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Sept.

THE HOUSEHOLD

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

ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 20. BRATTLEBORO, VT., OCTOBER, 1887. No. 10.

THE HOUSEHOLD.
A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.
GEO. E. CROWELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
CROSBY BLOCK, - MAIN STREET,
BRATTLEBORO, VT.
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The Veranda.

OCTOBER'S COMING.

The prudish maid October's coming down
From her accustomed visit to the north;
Of her approach the signs are putting forth:
I hear the rustling o' her russet gown.
Her voice sings shrilly on the frosty air.
The forest leaves are blushing red and brown.
And nature wears a dark, forbidding frown.
Intensely vexed that she's no longer fair,
October comes. Her nose is sharp and blue.
Her temper changeable; at morning cold,
At noon she tries to smile, then, like a shrew.
At night she's lowering, turbulent and bold.
Ah! how unlike the pregnant months that pour
In our rejoicing bosoms, their abundant store.
—Thomas McKellar.

IMPROVING FRUIT TREES.

LORD BACON said truly, "When nations arrive at civility and elegance, men come to build stately, sooner than garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection." This is as true in these United States to-day, as it was in the time of Bacon in the old country, and may be observed particularly in all of our new cities, and among the newly rich in our old ones, as well as upon a very large proportion of the farms of the country.

As to the farmers especially, many who are willing to spend two or three thousand dollars upon a fine dwelling, think it an extravagance to appropriate a ten-dollar bill for the purchase of fine fruit trees, flowers, etc., for the comfort and adornment of their places. How much better it is to have fine, luscious fruit the whole summer and fall, and an attractive garden around the house.

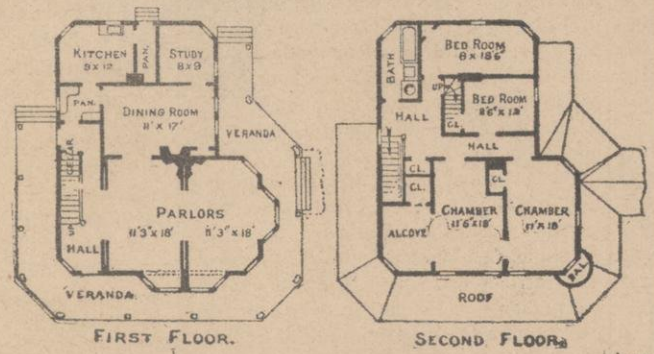
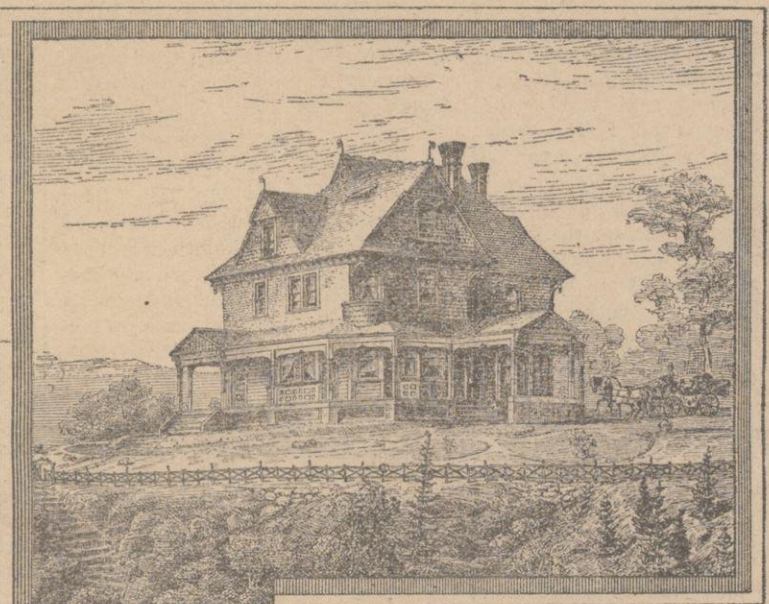
Fine fruit is not so plentiful as it is theoretically supposed to be, and it is my observation that the average citizen can get an abundance of good ripe fruit only by raising it himself. The general run of what is sold in the markets has been picked only partially ripe, and necessarily is inferior to what may be ripened carefully at home, and even when allowed to ripen fully is usually inferior to what it would have been if the trees had been carefully cultivated and pruned, and the young fruit had been thinned.

Most farmers think that all that is necessary to have fruit is to plant out some trees, and then let them take care of themselves without any manuring or cultivation, but little pruning and no thinning of the fruit. Fine fruit cannot be had, except upon fertile soil, and if the

soil is poor, it must be manured liberally. The trees should be well pruned immediately after bearing, during the summer or fall, as the case may be, and prevented by this means from running to branches, instead of producing fruit. The land between the trees should be cultivated constantly during the summer months, in order to increase the fertility of the soil, to protect the roots from the heat of the sun, and to force them to go deeper.

And when the fruit is formed on the trees in April or May, it should be well thinned, so that no more be left than the trees can bring to perfection.

Thinning fruit is almost unknown to the average farmer. Most of them consider it a waste to rub about one-half of all the young fruit off loaded trees, and the consequence is that the trees are overtaxed and overloaded—cannot bring to perfection the great quantity of fruit that



they put on, and often have their branches broken down from the great weight of inferior fruit.

Primarily, in order to have fine fruit, there must be fine stocks to produce it. Often these are expensive, and beyond the means of the average farmer, so that it is here that the advantages of grafting and budding come in. By these two methods all farmers can improve the stocks of trees, so that they become of the best varieties. Those who have worthless or second rate trees, should forthwith prepare to graft better into them, and no pains should be spared in getting the best kinds.

Grafting and budding have their respective advantages and disadvantages. The former method requires the more skill and should be done in February or March, while the latter is more successfully done in June or July. In grafting it is essential that the stocks and scions be of the same family of plants, and the scions should always be cut from trees that have commenced to bear, because

the constitutional properties of every tree are contemporaneously inherent in all limbs cut from that tree, and it is from this cause that grafted trees bear fruit at an earlier age than seedlings. For instance, a Bartlett pear tree will not produce fruit until it is about fifteen years old, while a cutting from the bearing tree grafted on a quince stock, will yield fruit in five or six years, and we have known of one instance in which it did so in three years. There is another point in grafting not generally known. If farmers have not young stocks growing already, when obtained they may be grafted with good varieties, before they are transplanted, and if they have a plenty of roots, and are put into the ground very carefully, they will do just as well as stocks that have been grown from the seeds.

A. P. F.

—Some raspberries throw up a great many suckers, which should be cut out. Not over four canes to the hill should be allowed, so as to afford plenty of room.

HOMES FOR THE PEOPLE.

Size of structure: Front, 24 ft., 10 in.; including veranda and porte-cochere, 57 ft. Side, 42 ft., 6 in.; including veranda, 47 ft., 6 in.

Size of rooms: See floor plans.
Height of stories: Cellar, 6 ft., 6 in.; first story, 10 ft.; second story, 9 ft.; third story, 7 ft., 6 in.

Materials: Foundation, stone and brick; first story, clapboards; second story, shingles; gables, shingled and paneled; roof, shingles.

Cost: \$3,900 to \$4,300 complete.

Special features: The cellar extends under the whole house. The laundry is in the cellar and is well lighted.

In the attic there are two bed rooms and space for one more, still leaving abundant storage room.

The long veranda and the fine porte-cochere are handsome as well as convenient features.

The arrangement of rooms is very complete and cannot be much improved. For a family in the country who wish to entertain a good deal this is a perfect design; it is so ample in all the accommodations that please guests. Its appearance is imposing; every one seeing it will be sure to remember it as a fine country seat.

The style is striking, yet quiet and in thorough good taste. This is a design that will be approved by the next generation, however much cultivation they may boast. The generous and large-minded man builds for posterity as much as for himself.

This house is best placed in a prominent and commanding location, because it affords fine outlooks in all directions.

It is unwise to attempt to build this house, or, indeed, any modern house, without working plans and specifications. Without them the workmen are very apt, in fact almost certain, to make changes of details that will take away from the unity and beauty of the design. Besides they guard against mistakes and facilitate the progress of the work. For this design the working plans, specifications, estimate and color sheet are furnished by the Co-operative Building Plan Association, Architects, 63 Broadway, New York, for \$50. This entitles the owner to full and constant consultation during the progress of the work.

—It is claimed that lettuce planted early in the spring between the rows of strawberry plants will protect the latter from the ravages of white grubs, which prefer the roots of the lettuce to those of the strawberry.

—By stirring the soil after every rain the weeds will be more easily destroyed than at any other time. Never allow the weeds to go to seed, especially in the garden.

The Drawing Room.

FOLLIES OF FASHION.

THE origin of a fashion is sometimes strange enough. The "abomination of wigs" was first adopted by the Duke of Anjou to conceal a personal defect. Charles VII., of France, introduced long coats to hide his ill-shaped legs. The absurdly long, pointed shoes, often two feet in length, were introduced by Henry Plantagenet to cover a very large excrescence he had on one of his feet. When Francis I. was obliged to wear short hair on account of a wound on his scalp, the crop became the fashion of his court. The same monarch had a thin, leather-colored neck, and so introduced the ruff or high collars that were fashionable for more than a hundred years.

King Louis VII., of France, had the temerity to crop his hair and shave his beard at a time when fashion dictated ambrosial locks and flowing beard. Important results grew from this audacious act. His queen, Eleanor of Aquitaine, disgusted at such contempt of appearances, rested not till she procured a divorce and married the Count of Anjou, afterward Henry II. of England. Is it too much to suppose that the interminable wars which followed upon this alliance were brought about primarily by the injudicious conduct of King Louis. Who will say, looking upon these and like facts, that fashion is to be contemned, or that her changes are unworthy the historian's note or the philosopher's attention? As for the popular mind, it is keenly alive, with its natural sagacity, to any thing relating to so important a subject as dress, as is at once proven by the common expression of knowing a man by the style of his coat; or as Captain Cuttle would put it, "by the cut of his jib."

Confining ourselves to male costume, the first fashionable folly on the score of absurdity was the trunk hose, which were thought indispensable by the beaux of Queen Elizabeth's age. The coat is what the dandy of our times most prides himself on. From the time of Henry VIII. of England, and for the three succeeding reigns, his breeches were the objects of a young man's chief solicitude. From a picture of James I. of England, in hunting costume, it will be seen that the "great round abominable breech," as it was styled, then tapered down to the knee, and was slashed all over and covered with embroidery and lace. Stays were sometimes worn beneath the long-waisted doublets of the gentlemen to keep them straight, and confine them to the waist. We read of breeches "almost capable of a bushel of wheat," and of alterations which had to be made in the British Parliament House to afford additional accommodations for the members' seats. It is related of a fast young man of the time, that on rising to conclude a visit of ceremony, he had the misfortune to damage his nether integuments by a protruding nail in his chair, so that by the time he gained the door the escape of bran was so rapid as to cause a complete collapse.

In a print of 1646 a dandy is represented wearing a tall hat with a bunch of ribbon on one side and a feather on the other, his face spotted with patches, two love locks, one on each side of his head, which hang down upon his bosom and are tied with silk ribbons in bows. A mustache encompassed his mouth. His band or falling collar, edged with lace, was tied with hand strings and secured by a ring. A tight vest was left partly open. The cloak was in those days carried on the arm. His breeches were adorned with "many dozens of points at the knees, and

above these on either side were two great bunches of ribbon of several colors." His legs were encased in "boot hose tops, tied above the middle of the calf, as long as a pair of shirt sleeves, and double at the ends like a ruff band. The tops of his boots were wide and voluminous, fringed with lace, and turned down as low as his spurs." In his right hand he carried a cane, which he "played with as he straddled along the streets singing."

A portrait of Sir William Russell, one of Queen Elizabeth's courtiers, gives one some idea of the style of dress prevalent among gentlemen during the latter part of her reign. He wears an immense ruff, a "pease-cod, bellied doublet" of thickly quilted black silk, with slashed sleeves, showing a rich lace under garment. With Venetian hose and stockings of finest yarn the dandy of that day appears to have been an exceedingly stiff and ungainly figure.

Sleeves were, while in the mode, a very *re-cherchi* article of dress. They were made separate from the garment and were often of great splendor. Henry VIII. was remarkable for his splendid sleeves. Garters, also, were at one time a most fashionable male ornament. They were worn externally below the knee, and became so expensive and yet so common a luxury, that we read of men of rank wearing garters and shoe rosettes of more than five pounds value. They were made of gold and silver, satin and velvet, often deeply fringed with gold.

Square cut coats and long flapped waist-coats with pockets in them, the latter meeting the stockings drawn up over the knee so high as to conceal the breeches, then made to fit the limbs with comparative tightness, but gartered below it; large hanging cuffs and lace ruffles; the skirts of the coat stiffened out with wire or buckram, from between which peeped the hilt of a sword, deprived of the broad and splendid belt in which it swung in preceding reigns; blue or scarlet silk stockings with gold or silver clocks; lace neck cloths; square toed, short quartered shoes, with high red heels and small buckles; very long and formally curled perukes, black riding wigs, bag wigs and night-cap wigs; small three-cornered hats laced with gold or silver galloon; and sometimes trimmed with feathers. This constituted the habit of the noblemen and gentlemen of the reigns of Queen Anne and George I.

The Prince of Wales, who subsequently became George IV., was the first to countenance buckskin breeches as an indispensable fashionable morning garment. This article was made to fit so close to the person that the maker and a couple of assistants were usually required to aid at the ceremony of trying it on. In some instances it was actually suspended from the ceiling by machinery, and the wearer descended into it, endeavoring partly by the influence of his natural gravity, and partly by the pullings and haulings of those around him, to get home into the shell prepared for him. To walk in them was a torture, and to get out of them was no less.

CLINTON MONTAGUE.

HOW TO BE AGREEABLE.

Very rarely, if ever young persons acquire the ability to converse with ease and fluency. This implies, first of all, good ideas, clearly and sensibly expressed. An empty mind never made a good talker; remember "you cannot draw water out of an empty well." Next in importance is self-possession. "Self-possession is nine points in the law"—of good breeding.

A good voice is as essential to self-possession as good ideas are essential to fluent language. The voice from infancy should be carefully trained and developed, a full, clear, flexible voice is one of the

surest indications of good breeding; it falls like music on the ear, and while it pleases the listener, it adds to the confidence of its possessor, be he ever so timid. One may be witty without being popular; voluble without being agreeable; a great talker and yet a great bore. It is wise, then, to note carefully the following suggestions:

Be sincere; he who habitually sneers at every thing, will not only render himself disagreeable to others, but will soon cease to find pleasure in life.

Be frank: a frank, open countenance, and a clear, cheery laugh, are worth far more, even socially, than "pedantry in a stiff cravat."

Be amiable; you may hide a vindictive nature under a polite exterior for a time, as a cat masks its sharp claws in velvet fur, but the least provocation brings out one as quickly as the other; ill-natured persons are always disliked.

Be sensible; society never lacks for fools. If you want elbow-room, "go up higher."

Be cheerful; if you have no great trouble on your mind, you have no right to render other people miserable by your long face and dolorous tones. If you do you will be generally avoided.

But above all, be cordial; true cordiality unites all the qualities we have enumerated.

NAILS IN DECORATION.

Round-headed brass nails may of themselves be extensively used in decorating chests, etc. It is well known in repousse or sheet-brass work that a very important point consists of introducing at regular intervals bosses, or round studs, of such a nature that they shall attract the eye by reflecting light. Thus, in the days when every room had its salvers and plates of hammered brass, favorite subjects were oranges, grapes, and other round fruits, whose hemispherical and rounded surface gave a brilliant reflect of light. Accordingly, a very favorite subject for a brass platter was the spies returning from Canaan, bearing between them an immense bunch of grapes. During three hundred years there were as many salvers made with this subject as all others combined. In fact, the employment of the boss, or knob, or circle, in art, is as old as art itself; it was common among the earliest races, and an article which I have read declares that the white dots in a blue ground which form the undying "polka-dot pattern" in cravats is a survival of the heads of the rivets in ancient armor. It is as curious as instructive to observe how, for instance in Romanesque dress, very good effects were produced by simple circlets, surrounded at times by dots. These are seen, too, not only on old Anglo-Saxon and Gaulish dresses, but on all objects where it was desirable to produce the most ornamental effect in the easiest manner. Nails can be had at the brass furnisher's in great variety and of every pattern, from one or two inches in diameter down to the tiniest tacks.—Charles G. Leland, in *St. Nicholas*.

—Men are like bugles; the more brass they contain the more noise they make, and the farther you hear them.

—We should give as we receive—cheerfully, quickly and without hesitation, for there is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.

—Let us take the airiest, choicest and sunniest room in the house for our living room—the workshop where brain and body are built up and renewed; and there let us have a bay window, no matter how plain in structure, through which the good twin angels, sunlight and pure air, can freely enter. This window shall be the poem of the house. It shall give

freedom and scope to sunsets, the tender green and changing tints of spring, the glow of summer, the pomp of autumn, the white of winter storm and sunshine, glimmer and gloom—all these we can enjoy as we sit in our sheltered room as the changing years roll on.

The Conservatory.

OCTOBER.

The beautiful summer is loth to go,
Its heart is warm, and it loves us so.
Then it cannot utter its last farewell
Until it has lingered its love to tell;
But the world it has cherished and cared for long
Is listening now for its parting song.

Never before were its gifts more bright,
The sunflower lifts its face to the light,
The dahlias are lifting their showy heads,
And the colors are gay in the garden beds,
While the roses are trying to stay till the last,
Yet the glory of summer must soon be past.

Very fair is the woodland scene,
With the bronze and scarlet, the gold and green,
With the drooping fern, and the bracken tall;
But the fading leaves are beginning to fall,
And the swallows have gathered to take their flight,
To the longer day and the shorter night.

The summer has kept its promises made,
When the year was young; so, undismayed,
We may face the autumn, for goodly store
Of harvest blessings go on before,
And homes are vocal, and thankful praise
Shall fill the air in October days.

So we bid the summer a glad farewell;
As a friend it has loved and served us well,
But this is a world in which none may keep
The brightest long, yet we do not weep,
For the Lord of the seasons will give us the best,
And every month has its joy and rest.

—Christian World.

FLORICULTURAL NOTES.

Number Forty-Three.

BY MRS. G. W. FLANDERS.

THE thought that comes uppermost as I take my pen to-day is, what shall I write that will be interesting or instructive to the general reader? Shall I follow the bent of inclination and tell you what plants I have found most worthy of culture among the later introductions? Perhaps as I have but a few questions to answer at this writing, a short chapter on this subject may prove acceptable.

I have not bought as many new plants as usual for the past two or three years, for I find that every cycle of time robs me of a portion of health and strength, and I am forced to limit my collection accordingly. However, I may safely say, the new things I have received from different sources are among the best in the market.

I am particularly pleased with some of my new geraniums. Queen of the Belgians is a single variety of the purest white. The plant is of good habit, the trusses are large and finely formed, and the flowers very persistent. I would mark it extra.

Blanche Perfecta is advertised as "the best double white in commerce." That is more than I can say, but I must acknowledge it is unsurpassed as far as my knowledge of the double white geraniums extends. The plant is a vigorous grower and a free bloomer. The trusses are large and of good form, while each floret, pure as the drifting snow, is simply perfect. I see no chance for improvement. These two plants call forth many exclamations of delight when in bloom, and, indeed, they well merit all that has been said in their favor.

Golden Dawn is a double variety of the most brilliant hue. It is catalogued as "a rich golden orange shade." I cannot describe it any clearer. The florets are large and beautifully formed. Combined they make a very generous truss. This is also a free bloomer, good for the windows as well as for the garden.

Longfellow is a single variety, free of

growth and bloom. The flowers are brilliant scarlet, trusses large and borne well above the foliage—a very fine geranium catalogued as “one of the best.”

Satisfaction is a very satisfactory geranium, with large, double, carmine flowers; it is a free bloomer—is seldom without flowers the year round.

Bac-ninh, another double variety, has large trusses of beautiful flowers; the florets are perfect in form; color, salmon bordered with red.

I have but one new tricolor, by name, Mrs. Laing. It has a green leaf, bordered with white, and a bright carmine zone. It is a pretty variety but I find nothing among the new arrivals equal to good old Sir Robert Napier, in habit or coloring. It is “just splendid” in the season of its brilliancy, winter and spring.

Madame Salleroi is classed among the fancy leaf geraniums. It is advertised as having a light green leaf bordered with white, and so it has naturally, but these colors sport in a fanciful manner; often the leaves will be half or entirely white. It is a very distinct geranium and a host in itself. It grows in dense masses, six or ten inches high, but compact and symmetrical, and grows quickly. The slips will root in four or five days in wet sand set in a sunny window. It is good for bedding, for the border, or for pot culture. It will flourish well in doors and out; in short, it is the most amiable variety that I have found belonging to the genus geranium. Have you got one, reader? I wish I could send every one who has not, a slip, but that would be impossible, for we of THE HOUSEHOLD are an extensive family, and my plants are limited to a few numbers.

Just here I laid down my pen to entertain some friends who called ostensibly to see me, but it was in fact to see my flowers, and to beg slips of my double geraniums, “For,” said one lady, “I have none at home but old single things.” However, I am not jealous, but I have a word to say in defense of “those old single things.”

Now, I freely acknowledge that I admire double flowers, although I am aware it has been said to show forth a depraved taste so to do; but I would not always give double flowers the preference. It would depend greatly upon what genus or species I was cultivating. If I could not have but one section of the zonale geranium, I should choose the singles every time, if I could have varieties of special merit—those that have persistent petals, that retain their leaves until the truss is fully expanded. Varieties of lesser value, such as go to seed in the center of the truss before the outer buds open, I discard as soon as I learn their habits. But let us change the subject and talk of fuchsias.

Of course I have got the Storm King, the cut of which has figured so conspicuously in nearly every periodical extant this present season, and its praises have been sounded far and near, until I presume every reader is familiar with its special points, so I will not repeat them, but hasten to tell you the plant is worthy of all its plaudits. Its beauty has not been exaggerated. Those who see it in bloom for the first time, are struck with wonder and admiration. Said a visitor to-day, “It is more beautiful than imagination had conjectured. Why, the catalogues haven’t done it justice!”

I have one plant a year old that has produced some very large blooms. I cannot conscientiously say they were as big as teacups individually, but they were fully as large as fancy had painted them, after allowing for the “crawl.”

Phenomenal is another most beautiful fuchsia that I prize equally with Storm King. It is advertised as being “the largest fuchsia in the world.” The tube and

sepals are bright coral red, corolla bright violet, and of “immense size.” I have these two fuchsias facing each other on brackets at the window, and they are fitting companions. I have other new fuchsias both double and single, but I was to mention only the “most worthy.”

If you want something pretty and graceful for a vase or hanging basket, get the new lobelia, Swanley Blue. It is a charming plant. A kind florist sent me some roots last May, and they have been a mass of bloom constantly. It is called the best of all the blue lobelias, and I have no reason to doubt it. This, we read, is the variety used almost exclusively for massing in London and Paris. I know of nothing finer for the purpose where blue is wanted.

I also have the new double white petunia, Mrs. G. Dawson Coleman. C. E. Allen gave a good description of it in the May HOUSEHOLD. I can only add, buy it, you will never regret it, it will not disappoint you. All the double fringed varieties are very beautiful, but Mrs. Coleman “takes the palm,” most assuredly.

The new heliotrope, Queen, is a gem among the genus. It is a strong growing variety, dwarf and compact; flowers, a rich violet purple with white eye. It is the best dark variety that I have ever cultivated thus far.

I have the new passiflora, Constance Elliott, growing fast and strong, but as it has not blossomed yet, I cannot speak advisedly about it, will do so perhaps at some future time. This variety is advertised as hardy with slight protection.

I have other new plants that I have not fully tested yet, so I will pass them by and close this chapter by answering a few questions.

Mrs. Bisbee and C. R. S., you will find your questions answered in the above.

Clara Jenness, yes, the achillea and akebia are one and the same. It is perfectly hardy in any situation, and is well adapted to cemetery planting. I consider the feverfew equally as pretty, but in the colder sections of the globe, it will winter kill unless well protected.

A correspondent who forgot her address wants to know what vines or plants aside from the smilax can be grown for funeral purposes in the winter season. I would recommend *asparagus tenuissimus*. Its fine, delicate foliage is very beautiful for wreaths and all purposes where green is wanted. It can be trained upon a trellis or on strings as you would train the smilax. *Vinca major* and *Harrisonii* are also valuable vines for the purpose. The former has a plain, rich, glossy green leaf, the latter is two shades of green prettily blended. I do not keep these vines growing in the winter, but treat them as follows: In the spring I pot them in rich soil, and encourage their growth throughout the season by giving liquid manure once a week and shifting them into larger pots and fresh soil as often as they require it. As soon as the soil is exhausted, the leaves will begin to turn yellow, or lose their vivid tints. When I find them in this condition, I make another shift or give them stimulating food. They are kept in the open air until the approach of the frost king. I then give them a cool room inside until he finds them there, when they are carried to the cellar where they will keep fresh and beautiful all winter, and are ready for use when occasion requires.

M. A. B., the lily of the valley delights in a rich, sandy soil and does best in partial shade. Plant them in spring or autumn, and deep enough to leave two inches of soil above the top of the roots, but do not disturb them every season.

The culture of the smilax is very simple. If you have plants under cultivation, as soon as the leaves turn yellow and show signs of decay, cut them off

down to the earth and repot the roots in fresh, rich soil, water, and set away in any cool, moderately lighted room, and let them take their own time to start into growth again. I do not water again until they do start. If their season of rest comes in the winter they may be kept in the cellar while dormant. Do not separate the individual tubers, but plant them in clumps. The smilax tubers individually do not throw up sprouts; they are attached in little clumps, and the germination takes place from the stem or fiber to which they adhere. All do not know this, and fail with the smilax by separating the tubers, and planting them singly.

The smilax, like most other bulbs or tubers, has a set of fibrous rootlets which are thrown out annually, remain in use for a certain period, and then die, to be succeeded by others. It is at the time these organs decay that the plant turns yellow and dies to the ground, and it is after the new rootlets are formed that the plant pushes up new roots and begins a new growth of foliage. So one can readily understand that this plant requires, and should be given, alternately, a season of rest, followed by one of growth, to become successful in its culture.

HOYA, OR WAX PLANT.

I would like to tell the readers of your paper, who are lovers of flowers, of my wonderful success with my wax plant (hoya) under new treatment. About eight years ago, while calling on a friend she showed me her plants, among them I noticed a lovely vine, which ran up the north side of her room, and I asked her if it ever blossomed, she replied, Not for me, but it is lovely when in bloom, and breaking off just a leaf, she handed it to me saying, Try this and see what it will do for you. I took it home, stuck it carelessly in the side of a pot containing a geranium, and forgot it; in the fall, while repotting my plants I found it had rooted and was growing. I potted it, placed it in partial shade in the house, where it grew all winter, and in summer put it on the north side of the house; for two years it grew very rapidly, but no buds. I tried to find from books what treatment to give it; all recommended shade, as I had given it.

Three years ago, when the vine was five years old, I built a new bay window on my back parlor, two large windows on the east side, and two on the south. After filling it with plants I said, my wax plant will never bloom, and will look pretty in here, and if the sun kills it, if it only lasts the winter, I do not care. I put the large pot on a shelf, two feet above the floor, trained some of the large branches up the side of the south window, up near the ceiling, across the wall above a door opposite the east windows and the other branches up the side and all over and across the upper sash, covering the glass of both south and east windows. To my surprise in March the branches on the wall opposite the east windows put out nine large clusters of buds, and in a few weeks had spread to sprays as large as a tea saucer, that lasted for weeks, filled the house with fragrance, and were the admiration of all who saw them. Soon the other branches began to put out buds and for a year and a half it has never been without flowers, often has from twenty to thirty sprays of buds and now has eighteen large sprays of blossoms. I have never shielded it from the sun, even in summer, I put the shades down, leaving the plant between the shade and the glass, exposed to the hot sun all day, and it thrives and blooms all the time.

I hope some sister who has the hoyia will, if it has never blossomed, try my plan and report. I think it a lovely plant

with its large sprays of waxy blooms drooping down over the window. I gave it common garden soil, mixed with sand, never repot but take off the top soil every spring and fill up with fresh soil. I have many plants, begonias in bloom all the time, geraniums, fuchsias, but my hoyia is my pride and the admiration of all my friends, the mother plant never bloomed, and my friend comes in to see my plant that does so well for my treatment and would not bloom at all for her. I do believe all plants love sunshine and thrive better in it.

MRS. NELLIE M. LAMBERTON.
St. Peter, Nicollet Co., Minn.

—When large flower pots are used there will be more leaves than flowers. Often plants do not bloom, because having so much space, their strength is expended in forming roots and leaves.

—Flowers are naturally simple and retiring; they rarely intrude on the notice of man; they bend over the brooks, lending and receiving beauty by the reflection; they peep out of the grass; they fringe the roadsides, and their masses of bright color contrast with the gray stones and dark foliage about them; but they never insist on being noticed; they are always subordinate to leaves and branches and stems; and those that give the best and most enduring pleasure, combine modesty of appearance with delicacy of color and fragrance.—Copeland.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

I would like to inquire of the sisters what to do with a canary bird that lost all the feathers from his head and neck about a year ago? We have tried every thing we heard of for lice, but that does not seem to be the trouble. He sang nicely until about a month ago. If any of the Band can tell me what to do I should be much obliged.
K. E. H.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can some one please tell me what flower I can grow in a window that has a very strong northwest light but no sun at all? My room is nice and warm in winter. Perhaps some flower-loving sister will be kind enough to tell me. I will return the favor.

MRS. J. K. PURDY.
So. Pacific St., East New York, L. I.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to inquire if any of the sisters have a green parrot, if so, can they tell me how old they are before they talk, also how to learn them to talk, and any thing else that would be interesting to know about one?
A SUBSCRIBER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please tell me what to do for my English ivy? Last summer I put it into the ground and it grew finely, so I set it into the ground again this summer, and the leaves have turned white and have died, but the vine is healthy looking. Will new leaves come out or had it ought to be cut down most to the roots? I will be very glad if some one can tell me, as I am very fond of plants.

MRS. SANBORN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—In the May number, Elinor Graham asks about pansies. I think her only way is, if they are not allowed to sow themselves, to sow a few new seeds each spring and fall. The old roots will blossom the first of the season, then the others come on to take their places. I suppose any pansy bed will run out unless the old blossoms are taken off so very few seed vessels will form, reminding one of the proverb, “There is that scattereth, yet increaseth.” They also need a moist or shady location, or frequent watering.

I would say to Mrs. J. G. W., that the old-fashioned red rose is often found with us. As she says their beauty is gone when fully open, and they open so quickly after the buds are pretty, they are not a favorite.

M. A. B. wants to know how to make lilies of the valley blossom. I have two beds of them that never fail of giving me hundreds of racemes of the delicate blossoms each spring, that are just left to grow in beds composed of good garden soil with nothing done for them except to keep free from weeds, and in the early spring put on a light dressing of fertilizer, such as would be used in the garden, and sprinkle a little garden earth over it. If they persist in not blossoming I should get a few roots that had flowers on their stocks and put with those she now has.

Williamstown, Vt. L. D. L.

The Nursery.

LOST—A BOY.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

He went from the old home hearthstone
Only two years ago,
A laughing and rollicking fellow
'Twould have done you good to know:
Since then we have never seen him,
And we say with a nameless pain,
"The boy we knew and loved so,
We never shall see again."

One bearing the name we gave him
Came home to us to-day;
But he cannot keep us from missing
The lad who went away.
Tall as the man he calls father,
With a man's look in his face,
Is he who takes by the hearthstone
The lost boy's name and place.

We miss the laugh that made music
Wherever the lost boy went;
This man has a smile that is winsome,
And his eyes a grave intent.
We know he is thinking and planning
His way in the world of men;
And we cannot help but love him,
Though we long for our boy again.

Yes, we're proud of this manly fellow
Who comes to take his place,
With hints of the vanished boyhood
In his earnest, thoughtful face;
And yet comes back the longing
For the boy we shall always miss,
Whom we sent away from the hearthstone
Forever, with a kiss.

—Golden Days.

AUNT WEALTHY'S STORY OF COLUMBUS.

BY CECIL LEIGH.

IN THE old homestead we had banished the stove from the family sitting room except in coldest weather, and resorted to open fire in the wide, old-fashioned fire-place. It was charming to the children, who visited the parental roof-tree once a year gathering from city and town for the long summer vacation.

Aunt Wealthy kept open house; all were welcome, and all came.

Aunt Wealthy was the last of a large family left in the old New England homestead, situated among the hills of the Granite State. Well-to-do, generous, respected, were the family, accustomed to give and receive cordial greeting.

A stout woman in the kitchen versed in ways of gingerbread and children, helped in household affairs, while an equally capable and trusty man managed the farm.

Aunt Wealthy was not a typical old maid. She liked children; her nieces and nephews were all favorites.

Often times as twilight drew on the air became so chilly Martha would build a fire on the hearth for evening comfort. We children were delighted, for it was symbol sure of a good, old-time story from Aunt Wealthy, whose stock of stories seemed endless.

When the fire blazed and crackled reflecting a bright glow in the smooth, polished andirons, sending cheerful warmth and genial comfort, the click of our good aunt's needles ceased and the children drew near.

It had sometimes been of the early settlers, their struggles and encounters with the Indians, persecutions in the old country and the new, but the last time we were there she went a little farther back to the discovery of our country—America.

No less than eighteen years did Christopher Columbus importune the Spanish court for means to undertake the enterprise.

The wars of Granada were in progress at the time and the royal treasury much exhausted, therefore he was put off with one pretense and another till finally the learned doctors and astrologers decided the theory of the world being round was

nothing but the product of the imagination—visionary and scheming.

He was dismissed, and returning to Genoa in Italy, his native city, stopped at a convent gate to ask bread for his son, Diego.

One of the friars, or priests, noticing the extreme dignity of his manner and intelligence of his countenance, desired speech with him. He found him highly informed in the sciences of navigation and astronomy, and greatly wondered he should be in such reduced circumstances.

Columbus told him of his long waiting at the court of Spain; that he had followed it from place to place, year after year, till the best part of his life had passed, and still no hope, with final dismissal.

The friar entered into his plans, sent letters to Isabella, queen of Spain, asking her to reconsider his proposal. The friar had once been confessor to Isabella, therefore he gained ready hearing.

She directed Columbus should return, and from her own crown of Castile fitted three caravels for the enterprise.

The sailors were most unwilling to go, being pressed by the government to the service.

It may seem strange to us when we think of thousands and thousands of ships that ply between our shores and Europe, but when we consider that never European sail had passed upon these waters and no man knew what lay beyond, it was like making a voyage in a balloon to infinite realms of space.

The ships of the squadron sailed from Palos in Spain in August, 1492. The Santa Maria, the largest, was commanded by Columbus, the second, the Pinta, the third, the Nina. There were on board the three one hundred and twenty persons of various rank and occupation.

The first lands reached were the Canary Islands. Here navigation ended. No ship had ever ventured into the wild waste of waters beyond. Columbus, intrepid mariner, sailed on.

After many days at sea, with no sign of land, calm, unruffled weather with sea and sky to the horizon bound, the crews began to grow weary and disheartened. Murmurings arose, but the great discoverer kept on his way.

Often cries of "land" were heard from the watch Columbus kept constantly at the mast head, for the crown of Spain had offered high reward to the one who should first see land.

On the night of October eleventh, Columbus saw in the distance a light that moved. He did not dare to proclaim land, they had been so many times deceived by sailors claiming the reward, but when morning dawned—the twelfth, a beautiful, green island lay before them, and Columbus received the reward for having seen it first.

This island he called San Salvador. He landed in rich dress of scarlet with drawn sword in hand, planting the cross, taking possession in the names of their royal majesties—King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Spain.

The overjoyed crew found a rich country teeming with the fruits of the tropics. Here they rested from the toils of their long and tedious journey, where the foot of the white man had never before trod. Besides, what glory awaited both the crew and their commander when they should return!

Columbus was now a hero. The Spanish sovereigns had declared he should become Admiral of all the seas he should discover, and viceroy of all the lands. The title he preferred, and was commonly addressed by, and with which he signed his letters and documents, was simply The Admiral.

Columbus supposed he had found a short route to India—that these uncivil-

ized islands were the wild lands of Asia on the eastern confines of the continent. He had no idea of the magnitude of his discoveries; that another hemisphere was reached with as much land in extent as the known world furnished.

Because of the supposed course to the Indies, he called the natives Indians, a name by which they have ever been distinguished.

They were received by these Indians with great veneration, as gods from the skies. They brought rich presents of gold and precious metals, and received glass beads and hawks' bells with other things in return. With these they were greatly delighted.

The native Indian is very fond of dancing as an amusement, and the tinkle and jingle of these bells were highly captivating.

Columbus treated them always with great consideration and much kindness. He desired to make them loyal subjects to the crown, peaceful inhabitants, and converts to the Catholic faith.

The town of Hispaniola was the first settlement, but this could not be started till fresh supplies arrived, therefore the squadron returned to Spain to report. A terrible storm ensued, and the admiral's ship foundered, but the remaining two made harbor at last from the port they sailed.

Columbus and crew were greeted with great pomp. They had discovered new territories, rich, unknown countries which would add vast wealth to the crown. Those who had jeered at Columbus as a visionary dreamer now greeted him as a hero covered with glory.

A second fleet was fitted by the government; no weary waiting and ceaseless asking now. The royal treasury was at his command.

Many people embarked eager for the new lands teeming with plenty and gold, especially gold, which they vainly supposed grew on trees, or lay waste in the running brooks.

When this fleet arrived the first town in the New World was commenced and Columbus was its governor and judge.

After a little dissensions began to arise. Truly hath it been said a man's worst enemies are those of his own household.

Complaints were carried to Spain. To the humane Isabella his cruelties to the Indians were brought forth, till at last, a second judge was sent out to investigate and Columbus recalled.

This man proved in every way unworthy his high calling.

He immediately threw Columbus in chains, seized his house, property, and interfered with all his wise plans for governing, which was contrary to his orders from his sovereigns.

Columbus now arrived in Spain in this abject, disgraced manner, and the king and queen he had served were very indignant. Ships were sent at once to recall the man sent out, but another was placed in his stead, and Columbus withheld from the power promised with the royal seal.

He was greatly cast down. Still treated at the court with all dignity and honor, his rights were denied him. His enemies, jealous of the royal favor, had plotted against him and done the work well. But for all Ferdinand distrusted him as a governor he had all faith in his powers as a navigator, therefore a third fleet was fitted and he sailed again on a voyage of discovery, this time touching the mainland, South America, before Americus Vesputius, who claimed the discovery and for whom our country is named.

To the genius and daring enterprise of this remarkable man—Columbus, the discoverer of our continent—the American continent is due, and rightly should have

taken his name, but his just rights he never received.

In this third voyage he discovered the Pearl Islands which promised much to the crown of Spain, but other navigators and private adventurers who were now starting out, seized upon them so that Columbus reaped but little benefit. Disasters and shipwrecks attended, and the third time he returned to Spain.

The people were now looking with suspicion and distrust upon him, so active had his enemies been.

Isabella, his royal patroness, lay sick, and Ferdinand, the king, was cool and crafty. Still a small fleet of three ships was granted him, since he could not relinquish the idea but that a small strait or channel might be found opening a way to the rich, magnificent east. This he had not found, but hoped for this, what he started to discover.

His fourth and last voyage was most disastrous of all. After exploring among the numerous West India islands, encountering the natives, meeting storm and tempest, such as these latitudes alone produce, he was finally permanently shipwrecked upon the island of Jamaica.

Some Indians rowed one of the crew in a canoe to Hispaniola for help and one year passed before a ship was sent to their relief. In the meantime their ship, which had been drawn to shoal water and built as sort of a fort or shelter, became the scene of much turmoil.

Provisions were scarce, and an insurrection, or rebellion, took place.

The natives at first brought supplies, expecting, as they were told by the interpreter, that aid would soon come, but weeks became months and no sign of relief, then the Indians grew indifferent; no longer regarded them as beings from the skies, and refused food. Worse yet, a part of the crew rebelled, fled to the shore and detained the natives from helping when they otherwise would.

Columbus, distressed in body and mind beyond measure, for he was confined to his bed much of the time with severe bodily affliction, considered his condition ill reward for all he had done for the country of Spain and for all nations.

What of the crew remained loyal were reduced almost to starving when Columbus, whose resources seldom failed, resorted to stratagem with the natives.

By use of astronomical instruments he ascertained an eclipse of the moon would occur on a certain night. He assembled the Indians and told them the Great Spirit was displeased that they refused to furnish supplies for the white men, and the face of the moon would be veiled.

As Columbus predicted it proved. The eclipse lasted three hours during which the natives brought food from all directions imploring Columbus to importune that the cloud be lifted. Never again, they promised, would they fail with a daily allowance.

After this promise solemnly made he assured them they would see the moon's face again. When it began to appear they no longer doubted the divine origin of Columbus and his crew.

In great bodily weariness, he at length reached Spain.

He died soon after supposing to the last he had but found another route to Asia.

His chains, put on in the New World, he ordered buried with him.

His friend, the queen was dead, and his enemies had triumphed. Still Ferdinand, the king, had his funeral celebrated with much pomp, and upon a monument erected to his honor, had inscribed the words, "To Castile and Leon he has given a new world."

His remains were after brought to Cuba and interred at Havana.

The summer evening was long past twi-

light when Aunt Wealthy finished her story. The candles burnt low and the fire also.

I think she must have been quite fresh from the history of this noted man or she could not have given dates and events so correctly, many of which I have not recorded.

She did not fail to impress us that Columbus was a very religious man, a pious, devoted Catholic, humane, wise and kind.

It was a good story and we children that listened always read with greater interest facts and accounts of the great discoverer—Christopher Columbus.

CHIN CHIN, OF CHINA.

He leaves his home in a palace to become an American woman's pet. He was born in the imperial palace at Pekin. From the day when he first saw the light he was surrounded by all the luxuries and splendor that make the home of the Emperor of China a realization of the dreams of the Arabian Nights. A magnificent apartment was set aside and assigned to his exclusive use. A careful "armour" was appointed, whose sole duty it was to attend to his baths, and two other servants spent their whole time in dressing and feeding him, giving him the air in the magnificent gardens of the palace, and as he grew older, in his education.

No member of the imperial family was more tenderly cared for or more jealously guarded from harm than he. And yet Chin Chin, of his own accord, left his royal home to become the pet of an American lady; he chose to exchange the regal splendors of his birthplace for the republican simplicity of an American home. For Chin Chin was a dog, one of the sacred dogs of China. He was one of that rare breed that no one not of noble rank is allowed to own a representative of, and which once possessed, is never voluntarily parted with—is valued above price. Into them, their owners believe, pass the souls of their friends at death, and to them they pray, as the Roman Catholics do to the saints.

Chin Chin was about seven years old and was one of the most highly prized of the fifty sacred dogs kept in the imperial palace at Pekin. His collar was of gold; his bed was a rich India shawl; the chair in which he was placed when receiving the petitions of the members of the royal family, was made of the most expensive woods. The chair was mostly made of ivory and gold. The figures were priests, sacred birds, "wise men of the east," and the "mountains of the moon," pagodas and trees, richly carved, and upholstered with the most costly fabrics. The utensils used about him were of silver and gold.

About six years ago Mrs. Dr. Margaret A. Miller of New York, was employed professionally in the imperial palace at Pekin, and lived for five months in apartments set aside for her within the royal grounds and adjoining the emperor's residence. In passing through the room occupied by Chin Chin and his attendants, one day, she was delighted by the beauty of the little dog, and stooping down, picked him up and caressed him. Ever after that the sacred dog and the American lady were the closest of friends, and it was not long before he followed her to her room and slept there. From that day he was no longer sacred in the eyes of his imperial owner and his household, and while he was cared for just as tenderly, no more prayers were offered to him.

By the time Mrs. Miller was about to leave the palace she had become greatly attached to Chin Chin and was very desirous of taking him with her. They had

been constant companions for a long time. But she knew that it would be useless to ask for him, as it would be a sacrilege to give away or sell one of the sacred dogs, even after he had lost his sacred character by association with a "western barbarian," but she intimated that she would prize Chin Chin far above all the costly gifts that were bestowed upon her.

Just before her departure Chin Chin's armour went to Mrs. Miller's apartments carrying upon a golden salver the Indian shawl upon which the dog had slept and his golden collar. The American lady asked why those had been brought; they would be useless to her without the dog, and that she knew she could not have. But the armour replied, "These are given to you; you are to take what they belong to." And so Chin Chin became her property, and they were inseparable ever after.

Chin Chin was not a large dog, he weighed only three pounds and eight ounces. He was beautifully formed, with large, knowing eyes, a nose scarcely an inch in length, beautiful upper teeth—the lower ones had been removed—a tail that coiled up over his back, and silken hair twelve inches long.

Although one of the most intelligent of dogs, he was rather slow to learn the English language, but comprehended readily almost any thing that was said to him in Chinese.

Chin Chin never lost his aristocratic tastes. A common or shabbily dressed person he had no use for, American or Chinaman, but he showed the greatest delight when one elegantly dressed caressed him. On one occasion, when traveling, a member of the Chinese legation at Washington was met, he was almost beside himself with joy. If a fine carriage stopped before his mistress's door his pride was almost unbounded, and he would wait impatiently for the footman to open the door and hand him in.

He was extremely fond of traveling by sea or land. When about to take a long journey in the cars, Mrs. Miller was accustomed to dress him like an infant (dress of fine lace, an infant's cap and a veil, with his Indian shawl wrapped about him) and he would travel hundreds of miles making no sign to disclose his identity.

Although about thirteen years old when he died, a few weeks ago, his capacity to learn never diminished. The proverb about teaching old dogs new tricks had no application in his case. There was nothing he seemed incapable of learning except to talk, and he even had a language which his mistress understood.

His courage was altogether out of proportion to his size. He seemed to consider it his duty to protect his mistress from harm on all occasions, and would attack any other dog which was at all threatening in demeanor, even if it was ten times his size.

But Chin Chin died. The tenderest care could not save him, and he passed away—in many respects the most remarkable dog on the continent—sincerely mourned by his mistress and by all who knew him.

DON'T SNUB THE BOYS.

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison, the inventor of the telephone, first entered Boston he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches, in the depth of winter.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy because his home is plain and unpretending. Abraham Lincoln's early home was a log cabin.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade. The author of the "Pilgrim's Progress" was a tinker.

Don't snub a boy because of his physical disability. Milton was blind.

Don't snub a boy because of dullness in his lessons. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was a stupid boy at his books.

Don't snub a boy because he stutters. Demosthenes, the great orator of Greece, overcame a harsh and stammering voice.

Don't snub any one. Not alone because some day he may far outstrip you in the race of life, but because it is neither kind, nor right, nor Christian.—*Christian Advocate.*

THE MOTHERS' CHAIR.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—It has been asked why do not the mothers write? I think for the reason that they who have a large family have little leisure time to spend in writing, and many of us are not accustomed to writing for print, and wait for others that we feel might do better. I have waited, but now I am going to tell you a little of my experience. I am the mother of six children. The youngest a teething baby. I find it a great help to have a few homeopathic remedies in the house for the children. I will mention two kinds which I use most for my babies when teething. Camomilla for bowel complaint, and aconite if feverish from a cold or any cause. I give very small doses. Only one pellet until the child is a year old, and then two. I am very much prejudiced against paregoric and all kinds of soothing syrup. I sometimes give a little essence of anise for wind colic. I know of other families that keep the homeopathic remedies for their children, and with good result. I could not be without the two I have mentioned, for my teething babies. I keep long sleeved flannels on my babies from their birth until through teething, and I find a "spice bag" (as it was called by the nurse who told me of it) very good for them to wear over the bowels. I make it of flannel, and like a band, only double, and leave one end open and put in spices of all kinds, then sew it up close. Put straps on it to go over the shoulder and fasten behind. It is especially useful in the fall as the cool weather is coming on. I make two so to have one ready to change.

Some children have spasms while teething. Some of mine have and it is frightful to see them in them, but I have learned to keep quiet if they have them. Never shake them or throw water in the face. It only hurts them. Keep them quiet and place the feet in warm water. They will usually come out of it in a few moments. Then be very careful of their diet and keep them quiet as possible. The danger is in the child going from one into another.

I have always had to feed my babies some, and the last was brought up on the bottle. Unless the child is constipated I always scald the milk which I feed it on. In warm weather I scald enough in the morning to last until the next morning. Always give it warm. At first I use about one-third water, then as the child gets older use more of the milk.

I will close, with best wishes.

A MOTHER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD MOTHERS:—How many of you, I wonder, have family worship? So many think when night comes, little ones, and big ones tired, the best thing is to get them off to bed as soon as possible. Don't make a mistake, dear sisters. Are we as mothers, not responsible to a great extent for the future of our sons and daughters? Begin early in their Christian training. What a nice

evening in a Christian home we enjoy, father, mother, and the little ones gather about the table, father reads a chapter, and any question any of the children may ask about is explained or they are requested to look it up in the commentary. Then prayer is offered, then a song, and how much better our minds are to enjoy a sweet sleep. Make the worship interesting, and older children will not think it dull. Begin early. The little ones of three and four will soon take interest, and like a little bright eyes I know of, will want to stay up to "worship." Many a home would be happier, many a son and daughter saved from ruin, many an aching heart soothed if all would only trust in Jesus and lead their little ones along with them.

Many say they do not have time. Dear friends, don't think so, surely we do not begrudge a little time given for that which may be the means of giving us life eternal, for us and our loved ones. Do you think when death comes Jesus will take any time for us? Surely not, unless we can devote part of our time to Him, if then, we have the Sunday school, and the little prayers of each little one before retiring, let us begin now, if not already begun, to erect the family altar. All will be drawn nearer to each other and nearer to Jesus. Teach the little ones to obey, in all things, be firm, and kind, punish in some way if necessary, but oh, mothers, teach them to obey.

I have heard some parents say, "I love my children too well to punish them." I cannot agree with them. I love mine so well, I want them to be good, and if we do not make them obey us, they will not be good. There are different methods of punishing, and different dispositions to deal with, so we must exercise judgment, sometimes earnest pleading, pointing out the fault, and explaining the bad effects of the misdemeanor, sometimes to deprive them of some pleasure they were expecting. You may say that looks hard, but it has often accomplished what a whipping would not. And, dear mothers, take them alone and talk and pray with them. Mother praying with them may touch the right spot and do great good. How I wish words of mine could express all I want to say on this important subject, so occupied with cooking, cleaning, housewifely cares, do not neglect the culture we will need to enter into the "pearly gates" and take our loved ones with us. Better neglect some of the cleaning and cooking, if all cannot be attended to, if we cook plain, healthy food, we can do without the extras a great many times.

Wives take time to brighten up for husband. How very sad to see husband and wife drifting apart. I plead for you, don't do it. Love and cherish each other as in days of courtship, bear and forbear, don't speak angrily or too hastily, sometimes it has been the last word spoken to them on earth, and then, oh useless regret, when the loved one goes off to work how it makes the day go smoothly, to have given a loving kiss, and to pleasantly receive one again at night, tired and weary. Don't say it's nonsense, it is not. We wives want to be appreciated, we must appreciate our husbands, too. It lies within many a wife to make a good or bad husband. How shall we render an account to God at the last day if we neglect children and husbands. Mothers, begin your worship if husbands do object, they may be won. NELLE.

—To do all the good you can to your fellow beings, to have a pure conscience, to gain an honorable livelihood, procure for yourself by work a little ease, to make those around you happy—that is true happiness; all the rest are mere accessories and chimeras.

The Library.

THE RIVER TIME.

O! a wonderful stream is the river Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme
And a broader sweep and surge sublime,
As it blends in the ocean of years!

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
And the summers like birds between,
And the years in the sheaf, how they come and they go
On the river's breast with its ebb and its flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen!

There's a magical isle up the river Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing,
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are straying.

And the name of the isle is the "Long-ago,"
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow,
There are heaps of dust—oh! we loved them so—
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,
There are parts of an infant's prayer,
There's a lute unswept and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments our loved used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air,
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river was fair.

O! remembered for aye be that blessed isle,
All the day of our life until night;
And when evening glows with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing in slumbers awhile,
May the greenwood of soul be in sight.

—Benjamin F. Taylor.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

BY S. J. ADAIR FITZGERALD.

I HAVE often wondered whether John Howard Payne, the rather unfortunate author of perhaps the sweetest song in our language—a song that will only cease to live when all nature is dead and time is no more—whether he ever read the old holiday and breaking-up song, "Dulce Domum," so popular at Winchester school. For it certainly contains all the elements of Payne's plaintive ballad. Here is the first verse with its chorus:

"Sing a sweet melodious measure,
Waft enchanting lays around,
Home! a theme replete with treasure!
Home! a grateful theme resound.

CHORUS.
Home, sweet home! an ample treasure!
Home! with every blessing crown'd!
Home! perpetual source of pleasure!
Home! a noble strain resound."

Brand says, in speaking of "Dulce Domum," which was originally written in Latin and translated into English by a writer in the Gentleman's Magazine for March, 1706, that "it is doubtless of very remote antiquity," and that "its origin must be traced, not to any ridiculous tradition, but to the tenderest feelings of human nature." The story runs as follows: Upwards of two hundred and fifty years ago, a scholar of St. Mary's college, Winchester, was confined for some misconduct, by order of the master, just previous to the Whitsuntide vacation, and was not permitted to visit his friends. He was kept a prisoner in the college, tied to a pillar. The reflections on the enjoyments of home inspired him to compose the well-known "Dulce Domum." The student must have been of a very sensitive nature, for he died soon after, "worn down with grief at the disgraceful situation he was in," as well as disappointment. In commemoration of the event, the masters, scholars and choristers of St. Mary's college, the evening preceding the Whitsun holidays, attended by a band of music, walk in procession around the court of the college, and the pillar to which it is alleged the scholar was tied, and chant the verses which he composed in his affliction.

Payne, as far as can be gathered, wrote the words of "Home, Sweet Home," one

dreary day in October, 1822, when he was particularly depressed, but whether he was acquainted with the above it is difficult to say. John Howard Payne was the son of William Payne, a school-master, who was favorably known as an elocutionist in New York, where young Payne was born April 9, 1791. Much against the desire of his father, the future author abandoned commerce, for which he was intended, and took to the precarious profession of actor. He was not without ability, for he made a very successful first appearance at the Park theatre, New York, in the character of Norval in "Douglas." This was in February, 1807. For some years Payne continued to act in various parts of America, and occasionally contributed articles to New York papers and journals. Not satisfied with his successes in America, he was anxious to secure the verdict of a British audience. He entered the metropolis with excellent credentials, having letters of introduction to John Kemble, Coleridge, Lord Byron, and other celebrities of the day. In 1815 he made his bow at Drury Lane, choosing for his debut his former role of Norval, and according to all accounts he greatly pleased the critics as well as the playgoers. But it was very difficult in those days to continue a favorite with the fickle public, nothing short of a genius—which Payne was not—being required to satisfy their desires. So Payne deserted acting for writing, and took to translating French melodramas and operas. "The Maid and the Magpie" was his first offering, and it enjoyed a very fair meed of favor at Covent Garden theater. Edmund Kean made "Brutus," a tragedy by Payne, a success by the force of his subtle and dexterous rendering of the title part; but it was a bad play. For a great number of years he still continued to adapt pieces and although over two score of his dramas were produced, they have nearly all been relegated to the chambers of forgetfulness. As a matter of fact, very few of his pieces exhibited great literary skill or power.

As to "Home, Sweet Home," it is doubtful whether the version as written by Payne originally, was ever set to music. In its revised and condensed form it was sung by Miss Maria Tree, in "Clari, the Maid of Milan," also an adaptation, for which Charles Kemble paid Payne £260; not a mean sum for a libretto at that period, 1823. The music of the opera was composed by Henry Bishop, who adapted an old Sicilian air to the words of "Home, Sweet Home." Miss Tree created quite a furore by her singing of the touching melody, and the words going straight home to the audience, it was not long before the song became marvelously popular all over the country, soon to penetrate to the farthestmost parts of the world. It is stated that more than a hundred thousand copies of "Home, Sweet Home," were sold the first year of publication!

Affairs seem to have gone badly with Payne after this, for in the year 1832 we find him in New York almost penniless, and having a benefit got up for him at the Park Theater to start him afresh. He then subsisted on the income derived from journalistic work until he was appointed consul at Tunis, but he soon lost his appointment owing to the change of government; and he once more contributed to the press. However, some good friends used their influence, and in consideration of the fact that he was the first American dramatist who had made any name at all, Payne was eventually reinstated at Tunis. But he had barely undertaken the duties a twelvemonth before he succumbed to the grim king. He died on his sixty-first birthday, April 9, 1852, and was buried at Tunis. His remains, after a lapse of more than thirty years,

were removed in 1883, to Oak Cemetery, Washington, where a monument, erected by public subscription, marks the spot where rest his ashes.

For the benefit of those who have not read "Home, Sweet Home" as it was first written, I quote the words entire:

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is not met with else-where.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home.
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again,
The birds singing gayly, that come at my call—
Give me them, with the peace of mind, dearer than all.

Home, home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

How sweet, too, to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile:
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh give me! the pleasures of home.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

To thee I'll return overburdened with care;
The heart's dearest face will smile on me there.
No more from that cottage again will I roam—
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

The sweet sadness that pervades this simple little poem is exquisitely expressive of the melancholy felt by poor Payne when he penned the lines, alone in a foreign country, away from all that he held dear.—London Musical Society.

THOROUGHNESS.

It is a trite saying that we are a fast nation. Young America has become proverbial for the haste with which it rushes through life; it is hurry, hurry, from the cradle to the grave; in business or pleasure it is ever the same. Suicides, forgeries, defalcations and other crimes whose names are legion are committed by them in their haste to obtain fame and riches, a result from their disappointed hopes.

They are not content to jog steadily on, rising little by little, till middle life finds them occupying a responsible position in society and possessed of a fair share of the good things of the world.

Perhaps this is not desirable to the extent practiced by our grandfathers, for the times call for activity and new ideas, and we must not lag if we would keep even in the great struggle in which all are engaged. It is in the foundation that we are lacking; we have not the thoroughness that is the basis of successful effort. We want to reach the goal before a full knowledge of our chosen business has enabled us to make a start in that solid manner which ensures success.

We do not serve such long and painstaking apprenticeships as were formerly thought necessary. We think when we have served as errand girl in a dressmaker's or milliner's shop, or as chore boy in a counting room, shipping office, or dry goods store, that we are capable of at once carrying on these trades for ourselves. Young doctors and divines after the most flimsy preparation set themselves up as ministers of diseased bodies and sin-sick souls, and their success is such as might be expected when the blind serve as leaders of the blind.

Young lawyers who have only a smattering of Coke and who have scarcely opened the covers of Blackstone undertake to guide these reckless failures and criminals through the storm, which their haste and lack of thoroughness has raised, to the calms of a favorable and united public opinion, and are themselves swamped in the billows through which they are struggling. Juries are swayed, not by justice and logic, but by money. Eloquence and bombast blind them to the real effects of the crime and desserts of the criminal.

I wish I could speak to every boy and

girl, every young man and woman, just entering upon the responsible duties of life and tell them to be thorough.

Our schools need a reformation in this respect. They teach enough but it is not of the right kind, nor taught in the right way. When the pupils emerge from these classic halls they know a little of every thing, but how seldom do we see one who has mastered any one branch sufficiently to be able in turn to teach it. They *parler vous* a little, can decline *hic, hæc, hoc*, wander through the intricacies of German verbs and warble a song in the musical accents of Italy, but they know a little of these things and only a little.

Doubtless at examinations they made a brilliant display of learning. Some poem committed to memory and recited with appropriate gestures, some verb volubly declined, some few facts and dates in history aptly brought in, a problem put upon the board and explained with much flourish of pointer and ambiguity of terms, a white dress, a black coat and button hole bouquet, a diploma tied with blue ribbon, and our future men and women enter upon the stern realities of life.

I was going to say that they had at this time no preparation for the work before them, but I will change it and say that the preparation is by no means adequate. They can read and write, and these two things alone are great helps. But how do they read? With many it is a parrot-like repetition of words and not an understanding rendering of the author's meaning, or a following of the imaginary fortunes of some love torn Romeo or Juliet through many sensational volumes, or a breathless perusal of some gaily covered blood and thunder novel of the dime series. Indeed, I have often thought that the only thing in which they are proficient at this period is the terpsichorean art; most of them have fully mastered this. I do not object to this, dancing is, under proper circumstances, a healthful exercise, but I sigh that their heels are so much better disciplined than their heads and hands.

The young men learn little to advance them in business. They are not sufficiently accurate to be trusted with accounts, they cannot write legibly enough to serve as amanuenses, and so the list might be indefinitely extended. They have received just education enough to make them scorn menial service and not enough to show them the dignity of labor. So they go on; they work at this and at that, feeling all the time that they are below their sphere yet making no effort to educate themselves up to the place they wish to fill. "The world owes them a living," they say.

The girls are, if possible, in a worse condition; they possess the same smattering of accomplishments as the boys and have even a greater horror of labor. They cannot teach and even if they could all cannot find employment in this field; few are proficient enough in music to warrant its adoption as a profession, and even if they would, they cannot cut a garment, trim a bonnet, or cook a dinner.

There is always a call for skilled labor, and there is nothing nobler than a duty, no matter how humble, performed in a thorough, painstaking manner. For those who will do this there are always fields whitened for the harvest and only awaiting the husbandman and his sickle.

Mothers, fathers, yours is a great responsibility; on you rests much of the blame for the disgust your children feel at the idea of work; you are responsible for their lack of thoroughness. See to it that whatever you set them to do is done in the best manner, and one task finished before another is begun.

Teach them that a thing well done is twice done; make them responsible for

any little duty you have set apart as their own. Find out what their special talents are and cultivate them, no matter if Mrs. Blank's children are pursuing an entirely different line of studies. There is far too much routine in this respect.

If they show no special talent for any profession, put them all, boys and girls, at some work by which they may, when it is thoroughly mastered, gain their own living independent of friends or family.

Be thorough in whatever you do, for thoroughness is the basis of successful effort, and when you have thoroughly mastered your work then you can rush, not before.

H. MARIA GEORGE.

ON KEEPING A DIARY.

Many people regard the keeping of a diary as a meritorious occupation. The young are urged to take up this cross; it is supposed to benefit girls especially. Whether women should do it is to some minds not an open question, although there is on record the case of the Frenchman who tried to shoot himself when he heard that his wife was keeping a diary. This intention of suicide may have arisen from the fear that his wife was keeping a record of his own peccadilloes rather than of her own thoughts and emotions. Or it may have been from the fear that she was putting down those little conjugal remarks which the husband always dislikes to have thrown up to him, and which a woman can usually quote accurately, it may be for years, it may be forever, without the help of a diary. So we can appreciate without approving the terror of the Frenchman at living on and on in the same house with a growing diary. For it is not simply that this little book of judgment is there in black and white, but that the maker of it is increasing her power of minute observation and analytic expression. In discussing the question whether a woman should keep a diary it is understood that it is not a mere memorandum of events and engagements such as both men and women of business and affairs necessarily keep, but the daily record which sets down feelings, emotions, and impressions, and criticises people and records opinions. But this is a question that applies to men as well as to women.

It has been assumed that the diary serves two good purposes: it is a disciplinary exercise for the keeper of it, and perhaps a moral guide; and it has great historical value. As to the first, it may be helpful to order, method, discipline, and it may be an indulgence of spleen, whims, and unwholesome criticism and conceit. The habit of saying right out what you think of everybody is not a good one, and the record of such opinions and impressions, while it is not so mischievous to the public as talking may be, is harmful to the recorder. And when we come to the historical value of the diary, we confess to a growing suspicion of it. It is such a deadly weapon when it comes to light after the passage of years. It has an authority which the spoken words of its keeper never had. It is *ex parte*, and it cannot be cross-examined. The supposition is that being contemporaneous with the events spoken of, it must be true, and that it is an honest record. Now, as a matter of fact we doubt if people are any more honest as to themselves or others in a diary than out of it; and rumors, reported facts, and impressions set down daily in the heat and haste of the prejudicial hour are about as likely to be wrong as right. Two diaries of the same events rarely agree. And in turning over an old diary we never know what to allow for the personal equation. The diary is greatly relied on by the writers of history, but the Drawer doubts if there is any such liar in the world,

even when the keeper of it is honest. It is certain to be partisan, and more liable to be misinformed than a newspaper, which exercises some care in view of immediate publicity.

The writer happens to know of two diaries which record, on the testimony of eye-witnesses, the circumstances of the last hours of Garfield, and they differ utterly in essential particulars. One of these may turn up fifty years from now, and be accepted as true. An infinite amount of gossip goes into diaries about men and women that would not stand the test of a moment's contemporary publication. But by-and-by it may all be used to smirch or brighten unjustly some one's character. Suppose a man in the army of the Potomac had recorded daily all his opinions of men and of events. Reading it over now, with more light and a juster knowledge of character and of measures, is it not probable that he would find it a tissue of misconceptions? Few things are actually what they seem to-day; they are colored both by misapprehensions and by moods. If a man writes a letter or makes report of an occurrence for immediate publication, subject to universal criticism, there is some restraint on him. In his private letter, or diary especially, he is apt to set down what comes into his head at the moment, often without much effort at verification.—Charles Dudley Warner, in *Harper's Magazine*.

BLESSED BE READING!

It is the next consolation to writing. Sometimes one is better; sometimes the other. Here, too, let us avail ourselves of the fact that the accomplished task is so pleasant. We must not read all for pleasure, any more than do any thing else only for pleasure, if we desire to get pleasure out of it. Let there be some solid, grave, weighty work of which we make out the fixed number of pages each day; thus improving what we call our mind, and earning the satisfaction of real work done as we close the volume with a thankful sigh.

Let it be recorded that he does not know what enjoyment can be got out of books who reads them from the book-club. Doubtless, there are many books which ought to be read which it suffices to read thence. But that you may gloat over a book, feel that you must read it thoroughly and diligently, and come to regard it as a friend always at hand and never wearisome, it must be your own. Nor will it do to have inherited it; you must have bought it, and bought it out of somewhat scanty means. It may in great measure do to have got it as a present; but the first books of the handsome library, bought from the poor student's small purse, or the little surplus of the salary of the poor curate, remain to the end precious, as tall copies and sumptuous editions coming afterward can never be.

Yet it is ever pleasant, if you have the right spirit; it is wonderfully cheering and brightening when the parcel, in its thick wrappings of brown paper, arrives from the distant city, conveying its delightful store. A duke cannot carry his parcel of books into his library, and open it for himself; his dignity forbids; and he is too great a man to care for these little things; he has not one-tenth of the enjoyment in his books that the poor country parson shares. Pleasant to bear is the heavy square burden; to set it on a strong table (slight ones will not avail); to cut the thick strings that tie it up; to open up the enveloping sheets, brown, thick, specially flavored; to reach the fresh volumes, with the grateful aroma of new paper and binding; to examine each with careful interest; then, on successive evenings, to cut the leaves with a very large ivory paper knife. While

more exciting joys fall on the maturing mind, this will ever grow in its power. Let the event described occur frequently, but not too frequently. To be precise, about once in three weeks.

What part of the furniture of a house, in proportion to its cost, affords the real satisfaction that books impart? For a handsome easy-chair covered with morocco you pay fifty dollars; will that chair cheer you in depression and sorrow as would fifty dollars worth of books? I throw not. It is no doubt a grand end, much desired by the wise man, that his dwelling be so sumptuously decorated and his entertainments so handsome that his friends shall go home and abuse him.

But excellent as things are to the well-regulated mind, it is better still to cast the eye on the kindly rows, and lovingly pull out a volume here and there, and let it carry you to a purer air than that of your humdrum life, and to a range of thought that your moderate brain can appreciate, but could never create.

If you would have more enjoyment in life this year than last, buy more books and read them. And if you do not understand about books yourself, consult some friend who does know, before making your purchases. Ah! the frightful editions the writer has seen, in grand bindings, upon the tables of the ignorant rich.—*Exchange*.

UNWHOLESOME READING.

Mr. Haynes, in his "Pictures of Prison Life," tells of a young man, blessed with kind and indulgent parents, and possessed of a superior education, who was sentenced for fourteen years for breaking and entering stores. He had given no previous evidence of depravity before he was caught, and the wonder was that a young man with his intelligence and surroundings should thus blast his prospects in life. An examination of his room at home explained the mystery. He was a great reader of "yellow-covered literature." He had accumulated vast quantities of vile trash, and had read it until he had been crazed by the exciting scenes and daring exploits of which he read. He reveled in the wild romance until his imagination was taken captive. The end was crime. What harvests of ruin have grown from unwholesome reading!

—John Sebastian Bach united with his distinguished talents and science as singular and praiseworthy a modesty. Being one day asked how he had contrived to make himself so great an organist, he answered, "I was industrious. Whoever is equally sedulous, will be equally successful." And one of his pupils, complaining that the exercise he had set him was too difficult, he smiled, and said, "Only practice it diligently, and you will play it extremely well. You have five as good fingers on each hand as I have, and nature has given me no endowment that she has not as freely bestowed upon you. Judging by myself, application is every thing."

—The invention of the modern form of the piano dates back to about 1700. The spinet, of rectangular shape, which we manage to call square, was called a virginal. It is frequently stated that it was done to compliment Queen Elizabeth; this cannot be true, as it is found mentioned among the musical instruments of King Henry VIII. It is more likely that it was so named because it was intended to be played by young ladies. It was essentially a ladies' instrument, for it is said that at a concert in Oxford, England, the public performance of the male pianist was rewarded by a storm of hisses.

—No woman can be the worse for possessing brains. The hue and cry set up

against higher education, examinations, and new openings for woman's work, has a hollow ring about it. Men have a sneaking suspicion that they are not so intellectually superior as they have been led to suppose. Unconsciously to themselves, they are afraid of being found out; or else perhaps they are lazy, and are fearful of being stirred up.

Yet womanliness does not consist in intellectuality. The first thing in which it does consist is self-respect.—*Samuel Pearson*.

—You will find poetry nowhere unless you bring some with you.—*Joubert*.

CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will one of our many sisters send me a little poem called "The Bird with a Broken Wing," and the music of that sweet old song, "Lorena?" I will repay in any way I can.

Whitewater, Wis.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one of THE HOUSEHOLD please send me the words of the song "Annie Lisle?" I will be glad to return the favor.

Manitowoc, Wis.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send me the words of the following songs: "The Dying Ranger," "Along the Kansas Line," and "Falling Leaves?" The chorus of the latter is

"Falling Leaves," the wild winds whispered,
Daughter of the highland chief,
Came to cheer our home in autumn,
And we called her 'Falling Leaves.'"

I will return postage and repay the favor in any way possible.

Ferndale, Whatcom Co., W. T.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of THE HOUSEHOLD sisters send me the words of the song entitled, "Polly, the Cows are in the Corn?" I will return the favor if I can.

Orleans, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send me the poem "Asleep at the Switch," or "Only a Brakeman?" I will return the favor in any way I can.

Pittsfield, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the many readers of THE HOUSEHOLD please send me the words of a piece of poetry called "Rebecca Parting with Jacob?" I can only remember a few lines:

"Go bear thy mother's blessing back to those from whom she came,
Say to them that Haran's shaded well and flocks that near it stray,
Come to me in my midnight dreams as fresh as yesterday.

My youngest born, my pride of heart, thou must, thou must away,
Thy brother's wrathful hand is raised, and here thou canst not stay."

Mrs. L. E. EASTERBROOKS.

64 Orms St., Providence, R. I.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will not some one of your many readers please send me the songs one of which is, as near as I can recollect,

"Father, oh father, come open the door,
Come open the door for me,
Or the child will perish and die in my arms,
As the wind blows o'er the wild moor?"

That is part of or something similar to it. And the other is,

"Poor wandering Joe!
Cold blew the blast,
Down came the snow,
Nowhere to shelter," etc.

I will return postage or the favor in any way I can.

Box 122, Kaneville, Ill.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I desire the poem called "How Ruby Played," also a temperance book for children entitled "The Voice of the Home, or how Roy Went West." I do not know the author. If there is any one having the name will she please write me? Mrs. F. B. JACOBS.

Box 8, Winslow, A. T.

THE REVIEWER.

AFTER SCHOOL DAYS, by Christina Goodwin, is a story for girls that is natural, bright, and healthful. Its opening pages are descriptive of life at a country boarding-school, and the principal characters are introduced at that time. There is strong moral fiber in it, and there are

LITTLE ROMANCE.

Not fast. M. M. $\text{♩} = 130$.

p *fp* *sfz* *fp* *sfz* *p*

f *sf Ped. ** *sf Ped. ** *f* *sfz* *p*

dim. *pp* *sf Ped. ** *sf Ped. **

sfz *p* *dim.* *pp*

suggestions as to the vital things of life which cannot but set its readers to thinking, and they are introduced so unconsciously that they have no effect of being forced. We quote a few lines from one of the chapters: "If life has taught me any thing, it is this—to value the present, to enjoy to the utmost its pleasures, to estimate at the highest its opportunities, to praise the Lord for its blessings, without looking forward with anxiety, or backward with regret." Price \$1.00. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

THE FORUM for September has many able contributors. The opening paper, "The Sixteenth Amendment," by Senator J. J. Ingalls, is followed by Thomas White's article, "Is Canada Misgoverned?" The very interesting series of papers on "Books that Have Helped Me" is still continued, and is given this month by Rev. Dr. A. Jessop, and the article on "What is the Object of Life?" is given by Prof. E. D. Cope. The author of "John Halifax Gentleman," gives us a very readable article entitled "Concerning Men," and C. A. Young has an interesting paper on "Great Telescopes." "The Manners of Critics," by Andrew Lang, "American Geographical Names," by Bishop A. C. Coxe, and "Ignatius Donnelly's Comet," by Prof. Alexander Win-

chell, together with other subjects ably discussed, complete a most excellent number of this magazine. \$5.00 a year. New York: The Forum Publishing Company.

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY for September comes laden with the daintiest of little stories, verses and pictures. It well deserves the high place it has attained among the magazines for small children, and this will be found to be one of the most attractive numbers. \$1.50 a year. Boston: The Russell Publishing Company.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

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

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

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

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE for September. \$3.00 a year. New York: R. T. Bush & Son.

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

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

WIDE AWAKE for September. \$2.40 a year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

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

The Dispensary.

HOUSEHOLD REMEDIES.

THERE is no falsehood more universally accepted as truth that is more deadly in its tendency than the belief that brandy, whisky, rum, gin, and the alcoholic stimulants generally, are necessary as domestic remedies. If you value your children's best interests, never use wine or any of these beverages upon your table. Never use them for the ordinary ailments occurring in every household, for it is not necessary.

By alcoholic stimulants I mean every thing which has alcohol in it, however disguised in name or character. Fruits and their juices, so valuable when fresh, are as unfit to use during fermentation as fermenting food. The juice of apples fermented becomes cider, and then takes its place in the same class as wine, brandy, whisky, rum and gin. These with ale, beer and the punches—egg nog and mint juleps—should be kept out of the list of our home remedies as much as strychnine and arsenic.

The plea that stimulants make those who use them "feel better" and grow fat is full of deception. The fat and blood of those who use these articles is never healthful. In most guarded, moderate drinkers, physicians never expect the same favorable recovery from sickness or injury as in one who is extremely temperate.

In post mortem examinations and dissecting rooms, we see constantly the character of this fat, or rather bloat, which is so deceptive to the careless observer. I have seen the fat of a woman in high life, who had, for a few years previous to her death, "kept up" upon her regular potion of the best brandy, show the same foul degeneration as the fat of the common drunkard. This most undesirable accumulation of adipose piles up about the liver, kidneys, bowels and heart, penetrates the intestines between the muscles, burdening and impeding the natural action of the organs, until it requires a goad of some kind to keep them moving.

The more of such flesh any one accumulates the weaker he will become. It is no more reason for satisfaction than the pail of soap grease which might be carried in the hand. Alcohol does not furnish nutriment to the body or give real strength. During the alcoholic fever there is an appearance of strength which is wholly deceptive. It makes a fire so intense that the whole system is roused to fever heat and the brain to active congestion by it. It is this forceful driving of the brain and circulatory system while the alcohol fever is on that gives the false strength, and when the fierce fire subsides, leaves its subject so weak and exhausted; for here as everywhere action and reaction are equal, unnatural excitements are followed by undue depression.

A mischievous error, now misleading many of our overworked men and women, and shared, I am sorry to say, by many of our trusted physicians in good standing, is that this class of stimulants, from the purest brandy to the ale and beer in common use, are valuable aids in securing sleep and are comparatively harmless. It is true that spirituous liquors, both in their moderate and excessive use, do, after a period of excitement, in most cases, produce sleep; but the rest thus obtained is widely different from the simple, quiet sleep of health; in natural sleep the blood vessels of the brain contract and carry a less volume of blood than when in an active state, much as the

healthful stomach contracts upon itself, emptying its large vessels partially during its period of rest.

Under alcoholic stimulants the arteries and veins, even to the smallest brain capillaries, become overfilled and distended with blood; for this reason, the sleep thus secured is a sleep like the heavy sleep in apoplexy. The walls of the capillaries under such repeated distention, become more dilated and dilatable, until the unnatural engorgement is fixed and permanent, and the tissues are thickened, so that the power to contract is lost by the naturally elastic vessels. When such changes have taken place in the brain, the nervous system acts feebly, unless it is goaded by that fierce alcoholic fire which can make every passion demoniac and uncontrollable, until the frenzy is stilled in lethargic sleep. Every period of rest thus gained is at the expense of future recuperative power.

It requires three or four times as much medicine to secure the same good results in a patient who has made moderate habitual use of wine or other liquors, as it does in the perfectly temperate individual of the same age and general vitality.

Mothers, let me make to you an earnest appeal: The home-made wine, the sweetened brandy and water, hard cider, or nice gin sling taken hot, for a cold, the tempting egg nog, or mint juleps, or fine old Jamaica rum and molasses, are dangerous remedies. Mixed by your hand, and given to your son or daughter when they are chilly, a little run down or exhausted and must keep up, or to relieve a severe attack of pain, colic, indigestion or neuralgia, the moral and physical effect will be doubly dangerous. Your hand of all others, should not be the one to make an opening in the embankment of habit, which may flood your child's life with destruction, or your own heart with bitter sorrow.—*Exchange.*

CAUSE OF DYSPEPSIA.

Hurried eating of meals, followed immediately by some employment that occupies the whole attention and takes up all, or nearly all, of the physical energies, is sure to result in dyspepsia in one form or another. Sometimes it shows itself in excessive irritability, a sure indication that nerve force has been exhausted; the double draught in order to digest the food and carry on the business, has been more than nature could stand without being thrown out of balance. In another case, the person is exceedingly dull as soon as he has a few minutes of leisure. The mind seems a dead blank, and can only move in its accustomed channels, and then only when compelled. This also is an indication of nervous exhaustion. Others will have decided pains in the stomach, or a sense of weight, as if a heavy burden was inside.

Others again will be able to eat nothing that will agree with them; every thing that is put inside the stomach is made the subject of a violent protest on the part of that organ, and the person suffers untold agonies in consequence. Others suffer from constant hunger. They may eat all they can, and feel hungry still. If they feel satisfied for a little time, the least unusual exertion brings on the hungry feeling, and they can do no more until something is eaten. It is almost needless to say that this condition is not hunger but inflammation of the stomach. Scarcely any two persons are affected in the same way, the disordered condition manifesting itself according to temperament and occupation, employments that call for mental work, and those whose scene of action lies in-doors, affecting persons more seriously than those carried on in the open air and those which are

merely mechanical and do not engage the mind.

All, or nearly all, of these difficulties of digestion might have never been known by the sufferers had they left their business behind them and rested a short time after eating, instead of rushing off to work immediately after hastily swallowing their food.

Nature does not do two things at a time, and do both well, as a rule. All know that when a force is divided it is weakened. If the meal were eaten slowly, without preoccupation of the mind, and the stomach allowed at least half an hour's chance to get its work well undertaken before the nervous force is turned in another direction, patients from dyspepsia would be few.

WOOLEN UNDERCLOTHING.

Among the many means by which we seek to guard ourselves from the effects of chill, there is one which hardly, even now, receives sufficient attention—the use of woollen underclothing. The majority of persons of the male sex do, indeed, show their appreciation of its wholesome qualities; but there remains a considerable proportion of these, and a far greater number of women and children, who prefer an undersuit of other material. Yet the superior advantages of wearing wool next to the skin are easily apparent on reflection. They do not depend merely on its greater warmth and closeness of application. It is further capable, according to its texture and in virtue of its composition, of better adaptation, in respect of temperature, to the needs of various climates, and the changes of seasons, than any other dress material. Moreover, whether it be fine or rough, dense or light, woollen clothing, it is evident, exhibits a special faculty for absorbing and distributing moisture. It is this property especially which renders it the natural next covering of the constantly perspiring skin. If one be engaged, for example, in active exercise of limb, a linen fabric will absorb what products of transudation it can, till it is wet, but will leave much moisture unabsorbed upon the clammy surface; whereas, a flannel, from its more spongy nature, will rest upon a skin which it has nearly dried, and be but damp itself.

It is obvious, then, that in the event of an after-chill, and this occurs in summer as in winter, the body is in the latter case most favorably disposed to resist it. Flannel is not less cleanly than linen, though it may appear less white; and, if the wearer bathe daily, it is surprising how long it will retain its purity. The disadvantage of skin irritation, to which it sometimes gives rise, is usually associated with coarseness of quality or freshness of manufacture, and is with nearly all who have experienced it a merely transient condition. Women as well as men, but, above all, children and the aged, who are alike particularly apt to take cold, should certainly adopt a woollen material for their customary undergarment. It is easily possible to adjust the texture to the season, so that it shall be warm enough in winter and not too warm in summer.

AN ERECT GAIT.

It gives to women a queenly appearance, and to men an air of manliness, integrity and fearlessness. To bend forward or downward while walking, indicates debility or mental trouble, and always aggravates itself and promotes disease. Pads and supporters are all pernicious and worse than useless, because they teach the system to rely on them, and cannot support one part of the body without causing an unnatural strain on

some other part, and, to that extent, tend to disease of that part.

There is always one easily available and successful method of acquiring an erect, manly gait, without any material effort or feeling of awkwardness. Let the chin be a little above a horizontal line which is easily done by keeping the eye fixed on the top of some person's hat or bonnet in front of you.

The habit of this erect carriage may be facilitated by accustoming yourself when at home, in the garden, or other places, to walk with the hands behind you, held in one another, and the head thrown up as is done in smoking a cigar or singing a tune.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

DR. HANFORD'S REPLY.

Can a cataract be scraped from the eye, and what is the best means of preventing the growth? A VICTIM.

You mistake in supposing that the cataract is on the outside of the eye to be "scraped off." Just within the eye, at the "sight," there is a clear lens, as clear as the finest glass to be found, like a window, through which we see, and when this becomes like a "smoked glass," or thickens, becomes opaque, we are unable to see through it, which is known as a cataract. When this is fairly formed, the only hope is in inserting a needle, pressing this out of the way, where it will remain, affording tolerably good sight, though not perfect, as it is not natural. The "cause" is found in general derangement of the whole system, general impurity. A cataract can never occur in perfect health, aside from an accident to the eye, or a similar cause. Among the causes are gout, from high living, gluttony, rheumatism, and a disease which good people do not generally contract, while the more usual and direct may be the excessive use of salt, sugar, and hard water, combined with gluttony. Indeed, it is said, on good authority, after many careful observations, that the use of hard water, salt and sugar in excess, or even what would be called a free use, may be regarded as among the very prominent causes of this blindness. When the blood becomes too salt, the usual condition of the lens is deranged, its specific gravity elevated, disturbing its transparency, eventually resulting in opacity. It is plain that the physiological effect of the free use of salt is to dry, to deprive of water, to harden, as we may infer from its tendency to cause an unnatural thirst. This naturally tends toward a cataract. It is also true that sugar may cause an unnatural thirst, like salt, though the effects may not be as marked. If, to satisfy this thirst, caused by the use of salt and sugar, hard water is freely used these effects are often very marked. In addition to the effects of salt on human beings, tending to the production of cataracts, various and multiplied experiments have been made on brutes, by the use of salt, which have proved very conclusively, that the use of salt is among the most active of the causes of this cataract. I, therefore, recommend only a very limited use of salt and salted foods, also, less sugar, with no hard water. No, I would not recommend an operation, so long as you can see with any considerable ease and perfection with that one eye, and certainly not so long as the other is unaffected, while you can see so well with the "right eye." It may be that, with extra care in all of these respects, doing all possible for the establishment of the general health, you may prevent the increase of this present opacity of the left eye, constantly improving the sight of the well one, or retaining its present condition. So long as you observe no dimness in the sight of the well eye, no smokiness, no appearance of specks floating about, you need not fear.

Is cataract inherited? SUBSCRIBER.

While it is unquestionably true that this, like all other diseases, as well as feature, complexion, mental traits, etc., may be inherited, it is just as likely that the habits which produce cataract are also inherited. It is not true that an inherited disease is incurable, though such may be a little more difficult of treatment. The two more prominent causes of cataract—both of which are under our control, are a heating diet, with the irritation caused by the spices, etc., and the variations of temperature. In reference to the first I will simply say that it is best to be very moderate in the use of all fats and oils—the products of the swine being most objectionable—the sweets and food composed mostly of starch, as fine flour, rice, tapioca, sago, and the like, while the use of salt, mustard, pepper and the general contents of the cataract should be still more diminished. While we cannot prevent the changes in the weather, we may guard against their effects by a proper regard to our clothing, never needlessly exposing ourselves to the extremes of heat and cold. I am satisfied that more cataract is caused by an improper diet than by all other causes combined.

The Dressing Room.

SOME TOILET MATTERS.

BY HELEN HERBERT.

TO MANY persons the little daily cares pertaining to the toilet seem of slight importance, special and unusual cares a foolish, if not absolutely wicked, waste of time and energy. They have no time for such nonsense they will tell you, with a very superior air.

Yet I notice that these very persons are not altogether pleased when, as some times happens they find that the neglect of such cares, resulting in rough hands, blackened teeth, falling hair, muddy complexion, etc., is subjecting them to the not always kindly comments and criticism of their dear friends.

"How old and plain Mrs. Blank is growing," one overhears.

"Miss Dash is losing all her youth and good looks," comes to the ears of another.

Such remarks are not pleasant for any woman to hear, and occasion for them should not be unnecessarily given. We must grow old, but there is such a thing as growing old gracefully, sweetly, insensibly, as it were, in such a way that our friends will never stop to think of it. There is a certain beauty belonging to every period of life, to middle and old age as well as to youth. One of the most beautiful and charming women of my acquaintance is probably fifty, at the least. Some measure of this beauty belongs by right to every woman. She should not willfully cast it away.

Often women called plain in youth develop, as time goes on, into handsome, attractive, delightful old ladies. In such cases it will usually be found that it is a warm heart, and quick, trained intelligence, which, steadily at work through the long years, have chiseled the coarse, unformed features of youth into noble and dignified proportions. There can be little doubt but that the spirit, be it noble or ignoble, will in time fix its impress on features and bearing; and if beauty is wished for when the fleeting freshness of youth is past, the heart must be kept sweet, and the intellect sound and clear, for on these the beauty and charm of age chiefly depend. But the fresh, sweet atmosphere which comes from exquisite neatness and dainty, daily care of the person, is by no means unimportant, or to be despised by either old or young.

One of the most essential of these toilet matters is faithful care of the teeth. They should not be neglected even for a day. They should be thoroughly cleaned at night before going to bed, if at no other time, but if possible, attention should be given them after every meal. If perfectly white teeth are desired, it is well to give them, in addition to the usual brushing, what is called a dry polish—that is, rub them well with a flannel cloth dampened just enough to hold the powder of prepared chalk or pumice, then rinse the mouth with tepid water.

Physicians say exercise is essential to good teeth, and that, therefore, we should not choose all our food from that which needs little or no chewing. They say give a child food that requires chewing, forbid its being swallowed in lumps, and see that it is not done. Then teach him to brush and care for his teeth, and there is no reason why they should not last his life time.

Powdered pumice-stone should be kept on the toilet table, and used at least once a week. It prevents tartar, and removes it if used in time, before much has accumulated; and by keeping the teeth perfectly clean it prevents decay. A little stick of soft wood, a match stick is very

good, may be whittled down, moistened a little, dipped in the pumice powder, then rubbed over and between the teeth, inside and out, till they are clean and polished.

After brushing the teeth the mouth should be rinsed in water into which has been put a few drops of permanganate of potassium, or a few drops of spirits of camphor. The latter is, perhaps, quite as good, and usually more convenient, as most people have camphor always in the house. This is excellent if the breath is bad. For a feverish breath charcoal is good. Charcoal tablets are most convenient for use. Burnt bread powdered is said to make a good dentifrice, but I have never tested it, and so cannot speak positively as to its merits.

I have before me a letter written some time ago, making inquiry regarding a recipe for the complexion published in THE HOUSEHOLD for October, 1884. The mixture referred to is the following:

"Take equal parts of white vinegar and benzoin, steep the mixture eight days, strain and bottle. Pour a few drops of this into the water used for bathing the arms, face, neck and shoulders. It turns the water a milky white."

I will at once say frankly that I have never myself tested this lotion. But I thought I had the best of authority for it, else I should not have given it to THE HOUSEHOLD readers. My correspondent's lack of success in compounding this mixture may have arisen from a poor quality of benzoin, or it may be that she should have used the tincture in place of the powder. Undoubtedly the recipe should have distinctly indicated that preparation of the benzoin necessary to the desired effect. But it is probable that she has solved the problem for herself or forgotten it before this time, and I will only add before passing to other questions that if she had kindly trusted me with her name and address, she would have received a private answer long ago.

Do I know "any thing else good for a coarse, red skin?"

This trouble might arise from widely different causes. As I cannot know the cause in this particular case, I can only suggest various remedies, some of which may be found efficacious.

First, care should be taken that the clothing is loose and easy, also the shoes. Nothing so quickly makes the face and hands red as a tight and constraining mode of dress; and as it causes the small veins to swell and impedes the circulation, the coarse appearance so produced soon becomes permanent, unless the warning is heeded and the practice discontinued.

Next, in bathing, carefully avoid soap and cold, hard water. Use soft, tepid water, a soft cloth, and do not rub the face in drying it. Pat it gently, instead. If at any time soap seems necessary, put a little borax into the water as a substitute. This is soothing and softening to the skin, and quite as cleansing as soap. Oat meal put into the water also makes a good substitute for soap. It softens and whitens the skin. Dry oat meal rubbed over the face, neck and hands after bathing has a softening effect on the skin and this is quickly and easily done.

It is a good plan to sometimes cover the face after bathing with a soft mash made of corn meal or oat meal and tepid water. Leave it on the face awhile, then rub off gently with tepid water. Take care also to bathe the feet often in very hot water. This will give a better circulation, and draw the blood from the head.

If the skin seems very dry anoint it occasionally with clear, pure olive oil. Some find glycerine beneficial. With some it does not agree at all, and it is said to have a tendency to harden the skin if too freely used. If the skin is dry and spotted, coconut oil may be used, rubbing it in well every night. If possible

sulphur baths should be taken in connection with its use.

A teaspoonful of sulphur taken every other morning for a week, omitted three mornings, then taken again, is an old and good remedy for a bad complexion. If it brings more black spots and pimples to the face for a time, a mixture of powdered brimstone in diluted glycerine in connection with the other treatment will soon drive them away. Wash this off carefully in the morning.

The following lotion is also called good for acne—black spots in the skin:

Nine grains of borax, one tablespoonful of rose water, and one tablespoonful of orange flower water. Before retiring put this on the affected parts with a soft cloth, and apply at intervals during the day.

For a face and neck rough and inclined to redness, the following simple and harmless remedy is highly recommended:

Four ounces of emulsion of bitter almonds and twenty grains of borax. Apply this mixture to the skin with a piece of soft sponge, allow it to remain a few minutes, then wash it off with soft water.

If the redness arises from any irritation of the skin or from sun burn, this old remedy will prove beneficial:

One pint of milk, one ounce of carbonate of soda, one ounce of glycerine, and one-half an ounce of powdered borax.

This is also good:

Three ounces of ground barley, one ounce of honey, and the white of one egg. This, I believe, is sold as the "Roman Toilet Paste," but it is easily made at home. After it has been mixed to a thick paste, spread it over the face, neck and hands at night, lay thin pieces of muslin or linen over it, and wash off in the morning with warm water.

Another lotion good for redness and red pimples is the following:

Nine grains of sulphate of zinc, one-half pint of distilled water, and ten drops of essence of lemon. Bathe the face with this before going to bed.

For stains on the skin, use one ounce of elder flower ointment, and twenty grains of sulphate of zinc. Mix well, rub into the affected portions of the skin at night. In the morning wash off with warm water and soap or borax, and then apply the following mixture: One-half pint of infusion of rose petals, and thirty grains of citric acid.

All who desire a clear complexion must see that the rooms they work and sleep in do not lack for ventilation. Bad air will soon spoil the fairest skin. Fresh air, sunshine, exercise, are the most essential cosmetics to be used in gaining a clear, fresh, pearly skin. A help will be found in frequent rubbing with almond, olive or coconut oil about the throat, neck, arms, waist—the whole body if practicable. The rubbing should be gentle, but persistent and frequent. The oil is used only to make the skin more pliable and open the pores. The chief benefit is derived from the rubbing. With regard to this, and indeed to all these small cares relating to the person, it will be found that a little regular painstaking every day is better than a great deal one day and none the next.

OVAL TABLE MATS.

Use No. 9 macrame cord or No. 6 ball knitting cotton and a small crochet needle.

Make a chain of seventeen stitches.

1. Work around this chain, *i. e.*, on both sides of it, in single crochet. At each end of the chain make three single crochet stitches in one loop; turn the work.

2. Make one chain, which is equal to one single crochet, one single crochet from the back of the stitch from which

the chain was taken, widen by working two single crochet on the back loop of the next stitch, work fifteen single crochet on the next fifteen stitches of the preceding round taking always the back loop, widen on each of the next three stitches, make fifteen single crochet, widen on next stitch, fasten with a slip stitch to both loops of the first stitch of the round; turn the work.

3. Make one chain, which is equal to one single crochet, one single crochet from the back of the stitch from which the chain was taken, one single crochet on next stitch, widen on next stitch, sixteen single crochet on next sixteen stitches of preceding round, widen, one single crochet, widen, one single crochet, widen, one single crochet, fasten with a slip stitch to both loops of the first stitch of the round; turn the work.

4. Make one chain, which is equal to one single crochet, one single crochet from the back of the stitch from which the chain was taken, two single crochet, widen, seventeen single crochet, widen, two single crochet, widen, two single crochet, widen, seventeen single crochet, widen, two single crochet, fasten with a slip stitch to both loops of the first stitch of the round; turn the work.

5. Make one chain which is equal to one single crochet, one single crochet from the back of the stitch from which the chain was taken, three single crochet, widen, eighteen single crochet, widen, three single crochet, widen, three single crochet, widen, eighteen single crochet, widen, three single crochet, fasten with a slip stitch to both loops of the first stitch of the round; turn the work.

6. Make one chain, which is equal to one single crochet, one single crochet from the back of the stitch from which the chain was taken, four single crochet, widen, nineteen single crochet, widen, four single crochet, widen, four single crochet, widen, nineteen single crochet, widen, four single crochet, fasten with a slip stitch to both loops of the first stitch of the round; turn the work.

7. Make one chain, which is equal to one single crochet, one single crochet from the back of the stitch from which the chain was taken, five single crochet, widen, twenty single crochet, widen, five single crochet, widen, five single crochet, widen, twenty single crochet, widen, five single crochet, fasten with a slip stitch to both loops of the first stitch of the round; turn the work.

8. Make one chain, which is equal to one single crochet, one single crochet from the back of the stitch from which the chain was taken, six single crochet, widen, twenty-one single crochet, widen, six single crochet, widen, six single crochet, widen, twenty-one single crochet, widen, six single crochet, fasten with a slip stitch to both loops of the first stitch of the round; turn the work.

9. Make one chain, which is equal to one single crochet, one single crochet from the back of the stitch from which the chain was taken, seven single crochet, widen, twenty-two single crochet, widen, seven single crochet, widen, seven single crochet, widen, twenty-two single crochet, fasten with a slip stitch to the first stitch of the round; turn the work.

10. Make one chain, which is equal to one single crochet, one single crochet from the back of the stitch from which the chain was taken, eight single crochet, widen, twenty-three single crochet, widen, eight single crochet, widen, eight single crochet, widen, twenty-three single crochet, fasten with a slip stitch to both loops of the first stitch of the round; turn the work.

11. Make one chain, which is equal to one single crochet, one single crochet from the back of the stitch from which

the chain was taken, nine single crochet, widen, twenty-four single crochet, widen, nine single crochet, widen, nine single crochet, widen, twenty-four single crochet, widen, nine single crochet, fasten with a slip stitch to both loops of the first stitch of the round. The work is now on the right side; do not turn.

12. Make two chain, which are equal to one double crochet, one double crochet in the same stitch from which the first of the two chain was taken, * one chain, pass over two stitches on the preceding round and work two double crochet in the back loop of the following stitch; repeat from * until the round is completed, then fasten with a slip stitch to the last of the two chain at the beginning of the round; turn the work.

13. Make one single crochet on the front or nearest loop of each stitch of the preceding round, widen as usual at the six points, and when the round is completed fasten with a slip stitch to the first stitch of the round; turn the work.

14. Make one single crochet on the back loop of each stitch of preceding round, widening at the six points as usual, and when the round is completed fasten with a slip stitch; do not turn the work.

15. Make two chain, which are equal to one double crochet, three double crochet in the loop from which the first of the two chain was taken, pass over two single crochet on the preceding round, and work a slip stitch in the front or nearest loop of the next stitch of the preceding round, * pass over two single crochet on preceding round, and work five double crochet on the front loop of the next stitch, pass over two single crochet on the preceding round, and work a slip stitch in the front loop of the next stitch; repeat from *. When the scallops have all been made, work one double crochet into the place from which the first three double crochet were taken, and fasten with a slip stitch to the last of the two chain at the beginning of the round.

These mats are usually made in three sizes. This being the smallest, the second size should have seventeen rounds and the largest twenty-one rounds before the border is commenced.

Round mats may be made in the same way by commencing with a chain of three stitches instead of seventeen.

FLORENCE BROOKS.

HEAVY WEDGE LACE.

Make a chain of twenty-six stitches.

1. Make a shell (three double crochet, one chain, three double crochet) in fourth chain from needle, chain three, single crochet in eighth chain, chain three, shell in twelfth chain, shell in sixteenth chain, chain three, single crochet in twenty-first chain, chain three, shell in twenty-fifth chain, chain three; turn.

2. Shell in shell, single crochet in last double crochet of first shell, chain five, single crochet in first double crochet of second shell, shell in shell, one double crochet between shells, shell in shell, one single crochet in last double crochet of third shell, chain five, single crochet in first double crochet of last shell, shell in shell, double crochet in last double crochet of last shell, chain three; turn.

3. Shell in shell, chain two, single crochet in middle chain of five, chain two, shell in shell, one double crochet, one chain, one double crochet in top of double crochet between shells, shell in shell, chain two, single crochet in middle chain of five, chain two, shell in shell, double crochet in hole at the end of the row, chain three; turn.

4. Shell in shell, single crochet in last double crochet of first shell, chain three, single crochet in first double crochet of second shell, shell in shell, three double

crochet with one chain between each under the one chain, shell in shell, single crochet in last double crochet of third shell, chain three, single crochet in first double crochet in last shell, shell in shell, double crochet in hole at end of row, chain five (beginning of scallop), single crochet in end of third shell at side; turn, chain one, then crochet seven double with one chain between each under five chain.

5. Shell in shell, chain one, single crochet in middle chain of three, chain one, shell in shell, four double crochet under first one chain, four double crochet under second one chain, shell in shell, one chain, single crochet in middle chain of three, chain one, shell in shell, double crochet in hole at end of row, chain three; turn.

6. Shell in shell, shell in next shell, single crochet between second and third double crochet in first four double crochet, six double crochet between the sets of four double crochet, single crochet between second and third of second four double crochet, shell in shell, shell in shell, double crochet in hole at end of the row, three double crochet in each hole around scallop, single crochet in end of last shell at side; turn, five chain and single crochet between sets of three double crochet around scallop, chain three.

7. Shell in shell, chain three, single crochet in center of second shell of row, chain three, shell between second and third double crochet of six double crochet, shell between fourth and fifth double crochet of six double crochet, chain three, single crochet in center of third shell of row, chain three, shell in shell, double crochet in hole at end of row, chain three; turn.

8. Begin at second row and continue until the second five chain has been fastened in the scallop, then make eight chain; turn and fasten with single crochet between the second and third five chain in the first scallop made, chain one, single crochet between the next two five chain; turn, make eight double crochet with one chain between under loop of eight chain, single crochet between the two middle sets of three in last scallop; turn, then make three double crochet in each hole in scallop, fasten between next two five chain, and work back with five chain and single crochet between each set of the three double crochet until the scallops are finished, chain three.

9. Shell in shell, chain three, single crochet in center of second shell, chain three, shell between second and third double crochet of six double crochet, shell between fourth and fifth double crochet of six double crochet, chain three, single crochet in center of third shell, chain three, shell in shell, double crochet in hole at end of row, chain three; turn.

This forms one complete scallop, then begin again at second row. The pattern is the shape of a wedge, or of the letter V, each letter being placed inside of the one preceding. More suitable for those who like heavy work. It is an original pattern with me, so I hope it will please the sisters. I have never seen anything like it before. An insertion to match could be made by simply omitting the scallop.

MATTIE POWELL.

Sterling, Ill.

SHELL LACE.

Cast on thirty-eight stitches. Knit across plain.

1. Slip one, knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit eight, over twice, purl two together, knit two, over twice, narrow, knit seven, over twice, purl two together.

2. Thread around needle, purl two together, knit nine, purl one, knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit eight-

een, over twice, purl two together, knit three.

3. Slip one, knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit three, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit seven, over twice, purl two together, knit twelve, over twice, purl two together.

4. Thread around needle, purl two together, knit twelve, over twice, purl two together, knit eighteen, over twice, purl two together, knit three.

5. Slip one, knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit four, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit six, over twice, purl two together, knit two, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit six, over twice, purl two together.

6. Thread around needle, purl two together, knit eight, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit eighteen, over twice, purl two together, knit three.

7. Slip one, knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit five, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit five, over twice, purl two together, knit fourteen, over twice, purl two together.

8. Thread around needle, purl two together, knit fourteen, over twice, purl two together, knit eighteen, over twice, purl two together, knit three.

9. Slip one, knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit six, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit four, over twice, purl two together, knit two, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit six, over twice, purl two together.

10. Thread around needle, purl two together, knit eight, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit eighteen, over twice, purl two together, knit three.

11. Slip one, knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit seven, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit three, over twice, purl two together, knit seventeen, over twice, purl two together.

12. Thread around the needle, knit seventeen, over twice, purl two together, knit eighteen, over twice, purl two together, knit three.

13. Slip one, knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit eight, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit two, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit seven, over twice, purl two together.

14. Thread around the needle, purl two together, knit nine, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit eighteen, over twice, purl two together, knit three.

15. Slip one, knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit nine, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit twenty-one, over twice, purl two together.

16. Thread around the needle, purl two together, knit nine, bind off all on the right hand needle, knit twelve, over twice, purl two together, knit eighteen, over twice, purl two together, knit three.

MRS. JENNIE A. McLAUGHLIN.

Pittsfield, Mass.

OAK-LEAF EDGING.

Cast on fifteen stitches and knit across plain.

1. Slip one, knit one, thread over twice and seam two together three times, knit two, thread over twice and narrow twice, knit one.

2. Knit two, knit first loop, seam sec-

ond, knit one, knit first loop, seam second, knit two, thread over twice and seam two together three times, knit two.

3. Slip one, knit one, over twice and seam two together three times, knit four, thread over twice and narrow twice, knit one.

4. Knit two, knit first loop, seam second, knit one, knit first loop, seam second, knit four, thread over twice and seam two together three times, knit two.

5. Slip one, knit one, over twice and seam two together three times, knit six, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one.

6. Knit two, knit first loop, seam second, knit one, knit first loop, seam second, knit six, over twice and seam two together three times, knit two.

7. Slip one, knit one, over twice and seam two together three times, knit eight, over twice and narrow twice, knit one.

8. Knit two, knit first loop, seam second, knit one, knit first loop, seam second, knit eight, over twice and seam two together three times, knit two.

9. Slip one, knit one, over twice and seam two together three times, knit ten, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one.

10. Knit two, knit first loop, seam second, knit one, knit first loop, seam second, knit ten, over twice and seam two together three times, knit two.

11. Slip one, knit one, over twice and seam two together three times, knit the rest plain.

12. Knit seventeen, over twice and seam two together three times, knit two.

13. Slip one, knit one, over twice and seam two together three times, rest plain.

14. Bind off ten, knit six, over twice and seam two together three times, knit two.

MRS. M. M. BROWN.

KNITTED SCARF.

Materials: Twelve ounces of double zephyr or Germantown wool, and two large bone or wooden needles.

Cast on forty-five stitches, or if a larger scarf is wanted, add more stitches, as three, six, nine, and so on, always adding a multiple of three. The stitch is the old-fashioned suspender or bricote stitch.

1. Knit across plain.

2. Thread over, slip one, knit two together; continue this across the needle.

Every row is knit in this way. As you knit back the loop and slipped stitch are the ones that are knitted together. This makes both sides of the scarf alike. The ends are finished with a fringe tied in and cut rather short, say about two inches, or a scallop is crocheted on.

These scarfs are handsome if the center is made of a solid color, and a shaded band is used for the ends. For instance, a dark steel wool is used for the center, and a shaded red, three or five shades, for the ends, with shaded red fringe. Begin the scarf with the steel color and knit about two inches, then put in the darkest shade of red, making the width of each shade according to the width of shaded band wanted. I hope some sister will find these directions plain and useful.

SISTER SUE.

CORAL TIDY.

Cast on eighty-one stitches, and knit eleven times across plain.

1. Eight plain, narrow, * thread over and narrow three times, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit two, slip and bind, knit four, slip and bind, knit two, *, repeat twice from * to *, thread over and narrow three times, thread over, knit eight.

3. Seven plain, narrow, * thread over and narrow three times, thread over, knit three, thread over, knit two, slip and bind, knit two, slip and bind, knit two, * repeat

twice from * to * thread over and narrow three times, thread over, knit nine.

5. Six plain, narrow, * thread over and narrow three times, thread over, knit five, thread over, knit two, slip and bind, slip and bind, knit two, * repeat twice from * to *, thread over and narrow three times, thread over, knit ten.

7. Eight plain, * thread over and narrow three times, thread over, knit two, slip and bind, knit four, slip and bind, knit two, thread over, knit one, * repeat from * to * thread over, and narrow four times, knit eight.

9. Nine plain, * thread over and narrow three times, thread over, knit two, slip and bind, knit two, slip and bind, knit two, thread over, knit three, * repeat twice from * to *, thread over and narrow four times, knit seven.

11. Ten plain, * thread over and narrow three times, thread over, knit two, slip and bind, slip and bind, knit two, thread over, knit five, * repeat twice from * to *, thread over and narrow four times, knit six.

Every alternate row should be seamed.

G. E. HAIGHT.

Newmarket, Ontario, Can.

CROCHET EDGING.

Take the required length of feather-edged or any other picot-edged braid.

1. One single into two picots together, three chain, one single in the next two picots together, four chain, * one single into the next two picots together, three chain; repeat from * twice more, then repeat.

2. Four double in the hole made by the second three chain, three chain, two double separated by three chain under four chain, four chain, two double separated by three chain in the same place; repeat.

3, 4 and 5. Like the second row.

6. Four double in the four double of last row, one double under four chain, three chain, three double, four chain, three double, three chain, one double under same four chain; repeat.

For the heading, one double into a picot, one chain; repeat.

CABLE PATTERN.

Cast on eighteen stitches for a stripe, thus for six plain stitches on each side of the cable for two patterns thirty stitches will be required, and so on.

1. Purl six, knit six, purl six.

2. Knit six, purl six, knit six.

3, 4 and 5. Like first row.

6. Knit six, take a third pin and purl three, with the right hand pin purl the next three stitches, and knit six.

7. Purl six, knit the three stitches on the additional pin, knit the three stitches on the left hand pin, purl six.

8. Like second row.

Repeat from first row. NEGLECT.

Coffey Co., Kan.

HONEYCOMB PATTERN.

Cast on eight stitches for each pattern, with four extra (two on each side) for edge stitches.

1. Knit two, * slip two stitches off without knitting from the left needle to the right, knit six, repeat from *, last two stitches plain.

2. Knit two, * purl six, slip the same two stitches as before, repeat from *, knit last two.

3, 4, 5, 6 and 7. Knit these alternately as first and second rows.

8. Knit all including the slipped stitches.

9. Knit two, purl all the rest except the last two stitches, which should be knit.

10. Knit.

11. Knit six, slip two, * knit six, slip two, repeat from *, knit last four.

12. Same as second row.

13, 14, 15, 16 and 17. Alternately as eleventh and twelfth rows.

18. Like the eighth row.

19. Like the ninth row.

Begin again from the first row.

ANOTHER HONEYCOMB PATTERN.

Cast on any number of stitches.

1. Purl one, slip one, make one: repeat.

2. Slip one, make one, purl two together; repeat. At the end of the row purl one after purling two together.

3. Purl two, slip one; repeat.

4. Purl two together, slip one, make one; repeat. At the end of the row purl one instead of purling two together.

5. Purl one, * slip one, purl two together; repeat from *.

Repeat from second row.

NARROW KNIT LACE.

Cast on nine stitches and knit across plain.

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

2. Plain.

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

4. Plain.

5. Knit one, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit five, over, knit one.

6. Plain.

7. Knit three, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, narrow.

8. Plain.

9. Knit four, over, narrow, over, knit three together, over, narrow.

10. Plain.

11. Knit five, over, knit three together, over, narrow.

12. Plain. MRS. JAMES S. KNOX.

Vevay, Ind.

HOW TO CLEANSE WOOLENS.

Experiments made in Germany on the best method of cleansing woollens have led to the following conclusions: First, the liquid used for washing must be as hot as possible; second, for the removal of greasy dirt, sweat, etc., borax is of so little value that its application would be mere waste, and, though soap lye is better, the preference must be given to soap lye along with ammonia, a mixture which works wonders, by quickly dissolving dirt in particular parts which are hard to cleanse, raising and reviving even bright colors; third, that on the other hand, for cleaning white woolen goods there is nothing which even approaches borax—soap lye and borax applied boiling hot, give to white woollens a looseness and a dazzling whiteness which they often do not possess when they are new; fourth, if shrinking is to be entirely avoided, the drying must be accelerated by repeatedly pressing the woollens between soft cloths. In no case should the woollens be dried in the sun, as they become dry and hard, they being best dried in a moderate current of air, and in cold weather in a warm place, but not too near the source of heat. In the above experiments all the various degrees of heat were tried, from the hottest to the coolest temperature; all the favorite cleaning materials were also employed—soap, borax, ammonia, benzine, and mixtures of these.

CHEAP CURTAINS.

I want to tell the sisters that cheap and very pretty curtains are made in this way: The materials required are two yards of cretonne, ten or twelve yards of cheese cloth, and enough lace for finishing the front edge of the curtain, and making an insertion across the top of each. In buying the cretonne, get two patterns which harmonize, buying one yard of each.

I will describe one curtain. Take one piece of each pattern of cretonne, stitch the lace insertion between them, turn

down the edge about an inch of the one intended for the top of the curtain, and stitch the cheese cloth on the other piece with a pudding bag seam. Make a hem twelve inches deep on the bottom of the curtain. The lace for the curtain should be about four inches wide. Lay the lace flat on the right side of the curtain an inch from the edge with the straight edge of the lace toward the selvedge and the pointed edge turning backward. Then stitch it on, fold down the hem on the wrong side, and catch it fast with the long stitches. Cut a V-shaped piece out of the lace at the lower corner of the curtain, seam the lace together, and sew it across the bottom of the curtain.

MRS. F. RICHARD.

Big Cane, St. Landry Parish, La.

CASE FOR CABINET PHOTOGRAPHS.

These cases are handsome made of plush, but any material may be used, and if embroidered so much the better. Get a quarter of a yard of plush or other material, which must be, or must be cut about twenty-two inches wide. Line with any thing you wish and put wadding between the lining and the outside. Take each end and turn it over about five and one-half inches, and blind sew each side together, forming two pockets. You may or may not use ribbon to tie it with, although it improves it very much.

ANOTHER.

Out of pasteboard cut two forms, each eight by five inches, cover and line both, join together the two short and one long side with a puff of satin, leaving one long side open. The puff should be three inches wide and very full so as to hold the forms apart (being one and one-half yards long before puffing it). Put a small silk cord around the outside of the forms, and on one side put a large bow. This made of peacock blue plush, lined with pink canton flannel, with pink, satin bow, puff and cord is very handsome.

MRS. BERT COE.

ANOTHER RUG.

One ball of common wrapping cord and two medium-sized knitting needles. A quantity of rags cut as wide as carpet rags and two inches long. When the rug is finished it looks like the rugs made of rags drawn through coffee sack stuff. The rug is knit in strips which are afterwards sewed together side by side. Knit the strips the length you wish the rug to be. The knitting is all done with the cord, the rags being merely brought in between the stitches.

Cast on twenty-one stitches.

1. Knit across plain.

2. Knit one, put a rag in between the needles, knit one, bring the end of the rag back between the needles, knit one; do this all the way across.

3. Same as first row.

4. Same as second row.

I know it is a difficult matter to give written directions for work of this kind, so they can be understood. If any one succeeds, please report.

MRS. M. MILLNER.

Massena, Iowa.

CROCHETED NOVELTY BRAID.

Materials: No. 24 spool cotton and a fine steel hook.

1. Two double crochet in each loop of braid the desired length, chain three; turn.

2. One double between first and second groups of two double crochet, chain one, one double between second and third groups of two double crochet, continue through the row, chain three; turn.

3. One double crochet under chain one, chain one, one double crochet under next chain one, continue through the row, chain three; turn.

4. Same as third row.

5. Six double crochet in loop made by chain one, one single crochet in next loop made by chain one, continue through the row.

Take the other edge of the braid and crochet same as first four rows.

TISLET TEMPLE.

MILK WEED POMPONS.

Gather the pods in the middle of the summer before they get too ripe so as to blow apart. After they have become thoroughly dried take a piece of thread and lay on the table, then pick the pods to pieces by taking each seed separately and holding by it, then draw the silky end through the mouth and lay it on the thread, just far enough over to be secured by the thread when tied. After having placed a sufficient number there to make the pompon as large as required tie the thread around them tightly. Take some fine thread wire and wind around where tied and leave the ends long enough to form the stem. Leave until dry, then pick off the seeds and hold for a few minutes over the fire which will cause them to puff out.

MRS. M. R. DAGGETT.

N. Tisbury, Mass.

HEARTH RUG.

This is a neat and useful gift and easily made. Take a coffee sack and pull every fourth thread each way, making small squares resembling Java canvas. When done line it with a piece of the same, and put it in a frame to hold it straight. Cut rags as for carpet and fill in each square with the stitch used in working Java canvas. Work a wide bright border and bind with red.

IDA MAY SMITH.

Elmore, Minn.

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.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some sister please send directions for making pear rick-rack? and oblige

A SUBSCRIBER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the kind sisters give directions for a crocheted shawl to be made of white crinkle floss, and also a wide border for it? I have tried several directions for crocheting shawls, but none seemed suited to the floss.

NIN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some sister please give directions for knitting slippers in honeycomb pattern? and oblige

Providence, R. I.

MRS. J. J. POTTER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some sister kindly send directions for crocheting combined drawers and leggins for a child three years old? L. P.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the kind sisters give directions to crochet a hood for a girl ten years of age?

MRS. C. BLAKE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the kind sisters give a detailed description for crocheting mittens with fancy stitch in the back?

MRS. F. S. HEFNER.

In May, 1885, Amelia Botsford gave directions for knit doll. If she would be kind enough to be a little more definite, I should be greatly obliged. I have tried it but did not understand, when I came to this part: "Put in the gray yarn and narrow 6-36." How you widen for the thigh, and then put both legs on one needle, and only have then sixty-two stitches, when there would be nearly or quite that on one leg. How often does "gradually" mean to widen?

SUBSCRIBER.

The Dining Room.

HOW TO COOK SMALL JOINTS.

ENGLISH cookery has improved in the last twenty years quite as rapidly as our taste in dress and in home decoration. Twenty years ago our menus were a monotonous repetition of large joints, cold meat and hash. About that time *diner à la Russe* began to creep into fashion, and soups and made dishes became more general. The writer remembers that it was then considered rather a joke when a lady, the mistress of a large house, spoke of a "leg of mutton" at one end and an apple tart at the other as a good dinner. But nowadays such simplicity would certainly not be found at all in any rich woman accustomed to society.

I do not wish to say a word in favor of luxury; the plainer the food the healthier the feeder. But physicians teach us that freshly cooked meat is lighter and more digestible than that which has been warmed up or re-cooked. It therefore follows that large joints are only suitable for large families, and that the widening of our views on cookery may lead to a great improvement in the food for small families. Yet, in spite of the great step onwards which the nation has taken; in spite, too, of familiarity with the small pieces of meat cooked by other races, there are a great many young housekeepers who are strangely helpless when called upon to order meat for a small household. They can think of nothing but legs of mutton and rounds of beef, and seem to be forever burdened with scraps. Cold meat, hash and mince appear so often that fresh viands are quite an unusual treat. With a little thought and a little experience, such a state of things can easily be avoided.

Of course one cannot do away with scraps entirely, and occasionally they provide a nice change for luncheon, or a welcome addition when the number of the party is unexpectedly increased. Potato pie, toad-in-the-hole, ris-soles, potted meat, nay, even hash and mince, are all very well in moderation, but they must not be the chief articles of diet. Their frequent repetition would not be wholesome, and is most undesirable for children or invalids. The aim of a good housekeeper is always to have but few scraps beyond what the stock pot can conveniently receive. This can only be effected by cooking small portions at a time, and by avoiding the purchase of those joints which could not be divided, such as a round of beef and fillet of veal.

Many country butchers will not cut small joints, and it therefore becomes necessary to subdivide the meat at home. A few hints as to what may be done in this matter may be helpful to young wives, who are anxious to combine daintiness and economy.

A sirloin of beef may be divided into three parts, viz., the upper cut, the under cut, and the lump at the end. The under cut should be taken off the bone, sliced and served as beefsteak. This is the juicy and tender *filet de bœuf*, which, when quickly cooked on a gridiron, cannot fail to be good. It is the only sort of beefsteak which is ever really good in a private house.

The upper cut of the sirloin, with the bone attached, makes a nice, tidy little roast. It also yields a manageable quantity of cold meat, and a little at the last can be minced. Cold beef is very good occasionally, and often very useful; but one does not like to see the same piece reappear day after day, growing drier and harder each time. The bone from this roast may be consigned to the stock

pot, or it may be grilled or devilled for either breakfast or supper.

The lump at the end of the sirloin can be made into a pie with the addition of oysters, kidneys or pigeons. Or half may be used for a pie and half for a beefsteak pudding.

Rump steak is also a good thing for small households. It is expensive, but there need be no waste in using it. It is best stewed or made into a pie.

A loin of mutton is a most useful thing for a small family. It will either make two little joints, or else one-half can be divided into chops, and the half which cannot be jointed can be kept to roast. This end may also be boned and served up as mock venison. The addition of sweet gravy and currant jelly make the resemblance to venison remarkable.

A neck of mutton can be divided in many ways so as to yield a great variety of dishes, such as cutlets, Don Pedro pie, Irish stew, haricot mutton, broth, boiled mutton and curry. Very particular housekeepers will consider the scrag end only fit for broth, but many people use it for Irish stew, or eat it boiled with caper sauce. If this last be done it is a good plan to return all that is left on the dish to the pan in which it was cooked, and to let the broth simmer till all the good in the meat is extracted. Boiled scrag end would certainly not be fit to serve cold, or to re-cook in any way.

A leg of mutton, though best roasted whole, is also capable of most successful subdivision. The knuckle end is excellent when boiled. The middle part makes a beautiful cutlet if properly grilled. The thick end can be rolled and stuffed for a roast, or else it can be cut into pieces for curry, Don Pedro pie, mutton pie, or kabobs.

Besides the more expensive joints, there are many articles of food which are suitable for small dishes. But inferior materials demand very good cooking, and even when skillfully prepared, there will be many people who would not care to eat them. The cheapest food becomes wasteful, however, if it is not consumed, and therefore care should be taken to provide only that which is palatable to those for whom the meal is destined.—*Exchange.*

HEARTY FOOD.

From Professor Atwater's article in the July Century, we quote the following: "I well remember how the sensible and thrifty New England people among whom my boyhood was spent used to talk about 'hearty victuals,' and how prevalent were the doctrines that 'a hard-working man wants real hearty food,' and that 'children ought to have hearty food, but not too hearty.'

With these eminently orthodox tenets the science of nutrition in its newest developments is in fullest accord. But there always used to be an unsatisfactory vagueness about them. I never could make out exactly what were 'hearty' foods, and in just what their heartiness consisted. It has since occurred to me that these words express one of the ideas which the unerring sense and instinct of man have wrought out of his long experience, but have waited for science to put into clear and definite form. The synonym with which our science defines this idea is energy. Hearty foods are those in which there is an abundance of potential energy.

The lumbermen in the Maine forests work intensely in the cold and snows of winter and in the icy water in the spring. To endure the severe labor and cold, they must have food to yield a great deal of heat and strength. Beans and fat pork are staple articles of diet with them, and are used in very large quantities. The

beans supply protein to make up for the wear and tear of muscle, and they, and more especially the pork, are very rich in energy to be used for warmth and work.

I cannot vouch for the following, which has just struck my eye in a daily paper, but, if it is true, the workmen were sound in their physiology:

A lot of woodchoppers who worked for Mr. S., in H., stopped work the other day, and sent a spokesman to their employer, who said that the men were satisfied with their wages and most other things but didn't like your fresh meat; that's too fancy, and hain't got strength into it. Mr. S. gave them salt pork three times a day, and peace at once resumed its sway.

The use of oily and fatty foods in arctic regions is explained by the great potential energy of fat, a pound of which is equal to over two pounds of protein or starch. I have been greatly surprised to see, on looking into the matter, how commonly and largely the fatter kinds of meat are used by men engaged in very hard labor. Men in training for athletic contests, as oarsmen and foot-ball teams, eat large quantities of meat. I have often queried why so much fat beef is used, and especially why mutton is often recommended in preference to beef for training diet. Both the beef and the mutton are rich in protein, which makes muscle. Mutton has the advantage of containing more fat along with the protein, and hence more potential energy. Perhaps this is another case in which experience has led to practice, the real grounds for which have later been explained by scientific research.

DUTIES OF A HOSTESS.

Some housekeepers are to the manner born, some become good ones only after a long training and much experience, others by ready tact, kindness of heart and a sympathetic nature glide into their duties at once, while some others live but do not learn, and never succeed in making their houses attractive to their guests.

Putting aside large country houses, where the comfort of the guests is looked after by the housekeeper and where the three days' visit consists of much the same routine, the hostess having nothing to do with the arrangements of the house, we will take the numerous class of people who have neither very large houses nor many servants, and yet have people constantly staying with them. Under these circumstances, in the first place, to be a good hostess, she must be a good housekeeper. If she is one of those tire-some and trying people who insist upon making plans for every one, regardless of their likes and dislikes, who plainly shows her displeasure if her guests do not fall in with her plans, are disinclined to do her bidding or suggest little plans for their own amusement, then life in that house becomes a burden, the end of the visit is looked forward to with impatience and gratitude resolves itself into a wish never to enter the place again.

On the other hand, if the hostess exerts herself to find out what arrangements will please her guests, and putting her own likes and dislikes out of the question, does all she can to fit in her plans with theirs, she will easily succeed in making every one contented and happy. A hostess will not lose her dignity or the respect of her fellow-creatures by putting self aside and making herself of no importance. On the contrary, she will get attention and consideration given almost involuntarily and certainly pleasantly, instead of the attention given because it is enforced, and because her friends feel their visit will be made unpleasant to them if she does not get it. The "out-

ward sign" is not always indicative of the "inward grace" in those cases.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—If we cannot afford a house large enough to give us both a large living room and a large library, let us have but one, calling it by what name we will, but at any rate a room large enough to hold our flowers, books, desks, work-tables, chess-tables, easy chairs, sofas, pictures, musical instruments, and knick-knackery, and yet leave us room to walk about in, without drawing aside skirts or coat-flaps, and moving anxious eyes from side to side with restless vigilance, lest we overturn a chair or a table at right hand or left.

THE DESSERT.

—Mrs. Shoddy—"Captain, is there no way of avoiding those common trade-winds? One does hate to mix in with trade in any form."

—A.—"What are you reading?" B.—"It is a very useful book for those who don't know how to swim." A.—"How so?" B.—"If you fall overboard all you have to do is to turn to page fifty-seven and read the directions and you are safe."

—Bobby—"Papa, I saw a bear out in the woods to-day." Papa—"Oh, I guess it wasn't a bear, Bobby. It was probably our neighbor's cow." "No, sir; it was a bear, I'm sure." "How do you know it was a bear, Bobby?" "Because I was so frightened."

—Young Housekeeper (to butcher)—"How much do you charge for spring lamb?" Butcher—"Two-fifty for a hind-quarter, mum." Young Housekeeper—"Well, give me the smallest you have. My husband says we must economize on meat this month."

—Wife—"Where are the strawberries, George? The very last thing I said to you this morning was not to forget to bring home a box." Husband—"Don't get excited, Mary; I've got that box of berries somewhere about me; oh, yes, here it is—in my vest pocket."

—Sister Jones—"Brudder Lightfoot, what's de resin it's so much hotter in de summer dan it are in de winter?" Brother Lightfoot—"History tells us, Sister Jones, dat it am owin' to de fact dat de nights am so short dat de sun, dat grate ball ob fire, don't hab time to cool off."

—"Have you seamless gloves?" "Yes'm" (producing some with heavy braid on the backs.) "Why, these are not seamless." "Beg pardon, 'm; that's what we call them. They are sevens, but they are marked five and a half. Of course, they aren't any smaller for that, but they seem less when folks see the number." "Oh, yes; I'll take three pairs."

—Fond Mother—"Well, Charles, what have you learned in school to-day?" Charles—"I found out why you always give me such a small piece of pie at dinner." Fond Mother—"Why, Charles?" Charles—"Yes, teacher said that little boys should never speak with their mouths full." Fond Mother—"Yes?" Charles—"I told her they never get a chance at our house."

—"Hulloa! What kind of a thing is that you have there?" gruffly inquired the grocer. "It is my new bonnet, if you please," replied his other half with a pout. "Your new bonnet, eh? It's too bad you didn't have it made of tin." "Have it made of tin! The idea!" "Not a bad one, at all, my dear. For, don't you see, after it was out of fashion I could remove the trimmings, put a handle on it and use it at the store for a sugar scoop. There's nothing like knowing how to economize."

The Kitchen.

AN AFTERNOON CHAT.

BY MARY MARTIN.

QUITE recently I was entertained by another of Rachel's outings—"In Leafy June," when the world pulsed steadily to a charmed chorus I was at her house, and seated on the broad veranda that ran across the porch, the daily mail was tossed into my lap.

We had enjoyed nature and bits of natural history from one point and another till suddenly the opening of a magazine with an illustration of a Nantucket Look-out, turned the conversation in another channel.

"Ever on the island, Mary?" she asked.

"No, never," I said. "Always meant to go but never arrived there. Have you been Rachel?"

"Well, yes, I have," and then I knew I should be treated to an account.

"You see times were rather hard at the farm, I couldn't have much clothing and things such as girls love, and I told Mrs. B. if she was willing I'd go to Nantucket when spring came on, and try my fortune there. 'Tis a thing unknown now, but fifty years ago, girls, good, likely, respectable girls, used to go to this island to work—do housework in families that hired.

A vessel from the home shore was going on to fit for the summer's voyage, and several old aunts who had woven tape, braided mats and dyed wool, with other products of handicraft, were going to sell their wares. Always found ready market at Nantucket. Lots of rich whalers there then, and good Quakers too.

So I embarked in this vessel. I wonder now that I had the courage to start, but I was young then. Life looks different at sixteen and sixty.

I can't say but I felt rather downcast as the home shore faded from view. But I stuck resolutely to my purpose. I was going to Nantucket to get my living.

As we neared, the island appeared to rise from the depths of the sea. Wharves, streets, and houses all rising from the water.

I soon found a place, situation, is that the word? where I was to do general housework. The lady was a Quaker and the daughter of a Quaker, and neater than neat, if that is possible, in her ways.

I learned many wise, practical lessons here. Many things I had never heard of in housework she skillfully and deftly performed, and was very kind and patient in teaching me. You have often remarked the tidiness of my floor, especially around my stove and wood-box. You may smile but my Nantucket training has to do with it.

Her unflinching rule was to wash the hearth-stone daily—every morning. To this I was unflinchingly held. If other duties were neglected this must be done. This was in days of fire in the fire-place—wide, deep-mouthed, roomy. I kept the bricks clean and shining, I assure you. I think it was the habit formed there that has kept my own fire-side always tidy.

The ways of doing housework fifty years ago and now are very different I am well aware, still some things, prudence, economy, and general thrift have a value of their own that does not change, and the lady with whom I stayed gave good lessons in these.

I told her something of my history, that I was dependent and set out to earn on my own account; she admired my pluck and independence and said she should surely tell her husband when he returned from his whaling voyage to the far Pacific seas.

She was very nice in many ways. Her clear starching to my unpracticed eyes was little less than a marvel, and her cooking, especially her gingerbread, well you know something of it, for the rule learned from her I always use.

"Yes, Rachel," I said, "I have always liked it. Won't you please tell it to me again?" and this is what she told me.

Gingerbread.—(Nantucket or otherwise; recipe said to be one hundred years old.) Three and one-half pounds of flour, one pound of butter, one quart of molasses, one-half pint of milk, one teaspoonful of soda; mix the milk, molasses and flour together, melt and add the butter; roll out in sheets and bake. This rule may be proportionately reduced.

Here also is another good rule she gave.

Molasses Cake.—Two cups of molasses, one scant cup of melted butter, two teaspoonfuls of soda in one cup of hot water, two teaspoonfuls of ginger or one teaspoonful of nutmeg, and flour to make a stiff batter.

"I remember for creams and custards she would never allow me to beat eggs in tin, always in earthen or stone ware. Some good reason I suppose, though I never knew what."

"I know, Rachel. There is some chemical influence about the tin that prevents them attaining that creamy lightness."

"She would always say, 'beat quick and sharp right through the eggs, Rachel,' and I've always remembered and practiced it."

"You ought to have made a scrap-book of wise sayings and practical doings," I answered.

"I know. But I made my head my scrap-book. You can tell it out to the world if you want to."

"I shall surely. I want some one beside myself to profit by your wisdom and tested knowledge. I believe it another form of selfishness to hoard our knowledge of good things."

The houses on the island are built with a lookout on the top. This is to view far on the water, vessels making the home port. Most of the houses of any pretension were two stories, and these lookouts or balconies were very safe having a strong balustrade around. Here, with glass in hand scanning the sea to the distant horizon, one often beheld the wife and mother.

I liked the goodly town. Often and often in fancy have I visited it since, but I doubt now if I ever go again.

Quakers and descendants of the Quakers dressed in plain garb, wore drab dresses, and broad brimmed hats, and called each other by their Christian names.

Sarah was the lady for whom I worked. Sarah had a hard wood table in those days, guiltless a table-cloth, which shone almost equal to glass. Occasionally she spread the leaves and waxed it. This process was entirely new to me, and the cause of the shining.

Every closet and drawer in her house was in completest order.

After every visit and journey each garment of her clothing worn was carefully shook and brushed and dusted, a habit I'm afraid some slight in these days.

"But not you, Rachel," I said. "Surely not you."

"No, not me, thanks to my Nantucket training. But don't you see, Mary, how much better clothing lasts if carefully used? One may have what they may, if not cared for, they will soon be without."

The people on the island, fifty years ago were very aristocratic, that is the native islanders, and were a trifle inclined to consider 'off-islanders' somewhat beneath them. They were good servants, but foreign blood was hardly tolerated. They were known as people of sterling worth, good morals and honest principles.

"And you know, Rachel, what history says about its settlement?"

"No, I don't know, Mary," she answered briskly, "you are ahead of me there. How was it?"

"In the days of the persecution of the Quakers by the Puritans, one poor hunted man took refuge in the house of one Macey. He was found by parson and sheriff and when called to open his doors and deliver the stranger, Macey refused, and took his gun to defend him.

"Down from his cottage wall he caught
The matchlock hotly tried,
At Preston-pans and Marston-moor,
By fiery Iretton's side."

But the stranger would not suffer it. "Bethink thee of thy Lord," quoth he, and gave himself to the authorities. But the sheriff and parson were not satisfied according to the story, especially the parson. They wanted Macey also. He should be punished for harboring the outlaw. Quick as thought himself and wife sprang into their little boat and drifted away out to sea. On, on they sailed from north-eastern Massachusetts till,

"On Nantucket's naked isle
Drew up their bark at last."

Here they founded an asylum for persecuted Quakers. Here they could come freely and live in peace," I said.

"And now, Mary, will you read that little extract from the magazine article that led to our talk?"

"Those verses from Whittier?"

"I don't know who they are from but about the island?"

"And how in log-built cabin
They braved the rough sea-weather,
And there, in peace and quietness
Went down life's vale together;

How others drew around them
And how their fishing sped
Until to every wind of heaven
Nantucket's sails were spread;

How pale want alternated
With plenty's golden smile,
Behold! Is it not written
In the annals of the isle?"

"That's it. Well, I stayed on that 'isle' six months or more. Sarah paid me good wages—nine shillings a week and a new calico dress as a present when I came away. It was good calico; twenty-five cents a yard. I've got the best of it now in that second quilt on my spare bed."

"Oh, you are good at saving things, everybody knows that that knows you, and every time I come here I want to take some lessons."

"If you had been with me at Sarah's you'd have learned what 'twas to save, tho' I will say she was not mean or stingy. We always had enough and of that which was good. Her house was in Water Street. But laws a me! How Nantucket must have changed in fifty years—half a century."

"Yes, Rachel. Without doubt you would scarcely recognize the old town now; it has changed more ways than one since the days of its old whaling glory. The ancient buildings are doubtless departed or greatly altered, and the ancient landmarks sadly removed. Although one fact must remain—the sea! inviolate, unbroken.

Now Nantucket is a highly popular summer resort you know, Rachel. It is no uncommon thing for the boat to take four hundred passengers there daily, according to the papers," I said.

"Yes, and take as many away," she replied, dryly.

"Big hotels on every side, and a railroad. What do you think of that?"

"Not much. I'm no friend to railroads, burning every thing up with forest fires, besides screaming and tearing through everywhere disturbing a body's morning nap. No! I say I don't like railroads, nor railroad cars."

"Oh, well, there are lots of people who do. How could we get around were it not for steam cars?"

"Get around as we used to."

"But these are not the days of slow coaches, and 'twill never do to get too far behind the times. You must fall into line or you'll be left in the rear."

"I believe I'm like one old lady I saw on the island. She said she'd never been off the island, no, nor never wanted to. 'Twas her pride that the soles of her feet had never pressed other than Nantucket soil."

"Ah, well, you would not have all the world like her, you are far too sensible," and with that we left the shady seat for one indoors at her substantial, home-like tea-table.

Wealth was not here unless cleanliness and thriftiness everywhere manifest be so considered.

Rachel has had a somewhat varied career, and when in the mood will give many a hint in her quaint way, and I always enjoy her talks, for notwithstanding a certain crudeness may exist I know the underlying strata to be practical truth.

It is characteristic of her to set self, and the hard lines that have fallen to her, aside, and dwell largely on the bright and cheering. In relating this little pilgrimage she dwelt but lightly on the fact that she was an orphan, poor, and alone in the world, yet such was the fact.

Rachel's character has many strong points and not the least is her actual attempt to overlook the dark side in reaching the bright. How worthy an example!

SYSTEM AND SAVING.

When a woman gets married she knows she has a house to keep, and has no business to get married unless she expects to keep house; and having once accepted the position of housekeeper, if not fit for it, she should proceed at once and cheerfully, to fit herself.

You would despise yourself, if, tossed into a great sea, you made no struggle for a boat, a buoy or the shore. So, when you find yourself almost overwhelmed with worries and care, and the steak is burning, the baby fallen out of bed, and your husband suddenly wants a button sewed on—hold the babe with one arm, lift the steak with the other, and tell John to bring you a needle and thread. Say no more. There are times when silence is not only golden but diamonds, and this is one of them. Thoughts are ghosts when unspoken, and troop harmlessly about, but once spoken they are living, sentient beings; therefore do not speak of a trouble or annoyance, unless speaking of it can remedy it. Very likely silence will in twenty-four hours lay the ghost, but once give it a voice and it may live forever.

Next to silence is order. If that is heaven's first law it is twofold the housekeeper and cook's. "A place for everything and everything in its place," might well be framed and substituted for "Home, Sweet Home," over our doors.

To misplace a kitchen fork or spoon may burn to a cinder the most carefully prepared dish. The convenient holder lost from its nail may burn the cake or ruin the pie, and incense the cook. A cook table, full of drawers, where flour, spices, rolling pins and cake cutters are kept, with bake pans hanging over it, will save you miles of travel and hours of time. A small shelf near the stove, kept for an extra pepper and salt dish, has saved me fifty miles travel, I think, in ten years. Only for one day count how many times you go from cook table to stove, seasoning various dishes, and you will see what this means.

Before putting a stroke in your kitchen, stand by the stove or range as the objective point; draw a straight line from that to every object which is often used there, and place it as near as possible. Keep

kettles and gridirons so near that you need but to turn to reach them, and always, if possible, wash them as soon as used, because they wash easier and it saves time.

In finding places for kitchen utensils study every time to place them where it will take the fewest steps to reach them.

The walk, walk, walk, step, step, step, all day, of some housekeepers, reminds us of the tread-mill work of a horse on a wheel. The poor, dejected animal looks always down and counts the same rounds hopelessly, interminably.

There is no use of it. If brains do not save steps in housekeeping, then brains should go to the wall and machine work come in. If a sane woman will go twice or thrice a day down cellar and bring up five or ten potatoes at a time, instead of a peck and wash them at once, then my talk is not for her, for I cannot simplify housekeeping.

A japanned server is the key-stone of the kitchen arch, and a dumb waiter between the cellar and the pantry or kitchen is one of the supporting pillars; a ventilator over the stove is another.

In the sitting room the greatest aid to simplify housekeeping is a work table with folding leaves and the sides full of small drawers, so that when the housekeeper sits down to sew she can put her hand at once, and without arising, on crochet and knitting needles, tapes and darning cotton, and every possible need.

I reiterate. Put all the articles of every-day use at the point where they can be reached with fewest steps. Once a year weed out the foolish knickknacks of beads and cardboard, and the like, which seem to accumulate like frogs of Egypt over night, and drop from our ceilings, cumber our walls, load our shelves, and require hours of dusting. They are a delusion and a snare, and a caricature of true art at best.

I commend to you, if muscles and nerves are overstrained, to learn to shirk somewhat judiciously, but surely. Let reason come to your aid, and compel yourself to take a rest, even in a change of work. The acquiescence and approval of the mind is necessary to rest well. Do whatever you like or do nothing when overstrained, but don't drive yourself with whip and spur.

This is, in mental geology, the age of upheaval for women. Old things are passing away and all things are becoming new.

We are not the cause, but suffer from the effects.

In feudal and monarchical times the limits of the labor of a life time were marked by social caste. The royal lady, the noble dame, the patient peasant, had her work, her fashions, and her sphere allotted to her when she was born. Her life was, as it were, pricked to a pattern with a pin. No "carking care o' nights" troubled her about her business or profession, her career, or fall and spring styles.

But our heritage is unrest and ambition. We are different. We stand the product of the civilization of the nineteenth century.

Civilization and not we, is to blame for the multitudinous cares and wide range of work it has given us.

We marry a section hand; he is soon councilman, then mayor, then in the legislature, then governor, and then expects to be president. Fully alive to these facts, we begin as a section hand's wife, to not only do her work but to fit ourselves and make ready for all the grades to the White House.

The combined duties of serf, peasant, land-holder, and titled lady are now thrust upon us.

Small wonder it is that women break down, and cry with shattered nerves and

bodily pain, because endurance is strained to its uttermost.

In closing, allow me to beg of you, in the struggle with dust and dirt, sewing machine and cook stove, society and literature, to never forget or neglect the supreme privilege and duty of motherhood.

No equal attainment is given to men. To be the mother of kings was great.

To be the mother of men, manly, full-framed, clean of soul and body, is a divine work—one beside which others sink into insignificance.

This makes us heir to the ages. See to it that no lesser work defrauds our children and condemns us.—*Mrs. B. Gray, before the Kansas Social Science Association.*

SOMETHING ABOUT COOKS.

There is no one question now requiring the serious and earnest attention of all classes of a community more than a true and practical knowledge of domestic economy. A sharp writer has said:

"While the Lord sends meat almost with the profusion of the quails that fed the Israelites, it must be that the devil sends cooks." The want of good, skillful and reliable domestic help is a serious one, and demands the consideration of the best minds. The edict has gone forth in fashionable circles that it is not respectable to labor in another person's kitchen, chamber or parlor. The daughters of our mechanics, farmers and artisans are respectable, and are entitled to as much respect and consideration as the daughters of merchants, lawyers and capitalists, and until that badge of odium is removed from the farmer's daughter who serves as a domestic help, the situation will grow worse and worse. The population of Europe and Asia cannot much longer furnish us the raw and uneducated help which we have had to endure for some years.

One of the indispensables in the education of girls, whether rich or poor, is a thorough knowledge of household economy. This embraces a wide field. It is a scientific and practical knowledge of the culinary art, the preparation and preservation of fruits and confections, the care of the sick, and the delicate attentions of the nursery, the operations of the laundry, and a skillful use of the needle as well as the sewing machine. To this should be added a botanical and practical knowledge of the care of the kitchen and flower garden. There is science in bread-making, so any daughter should know not only the process but the chemistry of bread. There is skill and philosophy in cooking meat, so it should be thoroughly known by every woman who expects to stand at the head of a household, either humble or magnificent. Butter making can no longer be successfully conducted by the mere drudge. Science and mind must preside over the household dairy. There are too many precious lives entrusted to the female heads of families for them to be ignorant of physiology and the best principles of hygiene. The schools should be the place where to learn to live, and this includes the practical application of science to health and happiness.

Wealth will not exempt any one from a knowledge of domestic economy. Household help is a difficult problem to solve, but it is a thousand times more complicated when the wife and mother is ignorant of those duties, and consequently its direction and superintendence is impossible. Who does not pity the young and loving wife when first assuming the duties of a housekeeper, with uncertain and ignorant help in the kitchen, laundry or dairy? There can be but few if any more trying or perplexing situations. In

this country help cannot always be had, no matter how flush the money. At other times the cook is absent, their independence gives them insolence, and in many cases they will leave just at an important time in the affairs of the household. Then if the wife has not been prepared for her situation in life her position is awkward and embarrassing in the extreme.

A daughter, no matter how well educated or how independent her circumstances, knows not whether she is destined to be the mistress of the household of a farmer, artisan, merchant or professional man. Or whether she is to direct the affairs of plenty in a splendid mansion or to suffer in a humble cot, away from the busy haunts of commerce. In either case she should be prepared for her situation, and thus be enabled to bring cheerfulness and prosperity to her household.

How often is it the case that the house is left without domestic help, and there is no resource left but to rely on the wife? Such instances are all around us, in towns and on farms. Again, how often we are compelled to rely on raw hands who are totally ignorant of the duties of kitchen or laundry, and if the wife is not capable of instructing or directing, how poor a helpmeet a woman must be who cannot, in such an emergency, produce the staff of life, and that, too, of a quality to make her husband prouder of her than any other part of her life. There is but little good bread in all the private families of the country, for the reason that but few have considered it of sufficient importance to study the science of bread making. Girls will go to school and learn hard lessons in science, with neither ornament nor benefit, and remain ignorant of the most important part of their life's duties and position. The Arabs grant divorce for ignorance in bread-making. There is probably as much misery and as many deaths from bad bread as from war, and yet intelligent women boldly approach the marriage altar totally ignorant of the important qualifications of the head of a family, of a wife or a mother.

A lack of knowledge of domestic economy in a woman is a serious defect which no amount of culture in all other branches of refinement can compensate. It is honorable, refining and essential. It saves from many mortifying scenes. Its absence frequently causes trouble, alienation and disaster.—*American Cultivator.*

DRIPPINGS.

Articles of food fried in drippings are not only more palatable than those fried in lard, but more wholesome. Indeed, there are many persons whose stomachs will fight against any food fried in lard, yet take kindly to that where drippings have been used. It may be utilized, too, not only for frying, but for pastry purposes, in the making of which good beef-drippings is far preferable to the common butter generally used. Therefore, to the family in which economy is any object the proper care of drippings is of considerable importance.

The manner of clarifying the drippings, though simple, requires a little time and care. First, every particle of fat should be melted down, and this, with whatever superfluous quantity you may have in your meat pan, should be poured into a bowl with some boiling water. Stir it afterward for three or four minutes and set it away until the next day. Then take the cake from the bowl and remove with a knife whatever impurities may have settled on the bottom of it. Put it into a saucepan, adding a little salt and some boiling water, and allow it to simmer for twenty minutes, skimming off the impurities if any rise to the surface.

Then pour it again into a bowl, and, when cold, free the bottom of the cake as before, melt and strain it through a sieve, and, when quite cold, put away for use in a covered stone crock. Drippings may be used for frying purposes over and over again, but should be clarified after each using.

HOW TO KEEP APPLES IN WINTER.

The great secret of keeping apples through the winter is to store them in a well ventilated room or cellar that is kept as near the freezing point as possible without actually freezing the apples. Apples and potatoes should never be kept in the same cellar, or if this is unavoidable, the potatoes should be kept in the warmest part of the cellar, and the barrels of apples, well headed up, near the windows, where, on days when the air outside is only a few degrees above freezing, they can be treated to a cold breeze from the open windows, while, at the same time, the atmosphere in the part of the cellar where the potatoes are kept does not fall below forty degrees. With a thermometer in the cellar it is quite possible to cool off the apples without injuring the potatoes.

Do not unhead the barrels until the apples are wanted. It is rarely a good plan to sort over the apples to pick out the rotten ones. Let them remain undisturbed. Apples in ripening give off carbonic acid, which cannot be allowed to accumulate in the house cellar, but must be removed by ventilation. This deleterious gas, carbonic acid, aids in preserving the fruit, and it is one of the advantages of an outside cellar that this can be allowed to remain.—*American Agriculturist.*

SILK CULTURE.

In the June HOUSEHOLD, Farmer's Wife asks for an article on silk culture, and as no one has answered, and if our good editor will permit, I will give you my experience in that new industry hoping it may prove interesting if not instructive. Now some scientific sericulturist will laugh at this, but it is not for them to read, only for poor deluded amateurs like me, I wish to encourage and discourage too.

In the spring of '85 it occurred to me that I would like to see some silk worms, as I had heard of the profits of the industry, and had never seen any, I accordingly procured one thousand eggs of French yellow and Japanese green varieties. They hatched nicely and grew fast, fed on osage orange, (bodock), made beautiful silk, and though I had a horror of all worms, I soon forgot that they were worms. I made 10,000 eggs for my next effort. I became so enthused I immediately ordered some nice mulberry trees which have grown but very little. Sent for copies of all periodicals devoted to silk culture I heard of, and before the next spring I understood it thoroughly, and of course would make my fortune. My ship had at last arrived.

Before the leaves budded in the spring, a warm spell came, and although I tried all plans, half of the eggs hatched, (I have no ice or cellar, but since find I can keep them in a self sealing can buried in a cool place), and I lost all the Japanese variety this way. I again sent for 5,000 more eggs. The papers estimated 10,000 eggs to yield thirty pounds of cocoons, which would sell at not less than one dollar per pound.

My 5,000 hatched but the others did not I am glad to say. They grew nicely for several weeks, fed on osage orange. About the third week we were visited by a most terrific hail storm which left the

trees bare, and me with no alternative but to get the wild mulberry where it was not reached by the hail. I employed little negroes to get leaves four times a day, and the men would bring whole tree tops from the fields at noon and night. I could keep them fresh several hours in a tub of water, and in the dew at night, but they must be dry when given to the worms. But oh! how my worms grew and what ravenous appetites they had. I was indeed puzzled. After all I got through, made two pounds of the best silk and 50,000 eggs. Sold the silk for one dollar per pound, one dollar and fifteen cents being the price paid for extra fine silk, and then I sold several thousand eggs at twenty cents per thousand, that was all I realized. If I had advertised sooner could have sold all the eggs.

I of course gave up the thought of making it profitable, although I see to sell eggs does very well, and a small number of worms yield a great quantity of eggs. This spring I raised 1,000, the best I have ever made yet, as the spring was dry, and kept only eggs, which I will dispose of before winter as they ought to be kept where they are to hatch.

I see my error last year was not knowing how many I could raise on food I had. Now I am wiser. The papers greatly exaggerate the profits, but I still like it and I would not discourage others, only warn them to beware of the mistakes I made. I would have given directions for their culture but it would occupy too much space.

HENRIETTA.

Box 5, Middleton, Tenn.

VEXATIONS OF THE MISTRESS.

While the clamor goes on over the miseries of the maids and the iniquities of the mistresses—the poor mistresses who are sent like scapegoats into the wilderness with all the master's sins upon their heads—it may not be amiss to glance at some of the miseries that the mistresses have to endure—miseries not uncalculated to vex the soul and arouse some expression of impatience. The wonder is that they do not arouse more.

For, after all, it is but slight expressions of impatience that these manifold short-comings of the maid do arouse; for the mistress knows that she must have her work done, and if she cannot have it done as she would, she must have it done as she can, and she does not go about foolishly to make it difficult and impossible to compass her own ends.

She either has to get her maid from an intelligence office, where she usually runs a gauntlet of painful insolence, and obtains some one in the end whom very frequently, when she has her at home, she finds able to do none of the things which when in the office she pretended to know how to do; or she has to get her when just freshly landed, and entirely untaught even as to the names of the utensils she is to handle. If the maid comes from the intelligence office, and has "lived out" before, she has her habits of work already formed, and clings to them with an obstinacy truly remarkable and worthy of better things, very naturally perhaps but very uncomfortably to her present employer. And thus the mistress has to endure the discomfort of having her own work done the way she does not want it done, or else has to have the corresponding discomfort of insisting on her way, and being held up as a tyrant for doing so.

But if she obtains for her maid a newly arrived immigrant, as many housekeepers prefer, then, in point of fact, she has to do a good part of her work herself for many weeks, helped by a clumsy, even if willing, assistant, stupefied and half dead with sorrow and wonder and homesickness—has it to do till the new

person has more than partially learned the routine and method, and until her own patience and temper and strength have been taxed all they can endure.

With this, the mistress has a certain responsibility, under all circumstances, concerning the young girl in a great city whom she has taken under her roof, and she has to have a perpetual struggle to enforce restraints which she would wish imposed on her own daughter similarly placed, but which, although necessary for her safety and protection, the young girl resents; and of course their enforcement tells on the nerves of the mistress, as any extra exertion will.

Meanwhile there are duties which must be performed by the maid, or else again the mistress must do them herself. In the department of the second girl's duties, for instance, corners must be swept out, cobwebs must be destroyed, window panes must be clear, the paint about the doors must be clean, mirrors must be rid of fly-specks, dust must be removed, beds must be made, and dishes must be washed. Possibly the mistress, paying somebody else to do this, does not choose to do it herself, possibly she is unable; in either case, if the maid prefers to do it so slurringly that it needs to be done over again, the mistress's nerves are once more called into play with unnecessary cruelty; she must be firm with her servant, and insist, explain, and demand, at the risk of being reputed a scold, or her work must remain undone, and she must not only appear to the world to be a slovenly housekeeper and a poor manager, but the health of her family must be sacrificed to the slothfulness or the unteachableness of the maid.

The mistress of the house, too, must be made of sterner stuff than humanity in general to be able to meet the breakages committed by the careless or indifferent maid without making things lively for the breaker. She may see her cherished china, perhaps an heirloom, perhaps something attained after long effort and denial otherwise, her valued bric-a-brac, fragile as bubbles, not to be replaced, handled roughly, as if it were made of leather, all crashed and smashed as if it were of no consequence whatever; and if she controls herself, and makes no instant reproof, then the maid still holds it as of no consequence; and if her long-tried temper gives way, and she expresses her feelings, then she is a termagant and a despot. Or it may be only the common household ware that comes to grief, and the wife sees her husband wronged in such manner as it is her duty to prevent, while the maid knocks the furniture about on sweeping days, and the broom takes off spots of paint; or it may be that she cannot bear to have the thing done because it is intrinsically wrong and wasteful; in any event it is a vexation that is hard to bear. It mortifies her, and wears her soul out, to see a nick in the edge of every cup as she seeks a whole one to send a guest, the nick made simply because her directions are not obeyed, and all the cups when washed are plunged into the pan together to knock their edges and break as they may.

And these are not a tithe of the vexations, as every housekeeper knows. Beds improperly made, sinks improperly cleansed, lamps improperly trimmed, closets kept in a litter, and countless other minutiae of daily work, make up an intolerable burden to the mistress who desires to have every thing at its best. Add to it all the hourly following up of ill-done work with repeated and little-headed instruction, with needed reprimand, however gentle, to say nothing of the serious and larger afflictions of positive disobedience, of possible small thefts, of untruthfulness, and of the irritation caused by perpetual flimsy excuses for

wrong-doing, and it can easily be seen that no more than the policeman's is the mistress's lot a happy one.—*Harper's Bazar.*

BEEF TEA.

It used to be looked upon as a sign of goodness if beef tea "jelled" when cold. This is an error. No good beef tea can possibly "jelly," for this reason—it must not, or rather should not, be made from gelatinous parts of the beef. Shin of beef is suitable to make stock for clear soup, but that is another matter. If shin be used at all, it ought to be the top, where a thick piece of meat can be cut; but other parts are better—the round, or the roll of the bladebone. Ask the butcher for a lean, tender steak; buy it as if it were to be cooked as steak, and exercise the same care in the selection, and the patient will reap the benefit.

Now, as to the mode of making the tea; it is a mistake to cut the beef in large pieces, or to let it boil for a single minute. Scrape the meat finely, and put it in a jar of cold water, with a pinch of salt, to soak for an hour, or more if convenient; then tie it down with paper over the mouth, and set the jar in a saucepan of cold water; bring this to the boil, and let the water simmer two or three hours (in the saucepan, we mean) and then strain off the tea; not through a fine strainer—nothing should be left behind but the meat; the brown, thick-looking particles that float about contain nutriment. Now, so long as any thing is cooked in a vessel set in another, the contents of the inner one cannot boil; this, in the case of beef tea, is as it should be. The quantity of water must be regulated by the strength required, but a pint to a pound is about the average. The soaking in cold water is most essential, as by this means the goodness is extracted.

Raw beef tea ordered in cases of very weak state of the stomach, after fever or dysentery, is simply the liquor poured off after the meat has been in soak in water for some time; five or six hours should be allowed, and the meat pressed from time to time with the back of a wooden spoon. This, being objectionable in appearance, should be given in a colored glass. To turn it brown, and so give it the appearance of cooked beef tea, a few drops of hydrochloric acid are sometimes added, subject of course to the doctor's permission.

Mutton tea is made in the same way, the leanest, freshest meat being chosen for it; by way of variety this can receive the addition of a little rice or crushed tapioca. The latter is sold in tins, and the liquid to which it is added must be stirred until it is transparent, when it is ready to serve.

Chicken or mutton cream is a dainty preparation. The meat should be finely minced, covered with cold water and seasoned, then simmered until tender enough to go through a sieve. To a teacupful, half the measure of cream should be added, after first being heated nearly to boiling point. Pearl barley, half an ounce to a quarter of a pound of meat, is sometimes put with this; then much more water is necessary, as the barley swells and absorbs it.

A little ingenuity will enable a good cook to concoct many dishes of the same nature, the stewing process being a great help to digestion.—*Ex.*

ADULTERATION OF FOOD.

The chemists of the agricultural department at Washington have been conducting an investigation in the matter of food adulteration, with results which are not calculated to add to the peace and internal comfort of people who live by eat-

ing. It was found that the great amount of adulteration is practised in the preparation of spices and condiments. Of twenty samples of ground cloves examined, only two were pure. The others had been polluted by the addition of clove stems, allspice and husks of various kinds. Of eight samples of cayenne pepper, only one was pure. Of ten samples of mustard, none were pure. Ten samples of allspice were examined, eight of which were pure. Of ten samples of ginger, four were pure. Only one out of thirteen samples of black pepper was found to be what it purported to be. Cayenne pepper, black pepper husks and mustard hulls were used to give flavor and pungency, while "body" was supplied by ground beans and rice, and color by charcoal. The report mentions a spice-grinder who managed in the course of a few months to make use of five thousand pounds of cocoanut husks in his business. In some cases the spurious matter was found to compose two-thirds of the whole compound examined.

Other facts will doubtless be revealed even more startling than those here given. Spices and condiments are not among the essentials of human food, and adulteration here would perhaps be a lighter offence than in other and more important articles of consumption. But the evil seems to be on the increase, and unless something can be done to check it, there will be nothing left in the markets which is not corrupted by vile and injurious adulterations. The last congress passed a law imposing severe restrictions upon the manufacture and sale of spurious butter, but there is also doubtless tenfold more injury to health resulting from the use of adulterated tea, coffee, sugar, and spices than is caused by the use of oleomargarine. It was right enough to enact the law regulating the sale of imitation butter, but there is quite as much need of protection against other fraudulent articles prepared for human food. The wholesale poisoning now carried on in the name of legitimate business ought to be stopped if it is in the power of the law to do it.—*N. Y. Observer.*

STARCHING.

Allow a teaspoonful of good starch to each shirt and collar; use just enough cold water to wet the starch, mash it free from lumps, add a little more and stir it well; add for each shirt a piece of sperm or white wax as big as a pea, and a quarter of a spoonful of clean salt to three spoonfuls of starch, pour on boiling water, stirring slowly all the time; boil hard for fifteen minutes without scorching, skim and strain while hot; this can be done only by dipping the strainer in cold water, while the starch is in the bag, and squeeze it immediately before it becomes hot.

Wet bosoms and collars in hot water, wring very dry, and starch while damp; rub the starch well in, and wring in a dry towel, and remove all starch left on the outside; spread out evenly, rub down with a dry cloth, and roll tightly together; let them lie two or three hours and then iron, and you will have a gloss on your shirts and collars equal in appearance, and perhaps better in quality, than if it had been done at a Chinese laundry.

CLEANING OR BEATING CARPETS.

Carpet cleaning, as ordinarily performed, is literally carpet beating and does much toward destroying the carpet. The proper way, if one is in the country, is to get a branch of a tree or a young sapling as thick as the butt of an axe handle, which terminates in a good number of light whip-like shoots. A beech branch will sometimes be found, which

will answer the purpose. It must be trimmed up, and every twig, knot or roughness be removed which could catch in the thread and tear the carpet. Of course, the flatter the upper part is the better, as more of the whips will strike at the same time. To clean the carpet hang it over a line passed so high that the lower edge will clear the ground. Take the big whip in both hands and strike a strong, quick blow. A cloud of dust will fly from the whole space struck, yet the blow will not appear to make very much impression on the carpet itself. The ends of the branch have divided the force of the blow among themselves and each one has made a sharp, quick stroke like that of a riding whip.

If the big branch has been properly selected and the ends have sufficient elasticity, the labor will be small and the quantity of dirt removed surprisingly large. In this way, carpets can be really cleaned, so that in handling them afterward no sign of dust will be found. The force of the blows is spread out over a large space and the texture of the carpet is not harmed. To perform the same work with a light cane or switch would take hours and is very exhausting, while the fabric would be loosened.

NUTRIMENT IN FOOD.

Fat pork contains a large amount of nutriment.

Butter has eighty-seven and one-half per cent of nutritive matter. The pseudo-butter, oleomargarine, has about the same value in this matter, when pure.

In a pint of milk and a pint of oysters there is the same amount of nutriment, although the oysters contain more proteine and the milk more fat. Cheese contains a large amount of nutrition.

Fish is less nutritive. Salt mackerel is among the most nutritive and flounder is one of the poorest.

The breads, representing the carbohydrates, contain about thirty-three or thirty-five per cent. of water, flour from nine to thirteen per cent., corn and maize meal still more water. They have less proteine and more fat; oatmeal has, on the contrary, more proteine and less fat. In general, this class contains most all nutritive material and but little water.

A pound of potato, however, contains a large amount of water and but little proteine. The figures on which the statements are based are not so satisfactory as could be desired, as most of the experiments have been carried on in Europe, especially those of the animal foods. The vegetable foods have been more investigated in this country than the animal.—*American Cultivator*.

—Oil of lavender will drive away flies.

—Whole cloves are now used to exterminate moths.

—Mortar and paint may be removed from window glass with hot, sharp vinegar.

To TAKE BRUISES OUT OF FURNITURE.

—Wet the part with warm water; double a piece of brown paper five or six times, soak it in warm water, and lay it on the place; apply on that a warm but not hot flat-iron till the moisture is evaporated. If the bruise be not gone, repeat the process. After two or three applications, the dent or bruise will be raised to the surface. If the bruise is small, merely soak it with warm water, and hold a red hot iron near the surface, keeping the surface continually wet. The bruise will soon disappear.

—The average house-girl will burn a third more coal in the kitchen range than the average housekeeper would burn, if she managed her own fire. There is

woful waste in many a kitchen department owing to the carelessness or ignorance of servants. But a girl of ordinary intelligence can readily learn to run her range economically, and she should be made to do it. The most glaring fault usually is a too free draft, and keeping the fire at a red heat even when it is not needed. Too much coal is generally put on at once, and the dampers are left open when they might better be shut.

To CLEAN STRAW MATTING AND OIL CLOTH.—It is said straw matting may be kept new looking and bright, by washing it twice during the summer with a warm solution made by dissolving a pint of salt in half a pailful of soft water, the object of the salt being to prevent it from turning yellow. After washing, the matting should be quickly dried with a soft cloth. It is also said that by wiping oil cloth all over, after being scrubbed and dried, with a cloth dipped in milk, the colors will come out clean and bright, and remain distinct throughout the year. This does not "track off" like oil used for the same purpose.

—If you would save washing, make your "gude mon" two or three sets of gingham oversleeves to wear over the shirt sleeves. Make them to button at the wrist, and fasten them to the shirt by means of a button at the shoulder just above the sleeve. To protect your own dresses, get half a yard of rubber waterproof cloth at fifty cents a yard, and make short oversleeves, with elastic run in the hem at each end, to draw over your sleeves while washing dishes, etc. You can procure the cloth at any good rubber store. From the same material you can also make your own waterproofs after any desired pattern, and thus secure a good quality and fit. Stitch on the machine with black silk.

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have considered myself a member of THE HOUSEHOLD now for two years. Please accept my thanks for the first year's subscription through your generous offer to brides, and also for many helpful suggestions and words of encouragement received from the sisters. My John is beginning to look forward to the coming of THE HOUSEHOLD almost as much as I do myself, although I was considered a good housekeeper before my marriage, as I kept house for my invalid mother for several years.

I will give a few recipes which I know to be good. Carrie, in the July number, wants to know how marble cake is made. Here are two nice recipes:

White Part.—The whites of four eggs, one-half cup each of butter and cold water, one cup of sugar, two cups of flour, and one teaspoonful of baking powder; mix well together. *Brown Part.* The yolks of four eggs, one-half cup each of butter, cold water, brown sugar and molasses, two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one tablespoonful each of cinnamon and allspice. Mix well together, and put one spoonful of white and one of brown until you get all into the pan. Put it as striped as you can.

Red Marble Cake.—*White Part.*—The whites of four eggs, one cup of white sugar, one-half cup each of butter and cold water, two cups of flour and one spoonful of baking powder. *Red Part.*—The yolks of four eggs, one-half cup each of butter and cold water, one cup of sugar, two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, and a few drops of cochineal and mix well and if not dark enough put in more, and put some of the white and some of the red striped all through your pan. This makes a beautiful cake to have at a picnic or tea party.

Cottage Pudding.—One cup each of sugar and milk, one egg, butter the size of an egg, one pint of flour, and one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder.

Sauce.—One cup of sugar, one egg, one teaspoonful of flour, and a small piece of butter; mix well, add boiling water, let it come to a boil and flavor to taste.

Now I would like to ask some of the older housekeepers that have been successful in raising chickens, what to do for little chickens to prevent their dying, and what to do for them to kill the lice on them.

FLORENCE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—As my first letter was the means of bringing me cherished treasures in the form of letters from HOUSEHOLD sisters from Idaho, Illinois and Florida, so far separated and still united by the bonds of friendship, engendered by unity of thought, I write again. While we are exchanging thoughts, and lending a helping hand to others, are not our own mind storehouses being filled with treasures which not only help to clothe the body but expand the soul.

I will only talk this time to a few of the sisters in the May number. To Southern Sister I will say, when we lived upon the first plateau of the Cumberland mountains in Tennessee, we had four large fire-places in our house, and we kept the hearths smooth and red by filling the cracks with cement made of equal parts of wood ashes and salt, and just enough water to moisten so it could be worked to the consistency of paste. Fill all the cracks and uneven places with this, and when it is dry have some soft red brick pounded fine and mixed with sweet milk, apply with a woolen cloth or brush. This is inexpensive, and you will be surprised with the pleasing result.

Speaking of my home in the south brings to my mind many beautiful pictures, gorgeously painted on memory's wall. To my imaginative mind there are no scenes more beautiful or interesting than those viewed from the mountain top or in the valley beneath. I never could tire of such scenes.

In this same home we were troubled with fleas, for there are few roses without thorns. I will tell California how we thinned them out of our sleeping rooms. In the evening I would spread a white woolen blanket on the carpet, and then light a candle and place in the center of the blanket, having no other light in the room. The fleas attracted by the light would venture near and get caught in the sure trap of the nap of the blanket, from which position they could very easily be caught.

Sister Carrie, dried grasses will take any color as well as silk or wool by placing for a short time in dye of any color.

In the May number, I see from an exchange a formula for fastening knives and forks into their handles. If simply pulverized rosin is applied in the way directed for the other, it will be as efficacious.

I wish to tell the sisters about a scrap book I am making. I have several scrap books, and they are among my choicest treasures. This one is for fancy work, illustrated and descriptive. I am an ardent admirer of all kinds of fancy work, and for years have been gathering these keepsakes. Whenever I have come in possession of a magazine, paper, or even piece of paper, on which was a pattern or description of any article I thought it possible I could ever make, it was laid aside carefully for a more convenient time, until it seemed advisable to build a library on purpose to hold these old papers. So I decided to cull them and gather the choice bits together, and place them where they could be an ornament as well as a help every day. I procured a blank book of convenient size, with

broad leaves, and yet not too large to be held easily. Such a scrap book as is used for fancy cards and pictures would be nicer. I cut out the illustrations and paste them crazy fashion or any way taste dictates, and with each picture place directions. I am well pleased with the work, and when Christmas or some friend's birthday is approaching, I shall not need to search through a pile of old papers to find a suggestion for an appropriate gift.

We are pickling corn to-day. I always put up several gallons this way, as it is much nicer than dried corn to cook in winter. I will tell the farmers' wives how it is done, but I fear it will be too late to help them this year. Take good roasting ears, sweet corn preferred, boil from three to five minutes, till the milk sets. After cooling from three to five minutes, shave the corn off the cob, and put the corn in a stone jar, or any vessel that is tight. To every five cups of corn add one cup of salt, pound down firm, adding corn and salt alternately, in the proportions given, till the vessel is full, then cut a piece of cloth just large enough to cover the corn, put on a weight and cover tight. When wanted for use, place a pint of corn in a kettle of cold water, heat till hot, be careful that it does not scald, pour off the water, repeat three or four times, or until fresh enough, then cook and season as if fresh gathered.

Will some of the sisters please tell me the dimensions of fashionable pillows?

Too much cannot be said of the merits of charcoal. If it is pulverized and mixed with just enough flour and cold water to hold it together and applied as a poultice it will stop the spread of gangrene.

MARTHA E. ROGERS.

Levy, Sumner Co., Kansas.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have received with gladness your paper for six months as a bridal present, and have been silent all that time not because the paper was not welcomed, for I watch the mail for its arrival, but because I have had but little experience in housekeeping and was afraid the few items from my pen would be of little use to the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD. However, I will now try to return some of the help I have received.

The New Subscriber in the May number can make good pie plant pie by mixing one-half teacupful of white sugar and one heaping teaspoonful of flour together, sprinkle over the bottom crust, then add the pie plant cut up fine, sprinkle over this another half teacup of sugar and heaping teaspoonful of flour, bake fully three-quarters of an hour in a slow oven.

I will also send a recipe to Retta for making nice tomato catchup without onions. Take half a bushel of tomatoes, four ounces of salt, three ounces of ground black pepper, one ounce of cinnamon, half an ounce of ground cloves, one drachm of cayenne pepper, one gallon of vinegar; slice the tomatoes and stew in their own liquor until soft, and rub through a sieve fine enough to retain the seeds; boil the pulp and juice down to the consistency of apple butter, (very thick,) stirring steadily all the time to prevent burning; then add the vinegar with which a small teacup of sugar and the spices have been mixed, boil up twice, remove from the fire, let cool and bottle.

Sister Retta also asked for a recipe for cup cake. Here is one I think is very good. Three cups of sugar, one cup of butter, six cups of flour, two-thirds of a pint of sour cream, seven eggs, (leaving out the whites of two for icing,) one even teaspoonful of soda in the cream, one teaspoonful of soda in the flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one teaspoonful of lemon or vanilla. Bake in pans one inch deep, and when done

spread one with icing and lay the other on top of it allowing two layers for each cake.

I would like some of the sisters to give a recipe for watermelon pickle.

MRS. ANNA G. SIMONSON.
The Dalles, Wasco Co., Ore.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I see several questions asked that I think I can answer correctly.

Euleika, from Indian Territory, wishes to know how to wash a point lace handkerchief. I would like to say to her, to baste the point lace on a square of soft, fine white flannel, every little point and design, and when basted on take lukewarm water with a few drops of ammonia and some nice fine soap, wash carefully, rubbing between the hands. Rinse well in several lukewarm waters then press as dry as possible, then pick out with the hand all the little points that may have washed up. When dry lay a handkerchief over it and iron before taking off the flannel, then clip the bastings that have held it and it is ready for use. I think she will be pleased with this method and hope we may have the pleasure of hearing from her again.

Also would like to help A Subscriber with her crochet basket if I can make myself explicit enough. I crochet the basket to go over a bowl or tin pan according to the size I wish to make it. When finished I make thick clear starch and rub all through my basket both inside and out, for the success of the basket depends on the stiffness in starching. When starched sufficient I pull it over the bowl or pan, as the case may be, and press up smooth and even all over, if crocheted with rounds below I place a saucer or plate convex to the bottom of the basket and place near the stove or in an oven just a little warm. Let it set till quite dry and hard then with a case knife release from the pan, and buy black paint that comes prepared to use without varnish and with a small brush go in and out and over it till every bit is well covered. Sometimes two coats will improve it. Some only use varnish after starch which makes it light in color. I hope she may succeed.

I want to say that I enjoy our paper very much indeed, and find it often a helper.

HATTIE GRAEME.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have just come in from the harvest field, and I wished more than once that I had had one of the dear tired sisters with me. It did look so pretty. The air was soft and fresh, the sky so blue and clear and the yellow grain waiting to be cut down. I often drive out in the afternoon when my work is done, or when I feel tired and worried, and it always makes my burden seem lighter and my life more cheerful. My husband drives his own harvester and I like driving along beside him and watching the, to me, wonderful work of the self-binder. It is almost human.

This is my first letter to THE HOUSEHOLD, although I have long known and loved you all.

I want to know if any of the Scotch sisters can tell me how to make the real Scotch oat cakes? I have tried, but do not make a success of them. So says the member of my family whom I am anxious to please. Will some one help me, and tell me what grade of oatmeal to use? I think may be the kind I use is too coarse.

I also want to say that the lemon pie recipe in the April number by Emma M. is perfect. My family think it worth the subscription for the paper. I beat the whites of the eggs stiff and stir them in just as I take the custard from the stove. It makes the pie beautifully light.

I find so much to help me over many a rough place, in our good paper, I could

hardly get on without it. I wish Rosamond E. would write oftener. And I like the letters from the south although we live in the cold north.

ANNIE.
Minnesota.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have often thought I would try to return some of the many favors I have received from the paper. But must ask more favors. Will some of the many please tell me how to cover the body of my lounge? What to cover with that will be cheap and pretty? I cannot get it upholstered here, and tapestry by mail would be too expensive. Don't any one suggest cretonne, I abhor it.

Can any one send me a recipe for French mustard? We are very fond of it but cannot afford to pay fifteen cents a spoonful for it, that is about the rate it costs by the bottle.

I want to tell the sisters what pretty shams I have just finished. No back breaking job to do them up. They are finished with two-inch hems, and the design in outline stitch is worked with dark brown silk twist. On one is a spray of poppies with the words "good night" under the spray, the other is a spray of morning-glories with "good morning" underneath. To be appreciated they must be seen.

Salome, of Arizona, why didn't you sign your own name? I would like to know more about your country, won't you send me your address?

Lora Crews, let us hear more about Texas.

Abbie, of Mexico, I know all about sand storms. We've eaten, breathed, drank and slept, sand for the last three days and nights.

Muggins Fletcher, don't despair. Time and patience work wonders. Every day's experience brings you nearer the desired goal.

This is something that may be new to you. Moisten your stove polish with soapy water, adding a few drops of spirits of ammonia if you have it, it will give you a brilliant and lasting polish.

Here is my coffee cake recipe. One and one-half cups of brown sugar, one and one-half cups of butter, one cup each of cold coffee and molasses, four and one-half cups of flour, four eggs one teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon, and nutmeg, one pound of raisins rolled in flour, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a small quantity of cold coffee, added last thing. This makes a large loaf. Bake slowly.

Let us sign our own names.

MRS. W. H. WILSON.
Benkelman, Neb.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I received THE HOUSEHOLD as a wedding present nearly five years ago, and have appreciated it very much, so much so, that I should feel lost without it, and especially the letters from the different sisters which are a great help to me in a good many ways. No one need complain about the want of a recipe, if THE HOUSEHOLD is near at hand, at least it is so with me. Only a few days ago I wanted a nice recipe for putting up cucumber pickles in cans ready for use, and as usual, resorted to THE HOUSEHOLD, and found in the June number just what I wanted, for which I will thank Mrs. C. E. Keller. And as every little helps, will add my mite, to help some other sister.

In August number Sarah asks how to starch colored cambrics and lawns, without starch. Dissolve white glue in warm water, and put two or three tablespoonfuls in a pail of lukewarm water, with a little bluing, then wring the articles out as usual. If not the desired stiffness, add a little more next time. But too much is apt to make the irons stick. This recipe

was given me by a friend in a laundry near the sea, where there are frequently heavy fogs.

Alpha asks for a good molasses candy recipe. Will give mine which never fails. Take butter the size of a walnut, put in a kettle or pan, or whatever it is cooked in. When warm, add one cup of molasses, one-half cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of vinegar, let it boil ten minutes. Some molasses needs more boiling. The best way is to try in a cup of cold water, if it cools quick and is not brittle it is done. Before turning in buttered pan to cool, stir in soda the size of a pea, pull until white, the longer the better.

A Reader, Norfolk, Va., asks for bluing. One ounce of pulverized Prussian blue, one-half ounce of oxalic acid, two quarts of soft water, dissolve, and bottle. This will last a small family one year. One or two tablespoonfuls to a tub of water, according to size of tub. Mrs. J. E. G.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been thinking all through the year that I would write and thank our kind editor for his present of THE HOUSEHOLD for a year, for of all my wedding presents none were more appreciated than your most excellent paper, yet all know that when they go to housekeeping on their own responsibilities, there are so many things crowding on their time that they fail to do all they fondly hoped they could do, but as my year is up, and I must send in my subscription, I thought while doing so I must write a few lines to THE HOUSEHOLD Band.

Here is another sister that does not care to have her husband called a "fuss budget," because he helps her with the housework, for I think it comes very handy at times. For instance, when I go home on a two weeks' visit to mother's, it is very nice to come home and find everything in apple-pie order, the house in just as nice shape as when I left it, and I did not have to throw off my things and go to work scrubbing and cleaning as soon as I came home. My husband can do lots of cooking, some of it as good as any woman could, and he helps me at odd times with the dishes and bed making, and on wash days. Though I do not believe in calling a man from his work every time you need to do any thing, I see no harm in my husband's helping me whenever he has spare time not needed elsewhere.

As I am a young housekeeper and draw largely on THE HOUSEHOLD for my recipes, I am afraid I cannot contribute much towards helping my sisters, yet I cannot refrain from mentioning my graham bread pudding. I had never noticed any recipe for the same, but ventured to try an experiment because I had so many scraps of graham bread that I hated to throw away. Take one pint of bread crumbs, put to soak in milk for an hour or so, mash fine with a spoon, add two-thirds of a teacup of sugar, two well beaten eggs, a little nutmeg, and add milk according to the size of the pudding wanted; bake in a moderate oven one-half hour. We like it much better than when made with white bread.

Oneida, Ill.

MARY K.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I am a young housekeeper and your paper has been enjoyed and re-read many times, each one.

Perhaps I can tell the sisters some of my ways, which would be of use to them. They have been tried and are true. First I will tell how I can all kinds of berries and fruits and have always met with success. To every quart glass can of fruit, add a syrup made of one pound of granulated sugar or two teacupfuls, and one-half pint of water, thoroughly dissolved. Pick over the berries put into the can, shake down well, add syrup

and seal tight. Have a rack made to fit into your clothes boiler, put the cans on that, fill half way of cans with cold water cover the boiler and after they begin to boil, boil fifteen or twenty minutes, remove carefully with a thick crash towel or something of the sort by grasping the top of the cans tight under the towel and set on a table and wipe and seal tighter if necessary, in a few minutes. Please try and report.

For flower pots, if one cannot afford more expensive, take good tin fruit cans, such as canned meats and fruit come in that you buy, and paint carefully. I painted mine white and they can be kept clean by wiping with a damp cloth and look very nice and clean.

Mrs. D. S. Crane, if you will use the following, I do not think you will have trouble with your starched things blistering. It is the only way I like, and I have tried many ways. It is simply this: One teaspoonful of best starch put in a teacup, add water and one teaspoonful of borax water made by putting a lump of borax into a pint bottle and filling with water, keep corked and ready for use. Fill the teacup two-thirds full of water, pour into a larger dish and keep starching, now and then stirring up the starch from the bottom of the dish if it settles, which it will of course do, then roll up and lay aside for a few hours if possible, if not it will be all right. Have the iron rubbed over with beeswax tied in a cloth, then on fine salt, and wiped clean, spread out the starched article smoothly, put over it a fine piece of old cloth, I keep a piece on purpose for such use, have the iron hot, but not too hot. Iron until dry, then remove the cloth and after ironing very hard and perfectly dry put near the stove to dry well. A good deal depends on the heat of the iron. If it irons hard the iron is not hot enough and will stick. When every thing is all right, I never have any trouble that way and can say my starched things look white, glossy and stiff, if dried well before the stove. If you try this would like to know with what success. This is for a small quantity, such as bosoms, collars and cuffs.

MRS. OLIN N. RENFREW.

Fairlee, Vt.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—My acquaintance with THE HOUSEHOLD began in '69, when I was only a young girl. I was much interested in it at the time, and have been a regular subscriber for many years. I never have even knocked for admittance to the HOUSEHOLD circle, but have been content to listen outside to the merry, helpful chat. But I see Mrs. Crane wishes help about molasses cookies, and as I think I have a very nice recipe I would like to send it to her. I always insist upon having the very best Porto Rico molasses, as the cakes made of it are such a beautiful gold color, instead of a sickly gray as with New Orleans molasses, and we like the flavor better.

Molasses Cookies.—Three cups of molasses, one cup each of melted butter and sour cream, one-half cup of hot water, two dessert spoonfuls of soda, salt and ginger, or any spice you prefer. One large teaspoonful of ginger makes them about right to my taste. Mix soft, bake quickly, and remove from the oven as soon as done. Do not roll too thin. I usually make only half of the quantity as the whole recipe makes a large amount of cakes.

Mrs. E. C. A. inquires about maple sugar. It is excellent for sweet pickles used the same as other sugar. Berry pies are very nice sweetened with it, also custard and ripe currant pies. Many people here who make it use it for every thing, and say they like it better than cane sugar, but I do not. The syrup is nice as sauce on all fruit puddings or

plain batter puddings, but rather too sweet for some tastes. She probably knows it is the best of any thing on pancakes and fritters, as she asks almost in the same breath for directions for making fritters.

This is my way: One pint of milk, three eggs, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted in the flour, salt and flour enough to make a stiff batter. Fry in hot lard like doughnuts, dipping them in with a spoon. If you dip your spoon in the lard each time, the batter will be less apt to stick to it and make the fritters scraggy. Chopped apple, or sliced peach, etc., can be added to the plain batter.

New Marlboro, Mass. STAR.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Like the man we read of in the "good book" I have married a wife. Now this wife of mine is a firm believer in THE HOUSEHOLD, and in our family it is a law as irrevocable as that of the Medes and Persians that she must take THE HOUSEHOLD. I suffered it to be so, but little did I know the trouble it would cause me. I have had all manner of strange dishes concocted from recipes taken from THE HOUSEHOLD, set before me, and asked no questions for conscience's sake. I have heard Rosamond E., Charity Snow, Penelope Pepper and others quoted from, and bowed meekly to their opinions. Have even had my hats bought for me, because, forsooth, did not Rosamond E. buy Ichabod's for him? I have listened to the senseless jargon of knit two, thread over, slip and bind, till the brain grew weary, and made no sign. Perhaps I could have endured to the end, had not the mandate gone forth that "hereafter no ples grace the festive board, for THE HOUSEHOLD says, "There is no need of dessert; it saves time, strength, and money, besides being unhealthful." Like the "lemon pie man," I invite criticism on the above remarks, and hope to hear from some of the few brothers that have gained admittance to the Band, for I know that they must have had a similar experience.

ONE OF THE INNUMERABLE JOHNS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I am in receipt of your package of THE HOUSEHOLD as a wedding present; you will please accept my sincere thanks. It comes to me like a friend in need, and I will with pleasure refer to its columns for counsel of which so many of us western women are in great need, and I shall appreciate it more and more as time rolls on. John and I are among the settlers of the great and far famed land of the Dakotas and are located in one of the pleasant little towns in the valley of the Cheyenne river. I think it one of the loveliest places in the west. It contains five church organizations and a graded school, and our stores and shops will compare favorably with larger towns and cities of the east in the style of their goods and wares. But we boast more of our productive soil and extensive acres which with careful cultivation brings around once a year an abundant harvest of the golden, number one, hard wheat, which cannot be surpassed in quality in the world, and I hope by the aid of the many recipes found in THE HOUSEHOLD I will be able to convert the finest grades of flour manufactured from the same, to keep John in good humor, as I find that the road to a man's kindest regards is by his stomach.

Of the blizzards and cyclones, I can say to my eastern sisters that they are not as bad as represented by the papers of the east. I have been in Dakota one year and have seen what was called by the oldest settlers, the warmest summer and coldest winter known for many years, but if we do not have any worse than what they have proved to be I can safely say that Dakota has no terrors for me, and for those who contemplate emigrating to the west, I would recommend this as one of the healthiest and finest localities in the west. Yours truly,

Lisbon, Dak. BETH.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Perhaps a letter from Oregon would not fail to interest THE HOUSEHOLD readers. I received your valuable paper as a wedding present, and I cannot tell you how much I appreciate the gift. It comes each month like a welcome visitor, with its good news and words of comfort. I feel as if I could not keep house without it, and as I am only entitled to two more numbers, I will send in my name early, as my John is very much afraid I might miss a paper by not subscribing in time.

To THE HOUSEHOLD sisters I would say that I cannot help feeling a strong attachment for some of you when I read your interesting letters, so full of kind and helpful suggestions, and being a young housekeeper I find in them many things which are both useful and instructive to me.

I would like to tell the sisters what a handy

John I have. You all know that setting up housekeeping is expensive, but a handy John can save many a dollar—which mine has already done—by making little articles of furniture and big ones too, for he has just completed a kitchen safe and table which would do credit to any cabinet maker.

I read with interest the letter from Daughter of Wyoming. I could not but wish to be with her in some of her pleasant rides through the hills and valleys. I, too, might say something of my home in the far west. It is situated in the heart of the Willamette valley, near the little town of Corvallis, which derives its name from two Latin words *cor* meaning heart, and *vallis*, valley. Through the center of this valley flows (as the poet has truly said) "the beautiful blue Willamette," which is lined on either side by dark fir timber, which when looking towards the east seems to meet the horizon. This view is made all the more beautiful by now and then a snow capped peak towering in all its beauty and grandeur above the line of green timber. These peaks are Mt. Hood, Mt. Jefferson and the Three Sisters which are in the Rockies far beyond us. Looking to the north and west the eye is met by an outline of hills or mountains, one bald and another dotted with green timber, and so on until they form as it were a great barrier between the valley and the great Pacific which we can reach by a drive of only sixty miles. The scenery there is so grand that I shall not attempt to describe it. I will only say that it is so lovely and diversified that the eye never tires of it. I am afraid my letter is so lengthy I shall not be able to gain admittance into your "sanctum" a second time, so I will close the door and say good night.

LAURINE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—For the last year THE HOUSEHOLD was a bridal gift to me, and I enjoyed the numbers very much, and often found their contents very useful to me in my new duties.

I would like to tell you of one benefit I have derived from it. In reading the correspondence, I have been struck with the cheerfulness and ingenuity of many who were much less fortunately situated than myself. I have been surprised at the wonderful amount they are able to accomplish and the pleasure they seem to take in conquering their circumstances, and how, with many duties and little time, they make their homes bright and comfortable. Now my John, as the ladies call their husbands, has provided for me the best help and plenty of it, many luxuries, and every convenience that could suggest itself, and their industry and cheerfulness make me ashamed, when I think of how little I am able to accomplish. I wish I could return some of the favors I have received from the other ladies, all unconsciously to themselves.

I believe THE HOUSEHOLD is doing a good work and I wish it every success. Some day, perhaps, I will write a short letter for the paper, telling something of life in this Canadian city. It has been quite novel to me and perhaps might interest some of the other sisters.

Toronto, Canada.

S. R. DAVIS.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

CAKE WITHOUT EGGS.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of molasses, one cup of milk, one-half cup of butter, two cups of flour, one cup of raisins chopped, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, allspice and soda, and one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar. I sometimes add one cup of chopped walnut meats.

SPONGE CAKE.—Beat the yolks of three eggs with two tablespoonfuls of milk and one cup of sugar, then add the whites beaten to a stiff froth, then mix one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder with one cup of flour and beat thoroughly; bake in a moderate oven. I also bake it in three layers for any kind of layer cake, flavoring it to taste.

K. E. H.

CREAM CANDY.—Four cups of white granulated sugar, two cups of water, three-fourths of a cup of vinegar, one cup of cream or rich milk, a piece of butter the size of an egg, two teaspoonfuls of vanilla or any flavoring, and a pinch of soda. Put the vinegar, sugar, water and butter in the pan, then the milk in which has been dissolved the soda; this will prevent the milk curdling. Let it boil until it cracks in water, then pull very white.

NIN.

SPICE CAKE.—One cup each of molasses, sugar and sour milk, a scant cup of lard or butter, one teaspoonful each of soda, cinnamon and allspice, one-half teaspoonful of cloves and nutmeg, raisins and currants if you wish. This is a good recipe for winter when eggs are scarce. Make as stiff as can be stirred conveniently. I am sure all the sisters will like it.

LEE.

A SPLENDID GINGERBREAD.—One-half gallon of molasses, one-quarter pound of saleratus dissolved in a quart of cold water, one tablespoonful of alum dissolved in one pint of warm water, one pound of lard and enough flour to

make a stiff batter. The quantities are large, but can be easily reduced. This I know will be found very nice. It is fifty years old, and was bought at one time for five dollars by the landlady of an old-fashioned inn.

E. R.

COTTAGE PUDDING.—Two eggs, one-half cup of butter, two-thirds cup each of sugar and milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one and one-half cups of flour.

Sauce.—One pint of water, one-half cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter and a little nutmeg; when boiling thicken with corn starch.

JOHNNYCAKE.—Two cups of corn meal, one cup of flour, one egg, one tablespoonful of melted butter, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one cup of sweet milk, one-half cup of sugar and a little salt.

L. E. F.

Illinois.

GINGER SNAPS.—Two cups of molasses, one cup each of sugar and butter, one teaspoonful each of soda and ginger, and flour to make it stiff enough to roll.

CAKE.—Three eggs, one cup of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of water, a pinch of salt, one cup of flour, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted with the flour. This is good baked in layers and spread with coconut. A. W. S.

MARBLE CAKE.—Light Part.—One cup of white sugar, one-half cup each of butter and milk, whites of three eggs, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and two cups of flour. Dark Part.—One-half cup of brown sugar, one-fourth cup of butter, one-half cup of molasses, one-fourth cup of milk, one-half a nutmeg, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful each of allspice and soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, two cups of flour and the yolks of three eggs. Butter your mould and put in the dark and light batter in alternate tablespoonfuls.

RIBBON CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, two-thirds cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, three eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, salt, and essence of lemon or almond. Put one-half of this in two oblong pans, to the remainder add one tablespoonful of molasses, one large cup of raisins chopped and stoned, one fourth pound of citron sliced, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful each of cloves and allspice, one tablespoonful of flour, and grate in a little nutmeg; bake in two sheets. Put the sheets together alternately when warm with cranberry or any tart jelly between.

C. A. W.

ENGLISH PUDDING.—One cup of molasses, one-half cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of different spices, two cups of chopped raisins, one cup of chopped apples, and three cups of flour; steam three hours. Serve with sauce.

MRS. A. F. KNOWLES.

MAPLE SUGAR CAKE.—Two eggs, one cup of white sugar, one-half cup of sweet milk, one-fourth cup of butter, one and one-half cups of flour, and one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder; bake in a moderate oven in jelly pans about one inch deep. To prepare the sugar boil two cups of maple sugar in one half cup of water till it waxes in cold water, then add the beaten white of one egg, stirring briskly until cool enough to spread, put between the layers, and over the top and sides if you wish.

FITTERS.—One cup of buttermilk, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little water, add flour till stiff enough to drop into hot lard with a spoon, and fry as doughnuts. These are excellent with warm maple sugar.

BLACKING FOR STOVE.—If the sisters will use cold coffee instead of water with a little sugar, they will find it will polish much easier, and will also last longer.

MRS. J. BECKLEY.

Portage, Mich.

CORN CAKE WITHOUT EGGS.—One quart of buttermilk, one teaspoonful of soda, two tablespoonfuls of shortening, one cup of flour and corn meal sufficient for a stiff batter; bake in roll pan or biscuit tin in a moderate oven.

GINGER CAKE.—One cup of molasses, one and one-half cups of hot water, one-half cup of butter or lard, one tablespoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of soda, and flour for a rather thick batter.

CREAM CAKE.—Three eggs, one and one-half cups of flour, one cup of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, and two tablespoonfuls of water; bake in jelly pans.

Cream.—One pint of milk, (heat it in a double boiler,) one egg, well beaten, one tablespoonful of corn starch, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, add the beaten egg, corn starch and sugar, to the boiling milk, cook till smooth, add a teaspoonful of butter and any flavoring desired, and when cool spread between the cakes.

LINIMENT FOR SPRAIN.—White of one egg, one tablespoonful each of vinegar and turpentine. Bathe the sprain with it as soon as possible after the accident.

MRS. J. H. S.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Retta answers the request for rhubarb pie. We use the same rule with two crusts leaving out the lemon and adding a bit of butter, and nutmeg if one likes. And for one crust use the yolks of two eggs and the whites for frosting as for lemon pie, and like the pies made either way very much in the early summer when there is a dearth of "pie timber," as an acquaintance expressed it the other day.

L. D. L.

Will some one give a recipe for making sticky fly paper? I think it is made of rosin, oil and honey. Please give exact proportions and plain directions for making it, and oblige

N. B. K.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the sisters tell me how to make giblet pie?

Portage, Mich.

MRS. J. BECKLEY.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters send a recipe for sugar cake where sour cream can be used?

LEE.

E. L. S. in the July number, reminds me that I did not state the quantity of flour to use in my chocolate sponge cake, the recipe for which was given in the April number. It should read, one square of chocolate, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, two eggs, one-half cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of baking powder, or one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one-half teaspoonful of soda. Mix as directed in that number. I hope E. L. S. will try again with better success. As mine is very nice and has never been tough.

BUSY SISTER.

W. Thompson, Conn.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will you please tell me how to avoid "blistering" shirts, collars, etc. Also what is good for ridding a cupboard of tiny red ants which infest it? Insect powder and borax are of no avail.

L. D.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to tell E. A. that a nice way to dispose of dry sponge cake is to cut it in small squares and put in a pudding dish, then make a custard of a pint of milk and three eggs and pour over your cake while warm. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth and pile on the top, little drops of red jelly placed among the frosting improves the looks of it.

Mrs. E. C. A. asks for recipes for using maple sugar. It is very nice for layer cake, by boiling until it will candy in water, then stir until nearly cool, then spread between the layers and on top. If she will add a cup of chopped raisins to the filling she will, I think, be quite satisfied with the result.

Evelyn, please try starching shirts this way: Dissolve one teaspoonful of borax in one cup of boiling water, then add three teaspoonfuls of starch, wring out the things to be starched and roll up tight, and iron in half an hour. The borax keeps the starch from sticking to the irons.

Fernette, you can fill the crack in your stove by taking wood ashes and common salt in equal quantities, mix with water to soften it enough to handle easily.

Will some one send the recipe for a preparation to increase the rising process when making milk yeast bread? It is composed of cream of tartar and some other material, which I do not remember. If some of the sisters will send it to THE HOUSEHOLD, think it will oblige others beside myself.

MIRANDA.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Anna Holyoke Howard please give exact amount of burnt umber, and quantity of water used in preparing black walnut staining? Also will some of the sisters who cultivate the wild cucumber (do not know the botanical name,) please send their address to me? There are two varieties, I refer to the sweet scented, with lovely feathery, spray-like blossoms.

To the sister who is troubled with pies running over, would say roll out the upper crust and double over once, cutting half a dozen gashes through the center, then wet the edge of the under crust, pat on the upper and press down firmly with the thumb all round the edges. I am never troubled with juice running out.

To the sister who complains of her oil stove not browning her cooking nicely will say, use the teakettle that is made expressly for oil stoves, copper, with perforated tin outer covering, place over the ventilator on top of baker, whenever using the same.

In July, 1885, issue is a remedy for hard labor in blacking stoves, that I have tested, and endorse most decidedly. Give it a fair trial, sister, and you will no longer mourn, but rejoice.

HOUSEKEEPER.

Lortner Avenue, Providence, R. I.

The Parlor.

HOME SMILES.

Whenever the home smile brightens,
And affection the home task lightens,
Few feet from the right path roam,
For love, like a dewfall tender,
Can pleasant all labor render,
And smiles are the sunshine of home.

To the tired-out wife and mother
They carry a joy that no other
Reward can impart so well;
To the children a blessed teaching,
Full oft through a long life reaching,
With an influence none may tell.

To husband and sire no duty
Can vie with the home smile's beauty,
When the day's hard work is o'er;
To sorrow and disappointment
They come as a precious ointment
For spirits distressed and sore.

Show me the man that treasures
His smiles for his outdoor pleasures,
While keeping his frowns for home,
And I'll show you a household darkened,
Where never an ear hath hearkened
With joy for his step to come.

Then show me a man whose rigor
Is reserved for his business vigor,
His smiles for his household band,
And I'll show you a home of gladness
Whose faces betray no sadness,
With love upon every hand.

These flowers of the heart, then, cherish,
Lest, lacking thy care, they perish
As the shadows of age creep on;
For home smiles never were wasted,—
Their beauty and bliss once tasted,
Remain, though the home be gone.

THE CHILDREN'S ESCAPE.

BY H. E. BARTLETT.

THE scene of my story is located in the western part of Nebraska, but a few miles from the Platte River. That section, in the year of 1870, was but sparsely settled, the ranches being a number of miles apart usually, except in a few instances, where two or three friends had located claims near together.

Leaving the Union Pacific Railroad at the station of A—e, the adventurous traveler had a long drive over the undulating prairie, sometimes beset at that time, by Indians who, though professing to entertain friendly feelings toward the whites, were not trusted very far by the ranchmen. The drive is a monotonous one, and must have been rendered doubly tedious by fear. But as one approaches the tributaries of the Platte, the scene changes, and the rolling prairie gives place to hills, rising one above another, as far as one can see. They are covered by a straggling growth of pitch-pine, which lends to those in the distance a dark blue hue, that adds a splendor to the scene as nothing else could. The road winds around, in and out among these hills, occasionally climbing one, and again descending into the valley of a dry creek with its wide bed of dry, white sand glistening in the sunlight, or perhaps there might have been a minute rivulet threading its way along on the one side or the other, keeping close to the bank as though conscious that if it endeavored to spread over that wide expanse of sand, it would be lost. There are occasional strips of prairie land, but they are narrow, and soon the traveler finds himself on the brow of a large hill, in fact, almost a mountain; and gazes down into a canon or ravine. The scene is beautiful, and seems doubly so by comparison with the long stretch of barren prairie that has rendered the larger part of the journey so monotonous. Here in this hot-bed of nature, sheltered from the chilling blast, is a tangled mass of foliage. Trees; trees everywhere, and many of them almost prostrate from the weight of the wild grape vines that grow in the most luxuriant abundance. These enclosed by the circling hills and surmounted by the pine, formed a wildly beautiful picture indeed. And so thought Mr. and Mrs.

Wheating as they feasted their eyes—that, unaccustomed to the dreary desolateness of the western prairie, had been aching for the sight of a tree—on the scene.

They had moved from an eastern city to this wild region, hoping that the invigorating air would benefit Mr. Wheating, whose health had failed rapidly in the confinement of the counting-room.

They concluded to locate here in this lovely ravine, and soon had erected a small cabin containing two rooms, which Mrs. Wheating, who was a woman of taste and refinement, soon managed to give an air of cheery comfort, in spite of the fact that the most of the furniture was of home manufacture.

It was late in the fall, and the frost, that had long ago nipped every thing in less favored spots, had reserved this bit of a place until the last. But its turn had now come, and on the morning of which we speak, the children, wild with glee, were trying to gather the leaves as they fell in showers from the trees, when a gentleman drove up.

The little girl ran in to tell her mother, who presently appeared and cordially invited the stranger in.

"No," said he "I live about ten miles from here and must hasten home. I heard that there was a woman here, and thought I would see if I could get you to come and stay with my wife until I can get help from town. She was taken sick last night and I do not know what to do for her. I have sent a man to town for the doctor, but he cannot possibly return before night, and I fear that if something is not done before that time, that it will be too late."

Mrs. Wheating hesitated and looked at her children thoughtfully.

He, seeing her indecision, watched her face anxiously while he waited for an answer.

At last she turned to him, saying: "I suppose that it would hardly be advisable to take the children?"

"I am afraid not," said he, regretfully, "have you no one with whom you could leave them?"

"Unfortunately there is no one at home to-day, Mr. Wheating started to town this morning for a load of provisions, and Harvey, my eldest son, has gone hunting with George Crawford. Neither of them will be likely to return before evening."

"Well, then we will have to take them," said he, "I am afraid however, that they will not enjoy it very much. But who is coming?" said he, as a horseman came in sight around the foot of the hills in the west.

"Why, I believe that is Harvey now," said Mrs. Wheating after gazing intently at the figure for some moments: "yes, surely it is, that is certainly Old Gray! Well, I will hasten, and be ready by the time he arrives."

In a few moments she appeared ready for her ride, and almost at the same instant her son drew rein at the door.

"Well mother!" said he, after saluting the stranger, "George broke his gun, so we concluded to postpone our hunt."

"It is very fortunate indeed that you returned," said his mother, and she then explained why it would be necessary for her to leave him in charge of the younger children.

Harvey willingly consented to do as his mother desired, and Mrs. Wheating rode away feeling quite secure so far as the children were concerned, for, although Harvey was only fifteen, she knew him to be perfectly trustworthy.

Time passed pleasantly in the little cabin home. Little Mary (she was ten years old) begged to be allowed to play that she was "mother, and cook the dinner all by herself," and Harvey good-naturedly consented, and praised the viands set be-

fore him, though some of the dishes were, to say the least, quite original. But Harvey loved his little sister, and liked to see her enjoy herself, and the little boys were pleased by the novelty of the situation and willingly helped her wash the dishes when she told them that "mamma" was tired.

But about three in the afternoon, this little farce was interrupted by the arrival of the doctor, on his way to Mr. Brown's where Mrs. Wheating now was. He said that the man who had been sent for him had concluded not to return that night, and had directed him to stop at the Wheating ranch for a guide to pilot him across the hills.

Harvey was in a dilemma. He knew that his mother would object to having the children left alone, if it could be prevented, and as there was no road, he found that it was impossible to direct the physician so that he could go alone.

The doctor objected to his taking a wagon, thinking that it would lengthen his absence from town, so Harvey at length decided that he would have to go on horseback, and telling Mary to stay there and take care of the little boys, promised to return as soon as possible.

Now Mary, although a very sensible little girl on most subjects, was an ardent coward; and the thought of Harvey's leaving filled her heart with terror; but her timidity prevented her saying so before a stranger, so she permitted them to leave without a word. But as soon as they were gone, and she realized that she and the little boys were really alone, she began to cry with fright. This of course, frightened the boys who had not thought of being afraid before, and they wailed in chorus.

Presently it occurred to Mary that they might go over to the Stanley ranch, about two miles from there, and leave a note for their father to come for them when he returned, in case they did not meet him on the road, which they would follow for some distance. So, although she knew full well that her parents would not approve of her course, spurred on by her fears, she wrapped herself and the little fellows up and set out.

Mr. Stanley had a grown daughter who had taught the Wheating children together with her younger brothers, during the summer, and they were so accustomed to the walk, to and from school, that the two older children thought nothing of the distance. But it had been cloudy since noon; and soon after Harvey's departure it began to snow. The wind had been blowing a gale from the north all day, but the canon was so sheltered by the hills, that the children had not realized it. They ran along quite gayly for a while, forgetting their fears in the novelty of the first snow storm of the season. But as they rounded the foot of the hill that protected the mouth of the ravine, they were almost thrown from their feet by the force of the wind, while the air was so permeated with snow that they could scarcely breathe. Mary realized that it was a blizzard which she had often heard described, and for a moment was inclined to turn back; but the fear of staying alone urged her to press forward, and cheering her brothers by telling them that it was not far, trudged bravely on again. After a little, however, he discovered that they were off of the road and they then tried to retrace their steps, but their tracks had been covered almost as soon as made, and she soon saw that they were indeed lost. They wandered about for an hour or more, until at last, little Jimmy declared that he could go no farther.

"What shall I do?" said Mary as her eyes filled with despairing tears. But as she spoke she noticed a post not far from where she stood. "Oh, Jimmy!" exclaimed she joyously, "I have found the

road! see, here is the post that marks the turn-off which Mr. Stanley said was but half a mile from his house. Come dear, try again like a good little boy, we will soon be there," said she coaxingly.

Thus urged, Jimmy made another effort; but he was only six years of age and although a sturdy little fellow for his years, had played until tired before starting, and was now completely exhausted by buffetting with the storm. Mary saw this, and picking him up, tried to carry him; but soon found his weight too much for her strength. After staggering along under the burden for a short distance, she sat down in despair. The wind was blowing icy cold, though its force had moderated somewhat, and darkness was creeping over the scene.

What could she do? she could not think of leaving her baby brother, and she could not carry him. The thought of sending Fred on for help, and staying there alone, in the dark, with the sleeping child, made her tremble with fear. But she realized distinctly that it must be done, or they would all perish, so she told Fred to go and send Mr. Stanley to their relief.

Fred was afraid to go alone, but the terrors of the hour inspired him with heroism, and he trudged off, whimpering to himself as he went, with fright and fatigue.

Mary sat down in the snow and made Jimmy as comfortable a bed in her lap as she could, pulling her shawl around him to protect him from the chilling blast. She sat quite still for what seemed to her to be ages, but was in reality about half an hour; growing more and more terrified every moment; afraid to stir, and almost afraid to breathe, for fear that some of the wolves or coyotes—that she heard howling and barking in the distance—would hear her.

Chilled through by the cold wind, and stiffened and cramped by the weight of the heavy child in her lap, she was in a pitiable condition indeed.

As for little Fred, he trudged along through the deep snow, as much frightened as his sister. Peering through the gloom on this side and that, expecting momentarily that some fierce beast would pounce upon him; crying to himself, but afraid to make the least noise, for fear something would hear him.

At last he could see the house. But his heart sank as he noticed that there was no light, and missed the dog that usually gave warning at the approach of a stranger. He soon found his surmise correct. There was no one on the place, and the house was locked up. With a heavy heart the poor, little, frightened fellow turned back to find his sister. By this time the cold was beginning to affect him seriously, but he managed to reach Mary, and tell her of the state of affairs; and as he sank down beside her, saying that he was tired, was asleep almost before he had ceased speaking. She tried to rouse him, but finding it impossible, wakened the child in her lap, and standing him on his feet, made an attempt to rise, but was so stiffened and cramped that it was only after repeated endeavors that she succeeded. Then taking off her shawl, she spread it on the snow, and laid the two little fellows in it, covering them with part of it, and staggered off down the road in an agony of terror, praying for strength to reach home where she hoped to find either her father or Harvey.

She plodded wearily on for some time, fighting off the desire to lie down and sleep that was growing stronger with every moment, until at last she suddenly became aware of the approach of a wagon. She had become so stupid with cold that she had not noticed it, until it was almost upon her. The shock sent the blood coursing through her veins with renewed vigor, and throwing off the lethargy that

was fast locking her senses, she screamed so loud that the driver drew his team back on their haunches by a sudden jerk.

It proved to be her father, and the reader can imagine his feelings when his little daughter told her story. Putting his overcoat around her, he turned his horses' heads toward the spot where she had left the children. He had some difficulty in finding the place, but at last stumbled against what, at first sight, seemed only a snow bank, but proved to be the boys. Trembling with apprehension, he uncovered them and exposed their faces to the rays of the moon that was beginning to show through the rifts in the clouds. They lay so still and white that Mr. Wheating felt faint, and scarcely dared to touch them, lest it should prove to be the sleep of death.

He succeeded in rousing Jimmy, who began to cry, but Fred was, to all appearance, dead. Directing Mary to seat herself in the bottom of the wagon on a robe, he placed the two boys by her side, she supporting Fred's head, and covering them all with a robe, he whipped up his horses and made his way home as rapidly as possible. On reaching the house, Mr. Wheating helped the two children out, and taking Fred in his arms, told Mary to bring in some snow. After lighting the lamp, he began to try to resuscitate the unconscious child.

Jimmy proved to have escaped with but a few slight frost bites, and Mary soon had the poor little tired fellow ready for bed. She then tried to assist her father in his efforts to bring Fred out of his death-like swoon, her heart growing heavier and heavier with the conviction that he was past all help. Her face burned with fever, and her eyes were as brilliant as stars, while chill after chill crept unnoticed over her little frame. At last her father was rewarded by seeing Fred begin to show some signs of life. At the sight the tension on brain and nerve relaxed, and Mary sank unconscious at her father's feet. The startled parent carried her to the bed, and began to bathe her face with snow. At that instant the door opened and admitted Mrs. Wheating followed by Harvey and the doctor.

The sun looked down upon a sad household the next morning. Both children were very low, but having very strong constitutions naturally, they finally recovered, though it was many a day before they regained their full strength. It was not long after this that Mr. Wheating hearing that the Indians were again on the war path, took his family east, leaving a man to care for the ranch. But within a few months the savages made a raid on the place, and killing the man, burned the cabin, and ran the cattle and horses off.

When the Wheatings heard of it, they gave up the idea of ever returning. The charred remains of the buildings are still to be seen, and remain as a forcible reminder of what the pioneers of this country were forced to undergo, to reclaim the vast area formerly called the "Great American Desert."

The Wheating children are now grown, but their terrible experience in a western blizzard left a lasting impression upon their minds that the finger of time will not soon erase.

THE RIGHTS OF THOSE WHO DIS-LIKE TOBACCO.

BY ANNA GARLIN SPENCER.

A woman, not overstrong, and tired with a year's hard work, starts for a seashore resort to spend the summer vacation and get rested and well. She first takes a comfortable seat in a parlor car. At the end of the car and near her chair

is partitioned off a select "smoker's apartment." The fumes from within that enclosure steal out and make her feel ill. She asks of the porter the privilege of exchanging her seat for one further removed from this smokers' apartment. Her request fortunately can be granted. She makes herself comfortable once more, with an inward protest against the favoritism which allows smokers to so nearly defraud her of the better air, for which, together with the more room, she has paid her extra fare. A seat next to her new resting-place is vacant, but she sees a bag and papers which indicate that it has an occupant to come. Soon the owner of the seat appears. He has been having a chat with friends and a smoke in the "regular," not the parlor car "smoker." His clothing and person are saturated with old and new flavors of the weed. He removes a heavy woolen coat, and puts on a cool "duster." The coat is hung on the hook next our traveler, and the air from the ventilator which she has had opened for her benefit, wafts its condensed aroma directly to her nostrils.

By and by a gentleman from the "parlor-car smoker," comes in, and greets cordially the gentleman from the "regular smoker," and asks him "to have a game in the little room sacred to the smoking clan; and all the while he is talking about matters and things in general, leaves the door of said apartment open. The woman traveler begs the porter to "shut that door." As he does so the two men look at her as if she must be a trifle peculiar. They then leave her for their game, and, doubtless, another smoke, to return in a half-hour, take seats on either side of her, and industriously "season" her with their breath and clothing to the secondary aroma of pipe and cigar. An aching head and a rebellious stomach almost forbid brain exercise, but the sufferer cannot help starting a train of wondering something after this fashion: "Wonder why the same money buys a non-smoker, or any man, the use of two and even three seats—one in the regular smoker, one in the parlor-car smoker, and one in the ordinary or parlor car, and buys a woman only one seat? Wonder why the railroad officials don't secure the woman that one free from tobacco smoke? Wonder if smokers know how offensive they make themselves to many people? Wonder if they would care if they did know? Wonder if there is any thing in 'the weed' which makes men less gentlemanly, as they assuredly are, respecting smoking than in any other particular? Wonder if there is any place this side of heaven where one can breathe pure air?"

At this point her station of exchange for another road is reached, and our traveler goes from the hot car into a stifling little waiting room. A card in the ladies' room says "No smoking allowed," but the gentleman's room is divided from her waiting place only by an open archway, and almost all the occupants of it seem inclined to the favorite "nerve soother."

After a little more car travel the steamboat is reached which is to take the pilgrim to her destination. Even the "ancient and fish-like smell" of the wharf is refreshing, and with delight she establishes herself on the forward deck, which will be the shady and breezy end of the boat when the steamer turns out into the broad bay. A seat is selected where the back can be rested against the walls of the upper saloon, and with only a few heads in sight, and those of strangers who are naught to her, and who do not much obstruct her view, our traveler's joy begins. "The sea, the opaline, the beautiful, the strong," what a magic cure is it for the headache, the heart-weariness and the temper-annoyance. The breeze freshens, the billows dance, the

swell grows heavier. Ah! this is life! What grateful thoughts well up in answer to nature's bounty of healing and of joy. Worth while is the strain and stress of laborious days, if by them one earn the right to so enjoy this glorious summer world!

Just at this moment of content and happiness, the quick senses of the traveler detect the familiar and hated tobacco smoke. There is her neighbor of the parlor-car. He is indulging in another cigar. He leans over the rail in front of his victim, and puffs and puffs his column of airy contamination right into the sea breezes which were so full of healing for body and mind but a minute before. The glory is gone. The little tobacco fiend gains a speedy victory over great nature's purity and peace.

The purser comes around, and "Is smoking allowed on this boat?" is the despairing question.

"Yes'm, on this forward part. There's nobody smokin' at the other end."

"But the other end is sunny and has no breeze. Here is where I wish to stay, and," raising her voice a little, "tobacco smoke is very disagreeable to me and makes me ill."

"Sorry ma'am. Perhaps you'd like to go into the saloon. Ladies mostly do."

The saloon! Hot, stuffy, and with a party of excursionists dancing as nimbly as the motion of the boat will allow, to the wheezes of a parlor organ from which an unwilling waltz is being coaxed! Saloon, indeed!

The gentleman with the cigar has heard the remonstrance, and gallantly throws the end of his cigar into the sea, but looks as if a woman who "would make a fuss over a good cigar in a public place" was beneath contempt.

A little peace, and then three men sit near the rail of the lower deck and smoke. And several promenaders come and go with pipes and cigars, and the traveler gives it up, she can keep her seat no longer.

She perches herself on the outermost seat of the deck, hanging to the rail in most uncomfortable fashion, still fighting for pure air.

At last the journey is ended; the hotel reached; the good supper despatched with an already quickened appetite; and the piazza, which has been recommended as among the chief attractions of the place, is eagerly sought. It is indeed an entrance way to one of nature's grandest temples. The fierce, hot day is going out gently to meet the lovely night. A broad stretch of heaving sea mirrors the gorgeous sunset sky, and the trees near the cliff walk show grand and gloomy in the twilight. "Perfect," sighs the traveler in blissful praise.

But here comes the crowd of people from the dining room. And ten out of the fourteen men light cigars and seat themselves within a few feet of our new comer. She must either endure the sickening annoyance, or go in out of the glory; into her little, close room which is not on the "view" side of the house. She is too tired to walk beyond the range of her tormentors to-night; but she foresees that she will have to do that all the summer or lose her sunset beauty. Is it any wonder that her blissful mood is again destroyed when she considers that she is paying as much for the privilege of being driven from the common piazza as these men are for using it?

Men and brethren, ought these things so to be?

Is there not a question of right involved in a condition which bears so hardly upon one side and gives the other so vast an advantage? Why should the smoker be given, or take, the mean privilege of driving from comfort to misery all those who dislike tobacco, even in the most public

places? Can any one explain on principles of justice, or good breeding, the right of the smoker to render the air of cars, steamboats, public coaches, hotels and boarding-houses, and all other places where he elects to be, disagreeable and often sickening? It has been truly said that "smoking is the only vice that all people are compelled to share the effects of in their own persons." If my neighbor drinks whisky I am not obliged to take even a drop into my system. But if my neighbor smokes, I am obliged, as long as he remains my neighbor on the piazza or other place of resort, to inhale some of the poison he is consuming. There is much to say about the pecuniary waste and physical harm of tobacco-using as a personal habit. But the sole purpose of this article is to draw attention to the infringement on the rights of those who dislike tobacco, perpetrated by tobacco users, and sanctioned by those who cater to a tobacco-using public. This aspect of the question has passed beyond the boundaries of taste, or preference, or conventional good manner. It has entered the domain of ethics. The point now to be determined is in brief this: Have those who dislike tobacco any rights which tobacco-users are bound to respect?

If my neighbors in the city like the smell of decaying garbage about their houses, or think it wholesome and pleasant to keep a dirty pig in the cellar, I can complain of them to the sanitary authorities, and have the nuisance removed, in spite of their personal tastes in the matter. But if I take a sick baby into the country for pure air and wholesome surroundings, and the inmate of the room next mine chooses to poison the atmosphere of his own and my apartment through the open windows and thin partitions with a nasty pipe, or a meaner cigarette, I have probably no redress but to change my boarding place. So debauched is the public conscience in this regard that any complaint of the omnipresent pollution is considered a foolish personal idiosyncrasy, to be disregarded as soon and as often as desired. It is considered by the majority of hotel-keepers, railroad and steamboat officials and servants, and all who purvey to the taste of travelers and boarders, that the smoker has the right, and that the complainant is seeking to enforce a peculiar hobby of his own. The good-natured smoker will throw away his cigar if you frankly say it is disagreeable to you, but he very evidently thinks he is making concession to an extraordinary weakness on your part, and that that weakness will soon make you as disagreeable in his eyes as his cigar can be in your nostrils.

It is high time that this inversion of the principles of right was exposed to just light. It is high time that the man who uses a public place for the indulgence of a private habit which is positively injurious and disagreeable to many, who have paid as high a price for their use of that public place as he, should understand that he is the offender against right and propriety, and not the person who complains of his pipe or cigar. It is high time that petitions setting forth the injustice of the present favoritism shown tobacco users were presented to all who now pander to this false sentiment and discrimination, and the rights of those who want pure air insisted upon.

We cannot hope to cleanse our streets of the filth and foul air that smokers and chewers torment the cleanly with. It may be too much to ask that the man who elects the smoking car for the first half of his journey be forced to stay in it for the second half, rather than to make himself a nuisance to some one else. But, at least, let us strike for the abolition of the smokers' apartment in the

parlor-car, and for unconditional prohibition of smoking in and about the pleasantest places of resort in hotels, and public parks, and gardens, and all the nooks and corners where the non-smoking class most do congregate. And let this be demanded as a right; not begged as a kindness.—*Exchange.*

GERTRUDE'S HUSBAND.

"It seems strange to me that there is so much domestic trouble in the world! I am sure if only those who were suited to each other, and who really and truly loved, married, there would be nothing but harmony and happiness in any home."

Gertrude Morton threw down her sewing, and waited to see what answer her remark would draw forth from her mother and aunt who were sitting with her.

Gertrude was a pretty and lovable little creature, and it did seem that the man who won her heart, ought to prove the kindest and most indulgent of husbands.

"We will see," said her mother, "when you and Eugene are married, just how married people should live; for you certainly seem to be sufficiently attached to each other to warrant your becoming a model pair."

"Perhaps you imagine our love will soon grow cold like that of most married people, mother."

"My dear," said Mrs. Morton, "I do not think that is true of most married people. Life will not always seem like the summer day that it does now. There are cares and perplexities which married life will bring, and which will doubtless sometimes ruffle the current of your domestic happiness. I have found it so, and yet I have had a kind husband in a general sense. Do you doubt that your father and I are truly attached to each other?"

"I suppose you are, but you often speak to each other in a way Eugene and I would not think of doing. Father goes away to stay a day or two at a time without even saying 'Good by.'"

"I never thought he meant to be unkind in that. I presume it never entered his head that he ought to do differently," said Gertrude's aunt. "I am sure you have had a pleasant home and there has never been much discord in it."

"O, yes, I know you are right," the young girl replied, "but it has long been a matter of wonder to me that so many couples whom it seems no power on earth could separate, grow to dislike each other so heartily after marriage."

Eugene Ross and Gertrude Morton had been married a year. The young wife was standing in her little parlor, where she had been busy all her spare time for a few days. Her father had sent her a birthday present of one hundred dollars, and she had determined to furnish this room and give Eugene a pleasant surprise. The paper hanger had come after her husband had left for his work in the morning, and had left before his return at night. The carpet had been made and tacked down, the furniture brought home slyly, and now every thing was arranged, and Gertrude stood and gazed in admiration about her.

It was not an elegant room, but it was cozy and homelike, and Eugene had so much wished to furnish it, and be able to entertain his friends as he had been entertained by them. The carpet was a pretty ingrain of warm, neutral tint; a few choice engravings hung on the wall, and a group of statuary in terra-cotta stood on the mantel. A big easy chair for Eugene had been drawn to the hearth, and near it was a pretty little table covered with papers and magazines, and just the bookcase he had admired at the shop held his favorite books.

Gertrude made a lovely picture as she

stood in the center of the room, though she still wore her work apron, and her hair, but sadly disarranged, hair was but partially covered by the dusting cap she had quite forgotten to doff. The chime of the bronze clock on the mantel at last reminded the young wife that it was the hour for tea.

"Never mind," she thought as she hurried to the kitchen, "Eugene will not blame me when he knows."

A few minutes later her husband looked into the room.

"Isn't supper ready, Gertrude?" he asked.

Gertrude went to him for the usual kiss but he put her aside a little impatiently. "There, child, do hurry up your supper, I must be back to the bank for extra work to-night."

It was a hurried, and not very inviting supper that the young couple sat down to a little later. It seemed to Eugene a long time since his wife had prepared a good meal. He sipped his tea with an injured air. Setting his cup down abruptly he turned to Gertrude. "It does seem to me that a woman with no more to do than you have, might find time to warm your tea above the temperature of dish-water."

Tears sprang to Gertrude's eyes. She prided herself on being one of the most industrious of wives, but she thought of the happy surprise ahead and said almost cheerfully, "I have been dreadfully busy, Eugene, I hope I shall find time to do better by and by."

"Busy! I should think you looked as if you had given most of your time to your personal appearance. You used to be tidy and tasty in your dress. But if you would only learn to cook I should be thankful."

Now, Eugene had praised his wife's cooking many times, but all his compliments seemed virtually annulled by his last remark.

"The fault is all in you," she cried pettishly. "You find fault with every thing I do lately. I am done trying to please you."

"I don't see the use of your flying into a passion, Gertrude," said the young man loftily. "Can't you bear a little reproof? If I can't find a decent meal at home I shall take my meals down town after this."

"You are quite welcome to do so," was the quick retort.

Eugene left the room without another word. Gertrude had never felt more unhappy in her life. It was a sad ending to her plans. She ran up stairs and throwing herself on the bed sobbed hysterically. The next morning she slept later than usual from nervous exhaustion, and Eugene had left the house when she went down to the kitchen.

"He will be glad to make up by noon," she thought. "I will wait and let him make his apology handsomely, and then I will forgive him, and we will never quarrel again."

Eugene felt no little uneasiness as he thought of his wife's tear-stained face, and as he turned his steps toward home at dinner time, he meant to make every thing right. He would praise Gertrude's dinner (he knew she could get good dinners). He disliked scenes, and he did not mean to make a formal apology. But he would say some nice things, and, if it was necessary, take back a little.

But Gertrude had taken him at his word, and there was no dinner in waiting. She sat busy with her embroidery and did not rise as he entered. She was waiting to forgive, but not willing to take the first step.

Eugene forgot his penitence. "What does this mean, Gertrude, is there no dinner?"

His wife looked up with provoking

coolness. "I thought you were to dine out after this?"

"Very well, I shall do so in the future," and the young man turned and left the house.

Gertrude sprang to her feet. Should she let him go? She hesitated a moment, then ran to the door, but he was too far away to be recalled. The young wife spent the afternoon in tears, but when Eugene did not return at supper time, she resolved to go on the evening train to her father's, leaving only a note to tell him where she had gone.

"He will come for me in a little while," she thought, "and I certainly shall not come back till he does."

That evening Eugene's employer found it necessary to send him out of town on business, which would keep him from home all night.

He resolved to make up with Gertrude when he went home. What if she was in the wrong! He had acted badly too, and he was at heart too manly to wish to deny the fact. But he found nothing of his wife about the house, and as a last resort he went into the parlor. Holding the lamp above his head he surveyed the room.

"Dear little Gertie," he said, "what a brute I have been!"

Then he penned a few hasty lines quite as humble and penitent as his wife in her most exacting mood could have wished for. Laying the note on her dressing table, he hurried to the station. He was just in time for the evening train.

Poor, unhappy Gertrude! It bid fair to be a lonely ride for her. She heartily wished herself back home again. What excuse could she make to her parents? They were hardly out of town when she saw Eugene enter from the smoker.

"He has come for me. I thought he would, but I will not let him know that I have seen him."

In a few minutes there was a short scream from the locomotive, the brakeman sprang to his feet, and the passengers started up in alarm. Gertrude did not know what followed till she found herself supported in Eugene's arms, and unfamiliar faces about her.

"It is nothing, dear," her husband whispered. "The track was blockaded ahead. We will soon be taken back to town."

"I am so sorry for what I have done, Eugene. If you would only forgive."

She did not mean to apologize, but it was too late to take it back now.

At home in her own rooms she cried over Eugene's note. "He is noblest who first tries to make up a quarrel," she said, "and he was first to yield his pride and is less self-sh than I."

Gertrude has learned some sad lessons of life since that one, but she has learned to forgive unasked sometimes, and she finds Eugene not less kind and tender, because she has grown stronger and more self-reliant.

AUNT FLO.

PRUDENCE POWERS.

Pretty Prudence Powers took her little dinner pail and started on her long walk to school. As she sauntered on the way, she thought of the guests who had arrived at the hotel the evening before. Great tales had been told of their wealth and position before they arrived, and Prudence said to herself it was hardly fair that they should have so much and she so little. When she reached her school house she found the visitors upon the steps.

"May we rest here a few moments?" said the lady.

"Oh, yes," said Prudence, charmed with her manner, so pleasant and winning.

"My wife knows all about teaching by sad experience; she was a teacher when

I found her," said the gentleman whose manners were equally agreeable.

That day the school room did not seem quite as dark and dirty as usual to Prudence, for her pleasant meeting with Col. Burton and his wife brightened all the day; such is the power of little acts of courtesy and kindness. Still as she walked home that night, weary, and somewhat disheartened by a stupid boy's failure, she was half-inclined to envy Mrs. Burton, who had left her school cares behind her, and had money and leisure for travel and study, and the many things that Prudence would herself so well enjoy. This feeling she could not wholly shake off for some time.

The day before the colonel and his wife went away, Prudence told some stories of her little sister Mollie at home, and Mrs. Burton said, "How happy you must be in having such a sweet sister. I have no one living who is kin to me. If it were not for my husband I should be alone in the world."

Prudence wished no more to change her lot for Mrs. Burton's. The long walk to school through the dusty road, (there were no sidewalks in this little mountain village,) the dirty, smoky school room, the long hours of teaching, seemed as nothing to her compared to the joy of going home by and by to sweet sister Mollie, roguish brother Ned, the dear little mother, and patient papa, who for some months had now been a sufferer.

The next boarders who came to the village where Prudence was teaching, were a young lady about the teacher's own age, and her mother and little sister. The old feeling of longing came over Prudence again, when she thought how pleasant it would be if she with her mother and Mollie could rest at some hotel in the bright spring days. But she soon learned that this young lady had come for her health; that she seldom was free from pain and weariness even for a day. Prudence looked in the mirror and saw her own plump and rosy cheeks, and felt the health bounding in her veins, and the strength in her hands and arms, and her power to do and to enjoy, and she was again content.

Before these guests went away, a gentleman and his daughter arrived. How comfortable they looked sitting upon the piazza, when Prudence started off for school, and their rooms over the parlors, she had peeped into them, how different from hers over the kitchen!

Should she allow the envious feelings to come again? No, this time she would wait. Her walk had its pleasant features. It followed a swift river with mountains on either side. The road was bordered with trees which met in some places overhead. At every step she noticed some pretty fern or flower or stone. By and by the children came to meet her. Many of them were barefoot, some were dirty, some ragged, but all had a pleasant smile for her. Some gave her handfuls of berries which they had picked on the way. One had a bunch of flowers "for teacher to wear in her breast," she said. One gave a daisy chain, one a daisy baby. Prudence thought that day that a busy teacher's life was not without joy, even though the teacher was forced for the time to be a hundred miles away from those dearest to her. As the days went on, she found she did well to wait, before she envied the new guests, for the father was a man so ill-natured that any chance remark, however innocently made, might occasion a storm of cross words. Prudence thought of her father, who, though poor, was always a gentleman, and again she preferred her own lot.

After that a family party came, father and mother, two daughters and a roguish boy, that Prudence fancied looked a little like Ned. They were traveling about the

country in their own conveyance, stopping from time to time to rest, where the fancy prompted. They were delightful people, with a pleasant word for all. They were doing just what Prudence had always thought she would like to do, with her father and mother, Mollie and Ned. She did not envy them, she had now grown too wise, but she did sigh for the pleasures she was denied. The family had not been at the hotel a day, before Prudence discovered that the gentleman was an iddler. She was sorry to learn that while he was so much in himself, handsome, scholarly, courteous and kind to all, he lacked the one thing that made life worth living. It depressed her to hear him say so deliberately that he was a doubter, that he did not believe in an unseen God, or in another life, when the few days of this life were numbered. Prudence thought she would rather be poor and sick like her father, with a bright faith in the Heavenly Father's love and kindness, His power to overrule all things for good, and to give to His children a home in "the many mansions." She remembered the words of Whittier her father was fond of repeating:

"That death seems but a covered way,
Which opens into life,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight."

Would any one exchange the faith that those words express, for money or even for health? A thousand times, no.

And so the weeks and the months went by, and the boarders came and went. Prudence learned that term a more valuable lesson than she taught her little pupils, for she learned that many lives that looked fair from a distant view, disclose some burden on a nearer approach, that many whom we envy at first, we learn to pity afterward; that the crosses we cannot escape, may, after all, be easier for us to bear than some we might ignorantly choose for ourselves. She found the precious pearl contentment; not a lazy contentment that would turn her from right endeavor, but a contentment that made her strong and trusting to bear trials that no skill or effort of hers could remove. The money she earned that summer was soon spent and soon forgotten, but the intangible riches the summer brought her were of more lasting value.

EVELYN S. FOSTER.

A TRIP BY PROXY.

Perhaps there are some of our many HOUSEHOLD sisters who would like to take a trip to the National Park, but from lack of time, means, or opportunity are compelled to forego that pleasure; therefore if those sisters will sit down and "give me their eyes" for a little while we will go on paper and that may be better than nothing.

As it is over a hundred miles from this corner of Montana where we are sitting, we'll have to get our horses, wagons, and camping outfit in trim so as to start by the middle of August for all the old tourists tell us that is the proper time to go. We must have tents, a sheet iron stove, camp chairs and a folding table which can be fastened on the outside of our heavy wagon, which has to go along to carry our provisions and the big roll of bedding that it is necessary for one to have to be able to sleep comfortably in some of the high altitudes that we'll have to camp in before our return, and we may get the benefit of a little ice and frost on our journey. Next on our list come our saddle horses and side saddles, for there are many places that a weary woman will not feel like tramping to, but with a good, gentle horse, it is a pleasure to wind one's way through the timber to the various small geysers, that are all worth seeing. Methinks I hear a gentle voice saying: "But I was never on a horse in

my life." What odds if you weren't! there has to be a first time to every thing, and you will never learn younger.

But it is time for us to start, so with our "grip sack" packed with good warm clothes and stout ones too, our bread baskets filled with the goodies from home, our little medicine chest for emergencies, away we go. Our first camp is a little awkward as every thing seems to be in the wrong place and it would not take much to make us "cranky" if we are not already in that state.

We have lovely rides in the cool of the morning up and down the hills and valleys, along the streams, and one of our first days out we pass a beautiful string of lakes called the Red Rock lakes. These are rather high up and look as if they were lying up on the bench land. Prepare now to fill your lungs with as pure air as you ever breathed, for we are nearing the range of mountains that separates us from Idaho. As we near the summit we see last year's snow near neighbor to this summer's flowers, and were flowers ever nicer than those of every hue and color right at the feet of the evergreens.

We see another lake in the distance, and this most shallow of all lakes is named for some Henry of other days. But here we are to stop a day, take a boat ride, look at the beautiful white swans, visit a house in the vicinity where we can view (and buy if we feel so inclined) all the water and wood birds that abound here, also various animals interspersed with heads and antlers of the elk, moose, white and black tail deer, ibex, mountain sheep and antelope. On the north side of the lake where we are traveling, the heavy pine timber is mixed with the cottonwoods and quakenasps, also birch, rose and other bushes grow right down to the water's edge; all along here there are numerous small streams coming down from the mountains and running into the river. Those that are of any size are filled with the small speckled trout, white fish and graylings, but we are not fishermen, so we'll pass them by and gather a few of these wild flowers that are growing so luxuriantly on the banks of these streams. We find the modest little bluebell with its glossy green leaves, violets, pure white and lavender color but not the striped ones we used to find many years ago; wild phlox, cranebills, lupins, buttercups, daisies and the gorgeous sunflower, but we are too late for the wild roses, as June is their month.

But you'll be getting anxious to get to the Park. So we will borrow Peter Schlemihl's boots, and take one long step over the hills, Madison, and Fire Hole rivers, and here we are in the lower Geyser Basin on the Fire Hole river. As we get our first glimpse of the promised land, we think it looks like the place that we do not care to go to, as it looks as if there had been a recent fire here, and heaps of ashes are left still smoldering, but these are merely hot springs and young geysers in formation, but our camp must be "struck," and a lunch prepared as quickly as possible, for we are all in a hurry to see some of nature's most beautiful handiwork.

Our first geyser is a small one, but it seems wonderful, as we draw near to it and hear an inward rumbling, puffing and snorting, then all at once the boiling water goes up in the air, and there are some quick moves away from it, but it does not throw the water far, and what goes over the mouth of it, after helping to form some very pretty specimens, goes off into the river. Here is a regular nest of geysers, big and little, not over an acre in extent, but pretty thick together. The nicest geyser here is named the Skull, as some one has imagined that the peculiar formations around it resemble the human

skull. These are large, knobby rocks of a gray color and rather wavy in outline.

On our way we come to Hell's Half Acre, which, by the way, has increased to ten times its original size. It is formed of lakes, pools and one big geyser, and all the ground is of the loose white tufa that has been thrown up, then the water running over has helped to make it. My horse refuses to go any further, and will not take a step on what he considers precarious footing, without one leads him. Here on the margin of this hot water lake we see all the colors of the rainbow, but the crust is so thin we cannot get near enough to get any specimens.

From here we take our way through heavy pine timber, to the Upper Geyser Basin, where there are some of the most wonderful sights that the eye of woman has ever gazed on. We are just in time to cross the river, and ride up on to the side of the mountain, on to quite a high mound of the formation, and this one mound has perhaps twenty or thirty geysers, all clustering around their mother, the Giantess, and she is the queen of them all as far as size and volume of water go, for she throws up a vast body of water from one to two hundred feet high, then it comes dashing back into the mouth and all the little reservoirs it has formed for itself, then down the banks to the river below. A slight wind throws all the spray to one side so that one can go quite close to it even while in eruption, then after it quiets down, we can go up on the edge of it and look down for thirty or forty feet, and see nothing but big rocks and a little steam puffing up. This one erupts every fourteen days or so, but the Old Faithful one can depend on for going off every sixty-five minutes. This is the most regular of all, and is very handsome with its shaft of water going straight up in the air, with all the tints of the rainbow glancing in the sun. But here back of our tent is the Castle, with its high walls banked up around it. It has been rumbling and roaring all night, so now about twelve o'clock it begins to puff up the steam and water, and keeps it up for about an hour. It even sprinkles our tents and wagons and we are all of a quarter of a mile away. The Grotto is very pretty, although small; and looks as if the hand of man had formed it. There are four geysers here together, and the little ones are puffing away long after the big ones have quieted down. The Giant is a fine one but refuses to show its beauties, so we'll take a farewell look of geyser land, with its hundred or more of waterspouts, surrounded by the dense timber, with the river carrying off the surplus water; the hundreds of tourists gathered together to view some of our Father's most wonderful exhibitions; with the hope that we may live to come again, or if that cannot be, others who will enjoy it just as well.

A. E. BARRETT.

WANDERINGS AND WONDERINGS.

BY A. P. REED.

Children cry for small things. We only feel to laugh at, what they cry at. As they grow older and wiser they grow more stubborn to tears. We—to quote an old, true and familiar phrase—are actually but "children of a larger growth," crying at things that perchance would make the gods laugh. What affects us to tears would perhaps have no power to move a greater being, an all wise one being at this rate hardly susceptible to sensations.

Reasoning thus, does wisdom create apathy or coldness of feeling? It is a funny thought and one that I do not like to entertain, and perhaps you may think I am a little "off" but it may be so, for aught I can see. On the ground that sen-

sations and moods are childish—the result of imperfect, undeveloped existence—it would seem to come about that perfection of faculties would mean the opposite of that which is variable in nature, something immovable even by the distresses and the greatest needs, necessities or calamities of life.

In one sense, all nature seems cold from the fact that there is nothing adjustable about her. Seemingly nature is fully as much against man as for him. He is hardly sure of any thing she promises until he gets it. She may promise him a fine crop of corn one day, and destroy it the next. She is as full of blighted hopes, as of successes, and a struggle, a brief glory and a blight is the story told in many of her chapters. Yet do we not look upon nature as perfect in her processes? We do, and with good reason. Nevertheless, her growth and grandeur seems to be chiefly for her own glory, while the benefits accruing to man therefrom are a sort of "side issue," and of secondary importance like some other accidental things, whereas, it would seem that perfect conditions should give perfect adaptability to the conditions of life, thus avoiding adverse circumstances.

This is only one way of reasoning to be sure, and opens only one line of thought, and in working upon this thought I harbor no malicious feelings but simply desire to work up the merits of every view eagerly.

It is for no man to solve satisfactorily the problem of nature and her destinies, but all can get views of her that seem to present gleams of truth. Looking at our own imperfect natures, we are easily convinced of our childishness even in our misgivings and tears as well as joys and pleasures. But is there not something in these things that seems necessary to perfect social conditions? And does it not seem that to be deprived of that essence from which flows our sympathies, and our childishness, would be, to lose the best part of our innate natures?

As regards the child we can readily see that it has made progress when it has outgrown the petty fears and misgivings of childhood, that it has received a benefit, but we cannot so readily see—if indeed we can see it at all—that we can get any thing but injury from the loss of those sympathies that cause us to weep or laugh at the varying conditions about us. We love to think of a perpetuation of these sympathies, for we deem them the very essence of our existence. At the same time, we of course know not what a wiser condition would accomplish for us. But we cannot avoid a regretful feeling which creeps over us at the thought that a maturer condition would make us less tender, less merciful.

It may or it may not be. I wonder what the truth is. And wondering, I am led to wandering only to find myself all the more in a condition to wonder. But things are irretrievably as they are and we may naturally suppose that as "children of a larger growth," we shall find them all right. Verily there are a good many grades of childishness!

Brookline, Mass.

THIMBLES.

The thimble is a Dutch invention, that was first brought to England, in 1695, by one John Lofting, who began its manufacture at Islington, near London, gaining thereby both honor and profit. Its name was derived from the words thumb and bell, being for a long time called thumble, and only lately thimble. Old records say that thimbles were first worn on the thumbs, but we can scarcely conceive how they can be of much use there. Formerly they were made of brass and iron only, but of late years steel, silver,

horn, ivory, and even pearl and glass, have all been used for making thimbles. I saw some very beautiful ones in China that were exquisitely carved of pearl and bound with gold, and the end also of gold. These pearl thimbles are quite as costly and far prettier than those made entirely of gold. Usually, there is a pearl sheath for the scissors, and a dainty needlebook of pearl edged with gold to accompany the thimble, and the whole is enclosed in an exquisite little pocket case, shaped like a book and bound in satin and pearl.

A thimble owned by a queen-consort of Siam is shaped like a lotus bud, this being the royal flower of that country, and almost every thing about the court bears in a greater or less degree some impress of the lotus. This thimble is of gold, thickly studded with diamonds that are so arranged as to form the lady's name and the date of her marriage. It was a bridal gift from the king, who, having seen the English and American ladies at his court using thimbles, took this method of introducing them among his own people.

In Naples very pretty thimbles composed of lava from Mount Vesuvius are occasionally sold, but rather as curiosities than for real utility, they being, from the extreme brittleness of the lava, very easily broken. I have heard also of thimbles made of asphaltum from the Dead Sea, and of one composed of a fragment of the old elm tree, at Cambridge, Mass., under which General Washington stood when taking command of the United States army, in July, 1775; but I do not suppose that any of these were ever intended to be used in sewing.

In the ordinary manufacture of gold and silver thimbles, thin plates of the metal are introduced into a die and then punched into shape. But in Paris the French have a way of their own, quite different from ours, for making gold thimbles that are said to be much more durable than those made in the usual way. Pieces of very thin sheet iron are cut into discs of about two inches diameter. These, after being heated to redness, are stuck by means of a punch into a succession of holes of gradually increasing depth, to give the proper shape. The thimble is then trimmed, polished and indented around its outer surface with tiny holes. It is next converted into steel by a process called cementation, then tempered, scoured and brought to a blue color. After all this is completed, a thin sheet of gold is introduced into the interior and fastened to the steel by a mandrel, while gold leaf is attached firmly to the outside by pressure, the edges being seamed in a small groove made to receive them. This completes the operation and turns out a very beautiful thimble that will last for years. The steel used in its construction will scarcely wear out in a long life-time, and the gold if worn away, is easily replaced.—*Selected.*

THE COMING WIFE.

The coming wife will endeavor to fit herself before marriage for the duties and responsibilities which she must assume. To be able to fill her place worthily and nobly requires at least some thought, study and application. If she intended to adopt one of the learned professions, could she expect to succeed with no previous study? Hardly. And yet nine tenths of the girls of the period will marry, and perhaps become the mistress of cozy little homes, with hardly the first conception of what their real duties will be. No doubt, in a majority of cases, the mothers are to blame. They think knowledge of cooking and house-keeping generally will come naturally to them when once they are established in their own homes; but these mothers little

think what trouble and unhappiness may result from such a lack of knowledge. The old saw about the way to a man's heart being through his stomach is a true one. Every man who possesses domestic tastes (and they nearly all do), likes to have the domestic machinery run smoothly; and if the young wife has a knowledge of plain cooking, and possesses that convenient and estimable quality which we New Englanders call faculty, no serious clouds will darken the domestic horizon.

The coming wife will perfect herself in all the small details of life which go to make up the grand whole. It is not absolutely necessary that she shall be an elaborate cake-maker—she can learn that gradually, as she must many other things in housekeeping—but she will understand the art of making good sweet bread, both white and graham; she will know just how to make light, wholesome muffins and corn-bread for breakfast; she will understand how to cook the potatoes, so they shall be white and mealy instead of wet and soggy; she will broil the steak so that it shall be tender and juicy; she will fry delicious breaded cutlets, so that her husband shall hardly know they were cut from the infant bovine who once gambled in his native meadows. At the same time she is doing all this, she will be enabled, with the faculty before mentioned, to have the rich, clear coffee made, and the table neatly laid for breakfast, which should be the principal meal of the day. Of course she will the previous day make provision for cream enough for the morning coffee, so she will hand to her husband the clear amber fluid, gently enriched with the modicum of yellow cream, which will even make a poor cup of coffee palatable.

Of course the coming wife will have brains with which to engineer this complex domestic machinery. No woman can make a good loaf of bread or cake without giving it her mind as well as her strength. The reason so many of our servants fail as cooks is, they have not the intelligence required for the art. In a fifteen years' experience with servants we have never yet found one who could cook oatmeal and fry potatoes at the same time. One or the other must become a burnt sacrifice.

The coming wife will be sure to let system become a part of her life—not for a week or a month, but continuously. She will not make a slave of herself to system; but she will know that work systematized is work half done. Of course she will rejoice in a strong and robust constitution. A judicious mother has reared her in such a manner that aches and pains will be trials unknown. As a child she has romped and played in the open air. She has communed with nature in all her moods, perhaps to the extent of soiled hands and clothing; but she has also stored up treasures of health and sown seeds of strength which shall bear an abundant harvest in the future. Her clothing has always been suitable; her ribs have never been contracted with tight corsets; her feet have never been deformed with boots either too tight or too loose. She has been taught the use and purpose of every physical function, and she enters her new life ignorant of nothing that she ought to know. She is firm, self-reliant, and sensible. In short, she has never been coddled. She has been taught that, after she enters womanhood, her life is in her own hands, to round into a "perfect woman nobly planned." She will know that this life is well worth the living. She will look on the home as the dear earthly type of a better home in heaven. She will know that the sins committed here must be answered for hereafter. She will not look on maternity as a curse, to be avoided if

possible; but she will welcome the God-given little ones as her best and dearest jewels.

At the same time, in her happy, busy life, she will find time to read the papers and keep herself posted on the current topics of the day. Amid her manifold duties her nature will not grow selfish and contracted, her social duties will not be neglected, and she will even find time to visit the sick and afflicted, and her cheery presence will brighten many a dark hour like a ray of sunlight.

Her busy brain will ever be at work for the good of her husband and her children and her home and household will ever be the grand central light around which lesser flames will glow; for, after all, what mission in this world can supersede that of the old-fashioned wife and mother, who holds high her husband's honor, and loves her children and their welfare better than all outside honors the world can bestow!

She will be healthy, high-minded, and intelligent; and the children of such a mother cannot fail to fill their places in the world with honor and credit. So, from the coming wife will spring a race—grand, pure, and true—who will scorn every thing mean and vile. Of course the husband selected by this discriminating young woman will be perfectly adapted to her. They will be fully in sympathy in every thing that is wise and judicious, and the tact and good sense of both will enable them to avoid the shoals on which so many lives are stranded, so many homes sacrificed.

The coming wife, in her intercourse with those of her own sex, will be sure to converse of things, and not of people. Scandal and gossip will not be her daily bread. She will select her friends from among high-minded and intelligent women. Thus she will keep her body and mind healthy and her heart forever young. And a lovely old age will creep on almost imperceptibly, and she will be a comfort to her children and her children's children, and "they shall rise up and call her blessed." And when the summons shall come to go up higher, she will hear his voice say, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord."—*Good Housekeeping.*

YOUNG GIRLS IN THE STREET.

Sitting at my window in this quiet Vermont village my attention is attracted by the number of young girls passing and repassing often. I watch them go in and out of the post office and stores, or collect in groups at the crossings and their merry laughter rings out on the clear winter air. They often pause at my window for a merry word. It is a joy to see their fresh young faces. But when this is repeated every afternoon and evening, and even part of the Sabbath given to walking or riding for pleasure, how soon do these young misses form the habit of going from home for every recreation.

The subject of home training of girls has long been agitated, and many careful mothers teach their daughters to do part of the household work. This is well, but are they taught to find employment for their leisure hours at home? I think that the street, as dangerous as it is to the morals of the young, is not as dangerous as the habit formed of depending entirely on others for happiness. Be company for yourself. This may sound egotistical, but children may be trained to spend many happy hours alone.

I would not go to the other extreme, and debar our girls from all companions outside their homes, or never let them be seen on the street, but I insist that there is a golden mean in this matter, and because it is easier to let them go, many mothers thoughtlessly allow it, and soon

their girls are beyond their control in this matter.

I know a young miss who complains that it is so lonely to sit at home. If she paints, or practices music, and she is not lacking in these accomplishments, she must have some schoolmate with her. No long quiet afternoons with mamma in the pleasant sitting room. Now, certainly, the mother is very much to blame in this matter. Where are the quiet, home-loving wives and mothers of the next generation to come from.

If God has blessed you with fair young daughters, early teach them to find in their home the most happiness, and there, yourself, be companion, be helper, be every thing to them. I contend that the mother should live for her husband and children. This may be very old-fashioned, but it is the blessed old fashion of God himself. While the children are in the home nest they should have the first claim on her time and thoughts. All too soon our boys will be bearded men, and our dear little girls away making homes for others, and we sit with folded hands. Plenty of time then for nicely kept rooms, and the gay fancy work that used to tempt us, or the calls of society, but now is our time. Neglect, if need be, all these, but never for a moment neglect the boys and girls. GUIDA.

THE MANUFACTURE OF HAIRPINS.

For years the English and French controlled the manufacture of hairpins, and it is only within the last twenty years that the goods have been produced in this country to any extent. The machinery used is of a delicate and intricate character, as the prices at which pins are sold necessitate the cheapest and most rapid process, which can only be procured by automatic machines.

The wire is made expressly for the purpose and put up in large coils, which are placed in a clamp, which carries it to the machine while straightening it; from there it runs into another machine, which cuts, bends, and by a delicate and instantaneous process sharpens the points. Running at full speed, these machines will turn out one hundred and twenty hairpins every minute. To economize it is necessary to keep them running night and day.

The difficult part of the work is the enameling, which is done by dipping in a preparation and baking in an oven. Here is where the most constant and careful attention is required, as the pin must be perfectly smooth and the enamel have a perfect polish. The slightest particles of dust cause imperfectness and roughness, which is objectionable.—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

—He who understands how to inform others gracefully and interestingly of what they knew beforehand, soonest acquires a reputation for cleverness.

—Keep your promise to the letter, be prompt and exact, and it will save you much trouble and care through life, and win you the respect and trust of your friends.

—The crowning fortune of a man is to be born to some pursuit which finds him in employment and happiness—whether it be to make baskets, or broadswords, or canals, or statues, or songs.

—Old men who growl at the vivacity and sportiveness of youth, might as well find fault with spring because it produces nothing but blossoms, or expect the fruit of autumn at the early season.

—No way has been found for making heroism easy, even for the scholar. Labor, iron labor, is for him. The world was created as an audience for him; the atoms of which it is made are opportunities.

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.

IN PRESS.

SHORT HINTS ON SOCIAL ETIQUET, compiled from the latest and best works on the subject, by Aunt Matilda. 54 pp. Printed on finest paper. Handsome Lithographed covers in six colors. Price 40 cents. I. L. CRAGIN & Co., publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.

We have advanced orders for a very large edition of this beautiful book, but have reserved the first edition to use as gifts among the thousands of good friends we have among THE HOUSEHOLD. Over ten years have elapsed since Aunt Matilda first wrote to you all through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD, of the merits of Dobbins' Electric Soap, and over a hundred and twenty issues of THE HOUSEHOLD have since that time each contained at least a column of bona-fide letters from ladies of your number, telling of the merits of this soap. Every letter has been unsolicited by us, and we have known nothing of them until we read them in THE HOUSEHOLD. This kind acknowledgment on your part, through all these years, has cheered and encouraged us, and we feel that we ought to make some return. We have retained from sale copies of "Short Hints," sufficient to give one to each subscriber of THE HOUSEHOLD, and will send postage paid and free of charge, one to each lady sending us her full address, together with fifteen complete outside wrappers of Dobbins' Electric soap, and the declaration that she is a subscriber to THE HOUSEHOLD. To all others the price of the book is 40 cents, which may be sent us in postage stamps.

I. L. CRAGIN & Co.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I received one sample of Dobbins' Electric Soap, and did a larger washing with less work and trouble than with any other soap I have used yet. I shall never be without it any more. Respectfully, MRS. KATE OTT.

Alma, Wis.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap for the past nine months, and think it superior to any soap I have ever used. I would not be without it if it was possible to get it.

MRS. W. J. WALLACE.

17 Chestnut St., Hartford, Conn.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Twelve years ago, the 9th of August, 1875, I wrote for a sample bar of Dobbins' Electric Soap, having read so much of its merits in THE HOUSEHOLD. I have used it ever since, and have influenced many in our town to use it. I have never seen any soap that I thought its equal and I would not be without it. I used to buy by the box, but now I have only my husband and myself I do not buy so much, but I always speak a good word for Dobbins. As for THE HOUSEHOLD, I have taken it continually for twelve years or more, I hardly think I could keep house without it. With best wishes for your long life and prosperity. I am, yours truly,

MRS. S. H. CUMMINGS.

Haverhill, N. H.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I received a sample bar of Dobbins' Electric Soap, and gave it a good trial, and am very much pleased with it. I have used a good many different kinds of soap, but I find that Dobbins Soap gives the best satisfaction of any I have ever used.

MRS. G. LAROCK.

Adams, N. Y.

PERSONALITIES.

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

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

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I should like to correspond with some one of THE HOUSEHOLD sisters who is living in San Diego, Cal.

Essex, Kan.

MRS. J. D. MOSHER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some sister please send pattern of doll body to fit a head measuring across the shoulders where it sets on the body four inches one way and six and one-half the other? I will return the favor in stamps, slips of house plants or fancy work of any kind.

MRS. W. L. SHERMAN.

Box 17, Roscoe, Dak.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some sister living west of Coast Range California, please write to me?

MRS. W. E. SUELL.

Northfield, Minn.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one having hardy bulbs to dispose of please write me? This is an extremely high altitude, and very cold, no warm weather before the last of May, consequently no shrubs or flowers but those blooming late would do well here. I can send in exchange a variety of cactus if desirable.

Flagstaff, Ariz.

MRS. F. B. JACOBS.

NO FALSEHOOD OVER A LODGE SEAL.

"ALMA, HARLAN CO., NEB., March 15, '87. In November, 1886, I chanced to hear of your Compound Oxygen, and wrote you for your Brochure. I had spent hundreds of dollars and been swindled by men in all parts of our principal cities. A doctor in Milwaukee, Wis., after getting a description of my disease, informed me my case was not a curable one, and he did not wish to swindle me. Upon receiving your Brochure, I went to the trouble to write to some of the most prominent men in the United States, whose testimonials were published in it. In every case they wrote me they believed Compound Oxygen administered by Drs. Starkey & Palen had saved their lives. Not yet satisfied, I wrote to a Lodge of one of the most prominent secret orders in the world, in Philadelphia, making inquiries. They appointed a committee to investigate. That committee reported that Drs. Starkey & Palen were among the most respectable and prominent business and professional men in the city, and that they had consulted quite a number of their patients in the city, every one of whom declared they owed their lives to Drs. Starkey & Palen, or rather to their Treatment of Compound Oxygen. That settled my mind. I knew brothers would not tell a falsehood under, or rather over, a Lodge seal.

I immediately ordered a treatment, and commenced inhaling on January 6, 1887. My wife, one of the most devoted of women, who had taken care of me, lifted me, turned me in bed, dressed me and undressed me for ten years, and many of my friends, made light of the Treatment, and I confess it looked to me simplicity doubly refined. But in ten days such was the change in me I could sleep all night, get up in the morning refreshed, eat breakfast, something I had not done in ten years. I was afflicted with chronic catarrh, diabetes, and lower extremities paralyzed from exposure in the army.

ALMA, NEB., April 6, 1887.

I do think I am justified in boasting what the Compound Oxygen has done for me and my daughter. I am not cured, but I am improving; catarrh is cured, diabetes helped, and nervousness improving. I have nothing more to report ex-

cept improvement going on slowly. I do not expect to get well in less than one year; it is three months to-day since I commenced. My heretofore family physician is going to use the Compound Oxygen in his practice. He tells me that if it will cure such a case of catarrh as he treated in my little daughter for two years without success, there is certainly virtue in it. The success with me has opened many persons' opinions to its sure success. I have forgotten to state that my bowels have become regular. Doctors, I firmly believe that I am going to assume something of my old-time feeling and strength. I have not lost a good night's sleep in two months, something I had not had before in six years. What would you or any person value that alone worth? Every one accosts me with, 'How well you are looking? What have you been taking? Have you found a remedy of relief? You look better than for years!' Of course Compound Oxygen then gets a eulogy.

(HON.) H. C. GRIFFITH."

"Compound Oxygen—Its Mode of Action and Results," is the title of a new brochure of two hundred pages, published by Drs. Starkey & Palen, which gives to all inquirers full information as to this remarkable curative agent, and a record of several hundred surprising cures in a wide range of chronic cases—many of them after being abandoned to die by other physicians, will be mailed free to any address on application. Read the brochure, or call and see us.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN

No. 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Skirt supporting (and Bustle when standing) by means of garter, is a most helpful invention. Chicago's eminent physicians take pains to endorse it in full. Descriptive circular for which every lady should send. Automatic Supporter Bustle Co., 126 State St., Chicago, Ill. See advertisement also.

THAT TERRIBLE BABY KILLER.

Cholera Infantum, may by that fine auxiliary of Nature and preventive of infantile diseases, Lactated Food, be forestalled and shorn of danger. This Food is predigested, always palatable and furnishes 150 meals for an infant for \$1.00.

The same care in the selection of raw material, and the same attention to every matter of detail in the manufacture, that has made Burnett's Extracts known as superior to all others, has made the reputation of Revere Granulated Sugar, which is now admitted to be the best in the world.

—A little girl, accompanying her mother on a visit to an old lady, the latter showed the child her parrot in a cage by the window, warning her at the same time not to go too near, lest he should bite her. "Why should he bite me?" she asked. "Because, my dear, he doesn't know you." "Then, please tell him that I am not your little girl, but a visitor."

Don't drug yourself!

The nervous system is the seat of animal life, and its office is to furnish intelligence, sensation, and govern the functions of the body. If the person is born with natural inability of the nerves, all the medicine in existence cannot make them a constitution, or furnish health. If by mental and physical overwork, or dissipation, the healthy nervous system is weakened, we are sick because they are unable to keep the functions going. In such a case, how much do you gain by forcing a function with an irritating drug? The reaction leaves its nerves weaker than before. This accounts for the thousands of nervous women in existence. The Moxie Nerve Food has proved 100,000 times that it can restore such cases without harm. Druggists have it. It is as cheap as it is harmless. It was a good, shrewd, business man that put that on the market at a low price.

—After Tommy had devoured about seventeen cakes he applied for more. "Mamma, gimme another cake." "No, my child, you have had enough." "But I can't drink my tea dry, can I?"

Balm odors from Spice Islands,
Wafted by the tropic breeze;
SOZODONT in healthful fragrance
Cannot be surpassed by these.
Teeth it whitens, purifies;
You will use it if you're wise.

One Great Merit

of that Beautifier of the teeth, SOZODONT is that its effect upon the mouth is refreshing, while as a means of cleansing the teeth, and improving the breath, it stands alone.

—A flow of words is no proof of wisdom.

JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE is acknowledged to be the best preparation in use for laundry purposes. It enables the washer to cleanse the clothes without wearing them out with rubbing or pounding.

"Hotels and Private Families marking their linen with Payson's Indelible Ink are using the best."—Tribune.

Horsford's

ACID PHOSPHATE,

-LIQUID-

A preparation of the phosphates that is readily assimilated by the system.

Especially recommended for Dyspepsia, Mental and Physical Exhaustion, Indigestion, Headache, Nervousness, Wakefulness, Impaired Vitality, etc.

Prescribed and endorsed by Physicians of all schools. It combines well with such stimulants as are necessary to take. It makes a delicious drink with water and sugar only. For sale by all druggists. Pamphlet free.

Rumford Chemical Works, - Providence, R. I.

Beware of Imitations.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE
NEW, RICH
BLOOD.

These pills were a wonderful discovery. No others like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of disease. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of a box of pills. Find out about them and you will always be thankful. One pill a dose. Illustrated pamphlet free. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Dr. J. S. Johnson & Co., 22 C.H. St., Boston.

THE DOG'S INSTINCT FOR GUARDING PROPERTY.

This is a purely artificial instinct, created by man expressly for his own purposes; and it is now so strongly ingrained in the intelligence of the dog that it is unusual to find any individual animal in which it is wholly absent. Thus, we all know that without any training a dog will allow a stranger to pass by his master's gate without molestation; but that as soon as the stranger passes within the gate, and so trespasses upon what the dog knows to be his master's territory, the animal immediately begins to bark in order to give his master notice of the invasion.

And this leads me to observe that barking is itself an artificial instinct, developed, I believe, as an offshoot from the more general instinct of guarding property. None of the wild species of dog are known to bark, and therefore we must conclude that barking is an artificial instinct, acquired for the purpose of notifying to his master the presence of thieves or enemies.

I may further observe that this instinct of guarding property extends to the formation of an instinctive idea on the part of the animal of itself constituting part of that property. If, for instance, a friend gives you temporary charge of his dog, even although the dog may never have seen you before, observing that you are his master's friend and that his master intends you to take charge of him, he immediately transfers his allegiance from his master to you, as to a deputed owner, and will then follow you through any number of crowded streets with the utmost confidence.

Thus, whether we look to the negative or to the positive influences of domestication upon the psychology of the dog, we must conclude that a change has been wrought, so profound that the whole mental constitution of the animal now presents a more express reference to the needs of another and his enslaving animal than it does to his own. Indeed, we may say that there is no one feature in the whole psychology of the dog which has been left unaltered by the influence of man, excepting only those instincts which, being neither useful nor harmful to man, have never been subject to his operation—such, for instance, as the instinct of burying food, turning round to make a bed before lying down, etc.—*Dr. Romanes in the Nineteenth Century.*

A PHILOSOPHICAL ANSWER.

The value of services rendered by skilled workmen should not be calculated by the time it takes to perform the task. Allowance should be made for the weeks and months spent by thorough workmen in learning how to do their work well. This knowledge has its money value.

While Judge Tracy was on the circuit, going from court his trace broke. The judge spent a half hour trying to mend it, but to no purpose. His patience was exhausted, and he expressed his vexation in words. A negro came along, and the judge told him of his trouble.

The negro let out the trace, and cut a hole in it, and the job was done.

"Why," said the judge, "could I not have thought of that?"

"Well, marster," said the negro, "don't you know some folks is naturally smarter than t'others?"

"That's so," said the judge. "What shall I pay you for fixing my trace?"

"Well, marster, fifty cents will do," said the negro.

"Fifty cents!" said the judge. "You were not five minutes at it."

"I do not charge you fifty cents for doing it," said the negro. "I charge you twenty-five cents for doing it and twenty-five cents for knowing how to do it."

WHAT IS IT?

A PESTILENCE THAT WALKS IN DARKNESS
—A DESTRUCTION THAT WASTES AT NOONDAY.

We have published in our columns from time to time different advertisements in regard to Bright's Disease and its cures.

What is this terrible disease? We have taken the trouble to make an investigation from the best sources and we give the results to our readers.

What astonishes us is the general indifference given to kidney disorders. The kidneys do not sound the alarm of their diseased condition, owing to the fact that they have very few nerves, hence few suspect that there is any disease in them. Irritation, inflammation, ulceration set in, and then the little tubes, of which the kidneys are full, are destroyed and thrown off, and from this fact are called tube casts.

As soon as this begins to take place, it is only a question of how fast decomposition goes on before the disease results fatally. If the proper remedies are taken before final decomposition or waste of these tubes commences or becomes too far advanced, that is the only and last chance for relief. It is at this point or before that Warner's safe cure proves so beneficial, and may cure or stop the wasting away of the kidneys if it has not advanced too far.

The most remarkable thing of all our investigation is the fact that the patient with Bright's disease has no exclusive symptoms, but has the symptoms of every common disease.

First he may possibly feel a dull pain in his back, generally upon one side, which does not debar him from his usual business routine. After a time he may begin to feel neuralgic pains, or have a slight attack of what he may call rheumatism, or headache, with high or dark colored urine, with an unpleasant sensation in its passage, and after standing showing an unnatural condition. Later on, come tired feelings, loss of ambition or vigor, or loss of or failing eyesight, which is very common, with a distressed condition of the stomach. Any one of these symptoms is liable to occur.

This no doubt accounts for the proprietors of Warner's safe cure curing so many diseases. By regulating and building up the kidneys, symptoms of general ill-health disappear. They justly accuse the medical profession of treating the effects and not the cause. Finally if this disorder is neglected the patient either dies of apoplexy, pneumonia, heart disease, blood poison, consumption, or any other disease that the system is most subject to.

It appears that Gen. Logan realized his condition, and "was well aware that his disease was of the kidneys, and expressed himself in indignant terms at the folly of the doctors in treating him for rheumatism when it was the kidneys that caused his attacks."

We have no doubt that very many people in this country have the same trouble as the General, but little importance is attached to this malady by the medical profession because of their inability to cope with it, either in its first appearance or advanced condition.

There appears to be some one cause for nearly every other ailment of the human system, but up to the present time no one has been able to fully account for this terrible malady. We understand that the people of Germany have become aware of its fearful fatality, and have offered 400,000 marks (\$100,000) to any one that can satisfactorily explain the cause.

—An opportunity is like a pin in the sweepings; you catch sight of it just as it flies away and gets buried again.

THE FAMOUS CUSTOM-MADE PLYMOUTH ROCK \$3 PANTS

(Full Suits and Overcoats.)



1. This Company is now doing the largest custom-made clothing business in the United States.
2. We have now upon our books over 10,000 customers, whom we have supplied direct saving

THREE FACTS

them the enormous profit and expensive rents of the jobber and retailer.

3. We never permit anyone to be sorry he dealt with us, for we always have and always will refund

MONEY FOR ANY CAUSE, even the buyer's fault. Act now, and begin to save ONE-HALF the cost of clothing for the rest of your life; and if you have always worn ready-made, begin now to know the LUXURY of CUSTOM-MADE clothing. Do one of two things:—

(1.) Send 6 cents for package of samples and self-measurement blanks. MENTION THIS PAPER, and we will send a GOOD LUXURY TAFE-MEASURE FREE.
(2.) Or, if you cannot wait for samples, tell us about what color you like, give us your WAIST, HIP, and INSIDE LEG measures, together with 33 and 35 cents for postage (or prepaid express) and packing, and we will GUARANTEE to please or refund your money.

To those who do not already know our reputation, the American Express Co., (capital \$20,000,000) will cheerfully write, in answer to any inquiries sent to their Boston office.

PLYMOUTH ROCK PANTS CO.,
18 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

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Have you got **WALLS' ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE**?

And Special Wholesale Price List of SILK, FELT and LINEN STAMPED GOODS, FANCY WORK MATERIALS, STAMPING OUTFITS, BRIGGS' TRANSFER PATTERNS, FANCY WORK BOOKS, etc. Price 10 Cents. It is *Finely Illustrated*, contains lots of New Goods, and prices are lower than ever.

Special Offer!—We will send this Catalogue FREE to any address for One 2-Cent Stamp.

CRAZY Patchwork!

25 SKELINS Imported Embroidery Silk, assorted colors, for 15c. 25 Skelins Imported Floss, assorted colors, for 17c. 25 Skelins Shaded Embroidery Silk, assorted colors, for 20c. A package of Florence Waste Embroidery Silk, assorted colors, for 25c. A package of Plush and Velvet Pieces for Crazy Patchwork for 30c. A package of Ribbon Remnants for 30c. A package of Satin and Silk Pieces, assorted colors, with Sprays of Flowers and Outline Designs stamped on them, for 40c.

Address J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass.

WASTE EMBROIDERY SILK.

Factory Ends at half price; one ounce in a box—all good silk and good colors. Sent by mail on receipt of 40 cents. 100 Crazy Stitches in each package. Latest and best book on Art Needlework, only 10 cents. Send postal note or stamps to THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG SILK CO., 400 Broadway, N. Y., or 621 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

For the names and addresses of 10 ladies interested in Art Needlework, we will send one book free.

THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG SILK CO.

CLUB ORDERS

We have made a specialty since 1877 of giving as PREMIUMS to those who SET UP CLUBS or purchase TEA and COFFEE in large quantities, DINNER and TEA SETS, GOLD-BAND SETS, SILVER-WARE, &c. Teas of all kinds from 30 cents to 75 cents per pound. We do a very large Tea and Coffee business, besides sending out from 60 to 90 CLUB ORDERS each day. SILVER-PLATED CASTERS as Premiums, with \$5, \$7, and \$10 orders. WHITE TEA SETS with \$10 orders. DECORATED TEA SETS with \$11 orders. GOLD-BAND or MOSS-ROSE SETS of 44 pieces, or DINNER SETS of 118 pieces, with \$20 orders, and a HOST of other premiums. We carry the largest stock, and do the largest "CASH and CARRY" business in Boston. Send postal note (and mention this paper) for our large illustrated price and premium list, of 96 pages, containing also CASH PRICES for our premiums, at LESS than Wholesale Prices. As to our reliability, we are pleased to refer to the publishers of this paper.

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has won an established reputation as the best in the market, and gives complete satisfaction. Liberal terms to agents. Send for circulars. Price, Plain, \$1.00; Nickel Plated, \$1.50, by mail.

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S. T. Taylor's Illustrated Monthly Fashion Report appears about the Twentieth of every month, in advance. It contains a large number of wood-cuts, representing the Leading Styles in Ladies' Toilettes, Hats, Bonnets, etc., that are to be worn in Paris during the following months; besides this, an article on Fashions prepared for us with the greatest care by our agents in Paris; and many hints and information invaluable to the professional dress-maker, as well as to the private lady who appreciates elegance and correct style of dress.

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The Oldest and the Best. The efficacy of this justly celebrated preparation for invigorating, beautifying, and imparting a gloss and silken softness to the hair, is so widely known and acknowledged, that it has gained by its merits a reputation which is not for a day, but for all time.

POZZONI'S MEDICATED COMPLEXION POWDER.

Imparts a brilliant transparency to the skin. Removes all pimples, freckles and discolorations. For sale by all first-class druggists, or mailed for 50 cts. in stamps by J. A. POZZONI, St. Louis, Mo.

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Everywhere for the **ARNOLD AUTOMATIC STEAM COOKER** \$75 to \$150 per month easily made. This is a rare chance. Apply at once, WILMOT CASTLE & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

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FOR

SUMMER LEISURE

In the Cottage by the Sea—the Lake—the Mountain—restful hours pass much more pleasantly with a mixture of Music and Song.

TAKE WITH YOU THERE

The Good Old Songs we used to Sing Paper, \$1.00. Bds. \$1.25. 115 Songs, Full Piano accompaniment. Sing them in "The Bright, Rosy Morning," the "Stilly Night," "On the Ocean Wave," or by the "Ingle Side." Not a poor song in the book.

The best of piano music is found in the new **PIANO CLASSICS**, or of easier grades in **YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLASSICS**, each \$1. First-class songs will be seen in **SONG CLASSICS**, \$1, and in **SONG CLASSICS FOR LOW VOICES**, \$1.

Gems of Strauss \$2 and also **Gems of the Dance**, \$2, contain a large quantity of the most brilliant music extant.

War Songs 50 cts., and **College Songs**, 50 cts., should be on hand for "jolly music."

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The Game of the "STATES" is pronounced by competent judges, the most Popular, Instructive and Entertaining Game ever published. It is a favorite wherever it may be found; can be played by every member of the company; no one is left out—ALL can take part. It is a thorough method of learning the location of the Cities and Towns in the United States. It has received the highest commendation from thousands of School Teachers, Clergymen and others, all over the country. It is not a silly, senseless game, but very instructive and amusing. It should be in every family where there are children. Buy it and see how your children will improve in the study of Geography. It will more than repay you.

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It not for sale in your place, send direct to the publisher, and you will receive it by return of mail.

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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.

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Patients will receive advice and medicine for six weeks, by giving a clear description of symptoms, for \$3. All sent by mail.

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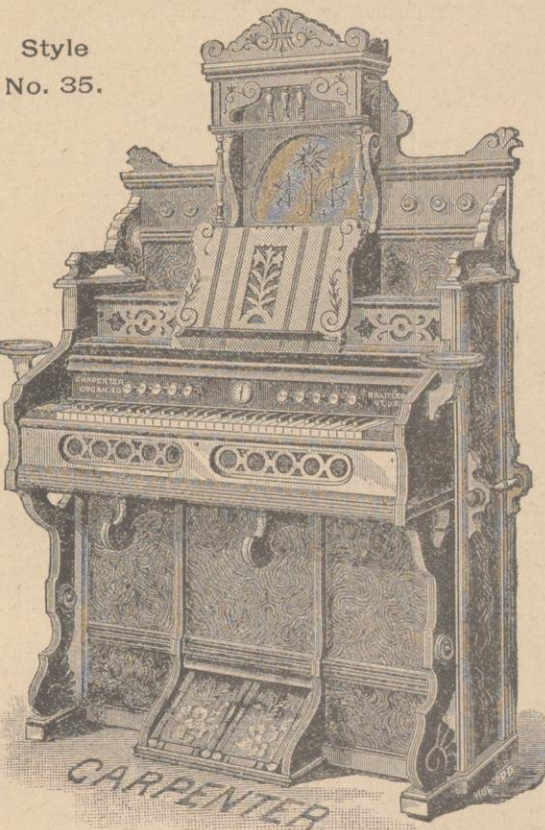
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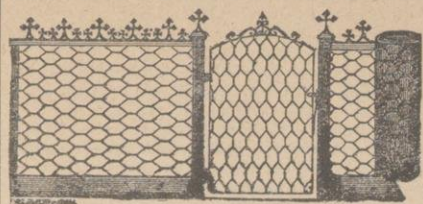
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We have discontinued the sale of the "Celebrated Carpenter Actions" to other organ manufacturers, and they can now be obtained only in ORGANS of our manufacture.

ADDRESSES WANTED.

We desire the address of every intending purchaser of an organ or piano, and will pay readers of this paper liberally for such service.

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We want a RELIABLE LOCAL AGENT in every village, township or county in the U. S., to whom liberal terms will be given and protection guaranteed.

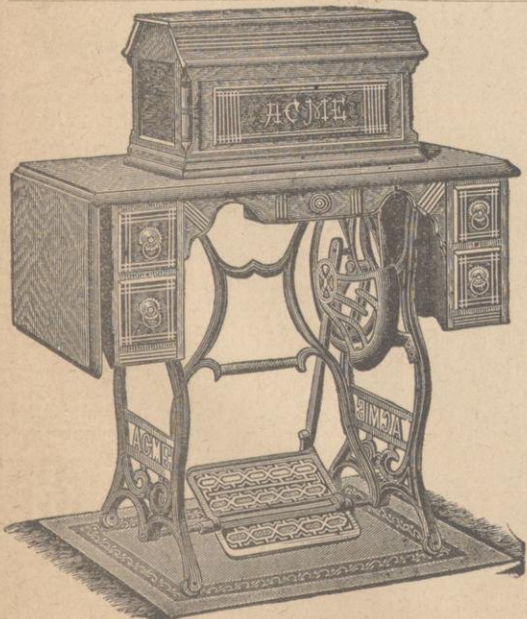
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Readers of THE HOUSEHOLD, do not buy a Sewing-Machine until you have first seen an Acme and you will thank us for the advice.

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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 money order, (either P. O. or express) or in a U. S. registered letter or by a cashier's 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.

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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 aiding us to give prompt and satisfactory attention 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.

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

A TRIAL TRIP.—In order to give every housekeeper in the land an opportunity of becoming acquainted with THE HOUSEHOLD we have decided to send it on trial THREE MONTHS—postage paid—FOR TEN CENTS, to any one not already a subscriber. This offer affords an excellent chance for the working ladies of America to

receive for three months a publication especially devoted to their interests, at a price which will barely pay us for postage and the trouble of mailing. We trust our friends who believe THE HOUSEHOLD is doing good, and who are willing to aid in extending its influence, will see to it that everybody is made acquainted with this offer. This trial trip will be especially an aid to our agents in affording each one an opportunity of putting THE HOUSEHOLD into every family in his county at a trifling cost, where it will be read and examined at leisure, which will be the very best means of swelling their lists of permanent subscribers. We make this offer for a few weeks only, so get on board while there is room.

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 1887. 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 anybody—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.

Send 2¢ Stamp for Four

Hoyt's German Cologne Book Marks.

RUBIFOAM
A DELICIOUSLY FRAGRANT AND HEALTHFUL LIQUID SUBSTITUTE FOR TOOTH POWDER

KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE, THE BREATH SWEET AND THE GUMS HEALTHY. CONTAINS NO GRIT, NO ACID NOR ANYTHING INJURIOUS.

DIRECTIONS: DIP THE BRUSH IN WATER, SPRINKLE ON A FEW DROPS OF RUBIFOAM AND APPLY IN THE USUAL MANNER.

PRICE 25¢ A BOTTLE PUT UP BY E. W. HOYT & CO. PROPRIETORS OF HOYT'S GERMAN COLOGNE. LOWELL, MASS.

QUAKER MILLS

TRADE MARK.

ROLLED WHITE OATS

A BREAKFAST DISH.

Quickly Cooked—Easily Digested, Delicious and Popular.

Sold by all Grocers.

Quaker Mill Co., Ravenna, Ohio.

Dr. Swett's Root Beer Packages

Not only makes a very agreeable drink, but is highly medicinal, acting mildly and beneficially on the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. Composed of Life of Man, Sarsaparilla, Wintergreen, Hops, Juniper, etc. I select from among many letters received: "It is the best medicine we have ever used. I can highly recommend it to any one in poor health. It has done my wife more good than anything she ever tried." A package to make 5 gallons, 25 cents, by mail 6 cents extra, 4 packages \$1.00, prepaid. Prepared at the N. E. Botanic Depot, 245 Washington St., Boston. Geo. W. Swett, M. D., Proprietor.



A PERFECT FOOD FOR INFANTS. THE MOTHER'S FAVORITE.

It has been successful in hundreds of cases where other prepared foods failed.

FOR INVALIDS AND DYSPEPTICS.
The Most Nourishing, Most Palatable, Most Economical, OF ALL PREPARED FOODS. EASILY AND QUICKLY PREPARED.

Send for circulars and pamphlets giving testimony of Physicians and Mothers, which will amply prove every statement we make.

For sale by Druggists. 25c., 50c., \$1.00. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

1887-BABIES-1887

To the mother of any baby born this year we will send on application a Cabinet Photo. of the "Sweetest, fattest, healthiest baby in the country." It is a beautiful picture, and will do any mother's heart good. It shows the good effects of using Lactated Food as a substitute for mother's milk. Much valuable information for the mother given. Give date of birth. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

BABY'S WARDROBE
Complete. The most stylish, perfect fitting garments to be had. Infant's Outfit, 15 patterns, 40c. First short clothes, 15 patterns, 40c., with directions. One garment free with each set. New England Pattern Co., 2, Rutland, Vt.

DUTCH FLOWERING BULBS

Produce Sweet Scented Flowers blooming winter and spring.

WIRE & WOODEN PLANT STANDS,
\$1.50 to \$4.50 each.

Ask for SPECIAL FANCY POT AND BRACKET CATALOGUE. FANCY FLOWER POTS AND BRACKETS.

POULTRY SUPPLIES.

Beautiful Illustrated Catalogue sent free on application. Old Reliable Seed Store, PARKER & WOOD, 49 N. Market St., Boston, Mass.

YOU HAVE DOUBTLESS TRIED WILBUR'S COCOA-THETA

THEY WHY NOT TRY WILBUR'S BAKING CHOCOLATE, CARACAS CHOCOLATE, BREAKFAST COCOA, and other preparations.

THE STANDARD FOR PURITY. G. W. WILBUR & SONS, Chocolate Manufacturers, Philadelphia.

PARKER'S '88 STAMPING OUTFIT

With it you can stamp more than 1000 PATTERNS.

This outfit contains book teaching every known method of stamping, price 25 cents; Box Best Powder and Pad, 15 cts.; Materials for Indelible Stamping on Plush, Felt, etc., 15 cts.; Materials and Instruction for Parker's New Method (copyrighted), No Paint, No Powder, No Daub, 50 cents;

PARKER'S LAST INVENTION.

A SET OF DESIGNING PATTERNS.—With this set any one can design thousands of beautiful pieces for Embroidery, Tinsel Work, Painting, etc. No experience needed—a child can do it. An Illustrated Book shows how to make patterns to fill any space; all the flowers used in embroidery represented. Every one who does stamping wants a set, which can be had only with this outfit. This outfit also contains TWO HUNDRED or more Stamping Patterns ready for use. The following being only a partial list:—Splasher Design, 22 in., 50 cents;

COUPON FOR ONE DOLLAR.

In addition to all these and many other patterns we enclose a Coupon good for \$1 worth of patterns of your own selection chosen from our catalogue. The Great Value of this Outfit is in Good Useful Patterns.

THE MODERN PRISCILLA.

Monthly, 50 cts. per year. Descriptions of new fancy work appear every month; all directions for knitting or crocheting carefully collected.

Miss Eva M. Niles says: "I think your paper a little gem." Get up a Club. Great Inducements! Send stamp for premium list. Club rate is now 25 cts. a year, or 5 for \$1. Get 4 subscribers and have your own free. Address Priscilla Pub. Co., Lynn, Mass.

CEREALINE FLAKES.

The Food of Foods.

"CEREALINE Flakes" is the most digestible and nutritious of all cereal foods. It is unequaled for Muffins, Porridge, Griddle-cakes, Puddings, Waffles, Soups and Desserts of all kinds. When once introduced it is as absolute a necessity in every well-ordered household as are pepper and salt.

CEREALINE MFG CO., COLUMBUS, IND.

KIDDER'S DIGESTYLIN

—FOR—
Indigestion and Dyspepsia.

A CERTAIN REMEDY FOR
Indigestion, Acute and Chronic Dyspepsia, Chronic and Gastro-Intestinal Catarrh, Vomiting in Pregnancy, Cholera Infantum, and in Convalescence from Acute Diseases.

Over 5,000 Physicians have sent to us the most flattering opinions upon Digestylin as a remedy for all diseases arising from improper digestion.

It is not a secret remedy, but a scientific preparation, the formula of which is plainly printed on each bottle. Its great DIGESTIVE POWER is created by a careful and proper treatment of the ferments in manufacture. It is very agreeable to the taste, and acceptable to the most delicate stomach.

It will positively CURE CHOLERA INFANTUM, Summer Complaints, and CHRONIC DIARRHŒA, all of which are direct results of imperfect Digestion. Give your children Digestylin. One bottle may save a life. Not one case of death reported for the past year from above diseases where the patient had taken Digestylin. Ask your Druggist for it. Price, \$1.00. Large bottles. If he does not keep it, send one dollar to us and we will send you a bottle. Express prepaid.

WM. F. KIDDER & CO., Manufacturing Chemists, 83 John Street, N. Y.

STAMPING OUTFIT

Exceeds in value all other outfits, \$1.00.

Sent anywhere by mail, prepaid.

New 1888 Catalogue (showing all the new stamping patterns), 10 cents; and Illustrated Wholesale Price List of Embroidery Materials, Infant's Wardrobes, Corsets, Jewelry, and everything ladies need.

SAVE MONEY BY BUYING AT WHOLESALE.

Roses, 12 in., and Daisies, 12 in., for scarf or ties, 25 cents each; Wide Tinsel Design, 12 in., 25 cents; Strips of Scallop for Flannels, wide and narrow, 30 cts.; Braiding Patterns 10 cents; Splashes, Splashes! "Good Night," and "Good Morning," for pillow shams, two fine outline designs for ties, 6x8, 50 cts.; Tray Cloth Set, 50 cts.; Teapot, Sugar, Cream, Cup and Saucer, etc.; Pond Lilies, 9x12, 25 cts.; 2 Alphabets, \$1.00; 2 Sets Numbers, 30 cts.; Patterns of Golden Rod, Sumac, Daisies, Roses, &c., Tinsel and Outline Patterns, Disks, Crescents, &c.

THE MODERN PRISCILLA.

The Modern Priscilla (the only practical fancy work journal in America), by arrangement with the publishers, will also be sent free for one year.

T. E. PARKER, LYNN MASS.

SAVE MONEY.
Embroidery Material, Infant's Goods, Kid Gloves, Corsets, Laces, Ruchings, etc., at WHOLESALE PRICES. Sent anywhere by mail. POSTAGE ALWAYS PREPAID.

25 Skeins Embroidery Silk, 11 cents. Box of Waste Embroidery Silk, worth 40 cents, for only 21 cents. Felt Ties, all stamped, 10 cents. Linen Splashes, all stamped, 18 cts. Felt Table Scarfs, 18x50, all stamped, 48 cents. Ball Tinsel, 8 cents.

T. E. PARKER, LYNN, MASS.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Monthly Circulation, 70,000 Copies.
ADVERTISING RATES.

Unobjectionable advertisements only will be inserted in THE HOUSEHOLD at 75 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion—14 lines making one inch. By the year \$7.50 per line.

The following are the rates for one-half inch or more:

	1 in.	2 in.	3 in.	4 in.	5 in.	6 in.	1 yr.
Half inch,	\$4.50	\$8.00	\$12.00	\$15.50	\$20.00	\$24.00	\$45.00
One "	8.00	15.50	22.00	30.00	43.00	56.00	80.00
Two "	15.50	30.00	43.00	56.00	80.00	105.00	150.00
Three "	23.00	43.00	62.50	80.00	120.00	150.00	225.00
Four "	30.00	56.00	80.00	105.00	150.00	200.00	300.00
Six "	43.00	80.00	120.00	150.00	225.00	275.00	425.00
Nine "	62.50	120.00	175.00	225.00	320.00	375.00	625.00
One column,	80.00	150.00	225.00	300.00	425.00	500.00	800.00

Less than one-half inch at line rates.
Special positions twenty-five per cent. additional.
Reading notices \$1.00 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 1887, 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.

CLEVELAND'S SUPERIOR Baking Powder

Contains only purest grape cream of tartar bicarbonate of soda, and a little wheat flour, the latter to preserve the strength of the powder—nothing else whatever.

What other manufacturers impart to the public a knowledge of ALL the ingredients that enter into their baking powder?

Consumers have a right to know what they are using as food. In these times of extensive adulteration the public should demand this information, and in all cases where not given should refuse to purchase the baking powder.

Cleveland Brothers,
Albany, N. Y.

THE BAY STATE PANTS CO. CUSTOM MADE PANTS \$3.
Vests to Match, \$2.25
AND
FULL SUITS AT POPULAR PRICES.

Where do you order your pants? Order of the BAY STATE PANTS CO., Boston, at \$2.00 a pair, Custom Made. Try them by sending 6 cents for samples, rules for measurement and other particulars, showing how this is done.

BAY STATE PANTS CO., 30 Hawley St., Boston, Mass.

BABY'S WARDROBE. Complete, stylish, perfect-fitting garments. Infant's Outfit, 12 patterns, 50c. Short clothes, 12 patterns, 50c., with directions. One ready-made garment free with each set. COMBINATION PATTERN CO., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

500 Scrap Pictures, Games, &c., and Sample Book of Cards only 2c. Star Card Co., Station 15, Ohio.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall-st., N. Y.

DON'T

Allow your Clothing, Paint, or Woodwork, washed in the old rubbing, twisting, wrecking way. Join that large army of sensible, economical people, who from experience have learned that James Pyle's Pearline, used as directed on each package, saves time, labor, rubbing, wear and tear.

Your Clothes are worn out more by washing than wearing. It is to your advantage to try Pearline.

JAMES PYLE, New York.
Sold Everywhere.

BARRETT'S DYE HOUSE.

Established in 1804.

Dyeing and French Cleansing in all their branches.

52 Temple Place,
BOSTON, MASS.
SEND FOR PRICE LIST.

10% Safe Investment. 10% MASS. REAL ESTATE CO.

Par Value of Shares, \$100
Selling until Oct. 15th for 105.

Company owns half a million dollars worth of first class business property earning over 10 per cent. on money invested and accumulating a large surplus. It is under the management of men of great experience in Real Estate. For full particulars address GEO. LEONARD, Agent, 246 Washington St., Room 3, Boston.

LADIES! ATTENTION

Tea Sets, etc., given away to ladies who act as agents for us. Send for Premium List and full particulars. ATLANTIC TEA CO., Fitchburg, Mass.

18K. This 18K. Rolled Gold plate Ring and 16p Sample Card Album, only 17c. W. C. GRISWOLD, Centerbrook, Ct.

WATCH FREE! If you want one send your address with 2-cent stamp to J. R. SLOANE & CO., Hartford, Conn.



'Twere Well Done, were it Done Quickly.

Every reader of these advertisements means to try Ivory Soap, but neglects to buy same. So we suggest you telephone your grocer now to send you a cake. One cake will do to start with.

A WORD OF WARNING.

There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory'"; they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

Copyright, 1886, by Procter & Gamble

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.



"BUSTLE IS NOT INDUSTRY."

There is a right way and a wrong way to clean house. This picture shows the wrong way. Do you wish to know the right way? Buy a cake of SAPOLIO and try it in your next house-cleaning and you will appreciate the difference so much that you will never be without it again.

LEPAGE'S
THE ONLY GENUINE
LIQUID GLUE
UNEQUALLED for CEMENTING
wood, glass, china, paper, leather, &c. Always ready for use. Pronounced strongest glue known.
(IS MADE BY THE) AWARDED TWO GOLD MEDALS.
Russia Cement Co., Gloucester, Mass.
Sample 2c stamp

AGENTS wanted, \$1 an hour, 50 new articles. Catalogue free. C. E. Marshall, Lockport, N. Y.

PIES DON'T RUN OUT if Knowlton's PLATE RIM is used. Send for circular. G. K. KNOWLTON, Hamilton, Mass.



"BE PATIENT and you will have patient children." Don't fret about your house-cleaning; do it sensibly with

SAPOLIO.

Married life is made up of many trials and troubles, not the least of which is how to keep your house clean and neat. SAPOLIO is a boon to women. With it she can clean her house in half the time and with half the trouble. Time, trouble and money can be saved by using SAPOLIO. Teach your children how to use it, too. If you don't, you will neglect their education. If you do, they will bless you when they become wives for having taught them the use of SAPOLIO.

COMMON-SENSE HINTS ON HEALTH

And exercise for both sexes. Price 10c. For sale by all newsdealers or sent by mail on receipt of price. JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO., 147 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

CARDS FREE Nicest styles you ever saw. Book of Samples free to all. Send your address and 2 stamps for mail. Big pay for club agents. HOLLEY CARD CO., MERIDEN, CONN. 15 new style Gold Leaf Cards, name on 10c.

20 NEW STYLE Hidden Name Cards, 10 cts. **100** Popular Songs and latest sample cards given free with every order. ROYAL CARD CO., Northford, Ct.