally made them in the following way:

I chopped the meat, it might be tongue, ham, veal, chicken or beef. Then I seasoned it with mustard, salt and pepper, as it required, and added a very little celery. The meat I prepared by simmering for some time in just enough water to cover it, and then set it away to cool. Remove the fat from the top carefully, and any gristle or bones, chop the remainder, jelly, fat of meat or fowl all together, and season as directed, before spreading upon thin buttered bread or biscuit. These with a cup of good tea or coffee and some light cake make quite a nice luncheon. The members of THE HOUSEHOLD will think I am as easily pleased as the old woman who said that for a "rale good meal she wanted nuthin' but apple sass, sassage, and a cup of tea."

But, really, I am not. Sandwiches were what might be called a last resort. I only fell back upon them when I was caught without a nice piece of meat. I will admit that I may have been too particular as to what was a nice piece. No doubt I often had what might have been turned to very good account if I had known how to do it.

Another drawback from which I suffered greatly in my early housekeeping days, was a species of false pride which rendered me discontented with all my own efforts. I was ashamed of every thing. Nothing was as nice as other people had it, and I was ashamed of myself, too, but for that I had reason often enough. In looking back it strikes me now that my idea of entertainment in those days was feeding people.

"What's the good of botherin'?" Charlie would say, "every thing is well enough, and if they don't like it they needn't come again," and with this truly masculine sentiment Charlie dismissed all "bother" from his mind.

Well, I have learned a great deal since then. In the first place, I can make a very good appearance with limited material, and, secondly, I have learned something else quite as important, and that is to treat my guests as if they come to see me, not to eat. It takes certain hospitably inclined people a long time to learn this, but it is worth knowing. It is a great secret, too, to be able to make one's friends feel at home and comfortable when one is decidedly uncomfortable one's self, the latter state is so surely catching, and unless they are extremely

slow of perception they will soon find it out. To let them suppose that their coming has almost driven one to the verge of distraction is not only mortifying to one's self, but positive cruelty to them.

I remember a lady whom I used to visit, and whom it was a pleasure to visit if she could only, to use her husband's expression, "have taken me easy." But so intent was she upon entertaining me well that ease for either of us was entirely out of the question. As her husband's description is so much better than mine I will give it in his own words. Coming in one day, he found us together. I noticed that he was regarding his wife with a somewhat peculiar expression, and after the greetings were over, being a very outspoken man, he proceeded to give me what he called his "views of Emma."

"I knew some one was here as soon as I saw Emma's face," he said. "What a sentinel she would make! If we ever have war and her merits become known I am afraid I shall lose her, and it would be a great pity to deprive the country of her valuable services. When we have company, Emma is never caught napping. All her senses are pressed into service. Her eyes are stretched to their widest extent, I suppose to look through all the walls into the kitchen; her nose is turned up a little to smell if any thing is burning, and her ears are always at full cock to hear if Bridget is breaking her neck or the range or something. For my part I don't see what pleasure there can be in visiting her. I'm sure if she made such a fuss over me, I couldn't stand it. Fortunately, I'm nobody, or, at least, nobody but the 'old man.'"

Emma did not hear all of this, but though very amusing and instructive to me, I doubt if it could have dispelled the serious, preoccupied look from her face. I was always pleased when Emma's husband appeared, for then she was at liberty to leave me and give her undivided attention to the forthcoming meal, which was always more elaborate than it should have been for an intimate friend. I had rather have partaken of the shepherd of Salisbury's fare, potatoes and salt, occasionally, or the proverbial dinner of bitter herbs, if I might have enjoyed a little more of my friend's company. But a day was coming when all this should be changed.

It came, and was a very windy day. Indeed, the wind was so high that the soot in the kitchen stove pipe caught fire. This catastrophe overtook Emma just in the midst of preparing dinner. That necessary evil, man, was not to be had in or near the house. Mary the servant mounted a chair and applied wet cloths to the red pipes. I do not know what Emma and I did more than run to and fro and dash water about frantically. Yes, we did one other thing, we blackened our faces and hands almost beyond recognition, and when her husband came in he was met by two creatures who resembled chimney sweeps or demons, it would be hard to say which. Emma's face, owing to her tears and the finger marks where she had been wiping them away, presented a more diversified appearance than mine. The kitchen fire was out, the floor wet, there was no dinner, nothing but lamentations.

Well, do you suppose we received any sympathy from him? No, I regret to say that this man dropped into a chair and laughed until I thought his mirth would end in nothing short of a fit. To tell the truth, I should have liked to join him, but I dared not for there was poor Emma with her besmirched and tearful face gazing at him in unspeakable wonder and sorrow. Well, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good. After that day Emma never made company of me again.

Her lord and master informed me confidentially (in her presence) that she took that day's disaster so much to heart that she never expected to be able to retrieve herself in my eyes, so she just gave up, "And now," he concluded, "we'll take a little comfort."

There was a time when I bore a great resemblance to my friend Emma in many respects, but, as I have said, I learned a more excellent way, and it was in this wise: An old lady who used to come to see me quite often, opened my eyes to my mistaken kindness.

"Don't try to do so much for me, my dear," she would say, "you are denying me the one thing I came for, and that is your company. Never mind if every thing is not just to your liking, it will do very nicely. I came for you, and don't you know it makes your friends uncomfortable to see that they put you out?"

That last clause I have never forgotten. Then, my dear old friend added example to precept. I noticed that whenever I visited her we had the ordinary, every-day fare, that she scarcely ever left me to muse in solitary state in the parlor as had been her frequent experience at my home, but if she was obliged to go to the kitchen I was invited to accompany her, and generally found myself installed in one of her large aprons, and something given me to do which she assured me would be a great assistance to her. If you wish to make your friends intimate ones, yes, and some who are not so intimate feel at home, try this plan.

It is one of the pleasantest for both sides, and in many cases may be of considerable benefit to one at least. For instance, I know a young lady, a real, thoughtful, unselfish girl, who when she goes to spend an afternoon with a certain friend, the mother of five fine, stirring boys, boys who can stir more holes in the knees of trousers and heels of socks than one would readily believe, always chooses a day when the week's mending is sure to be in the work basket. Her fancy work is left at home. These few hours she gives to another she counts but a small thing, and so might others, but the tired mother to whom the thought of that basket has been a weariness, whose eyes and fingers have almost ached in anticipation of it, knows how to value this little piece of kindly consideration. When one has apparently the same heap to reduce week after week, it is something to see it dwindling down occasionally, without having to put in every stitch one's self. Now, girls, you who believe that it is more blessed to give than to receive, try this if you would enjoy and make your visits enjoyable.

I heard not long since of a little girl who spent part of every Saturday with an old lady just for the purpose of helping her cut carpet rags. "Cos I like her you know," the little one said, "and it helps her awful, and my! won't I be pleased when it's all done and made up, and I see my red and yellow stripes, for you know I cut all the bright ones."

My friends, when the loom of life is silent, and the web's cut off, won't we be pleased to see here and there lighting up the darkness a bright spot which we can recognize as our own. And this requires no great labor nor self-denial.

Now my sermon is finished for to-day. When I commenced it was with the intention of giving some rather good recipes, not of preaching, but my weakness is to wander on and stray, the family must excuse me.

To make a tasty dish for tea, pick some codfish, let it soak in lukewarm water while you mix two cups of cold mashed potatoes with one pint of sweet milk, two eggs, a good sized lump of butter, and pepper and salt if it is necessary,

then add the codfish, mix well, and bake in a buttered pudding dish, for from twenty-five minutes to half an hour. Serve hot.

Oatmeal Pudding.—Mix the oat meal with a little cold water, then stir it in boiling milk, in the proportion of three tablespoonfuls of oat meal to one quart of milk, flavor, and let it cool in bowls, which you have first wet with cold water. It may be eaten with cream and sugar.

A very good jelly sauce to be eaten with the above or other puddings is made as follows: To half a pint of boiling water allow an ounce of sugar and two heaping tablespoonfuls of jelly, a teaspoonful of flour or corn starch should be dissolved in a little cold water and stirred in. Let it come to a boil, and it is ready for use.

Dried Apple Pie.—A well beaten egg is a great addition to a dried apple pie giving lightness and a good flavor also.

Prune Pudding.—A nice prune pudding is made by stewing a pound of prunes till they are soft, remove the stones, add sugar to your taste and the whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Make a puff paste for the bottom of a pudding dish. After beating the eggs and prunes together till they are thoroughly mixed, spread them on the crust. Bake for half an hour or until you are sure the pudding is well cooked.

BREND ATHOL.

THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER.

Number Eleven.

BY THERESA.

Were I capable I would like to give a pen "picture from my study." I would tell how gorgeous the trees, fences, and every thing out of doors look in their ice-bound coating, and how like diamonds they sparkled in the bright sunshine this raw March day, and, according to the almanac, the first day of spring. I dropped my knitting this evening to gaze upon the moonlight scene without, and icy diamonds everywhere met the eye, but as I have not Hazel Wyld's pen, I must be content with homely topics, and it is as well, perhaps, for we are already satiated with real winter scenery, and even now, by the outlook upon snow covered buildings, and snow banks higher than the fences in places, one would naturally pronounce it midwinter.

There will be a change soon, however, even before this article appears, and I look forward with great pleasure to the month of June, my favorite, and the loveliest of the season, the month of apple blossoms, roses, delicious strawberries, and the robins. Sweet songsters! their stay among us is only too short. Never yet have I had quite enough of their delightful "cheer up" music—but there, Mrs. C. E. A. wants to know how to make a simple receptacle for newspapers, and I will tell her how I once made one that was serviceable a good while. I cannot remember the exact size, but should say I used a piece of pasteboard between five-eighths and three-fourths of a yard long, by twelve inches wide, slanted off one end on each side, so it was rounding in the center at the top, with a scallop each side, and as the pasteboard was not very stiff, (it is better to have stiff board,) I sewed bonnet wire all around, covered it with wall paper the same as in the room where I wished to hang it, bent it so each lower corner came opposite where the slant commenced, made eyelets near the edge, and laced up the ends the same as one would a shoe, with cords and tassels of blue zephyr, leaving them the shape of a V. With a blue cord to hang it by, and a suitable picture pasted on the front it was complete. One can use her own judgment and taste as to the size, etc. It can

be of two pieces, one each for back and front, and sewed up at the bottom. It is quite pretty for one so simple to make. If she makes one, I should like to know if she is pleased with it.

Do the young housekeepers know that when washing out small articles, such as stockings, mittens, collars and cuffs, as one is often obliged to, between the weekly washings, that wringing them in a dry towel or cloth absorbs the moisture, and they dry quicker? In winter more especially is this worth knowing.

Eva J. Roberts' way of washing scarlet flannels, in a late number, is doubtless very good, but I thought last wash day, why does she not try our way, wash on both sides in one suds, then rinse in clear warm water? It takes less time, but hers may be better for scarlet underwear. Ours were the common ones. Our idea is that soap in the rinsing water tends to shrink flannels.

Our lamp wicks have all been made of cotton flannel for many years. I made one to-day. When cutting out garments we save all strips that have a selvedge edge for that purpose. A strip that is wide enough to fit the burner when folded into three thicknesses, or two, if very thick cloth, with the raw edge inside, is just right; then sew up the other edges over and over, flannel side in, with the nap down. I usually baste and try them before sewing, and if too large, trim off a paring. Use very fine thread so the stitches will not show as much when in the oil, which seems to magnify.

The old adage given as advice to young housekeepers in *THE HOUSEHOLD* awhile since, "Make the head save the feet," is very good, providing the head is not the most tired of the two, which is often the case.

A lady says she has heard that to bleach beeswax, put it in the sunshine. A New Reader can try it, and see for herself if there is any virtue in it, as it is easily done.

We had a picked up dinner to-day, and it may help some weary sister, who does not know what to get from one meal to another, that will relish, and be economical withal, to know what it consisted of. A few good potatoes and a slice of fried pork were left from a former meal. The potatoes were peeled and chopped fine with the meat and a few slices of bread, a beaten egg added, then seasoned with salt, pepper and a little ground sage, (use the latter sparingly until tried, as it will "rise on the stomach" with some people if too much is used,) and enough rich milk stirred in to make the mass cling together. Should you accidentally get it too moist, stir in a little flour or meal. It was fried on the pancake griddle. A large spoonful was dipped out at a time, and mashed flat with the spoon, then covered with a large tin cover, and when one side was nicely browned, turned and the other side browned. They are to be eaten with butter. Bits of meat of any kind, cold gravies, broken pieces of short biscuits and corn cakes, if not too dry, work in well, and those who have never tried it, do not know what a toothsome dish it is, besides a saving of the pieces that accumulate in every family, and that alone are almost worthless as food. It has been called by any quantity of names that are not found in the dictionary, such as "stodge," "ding-bats," "noodles," etc., but it is perfectly original.

We also had a bread pudding for dessert, made by soaking stale crusts in as little water as possible to soften, then adding a beaten egg, a small cup of sugar, a pinch of salt, a handful of nice dried black raspberries, well looked over and washed, and as much milk as is needed for one egg, then baked about half an hour. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating," and nothing but an empty

dish remained after dinner. If eggs are plenty, use two instead of one.

A few days before we had for dessert a steamed pudding made in this way: Buttermilk, soda to sweeten, a little salt, a few quarters of green sweet apple chopped fine, thickened with about one-third Indian meal, and the remainder fine wheat flour. Set the steamer over a kettle of boiling water, put in the pail covered, then cover the steamer, and steam about two hours, having hot water ready to replenish as often as it boils away in the kettle. The amount made filled a two-quart pail two-thirds full, and when done filled the pail. Eaten with sweetened cream seasoned with nutmeg, we found it very palatable. Lemon, vanilla, or any kind of seasoning, can be used as one chooses. Maple syrup is very nice for dressing if any are fortunate enough to possess it. Instead of buttermilk, sweet milk and baking powder, or cream of tartar and soda, can be used. Every housekeeper should own a steamer, but if they do not, the pail can be set in the kettle, with not enough water to boil up into the pail, and the pudding cooked in that way, but it must be kept boiling. Have a few nails in the kettle for the pail to rest on. We often make a pudding the same way as above, using all fine flour, and dried berries instead of apples.

The following recipe for cake was given me which I have tried and found good: Two eggs, and one cup of sugar beaten together, one-half cup of thick sour cream, fill the cup with sour milk, (I used buttermilk,) soda to sweeten, and season with nutmeg. The lady said, instead of using all white flour for it, she put in about three heaping tablespoonfuls of fine graham, or Health Food flour. It made the cake rather dark, but very light and tender. The whole amount of flour not being given, I used my own judgment, but did not measure it. The more eggs in a cake the less flour is required.

I will give for the benefit of young housekeepers, some hints that have been learned by experience consequently are "tried and true," trifling though they may seem to some. In sewing up sheets it is best not to set the stitches too closely together, with too strong thread, then when they need turning, it will save tearing out the edges, while ripping for that purpose.

Do not throw away crooked pins, but keep them in a box or on a cushion by themselves, then when wanted, straighten with a hammer on a piece of iron. They will do to pin up pictures, evergreens, bittersweet berries, pressed leaves, and all such things to the walls. They are much nicer than tacks as they do not show, nor tear the wall and paper as much.

Save all twine that comes around store packages, and wind on a ball, then when a piece is wanted in a hurry, it can be had without hunting the house over from attic to basement, and then not find it, provided the ball is kept in a handy place, as it always should be. Any suitable for darning, wind on the darning ball. Coarse cotton is very good for darning men's coarse woolen socks, and much cheaper than woolen yarn.

I was told that to prevent knives from rusting, that are in use only occasionally, scour them with Bath brick, dry thoroughly, wrap in paper, and put away in a pasteboard box. When wanted, all that is necessary, is to wipe with a dry cloth. She had tried it, and knew it to be so, but I have not. It looks reasonable, however.

When scouring knives that are very black, mix enough soft soap with the pulverized brick to make a smooth paste, then with a dampened bit of cotton flannel, find out for yourself how easily and quickly the task is done. Hard soap will

answer by scraping and softening with warm water.

Do not starch aprons to within one-fourth yard of the top, where the arms are constantly rubbing the gathers, and they will wear much longer. I have seen the bottom of good dress waists worn out on every seam by the apron band, which was starched stiff at every washing.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

Number One.

Through the media of my two latest contributions to *THE HOUSEHOLD*, I was granted entrance to its Conservatory. Now that I am remanded to The Kitchen I shall not mope in its corner, nor, beside its cheery hearth, wait, with Micawber-like faith, for the coming of original ideas worth inditing. Well do I know that no such fairy as gratified the fondest wish of Cinderella's heart, will, by the touch of a magical wand, metamorphose my pots and skillets into utensils mete to grace the *cuisine* of a palace; well do I know that no fairy auxiliair will enable me to pen any except the most practical statements respecting what will prove beneficial to inexperienced housekeepers. Positive that I am conversant with many miscellaneous directions obtained from notable housewives, therefore, I consider myself qualified to become the instructress of those who are learning the elementary branches of domestic lore.

Ladies are not imbued with an iota of such strength as was possessed by Sampson of biblical renown, still every tidy housekeeper is partial to clean floors, and in order to have them imposes upon herself tasks which are too severe. An excellent housekeeper who is physically unable to cope with scrub brush and floor mop, informs me that the labor of scrubbing may be almost entirely obviated by following these directions: Procure three quarts of boiled linseed oil, and three quarts of shellac varnish. This quantity of oil and varnish will cover as much floor as thirty yards of carpet will cover. Clean the floor well, and with a plane remove spots which you cannot scrub off. In the afternoon put on the first coat of oil with a paint brush. The oil will be dry by the ensuing noon. As soon as the oil is dry put on some shellac varnish. After two or three days apply more oil with a brush, and afterwards with a soft woolen cloth rub the oil thoroughly into all crevices. The floor will soon be perfectly dry, and can be kept clean by wiping instead of scrubbing. It can be renovated occasionally by applying the oil sparingly, and scrubbing will thereby be robbed of its fatigue. This economical reform is especially recommended to the unfortunate possessors of weak backs and diseased spines.

The floor directly in front of and upon the sides of the kitchen stove or range should be covered with sheet iron one-half yard wide, to protect the floor from drops of grease, and from coals of fire, which may accidentally fall upon it.

Unless deposited out of doors ashes just removed from the stove should be deposited in an iron ash box, or if a wooden ash box is used, it should be lined upon the bottom and sides with sheet iron. I recall two instances in which hot ashes set fire to the wooden boxes containing them, and the burning boxes set fire to, and caused to be totally consumed, the houses in which thoughtless servants had imprudently allowed the boxes of hot ashes to remain.

The kitchen lamp should be kept as clean as the dining room candelabrum, the library reflector, and the parlor chandelier. All who dislike to see or to clean the smoke which sometimes discolors

lamp chimneys can avoid the smoke by soaking the wick in strong vinegar, and drying well before igniting. The wick will then burn so well that it will afford ample satisfaction for the few moments spent in preparing it.

Happening to be out of wicks for her lamps and coal oil stove, a friend of mine utilized the brim of an old felt hat, the crown of which was worthless, and the uninjured remnant of an old balmoral skirt by cutting the remnant and the hat brim into wicks of regular width to fit the apertures in the burners for which they were intended. To insure regularity in the width of these wicks, she measured the exact width desired, marked it accurately with white crayon, and followed the white marks while cutting the felt brim and woolen remnant with sharp scissors. Scraps of white Canton flannel doubled into strips of two thicknesses, with the fleecy sides together, and the plain sides forming the exterior, also form serviceable home-made wicks. The edges must be sewed together closely before the wicks are inserted in the burners. Bought wicks can be made to last longer by piecing them carefully with strips of Canton flannel or coarse, unbleached domestic. The suffices of cloth should be annexed to the wicks before they are allowed to come in contact with the oil, as it is neither pleasant nor easy to sew strips of cloth upon a moist wick.

The above allusion to a coal oil stove reminds me to inquire if all my readers know what a great convenience these identical stoves are. My friend referred to above considered hers an indispensable convenience. She resided in the country, and her husband's business required him to leave home before daybreak in order to reach his place of business a little after daybreak. She was obliged to prepare, and he was obliged to eat his breakfast by lamp light. Instead of going into her kitchen to prepare his breakfast she boiled his coffee and fried his eggs and rasher of bacon upon her coal oil stove in her pleasant sitting room, and after daybreak cooked breakfast in her kitchen for her large family. She was at that time feeding her baby upon arrow root and condensed milk which she kept moderately warm and ready for use by keeping it upon the coal oil stove. What a comfort it was to her during the long, cold winter nights, when neuralgia tortured her poor head, and her baby's wails smote upon her heart and her nerves, to quiet them by feeding him, when she knew he was hungry, upon the artificial diet which she had but to reach forth her hand and remove from the coal oil stove she had placed upon the table close beside her bed. This may seem homely, useless talk to some of my readers, but it will be appreciated by those mothers, who, while shivering with cold at midnight, have kindled a fire and warmed milk to fill nursing bottles for their hungry, peevish infants.

In some instances, where fresh milk is non-procurable, delicate children are allowed to injure their digestive organs by drinking sour milk. Mothers who are unfortunately obliged to nourish their infants upon cow's milk, and mothers whose delicate offspring require sweet milk, will find that an adherence to the following directions for the preservation of milk and cream will conduce to the comfort and health of their children: Put the milk or cream into bottles, place them in a sauce pan with cold water, and gradually raise it to the boiling point. Remove it from the fire and instantly cork the bottles, then return them in the sauce pan to the fire, and raise the milk in them once more to the boiling point for thirty seconds. Remove at once from the fire, and allow the bottles to remain

in the sauce pan until the water in it is quite cold.

A hard brush and soap should never be applied to oil cloth. After it has been wiped carefully, it should be thoroughly washed with a soft cloth dipped in skim milk diluted with water. Dining room floors are often covered with oil cloth which will soon become discolored if washed with soap suds. If spots appear they should be removed with linseed or olive oil upon a piece of flannel, or with a mixture of equal portions of oil and stale beer or ale.

Clean newspapers spread smoothly upon the floor, and a light layer of straw placed on top of them, are nice to put under carpets.

If brooms are dipped in boiling suds weekly, they will become so tough that they will last much longer, sweep like a new broom until they are nearly worn out, and not cut the carpet.

While sweeping a very dusty carpet, wet the broom in cold water, shake well to remove the drops of water, sweep a yard or more, then wash the broom and sweep again, after shaking the water from the broom. If done carefully, this method will cleanse a carpet well, and the quantity of dust in the water will accumulate so rapidly that it will be necessary to change it several times.

Saleratus is excellent for removing grease from wood work which has not been painted. Spread thickly over the grease spots, moisten, and after it has remained a half hour wash off with tepid soap suds.

Clean the marble upon bureaus, washstands, and other furniture, with clean, soft water and soap to which some beef gall has been added. Fine white marble which is used for ornaments, and for expensive carved mantel pieces, must not be washed with soap and water, but wiped every day with a piece of soft silk. Grease stains may be removed from marble by applying pulverized magnesia, or salt of tartar. After it has remained on the grease spots a few hours wipe it off, and make a second application if the grease has not disappeared entirely.

A good method to clean painted walls, is to pulverize some Bath brick, and after rubbing a little soap upon a soft woolen cloth, dip it in the brick, and with it rub the walls. This will remove dirt without detriment to the walls.

Another excellent method to clean paint is to put some good whiting into a pan, and have ready some clean, warm water. Dip a piece of flannel cloth in the water, and wring nearly dry. Then take as much whiting as will adhere to it, and with it gently rub the painted surface until the discolorations disappear. Then wash well with clean, soft water, and wipe dry with a soft woolen cloth. Paint thus cleaned looks much better than if cleansed with soap alone.

LINDA WALTON.

FARMERS' WIVES.

BY ROSAMOND E.

In the talks about "Farmers' Wives," it seems to have been lost sight of entirely that women, be they wives of merchants, doctors, mechanics, or lawyers, preachers even, or farmers, are liable to be overworked, and, in consequence, nervous and worn, somewhat—yes, almost entirely in proportion to their financial situation, and while the husbands of the said wives, whatsoever "doth he for lucre," may be rich, and generous in providing help and comforts for their families, probably seven out of every ten are struggling to eke out a living and need to deny many real necessities to their families, hence a heavy burden falls upon

the wife who is a true helpmeet, whether she be on a farm or in a city.

City housekeepers have just as many duties in housekeeping as we, in the same circumstances of life. Often more time must be given to a keeping up of appearances by them than by their country cousins. Women who will, and "if she will you may depend upon 't," can regulate their work to suit their time, strength, and family cares. If help is not a possibility, it is well to make less work do. Of course, husband and the boys will help cheerfully, if they are shown how needful it is—to their own comfort—that they do so. Well-to-do farmers' wives have no excuse except lack of management if they are able to keep one girl to help with their kitchen work, particularly when, as is the fashion now, but two or three children are to be cared for, who, in seven years at most, need make but little extra work, and may be able to help with that, but any wife, the mother of several children, is overburdened, unless exceptionally strong, as I know a very few who are, if she has not some help with her daily duties, if she must rise, make fires, cook, wash dishes, clean, care for the baby, and entertain company, even without washing, ironing, baking and dairy work.

If people—and women are as apt to be penurious as men—will not have help with their work, or say they cannot get it, (again a false assertion, for where's the will a way will be found,) or feeling able to do for themselves, they have no right to be always grumbling about it.

My earliest recollections of opinions on this subject brings before me a home where dwelt two sisters, with whom my mother was on calling terms. They had a fine flower garden, a vegetable garden, too, poultry and bees, and kept a handsome house in good trim, upon almost nothing, by their own hands' labor, yet no one would suppose by their appearance, manner, or conversation, that they were ever in any circumstances but those of elegant leisure. I once heard one of them say, in speaking of a mutual acquaintance, "She would be so lovely but for her ill-bred way of always bringing her kitchen into her parlor with her." It impressed me then, and has probably often checked me in an extra busy time, from allowing myself to complain to those who would only be made uncomfortable by a recital of kitchen burdens.

One will, of course, sometimes find relief in the sympathy of a true friend, but it is better to do less and live, than to work one's self to death—death of the ambition, of interest in others, of our youthful dreams, of every thing but the ability to grind around a treadmill of hard work, and go to bed too tired to sleep, and rise too sleepy to think, only to enter the same treadmill again. It is not only farmers' wives, many, alas! many other women, live thus with no hope this side death. Ah! they were once happy, hopeful girls. Whose fault is it?

There has been a mention of the advent of city friends at a farm house. If they come during the busy time, with workmen to be waited upon and fruits to be saved, they must know just how one is situated. If help is not to be had, friends worthy the name, will cheerfully keep their own rooms in order, and in many ways assist, and by their presence wherever I may be busy help to do or talk with me, so we can visit all the morning, then after dinner rest and visit again. What if the last bit of every-day's work is not done. For a week or two the rest and change of having the friend with one, especially if one never goes from home more than a day or two, will so fill up the time while we are doing up the extra work afterwards that it

will pay us for the sometime fear lest they think we are very slack housekeepers.

It is best to be honest with our friends. Few country housekeepers, unless very well to do, and with no small children, really care to have long visits from their friends. I like the English custom of inviting friends for a specified time. Said a friend to me once, "I would like to have B. for a short visit, but if I invite her she may stay a month which would not suit me at all."

"Why not tell her your plans then," said I, "and invite her for a week or ten days?"

"No," said my friend, "she would just stay on, innocently enough, but without thinking she made any difference." So B. never received the invitation at all that summer.

I have had some experience in this way. I once invited an acquaintance, to whom I felt under obligation, to come to me for "a visit," not specifying time. She came—and stayed from December till June, then was sent for to go home, and wrote me that she never was anywhere she liked to be better, and she would be back as soon as possible. Ah! sisters, my heart, my "manners," as wee Winkie says, failed me. I wrote, after consulting my dear uncle, who was as a father to me, saying what my plans were, and that when it was convenient for me to have her, I would let her know. That day has never come, of course. She took offence at that remark, but I could not do otherwise. If I should tell the incidents of that visit, my reputation for veracity would be blighted, so I will not tell here.

A very different experience I will relate, however. Once a dear friend with her daughter came to me "for a week," as she wrote. Before that time had passed sickness came into our family, and she came to me saying, "I want you to say if you had rather we would not stay, for if so, we will not add to your cares, but if we can help you we will stay."

With aching heart I begged her not to leave me, and for a month she shared my anxiety, and helped and relieved me in the sick room with both hands and voice, talking cheerfully, advising, and encouraging, and, when the crisis was over, insisting upon my resting every moment she could take my place. How often in similar straits have I thought of that dear friend and wished for such another, one who can come to a friend and visit, making every hour a new pleasure to the family, and so enjoying the homely farm scenery and surroundings and fare that no shade of anxiety lest failure of attentions give offence, can spoil our share of the visit.

When country folks go to the city, sometimes they are annoyed by the contrast between the way they present their city friends to their neighbors, and the very cool reception they receive, or the failure to be introduced in city circles, even where their friends are most intimate. There are many things to be considered here, and sensible women will see the folly of caring for meeting strangers who will only criticise their country style and manners. While they know their neighbors are seldom other than very ready to admire and approve of their city visitors, they need not expect such consideration for themselves unless under some special circumstances.

Farmers' wives have been much abused in the giving out that they, as a class, work harder and have less pleasure than other women. Leave off the "farmers," say simply "wives" or "women" and then you may classify. You may say one out of every ten has a happy, easy, generous life; two more seldom fail of the same; three others strive to reach such a life, but regret their inability to strug-

gle with the weight they must carry; three more work and fret and envy everybody else, and make themselves and everybody about them as miserable as they can, and find their only enjoyment in doing so; one probably just yields to circumstances, "don't care," and lives "hit or miss," oftenest "miss." Isn't it true sisters?

ANOTHER "WEEK OF PUDDINGS."

I am much interested in all the letters to our paper, and I am particularly interested, too, in the subject of puddings, but when a recent chapter gave a whole week of puddings I was disappointed, for they were too nice, I could not afford to use from three to half a dozen or more eggs to each pudding. I wondered if other sisters might not share the feeling. Thinking it might be so I send a week of puddings requiring not one egg, yet which we think very good. I have picked up the recipes here and there, but have never seen any of them in THE HOUSEHOLD.

MONDAY. *Steamed Pudding.*—Three cups of flour, two small teaspoonfuls of baking powder, or cream of tartar and soda, one and one-half cups of milk, or water, salt, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one egg if you have it, if not another half cup of flour. Steam an hour. Eat with sweet sauce or cream. Dried berries or cranberries make a nice addition to this pudding.

TUESDAY. *Boiled Indian Pudding.*—To each quart of milk add nearly a pint of apple cut in pieces, not slices, eight tablespoonfuls of meal, and a little salt. Boil in a covered pail or pudding dish three hours. This is nice cooked with the old-fashioned "boiled victuals." To be eaten with cream or sauce. Dried berries are a good substitute for apple or it is good with neither.

WEDNESDAY. *Molasses Pudding.*—Two and one-half cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, salt, two-thirds cup of molasses, one cup of milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter or lard, and one teaspoonful of spice. Raisins make an improvement. Steam one and one-fourth hours. Eat with cream or sour sauce.

THURSDAY. *Baked Indian Pudding.*—Place the quantity of milk you wish to use in your pudding dish on the stove. While it is heating pare and cut into it in pieces, not slices, several apples, sweet or sour. Add salt and sugar according to taste and the sweetness of your apples, and when scalding hot stir in meal in nearly the proportion of seven tablespoonfuls to each quart of milk. As there is a great difference in corn meal, it is necessary to try it after it has baked an hour or two, and add milk or meal as it is too thick or too thin. Bake not less than four or five hours.

FRIDAY. *Bread Pudding.*—Cover the bottom of the pudding dish with bread crumbs, then slice on a layer of apples, sprinkle on dried currants if you have them, sugar, salt, and spice, then another layer of bread, and so on till the dish is nearly full, then over the top place very thin slices of bread and cover with milk. Bake an hour and a half.

SATURDAY. *Hurry Pudding.*—Heat a quart or more of milk, if it is not plenty use half water, and add salt. When boiling stir in dry flour till thick enough to not run, then set on the back of the stove and let it cook slowly ten minutes. Eat with melted sugar. Graham is excellent used instead of fine flour, and raisins make it better, but we think cream necessary to eat with it.

SUNDAY. *Suet Pudding.*—Mix together one cup of suet chopped fine, one cup of raisins, one cup of molasses, then add one cup of sour milk and two teaspoonfuls of soda mixed in a handful of flour,

stir till it foams, then add flour to make a stiff batter. Steam one and one-half hours. This is especially nice for Sunday as it can be made in the week and reheated when desired. Indeed it can be kept for weeks. It is nice eaten with a sauce of butter and sugar, but is best with cream, as are nearly all these puddings, and as I succeed in saving some cream from three pints of milk a day, and don't skim my baby's milk either, I think it is not unattainable to most people.

FAYE.

ODDS AND ENDS.

I flatter myself that the sisters do not wish Aunt Rachel to retire from their ranks entirely; she does not propose so to do. On the contrary many things has she to say to you, so many that she knows not where to commence.

From the letters received I find many are interested in the late article on photograph painting; several inquire, "What can I do to remove the detestable, shiny spots, that will come, after I think I have pressed out all of the paste?" I wish I could give more satisfactory information, but really, all that I can say, is to have patience, a little more pressing and they will all come out, the spots will show plainer after the paraffining.

Mrs. R., the paraffine is put on the picture after it is rubbed off sufficiently; then and then only. I cannot explain the reason of the glass breaking, after it has been worked upon, but I think I should try purchasing them elsewhere.

In our late papers I so often read that some John, or some loving spouse, wants John to have a corner of our paper where they can enter complaint about "poor lemon pies," etc. It strikes me that they occupy their space and a large space too. Now I seem to see surprise depicted on more than one countenance at so bold an assertion, but look over your HOUSEHOLDS from the first page to the last and I think you will agree with me, for after all, are not most of the advertisement columns occupied by somebody's John?

Now of the 70,000, aren't there many of the sisters who have to earn their own livelihood; who are in business; women with brains who can, and do, invent and manufacture some of these labor saving machines? I always feel a general sense of satisfaction when I see the paper bags with the corners folded in so neatly, for I have it from good authority that a lady originated the idea of so turning them.

For Emma E.'s benefit I would say that as nice sauce for puddings, etc., as need be, is made as follows: A cup of white sugar, beaten thoroughly with an egg, pour over this a gill of boiling milk stirring rapidly all of the time, flavor to taste.

There are so many questions I want to answer, so many things that I want to tell you, how to make a hammock, etc., that I know not where to stop. But, must, shall be my motto now, after adding that I hope the coming year will prove a prosperous one to the Crowell household in Vermont, THE HOUSEHOLD as a paper, and the households of the various members of the Band scattered far and wide, and in order to make it so, let each one send a new name, (as I have,) to be added to the 70,000.

AUNT RACHEL.

THE WHY IN VEGETABLE COOKERY.

Why should beans never be put into cold water to soak, as is often recommended? Because all the nutritious portion of the bean is extracted by the process. They should be washed in warm

water, then in cold, be tied loosely in a cloth, be put into boiling water with a little salt in it, and be kept boiling for four hours. They are then excellent to serve with gravy, and not with melted butter. They serve as garnish around roast mutton or beef, and are excellent eating served whole or as a puree. To make the latter, when the beans are done, throw them instantly into cold water when the skins will slip off. Rub the beans through a colander, and mix a lump of butter with them. A little stock, or milk, or cream, is excellent mixed in.

Why should plenty of fast-boiling water be used in boiling vegetables, potatoes excepted? Because the greater the body of boiling water the greater the heat. If only a little water be used the whole affair soon cools and the vegetables become tough, so much so that no length of time in boiling them will render them otherwise. Broccoli sprouts in April, if properly cooked by boiling them for eight minutes in boiling water, will be tender as marrow, but if not properly done, hours will not cook them.

Why should onions be always cut in round and very thin rings? Because the fibre is thus cut across, and in so cutting them, whether for frying or for making sauce, they are rendered very tender when cooked. With turnips and carrots it is just the same; neither of the three should be split or cut in any other way.

Why should parsley never be boiled with soda—only boiling water and salt? Because parsley, having no oil in it, would be spoiled with soda, and all flavor would be extracted. All parsley should be picked free from the stem, be put into plenty of boiling water with salt, and in summer be boiled only one minute, and in winter two minutes, and be strained and chopped on the back of a plate. If only a little water is used in boiling it, the water becomes brown, and the parsley tough and ill-flavored.

Why should vinegar for pickling with never be boiled? Because boiling takes all the strength from it. Whatever vegetables are to be pickled should first be made soft with boiling water strong with salt, and then be well drained and vinegar poured over.

Why should salt and a bit of soda always be put in the water to boil greens with? Because the salt crisps the greens and flavors them, and the soda extracts the oil, which is greatly injurious to the digestion.—Ex.

CHATS WITH YOUNG HOUSE-KEEPERS.

One of the causes of dyspepsia at the present day consists in the hobbies which so many people ride in regard to food. One person gets the impression that one article of diet is the cure-all, and another that something else will prevent all the evils that flesh is heir to, and he makes a hobby of this one thing, and not only rides himself to death on it, but insists that all the persons whom he knows, or over whom he has any influence shall ride it, too.

Oat meal is good in its way, if one likes it, and grits and graham bread and many other things, but they will create dyspepsia if they are not properly cooked, or used too continually, and to the exclusion of other varieties of food.

Dyspepsia is more often cured by an absolute meat diet than by a vegetarian diet, and the reason why good effects often follow the first trials of vegetarianism is because the subjects have been in the habit of eating heartily of meat, and the change benefits them. On the same principle it is beneficial for those who have been in the habit of making their breakfast of oat meal to take a new de-

parture occasionally, and make a breakfast of meat, fish or fruit.

There are many small observances in eating which are essential to health and to which the most ardent reformers pay no sort of attention. One of these is to be sure that bread is perfectly sweet and light and one day old. Another is the abstaining from hot toast, hot biscuit, hot bread of any kind not only because it forms hard, soggy pellets in the stomach, but melts the butter and renders it indigestible. Tea drank constantly and in such quantities as one good-sized cup three times a day as many people drink it, is responsible, say some of our leading physicians, for the terrible kidney diseases which have developed themselves with such alarming rapidity of late years. Temperance in all things, and as much variety as possible of good, wholesome food is wisdom.

Give thought, care, and pains to your housekeeping, so that it shall be clean and healthful, and create an atmosphere in which it shall be good to live. Cooking is not all there is of life, even in the kitchen, and if you find yourself, even against your will, obliged to give most of your time to it, put into it your intelligence, your judgment, and your refinement, and the result will be more beneficial to those with whom you are immediately connected than if you wrote a successful book.

IRENE LUNT.

GIRLS SHOULD LEARN DOMESTIC DUTIES.

A mother has no right to bring up a daughter without teaching her how to keep house; and if she has an intelligent regard for her daughter's happiness, will not do it.

By knowing how to keep house, we do not mean merely knowing how books should be arranged on a center table, and how to tell servants what is wanted to be done. We mean how to get a breakfast, a dinner, a supper; how to make a bed; how to sweep a room; how to do the thousand and one different things which are requisite to keep a house in order, and to make it pleasant.

A person who does not know how to do a thing well, does not know how to have it done well. No number of servants makes up for the want of knowledge in a mistress.

A family employed a girl to do general housework. She came just at night, and the first thing assigned to her to do was to wash the supper dishes. She washed them in cold water, and without soap!

A gentleman sent home a roasting piece of beef and a quantity of cut porterhouse steaks. When he sat down to dinner he learned that the new cook had roasted the steaks!

Yet many a boarding-school miss at the time of her marriage might make either of these mistakes.

Not one woman in a thousand knows how to make bread as good as it can be made. And sour tempers, scoldings, dyspepsia, with its indescribable horrors, and even death itself, not unfrequently result from bad cooking.

Mothers, whatever else you may teach your daughters do not neglect to instruct them in all the mysteries of housekeeping. So shall you put them in the way of good husbands and happy homes.

HOW TO MAKE RAISINS.

Some one asked in regard to making raisins. Having seen something of it, I will try to explain. The best are made of the Muscat and Malaga grapes, both of which require a red clay soil. The Sultana grape makes the seedless raisins. The grapes are spread on trays, two feet by four, two inches from the ground.

When partially dry a new tray is placed over them, both turned over, and the first one taken away. This is repeated until well dried. They are now hard and the stems break easily. They are next put in a large box to sweat. When soft, a box the size of the one they are to be packed in, is placed on the scales. This box has an iron bottom which can be drawn out. After spreading in the wrapping paper, the raisins are put in, five pounds at a time, and pressed until they fill a certain space. This is one layer. The bottom of the box is drawn out, and this layer let into a box below. This is repeated until the packing box is full. The sugar which forms on them is from the fruit itself. They are sometimes used when dried before putting in the sweat box. These are called dried grapes. Many kinds make very good dried grapes which will not make raisins.

In one number of THE HOUSEHOLD some one wanted to know what could be done with green grapes. They make good pies, but don't forget to put in plenty of sugar.

M. A.

San Bernardino, Cal.

HOW PROF. BLOT FRIED POTATOES.

Cut them in whatever shape you wish, above a bowl of cold water, so that they will drop into it. Then drain and wipe them dry. This must be done quickly, so as not to allow the potatoes to turn reddish. Have a coarse towel ready, then turn the potatoes into a colander, and immediately turn them into the towel, shake them a little, and quickly drop them into hot fat. When done turn them into a colander, sprinkle salt on them, and serve hot. If you wish them light or swelled, leave the potatoes in the colander only about half a minute, then, put them back in the very hot fat, stir for about a minute, and put them again in the colander. If the fat is very hot, when dropped into it for the second time, they will certainly swell. Bear in mind that fried potatoes must be eaten as hot as possible. Fry only one size at a time, as it takes three times as long to fry them when cut in pieces as when sliced.

—Hops should be kept in bags and hung up; they are not good after a year old.

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Having received so much help from others, I would like to give a little in return. Having never seen my rule for packing down ham, I will try to give it. First, place the ham in a pickle, let it remain there about three months, then take up the hams and drain them well. Slice as for the table, fry till about half cooked, or well heated through, pack the slices closely in a stone crock, and pour the drippings over them. So continue till your crock is full, melt enough lard and pour over the ham to cover it. Then place an inverted plate on top and a weight. After it is cool, remove the weight, cover the crock with paper and tie, then put on the cover and set in a cool place. When wanted for cooking, remove a little of the lard, and with a fork remove the number of slices required. Melt the lard that you removed and pour back in the crock.

To pack sausages for summer use, after drying them for a few days, separate them as for cooking. Pack closely in a crock, and pour enough boiling lard over them, to cover the sausages weight and tie up as in packing ham.

If Esther, in the October number, will send her address to me, I will send her directions for knitting a lace necktie.

MRS. BESSIE J. COTTON.

South Deerfield, N. H.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I wish to send my sincere thanks for this excellent paper, one of the best of my wedding presents. My husband laughs at me every time it comes, because, as he says, "Work must stop now until that paper is glanced (?) through."

Nevertheless, he is loud in its praise, and often declares that he cannot see what I would do without it. If there is a recipe of any kind wanted, or a spot to be removed from some unlucky garment, he immediately tells me, he is sure if I look in THE HOUSEHOLD, I shall find something to help me out. It is even so. THE HOUSEHOLD is indeed a blessing to our little family. Last Christmas I was to have company to dinner, and how I did worry about the turkey, never having cooked one, but THE HOUSEHOLD came just in season, with Emily Hayes' "Dining Room Notes," to help me out of my trouble. You can certainly count on my vote for an Emily Hayes' recipe book.

I am greatly interested in the articles on the Chautauqua studies. I am a member of the class of '85, and believe it to be the most instructive and pleasant course of reading in which one could engage, and do heartily recommend it to any in search of such a course.

Perhaps the sisters and the brothers, for I believe the latter are the ones who should attend to this kind of work, would like to know the best and quickest way to start a coal fire. Instead of new coal, put on old coal next to the kindlings. You will be surprised to see how quickly the fire will be under way. When first informed of this method, we were incredulous, but have since tried it with great success.

I would like to send my recipe for patch cake. One and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one-half cup of milk, three eggs, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and three cups of flour. Flavor with vanilla or lemon. It makes a nice large loaf, and one that will keep fresh for a long while.

There have been many recipes for pork cake in our paper. I have one which I know is nice, so would like to send it.

Pork Fruit Cake.—Two cups of sugar, four eggs, three-fourths pound of pork, chopped fine, one and one-half cups of molasses, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of nutmeg, one tablespoonful each of cinnamon and clove, one and one-half cups of raisins, one-half pound of citron, one pound of currants, and four cups of flour. It makes a deep loaf. Half the rule is good for a smaller loaf. I hope these recipes will meet with favor among the sisters.

I would like to tell Sunnyside that I know of two or three cases fully as bad as she represents in her article on "Our Rights," and I hope if these men do not read the paper that the wives may have the courage to read the article to them.

I am afraid I have already written too much, but would like to ask if any one can tell me of an easy way to remove butter from small five-pound boxes without crumbling and breaking.

I have made a number of those pretty tissue mats, and am very much pleased with them. One of my friends purposes to teach it to her mission scholars that the little fingers may be busy for their coming fair. MRS. C. A. TILTON.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Please may I come in this morning and tell Old Subscriber a sure way of having nice tart shells. Add to one-half cupful of lard warmed, two tablespoonfuls of lukewarm water, the white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth, and a pinch of salt. Sift one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one-fourth teaspoonful of soda, in one cup of

flour. Stir into the mixing, and add flour just to roll out. Bake quickly. Please try and report.

Perhaps she makes her cookies too stiff. Mine were always just as she describes hers to be, until I came across a recipe in THE HOUSEHOLD, which I have used ever since, and I always have good success now.

Emily Hayes, your sugar cookies are delicious. When is the cook book coming?

E. D. S. I think Turkey red makes cozy-looking curtains for a sitting room or bed room. They are pretty made to loop back, and tied with ribbon. One-half can be of cream colored cheese cloth, or the very thinnest quality of unbleached cotton, the other of the red. Finish with lace of a pretty pattern. These are inexpensive and real pretty.

Of course, we must admit the gentlemen into our circle. The most of them furnish the \$1.10 for us, why not let them share the benefits of the paper? But they must behave real nice, and let the sisters talk just as they are doing now. IDA MAY.

New Hampshire.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have so recently stepped into the Band that I feel some hesitation about speaking out before all the sisters, but I want to tell how much I enjoy the paper. I have come to look for its monthly visit as I would that of some dear friend. The letters are so full of helpful suggestions that with THE HOUSEHOLD always at hand one could almost do without "mother's" advice.

I would like to shake hands with Connecticut Boy. He certainly deserves encouragement in his task, and help, too. Are there no other Connecticut boys of like mind and courage? I hope he has sisters to appreciate him. If not, he is a blessing to his mother, I know.

If Carrie will once make jelly of unripe grapes, she will not wait for them to ripen again. Taken just before they begin to turn, they make a lovely clear jelly with a delicious flavor.

Peggy, if you will wash your stone jar in lye, it will cleanse it perfectly from rancid butter.

L. G. B., boil your lawn dress in weak lye, then bleach it in the sun. It will remove the figure.

Can any one tell me how to remove ink stains from woolen goods, or can it be done? BETH.

Arkansas.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Some months ago Pansy asked how to prepare mustard, and as I have seen no answer I will venture to reply. Mix thoroughly four teaspoonfuls of mustard, two teaspoonfuls of flour, and one teaspoonful of sugar. Pour on scalding water, and let it cook a few minutes, stirring briskly, then add vinegar.

Here is a recipe for a cake which can be used as sponge or layer cake, and is very nice: Three eggs, one cup of sugar, one-fourth cup of water, one teaspoonful of cream, one teaspoonful of butter, one and one-half cups of flour, and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in a quick oven.

To make Dakota preserves, take one egg to every five tablespoonfuls of molasses. Let the molasses, New Orleans is best, come to a boil, then break in the eggs, stirring briskly after each egg is added, then add spices of all kinds. By the time your spices are in and stirred thoroughly, the eggs will be well done. If made right they will be in pieces, and many will be puzzled to know what it is. This is an excellent substitute for preserves, where fruit is scarce.

I have a pattern for knitting fancy mittens of silk or fine yarn which I would

like to exchange for any pattern of simple fancy work.

Will some of the sisters who have had more experience in caring for canaries than I, tell what seed is best and how to take care of them? NELLIE E. STUART. Dakota.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I must ask pardon for neglecting so long to thank you for your valuable wedding present in the form of THE HOUSEHOLD. My only excuse is, that in going immediately to housekeeping upon our return from the east, I have found so little time for writing. Accept my thanks for the paper. I shall certainly never do without it.

Here is one of my choice cake recipes which I have made for my New Year's callers, so the friends of THE HOUSEHOLD need not feel afraid to try it:

Malaga Cake.—Two cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter stirred to a cream, one-half cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, three teaspoonfuls of yeast powder, and the whites of seven eggs beaten stiff. Flavor with extract of lemon. Bake in three layers.

Filling.—Whites of three eggs beaten, and powdered sugar as for frosting. Save out enough for the top, then add one cup of seeded and chopped raisins, and one teaspoonful of lemon extract. Spread between the layers, with the frosting on top.

I have just read Honolulu's statement in regard to having so much time to practice on the piano, and still more for reading. I, too, am my own housekeeper, but find my time for such things very limited. Will Honolulu please give me some hints about managing?

Wishing the friends of THE HOUSEHOLD a Happy New Year, I am, South St. Louis. LUELLA WILLIAMS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Some one asks for a recipe for varnish. Mix equal parts of vinegar, spirits of turpentine, and sweet oil in a bottle, and apply with a flannel cloth, rubbing afterwards with a chamois or piece of silk.

C. A. F. asks for recipe for sponge cake. Beat six eggs two minutes, yolks and whites together, add three cups of sugar and beat five minutes, two cups of flour and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and beat two minutes, add one cup of cold water with one-half teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in it and beat one minute, add a little salt and two cups of flour and beat another minute, observing time. Flavor with lemon. I have proved this recipe to be good.

Some one asks for directions for polishing and ornamenting horns. I will give my way. First, select horns of a pretty shape and color, and soak them over night or several hours in a strong lye made from good wood ashes. Then boil them for a while in the lye, take out and with an old knife scrape off the thickest of the gluey substance from the outer and inner surfaces, then boil again: scrape again, and after the greater part of the roughness is removed, scrape with a piece of glass until the surface is smooth and shining and free from any tint of yellow. The stronger the lye the easier the scraping, but be careful that the top of the horn isn't eaten by the lye. While still soft from the lye, cut the top in the shape desired and bore small holes for the cord. Then ornament with embossed pictures, and varnish with coach varnish made nearly as thin as water by means of turpentine. Some horns require but two coats of varnish, others as many as three or four. Thoroughly dry each coat of varnish before adding another. Suspend with a cord. Great care must be taken to keep the varnished surface free from bubbles.

A SUBSCRIBER.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

MR. EDITOR:—I have received THE HOUSEHOLD as a bridal gift, and as my year expires with the present month, I deem it to be one of the indispensable of the coming year, and therefore fill in the ranks as a regular subscriber. And now, Mr. Editor, why may not I be allotted a place in one little corner of your sound, sensible, and cheerful fireside companion, for such are the sentiments I endorse, in behalf of your thoroughly domestic paper. And I am a farmer's wife also, and do I not feel alike a sympathetic chord aroused in behalf and defense of my dear sisterhood of like associations?

I have not nine children of my own to be sure, but I have an Ed. of my own, and that sly eye of his will run over the items of THE HOUSEHOLD, and seemingly gets rather absorbed in the farmers' wives' letters especially, and at the same time, casts his eye over his shoulder, and says, "Well, wife, you better subscribe for that paper now;" and I find he is always quite ready to cut the leaves as soon as THE HOUSEHOLD crosses the threshold, and I verily believe swallows the contents, and then turns to me, and says rather indifferently, "Here, take your woman's paper." After all, I believe he is quite an advocate for its success, and if the truth be known, would acknowledge it to be as welcome a guest as myself.

I can truly sympathize with some of the farmers' wives, and I believe there are many overburdened ones, whose trials and vexations are innumerable, and see no resting place by the way-side, but press on sisters, take heart, "there is no darkened cloud, but has its silver lining," although hid from mortal gaze. And may not a brighter future await us, who are sitting a little in the shadows. Let us come up to the front ranks, and if we do put one shoulder hard to the wheel, we may be sweetly rewarded yet. Let us hope for a faint glimmer of sunshine now and then, if only for a moment, and surely, one cheery beam will be the reading of THE HOUSEHOLD. I am not E. B., (although her sympathizer,) but I am, although a little out of season, most surely, A MAY BEE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—

'Tis the night after Christmas, when all in a train, This aching to write, will upset my poor brain. I'm thinking I'll tell to THE HOUSEHOLD with care, My budget of pretty things. Presto! they're there. The first is a handkerchief made in a bag; You never would think it was made from a rag. Is silken, with ribbons balls hanging at ends. Of course, in the contrast, its beauty depends. The one that I have is of very light blue, With balls streaked with gold and long strings the same hue. The next is a cozy—to cover your tea; And always will keep it so hot, don't you see? Is made of Ture's satin, embroidered with flowers, The inside is quilted—that shows your powers. And now to your wondering eyes shall appear, But a table so pretty and yet so queer. Made out of an old washstand, the older the better, If one follows directions given to the letter. Now listen, and I'll tell you all about the same. But the materials first, I'll call them by name. The washstand, some felting, some gilding, some silk. Some nail heads, wood extra, and things of that ilk. Nail on the extra wood, and the railing take off. Now gild it and drape it. Your hat now you'll doff. For isn't it pretty, this table of ours? Don't all say that it surely deserves the best flowers? Oh! here is a bag, that I've spoke of before. With beads, seeds and satin; they wore them of yore. I've made one that's prettier, the pattern was sent, A dear HOUSEHOLD sister on kindness was bent. Now I'll next show an apron, all ribbon around; Of scrim it is made, five colors of ribbon around. The daintiest article for young folks to suit, And it dresses you up from your head to your foot. A bundle of ribbon work next here I find, So pretty to look at, easy made, if you'll mind. Ah! here is a tidy! of daisies, a cluster! Punch holes, put your ribbon, no strength you need muster.

Here is a thing tells if the weather is cold. He is charming and true, but a young fellow bold. It, of blue satin is made, at right hand a transfer, Though one could embroider, of course 'twould well answer. A lamp shade comes next, made of ribbon and lace. Bright cardinal ribbon, (it shades well your face). The lace take and edge it, then work in some fringe. Now run in a gathering, put it on—don't singe. I've a banner too, of color—old gold, With pretty ferns on it. It cannot be told. Now what do you think of the budget I've sent you? I shall be satisfied if ideas I've lent you. All the "pretties" combined, make one's home the more bright. "Happy New Year to all, and to all a good night." Box 207, Hyde Park, Mass. FRANK E.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—The advent of the new year reminds me of my HOUSEHOLD friends and correspondents, to some of whom I am indebted. To such, I would say, it is not a willful neglect on my part, but a necessary one, as my cares are constantly increasing. Every thing requiring immediate reply, has received as prompt attention as possible.

Thanks for the daily received from one in exchange, also for the advertising cards afterward. The same mail that brought me the beautiful,

hand-painted pansies at Christmas from a dear invalid, carried a message from me; did she receive it? Others from the same one are highly prized—more so, from being accomplished through much weary suffering. Many mementoes, first and last, from the Band, such as pretty cards, books, boxes of stationery, shopping bag, etc., are treasured with care. In some cases they were accompanied with their photographs. I would like more of the latter, and those of the Band who will send one with name and address, will in return receive my autograph on a postal card for their album.

Having become so disgusted with the mistakes in the lace directions, they are not often tried at "our house," but of late, there seems to be a marked improvement in them. To-day, I tried the corrected Beautiful Lace, by Ziph, in November number, also Grandma's Lace, in same number, and am pleased to report them as very pretty and correct.

While I sit writing this evening, one is making "paper flowers" from directions in the December number, by O. A. O., and is succeeding very well indeed, for an amateur, having made some quite natural daisies and roses. She thinks it would be nice, to hide perfumed cotton among the leaves, and make believe they are "truly" roses.

There are those who in duty bound, ought to have written me long ago, but there may be a good reason for their protracted silence, and so I will try to think, hoping yet to hear from them.

With kind greetings, and wishing that all may enjoy the festive holidays as they pass, yours very truly,
NELLIE MAY

DEAR FRIENDS OF THE BAND:—Another southerner knocks at the mystic gate. Will you bid her welcome, or have the northern sisters too many in the ring now? If you have, as I am small, I will perch on Rosamond E.'s chair and keep very quiet and listen.

I enjoy reading THE HOUSEHOLD very much, and now I make my first call to ask if you can tell me if when the sisters ask for a piece of poetry, would a written copy answer the purpose. I have most all the pieces, but in such a way I could not send a printed copy but would so like to answer some appeal for help.

"Blessed is the man who makes a short stay, for he shall be invited to come again." Believing this old saying, I will close, but you will hear again from the

QUEEN OF THE HORNET NEST.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have just been looking over some of the letters in our August number, and have been wondering if I, too, might not add my mite by writing to THE HOUSEHOLD Band. I have been a subscriber for our excellent paper for two years. Last year it was sent to me as a present by a dear sister, and now I do not think I shall try to do without it as long as I can honestly raise a dollar and ten cents. I used to read it about five years ago, when a kind sister of the Band lent me the numbers. She was an old subscriber and I believe a life member.

Summer is nearly gone and autumn with its "varied hues" is at hand. I could not help regretting the loss of our beautiful wild roses when they faded from our midst. But fade they did, and now there is not even a "last" one, "left blooming alone." This is truly the home of the wild rose. It grows to perfection and in such variety, from a deep red to a faint tinge of pink, nearly white. During its reign as queen of the prairie, my little girls almost lived among them, and seldom failed from having a fresh bouquet every morning on the breakfast table.

Next in importance came the yellow primrose so common everywhere and so beautiful; and now the golden rod waves its yellow scepter all around us. How kind in our heavenly Father to give us these silent reminders of his love and mercy.

The summer here has been cool, very little hot weather even in harvest, which has been so favorable for the poor tired housewife, and also for man and beast.

My husband this year possessed himself of a twine binder, and we have gone through a large harvest with comparative ease. It is so superior to the old method as it saves so much hard work both out doors and in.

I am so much interested in reading the letters which come to us monthly from so many parts of our great republic. Amethyst's letters from Florida are splendid. I spent one year in that land of briars and sand, and have little desire to return to it, yet, when stern winter comes with his icy fetters and howling winds, and shuts us in from our out-door freedom, I almost sigh for a temporary lodge among the balmy pines of Florida.

Barbara Thorne, let us hear from you again. I like your independent way of writing.

There are so many valuable recipes of all kinds, much better than any I can give, that I will not offer any this time, but I send my best wishes and kind regards to all the sisters.

Northwestern Iowa. MRS. CARRIE R.

DEAR SISTERS:—I am away down in the "Slough of Despond" this evening. I am tired, so tired that now my two little boys being safe

in dream land, and knowing that this is my best opportunity for putting in a stitch here and there, I have neither the ambition nor the energy to take up my needle. I really think I deserve a medal, for I can work harder all day and accomplish less than any woman I ever heard tell of. How I envy you, dear, systematic sisters, who do all your own work, and yet find time to do fancy work, read, or any thing you please. Somebody do comfort me, I am desperate.

KATIE DIDN'T.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I act on the impulse of the moment, though I have often thought of the proposition I am about to make, and, with your consent I will put it before the Band. The suggestion is this:

As there is such a large number of THE HOUSEHOLD Band, and many of us are neighbors, perhaps without knowing it, I think if a society pin be adopted and worn by all the subscribers, especially when traveling about on pleasure trips, it would enable us to recognize and become acquainted with many of the sisters whom I suppose we often meet in our journeys and assemblies, at home and abroad, but do not know it, as we do not happen to come in personal contact, but the eye catching sight of said pin we should feel like friends at once. This is the main object in the pin.

I send an original design, a three-leaved clover, with the honey bee on it, the meaning of which is readily seen, viz: "United, busy workers." On the leaves the tiny letters might be cut, H. B. P., HOUSEHOLD Band pin, or some other motto of three words more appropriate to the general feeling and spirit of the subscribers. If any one else can give a better design all together, let's have it, then we will leave it to your judgment as to which is best to take. When the design is chosen, have it given in our paper as the H. B. badge, then the Band will become familiar with it, so they would readily recognize it on others, though they may have none themselves.

I should think this badge could be made without much expense, as the taste and pocket could be suited to each other. It would be pretty in pure silver, oxidized silver, plain gold, and mixed gold, using different colors for different parts of the design, which would make it quite handsome. Sisters, what do you think of it?

MRS. J. V. GUTHRIE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—How many of your readers, I wonder, have had an opportunity of visiting the two great fairs that have interested Boston so much this fall? The one which the average New Englander goes to first, is naturally the American Exposition, for there the exhibits are either manufactured or grown in America.

The "Women's Department" seems to be one of the most attractive features of the fair, and occupies one acre of the space. There is a great deal of exquisite needle work that would gladden the hearts of THE HOUSEHOLD sisters could they but see it; crazy quilts in dazzling array, of all kinds of designs, if a crazy quilt can be said to have a design, knit and crocheted bed spreads in abundance, embroidery and beautiful painting. One toilet set I noticed of garnet satin, trimmed with lace the same shade, and embroidered with golden daisies. It was a perfect gem.

The imprudent man who made the assertion that "women were not inventors," would not have dared to show himself in this department where so many articles of woman's invention stood ready to contradict him. There was a machine for binding and wiring bonnets, a folding ironing table, a commode dressing case, an oil stove, the French utility bedstead, and numerous other inventions.

The manufacture of spool cotton in all its branches is especially interesting, particularly the part where one of the lady operators presents you with a spool of white cotton that has been made and wound there. As she does so she looks at you quite sharply and says, "Did I give you one before?" I am afraid she gets cheated occasionally by some visitors ambitious to get more than their share of mementoes.

All the exhibitors hand out to one as he passes, fancy cards or advertisements of some sort, and many give something more substantial, so that visitors to the fair come away loaded down with bills, cards, and parcels of all descriptions. At one exhibit of pens and pencils, you receive a pen neatly enclosed in an envelope. One woman when she took the envelope, shook it, pinched it, held it up to the light in a vain endeavor to see through it, and finally asked, "What's this?"

"A pen," replied the young lady in charge.

"Oh! and are the directions for using it inside?"

Near by a number of boys were enjoying a slide in the Spencer fire escape which extends from the balcony to the floor. It resembles a ladder with a canvas back, and I should think in case of a fire, one might make quite a comfortable descent in it, though I am not at all anxious to experiment at present. While I stood watching this performance, one little boy, after getting into the slide, became frightened at the long distance between him and terra firma and persistently clung to the rounds with his hands and feet. After a while the shouts and laughter of his companions who had been through and felt

very brave, encouraged him, and he let go, coming down safely.

I suppose you think there could not possibly be any thing very romantic about a switch of hair. I saw one, however, among the crimps and frizzes of a hair exhibit, that had quite a romance connected with it. It was sixty-four inches in length, and valued at \$350. It was cut from the head of a peasant girl, and sold by her in order to prevent her parents from being turned out of their home by their landlord, a wealthy man whom the young girl had refused to marry.

Passing through the concert hall on my way to the art gallery, I paused to hear a selection from one of Wagner's operas, which was being finely rendered. Right in front of me was a couple from the rural districts, who had come with the evident intention of "doing" the fair thoroughly. They had their lunch baskets with them, which undoubtedly held "pie and doughnuts," and were listening to the music with faces grave as owls. "They call them selections of music," said the man, when the final chords were reached, "I don't want to hear no more of them, let's go and see the picture's," and I went in the same direction. The art gallery contains a fine collection of paintings, over seven hundred, and one could spend a whole day there, studying and admiring them. I had not time to do so, however, and so will not speak of them, as I could not do the subject justice.

HATTIE.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

TO DRY CITRON.—Quarter the citron, remove all the seeds and pare as thin as possible. Into six quarts of water put two tablespoonfuls of alum after it is dissolved, drop the quarters of citron in so that they can all be pressed under the water, boil them slowly until you can pierce them easily with a fork, remove the pieces carefully to a pan or platter. The same water will answer for three or four batches of citron. After the citron is drained, weigh it, and take half the weight of sugar and put in the kettle with water enough to dissolve it, then lay the citron in carefully and let it boil slowly for ten minutes, take the pieces out and spread on large plates to dry. Put in more citron and serve in the same manner. The syrup left can be dipped on the citron with a spoon. Set them where they will dry quickly, then pack in dry sugar in a stone jar.

JENNIE L. SHELDON.

ROLL JELLY CAKE.—One of the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD asked for the recipe for roll jelly cake containing one cup of milk. It is as follows: One and one-half cups of sugar, three eggs, one cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour, perhaps a little more, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and one teaspoonful of lemon essence.

ELSA JONES.

MOUNTAIN DEW PUDDING.—Here is a splendid pudding recipe that I have never seen in THE HOUSEHOLD: One pint of milk, yolks of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of coconut, one-half cup of rolled cracker crumbs, and one teaspoonful of lemon extract. Bake one-half hour. Make a frosting of whites of two eggs and one cup of sugar, and put in the oven to brown.

MINNIE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—As I take much comfort in reading THE HOUSEHOLD each month, I would like to add my mite too. I will send two plain cake recipes which come very handy when eggs are scarce.

EGGLESS CAKE.—One and one-half teacups of sugar, one teacup of sour milk, three teacups of flour, one-half teacup of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of nutmeg, one teacupful of raisins, chopped and floured.

NELLIE'S CAKE.—One egg, one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one-fourth cup of water, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, and one teaspoonful of lemon extract.

U. E. A.

COOKIES.—Ed. Household:—Old Subscriber, in the January number, asks how to make cookies. One cup of sugar, one cup of butter, one egg, one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-fourth teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of vanilla, about one tablespoonful of water, and flour to knead hard.

I followed Faith Forrest's directions, in December number, for Christmas cake, and my cake was a perfect success.

M. M. B.

ROLL JELLY CAKE.—Eva A. asks in January number for a good recipe for roll jelly cake. I have one which is excellent. Two eggs, one-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of flour, one-fourth teaspoonful of soda, and one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Bake in a long tin. Remove from the tin as soon as done, lay upon a towel bottom side up, spread with jelly and roll as quickly as possible. Leave the towel closely wrapped about the cake until ready to eat.

TART SHELLS.—I will also inclose my recipe for tart shells which will keep fresh any length of time desired. One cup of lard (warmed a little but not melted) and the white of one egg thoroughly beaten together, one tablespoonful of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of water, and flour sufficient to roll.

S. P. R.

NOODLES FOR SOUP.—To H. M. F., who asks for a recipe for noodle soup, I will say that I think I have the best one known for noodles, so give it. One-half cup of sweet milk, one egg, a pinch of salt, and flour enough to make as stiff as can be rolled out. Roll very thin and let it stand a while to dry. Dust with flour, then beginning at one end roll up. Begin at one end, cut in thin slices, and cut across through the center. Chicken broth makes very good soup for them. They will cook in twenty minutes.

R. E. S.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Eva A. asks for a recipe for roll jelly cake and vinegar pie. As I have good recipes for both, will offer mine.

ROLL JELLY CAKE.—One cup of sugar, three eggs, three teaspoonfuls of water, two-thirds teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, and one cup of flour. Beat the yolks and whites separately, bake in a large tin on paper, turn out when baked, spread with jelly and roll quickly.

VINEGAR PIE.—Three eggs, two cups of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour, and one cup of vinegar. Mix the eggs, sugar and flour together, then add the vinegar. This amount makes two pies.

MRS. FRANK NEWTON.

Mrs. F. A. McAllister wants a good yeast cake recipe. Knowing that mine is good, I take pleasure in sending it.

HOP YEAST CAKES.—To one quart of cold water add a handful of hops, and let it boil briskly five minutes, then strain into half a tea-saucer of flour. When cool enough put in three yeast cakes that have been soaked in warm water, and set in a warm place till good and light, then thicken with corn meal till it is stiff enough to make into a loaf, and cut any size liked. Dry in the sun or by the stove, turning often to keep from souring.

MYRA.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If any of your readers have tried any remedy for asthma with success, will they tell me of it? My little boy, six years old, has suffered from it for three years, and I have never found any thing which relieved him.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please tell Alice S. that her soap is too strong, and to add more grease and boil over, being careful not to add too much, or it will stand on top of the soap when cold, and have to be skimmed off, hence making the soap too weak.

E. D. S.

North Carolina.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I wish one of the old house-keepers would answer a few questions. I want to know how to make cream of tartar biscuits, how to wash black stockings to set the color, and how to wash light blue cambric. I want to gather some new ideas, and I wish some of the ladies would write how to fit up their homes and rooms.

A FRIEND.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will one of the sisters please tell me how to do up a starched shirt, and what is a sure cure for chilblains, also, how much water does a carnation pink require?

M.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send a recipe for ginger cookies requiring sour milk?

NELL.

Will some one of the Florida sisters please send me some gray moss for which I will repay postage and trouble? Mrs. L. W. CHURCH.

Great Bend Village, Susquehanna Co., Pa.

Will some of the sisters give directions for cooking sago? The only recipe I have, is a pudding made of sago and apples which I read in THE HOUSEHOLD some time ago. It is very nice, but I should like others.

MRS. E. W. R.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters please tell me how to remove mildew from muslin?

J. S. COLE.

Mrs. F. M. Thompson, have the floor for oiling perfectly clean as oil hides no spots. Take a gallon of linseed oil for every hundred square feet. Have it boiling on the stove, and with a clean broom sweep it over the floor as you do water when scrubbing, but put no more on than will soak into the floor. The hot oil penetrates the boards so that they wear away as it does. If some resin is melted in the hot oil, it hardens the boards and makes them wear better.

Goldendale, W. T. CLARA KURTZ BOWERS.

The Parlor.

CUMBERED WITH MUCH SERVING.

Christ never asks of us such busy labor
As leaves no time for resting at His feet;
The waiting attitude of expectation
He oftentimes counts a service most complete.

He sometimes wants our ear—our rapt attention,
That he some sweetest secret may impart;
'Tis always in the time of deepest silence,
That heart finds deepest fellowship with heart.

We sometimes wonder why our Lord has placed us
Within a space so narrow, so obscure,
That nothing we call work can find an entrance:
There's only room to suffer—to endure.

Well, God loves patience; souls that dwell in stillness,
Doing the little things or resting quite,
May just as perfectly fulfill their mission,
Be just as useful in the Father's sight.

As they who grapple with some giant evil,
Clearing a path that every eye may see;
Our Saviour cares for cheerful acquiescence,
Rather than for a busy ministry.

And yet He does love service, where 'tis given
By grateful love that clothes itself in deed:
But work that's done beneath the scourge of duty
Be sure to such He gives but little heed.

Then seek to please Him, whatso'er He bids thee;
Whether to do, to suffer, to lie still!
'Twill matter little by what path He led us,
If in it all we sought to do His will.

TOM KINKLE AND HIS FRIENDS.

A Story of Backwoods Life.

BY M. L. LEACH, (MOSES FAGUS.)

CHAPTER XVII.

TO RUTH the winter seemed to pass rapidly away. Her school came to a close, as the lengthening of the days and the milder temperature heralded the near approach of spring. Little snow was remaining on the ground except in places where the winter winds had piled it up in drifts. The settlers were tapping the maples for the purpose of manufacturing sugar, and some of them, who had been ready and prompt to secure the benefit of the first run of sap, now had the luxury of the most delicious of all sweets, maple syrup, on their tables.

Word came to Tom's one evening, just at dusk, that little Emma Whiston was sick. Ruth, ever ready to lend a helping hand, and doubly interested for a favorite pupil, set out at once for Mrs. Whiston's. A brisk walk of twenty minutes brought her to her destination. There seemed to be nothing in the case to excite alarm; it was only a cold, which would soon wear off, Mrs. Whiston thought, under the influence of hot herb drinks and good nursing. Still she was glad Ruth had come.

As the evening wore away, however, the patient grew evidently worse. There was an unpleasant hoarseness about the cough, the skin was hot, the face flushed, and the breathing somewhat hurried. The mother became alarmed, and Ruth wished earnestly for a physician. But there was no physician within a dozen miles. The best thing to be done under the circumstances, so the women agreed, was to send for Mother Hudgen. It was a mile to Mother Hudgen's hut, and fully half as far, in another direction, to the nearest neighbor. Old Mr. Jones was too rheumatic to attempt the journey. There seemed to be no way but for one of the women to go. Ruth volunteered for the service. Mrs. Whiston would have sent Jane with her for company, but she too exhibited symptoms of a cold, which seemed to make exposure imprudent, and Ruth would not hear of it.

Mother Hudgen was well known in the settlement, yet little was known of her former history, in regard to which she was reticent, always skillfully managing to turn the conversation upon other topics whenever it was alluded to. She was not among the first that came. At the time of her coming, the choicest locations in the immediate vicinity had been

taken; consequently she contented herself with a small and less valuable tract, in an out of the way place, on a narrow neck between two swamps, that those who wanted land for farming purposes or for speculation had not thought worth securing. She lived alone, in one of the roughest and apparently most uncomfortable of log houses, the way to which lay through the gloomiest part of the forest, but the moon was at the full and the sky was cloudless. There was not a breath of air stirring. As Ruth left the clearing and turned into the blind, slightly trodden path, no sound could be heard but that of her own footsteps. The stillness of the night added to its loneliness. Had there been a breeze stirring among the trees, or the tinkling of a bell from a distant herd, or the lowing of kine, or the barking of a dog, or even the hooting of an owl in the forest, it would have been suggestive of life and companionship. She knew the way well. She knew there was no danger. She was courageous, and if there had been danger, would have faced it without hesitation, when to do so seemed to be in the line of duty. But the most courageous may be unpleasantly affected by a feeling of fear, when he knows there is nothing to be afraid of. I know a medical man, who, amidst a storm of bullets on the field of battle, has as coolly and carefully attended to the necessities of a wounded soldier as he would have done in his own quiet office at home, but who, with the aid that sound reason and mature judgment can give, cannot avoid sometimes looking over his shoulder, with a feeling as if something were after him, when walking alone on a moderately dark night. Such a sense of fear gradually crept over Ruth, as she left the little clearing and plunged into the forest. The snapping of a dry twig beneath her feet made her start, and the sound of her own footsteps caused her to halt and listen, half expecting to hear some one approaching. She could not help peering sharply into the deep shadows on either hand. In the patches of bright moonlight, here and there, natural objects seen at a distance were transformed into the likenesses of the giants and hobgoblins she had sometime read of in a wonderfully fascinating story, with a strength of illusion that only a near inspection could dissipate.

As she drew near her destination, she began to experience a feeling of relief, when she was startled by the sudden appearance of a tall, dark figure in the path, some distance in advance. She stood still for a moment, and then shrank into the nearest shadow, while her heart beat violently and the perspiration started at every pore. The figure moved on toward Mother Hudgen's hut, and paused at the door. Ruth heard a knock. As the door was opened, the bright light from the fire burning on the hearth revealed the figure of a man enveloped in an ample cloak. His face was partly turned toward her for a moment. The view of his features was imperfect, but she felt almost certain that the person was Mr. Cuthbert.

Ruth had not met Mr. Cuthbert since the day the old hunter had brought her home in his canoe, and she did not care to meet him, especially in that lonely place, and at that time of night. Why was he there at that hour? Instantly all the dark rumors, originating nobody knew where, that she had heard concerning the doings of Mother Hudgen, came freshly to mind, and she involuntarily associated them with the dark character she had, in her own thoughts, ascribed to Mr. Cuthbert. Could it be that Mother Hudgen's hut was the headquarters of a gang of thieves or desperadoes, who lived by preying upon the honest settlers? The thing seemed improbable, yet the thought took such hold of her imagination

that she feared to make her presence known.

After some time spent in consideration, and in a moderately successful attempt to calm her agitation, she went slowly and carefully round the cabin, and cautiously approached it in the rear, where the light revealed a chink in the wall, through which she was able to obtain a partial view of the interior. Mr. Cuthbert was seated on a stool near the fire. Mother Hudgen was standing at a little distance, supporting herself by a chair. They seemed to have been engaged in an earnest discussion, which had grown into an angry altercation, but Ruth could hear only fragments of what was said.

Ruth waited for some time, undecided what to do. Her first impulse was to return to Mrs. Whiston's, without making her presence known to Mother Hudgen, but the recollection of the sick girl caused her immediately to reject that course. Whatever might be the relation between Mr. Cuthbert and Mother Hudgen, she argued, and however much of truth in the latter's account of herself, neither she nor Mrs. Whiston need fear any evil at her hand. Just then Mr. Cuthbert passed out of the cabin and Ruth heard the sound of his footsteps dying away in the distance. Mother Hudgen stood for some time as motionless as a statue, and then, heaving a deep sigh, sat down and covered her face with her hands. Cautiously retracing her steps to a point some distance in front of the hut, she leaned for a few minutes against a tree, till she felt she could face the old woman with a natural degree of calmness; then walking rapidly up to the door, she gave a loud knock. The door was immediately opened. If Ruth had succeeded in assuming some degree of calmness, Mother Hudgen's success in the same direction had been complete.

She manifested no surprise at Ruth's appearance. "I knew you were coming," she said, "and have a good fire burning. Sit near it and warm yourself. You are trembling with cold." Ruth was indeed trembling, but not with cold. She felt that Mother Hudgen was looking her through. Desirous to escape from her searching gaze, she protested that she was not cold, but only frightened on account of little Emma Whiston who was dangerously sick, and entreated her to go to her relief as quickly as possible. The latter lost no time in preparation. Putting two or three small packages of medicine in her pocket, and taking a bundle of dried herbs in her hand, she announced herself in readiness to start. Once in the path, she led off at a pace that made it necessary for Ruth to put forth considerable extra exertion to avoid being left behind.

On their arrival at Mrs. Whiston's, it seemed to Ruth that there was a slight improvement in the condition of the patient, and she found that Mrs. Whiston was of the same opinion. Mother Hudgen spoke encouragingly and administered some simple remedies, such as an intelligent, careful nurse might safely use in the absence of a scientific physician. Then the three women sat down to wait and watch.

In the course of an hour it became plainly evident that the sick girl was better. The hoarseness was greatly diminished, the skin was moist, the breathing less hurried, and she had fallen into an easy slumber. Mother Hudgen said there was no necessity for her remaining longer, and proceeded to give directions for the treatment of the patient, preparatory to leaving, but Mrs. Whiston declared she should not start till she had drunk a cup of tea. The latter then set about the preparation of a substantial meal, which, in due time, made on the table such a tempting display as might well excite the appetite of guests less hungry than Mrs.

Whiston's. Both Mother Hudgen and Ruth did it ample justice. After supper Mother Hudgen seemed to have forgotten her late purpose of setting out for home. The three sat for a long time round the table indulging in the luxury of harmless gossip and an occasional joke. Somehow, it seemed to Ruth, in the joking the two older women generally got the better of her, frequently managing to bring in sly allusions to Mr. Mullen, even in connection with subjects that did not naturally lead to that theme. Suddenly it occurred to her to try Mother Hudgen's skill in fortune-telling, mainly for the amusement it would afford to Mrs. Whiston and herself, and, perhaps, to Mother Hudgen also. Draining her teacup, she inverted it, and passed it to her, saying, as she did so, "Mother Hudgen, you have told the fortunes of nearly all the girls in the neighborhood; now please tell mine; but be sure you make it a good one."

"I can make it neither good nor bad, but must tell it as it is revealed to me," replied Mother Hudgen. "And to insure success, you must observe certain conditions—you must neither laugh, nor weep, nor manifest by any exclamation, surprise at any thing that may come to light."

Ruth promised. Mother Hudgen twirled the cup rapidly in her fingers, repeating in a low voice some unintelligible jargon, and then, turning it so as to be able to see its contents, slowly and with an air of great solemnity, began an improvised narration, in a sort of imperfect poetical measure, which ran as follows:

"'Tis early morn. The rising sun's first beam, piercing through foliage trained above a window, lights up the features of a dying girl. One mourner there, crushed 'neath a weight of sorrow none can know, save him who loves with all the strength of love that to the noblest manhood comes, quaffs to the dregs the bitter cup, but finds delicious nectar mingled with the gall—the joy of confidence restored, the sweet of hallowed, trusting, perfect wedded love. Upon the shifting scene, within the misty vision of my brain, a cradle and a baby's coffin, each a tenant claiming, now appear. Anon a dead is bartered for a living child, and gold is paid to make the bargain sure. A young girl, struggling 'gainst the stern decree of fate, or what men call by that misnomer, comes upon the stage. The fleeting years in rapid whirl pass by. To woman's fair estate arrived, in western wilds a home she seeks, and strives to carve out for herself a fortune and a name. Once more the vision changes. The air is murky with impending evil. Nature seems hushed in silent dread, save when from sulphurous clouds the muttering thunder speaks. A lone dove, all unconscious of her peril; a hawk, low poised, prepared to swoop upon her; beneath, a horrid serpent's slimy folds, and forked, fiery tongue, and glittering eyes—"

"You frighten me," exclaimed Ruth, suddenly springing to her feet. "What do you mean?"

"There, you have broken the charm; the vision is disappearing," said Mother Hudgen.

"There was no charm and no vision," said Ruth, "but I believe you really know something about me that I do not know myself. Tell me, if you know, who and what I am."

"If I do you will be angry."

Ruth promised not to be angry at any thing she might say.

"Well, then," said Mother Hudgen, "if nothing but the plain, unvarnished truth will do, you are a thief."

Mrs. Whiston looked surprised. Ruth colored, and, after a moment's hesitation,

said quietly, "Mother Hudgen, that is a grave charge."

"I am aware of it," she replied, "but when I make it a little more specific, you will not deny it. When you were a young girl, you stole a locket."

Ruth showed in her countenance the utmost surprise, but replied promptly, "Yes, I did steal a locket. It had belonged to my mother. It contained a lock of her hair. It was the only relic of her I had ever seen. It properly belonged to me, but the woman with whom I lived refused to give it up, and I stole it."

"Wear it as a talisman," said Mother Hudgen.

"Tell me," said Ruth, her lip quivering with emotion—

"Hush," said Mother Hudgen softly, waving her hand as a signal for silence, "we have disturbed the sick girl."

Emma was awake. Mother Hudgen went to the bedside, spoke to her tenderly, gently stroked her forehead, smoothed the pillows, and then, after giving some further directions for treatment, left the house.

After her departure, Ruth sat for a long time in silence, revolving in her mind the thoughts to which the events of the evening had given birth. The strange correspondence of Mother Hudgen's description of the death-bed scene, with the single mourner present, and the first beams of the rising sun shining through the foliage above the window and lighting up the features of the dying girl, with the old hunter's account of the last moments of Malva Sylvester, had produced a vivid impression that both related to the same event. But how did mother Hudgen know of it? And why did she refer to it? And what did she mean by the bartering of a dead child for a living one and the paying of gold to make the bargain sure? And then the dove and the hawk, and the serpent? And how did she know about the affair of the locket, which she felt sure she had never told to any one except Mrs. Kinkle? She was well aware that in the pretended revelations of fortune-telling Mother Hudgen's imagination was fertile and her invention prolific, and that it was for her interest to create a sensation, but she was convinced that, by some means, the woman had come into possession of a knowledge of events connected with her early life. Then she remembered the recent scene in which Mr. Cuthbert had borne so conspicuous a part, which somehow she involuntarily associated in a vague and indefinite manner with the allegory of the hawk and the serpent. Unable to come to any satisfactory conclusion, or in any degree to unravel the mystery, she resolved to take the first opportunity to visit Mother Hudgen, and, if possible, by some means draw from her such information as she was able to impart.

"Mother Hudgen is a strange woman," remarked Mrs. Whiston, after the sick girl had again fallen into a slumber, and the two women had seated themselves near the fire.

"I am surprised that she knows about the locket," said Ruth. "The affair happened many years ago, and I have never spoken of it to any one in this country except Mrs. Kinkle, and I am sure she has never mentioned it. There is an unpleasant mystery about myself, that I have never been able to fathom. I do not know my parentage. Recent events, taken in connection with Mother Hudgen's dark hints and her knowledge of the affair of the locket, have produced the impression that she is able to solve it. Do you believe in clairvoyance?"

Mrs. Whiston replied that she believed there was a mysterious power in man—mysterious only in the sense of not yet being well understood—by the exercise of which some persons were able to see

events, past, present, and possibly future, that were hidden from ordinary vision. But she thought it probable that whatever knowledge of Ruth's early history Mother Hudgen possessed had been derived from actual acquaintance when Ruth was a child. "She may remember you," she said, "though you may have forgotten her. Nobody here knows where she has lived formerly."

Ruth remembered that Mr. Cuthbert had lived in Johnstown, her old home, or at least had been there for a short time. That he and Mother Hudgen had formerly been acquainted, seemed certain from the angry conversation she had listened to in the cabin of the latter in the early part of the night. It seemed not unreasonable to suppose that Mother Hudgen had had some knowledge of her when she was a child. She did not think it wise, however, to inform Mrs. Whiston of the strange scene she had witnessed at Mother Hudgen's cabin.

"Tell me about your early life, said Mrs. Whiston, as she laid some dry sticks on the fire. The flames, shooting up afresh, cast a ruddy glow over the contents of the room.

Ruth said there was not much to tell that would be of interest. Her earliest recollections were of an old, tumble-down house in the outskirts of the village of Johnstown, and of cruel treatment from an ugly, hard-featured woman she called mother. The woman's name was Winterdale. When Ruth was eight years old, the family removed to another neighborhood, a few miles distant. Soon afterward, in a fit of anger, Mrs. Winterdale taunted Ruth with being nobody's child, but a dependent, homeless baby, whom it was her misfortune to care for. Badly as she had been treated, Ruth was shocked and grieved to learn that the woman was not her mother. But her natural spirit of independence soon asserted itself, and the love she had felt for her supposed mother gave way to an overwhelming sense of injustice and a dislike bordering on hatred. From that time forward, the growing antagonism between them brought her into difficulty more frequently and more deeply than before. Mrs. Winterdale, however, had her brief intervals of kindness. Ruth took advantage of one of these, to make inquiry about her parentage. Mrs. Winterdale would tell nothing, except that Ruth had been given to her when she was a mite of a baby. With her had been given a chain and locket, which had been her mother's. In the locket was a lock of her mother's hair. Ruth begged hard to be allowed to become the possessor of the coveted treasures, but her prayers were of no avail. The only encouragement was an intimation, scarcely amounting to a promise, that, if she was good, the articles might be hers sometime.

When she was thirteen, unable longer to submit to the unjust treatment of her foster-mother, she determined to run away. Watching her opportunity, she purloined the chain and locket, and tying up in a handkerchief the few articles of clothing she could call her own, she stole away one moonlight night, and scarcely stopped to rest till she found shelter with a kind family at Johnstown, who had been her friends five years before. The Winterdales made but a weak effort to induce her to return; and though they threatened to prosecute for theft for taking the chain and locket, they never took any steps to carry the threat into execution.

From that time onward, Ruth led a happy life. She had never been in school any to speak of, but had somehow learned to read. Now she gave all her energies to the task of making up what she realized were her deficiencies. She soon occupied an honorable place in the village

school, and at a later date filled acceptably the position of teacher. Then with her friends she came west, and finally dropped down in the Kinkle settlement. "And here I am likely to remain," she said in conclusion.

"Unless you should be prevailed upon to accept a position at the Narrows," said Mrs. Whiston archly.

Ruth blushed, and went to administer the medicine to the sick girl.

A ROOM ON PURPOSE.

BY HOPE HARVEY.

Yes! let us have a room in some part of the house on purpose for all the cross, fussy ones in the family, all the fault finders, grumblers, and scolds, all the folks who cry at short notice, or "get mad" on small provocation. There have them banished, at the first symptom of breaking out in any of these disagreeable ways.

The world does not yet run smooth. There is awful friction somewhere. It is making weary toil for us, and deplorable waste. The social system ought to be reconstructed. The experiment of living has not yet proved a successful one, as far as happiness is concerned. And living without happiness, what is it? Just no living at all. This is all wrong. It is all our own miserable mismanagement, too, not God's. He gives us plenty of material to manufacture joy, or comfort, or an even measure of pleasure out of, and we straightway go to work and misuse or mangle it, till it is destroyed and gone, and no good has come of it. Was ever any thing more idiotic and ridiculous, yet painful and pitiful as well? Let us inaugurate a reform. Shall we try at least?

This reform must begin in the family, and with each individual who helps compose it. Or begin with the house, shall we say? Might we not lay off part of the fault on the house we live in, its paucity of rooms in particular, and ill arrangement of them? I believe that is a capital idea, for we have all heard of "the natural depravity of matter," and 'tis much less humiliating not to have to own the whole of it ourselves! The trouble must be that we have no suitable room in the house for the indulgence of bad humors, and so they have to be vented in the presence of the family, making its members and ourselves all wretched together. Is that it? And do you see the remedy friends? Then seize upon it. Let all other work go, until we get that room fitted up which is going to be such a blessed help towards "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Strange that some philanthropist did not ere this discover this way of emancipation from much of domestic misery.

What shall be the name of this resort which is to have all in one a preventive, protective, punitive, and reformatory purpose? One word would hardly embrace so much meaning, so we might have two or three appropriate terms for it. I read many years ago of a dwelling with a growlery in it. I do not remember its use, but how would "growlery" do for our new room as indicative of the unhappy state of the person entering, and "gracery" as significant of the improved condition of the patient when leaving? "patient," that is another word fortunately stumbled upon, as it carries more of a sympathetic sound in it than "prisoner," or "convict," or "exile."

By the way, good friends, did you ever think how we could make this matter of philology itself subservient in efforts of reform? Our words to offenders should be thoughtfully chosen and combined into sentences with careful love. Our speech may be helpful or the reverse to our

wrong-doing companions according as it is "silvern" and "golden," or leaden and stony, as it falls from our lips. And this course need not convey the idea that sin is a light thing. It will still remain that sin is wicked; wrong is wrong; ugliness and hatefulness are very ugly and hateful; "a spade is a spade." But why need we intensify and even augment these woeful delinquencies of our dear ones by speaking to, or of them, or even thinking of them, in terms the worst possible?

"Baby is so sleepy she is not quite happy, and is not very presentable just now," was the not unpleasant report of mamma in excuse to the friend who asked to see the little pet.

"You were very happy in your choice of words, I should never have thought of them," said auntie afterwards. "I should have said, 'That young one is so tormented cross because she didn't have her nap, she isn't fit to be seen.'" But mamma's consideration for baby's weariness was not amiss, and "men are but children of a larger growth," and sometimes very, very childish. They "havin't had their nap," or they "are cutting teeth," or they "want the moon to play with," and can't get it, and then they are cross and unreasonable as the small folks. Then if we can, ah! if we can refrain from the harsh and bitter word in return for theirs, thus saving a double wrong, if we can choose some gentle expressions in place of coarse and cruel ones, if, as we would keep our unamiable baby out of sight in the nursery, we could invite or send our grown offender to the growlery, then thrice blessed for us all!

But about that growlery, how shall it be best fitted to be "a room on purpose" for the objects specified; well adapted to old and young, parents and children? There are two styles in which this may be done, wholly opposite in description, and therefore opposite in their methods of action. One might be the severe style, where the patient would only receive punishment or retribution as a convict. The room would be dark, cold, empty, undesirable in every respect, fitting emblem of the mind and heart of its prospective occupant.

Then when any person, for any or no reason whatever, became suddenly or gradually obnoxious to the family, by anger, contrariness, sulkiness, undue discouragement or despondency, or a not-minding-his-own-business state, or general uncompanionableness of any kind, let him or her hasten to the growlery before any harm has been done by wretched outward word or act, and there remain until the evil spirit has been exorcised. This will be likely to be done in a hurry, as the place is too uncomfortable for a protracted stay.

Let the patient go voluntarily. This is a point, in fact, the main point. In this it differs, and in this it is superior, in my judgment, to any kind of civil penalty for adults, or to the usual methods of school and home discipline for children. This voluntary act of seclusion, whether it is to avoid exposure of one's bad conduct, or the ill example to the rest of the family, or to save hurting another's feelings, for averting further sin; this self-discipline, I say, whether used as a preventive or a punishment of wrong, holds in itself a great degree of moral efficacy, which is secured in no other way. And a moral treatment of some kind is to be the only treatment in the enlightened Christian communities and families of the near future, I believe.

Self moral restraint is the truest and best thing of all in the case of all responsible people, and even very young children may be taught to exercise this to a surprising degree. The sense of degradation by having punishment in-

flicted by another is thus avoided. And it is a fact that if self respect is enlarged, the tendency to wrong doing is proportionately lessened. Both adults and children do better if "put upon their good behavior."

But is it not a disgrace in itself to go to the growlery? Indeed it is, and that very thing, if self-inflicted, will hinder going too "early and often." No matter if the place does soon fall into desuetude. A growlery is not a necessity in a right minded house, any more than is a state's prison in a well regulated neighborhood. Nobody wants you to keep a growlery for the beauty and sweetness of the thing. The sooner you feel sufficiently disgraced by using it the sooner can it be abolished, and the sooner the better.

I must mention the other style of fitting up the growlery, which is to be so soon, we hope, converted into a "gracery," and on the whole, I recommend this as far as preferable. Make it pleasant as possible, light, airy, sunny, comfortably and tastefully furnished as your means will warrant. Take the spare chamber even, if no other apartment is available, or the least frequented parlor, for it is imperative that the patient be entirely alone, and not in the expectancy of interruptions. If the patient is a child who has learned to withdraw hither with a mind disturbed, the very brightness of the room may help at once. Children are so susceptible to cheerful surroundings that the whining, or obstinacy, or burst of temper may be gone in a trice. A picture on the wall, a book on the table, or the outside view may take the attention, and turn the current of naughtiness, and the little thing may run back to its mother restored and happy. Children oftener need diversion than punishment.

If older children seek the place, the effect may be reached in much the same way, with of course, deeper feeling and thought. The passions grow calm; reason claims ascendancy instead of youthful impulse; the good teachings of beloved friends come more strongly to the memory with their powerful influences; the great questions of life will recur which so wake the heart throbs; and in pondering all these, momentary excitements and grievances will look very trivial in comparison, and the almost man or maiden will leave the room better, wiser, nobler, for that brief sojourn in the gracery.

Will the father of the family ever have to go? O shame and sorrow for it! But fathers of small or grown children often need to flee thither, lest by their harsh, thoughtless, cruel, or oppressive words or conduct, they dishonor God by virtually impeaching his Fatherhood. If he who ought to be, by legal right and divine endowment, a priest, king, and a very god to his family in wisdom and love, fails of his high privilege, let him hasten to the growlery, there to repent in dust and ashes. There ought to be some kept there for him, if for no one else! Yet there is hope in his case, and for the sake of his family I desire the place of his exile to be not only a corrective, but a reformatory institution.

Shall the dear mother ever seek that place? It is hard to conceive of a mother as a growler, yet sometimes she is a weeper from weariness or weakness. Occasionally when soul and body have been too sorely taxed, she speaks an impatient word, or acts in a hasty manner. This attractive room shall be to her as a haven of rest and refreshment. Let there be an easy chair or couch for the tired heart and feet; let there be a dear old bible on the stand which she can open and catch a promise sweet as a cordial; let there be books of soothing poems and

strong words from which she may glean a sustaining thought. So shall the room be to her a gracery indeed, and she shall return to her work and flock the angel heaven designed her to be.

Let all the adults of the household patronize this useful resort. Don't show off first to the folks. "Stand not on the order of your going," but go at once. Now act it all out. If you want to strike or cuff, try the wall or window. If you had a sharp retort ready, say it right out, and mark how pretty it sounds. If you were aching to scold, now is your chance to scold till you ache. If you wanted to grumble and find fault with your wife or daughter, brother or sister, go at it, talk it off, loud and strong, and just as hateful as it was in your heart. Nobody will hear you but One. Perhaps He will forgive you. If you want to give some neighbor or friend "a regular run," don't hesitate. Be sure and say it loud every time, and look just as fierce and ugly as you would like. Then after you have exhausted your vocabulary of words and your reservoir of evil feelings, sit still and think it over. Judge for yourself how manly, womanly, Christianly, you have behaved and spoken and felt. Then look around and see how many pleasant things there are to make you happy, and keep you good, amiable and thankful. If your late conduct, and present consideration of your mercies and blessings do not combine to affect and overwhelm you, and if you are not thoroughly ashamed and repentant, and humbled, you are not the man or woman I took you to be. And I am afraid you are going to disappoint God. If your growlery does not grow into a gracery, it is good for naught.

But I hope and believe that you are a sensible person, young or old, and will take my advice which I wish to take myself. If you "are overtaken in a fault," don't scatter it all over the house making everybody supremely miserable, but keep it to yourself in "a room on purpose" for it, and so much trouble will be kept out of the world. So much nearer will you come to "paradise regained."

ONE DAY.

BY MRS. L. S. S. HILTON.

The sun was just looking over the eastern hills as Mrs. Ansen's bed room door opened and she stepped out softly that she might not waken the sleeping baby.

"Why didn't you call me Frederick?" she asked of her husband who sat reading before the window.

"Because, dear, I knew you had a hard night of it with your headache and little Fred's wakefulness. Do you feel better?"

"I am afraid not," she answered with a sigh, "but perhaps this lovely morning will work a cure."

Going out into the small kitchen she found the fire burning and the kettle singing merrily. It was but the work of a moment to put the bread toasting, the coffee boiling and the steak broiling, and meantime she remembered that this was bread day and the sponge must be made, and then Harry's face must be washed and his hair brushed before he could be made presentable. By that time the breakfast was ready, and she drew the cosy table which had been neatly arranged the night before to the dining room window, where the sun glinted cheerily through the vines and touched up the shining spoons and glittering forks with a brighter glow. Just before summoning her husband she hastily clipped a few leaves and a great scarlet geranium to ornament the table and every thing was ready. It was worth a little trouble, to receive the kind appreciative glance

which Mr. Ansen threw across to her.

"Well," he said with a twinkle in his grey eyes "that was a most lucky turn of fortune which sent me off to B— university instead of D—."

"It would neither be politic or polite to disagree with you," she answered with a pleasant smile, and a flush on her face. There came a lusty call from the bed room, and hastily slipping a dressing gown upon Master Fred, she tied him in his high chair with an injunction to be a good baby.

"Go-o, ga-a," he replied, and instinctively made a dash at the cream pitcher upsetting the contents on the clean, glossy spread, and causing his worthy papa to beat a hasty retreat.

"No, no, Freddie mustn't," said Mrs. Ansen as the little fat hands began spattering delightedly in the snowy stream. Just then came a piteous wail from Harry.

"O mamma, the milk's all dripping on me and it's too wet."

"O dear," thought the mother, "and that is his new linen suit too."

The silver-tongued clock on the mantel told the hour of eight. A hurried change of garments for Harry and they went into the study for prayers.

"Give me strength to bear patiently these little daily trials, and to perform without complaint these daily duties," was the cry of her soul that morning and she went back to her tasks strengthened with the thought that if the sparrow's flight be not unnoticed by Him, surely He will not think any burden too small for His help. She hastily cleared the table, gave the room a few tidy touches and giving Harry and little Fred a box of blocks betook herself to the kitchen.

Frederick Ansen was a country clergyman who entered his profession upon an unusually slender financial basis. He possessed a few books, a scanty wardrobe, a good education, and a genuine love for the work, to which was added a strong determination to succeed in it. His wife joined with him heart and soul and labored in every possible way to make his home happy and pleasant. She did not deem it necessary to acquaint him with the thousand and one petty economies which she was obliged daily to practice to make the meagre salary barely suffice for their simple wants.

O faithful, self-sacrificing wives, and patient, loving mothers, what pen shall make a record of your noble work, or trace your unpretending histories. Labor on, and watch, and wait, and pray, faithful to the present duty and sometime One shall say to you, "Well done."

Meantime Mrs. Ansen has been busy in the small, close kitchen. The steaming wash boiler, the array of tubs and all the uncomfortable *et ceteras*, mutely testify to the character of the morning's labor; an occasional peep into the dining room to see that the little ones are not in mischief, and the work goes bravely on. The door bell rings. The long kitchen apron is laid aside and opening the door, she is greeted with a gushing "good morning."

"Why, my dear Mrs. Ansen, how is it possible for you to immure yourself in these close rooms when every thing is so beautiful out of doors, and all nature is calling us to come out and commune with her?"

"It is not only possible, it is a necessity, Mrs. Burke," quietly replied Mrs. Ansen, taking up the baby, and giving her visitor the easiest chair, thinking anxiously of the half-washed clothes in the kitchen.

"I have always had a deep love for the beautiful," went on Mrs. Burke complacently, "my husband says the aesthetic in my nature is well developed."

"So I should judge," replied Mrs. An-

sen checking a smile as she remembered the wistful faces of the little Burkes' who looked as though no kiss of love had ever lighted on them. "But one may have æsthetic tastes and not be able to gratify them."

"I do not think a woman should allow her soul to narrow down to the meagre round of family duties," said Mrs. Burke.

A cough from the study warned Mrs. Ansen that the door was slightly ajar.

"True; and I think there are very many whose souls are not capable of a clear understanding of that term, 'family duties.' If duty, it must be performed, and unless the soul is in it and it is done 'as for God's laws,' it is but half done. Mrs. Burke, my duties are not meagre, my duties as a wife and mother are not small to me; they are most sacred and not a burden I would willingly relinquish. I may be a lover of nature, but what profit is it to me unless by her teachings I am helped to nobler living, and enabled to instruct my children in her great and holy lessons."

Mrs. Burke looked perplexed. "I don't think I quite understand you," she said as she rose to go pausing a moment to admire the lovely vines and blossoming plants in the window.

"They are nice," she said, "but somehow I never have time for them."

"Let me give you a few slips for Mary," replied Mrs. Ansen, "I am sure she would take pleasure in them," thinking meanwhile of Mrs. Burke's great empty bay windows, and longing to relieve them of their barrenness, and she took down also a fuschia filled with its lovely pendant blossoms saying, "This will encourage her to care for the others."

"A very good sermon, my little preacher," laughed Mr. Ansen as the door closed on the morning's visitor, "but she was unconscious of the sarcasm."

"I was sorry a moment afterward, it seemed like taking advantage of her ignorance, but if my words have helped her, I shall not regret the time, I am sure," replied Mrs. Ansen, glancing at the clock which was just striking eleven. Master Fred was tucked into his crib for a nap and she went back to her labor. "It will soon be lunch time," she said to herself, "I am thankful that we happen to have a pie left, I will just make a few sandwiches, some fresh coffee, and it will do nicely."

"I cannot help wishing I had more time for study," thought the busy little woman as she sat at her machine that afternoon making aprons for baby. "But what with visiting and the different meetings, and my Sabbath school class, and my household labors, I have no time for reading. I suppose Aunt Martha would say I am not 'capable.' Now that article in the last Journal of which Frederick was speaking I have not had time even to glance at; and just see how my work lifts up mountain high almost before me. Six new shirts for Frederick with a new stock of cuffs and collars; the children's summer sewing to finish, and berry season just coming on when I must put up my winter stores."

The shadows of the maple trees by the gate were growing long when Mrs. Ansen bethought herself of the little ones whom she left playing with soap bubbles in the kitchen. Softly she opened the door and looked out. By some means Harry had possessed himself of a bottle of ink with which he was ornamenting the walls in original and striking designs; and Freddie not to be outdone had helped himself liberally to the contents, as his silky hair, his round discolored face, and the once clean white apron would testify. The mother checked the hasty word which sprang to her lips. "Harry dear,"

she said gently. The little culprit started. "See what you have done, darling; it makes mamma so much work, and she is very tired to-day."

The child's lip quivered, "I didn't mean to be naughty, mamma. I'm so sorry; do you love your little boy now?" he asked, holding up a grieved face to be kissed.

"Mamma always loves you," she said kindly, "but Harry must try and be her comfort and helper."

At night when the baby was asleep in his crib, and Harry's prayers were said, and the mother was ransacking her brain for a story to tell him, thinking meanwhile of the basket of mending awaiting her, Mr. Ansen came in and sat down beside her.

"Tired?" he asked, noticing the expression of her face.

"A little," she answered, "but I find I go from 'strength to strength;' it is renewed to me every morning."

"How your eyes shine mamma," said Harry admiringly.

"Isn't she a precious little mamma, Harry?" and Mr. Ansen smoothed her soft hair tenderly. The half fainting heart was upborne on angels' wings, and new strength and courage given her to labor for her dear ones, while in those words of loving appreciation her tired soul rested.

SUNSHINY DISCIPLINE.

BY COUSIN FRANK.

Now, dear readers, do not for a moment think because you see that formidable word discipline, at the head of this article, that I intend writing out a prosy essay on good behaviour, for I do not. I want to have a friendly talk with you, hoping that by so doing we may all derive mutual pleasure.

Discipline in the home circle we all know if rightly maintained is conducive to health and happiness. Now comes the question how to manage it so as not to have it irksome to members of the family.

It is not pleasant to be a guest where every thing is done by rule and measure; where the head of the house rises at precisely four o'clock every morning, and expects, nay, must have his breakfast at precisely six, no matter what the case may be.

Now Mr. Blake is one of that class of men, and I chanced to be there on a visit once, when the following incident occurred:

Mrs. Blake's baby was sick in the night with a colic spell, and cried and sobbed so that she was awake with him all the first part of the night, while the child's father slept, unconscious of any trouble with him. He being naturally a heavy sleeper, and not easily disturbed in the night, and the mother mindful that he had worked hard all day, (she had washed and ironed too, the day previous), did not waken him to get the bottle of medicine she needed, but slipped quietly out of bed herself and procured it. For baby was suffering, and if he cried much louder, his father might awake, and then the inquiry would be: "What makes that baby so cross nights lately?"

In the morning after Mr. Blake had left their room, Mrs. Blake had—being unable to sleep all the early part of the night—dropped into a doze, and had in consequence overslept half an hour, thus making breakfast half an hour later than the time laid down in the rules of household discipline.

When the gentleman (?) of the house comes in from doing the morning outdoor work, and finds the meal is not ready, he never stops to ask pleasantly why it is not, but looks cross, and puts

on an injured look, and walks out on the porch and seats himself sullenly there to await the call to breakfast, after saying with a sharp intonation of voice:

"Late again, Mary! Seems to me you might manage to have breakfast at the usual time, if you would get up when I do."

She gives her reason, of course; perhaps she does not speak or feel quite as amiable about it as she might have done, for she has hurried and tried hard to make up for lost time, which of course she has not been able to do, while I have been holding baby, and trying to amuse him in the sitting room.

The meal is ready at half past six, and we are called to the table. This meal is eaten almost in silence by the host, who bolts his food and starts up from the table, before we have hardly commenced, and without even a "good morning" starts off for his forenoon's work in the field.

Now Mr. Blake does not realize that he is in any sense of the word a tyrant. He is on all other occasions an agreeable host, and calculates to do his duty by his family, and no doubt he would be both astonished and angry if any one intimated to him that he did not do it. But he is a strict disciplinarian and perhaps somewhat selfish withal.

I stopped several days with my friend Mrs. Blake, and when I left them they both, she and Mr. Blake, kindly urged me to visit them again, at my own convenience. I went also to see an old school-mate before I returned to my home, and while with her, we called on a near neighbor of hers, Mrs. Alden, and there I saw a striking illustration of what I termed sunshiny discipline.

As we traverse the neatly kept walk, leading from the highway to the front door, we see on each side those small delicate flowers such as pansies, daisies, etc., which denote at once both culture and taste, in the owners. The wide porch over the door is neatly trellised on each side upon which is trained and kept well trimmed a woodbine, which through the hot summer months with its thick screen of dark green leaves, makes the broad hallway inside delightfully dim and cool, as we can see, for the door stands invitingly open.

Mrs. Alden smilingly answers our ring and courteously invites us in. Several chairs, one of them a sewing rocker, are comfortably ranged on one side, not set against the wall like sentinels erect at their posts of duty.

Here we seat ourselves by invitation, with our hostess, who is very ladylike and entertaining. We chat pleasantly for a short time, when a man's step is heard in the room at the upper end of the hall, and a voice says:

"Julia, are you in the front hall?"

"Yes, James, come in, we have lady callers, and I invited them to stop here because it is so much cooler here where the sun does not strike the house," Mrs. Alden answers.

She does not leave the room, or seem to feel embarrassed at all to invite him in, although he has been at work on the farm all day, and may not feel like helping to entertain callers, if he is like a great many farmers. But we are soon at our ease with Mr. Alden, for he comes in genial and smiling, in plain clothes to be sure, as befits his employment, yet neat and whole. He is very agreeable, but is less of a talker than his wife is.

While we sit talking, the sound of children's voices is heard outside as they come from school. The Alden children leave the others at the gate, and come into the house. They are three in number, and the two boys seem inclined to dispute.

Mr. Alden rises from his seat, and bowing to us, leaves the room, evidently to quell the childish quarrelling in the next room. We listen to hear if he will speak harshly to them, for we can hardly believe he will, after what we have seen of his pleasant manner, and he does not disappoint us. He addresses them in this way.

"Come, children, do not dispute like this. What is it all about any way? Will, you seem to have started it, what were you arguing with Harry about? Let me hear all about it, and I will see if I can help you settle it."

"I told him that Jim Lake's new pup that his father brought home to him from New York, last week, was a hound, and he says it isn't, it is a spaniel like Eddie Wilder's; but I know better than that."

"Well, the best thing for you both to do, is to leave it all to me to decide upon. I will go over and call on Mr. Lake after tea, and I can see the little dog, and you know I am something of a judge of canines, and I think I can settle it satisfactorily for you, if you will both abide by my decision."

The matter was at once dropped between the two boys, and we at the same time, signified our intended departure by rising from our seats.

We were invited to remain longer, but my friend declined on our part, as it was nearing her tea time, and she had no one at home to prepare it for her, as she did her work herself. But before we left, Mrs. Andrews invited Mr. and Mrs. Alden to come and take tea while I remained a guest with her, on the coming Wednesday.

The invitation was graciously accepted by them both, Mr. Alden having returned to bid us good day.

The tea party proved a pleasant affair as such parties always are, other neighbors being invited as well as the Aldens.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, and myself, were invited to each neighbor's house, who had visited them, in turn; invitations which we accepted and returned visits at a later day. And at no place did we find discipline exercised with the children so firm and at the same time, so kindly, as we did at Mr. Alden's. At table they did not reach to help themselves, but asked politely to be helped to what they wanted, and we could see at once that it was not "company manners" with any of the family, and it was not a stiff and formal meal as it was at some places.

The father and mother spoke politely to each other always, thus setting an example of politeness before their children, which we could plainly see by a little judicious training they were learning to follow, and which would in time to come, make of them lovable and useful men and women, as they were now sweet and engaging children. Maud, the youngest of all, was a sweet little five-year-old, and as pretty as a picture, with golden hair, and rosy cheeks, and a shy, bashful way of approaching strangers.

After tea we were all invited to go over the house which had lately been remodeled inside. We noted all the modern conveniences of a comfortable farmhouse. They consisted of a bath and wash room combined; with a stationary kettle for boiling clothes, and stationary tubs, also a bath tub; two sleeping rooms on the lower floor instead of one, as we usually find it, and a pantry so arranged that food and dishes could be passed through it by means of a wicket, from the kitchen to the dining room, without opening doors. Gems of fancy articles were also to be seen in the sitting room and parlor, which were now thrown into one room by the opening of folding doors.

WOMEN IN FLORIDA.

I beg pardon of Mrs. E. S. Warner for attempting to answer the request preferred by Helen Herbert in the November number of THE HOUSEHOLD. My apology is this, that having spent nearly eight years in this our adopted home, I feel confident that half a dozen women could bring their offerings and yet "the half not be told," or realized by our northern sisters.

Oh, how well do we know of those weak sisters who will scarcely breathe a breath of pure air from the first of November until the opening of spring, be it early or late; and how often while enjoying this delightful climate, wish it were in our power to bring this enjoyment within the reach of many, to whom Florida is yet an untried land.

The line of Newton is verified here, and "December's as pleasant as May." And so are all the months inclusive from October to May. We have literally an autumn extending to the end of the year, joining on to an early spring commencing with the new year. There may be a few cool, blustering days and you may see ice thick as writing paper but do not set your heart on it or you may be disappointed. We generally have a few frosts and if anybody tells you to get below the frost line, tell him you must go to South America, for you hear they have an occasional frost in Cuba. How much injury the frost may do may be judged when I tell you geraniums, fuchsias, smilax, ivies, cactus and such tender plants, stood on an open piazza without any protection the entire year, and rose geraniums stood the winter unprotected in the flower garden, and monthly roses bloomed every month and daily roses every day in the same garden.

I will relate one little instance here of last winter's flowers. My paths were bordered with scarlet amaryllis and the first of March were a perfect blaze of scarlet glory. Not feeling very well one day, our pet nearly three years old, came in to "show mamma the 'butiful' flowers." She had taken her sister's sun hat and filled the crown and rim and had a lapful beside, nearly a peck of them. How we wished then we had the magic wand and could transport them to the rooms of many an invalid to whose presence they would have brought a sweet perfume from the land of flowers.

As far as climate is concerned I think nature has done her best for this state where 28° above zero once, was the very coldest, and 98° above zero the hottest, and that only for a very few days. In a state where the thermometer at 50° calls forth shakings and shiverings, and conjectures as to frost, and the thermometer at 90°, brings forth big fans and perspiration, for people do perspire in Florida. Now if we can take advantage of nature and make our surroundings contribute to our pleasure and comfort we shall indeed be a people to be envied.

Many invalids and pleasure seekers throng the highways, accompanied by many a home seeker. For all these do the railroads penetrating the heart of the state open up opportunities hitherto unenjoyed, both as to a better winter home for invalids, sights of the wonderful resources of the state unattainable from the water-courses and the possibility of healthier, better, and cheaper homes.

I will first speak to the invalids who want the rest of a Florida winter. First, do not stop at Jacksonville. I mean, do not stay, get away from the water, come into the pine woods, high and dry. Buy a ticket for some interior place, Gainesville or Ocala. If to Ocala and you want a quiet boarding place, comfortable and home-like, get on the cars and spend a

day each at Silver Springs (Ponce de Leon Fountain of Youth), Anthony Place and Citra, each of which places possesses a hotel supposed to be comfortable and at reasonable rates. So all along these interior woods, the accommodations are generally good, and especially if you can gain admission into some private family. You can save the price of your new winter suit and seal skin sack (if you expect to get one) and that will pay for your ticket. Bring your last summer's outfit, but don't forget your cloth ulster and cashmere dress, neither your gossamer or wool shawl, and put a white basque in the space your arctics would occupy. Of course at the large hotels there is plenty of dress display, so I advise invalid ladies to avoid them with the great worry of mind and body that accompanies such things and seek more retired quarters.

I know of some ladies who as they are only winter residents, rent a small house or rooms, bringing with them in trunks, bedding and dishes enough to accommodate themselves, purchasing or renting a stove or coal-oil stove, and what little furniture they are compelled to have. People live so much out of doors in Florida that the price of carpets and upholstered furniture would be much better applied to the purchase of a horse and buggy, which should be used daily and semi-daily by every health seeker.

Having a home, "be it ever so humble," is especially desirable when children are of the party. Invalid mothers need not remain in the north at the imminent risk of their lives for the sake of keeping their little ones in school. Almost any village or town has a school, capable of instructing any scholar under sixteen years of age. Now, for instance, we have a school of two departments, graded, taught by a northern teacher and wife, both of experience, and also, we have a music teacher, thoroughly competent to teach instrumental or vocal music. So with most new towns the opportunities generally meet the requirements of the place.

To the pleasure seeker who possesses the means whereby to gratify his desires, I would say nothing except that the guides, etc., of this year will show the path to take, unless you take private conveyance and get an old resident to "show you around" and you will spend many a pleasant day and go back north with a much better idea of Florida as it is, than you can possibly obtain from sticking closely to railroads and steamboats. Especially is this the case in the older settled counties which possessed large plantations before the war, as did this, Marion county.

To the home-seeker, I would say I left a comfortable home in the north but love for our adopted home is so great that I do not think we shall ever return to the north except for visits to friends and relatives.

To the mother, Florida means much. It means freedom from croup, scarlet fever, diphtheria, and summer complaints. It means eleven months, if not eleven months and two weeks of out-door life for the little ones. What if the sand does make them almost black sometimes. It washes off very easy, and can breed no disease. It means a respite from the excessive dressing which most children, especially in larger towns and cities, have in the north. Only plain, comfortable clothing is required, prints and gingham, with a plain wool dress for cooler days, and plenty of aprons. Never bring furs in any shape or form to Florida. But bring a cloth jacket that your girls may wear to Sabbath school or every-day school on a cool day, for it is always cooler in the house than out of doors on these days, especially when so many houses have no stove or fire-place.

But I find I must not intrude too much on my sisters' patience this time, and will close by saying we do have some trials and troubles in Florida too, but we count them as naught when we think of the colds, coughs and croups, the almost frozen fingers and toes, the mud and the six months' confinement of a northern winter.

F. A. SWAIN.

Anthony Place, Fla.

A DAY AT THE FOREIGN EXPOSITION.

To those who had the rare pleasure of visiting the centennial a few years ago, the foreign exposition held in Boston this winter, would probably seem rather insignificant, and something of a repetition as well. But as I had not seen the centennial, I enjoyed it exceedingly.

Only a short distance this side the Institute building at the farther end of Huntington avenue, is a large building decorated with the flags of the different nations, and bearing the words, "The Foreign Exposition." We went up the broad steps, paid our fifty cents, and were admitted to fairy-land, a child called it; and truly it did surpass our many childish dreams of fairy-land. The subdued lights, the draperies of many colors, and the strange foreign air about it all, heightened the semblance. It seemed like a page from the Arabian Nights.

The Algerian department was nearest. This was mostly filled with carved work of all designs, of more or less utility, from finely carved pen-holders containing a microscopic view of the building, to watch stands and ink stands of elaborate designs; these are of olive wood. Curiously carved ivory vases, paper knives, and bracelets, call bells of a unique and graceful pattern, and, delight of the children, caps of Algerian make which were so delightfully foreign-looking.

With a mental promise to return if possible we passed on to Japan. This had a more familiar appearance, as so much of the Japanese ware has been seen in our stores since the centennial, yet much was new and strange. We particularly admired some tall screens of olive tinted satin, embroidered in truly oriental style. There were huge, curiously carved vases and urns, and one or two figures, intended, I presume, to represent the deities of the country.

The concert by the Kempa Ladies' Orchestra, had commenced shortly before, and that we might enjoy it more fully, we went back nearer the stand. We particularly enjoyed the playing of the Berlin pianist with an unpronounceable name. Meantime some elegant skins and robes attracted our attention, as the heads of the animals looked particularly life like. The robes of eider down were, by far, the most delicate and beautiful, with their borders of feathers. Then we noticed the pottery exhibition, this had less interest for me.

Soon we wandered again. This time to Ireland, noticeable chiefly for its linen and the handiwork of the peasantry.

Until now, I had not realized that this room was only part of an immense whole, but noticing that many passed beyond we followed the crowd and found ourselves in a vast room, not yet fully arranged. Here the East Indian department first met our view, a series of small rooms dimly lighted, yet giving the best possible effect to the exquisite drapery and soft, shimmering silks. Then Germany with her bronzes and paintings. Would that I could give you some accurate description of those bronzes, they were exceedingly beautiful.

Then on, on, on; past cases of guns, musical instruments, hats, furs, but stop! this case of rich dresses deserves more

than a passing glance. Though all might look and admire, but few could hope to possess such elegance as the richly brocaded brown velvet cloak, or the equally rich, yet far more delicate dress of pale blue.

A little farther on, we noticed a self-opening umbrella, and were presented with the unique advertisement of the New York Life Insurance Co., which will ever be preserved as a memento of the occasion, as well as for the origin of the "Stars and Stripes" which it gives. I was much interested in the collections of shells from the different countries, including many beautiful varieties I had never seen before.

By this time both eyes and head were tired, so, to refresh ourselves for the afternoon, we stepped into the elevator and went up to the dining rooms. Even here it was hard to rest the eyes. The arched roof was decorated with Chinese lanterns and immense umbrellas. Sweet music was discoursed by a negro pianist, yet the partial rest was very refreshing, and we lingered unduly, thereby missing the concert on the centennial organ which we were most anxious to hear. As we came down from the dining rooms, we noticed the "Novelty Pop-corn Works," a novelty indeed, to me, the different preparations were most attractive-looking.

China, with its exhibitions of china of every variety, was chiefly interesting to me on account of those who had it in charge, a man and boy dressed in their native costumes, and who talked together in Chinese.

As we passed from China to Italy, we noticed the Edison Works, consisting of the telephone and electric lights. A large Japanese umbrella, each point tipped with one of these marvelous lights, almost vying with the sun for brilliancy.

If our first entrance into the building had seemed like a glimpse of fairy-land, Italy might represent the place of a fairy queen. First the mosaics. Large table tops with the most exquisite wreaths of flowers upon them, the center of one rose a large ruby. There were innumerable smaller pieces, many of them being in the form of jewelry, one lovely pin with lilies of the valley. The most fairy like, however, were the silver and glass exhibits. The most beautiful silver filagree, and a little of gold. One set I particularly admired, of ivy leaves; an ivy leaf of the most exquisite workmanship, for each ear; a wreath of the leaves for the bracelets; the pin and necklace consisting of the most lovely chain work from which clusters of three ivy leaves depended. The glass ware came mostly from Genoa and Venice, and had a most delicate and fragile appearance. I had read much of the beauties of Venetian glass, now I could see it for myself; chandeliers reflecting every tint of the surrounding colors, delicate vases of every imaginable style, so frail that a touch might crush them; and, crowning beauty, a mirror the frame of which, a lovely wreath of flowers of the most delicate tints, was apparently of spun glass.

I was fairly dazed with so much beauty, so I crossed to the other side of the hall for a few moment's rest. Quite a crowd had collected here and seemed to find much amusement. This was the wax flower counter, a Frenchman and his wife made them on the spot, and they were quickly purchased by the crowd as souvenirs of the occasion. The merriment was caused by a Chinaman in full costume, slant eyes, cue down his back, narrow blue gown reaching nearly to his feet and wooden shoes. He was conversing fluently in French with the woman. They were discussing the different individuals of the company, probably not aware that any one could understand them. I was much amused when the

Chinaman asked her if she was not afraid some one would steal her trade.

"O non," laughed the woman, *je les fais si rapidement, qu'ils ne me voient pas.* My friend had already found out her secret.

At half past two was the concert by the Hungarian gypsy band, a novel affair. The national costume in which they appeared, was striking to say the least, red caps, blue coats, red pants, and long black boots reaching to the knees. The music was simply exquisite. We obtained seats and enjoyed the hour to its fullest extent.

We returned to our sight seeing with renewed eagerness. This time we went up to the third story. There was less of interest here, and no one to enlighten our ignorance. One case was filled with the grains and fruits of the different countries. One table, devoted to Mexico, was covered with shafts and columns of many designs, of a yellow marble-like stone. The principal attraction here, yet one which I did not specially admire, was the large collection of Turkish and Persian rugs.

We soon returned to the lower regions, far more interesting to me. First, the statuary claimed our attention; hours might profitably be spent in the contemplation and study of the different pieces, instead, a few moments must suffice us. So we had found our way back to Italy, and, reviewing what we had seen before, found we had omitted one important part; the carved furniture, beautiful as only carving done by the most skillful hands can be, and representing years of toil.

From thence, to the art gallery, which we ought to have visited sooner. A small room on one side was devoted to bits of pottery and other relics from the buried cities, but the pictures were far more interesting, especially a group by the Princess Louise. Here, too, were a few more pieces of statuary, one of which was draped in black, as the sculptor, a young man, (only twenty-four), had recently died.

The afternoon was nearly gone and we felt we must hasten, so we descended to the lower regions by a different route, thereby obtaining a glimpse of much we could not stop to inspect more closely. There were almost innumerable varieties of china, mostly of *tete-a-tete* sets. In one room we lingered a little, looking at pictures or panels of greatest brilliancy, due to the materials rather than high coloring, as a placard told us they were done in gold, silver, copper, iron and bronze. The effect was very rich.

On our way out we found many things of more or less importance which we had omitted. The lace and oriental furniture we could not pass at once and we lingered until nearly dark and the electric lights added their peculiar brilliancy to the scene.

WILLAMETTA.

FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS.

Is there any thing in any of the numerous advertisements of the Royal Baking Powder to show that the Royal does not use Ammonia and Tartaric Acid as cheap substitutes for Cream of Tartar? Or is there any charge, or the slightest insinuation in those advertisements, that Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder contains any thing but the purest Grape Cream of Tartar and Bicarbonate of Soda, with a small portion of flour as a preservative?

Ammonia and Tartaric Acid produce a cheap leavening gas, which is not to be compared, in the practical test of baking, with the more desirable Carbonic Acid gas generated by the exclusive use of the expensive Cream of Tartar.

Use Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder, and judge for yourself of its superiority.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

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

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Having seen the offer of sheet music free, in your paper, I have sent the pictures cut from the wrappers of the fifteen bars of Dobbins' Electric Soap just purchased, as required, and the music I have selected came to \$1.15. I enclosed stamps for the difference, which I hope Mr. Cragin will find satisfactory. Please let me state here, that I used the first bar of Dobbins' Soap that was ever used in this vicinity, (as far as I know) seeing it advertised in our papers for the first time in the fall of 1876. We sent to Philadelphia for a sample bar, price 15 cents, and by using liked it so well, that we induced our grocer, G. Wingen, North McGregor, Iowa, to send for a box, for which he found ready sale, first through our recommendation and afterwards on its own merits, and all the principal grocers here have kept it ever since. Let me say that I think it an excellent soap and have used it ever since 1876. Have tried other "new soaps" but with poor satisfaction, and now will use no other. Please excuse this lengthy epistle.

Mrs. Z. C. BIDWELL.

Box 145, McGregor, Iowa.

MR. CROWELL:—I see by THE HOUSEHOLD the liberal offer of Messrs. Cragin & Co. have made in regard to Dobbins' Soap, which is splendid, and I have cut from each wrapper the pictures which you refer to in THE HOUSEHOLD, and sent the list of music I selected to Philadelphia, and hope to be as well pleased with the music as I am with the soap.

Pliny P. O., Kan.

LOU ADAMS.

MR. CROWELL:—I sent fifteen pictures as you directed, to Messrs. I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, so as to get the music. I am much pleased with Dobbins' Electric Soap. My husband is a grocer and keeps it for sale and every one seems to like it.

St. Louis, Mo. Mrs. G. E. TOWNSEND.

MR. CROWELL:—Have just noticed in THE HOUSEHOLD about the music Messrs. Cragin & Co. are giving to users of Dobbins' Electric Soap, my attention being called to it by letters from some of the subscribers who have already received the music. We have had a whole box of this soap and would not take \$50 for it, if it were impossible to obtain another. There are several of our friends using it by our recommendation, and think it "perfection." As soon as I read about the offer I went to work cutting out the pictures and found there were only forty-five wrappers left, the rest being destroyed before I knew their value. I sent the forty-five, and expect soon to receive the music.

Mrs. M. E. DOWE.

Hartford, Conn.

DEAR MR. CROWELL:—I received the music which I sent for, this morning, and think it very pretty indeed, but I am afraid there was a mistake as I find there is an extra piece which I did not expect, unless Mr. Cragin kindly allowed for the fifteen wrappers which were destroyed. Mr. Cragin will please accept my thanks.

Hartford, Conn. Mrs. M. E. DOWE.

MR. CROWELL:—When coming here I found the Electric Soap was not known, but persuaded a grocer to send for a box. Now I feel that I could not keep house without it.

Mrs. R. B. WRIGHT.

Oreana, Ind.

PERSONALITIES.

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

We are receiving so many requests for cards for "postal card albums" to be published in this column that we would suggest to those desiring such, to consider whether they are prepared to undertake the task of writing and sending 60,000 cards! We are willing to insert as promptly as possible, all requests from actual subscribers giving their full name and address, but feel it our duty to give a friendly hint of the possible consequences.

Letters for Essie, in the Dressing Room department, January, '84, and Mrs. Geo. L. Hutchinson, in Floral Correspondence, same number, are at our office. Will the ladies send us full address, that we may forward the letters? Our correspondents would save us considerable inconvenience, if they would give full address with each communication to THE HOUSEHOLD.

Will the sister who wrote an article in THE HOUSEHOLD a few years since over the signature of Flo, please send me her address as I wish to communicate with her?

Plymouth, Mass. Mrs. AUGUSTUS ROBBINS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of your readers in the states of Delaware, Maryland, Arkansas, Louisiana, and W. Virginia, please send their address to Amanda G. Burgess, Box 196, Rockland, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I wish to say, in answer to Emily Lee, that I am a dressmaker, and made my own patterns for infant's wardrobe, by combining common sense and some dressmaking skill. They cannot be found at any pattern store within my knowledge.

As to the "skirt and waist cut in one piece" of which she speaks, I will try to make plain. There are two pieces to the skirt, front and back, both of which are cut goring, and as large at the bottom as any baby's skirt, with a box plait in the back, and a side plait in front where the opening is closed. Both coming at the waist line, fit to the plump little form as closely as is desirable. I close it with three, sometimes four very thin buttons, besides having a drawing string at the neck. If she wishes any further information that I can give, please tell her to address

FAYE.

Box 251, Brattleboro, Vt.

A PHYSICIAN'S ESTIMATE.

Dr. John W. Williamson, of Danville, Va., has been using Compound Oxygen in his own case and in a number of cases which he was not able to cure under ordinary medical treatment. Writing to us in regard to his estimate of the value of Compound Oxygen, and of his theory as to the laws governing its action, he says:

"On this hypothesis only can I account for the extensive and remarkable curative powers of your Treatment; for it is certainly the most valuable and reliable treatment I know in all chronic diseases. It cures diseases of different types from the special diseases for which it is prescribed as in my own case. For twenty-five years I had suffered with a disease which had resisted all treatment, and I never expected to be relieved, but to my surprise after I was cured of my bronchial and lung trouble by the use of your Treatment for three weeks, I found myself entirely relieved from the other ailment also.

It is my opinion," says Dr. Williamson, "formed from close observations of the nervous system in a long professional career, that something like your Oxygen Treatment ought to be introduced for the relief of diseases. * * * Humanity is under inestimable obligations to you for the introduction of a treatment so valuable to cure them.

I am now treating three cases of paralysis, two of which have improved in a week."

The following appeared in the editorial columns of the Salem (Mass.) Observer, November 10th, 1883, written by one of the proprietors of that journal:

A STATEMENT.

"The writer desires to call the attention of the readers of the Observer to an

article known as 'Compound Oxygen,' manufactured and sold by Drs. Starkey & Palen, of Philadelphia. These gentlemen are not quacks, but intelligent physicians, who are held in high esteem in the circle of their acquaintances. The article which they manufacture is not a medicine except in the sense that it is a remedy for disease. It is not a drug, but oxygen, that can be inhaled with even better results than one may derive from breathing pure mountain air.

The writer speaks from personal knowledge, having sought relief from nervous prostration for a number of years by the methods ordinarily employed. Temporary relief was sometimes obtained, but nothing permanent was effected until he was induced to try 'Compound Oxygen.' The relief afforded by this remedy was so unconscious and effectual in its operation that even now it excites a feeling of wonder and mystery. The appetite was improved, sound and restful sleep was induced, and a general toning up of the whole system was the result, until my weight was greater than ever before, and where work had been for months a heavy burden it was now accomplished with comparative ease and pleasure. These results continue after a long abstinence from the use of C. O.

This is not a paid notice. The writer never has, and never will receive any personal benefit from it. It is written without the advice or knowledge of any one, in the interest of any reader of the Observer who may have been unable to obtain relief by the use of ordinary remedies. Any further information will be cheerfully given by the writer, or such information may be secured by addressing the parties above named.

F. A. FIELDEN."

A "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases, will be sent free. Address Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

OUR EXCHANGE COLUMN.

Our friends will please take notice that this is not an advertising column. Those who want money or stamps for their goods come under the head of advertisers. This column is simply for exchanges.

Ella Blalock, Mt. Zion, Ill., will exchange music for silks or satins for quilt, painted or embroidered preferred. Also darned net pillow shams for an oil painting. Write first.

Mrs. Geo. Howard, Lime Ridge, Sauk Co., Wis., will exchange Farm Ballads, Kathrina, and Longfellow's poems, for scrap bag, splasher, macrame, lambrequin, or table scarf. Write first.

Mrs. G. L. Winship, 1 Greenville Place, Roxbury, Mass., will exchange instrumental music for other music, also, HOUSEHOLD, for Jan., '83, for samples of fancy stitches.

Miss Lizzie L. Peck, Box 253, Penn Yan, N. Y., will exchange cabinet specimens for stereoscopic views and volumes of poems, in good order. Write first.

Mrs. A. J. Woodbury, Denver, Col., will exchange stereoscopic views of Colorado for remnants of zephyr.

Carrie P. Hammond, Snow's Falls, Maine, would like to exchange odd pieces of print size of a postal card.

Mrs. L. M. Slocum, Scottsville, N. Y., has oil paintings to exchange for nice embroidery, linen edgings, fancy work, rugs, or choice flower seeds, shrubs, vines and bulbs.

Mrs. Charles Stanley, Greeley, Col., will exchange sea shells for pieces of silk for quilt or red worsted. Write first.

Mrs. E. G. Munson, 15 Foster St., New Haven, Conn., will exchange HOUSEHOLD for '82 for tidy. Please write description.

See Templin & Sons' ad. of Beautiful Flowers. Their offer is certainly very reasonable.

Clergymen, lawyers, public speakers, and singers, confirm the opinion of the general public in regard to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. All say it is the best remedy that can be procured for all affections of the vocal organs, throat and lungs.

The "Champion Steam Cooker" is thus spoken of by the people of Brattleboro and vicinity who have tested its merits:

"We like the 'Champion Steam Cooker' very much." REV. P. S. MITCHELL, Townshend, Vt.

"I have used the 'Cooker' and am very much pleased with it." MRS. I. O. P. SMITH, Brattleboro, Vt.

"I find it all it is recommended to be." REV. C. FARRAR, Brookline, Vt.

"I have proved the Cooker in many ways to be a very desirable article, and it would be difficult to get along without it." MRS. L. W. HAWLEY, Brattleboro, Vt.

"I think in six months' use the saving of labor, food and fuel will equal the cost of one." REV. F. E. TOWER, Brattleboro, Vt.

"No steam and no odors in the room, and no intermixture of flavors whatever, and doing altogether as the agent represented." MRS. H. J. RICHMOND, Mrs. S. S. HUNT, Mrs. S. A. SMITH, Mrs. F. N. BRACKETT, C. L. BARNEY, Gullford, Vt.

The Louisville Exposition awarded prizes on buggies and harness to the Elkhart Carriage and Harness Manufacturing Co. of Elkhart, Indiana. They deal directly with the consumer at wholesale prices, and ship anywhere with privilege to examine before paying. See their advertisement in another column.

To poison a well is one of the worst of crimes. It is worse to poison the fountain of life for one's self and for posterity. Often by carelessness, or misfortune, or inheritance this has been done. Ayer's Sarsaparilla goes back of the symptoms, picks up these impure seeds from the blood, the vital stream, and restores appetite, strength and health.

COVETOUSNESS IN DISGUISE.

The wonderful success of James Pyle's Pearl-line has given rise to a flood of imitations with an "ine" to their names, evidently to have them sound like Pearl-line. Enterprises of this sort are quite liable to be more selfish than beneficial.

WHEN VERY YOUNG CHILDREN are deprived of their natural nourishment, it is difficult to procure a proper substitute therefor; hence the alarming mortality among infants. Mellin's Food, which is recommended by the highest medical authorities, has been prepared to meet this very want. Druggists have it.

All that can be supplied towards making the natural hair beautiful and abundant is contained in Ayer's Hair Vigor. It keeps the scalp free from dandruff, prevents the hair from becoming dry and harsh, and makes it flexible and glossy. It stimulates the roots to healthy action, and promotes a healthy, vigorous growth.

Do the ladies know that now is the time to make babies' short clothes before warm weather? Do you know you can get \$1.50 worth of patterns for 50 cts. of Combination Pattern Co., Poultney, Vt.?

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral possesses far-reaching and powerful healing qualities which its persistent use will demonstrate in any case of colds, coughs, throat or lung troubles, while its soothing and restoring effects are realized at once.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after suffering a number of years from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, after trying every known remedy without success, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Dr. J. A. Lawrence, 250 Schermerhorn St., Brooklyn New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills are known to be the safest, surest and best purgative medicine ever offered to the public. They are mild but certain in their effects, and keep the system in good condition.

WHY I GO TO CHURCH ON RAINY SUNDAYS.

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

I attend church on rainy Sundays, because:

1. God has blessed the Lord's day, and hallowed it, making no exceptions for rainy Sundays.
2. I expect my minister to be there. I should be surprised if he were to stay at home for the weather.
3. If his hands fall through weakness, I shall have great reason to blame myself, unless I sustain him by my prayers and my presence.
4. By staying away, I may lose the prayers which bring God's blessing, and the sermon that would have done me great good.
5. My presence is more needful on Sundays when there are few, than on those days when the church is crowded.
6. Whatever station I hold in the church, my example must influence others; if I stay away, why may not they?
7. On any important business, rainy weather does not keep me at home; and church attendance is in God's sight, very important.
8. Among the crowds of pleasure-seekers I see that no weather keeps the delicate female from the ball, the party, or the concert.
9. Among other blessings, such weather will show me on what foundation my faith is built. It will prove how much I love Christ; true love rarely fails to meet an appointment.
10. Those who stay away from church because it is too warm, or too cold, or too rainy, frequently absent themselves on fair Sundays.
11. Though my excuses satisfy myself, they still must undergo God's scrutiny; and they must be well grounded to bear that. (St. Luke xiv, 18.)
12. There is a special promise, that where two or three meet together in God's name, he will be in the midst of them.
13. An avoidable absence from church is an infallible evidence of spiritual decay. Disciples first follow Christ at a distance, and then, like Peter, do not know Him.
14. My faith is to be known by my self-denying Christian life, and not by the rise or fall of the thermometer.
15. Such yielding to surmountable difficulties prepares for yielding to those merely imaginary; until thousands never enter a church, and yet think they have good reason for such neglect.
16. By a suitable arrangement on Saturday, I shall be able to attend church without exhaustion; otherwise, my late work on Saturday night must tend to unfit me for the Sunday enjoyment of Christian privileges.
17. I know not how many more Sundays God may give me; and it would be a poor preparation for my first Sunday in heaven to have slighted my last Sunday on earth.

—Persevere against discouragements. Keep your temper. Employ leisure in study, and always have some work in hand. Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate. Never be in a hurry. Preserve self-possession, and do not be talked out of conviction. Rise early, and be an economist of time. Maintain dignity without the appearance of pride; manner is something with everybody, and every thing with some. Be guarded in discourse, attentive and slow to speak. Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions. Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask. Think nothing in conduct important or indifferent. Rather set than follow examples. Practice strict temperance.

A TERRIBLE PROPHECY.

THE RED SUNSETS, CYCLONES AND EARTHQUAKES FORETELLING COMING DISASTER—HOW TO MEET IT.

The recent mysterious appearances following sunset and preceding sunrise have attracted wide attention from students of the skies and the people generally. During the days of recent weeks the sun seems to have been obscured by a thin veil of a dull, leaden hue which, as the sun receded toward the horizon, became more luminous, then yellow, then orange, then red; and, as night settled down upon the earth, a dull purple. At first it was thought these appearances were ordinary sunset reflections of light, but it is now pretty certain that they are either the misty substance of the tail of some unseen comet, in which the earth is enveloped, or a surrounding stratum of world dust or very small meteors. Professor Brooks, of the Red House Observatory, Phelps, N. Y., has turned his telescope upon these objects and discovered what he thinks are myriads of telescopic meteors. If it is unorganized world dust, or decomposed vapors, as the Democrat and Chronicle, of Rochester, N. Y., remarks: "How is this matter to be disposed of? Will it settle and form a deposit upon the earth, or remain a partial opaque shell about the earth to cut off a portion of the sun's light upon it?"

Whatever the mystery is, there is no denying that some very strange forces are at work in the upper airs. The terrible tornadoes and cyclones which have swept our own country, and the fearful volcanoes and earthquakes which have destroyed so many cities and thousands of people—the tidal waves which mysteriously rise and fall on coasts hitherto unvisited by them—the tremendous activity which is evident in the sun by the constant revelation of enormous spots upon its surface—all indicate unusual energy in the heavenly bodies.

These circumstances recall Professor Grimmer's prophecies that from 1881 to 1887, the passage of the five great planets—Mars, Neptune, Jupiter, Uranus, and Saturn—around the sun would produce strange and wonderful phenomena. He says: "The waters of the earth will become more or less poisonous. The air will be foul with noisome odors. Ancient races will disappear from the earth." He attempts to prove his prophecy by the fact that in 1720, when Mars and Saturn made their passage around the sun coincidentally, great destruction and mortality visited all parts of the globe. He also found the same results in previous perihelion passages of the planets, and argues that these circumstances always produce epidemics and destructive diseases which will baffle the skill of the most eminent physicians; that the poor will die by thousands, the weak and intemperate falling first, those whose blood has been impoverished by excess of work or dissipation next, and only those who are in comparative vigor shall escape to enjoy the era of renewed activity and prosperity which will follow the period of destruction.

Inasmuch as the entire world seems subject to the sway of the heavenly bodies no part of the earth, he thinks, can escape scourging. He even predicts that America will lose over ten millions of people; that farmers will be stricken with fear and cease to till the soil; that famine will make human misery more wretched. That hundreds will flee to overcrowded cities for aid in vain. That sudden changes in ocean currents, temperature and surroundings will entirely transform the face of nature and the climate of countries; that the air will be so foul with malaria and other noxious

gases that those who survive will be troubled with disorders of the digestive organs. That many who escape other ills will bloat with dropsy and suddenly pass away, while others will grow thin and drag out a miserable existence in indescribable agony for weeks. Neuralgic pains in different parts of the body will torment them. They will easily tire and become despondent. A faint, hot feeling will be succeeded by chilly sensations, while hallucinations and dread of impending ill will paralyze all effort. "The birds in the air, the beasts of the field, and even the fish of the sea will become diseased, poisoning the air and poisoning the waters of the globe." We are told on the other hand that those who shall pass through this period of trial will have larger enjoyment of life and health. The earth will yield more abundantly than ever before. The animal kingdom will be more prolific and life prolonged very materially. This prolongation of life will be owing to the healthy electric and magnetic influences that will pervade the atmosphere. It would perhaps seem that the present redness of the sun, and the presence of a belt or veil of cosmic matter, justified, in a measure, the prediction of Professor Grimmer, but disturbing as his prediction may be, we are told for our comfort that the strong and pure blooded need have little to fear in these calamities, that those who are delicate or indisposed should adopt means to keep the system well supported and the blood pure, and that the most philosophical and effective method of accomplishing this is to keep the kidneys and liver in good condition. From the testimonials of such men as Dr. Dio Lewis and Professor R. A. Gunn, M. D., Dean of the United States Medical College, New York, and thousands of influential, non-professional people, it seems almost certain that for this purpose there is no preparation known to science equal to Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. This medicine has acquired the finest reputation of any preparation that was ever put upon the market. It is a radical blood purifier, which soothes and heals all inflamed organs, strengthens the nervous system, washes out all evidences of decay, regulates digestion, prevents malassimilation of food in a philosophical and rational manner, fortifies the system against climatic changes and malarial influences and the destructive agencies which seem to be so abundant in these "evil days."

It is not our purpose to dispute the correctness of Professor Grimmer's prophecies. As we have said, the marked disturbances of the past few years would seem to give a semblance of verification to his theory. It is certain, as above stated, that we are passing through what may be regarded as a crucial period and it is the part of wise men not to ignore, but to learn to fortify themselves against the possibility of being overcome by these evils. It is a duty which each man owes to himself and his fellows, to mitigate as much as possible the suffering of humanity, and in no better way can he accomplish this purpose than to see to it that he himself is fortified by the best known preparation in the strongest possible manner, and that he exert the influence of his own example upon his fellows to the end that they, too, may share with him immunity from the destructive influences which seek his ruin.

Richardson's Sure Relief for Piles.

A word to the wise is sufficient. If you contemplate a surgical operation, first send Two Dollars and get a package of SURE RELIEF, manufactured and sold only by L. T. RICHARDSON, 81 Wall St., Auburn, N. Y., and sent to any part of the United States and Canada, prepaid, on receipt of price.

AGENTS WANTED.—Send your address, with stamp, and I will mail you sample and terms of two fast selling articles. CHAS. MARSHALL, Lockport, N. Y.

A MAN FOUND WHO SAYS CAPILLARIS

Contains Sugar of Lead.

What the Capillaris Manuf'g Co. says:

We will give \$1000 to any person that can find one particle of Lead, Sulphur or Cantharides in any of

T. HILL MANSFIELD'S CAPILLARIS,

For the Hair, Scalp and Toilet,

that we put up. It contains no coloring matter; nothing injurious. It makes the wonderful cures, and produces an elegant head of hair; cures Dandruff; stops itching of the scalp; prevents the Hair from falling, and thickens it, for the reason that it puts and keeps the Scalp in a Perfect State of Health, and we don't believe a case of Scalp Disease can be produced that CAPILLARIS will not cure.

CAPILLARIS MANUFACTURING CO.

For Sale by Druggists and Perfumers.

Price 65c. Sample bottle 35c.



NATURE'S remedy applied through our Magnetic Shields. A soft, energizing current of vitalizing magnetic power passes directly into the nerve centers, imparting warmth, life and health. If you are tired of old failures and antiquated methods of regaining health, get a Belt or Jacket and know what real comfort and enjoyment are. Magnetism scientifically applied is the most powerful element within the reach of mortals for curing disease and restoring health. Do not be foolish and shout "Humbly!" Our Magnetic Shields are your best friend on earth. They will make you well and strong; able to battle against the storms of life.

Our statements are true. Do not doubt. Read our New Book. But do not judge us by our writings only, but try our "Shields," and then judge from experience. Science and truth must win the victory.

Magnetic currents imparted by our Shields pass through the body and stimulate every corpuscle to its normal action, just as sunshine warms the plants and flowers into life in spring.

Magnetic Insoles keep your feet warm in coldest weather. \$1.00 a pair to any address; \$2.00 a pair for \$2.00. Send for book, "Plain Road to Health."

THE CHICAGO MAGNETIC SHIELD CO., No. 6 Central Music Hall, Chicago, Ill. Manufactory 279 W. Madison Street.

«KNIGHT'S» ASTHMA CURE

Sold by L. A. KNIGHT, 36 Hanover St., Boston; 697 Broadway, N. Y.; 15 E. Third Street, Cincinnati, O.; and by Druggists. Price, \$1.00.

TESTIMONIALS:

Prof. R. H. Holbrook, National Normal University, Lebanon, Ohio, writes: "Your Asthma Cure so completely cured me of my Asthma, that I have scarcely thought of it during the past, long, hard winter."

Prof. Joseph Peabody, Principal of Moody School, Lowell, Mass., writes: "I have been much benefited by its use. I like it better than anything I have ever tried, and would advise all persons afflicted with Asthma to try 'Knight's Asthma Cure.'"

Mr. David H. Brown, of Thompson, Brown & Co., Publishers and Booksellers, 23 Hawley St., Boston, Mass., writes: "I have tried nearly all known helps for the Asthma, and consider 'Knight's Asthma Cure' the best remedy in the market. It has cured me so that I only use it occasionally."

Rev. Calvin Case, Broadheads Bridge, Ulster Co., N. Y., writes: "It is the most effectual remedy I have ever tried. I recommend it to all."

Knight's New Book on Asthma and Hay Fever Sent Free. L. A. KNIGHT, 15 E. Third St., Cincinnati, O.

WALLINGFORD'S GARGET CURE!

Cures Garget in Cattle in 3 or 4 Days. Farmers and Herdsmen: Your attention is called to this valuable medicine. Warranted to cure the worst case of Garget, Kernels in Tests or Udder, Stringy Substances, Bunches in Bag, Blood or Sediment in Milk, and all other diseases of Cattle. For sale by Druggists and Country Stores. Beware of counterfeits. Be sure you get WALLINGFORD'S, which is patented. W. W. WHIPPLE & CO., Proprietors, Portland, Me. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Agents, Burlington, Vt.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address, Dit. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

WANTED—LADIES AND YOUNG MEN Wishing to earn \$1 to \$3 every day quietly at their homes; work furnished; sent by mail; no canvassing; no stamps required for reply. Please address EDWARD F. DAVIS & CO., 58 South Main St., Fall River, Mass.

NEW STAMPING OUTFIT.

For Kensington, Outline and Ribbon Embroidery, Braiding, etc. With this Outfit you can do your own Stamping, and Stamping for others.

Our New Outfit contains 25 STAMPING PATTERNS, Designs of Daisies, Ferns, Wild Roses, Lilies of the Valley, Bouquets, Outline, Half Wreath of Roses for Pillow Shams, Strips for Flannel Skirts, Sealings, Vines, Braiding Pattern, Cherries, Butterflies, Grass-Hopper, Mouse, Kitten, Frog, Anchor, Star, etc. Price List of Floss, Crewels, Silk, Chenille, Felt, etc. Full Instructions for Stamping and Working, Box Stamping Powder, Distributing Pad, Instructions for Indelible Stamping, 48-page Illustrated Catalogue, containing a list of over 800 Patterns and Illustrations of our Alphabets, Monograms, Kensington and Outline Patterns. We send this Outfit by mail for \$1.00.

EXTRA STAMPING PATTERNS.—Sheaf of Wheat, 20c.; Cluster of Strawberries, 10c.; Forget-me-nots, 15c.; Calla Lily, 15c.; Bachelor's Buttons, 10c.; Pansies, 15c.; Pond Lilies, 2c.; Outline Design, 10c.; Golden Rod and Asters, 20c.; Sprig of Sumac, 15c. SPECIAL OFFER.—We will send all of these Extra Stamping Patterns and the Stamping Outfit for \$2.00.

Address, J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass.

Perforated Patterns for Fabric Painting or Embroidery! Wax Flower Patterns!

Directions for Improved Stamping on Silk, Satin, Felt, Velvet, and other fabrics, and price list on receipt of two stamps. Illustrated patterns with printed directions for modeling White Foul Lilies and White Southern Magnolias on receipt of postal note for twenty-five cents.

Address, Mrs. E. S. L. THOMPSON, Winchester, Randolph Co., Ind.

SILKS PATCHWORK

Plushes and Brocade Velvets for Send 10c. for samples.

Empire Silk Works, Clintonville, Ct.

TO THE LADIES.—Floral Art Studies for Painting and Kensington Work, Six beautiful Oil Chromo Panel Pictures suitable for framing or fringing, comprising the following subjects: Moss Roses, Pansies, Calla Lilies, Pond Lilies, Daisies, Poppies, Golden Rod and Wheat. Sent free on receipt of 50 cents. Petits Art Co., Providence, R. I. Box 1211. Large discount to Agents.

SOMETHING NEW AND BEAUTIFUL.—Any one sending Fifty Cents, I will send samples of any kind of Roses or Buds, and Carnation Pinks, made in paper, with full directions for making them, if this advertisement is answered before April 1st.

Address, MRS. J. T. K., No. 60 William St., Springfield, Mass.

JAPANESE CATCH-ALL.—Lady readers of "The Household" should send for one. Useful and ornamental. Sent all complete with fancy block, by mail, post-paid, \$1.10. G. F. Whitney, Box 203, Natick, Mass.

MAKE YOUR OWN RUGS.

Turkish Rug Patterns stamped in colors on Burlap. Permanent business for Agents. Catalogue for stamp. E. S. Frost & Co., 22 Tremont Row, Boston. Name this paper.

JAPANESE PATCHWORK. Elegant Silks in 50c. & \$1 packages. Manhattan Silk Co., New York, N. Y.

SILKS FOR PATCHWORK. 15 Samples no 2 alike, 10c. SILK MANUFY, Clintonville, Ct.

Tropical Moss for decoration or curiosity. Over two feet in length. A beautiful package for 25 cents. H. RUSS & CO., Orlando, Florida.

CRAZY PATCHWORK Package of bright, elegant silks, plain & brocade, 50c., large samples 10 cts. Embroidery Floss, 5 oz. ass'd colors, 20c, 6 pks. \$1. Fowler & Co., New Haven, Ct.

Birds

MATE NOW. Fine Breeding Pairs, clear & mottled, \$3.00. Singers warranted to suit. Campanini Trained Canaries, with fancy notes. New book, "Canaries and Cage-Birds," by G. H. Holden, 375 pages, elegant full-page colored plates; 150 engravings of birds and cages; a large, handsome work, beautifully bound, all about food, care, breeding of all birds; price, post-paid, \$3.00. Book on Birds, 128 pages, illustrated, by mail 25 cents. Fine catalogue free.

GEORGE H. HOLDEN, Bird Importer, 9 Bowdoin Square, Boston, Mass.

Wood Dish Drainers.

PAT. DEC. 9, 1879.

CLOSED. IN USE.



Length 15 inches. Width, spread, 14 inches.

stands in the sink. Receives and drains the dishes. Does not break them. Does not rust. Takes no available room in the sink. Costs less than wire drainers. Closes compactly to put away. Lasts a life-time. Fifty cents obtains one by mail, postage paid.

DOVER STAMPING CO., Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

SHOPPING BY MAIL!

MISS MARJORIE MARCH, 1315 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., makes purchases of every description for ladies and gentlemen, with discrimination and taste. Orders by mail, from all parts of the country, promptly executed. Send postage stamp for samples and circular. Address as above.

50c. to \$2.00 per hour at home. No peddling. No humbug. The Secret revealed, and 15 Samples, worth \$5, Free. (Name this paper.) Address H. G. FAY, Rutland, Vt.

PENSIONS for any disability; also to Heirs. Send stamps for New Laws. COL. L. BINGHAM, Attorney, Washington, D. C.

CHILDREN'S WARDROBE.

I will send to any readers of THE HOUSEHOLD for one dollar and fifteen cents the following patterns, viz.: Infant's night slip, shirt, two dresses, one sack, one bib, barrow coat band, petticoat band; or for the same price patterns for first short clothes, three dresses, two aprons, under waist, day drawers, night drawers, neck, skirt, and sunbonnet, with full directions for making. State sex in writing. Address, CHRISTIE IRVING, 130 Maple Ave., Springfield, Ohio.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE

For 1884 is an Elegant Book of 150 Pages, 32 Colored Plates of FLOWERS and Vegetables, and more than 1000 Illustrations of the choicest Flowers, Plants and VEGETABLES, and Directions for Growing. It is handsome enough for the Center Table or a Holiday Present. Send on your name and Postoffice address, with 10 cents, and we will send you a copy, post-paid. This is not a quarter of its cost. It is printed in both English and German. If you afterwards order seeds deduct the 10 cents. VICK'S SEEDS ARE THE BEST IN THE WORLD. The Floral Guide will tell how to get and grow them.

VICK'S Illustrated Monthly Magazine, 32 Pages, a Colored Plate in every number and many fine Engravings. Price \$1.25 a year; Five Copies for \$5. Specimen numbers sent for 10 cents; 3 trial copies 25 cts.

Address,

JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING

ROSES

The only establishment making a SPECIAL BUSINESS OF ROSES. 60 LARGE HOUSES FOR ROSES ALONE. WE GIVE AWAY, in Premiums and Extras, more ROSES than most establishments grow. Strong Pot Plants suitable for immediate bloom delivered safely, postpaid, to any post-office. 5 splendid varieties, your choice, all labeled, for \$1; 12 for \$2; 19 for \$3; 26 for \$4; 35 for \$5; 75 for \$10; 100 for \$13. OUR NEW GUIDE, a complete Treatise on the Rose, 70 pp., elegantly illustrated, FREE. THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

ROSES MAKE HOME BEAUTIFUL

13 Everblooming, or 13 Hardy, or 13 Climbing, or 7 Moss Roses, all distinct sorts, labeled, by mail for \$1. Many thousands of Bedding and House PLANTS & BULBS. Best and cheapest in the world. Will prove this by sending 2 Samples for 25 Cts. Safe arrival and satisfaction guaranteed. WE LEAD in quantity, quality, size and price of all choice plants, NEW and OLD. Valuable premiums GIVEN AWAY. Beautifully illustrated and i- tive catalogue free. You should order now this advertisement may not appear again. WOODS, BEACH & CO., New Brighton, Pa.

TUBEROSE 'DOUBLE PEARL'

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which have been planted by some growers for 45 years. The quality is the first consideration secured by the most careful selection. The prices, the lowest consistent with sterling merit. Dreer's Garden Calendar for 1884, offering Vegetables, Flower and Field Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, and everything for the garden, mailed Free. HENRY A. DREER, 714 Chestnut Street, PHILADELPHIA.

HANSELL The earliest and most valuable Blackberry, Early Harvest Berry, Atlantic and Daniel Boone Strawberries; send for details. The largest and best stock of SMALL FRUITS in the United States, including all valuable varieties, new and old. Richy Illustrated catalogue, telling what to plant, how to plant, and how to get and grow Fruit Trees and Plants, filled with useful information on fruit culture, free. Address, J. T. LOVETT, Little Silver, New Jersey. Introducer Cuthbert Raspberry and Manchester Strawberry.

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The publishers of the Capitol City Home Guest, the well-known Illustrated Literary and Family Magazine, make the following liberal offer for the New Year: The person telling us the longest verse in the Bible, before March 1st, will receive a Solid Gold, Lady's Hunting Cased Swiss Watch, worth \$50; if there be more than one correct answer, the second will receive an elegant Stem-winding Gentleman's Watch; the third, a key-winding English Watch. Each person must send 25 cts. with their answer, for which they will receive three months' subscription to the Home Guest, a 50 page Illustrated New Year Book, a Case of 25 articles that the ladies will appreciate, and paper containing names of winners. Address, Pubs. of HOME GUEST, HARTFORD, CONN.

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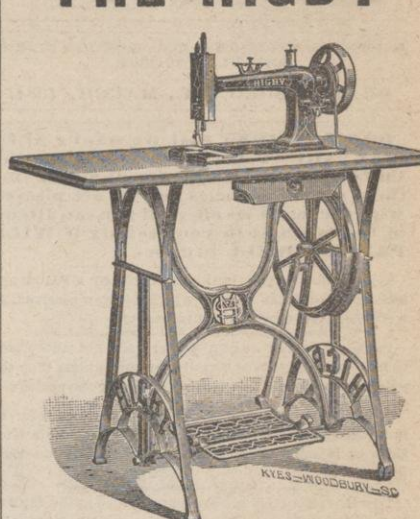
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WE CLAIM

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We make this offer to our subscribers knowing that the Higby is in every respect a first class machine that will give entire satisfaction. It combines all the best qualities of the leading machines of the day, with several peculiar to itself, and is destined to be extremely popular wherever it is known. We heartily endorse the Higby, believing that for work and wear it must stand at the head.

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BRATTLEBORO, VT., MARCH, 1884.

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WE CANNOT CHANGE THE DIRECTION OF A PAPER unless informed of the office at which it is now received, as well as the one to which it is to be sent.

PERSONS ACTING AS OUR AGENTS are not authorized to take subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD at less than the published price—\$1.10 per year, including the postage.

MONEY MAY BE SENT AT OUR RISK by postal order, or in a registered letter, or by a bank check payable in New York or Boston. Don't send personal checks on local banks.

THE HOUSEHOLD is always discontinued at the expiration of the time for which the subscription was paid. Persons desiring to renew their subscriptions will please remember this, and by taking a little pains to send in good season save us a large amount of labor.

UNITED STATES POSTAGE STAMPS, 1's and 2's, will be received in payment for any sum less than one dollar but do not send full subscriptions in that way. It is just as easy and as safe to send bank bills in a letter as their value in stamps, and they are worth a great deal more to us.

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

CORRESPONDENTS will please be a little more particular (some of them a good deal more) in writing proper names. A little care in this respect would prevent many annoying mistakes and the trouble of writing letters of inquiry. Names and places so familiar to the writers that it seems to them that everybody must recognize them at a glance are oftentimes serious puzzles to strangers unless plainly written.

CANADIAN STAMPS are of no use to us, neither can we credit full price for mutilated coin. Revenue and proprietary stamps are not postage stamps and we have no use for them. And will all our readers, every one, if you must send the ten cents in stamps, oblige us by sending 1's and 2's, and put them into the letters loosely. Do not attempt to fasten them even slightly, as many are spoiled by so doing. Seal the envelope well, and they can't get away.

LIFE MEMBERSHIP.—Many of our friends have expressed a desire to subscribe for more than one year at a time, so as to be sure of the regular visits of THE HOUSEHOLD without the trouble of renewing every year, and some have wished to become Life Members of the Band. To accommodate all such we will send THE HOUSEHOLD two years for \$2.00, six years for \$5.00, and to those who wish to become Life Members, the payment of \$10.00 at one time will entitle them or their heirs to receive THE HOUSEHOLD as long as it shall be published.

LADIES PLEASE BEAR IN MIND, when sending recipes or other matter for publication with your subscriptions or other business, to keep the contributions so distinct from the business part of your letters that they can be readily separated. Unless this is done it obliges us to re-write all that is designed for publication or put it all together among our business letters and wait for a more convenient season to look it over. So please write all contributions ENTIRELY separate from any business and they will stand a much better chance of being seasonably used.

TO CARELESS CORRESPONDENTS.—It would save us considerable time and no little annoyance, besides adding to the requests of our correspondents, if they would in every case sign their names to their letters—which many fail to do—and also give post-office address including the state. Especially is this desirable when subscriptions are sent, or any matter pertaining to business is enclosed. We desire to be prompt and correct in our dealing with our friends, but they often make it extremely difficult for us by omitting these most essential portions of their communications.

AN ESTEY COTTAGE ORGAN FREE to any subscriber of THE HOUSEHOLD, who will send its value in subscriptions, as offered by us, is certainly a most unusual offer, and we are not surprised that it should attract the attention of very many of our readers, for in what other way could a first class organ be so easily obtained for the family, church, hall, or lodge room as by procuring the value of the instrument in subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD? We have already sent out many of these organs, literally "from Maine to California," and in every instance so far as we have learned, they have given the most perfect satisfaction. Reader, do you want one of these instruments? We have one ready for you.

AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense and risk of remitting it. The amount of the premium to be deducted depends upon the number of subscribers obtained, but can be readily ascertained by a reference to Nos. 74 and 89 of the Premium List on another page. It will be seen

that from 25 to 40 cents is allowed for each new yearly subscriber, according to the size of the club. In case the club cannot be completed at once the names and money may be sent as convenient, and the premium deducted from the last list. Always send money in drafts or post office orders, when convenient, otherwise by express.

OUR WEDDING PRESENT of a free copy of THE HOUSEHOLD for one year to every bride, has proved a very acceptable gift in many thousands of homes during the past few years, and we will continue the offer for 1884. This offer amounts practically to a year's subscription to THE HOUSEHOLD to every newly married couple in the United States and Canada, the only conditions being that the parties (or their friends) apply for the present within one year from the date of their marriage—enclosing ten cents for postage, and such evidence as will amount to a reasonable proof that they are entitled to the magazine under this offer. Be sure and observe these conditions fully, and don't forget either the postage or the proof. Nearly every bride can send a copy of some newspaper giving notice of her marriage, or the notice itself clipped in such a way as to show the date of the paper, or a statement from the clergyman or justice who performed the ceremony, or from the town clerk or postmaster acquainted with the facts, or some other reasonable evidence. But do not send us "names of parents" or other witnesses who are strangers to us, nor "refer" us to any body—we have no time to hunt up the evidence—the party making the application must do that. Marriage certificates, or other evidence, will be returned to the senders if desired, and additional postage is enclosed for the purpose. Do not send money or stamps in papers—it is unlawful and extremely unsafe.

SPECIAL PREMIUM FOR 1884.

To such of our readers as wish to procure a first-class Sewing Machine on easy terms we offer the following opportunity:

For a club of 40 yearly subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD we will send a No. 1 Highy Sewing Machine. Price \$40.

For 45 subscriptions we will send a No. 2 machine, same make. Price \$45.

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These machines are strictly first-class in every respect and fully warranted. There is no better Sewing Machine made than the Highy, and no better chance was ever given by which a lady could obtain so excellent a machine on such easy terms. Send for a catalogue either to THE HOUSEHOLD or The Highy Sewing Machine Co., Brattleboro, Vt.

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CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from CUTICURA, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Chapped and Oily Skin.

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Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; Resolvent, \$1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

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The roses are all wintered in cold houses, and are in condition to produce the very best results for summer blooming, with proper treatment.

PLANT COLLECTIONS FOR BEDDING, or Immediate Blooming, the best bloomers and most distinct in color, selected from new and standard varieties. Six best sorts Carnations, Dahlias, Fuchsias, Single Geraniums, Double Geraniums, Golden Bronze, Ivy Leaved or Sweet Scented Geraniums, Double Petunias, Pelargoniums, Everblooming Roses or Lantanas, 6 best sorts 6 strong plants, \$1. Six best Coleus, 75c. Six best Gladioli, 75c. Six best Heliotrope, 75c. Six best Pansies, 40c. Six best Verbenas, 40c. Four \$1 pkgs., \$3, by express; 6 for \$4.50; 15 \$1 pkgs. for \$10. \$30 CASH PREMIUM to the 3 parties sending the largest club orders for the season to July 1st, 1884, \$15 to first, \$10 to second, \$5 to third. It includes all collections of plants, seeds, bulbs, offered in catalogue of 1884 in Club Orders only.

SEEDS.—I devote special attention to this branch. To Florists and others in search of choice seed, reliable, fresh and true to name, you should give them a trial.

PAVSIES—Improved Large Flowering My strain has gained a wide reputation for rich colorings and size of flower; mixed packets, 15c. BALSAM—Improved large flowering, extra double, separate colors or mixed packet, 15c. ASTERS—I offer the choicest strains in great variety, mixed packet, 10c.; separate colors, 15c. PETUNIA—My strain of Double and Single Fringed are unequalled; Single Fringed, packet, 25c.; Double Fringed, 50c. packet. PHLOX DRUMMONDII—Of superior quality, choicest mixed, packet, 10c. STOCK TEN WEEKS—For doubleness and contrast in colors are graded the best; packet, 10c. mixed colors. PRIMROSE—The seed are saved from the very choicest single and double sorts, and considered of superior strain; many colors, mixed, single, 25c.; double, 50c. per packet. CARNATION—Saved from the choicest named sorts, mixed, packet, 25c. GLOXINIA—Best French Hybrids, choicest collections, packet 25c. GERANIUM—Saved from over 100 of my best single and double varieties, 15c. CYCLAMEN—These are grown from the choicest named sorts, 25c. VERBENA—Seed saved from 50 best named varieties, 15c. HOLYHOCK, Double—Unsurpassed excellence as to size, colors, contrast in colors, mixed, packet 15c. One trial packet seed of each above 13 varieties, \$1.50.

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Each Watch is finely made, silver plated and the greatest novelty ever offered to the boys and girls of America. It is a Complete Musical Instrument, size and shape of a Watch, with Music Box attachment concealed within, so arranged that when wound at the stem, plays one of the following tunes:—"Home, Sweet Home," "Yankee Doodle," "Blue Bells of Scotland," "Coming Through the Rye," "Swanee River," "Carnival of Venice," "Grandfather's Clock," "Waltz, Polka, Schottische," and "Wait till the clouds Roll By." The notes, time, and tones are correct. It instructs and entertains both Old and young. On receipt of 36 Cents, will send it by mail, post-paid. Just think of it! A Music Box for 36 Cents. Postage Stamps taken. SPECIAL OFFER:—If you will order before April 1st, we will send you FOUR for only \$1.00. You will be delighted with them. Address A. E. PRATT & CO., No. 27 Park Place New York.

Northern grown stock is most hardy and will give best results. Try it.

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YOUR NAME printed on 50 Extra Large Chromos in nine colors, 25c. French & English Floral, Remembrance & Good Luck, German, Floral, Motto and Verse Cards, name in fancy script type, 10c. 14 packs \$1. Our Beautiful bound Book of 100 styles for 1884, 25c. Address S. M. FOOT, Northford, Conn.

ROYAL CARD CO., NORTHFORD, CONN.

50 Beautiful Imported Chromo Cards, with name in fancy type 10c. This pack includes all the latest, best and most popular styles ever issued. 11 packs and this Beautiful Seal Ring, for \$1. Get 10 of your friends to send with you and get your own pack and an elegant gold ring free. Stamps taken.

POOR people have become rich working for us. We offer a business easy to learn—paying large sums of money in profits. Every one willing to work can get rich. Men, women and even boys and girls, are making fortunes. No capital required. We will start you in business. You run no risk whatever. You need not be away from home. Full particulars free.

W. V. R. POWIS, 89 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

WORD TO YOU Cut this out and return to us with TEN CENTS and we will send you by mail VALUABLE SAMPLES of a new business which will help you to make MORE MONEY at once than anything ever advertised. Either sex, C. E. ELLIS & CO., Chicago, Ill. Special.—A Silk Handkerchief free to each of the first 250 who answer this advertisement.

YOU Can now Grasp a Fortune. Write to us at once and we will send you Free our New Illustrated Guide to Rapid Wealth, containing 300 sure ways to make money anywhere. Absolute certainty guaranteed to you. Address J. LYNN & CO., 769 Broadway, New York.

BOSS' PATENT GOLD WATCH CASES

Economy! Strength! Durability! ELEGANT DESIGNS! GUARANTEED FOR 20 YEARS!

PATENTS Hand-Book FREE.

R. S. & A. P. LACEY, Patent Att'ys, Washington, D. C.

CARDS 3 full sets new and beautiful Fancy Cards; 10 Popular Songs, with music, including "Over the Garden Wall"; 100 Selections for Autographs. FREE! graph Albums; 10 Pleading Games, new price list and BIG TERMS to agents, all free for 10c. to pay postage. Pearl Card Co., Waltham, Mass.

60 Lovely Cards Choice chromos, your name in pretty type, post-paid 10c. 25 fine gold edge cards 10c. Hidden name cards 12 for 20c. 500 other styles. Big pay to agents. Send 6c. for terms and samples to canvass with. Holly Card Works, Meriden, Ct.

Print Your Own Cards Labels Envelopes, &c. with our \$3 Printing Press. Larger sizes for circulars, &c. \$8 to \$75. For pleasure, money making, young or old. Everything easy, printed instructions. Send 2 stamps for Catalogue of Presses, Type, Cards, &c. to factory. Kelsey & Co., Meriden, Conn.

FREE! Secure a Splendid Present by sending 37c. for 3 pks. of Chromo Cards, new and imported designs, or 50 for 10c. E. H. PARDEE, New Haven, Ct.

"BEST IN THE WORLD."



LADIES ASK YOUR STOREKEEPER FOR IT.

VERY STRONG, SMOOTH & ELASTIC.

Storekeepers are obliged to pay a little more for this silk than for ordinary kinds, but enterprising merchants will keep what their customers ask for.

Liberal arrangements will be made with one or two first-class merchants in every city, where our goods are not already sold, to keep a full line of our silks, which are now sold by more than six thousand leading Dry Goods and Notions houses in the United States.

If your storekeepers will not supply you with our goods, send 50 cents by mail for a box of samples.

We manufacture a full line of Spool Silk, Embroidery Silk, Etching, Fillosette and Knitting Silks, also Pure Dye Machine-Twist and Sewing Silk for manufacturing purposes, and the celebrated Patent Quill Twist.

We sell waste Embroidery Silk, odds and ends, assorted colors, at 40 cents per oz.

Wash Sewing Silk black or colors, 30 cts. per oz. Send two 3c. postage stamps for 48-page pamphlet giving rules and designs for Silk Knitting.

The Brainerd & Armstrong Co.

469 Broadway, New York.
238 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.
35 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.
35 Sharpe St., Baltimore, Md.
Mills at New London, Conn.



THE UNEQUALLED

"HOUSEHOLD"

Sewing Machine

MANUFACTURED BY

Household Sewing Machine Co.,

Providence, R. I.

It is Easy Running, Durable, Perfect.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTION.

GENERAL OFFICES:—12 East 14th St., New York.

163 and 165 Lake Street, Chicago.

149 Tremont Street, Boston.

1212 Olive Street, St. Louis.

909 Broad Street, Richmond, Va.

PAYSON'S INDELIBLE INK

Is the BEST. No preparation.

Use with any pen for marking any fabric. Popular for decorative work on linen. Received Centennial Medal & Diploma. Established 50 years. Sold by all Druggists, Stationers & News Agts.

HEALTH FOODS.

Send your address on postal card, and we will send you valuable pamphlets. Our products are known and enjoyed by many of the regular writers for THE HOUSEHOLD.

Good Mr. Crowell, the editor, is one of our best customers. Dr. Hanaford, Emily Hayes, and others, say that they find strength, health and comfort in our Foods.

Professor R. H. Thurston of the Stevens Institute of Technology, who has been greatly benefited by them, has taken the trouble to secure analyses of all the wheat-products, from his colleague, Prof. Leeds, State Analyst for New Jersey, and the result is given below.

STEVENS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, HOBOKEN, N. J., May 23, 1882.

At the request of my colleague, Prof. Robert H. Thurston, I have thoroughly examined the various food substances prepared from wheat by the Health Food Co.

The examination was both microscopic and chemical. Finding, after the most careful trial, that no trustworthy determinations of the relative percentages of the starch, gluten, etc., could be made by the aid of the microscope, I submitted all these food substances to chemical analysis as the only accurate test. The result has been to show that the relative percentage of the albuminoids (gluten, albumen, etc.) as compared with the starch, is greater in these food-substances, than it is in ordinary commercial wheat flour. In some of them the relative percentage of albuminoids is very much greater than in ordinary flour, whether European or American.

ALBERT R. LEEDS, PH. D., Prof. of Chemistry in the Stevens Inst. of Technology.

HEALTH FOOD CO., 74 & 76 4th Ave. & 69, 71 & 73 E 10th St., New York City.

New England Agency, 199 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

Dr. Hanaford's Card.

MOTHER AND CHILD, giving, in plain language, the treatment of both. Price, \$1.00.

HOME GIRLS, treating of the physical and mental training, 20 cents.

ANTI-FAT AND ANTI-LEAN, 25 cents.

GOOD DIGESTION, or the DYSPEPTIC'S FRIEND, 25 cents.

STOMACH REGULATOR AND LIVER INVIGORATOR. Intended for Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Indigestion, Nausea, Torpidity of the Liver, and all derangements of that organ. Price 40 cents (stamps) for enough to last one month; \$1.00 for three packages, three months.

THE SICK who will carefully give their symptoms, diet, habits, etc., will receive medicine and advice to last six weeks, by letter, for \$3.00.

GOOD BREAD AND HOW TO MAKE IT, 15 cents.

All sent by mail, free, on the receipt of the price. (Stamps for change.) (The "Health Rules" will be sent in Good Bread, Anti-Fat, and Anti-Lean, and with the medicine.)

My original and only offer to "brides" who have had THE HOUSEHOLD as a wedding present, and who will re-subscribe for it, was 75 cents for this "Mother and Child," (see Replies in Aug. No.) This offer still remains, applying to all who subscribed in 1882, who will renew for 1883. Address

DR. J. H. HANAFORD, Reading, Mass.

BIG PAY to sell our Rubber Printing Stamps. Samples free. TAYLOR BROS. & Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

50c. to \$2.00 per hour at home. No peddling. No humbug. The Secret revealed, and 15 samples, worth \$5, for 10c. (Name this paper.) Address

H. E. SLAYTON, Montpelier, Vt.

50 New Enamelled Chromo Cards for 1884, name on 10c. Price with 3 packs. Potter & Co., Montrose, Ct.

ARM & HAMMER BRAND



TO FARMERS.—It is important that the Soda or Saleratus they use should be white and pure, in common with all similar substances used for food.

In making bread with yeast, it is well to use about half a teaspoonful of the "Arm and Hammer" Brand Soda or Saleratus at the same time, and thus make the bread rise better and prevent it becoming sour by correcting the natural acidity of the yeast.

DAIRYMEN and FARMERS should use only the "Arm and Hammer" brand for cleaning and keeping milk-pans sweet and clean.

To insure obtaining only the "Arm and Hammer" brand Soda or Saleratus, buy it in "POUND or HALF POUND PACKAGES," which bear our name and trade-mark, as inferior goods are sometimes substituted for the "Arm and Hammer" brand when bought in bulk.

\$2,000

A YEAR (OR MORE) AND A PERMANENT

SITUATION

Are hereby offered to at least one person in each town to act as our local agent and correspondent. First come, first served, other things being equal. References required. Full particulars given on receipt of return postage. Address at once, mentioning this paper,

National Intelligencer Publishing Co., 116 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

RICHARDSON'S NEW METHOD For the Pianoforte.

PRICE \$3.25.

This standard and superior instruction book does not seem to suffer from the publication of other methods and instructors, however meritorious they be. It sells literally by the ton! Many times revised, it is practically without error. Those who are in doubt what book to use, are always safe in using RICHARDSON'S.

Wels' Third Mass. (8 cts.) by Chas. Wels. Just out. Is full of the best effects. Ditson & Co. publish 100 Masses by the best composers. No sacred music is finer than this.

Vocal Echoes. (\$1.00.) By Perkins and "Wellesley College Collection" (\$1.00) by Morse, are superior collections for Female Voices.

For the Temperance Campaign, now exciting intense interest, there are no better singing books than HULL'S Temperance Glee Book (40 cts.) Temperance Jewels (35 cts.) by Tenney and Hoffman; and Temperance Light (12 cts.)

War Songs. (50 cts.) are conquering the country. A great success.

Minstrel Songs. (\$2.00.) World Favorite Minstrel, Jubilee and Plantation Songs.

Gems of English Song. (\$2.00.) As yet unrivalled as a collection of the best English sheet music songs.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

Sawing Made Easy

Monarch Lightning Sawing Machine!

Sent on 30 Days Test Trial. A Great Saving of Labor & Money.

A boy 16 years old can saw logs FAST and EASY MILES MURRAY, Portage, Mich. writes: "Am much pleased with the MONARCH LIGHTNING SAWING MACHINE. I sawed off a 30-inch log in 2 minutes. For sawing logs into suitable lengths for family stove-wood, and all sorts of log-cutting, it is peerless and unrivalled. Illustrated Catalogue, Free. AGENTS WANTED. Mention this paper. Address MONARCH MANUFACTURING CO. 3 E. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

LADIES' FANCY WORK.

A BOOK OF INSTRUCTIONS AND PATTERNS For Artistic Needle Work, Kensington Embroidery, Directions for Making Knitted Work, etc. Tells how to make 20 Stitches, including South Kensington, Outline, Persian, Tent, Star, Satin, Janina, Filling, Feather, etc. Patterns for Scrap Basket, Splasher, Tidy, Piano Cover, etc. Price, 36 cts.

MACRAME LACE, RICK-RAK and DARNED LACE PATTERNS. This Book has 50 illustrations, including 15 Darned Lace Patterns, Patterns and Instructions for Making Macrame Lace, Rick-Rak Trimming, Tidy, Work Bag, etc. Price, 50 cts.

8 Tidy Patterns for Java Canvases, Honey-comb and Twine work. Price, 20 cts. SPECIAL OFFER: These 2 Books and 8 Tidy Patterns for 30 ALL. two-cent stamps.

J. F. INGALLS, LYNN, MASS.

\$250 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample FREE. Address JAY BRONSON, DETROIT, MICH.

TRADE-MARKS, PRINTS, LABELS. COPY-RIGHTS, DESIGNS, RE-ISSUES. Send description of your Invention. L. DINGHAM, Patent Lawyer and Solicitor, Washington, D. C.

HOUSEHOLD PREMIUMS.

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

No.	PREMIUM.	Price.	No. of Subs.
1	One box Stationary,	\$0 50	2
2	Indelible Pencil, (Clark's),	50	2
3	Embroidery Scissors,	50	2
4	Name Plate, brush, ink, etc.,	60	2
5	Ladies' Ivory handle Penknife,	75	3
6	Sugar Spoon,	75	3
7	Autograph Album,	1 00	3
8	Package Garden Seeds,	1 00	3
9	Package Flower Seeds,	1 00	3
10	Half Chromo, Autumn Leaves, or May Flowers,	1 00	3
11	Butter Knife,	1 00	3
12	Turkey Morocco Pocket Book,	1 10	4
13	One vol. Household,	1 10	4
14	Fruit Knife,	1 25	4
15	Pair Tablespoons,	1 50	5
16	Call Bell,	1 75	5
17	Carving Knife and Fork,	1 75	5
18	One pair Napkin Rings,	2 00	5
19	Six Scotch Plaid Napkin Rings,	2 00	5
20	Six Teaspoons,	2 25	5
21	Rosewood Writing Desk,	2 25	5
22	Rosewood Work Box,	2 50	5
23	Fruit Knife, with Nut Pick,	2 50	6
24	Child's knife, fork and spoon,	2 50	6
25	Gold Pen with Silver Case,	2 50	7
26	Six Tea Knives,	2 50	7
27	Six Nut Picks,	2 75	7
28	Gilt cup,	2 75	7
29	Photograph Album,	3 00	7
30	Spoon Holder,	3 00	8
31	Family Scales, (12 lbs., Shaler),	4 00	8
32	Pie Knife,	3 50	9
33	Soup Ladle,	3 50	9
34	Cake Knife,	3 50	9
35	Pickle Jar, with Fork,	3 50	9
36	Six Tablespoons,	4 00	9
37	Six Table Forks, medium,	4 00	9
38	Six Tea Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles,	3 75	10
39	1 doz. Teaspoons,	4 50	10
40	Family scales, (24 lbs., Shaler),	5 00	10
41	1 doz. Tea Knives,	5 00	10
42	Sheet Music, (Agent's selection),	5 00	10
43	Carving Knife and Fork,	4 00	12
44	Hf. Chromo, Morn'g or Even'g,	5 00	12
45	Butter Dish, covered,	5 00	12
46	1 pair Napkins Rings, neat,	5 00	12
47	Syrup Cup,	5 50	12
48	Gold Pen and Pencil,	6 00	12
49	Six Table Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles,	5 50	14
50	Caster,	6 00	14
51	Cake Basket,	6 50	14
52	Croquet Set,	6 50	14
53	Family Scales, (50 lbs., Shaler),	7 00	14
54	Webster's National Dictionary,	6 00	15
55	Clothes Wringer,	7 50	15
56	Folding Chair,	5 50	16
57	Six Tea Knives, silver plated, ivory inlaid handles,	7 00	16
58	Card Receiver, gilt, fine,	7 00	16
59	Celery glass, silver stand,	7 50	16
60	Fruit Dish,	8 00	16
61	Gold Pen and Holder,	7 50	17
62	Butter Dish, covered,	7 50	18
63	Spoon Holder,	7 50	18
64	1 doz. Tablespoons,	8 00	18
65	1 doz. Table Forks, medium,	8 00	18
66	Photograph Album,	10 00	18
67	Caster,	8 50	20
68	Syrup Cup and Plate,	8 50	20
69	Cake Basket,	10 00	20
70	Elegant Family Bible,	10 00	20
71	Stereoscope and 50 views,	10 00	20
72	Folding Chair,	8 00	24
73	Cash,	6 25	25
74	Child's Carriage,	10 00	25
75	Webster's Unabridged Dictionary,	12 00	30
76	1 doz. Tea Knives, silver plated, ivory inlaid handles,	14 00	30
77	Ice Pitcher, porcelain lined,	15 00	30
78	Sewing Machine, (Higby),	40 00	40
79	Silver Watch,	20 00	45
80	Folding Chair,	20 00	50
81	Sewing Machine, (Higby),	50 00	50
82	Silver Watch,	35 00	80
83	Tea Set, silver, neat,	50 00	100
84	Cash,	35 00	100
85	Tea Set, richly chased, gilt, elegant,	75 00	150
86	Cottage Organ, (Estey),	150 00	150
87	Ladies' Gold Watch,	80 00	175
88	Gent's Gold Watch,	125 00	275

Each article in the above list is new and of the best manufacture, and due care will be taken that they be securely packed and properly directed, and sent by mail express or freight.

It is not necessary for an agent working for any premium to get all the subscriptions at one place or to send them all in at one time. They may be obtained in different towns or states and sent as convenient. Keep a list of the names and addresses and when a premium is wanted send a copy of the list and name the premium selected.

Premium clubs will be kept open ONE YEAR if desired.

All articles sent by mail are prepaid. Those sent by express or freight are at the expense of the receiver.

New subscriptions and renewals are counted alike premiums, but ONE'S OWN SUBSCRIPTION IS NOT INCLUDED in the club for any premium whatever.

Specimen copies of THE HOUSEHOLD are sent free those wishing to procure subscribers.

A PRIZE

Send six cents for postage, and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

\$525.00 PER MONTH and a \$3.50 Outfit Free to Agents and Canvassers.

The biggest thing on earth, and a chance of a lifetime. Our new enlarged Electro Portraits are the finest in the world. Address W. H. CHIDESTER & SON, 28 Bond Street, New York.

50 Elegant XXtra or 25 large Chromo Cards, name in fancy type, 10c. 6 packs and King, 50c. Sample Book, 25c. FOOTE BROS., Northford, Ct.

40 ELEGANT CHROMO CARDS, large size. Imported floral gems. They are beauties! try them. Name on, 10c. Atlas Printing Co. Northford, Ct.

GIVEN AWAY



Ladies canvassing for Tea will do well to send for our Premium List. We have premiums for orders from \$5 to \$50, including Gold Band Tea Sets, Waltham Watches, etc. We send thousands of these orders every year, and have yet to hear of any dissatisfaction from those receiving them. If any lady reader of this paper wishes for a beautiful Gold Band Tea Set, they will find it to their advantage to send us a postal for further information.

ATLANTIC TEA COMPANY, FITCHBURG, MASS.



STAMPING for EMBROIDERY. Full instructions for stamping on Felt, Velvet, Plush, &c., so as not to rub off. 10 working designs for Kensington (roses, daisies, pansies, &c.), with powder, distributor, instructions, samples of 50 alphabets, and catalogue of 1000 designs, 50c. 6 outlines for Tildies, &c., 30c.; 3 new designs for Russian work, 30c.; 3 patterns for Rocco work, 30c.; 3 Skirt and Braiding Patterns, 15c.; 5 Vines, 30c.

Special offer—all above, \$1.00.

T. E. PARKER, 4 Market St., Lynn, Mass.

CROSS CUT SAW.

For \$2.50 we will send the easiest running and fastest Cutting 5-foot Champion Tooth Cross Cut Saw in the world, with one patent handle. Every saw warranted. Sent C. O. D., if desired.

N. DUSTIN & Co., Dexter, Me.

ROSES

6 for \$1.14 for \$2, postpaid. Greenhouse and Bedding Plants, Hardy Shrubs, Seeds, etc., by mail. Catalogue free. J. T. PHILLIPS, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

FITS

A Lending London Physician establishes an Office in New York for the Cure of EPILEPTIC FITS.

From Am. Journal of Medicine.

Dr. Ab. Meserole (late of London), who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any other living physician. His success has simply been astonishing; we have heard of cases of over 20 years' standing successfully cured by him. He has published a work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his wonderful cure free to any sufferer who may send their express and P. O. Address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address Dr. AB. MESEROLE, No. 56 John St., New York.

THE

"LITTLE DETECTIVE."

No More Short Weights.

\$10 SCALE FOR \$3.

Weights from 1-4 oz. to 25 lbs.

This Little Scale is made with Steel Bearings and a Brass Beam, and will weigh accurately any package from 1-4 oz. to 25 lbs. It is intended to supply the great demand for a Housekeeper's Scale. Nothing of the kind ever having been sold before for less than from \$8 to \$12. Every Scale is perfect and will last a person's life time. With one of these Scales you need not complain to your Butcher or Grocer of short weights without cause, and if you have Butter, Cheese, or any article that goes by weight to sell, you need not guess at it, or trust others to weigh for you. Every family in City, Village or Country should have one. It is also a valuable Scale in every Office, for Weighing Mail matter as well as a convenient Scale for any Store.

We will send one of the above Scales, on receipt of \$3.00, or the Scales together with THE HOUSEHOLD for one year, to any address in the United States for \$3.50.

Address, THE HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt.

DOVER EGG BEATER.

Beats the whites of the Eggs thoroughly in 10 seconds.

The Beating Florets revolve on two centers, one inch apart, and curiously interlace each other—notice them.

"DOVER EGG BEATER" in large letters on the wheel.

Equally valuable for eggs, cake, or salad cream.

No joints or rivets to get loose. Cleaned instantly.

Money refunded if you are not delighted with it.

A woman and her "Dover Beater" cannot be separated.

The "DOVER EGG BEATER" is the only article in the wide world that is Warranted to DELIGHT the Purchaser. There NEVER has been, and is not now, another article made that men DARE to support with such a warrant. For 50 cts. one is sent by mail, postpaid.</

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Monthly Circulation, 70,000 Copies.
ADVERTISING RATES.

Unobjectionable advertisements only will be inserted in THE HOUSEHOLD at 50 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion—14 lines making one inch. By the year \$5.00 per line.

The following are the rates for one-half inch or more:

	1 m.	2 m.	3 m.	4 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
Half inch,	\$3.25	\$6.00	\$9.00	\$12.00	\$17.50	\$32.00
One "	6.00	12.00	17.50	23.00	32.00	60.00
Two "	12.00	23.00	32.00	42.00	60.00	115.00
Three "	17.50	32.00	47.00	60.00	90.00	170.00
Four "	23.00	42.00	60.00	80.00	115.00	225.00
Six "	32.00	60.00	90.00	115.00	170.00	320.00
Nine "	47.00	90.00	135.00	170.00	250.00	470.00
One column,	60.00	115.00	170.00	225.00	320.00	600.00

Less than one-half inch at line rates.

Special positions twenty-five per cent. additional.

Reading notices 75 cents per line nonpareil measure—12 lines to the inch.

Advertisements to appear in any particular issue must reach us by the 5th of the preceding month.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1884, by Geo. E. Crowell, at the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

A BLUE CROSS before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed. When you send in the subscription please mention the month you wish it to commence and thereby oblige us very much.

Our readers are earnestly requested to mention THE HOUSEHOLD when writing to any person advertising in this magazine. It will be a favor to us and no disadvantage to them.

The Best Baking Powder.

The best baking powder is made from pure Cream of Tartar, Bicarbonate of Soda, and a small quantity of flour or starch. Frequently other ingredients are used, and serve a purpose in reducing the cost and increasing the profits of the manufacturer.

We give the Government Chemist's analyses of two of the leading baking powders:

I have examined samples of "Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder" and "Royal Baking Powder," purchased by myself in this city, and I find they contain:

"Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder."

Cream of Tartar
Bicarbonate of Soda
Flour

Available carbonic acid gas 12.61 per cent., equivalent to 118.2 cubic inches of gas per oz. of Powder.

"Royal Baking Powder."

Cream of Tartar
Bicarbonate of Soda
Carbonate of Ammonia
Tartaric Acid
Starch

Available carbonic acid gas 12.40 per cent., equivalent to 116.2 cubic inches of gas per oz. of Powder.

Ammonia gas 0.43 per cent., equivalent to 10.4 cubic inches per oz. of Powder.

Note.—The Tartaric Acid was doubtless introduced as free acid, but subsequently combined with ammonia, and exists in the Powder as a Tartrate of Ammonia.

E. G. LOVE, Ph. D.

NEW YORK, JAN'Y 17TH, 1881.

The above analyses indicate a preference for "Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder," and our opinion is that it is the better preparation. — *Hall's Journal of Health.*

On receipt of 60 cents we will forward to any address, postage paid, a pound can.

CLEVELAND BROTHERS, Albany, N. Y.



A 65 DOLLAR
Sewing Machine
For \$18

with all attachments. Hundreds of other articles in same proportion. Send for Price List. CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.

SHORTEST REPORTING guaranteed in 3 mos. by Pernin's Phonography. Address Pernin Shorthand Institute, Detroit, Mich.

PURE FLAVORING EXTRACTS
EXCEL ALL OTHERS.
THOS. WOOD & CO., BOSTON.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in Cans.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall Street, N. Y.

JAMES PYLE'S



PEARLINE

THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR
WASHING AND BLEACHING

IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER.

SAVES LABOR, TIME and SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor should be without it.

Sold by all Grocers. BEWARE of imitations well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

MELLIN'S



FOOD

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS. The only perfect substitute for Mother's Milk. The most nourishing diet for invalids and nursing mothers. Keeps in all climates. Commended by physicians. Sold by druggists. 75c. Send for Book on Care of Infants. DOLIBER, GOODALE & CO., 41 and 42 Central Wharf, Boston, Mass.



IMPROVED ELASTIC TRUSS.

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