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# THE HOUSEHOLD

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 20.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., NOVEMBER, 1887.

No. 11.

## THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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## The Veranda.

NOVEMBER.

And now, when comes the calm midday, as still such days will come,  
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;  
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,  
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,  
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,  
And sights to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

—Wm. Cullen Bryant.

### OUR FARMERS.

FOREIGNERS are usually surprised at the apparently inferior social estimation in which the farmers of this country permit themselves to be held. In all other countries they are acknowledged to form the backbone of every nation, as they really do of this; exercise a potent influence over public opinion, and are considered worthy of the utmost respect. But here every shop-keeper and counter jumper is held to be superior to a farmer. There are of course exceptions, but as a rule this is the case. There must be something radically wrong in the social organization of this country, when the unmanly occupation of measuring five cents' worth of tape over a shop counter is supposed to be more respectable, than the manly one of working out the products of the soil. From this false notion of respectability comes the tendency of so many of the children of farmers to leave the farms and seek a precarious livelihood in the over-crowded cities.

At the very least, farmers, as a class ought to rank as well as any other class in any community, and it is generally their own fault, when they do not; for there is really more intelligence required to farm thoroughly, and successfully, than to run a shop; and of the two avocations farming is usually the more respectable, and more honest.

The fact that the cultivators of the soil are the primary producers of the foundation of the whole wealth of the country is enough of itself to place them in a most respectable position. For it must never be lost sight of that the entire commerce, and trade of the world is carried on by means of the surpluses that farmers spare for market over and above what they need for home consumption. In the first settlement of new countries nearly all men are farmers, and it is not until these have produced a surplus of the necessities of life that manu-

facturers and tradesmen come in, and carry on their avocations based on this surplus. While farmers can support their families almost solely on the products of the land, as they do in newly settled countries; other persons cannot live except upon the surplus products of farms. It is evident therefore that if the farmers made no surplus products for market every other individual of the population would be compelled to cultivate the soil also, and in such a case there would be neither buyers nor sellers. We must not be misunderstood as underrating the importance of manufacturers and shop-keepers to the country, but wish only to show that their prosperity is dependent primarily upon the surplus crops that farmers are able to sell; for this reason the prosperity of the country year by year is measured by the out-turn of the staple crops.

When manufacturers and tradesmen in the country are operating with large masses of capital, the accumulation of many years, they lose sight altogether of the original source of their wealth. And where no right of primogeniture exists to concentrate the land in the oldest males of families, mercantile classes will appear to be much richer, and assume a superiority. Their riches, however, are only apparent; for in every country the greater portion of wealth must ever be in the forms of land and buildings. Much of the capital yielded by tradesmen is fictitious, being predicated largely on credit; and a considerable share of their solid capital is borrowed from owners of real property. Let the land of the country be subdivided into as small farms as may be—as notably the case in France—the same aggregate value of real property remains; and while each individual farmer may not be considered of as much importance, as if he owned a great estate, yet collectively the class are entitled to the credit of producing the foundation of all the wealth of the country.

When a farmer has a son that he considers clever he is very apt to bestow upon him a better education than he would do otherwise, with a view to settle him with some tradesman, or lawyer in a town, with the great odds against him of his ever earning a decent livelihood under the competition to which he is exposed. This is acknowledging that it requires more cleverness to make a tradesman or professional man, than a farmer; and is tacitly accepting for himself an inferior position as a farmer. There is no business or profession that requires more cleverness to execute profitably than farming; and there is no class of citizens whose education is so much neglected as the farmers. It is too generally considered that to know how to plow, cultivate and harvest, and to sell, are all the qualities required in a farmer. These are essential requisites, but by no means all that are needed to make a farm profitable, and to elevate the farmer to the position that he should occupy. Our farmers do not study their business, or read enough.

The country is full of very cheap literature of more or less merit, bearing directly upon agriculture, and no farmer can succeed at his work or become an influential person in his social or political surroundings who does not inform himself of the investigation, discoveries, and experiences of other farmers, made known in agricultural papers. A. P. F.

### HARNESS WASH.

Take neat's-foot oil and ivory or patent black—the latter well pulverized or to be made so before using. Mix thoroughly, adding the black until the oil is well colored, or quite black. In cool weather the oil should be warmed somewhat before mixing. With a sponge apply a light coat of the mixture, only what the leather will readily absorb, until the harness is dry, which will be in from two hours to a half or a whole day, depending upon the weather and previous condition of the leather; wash thoroughly with soapsuds. In making the suds, use good Castile soap and cold rain water (warm water should never be used on harness leather.) Apply the sponge. Rub off with buckskin. This will give the harness a nice glossy surface, and the leather will retain a good color and continue pliable for months. If it becomes soiled with mud or sweat, an application of soap and water as above directed (without oiling,) will be sufficient to give it a bright appearance.

Two applications of this oil and black mixture a year (or once every six months) will be sufficient to keep a harness, as ordinarily used, in good order. It may be necessary for livery men and others who use harnesses constantly to apply oil often, but in most cases two oilings a year, and washing with suds when soiled, will keep a harness in good trim for sight and service. This process will give a large dividend in extra service and durability, to say nothing of improved appearance. We are assured that the same or a similar application is just the thing for carriage tops which are made of top leather. The only difference in treatment is that less oil should be used, or rather a lighter coating applied, and it should be washed off before drying in, top leather being thin and much more penetrable than harness. Of course, the mixture would not answer for enameled leather, of which some carriage tops are constructed.

### WORK FOR STORMY DAYS.

Every farmer should be provided with a good work-shop, warmed artificially, when necessary, and furnished with the most commonly used and useful tools. These should always be kept in good order, and edge-tools well sharpened and ready for use. They should be either hung up on or between pins or else placed on shelves every one in its place, marked in distinct letters on the wall. All shavings and litter should be constantly swept up, and the whole shop always in neat order.

In addition to the tools, boxes with compartments should be provided, each with its proper place for nails of different sizes, screws, screw-bolts, rivets, refuse materials of various kinds, while coils of different sizes of cord and twine, wire, and especially of copper wire, should hang on the wall. In one corner should be a cask of crude petroleum for impregnating wooden tools. A grindstone would be of frequent and valuable use. Measuring poles of different lengths, and properly graduated, should always be at hand, besides the pocket rule three inches long and opening to a foot, such as a yard stick, a rod six feet long, one ten feet, and one eleven feet. The latter may be easily used in measuring small lots, plots, or fields, three lengths making exactly two rods. In order to be as light as possible, it should be rather the thickest in the middle and tapering slightly toward the ends. For larger measurements the tape line may be conveniently used, either two or four rods long. Surveyors' chains are more accurate, but are not necessary for measuring common field crops.

Providing all these tools may constitute the work of stormy days.

A few hints are offered in using some of the materials mentioned. No oil penetrates wood so well as crude petroleum, none is so cheap, and none so effective as a preservative. It is especially valuable for baskets which occasionally become wet from their contents or by exposure to rain. Fill a tub with the oil and dip the baskets in it. Copper wire is more flexible than any annealed iron wire, and may be used for repairing any tools for which cord is commonly employed. Straps of sheet-copper, secured to wood with nails or screws, are useful for repairs.

All tools made of iron or steel should be clean and dry as soon as done with, and if thinly coated with oil or wax will not rust, and hoes and spades ground sharp will be worth twice as much for spring work as when left rusty, muddy and dull.—Country Gentleman.

—Slow milkers are a detriment. The best cow will soon deteriorate under the manipulation of a slow or lazy milker.

—Cows that have no bedding are often injured in the knees by getting up or down, especially if the floor be wet or slippery.

—Grass is the natural food of horses, and they should be provided with it as often as possible. If they are kept in the stable during the summer a liberal meal of grass should be cut for them frequently.

—Orchards should receive attention and when the work of pruning cannot be done later, because of the crops, do it now; and where a large limb is removed paint over the wound. Old apple trees that have become rough barked and unsightly may be scraped to advantage. This work had better be done after a rain.

## The Drawing Room.

### CARPETS.

CARPETS are of great antiquity. The mighty Babylon made carpets of a quality and design which gained for them great favor in Greece and Rome. The figures usually represented dragons and other monsters, the hideousness of the design by no means detracting from their popularity. At a very early period Carthage also was celebrated for its carpets.

The first carpets in Spain were carried there by the Moors. Even while leading roving lives they were great weavers, and produced good specimens of the art.

St. Anthlen, who died as early as 828, had rich carpets made under his direction for the choir of his church, in Auxerre, France. One hundred years later a manufactory was established at Saumur, where carpets were made, representing silver lions on a ground of red. In 1025 a manufactory for carpets existed at Poitiers, to which the prelates and others sent their orders. In the reign of Henry IV. a manufactory was established for carpets, in which the Turkey stitch was introduced, *point-de-Turque* and this was the commencement of the celebrated carpet manufactory known as Savonnerie.

In the Middle Ages, in England, carpets were a luxury indulged in only by the rich. We hear of Queen Elizabeth having a carpet in her presence chamber. In the reign of James, a carpet manufactory was established in England. Weavers were brought from France; but it was not until the edict of Nantes, which struck a fatal blow at the industries of that country, that this English venture was fairly established. Weavers flocked to England, and gave that country the benefit of their superior skill and experience.

Persia has always been celebrated for the beauty of the products of the loom. The most beautiful carpets come from Persia, in which country, as early as the 17th century, carpet weaving attained a high degree of excellence.

Carpets are manufactured in many parts of Persia, principally in Kerman, Kurdistan, Khorassan, and Feraghan. The carpets of each of these places has its own peculiarity, the finest being those of Kurdistan. The Kali, or pile carpet, is made there, also a carpet called "Do-ru," which is thin and alike on both sides. The Kurdistan carpets are exceedingly expensive, costing about \$15 or \$20 a yard, consequently, an entire carpet of this manufacture is rarely seen in Europe, even the wealthy contenting themselves with a small piece, placed in a particular part of the room.

The carpets of Feraghan are cheaper, being more loosely woven, and the pattern simpler; while those of Khorassan are superior in texture and the pattern more elaborate. The Kerman carpets rank next to those of Kurdistan; the patterns have men and animals sometimes introduced into them. The Turcomans, in their tents, make an excellent carpet, which is soft and of good colors.

The wonder of the Persian carpets is that they are made without machinery. The loom is a frame on which the warp is stretched, the woof being of short threads, woven in by the fingers alone; when this process has been completed, an instrument, resembling a comb, is inserted in the warp and pressed up, bringing the woof tightly together. The pile is made by clipping the thread. In Persia, carpets are mostly made by boys, who work under a master. They are assembled before a pattern, and taught how to adjust the colors; when the work is to be performed, the pattern is laid aside, memory serving as the sole guide.

Printed carpets are of recent invention. Mr. Richard Whytock, of England, con-

ceived the idea of printing upon the wool

threads of which carpets are woven the colors necessary to produce the design. These printed threads were so arranged in the loom as when woven to produce the figure on the carpet. Printing the pattern on carpets after they are woven was the invention of Mr. Joseph Burch, of England. These are called pile carpets. In printing carpets mordants are employed as in calico printing.

Indian carpets are greatly in favor, the least expensive being those of Mizapore. They are very durable, having great depth of pile, and the colors remarkably lasting. Very excellent carpets are made in various parts of the Presidency of Madras, which, being moderate in price, command a ready sale. Lahore produces carpets similar to those of Persia.

Turkey carpets, like those of India, are made by hand, each stitch carefully knotted. The colors are brighter than those of the Ind carpet, and in size they are six feet and upward.

There are various names given to carpets, such as Aubusson, Wilton, Axminster, Brussels, Tapestry Brussels, Ingrain or Kidderminster, and Venetian.

Brussels carpets were first made in England, at Wilton, and were introduced from Belgium. They are now mostly made in Kidderminster; also in Glasgow, Scotland. Real Brussels is made by weaving into a coarse hemp or linen body loops of woollen threads, there being about three threads in each loop.

These carpets are dyed in the wool, while Tapestry Brussels has the pattern stained in after weaving, and does not wear very well, although, when new, it presents a good appearance.

The Axminster carpet derives its name from the town of Axminster, England, where it was first made. The manufactory was removed at a later date to Wilton. The pile is short and thick, it being a very expensive carpet. What is known as the Templeton process produces patent Axminster carpets. They resemble the true knotted carpets, but are cheaper, and bear a resemblance to those of India and Persia. Hearth rugs are made in this way also.

Wilton carpets are made very much like Brussels. They are finer and thinner than Axminster, but not so enduring. After the carpet is made it is damped and passed over steam drums, with the cut loops outside, which raises the pile to a velvet surface.

The so-called Persian, Turkey, and Indian carpets manufactured in England are made in a similar way to the Brussels, the pile, however, being cut and pared even. All carpets made in that country with a velvet pile surface pass through a shearing process.

The most expensive of all carpets is the Aubusson tapestry, which is not velvet nor pile, but resembles the rep of furniture covering. The pattern is worked in by needle work, the ground being mostly maroon. These carpets are as rare as they are fragile.

The Kidderminster carpet derives its name from the place in England where first made, and by some is called Scotch carpet. It has a worsted warp and woollen weft; is two-ply or double, but is not durable. The best is made of yarn of two or three colors.

The Venetian carpet was once very popular. It is in stripes, and has a woollen warp woven over a woof of coarse linen thread.

Three-ply carpets were invented by Mr. Thomas Morton, of Kilmarnock. They are patterned both sides, are thick, soft, and durable, and for constant use are the most desirable carpets that can be purchased.

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threads of which carpets are woven the colors necessary to produce the design. These printed threads were so arranged in the loom as when woven to produce the figure on the carpet. Printing the pattern on carpets after they are woven was the invention of Mr. Joseph Burch, of England. These are called pile carpets. In printing carpets mordants are employed as in calico printing.

Prior to 1851, carpets were wrought by the fingers or hand-loom. Steam power was subsequently applied, the power-loom being the invention of Mr. Bigelow, an American. By this process Brussels, Wilton, tapestry and velvet pile are made and with greater rapidity than by the old method. The Axminster is never made by this process.

Carpets are made of various materials.

The Persian are always of worsted.

The richest India carpets are made of silk; the generality are of wool, and some of cotton.

In purchasing a carpet it is good economy to get the best of its kind, avoiding those with a mixture of cotton. Patterns of geometrical designs and moderate dimensions are preferable to flowers. The carpets of Persia and India are good models, the colors being subdued yet rich, and the patterns not pronounced in style.—*Exchange*.

### FEELING AT EASE IN SOCIETY.

O dear, I can remember perfectly the first formal evening party at which I "had a good time." Before that I had always hated to go to parties, and since that I have always liked to go. I am sorry to say I cannot tell at whose house it was. But I could tell you just how the pillars looked between which the sliding doors ran—for I was standing by one of them when my eyes were opened, as the Orientals say, and I received great light. I had been asked to this party, as I supposed, and as I still suppose, by some people who wanted my brother and sister to come, and thought it would not be kind to ask them without asking me. I did not know five people in the room. So it was that I stood sadly by this pillar, and said to myself. "You were a fool to come here where nobody wants you, and where you did not want to come; and you look like a fool, standing by this pillar, with nobody to talk to." At this moment, and as if to enlighten the cloud in which I was, the revelation flashed upon me, which has ever since set me all right in such matters.

Expressed in words, it would be stated thus: "You are a much greater fool if you suppose that anybody in this room knows or cares where you are standing or where you are not standing. They are attending to their affairs, and you had best attend to yours, quite indifferent as to what they think of you." In this reflection I took immense comfort, and it has carried me through every form of social encounter from that day to this. I don't remember in the least what I did, whether I looked at the portfolios of pictures—which for some reason young people think a very poky thing to do, but which I like to do—whether I buttoned some fellow-student who was less at ease than I or whether I talked to some nice old lady who had seen with her own eyes half the history of the world which is worth knowing. I only know that, after I found out that nobody else at the party was looking at me or was caring for me, I began to enjoy it as thoroughly as I enjoyed staying at home.

As it is with most things, then, the rule for going into society is not to have any rule at all. Go unconsciously; or, as St. Paul puts it, "Do not think of yourself more highly than you ought to think." Everything but conceit can be forgiven.

If wished for winter blooming, slips to a young person in society. St. Paul, by the way, high-toned gentleman as he was, is a very thorough guide in such affairs, as he is in most others. If you will get the marrow out of those little scraps at the end of his letters, you will not need any hand book of etiquette.—E. E. Hale, in *Our Young Folks*.

## The Conservatory.

### BLESSINGS OF THE YEAR.

The grain is garnered in,  
The apples ripe are stored,  
The yellow pumpkins gleam among  
The farmer's treasured hoard.

The earth is brown and bare,  
That once was green and gay;  
Where regal autumn charmed the eye,  
Dead leaves bestrew the way.

Though clouds be dark o'erhead,  
With wind and unshed rain,  
The good which once has crowned the earth  
Will make it bloom again.

Then let us thank our God  
For spring-time soft and fair,—  
For April rain and May-day sun  
And June's delicious air.

For July showers and heat,  
For dreamy August haze,  
For cool September's purple fields,  
For glad October days;

For dull November skies,  
And barns with harvest filled,  
We thank Thee, Lord, who richly blessed  
The land thy servants tilled.

The year to come is Thine,  
Thou knowest what will be;  
Send rain and dew, and wind and sun,  
As seemeth best to Thee.

—*Good Housekeeping*.

### FLOWERS IN WINTER.

BY HOPE HAZEL.

NOW that the blighting autumn frosts have dismantled the flower borders, so that little save a blackened mass of stalks remain, we begin to realize that it is time to look around for something bright and cheerful, with which to lessen the gloom that must come with November's drear days, and perhaps nothing can add more to adornment of home, or cheerfulness of heart, than a collection of bright, sweet, winter blooming plants. Not every one can afford a conservatory, but a great deal of gracefulness and blossoming beauty, can be compressed within the limits of the humblest kitchen window, with only a sash of six by eight glass. In selecting plants for winter culture, only those which are growing, vigorous, and not already exhausted by blooming, should be chosen. But from the gay geraniums, and bright salvias, that through all the warm season bloomed on the borders, you must not look for much of winter beauty, since plants like all other living things, demand a season of rest; therefore lift such from the earth late in autumn, shake the soil from the roots of the geraniums, cut off the most tender of the shoots, with the blackened leaves and buds, and tying a string about the roots, hang them in a dry cellar.

For the scarlet salvias, lift these also, but carefully, that as much earth as possible may adhere to them; for this purpose it is well to water the earth around them before lifting. Cut down the dried stalks and place the roots in sand, in the cellar, bringing them to light and warmth early in April, when their roots may be divided, and then placed in pots until it is warm enough to transfer them to the open borders.

Blue salvias have roots containing eyes like the dahlia, and can be treated in the same manner; the only care required for either, is to place the roots in a dry, frost proof cellar. Some people greatly admire that showy and perfect flower, the dahlia. If wished for winter blooming, slips

should be taken from stout, healthy plants, early in August; these root very readily, and bloom profusely during the cold season, and in this way choice varieties are more readily multiplied.

In selecting plants, it is well to number among them those with bulbous roots, as they are very easy of cultivation and are sure to repay fully, for the attention they receive. Among desirable bulbs we may number the crocus, hyacinth, oxalis, and tulip.

Crocuses may be grown in good garden soil, in leaf mold, or even in damp moss, only requiring light, and a moderate degree of moisture. They are hardy little bulbs, natives of Switzerland, and embrace about fifty varieties. Their beauty for winter bloom, and the earliness with which they flower in the open border, make them generally favorites. For spring flowering they should be placed in the ground in October, or early in November, in rows four inches apart, and two deep. They are generally in full flower early in April, opening their bright petals at the earliest ray of the morning sunlight, and closing them at sunset or when clouds obscure the sun. When blooming in the parlor the flowers will open by lamp light, and close speedily if the light is removed.

Hyacinths, if grown in glasses should be placed in them as soon as the middle of November. Fill the glasses with soft water within about one inch of the bottom of the bulb. Drop a piece of charcoal into each glass; this will keep the water pure so that it will not need changing but can be filled up as it evaporates. Add a drop of ammonia to the water about once a week as it gives brilliancy to the flowers. Single hyacinths are to be preferred to double ones for parlor culture, as they flower earlier, remain in bloom longer, and are more vivid in color, and though the flowers are not so numerous, they are more perfectly formed. This family of bulbous plants comprise several hundred varieties any one of which is worthy of cultivation. As soon as placed in glasses they should be set in a dark, cool closet, there to remain till the roots are nicely started, and the leaves an inch or more in height. Then bring them gradually to the bright sunlight turning the glass around frequently to keep them straight, and in warm, bright days, open the sash for a little time, that they may be refreshed by the outer air.

In cultivating oxalis they may be placed in good rich soil, or in leaf mold, and make a fine appearance, whether in common pots, or hanging baskets. The flowers are of various hues, as rose, red, white, yellow, striped, and vermillion. The bulbs should be planted in November and as they are quite small, six or eight may be placed in a seven-inch pot, a mixture of colors of course adding to their beauty. If planted in a hanging basket, the fine effect is much increased by covering the top of the basket with fresh, green mosses, and planting a circle of delicate ferns for a border.

In cultivating tulips, select the best soil your flower borders afford, give them plenty of sunshine, air, and moisture, and like the others mentioned above, they will light your parlor through the dreary winter months, with a brightness and beauty that shall almost make you forget the chill desolation of the outer world.—*Exchange.*

#### THE CARE OF ROSES.

So many have asked for further information in regard to the care and cultivation of roses, that I submit the following: Mildew is believed to be caused by atmospheric changes and conditions. Stir frequently about the plant to induce rapid growth; apply manure water fre-

quently made by scrapings of chicken coops, fill a barrel about one-third with scraping and add water until your barrel is full; use that two or three times a week, it is stimulating and will start most plants to growing rapidly and vigorously. Sulphur dusted on the leaves of your roses is the only known remedy for mildew. Some bushes and varieties mildew more readily than others. My Giant of Battle was rarely free from it any length of time, with all my care, and I was told it is not possible to avoid mildew when certain atmospheric conditions exist.

The Cornelia Cook, and Paul Neyron are good roses, so are the following: William Francis Bennett, a hybrid tea, color crimson; Comtesse de Frigneuse, also a new variety, yellow, and the Bride, a white, are among the finest new teas. A list is requested of constant bloomers south of St. Louis. All teas would bloom continuously, with care. The list of "Ever Blooming Roses" I have completed, though many choice ones have been omitted for want of room. Will give a variety; many are called white when they are tinged with a change to yellow and pink. Yellow may mean pale lemon, a coppery yellow, and so on. But unless by elaborate descriptions of each one we can do no better in so short an article, therefore general headings are given:

*White.*—The Bride, Madam Jean Sisley, White Bon Silene, Estella Praedel, (south), Niphotos, Bourbon Queen, Devonhersis, Sou de Paul Neyron, Madam Bravay, Marie Guillot, Lamarque, Marie Van Houtte.

*Pink.*—Hermosa, American Beauty, Bougere, Catherine Mermet.

*Crimson.*—Agrippina, Pierre Guillot, Bon Silene, (carmine,) Douglass, Louis Phillippe.

*Peach.*—La France.

*Scarlet.*—Queen of Bedders.

*Rose Color.*—Sou D'Un Ami.

*Flesh.*—Duchesse de Brabant, Sou de Malmaison.

*Yellow.*—Pactole, Perle des Jardines, Sunset, Madam Redmond, Jean Pemet, Canary, Chas. Rivoli, Isabella Sprout, La Nankeen, Letty Coles, Madam Rhoda, Safrano, Madam Margettin, Etoile de Lyon.

*Climbers, (or Noisette.)*—South pillar roses. Yellow, Cloth of Gold or Chromatella (south); umber, Gloire de Dijon; deep red, James Sprout; white, Lamarque; yellow, Marechal Niel; white, Washington; coppery, W. A. Richardson; crimson, Waltham.

*Green.*—No scent, Verdiflora.

The green rose is merely a curiosity; with protection I kept one, blooming freely in summer, out of doors for several years. *Mrs. L. E. B. CLAUDER.*

*Bethlehem, Northampton Co., Pa.*

#### TIGRIDIAS.

In my grandmother's garden, a long time ago there blossomed great clumps of shell-flowers or Sicilian lilies, as we called them then. Each flower lasted only for one day but the bulbs began to bloom in early summer and kept on faithfully till frost. There were many clumps of them in this sweet, old garden and I remember counting when a child as many as one hundred blossoms open in one day. But, alack-a-day! the mice and moles were very fond of these bulbs, and one by one despite all the succor we could give them, the great, glowing clusters disappeared, till never a spotted, shell like, three petalled beauty graced the garden, and my grandmother mourned the loss of her favorite flower.

Two or three years ago the tigridias in a florist's catalogue attracted my mother's attention, and she declared them to be

identical with the old Sicilian lily. So in memory of the dear old garden, and its white-haired mistress we purchased a set of three varieties, planted them and awaited results. The first variety which bloomed was *conchiflora*,—smaller than the other two, but very beautiful, the silky petals of an orange yellow, spotted with dark brown and crimson near the center of the shell; the flowers are very light and graceful in appearance, and so delicately poised that as a few hours after opening, the bright yellow blossom was swaying and floating with a light breeze, an inexperienced young chicken marauder ruthlessly seized and mangled it, having mistaken it for a butterfly, which when fully open the flower much resembles.

*Grandiflora*,—crimson, with dark red spots and veins of yellow, opened next, and last and most beautiful of all, *grandiflora alba*. Its great petals are a silky, creamy white, the center is spotted with dark crimson, and the flowers often measure four and five inches across.

To secure the bulbs from mice I drove narrow stakes about an inch apart in a circle around them, and I do not take mine up in winter, but cover with earth or fertilizer to an extra depth. They do best planted in the broad sunlight, and love a rich soil. In breaking the blossoms be careful not to break off the green sheathing calyx from which the peduncle rises, as from this spathe the next flowers follow.

*KATE ELICOTT.*

#### KEEP YOUR PLANTS CLEAN.

Many persons who have complained of having trouble with their plants—such as that they die off, grow spindly and produce no flowers, may find an explanation in the American Agriculturist's advice. It says:

"If there are plant shelves in the windows, or the pots are placed upon a table or stand, contrive some cover for them at sweeping time. This may be, for plants on shelves, a curtain of some light material—the lighter the better—to be suspended in such a manner as to cover them. If the plants are on a table, contrive an upright post or stick to be set in the middle of the table, to hold up the center of a spread of some kind that will cover the plants. In the absence of such protection, contrive some method of using old newspapers. Before sweeping, protect the plants by the use of a covering, and let this remain over them until the dust has completely settled.

All smooth leaved plants especially ivy, camellias, cape-jessamine and the like, should have their leaves washed with a soft sponge—a rag will answer—on both sides with tepid water, at least once a week. If this is once tried it will be found much less trouble than one would suppose, and the increased beauty of the foliage will lead to its repetition. Rough leaved plants, such as geraniums, and many others, cannot be washed to advantage. Set these in a bath-tub, or in a sink, and give their leaves a good drenching by using a garden syringe if one is at hand, or else a watering pot; one with fine holes, holding it up high so that the water will fall with force upon the leaves.

#### HOW TO GRASS A BANK.

This is a German method to grass a bank. For each square rod to be planted take half a pound of lawn grass seed and mix it intimately and thoroughly with six cubic feet of earth and loam. This should be placed in a tub, and liquid manure diluted with about two-thirds of water added and well stirred in, so as to bring the whole to the consistency of mortar. The slope must be cleansed and

made perfectly smooth, and then well watered, after which the paste just mentioned should be applied with a trowel and made as even and thin as possible. Should it crack from exposure to the air it must again be watered and smoothed up day by day until the grass makes its appearance, which will be in from eight to fourteen days, when the whole declivity will soon be covered with a close carpet of green.—*Boston Globe.*

**THE NASTURTIUM IN WINTER.**—I have never had any plant that gave greater pleasure and brighter blooms than the climbing nasturtium. I had, one winter, a box containing two or three vines of the Lobbianum varieties. These were trained around the back and ends of the pit, and the gay blooms were produced in great numbers. I think I have never had any flowers so admired during the winter.—*Vick's Magazine.*

#### FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

**ED. HOUSEHOLD:**—Can any one tell me what to do to make the feathers grow out on the breast of my canary? He is well, and sings, but he has had a bare spot on his breast for nearly two years. He was seven years old last spring. *Wendell Depot, Mass.* *MRS. M. M. BROWN.*

**ED. HOUSEHOLD:**—Will Mrs. Flanders, or some one who knows, please tell me through THE HOUSEHOLD what kind of plants have red or variegated foliage, something more hardy than the coleus? Also some kinds of white flowers good for bouquet making, and easily grown? *NELLIE B. KNIGHT.*

**ED. HOUSEHOLD:**—Mystic asks what to do for canaries that have lice. Immerse the cage in boiling water (better take the bird out first) being particular to unscrew all the top pieces by which it hangs, as they are hiding places. After dark cover the top with a cloth thoroughly wet in cold water, at the same time placing in the cage a shallow dish of water nearly covering the bottom. Do not let the cloth stay on until dry, as the vermin then crawl off. On removing the cloth immerse in boiling water. You can hasten recovery by dusting the bird with insect powder. Leave the dish in the cage all night.

Mrs. Gearhart speaks of her bird ceasing to sing. Often that is caused by diet. Males never sing so well when crowded in one cage as when separated, though by pairing them, six or seven pairs can be kept in one large cage and they sing then. Often the females join in.

*MRS. C. E. LAWRENCE.*

**ED. HOUSEHOLD:**—In reply to J. N. G. in August number, would say to her I have had many years' acquaintance with the pepper tree and consider it the handsomest ornamental tree grown, if properly trimmed. It is grown from the berries which hang in large clusters among the graceful foliage. In southern California they require no special culture, but make rapid growth with only slight attention. I am confident that they will not thrive in Illinois. I gave a friend from Indiana a small tree to add to her collection of rare plants. She nursed it very tenderly, removing it to the cellar in winter, and giving it such careful attention as semi-tropic plants require. Six years afterward I visited my friend and found the little pepper tree a mere puny dwarf, about a foot in height, while mine of the same age were more than twenty feet high. *National City, Cal.* *F. M. K.*

**ED. HOUSEHOLD:**—I would like to tell Mrs. Lizzie H. Baker of my lobster cactus and the way I treat it. After it has blossomed in the winter let it rest for two or three months or until it begins to grow, then water and give plenty of sunshine. Mine never fails to blossom. Last winter my plant in an eight-inch pot had over three hundred blossoms. I use the same soil as for other plants. It does not need to be transplanted in the garden. *DORA.*

**ED. HOUSEHOLD:**—In the July number "M. T." inquired if six singers could be kept in one cage and all sing well. I now have one dozen in a cage two feet square by six feet high and they are singing nearly all the time, but that in singing all at once or nearly so, I am not able to distinguish their notes. And Mystic is to scold with boiling water, both the cage and nest if she finds any lice on a tightly folded flannel pushed between the bars of the cage. But they will generally congregate in the very bottom of the nest, and scalding is the only safe remedy. If the sisters will just thoroughly scald cages and perches, feed birds with fresh beefsteak, they will not be asking so often "What shall I do, etc."

*SANTA CRUZ.*

## The Nursery.

## A CHILD'S HYMN.

SIX HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

Guard, my child, thy tongue,  
That it speak no wrong!  
Let no evil word pass o'er it;  
Set the watch of truth before it,  
That it speak no wrong.  
Guard, my child, thy tongue.

Guard, my child, thine eyes;  
Prying is not wise;  
Let them look on what is right;  
From all evil turn their sight;  
Prying is not wise.

Guard, my child, thine eyes;  
Guard, my child, thine ear;  
Wicked words will sear;  
Let no evil word come in  
That may cause the soul to sin;  
Wicked words will sear;

Guard, my child, thine ear;  
Ear, and eye and tongue,  
Guard while thou art young;  
For, alas! these busy three  
Can unruly members be;  
Guard, while thou art young,

Ear, and eye, and tongue.  
Guard while thou art young;  
For, alas! these busy three  
Can unruly members be;  
Guard, while thou art young,  
Ear, and eye, and tongue.

## THE FUENF-ECK, OR, THE FIVE-POINTED ROLL.

[Translated from the German.]

"GRANDMAMMA," asked little Otto "why do the bakers in your city bake such funny shaped rolls, with five points to them, yet they are not like a star, for the points are all upon one side? I never saw such a shape as your bread has here."

The grandmother laughed. She poured out his coffee into the little tea-cup prettily ornamented with flowers, then she shoved the sugar-bowl and cake plate toward him. Otto and his parents had come a long distance to visit the grandmother. Many things seemed strange and new in this northern city, and almost every moment Otto called upon his grandmother to explain something. Now he held up the roll whose irregular shape had attracted his attention.

"There! only look, grandmother, I do not believe any one in the whole world bakes such shaped bread as this."

The old lady nodded.

"You are quite right, child; I think myself that in our city only and nowhere else is the fuenf-eck or five-pointed roll made. But there is a story connected with it and its origin."

"A story, grandmamma? Oh! please tell it to me. I will sit very still, I will not tap on my cup with my spoon or make any noise with my feet, please!"

Grandmamma knew that nothing would keep the restless little boy quiet so well as a story, and when she saw his eyes large and round with expectation she began immediately:

Many, many years ago, when this city was only a little village, there stood on this side of the mountain a grand castle with battlement and towers. The man who lived there was a rich count. No one could say anything bad about him, nor anything good either. The truth of it was, he did not trouble himself about the whole world. He sat in his room in the tower alone with his books and studied until far into the night. Through summer's heat and winter's snow, it was all the same to him. He wrote and calculated and read without ceasing.

Completely lost in thought, dumb, with his head sunk on his breast, one day was the same as another. As for his servants and the people who lived in the village, he troubled himself not in the least. When the peasants, the youths and maidens, wives and children, met him and respectfully greeted him, he saw them not; and that they should have the courage to come to him with their cares and troubles, it was not to be thought of. He gave no help to the poor villagers.

Now, it happened that the master of the castle looked up pleased one day.

That was a wonder, and the one who saw it was the baker's little boy, who every morning baked the fresh rolls and brought them to the count with his coffee. On this day the master summoned him to his room in the tower. When the count saw that he was trembling with fear, he motioned him to approach nearer, and in a friendly manner held out a piece of paper on which something was drawn with broad heavy strokes.

"You, youngster, look here! can you hereafter make my rolls so that when they come out of the oven they will look like this figure here? Look at it very carefully—there, do you see that one point is a little higher than the others? Five points must it have, five angles; do you think you can make it out of dough?"

"Certainly, but indeed it is not very pretty. It looks like a spider with five legs, that had become deformed in its growth, or like a moon with five horns."

The count laughed loudly.

"A spider? No, child, I have made an important discovery in science, and that I may have some daily reminder of this great event, I will have the fuenf-eck every morning for breakfast."

What the important discovery was neither the baker's youth nor the world ever found out; enough—the fuenf-eck was baked, and little Peter did his work so well that he received a dollar as reward. Thus far all was well.

Months passed away. A hard winter was drawing on. The poor people were chilled in their huts, and moaned and complained of the bitter cold. Only the count knew nothing of the snow and ice. The fire cracked and snapped on his heart, and the walls were ruddy with the light from the burning logs of wood. One morning the baker boy was hastily ordered to the dining hall. The count sat at the table with wrinkled brow. He had angrily pushed the breakfast from him.

"Youngster, where is the fuenf-eck? What does it mean that to-day there are only four points?"

"I—I baked it just as I have every day, your grace, exactly to a hair," stammered the frightened boy.

"But look here, where is the fifth point hiding?" and the count held the bread towards him. Sure enough there were only four points. The boy took it and looked steadfastly at it and sighed.

"Yes, some one has cut off the fifth point just to play a joke on me. You can see exactly the place where the bread was broken. Take it, and please do not be offended with me for this once, and to-morrow I will see that not a soul touches it, I will bring it myself to the table."

Next morning came and the roll had again only four points. This time the count was in a great rage, and the little baker was ready to cry.

"I know what I will do," said he at last, "I will hide behind the sideboard and waylay the thief that comes to cut off the fifth point, and that the largest one too; it is too bad."

Early the next morning Peter carried the fresh, steaming rolls to the breakfast-table. He regarded them with tender pride—such a beautiful brown, and so light. To-day he would see that the base trick of yesterday and the day before was not played on him again.

But what was that?

The listener heard a slight rustling; he peeped out carefully from his hiding place. The fuenf-eck had raised up on its points. It danced around a couple of times upon the plate, then gave a slight crack, and while the rest fell heavily back upon the plate, the fifth point leaped quickly from the table to the floor, and in an instant was out of the door and away.

The baker stood speechless. Then he

hurried as fast as his feet could carry him to relate the wonder to his master. He shook his head doubtfully, and thought the youth must have been dreaming—he would watch himself to-morrow morning, and so he did. The count stood behind the oaken cupboard from which the heavy silver plate shone, and the little servant behind the sideboard. A couple of minutes passed, and—then! just as yesterday, the fuenf-eck rose up, jumped and clattered about on its legs until one was lost, and then fell back to its place, while the detached part fled away like mad!

"Up, youngster, and after it!" and with loud halloo! and hurrah! he ran out of the hall, down the steps, into the open air, with such speed that his cap and apron fluttered in the wind. He lost his slipper in the race, but he did not give up. Breathless, but with a triumphant face, in about half an hour he returned. "How could such a little thing be so nimble and swift? But I caught it at last, and I know where it has stopped."

"Indeed? And where is it, then?"

"It sprang into a poor cobbler's house upon the bed of little sick Hans. He looked sick and miserable, but he laughed all over his face when he saw the bread, and tore it to pieces with both hands. He had eaten nothing since yesterday morning, and surely that little piece of bread was not enough for him."

The count listened thoughtfully. "It is well," said he, slowly; "come to me this afternoon. I would like to see the house in which the fuenf-eck disappeared and remember, Peter, take a basket full of rolls with you."

It was astonishing how that little baker knew how to chatter. He did not even know that his master was listening to him; but he told him every thing about the shoe-maker and his family. How good the people were, how great their distress, and how the sick Hans had lain so patiently in bed for years, and what great pleasure he found in an old book that the count had thrown away.

The cobbler could not utter a word from astonishment when his distinguished visitor entered. He made bow after bow and twisted his cap in his hands, while his wife courtesied and smoothed her apron. The children crept shyly behind the mother, although Peter tried by every means to draw them to him. The count nodded to their compliments in a gracious way, and went directly to Hans who was busy with an old book.

"Do you like books? To-morrow I will send you some with pictures in, large, beautiful books. Peter, come here and open the basket you brought with you!"

As Peter lifted the cover and the odor of the fresh bread filled the room, the little necks began to stretch up, and the childish eyes grew bigger and bigger as they looked longingly at the white rolls.

"Unpack, Peter! quick, youngster!" Peter understood it, and soon the hungry children were feasted to their heart's content. The count pressed a piece of gold into the hand of the mother, and sent an order to the forester. There was joy when the gracious count left. Who could have dreamed of such a thing happening? Heaven's blessing upon the count!

The next day the count and his little servant were in their old hiding places.

"Peter," whispered the count, "Peter, when it runs away, run very swiftly after it, so that you do not lose sight of it. I must know where it disappears to-day."

Peter nodded silently, for already the fuenf-eck had commenced to rise; but, however fleet its legs were the little baker boy had still fleeter, and in a trice he was back again and told the course it had taken.

"It sprung over the door sill of the

basket-weaver's window, and lay at the feet of the old grandmother."

"Do you think she was hungry?"

"Great heavens! good master, what else could she be? The people are so poor it makes one's heart ache to think of it."

"Here, Peter," said the count, "I shall not taste my breakfast. Pack the basket immediately, and come with me."

Peter asked no questions, but guided him to the house of the basket-weaver. And again there was joy; and blessings without end were pronounced upon the good count. Already he was impatient to know where the fuenf-eck would conduct him on the next day.

"Gracious count," said Peter, laughing, as they were returning home on the fourth day from their humble visits, "why will you wait until the fuenf-eck shows you the way? I can do it just as well; I can show you the people who are suffering, and need your help."

The count nodded. "Very well, but if you do not do it well, the little fuenf-eck will complain of you."

But that remained quiet in its place now. The master of the castle wandered daily, from house to house, helping the poor and the sick—helping, consoling, giving his wealth, until the formerly unapproachable, unloved master was looked upon as an angel; and if he became so deeply engrossed in his studies for awhile that he forgot the needy, the fuenf-eck would disappear, and he would understand the warning.

"I must remember," he would murmur, "that four parts is enough for me, and all that is over belongs to the poor."

And as a reminder to the rich to help the poor, all the bakers bake the fuenf-eck.

The grandmother was silent. Otto looked thoughtfully at the fuenf-eck which he held in his hand. "Grandmamma this wonderful bread pleases me very much now; but who can I give the fifth corner to? I see no poor ones."

Laughingly the grandmother pointed out of the window. "There, my dear, I see a whole troop of little gray-coats that would receive your gift thankfully."

"Oh! I know, grandmamma, you mean the sparrows. Yes, certainly; we will open the window, and give them some crumbs right away. See how they come fluttering down, peep, peep, the little beggars! Does it taste good? Do you know that is a piece of fuenf-eck?" And Otto strewed the crumbs, with a glad face, in the snow. But you children, who read this little tale, and have no fuenf-eck in the cities where you live; when you are at your garden games, and a poor child looks wistfully in, or from your windows you see an old woman resting in the streets, see if you cannot spare a little piece from your morning or evening meal as if it were a fuenf-eck, and a few crumbs for the little birds.—Exchange.

## SALLIE, AND THE THANKSGIVING WEDDING.

BY CECIL LEIGH.

The wedding was to be at Thanksgiving.

"The evening of Thanksgiving Day," Uncle Will said, and Sallie, eldest granddaughter in the Perrin household, was invited.

It was a great event to Sallie, I do assure you, for occurrences of the kind were not of every-day happening in her somewhat monotonous life. It was forty odd years ago that this wedding took place, thus the details were somewhat different from those of the present time. Sallie was a bright, cheerful girl of twelve years, buoyant and helpful in disposition, and appreciative when "noticed." Uncle Will and herself had always been friends.

He was the last of the Perrins to marry from the family roof-tree. Sallie wondered what people meant when they laughed and said, "And the bachelor is caught at last."

Uncle Will was a sailor. Made voyages across the ocean to Mediterranean ports and European cities, and he always remembered Sallie with a handsome present. The first pair of kid gloves she owned were brought by him—a beautiful purple color with a fine bunch of roses worked upon the back; books, shell ornaments, various designs of foreign art. Oh, Uncle Will had ever been generous and kind and now, the crowning point of favor was bestowed—invited to a wedding—she, Sallie Perrin!

Cards of invitation were not then the fashion, at least among the common people, and Uncle Will invited his kindred himself by "word of mouth."

It seemed to Sallie—much like children of to-day—the eventful night would never arrive. Eagerly she counted the days especially after her new woolen gown was finished and hung in her mother's best bedroom, and a frill of soft lace and bow of bright ribbon completed for her neck. Sallie was sure she should look well. Perhaps we ought to forgive the girl her trifle of vanity. As years passed on duties followed thick and fast and whatever germs were manifest at twelve, were soon overcome; the roots were not deep nor the foothold strong.

She had never attended a wedding. The solemnities and festivities were new and much pondered upon.

After the ceremony a turkey supper was to follow. Uncle Will had told her, and said a seat near himself and bride should be reserved for her, since she was the only grandchild of the family invited. If others came, younger than herself, with their parents, a second table would be prepared for them, but *she*, being one of the invited wedding guests should be served at the first table. Sallie considered herself of some importance, and her mother smiled as in an absent mood, she inquired a number of times if she thought the weather would be pleasant at Thanksgiving?

When the day dawned it was bright and clear with a keenness in the wind that told of snow and ice near.

The church bell called the worshipers together at an early hour, for forty years ago Thanksgivings and fasts were set aside as seasons of praise and prayer and regarded as such, as well as for other solemn festivities. The Puritan spirit had not grown so worldly-minded as some of their descendants would have us believe since.

Sallie with her father and mother and the younger children, was in the pew wearing a satisfied look, for the day was fair and evening promised fine, but her thoughts must not wander.

She listened closely to the minister for well she knew she should be questioned upon the discourse when at home, the dinner over, and the children gathered around the blazing fire in the "keeping room" where the big fire-place had not been abolished. Her home was in a rural district, where people hold longer to good old ways as a rule.

The minister told of other Thanksgivings when our country was younger than now. Of the first Thanksgiving day established upon these shores by the rigid, faithful Puritans who had left their pleasant, English homes, their friends and kindred, all for conscience's sake, making their homes in the new world—the wilderness—almost an unbroken forest, inhabited by wild beasts and savage Indian tribes. With little of encouragement about them, they set aside this day in November to offer thanks for the good things they did enjoy, for

corn and oil, the goodly increase of the land, and the promise, "Seed-time and harvest shall not fail."

But the sermon and the afterwards were over at last and Sallie on her way to Grandpa Perrin's, for there the wedding took place. She had been told to take a seat in the corner and be as quiet as possible, which direction she followed to the letter. It was an opportunity for the aunts of the Perrin sisterhood to air their silks and laces, which they certainly improved. Sallie was somewhat amazed at the stiff brocades and *moire antiques* but it must be remembered it was really her first appearance at a full dress occasion.

Sallie went early, in season for the bustle of arriving, the greetings and waiting that followed. The hall door was thrown open at last, and Uncle Will and his bride appeared. How smiling and happy she looked, and what a handsome lady she was, dressed in her lovely gown of shimmering silk with the beautiful lace veil almost enveloping her, Sallie clasped her hands tight in pleasure and wonder. "Until death do ye part," she heard the minister say, and soon the people were crowding forward to wish them many years of peace and happiness.

Sallie can see it all now through the mists of many years; can see the company as they began to form for the long kitchen which was to serve as supper room, and hear Uncle Will as he called for her. Uncle Will had not forgotten his promise. Just then stately Aunt Margaret bent her head, "Would Sallie just sit in the parlor bedroom and watch her sleeping child while she sat at the table?"

In a low whisper she said this to Sallie. What reply would the little girl give? What reply would most little girls of your acquaintance and mine have made? Remember, she had been promised weeks before the seat of honor by the side of Uncle Will and his bride, and now he was calling. Aunt Margaret should have recognized the rights of the little girl, but she was selfish and did not consider.

"Will you, Sallie?"

"Yes," softly answered the little girl, drawing her breath hard.

"Well, run right round through the side hall way. If baby wakes try to amuse her without calling me, as I shall hate to leave," and the costly silk rustled on.

Sallie's face "fell" decidedly, as she turned for the side hall way. This was quite different from what she had thought. Aunt Margaret said she would tell Uncle Will, and there the pleasant supper for Sallie ended, but a month later when Christmas time rolled round, she found beneath her plate at breakfast, a double eagle with the words, "For my unselfish niece who cheerfully gave up her own pleasure for that of another, Thanksgiving night. Uncle Will."

Here was her reward, and sometime, somewhere, the reward for right doing is always sure.

#### THE MOTHERS' CHAIR.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I was very much interested in reading Estelle's article in the September number, and I thought I would like to tell the sisters about my three little ones.

Willie is four years old, irritable, impulsive, and very hard to manage, while little Alden, about two, is quite the opposite, always sunny, and good-natured, causing me little or no trouble. Henry being still a baby it is not certain what his disposition will be. But I think it may be a happy medium. Now I believe with two such extremes, and three in all to judge from, that my observation and experience must be worth something.

Like Estelle, I began from the first day to be very regular in every thing. The babies are always fed once in two hours,

until they are four months, and then the time is gradually lengthened until at eight or nine months they have their nourishment once in four hours. I have never given them a taste of any thing but milk until they are sixteen or eighteen months old. I think crusts of bread and chicken bones are no harm, but I prefer to run no risks, and would rather be on the safe side. Then about their sleeping, I have taught them from the first to sleep by themselves, and never once have they slept with me. And I do know, by patient perseverance, I have taught my babies to do one thing not often accomplished, for when six o'clock comes in winter, seven or half past seven in summer, I feed the babies, then put them alone in their crib, where they sleep till morning. Not once have they had any thing to eat during the night after two months old. I have but one friend who does the same thing and even Babyhood thinks it very unusual.

Now why is it that I who look after my babies myself, and have begun from the first to be very regular in every thing should always have such sick children teething, while Estelle, who does the self same way, claims her regular ways are the reason her children have had no trouble getting their teeth? My baby to-day, who is ten months, and always goes to bed at seven, and is out of doors summer and winter every day, is very miserable, getting his lower first teeth. I want to mildly protest against Estelle's conclusion that she has easy teething babies, because she observes simple and regular fare with them.

Why is it that I have never had a baby with colic, while my friend who does exactly as I do, has her nerves upset, to say nothing of broken nights by colicky children? Why is it that Emerson could eat pie every day, and end his life without a sign of dyspepsia while his friend Carlyle who never tasted pie, and lived on coarse gruels, should be racking with dyspepsia from morning to night? And why is it that my friend who feeds her baby on lemon pie and watermelon, to say nothing of cakes and meats, at six and eight months, has escaped the dreaded teething time with no bowel or other trouble?

Another friend keeps her baby up at all hours at night, and feeds it with no regularity from birth, laughs at me because my "regular ways make baby susceptible to disease and disorders," and believes it too.

No, although I agree with Estelle that there are certain rules one ought to observe, still I do know that even living up to her standard, (and mine is quite as high,) will not prevent babies from having all the ills and ails usual in teething. But I do know as a rule children are more likely to escape sickness while teething, if they have never tasted any thing but a plain diet.

Estelle has been very fortunate, that is certainly true. But if she wants to see two little boys the picture of health, who play by themselves all day in the yard, I should be more than glad for her to pay me a visit. I wish the Mothers' Chair filled a larger part of THE HOUSEHOLD. To me it is the most valuable part, and I always like to get new ideas and hear new experiences.

#### GERMANTOWN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I want to tell the mothers about a creeping skirt I use for my babies. Take two breadths of dark gingham or calico and sew them together putting a band at top and bottom or hemming it and running in a string. Fasten one end over the skirts and dress, under the arms, and the other under the clothes around the waist. This completely covers the skirts and can be slipped off in a moment and baby be ready for company.

If a baby plays in the kitchen as mine does they are a great saving both in washing and wear of clothes.

Some one asked for something in place of shoes for a little baby. I make knit slippers. Get leather soles made by a shoemaker, with holes punched sideways through half the thickness, to sew through, and crochet a top, line the sole with flannel. The cost is almost nothing and they are soft and pretty. I put them on with their first short clothes and let them wear them till they begin to stand. My three children have all worn the same soles with several new tops. I could give more explicit directions if any one desired.

C. G. G.

San Francisco, Cal.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—A number of questions have been asked about the bottle babies, and as I was unable to furnish the proper nourishment for my baby, I will describe my plan on the bottle. First of all see that the bottle, nipple, dipper, and tunnel, are thoroughly rinsed and scalded after each time of using. The large rubber nipple which fits over the top of the bottle is the best kind to use. When the baby was first placed on the bottle we used eight teaspoonfuls of one cow's milk with the same quantity of water, with one teaspoonful of lime water, heating the milk until blood warm. As the child grew older we gradually increased the quantity of milk and reduced the water until at six weeks old she took sixteen teaspoonfuls of clear milk. Slowly we added to the milk until at six months old she takes a gill dipper at one time. I always feed them on time, from one month until three months old, once in two hours, from three to six months old, once in two and one-half hours, from six to nine months, once in three hours. She is a perfectly healthy child, hardly ever cries, goes to bed regularly at seven o'clock without rocking, and sleeps without waking until five o'clock in the morning, and weighs eighteen pounds at present writing. When she is restless through the day we always take a linen towel wet in lukewarm water and place round the bowels and chest as a bandage, do not wring dry, and always wet the head before putting it on. This is also good for constipation.

Perhaps some of the sisters would like to know how to furnish a baby's basket. It should have two large pockets, also two medium sized pincushions. First a roll of old linen pieces, one piece of small bobbin tape, small box of mutton tallow, one cake of castile soap, one good sponge, one box of starch previously sifted through fine muslin, one powder puff, one small brush, one dozen small safety pins, six large and six medium safety pins, one paper of pins, one belly band, one shirt, one pin or barrow skirt, one long skirt, one night slip, one shawl, or shoulder blanket, also about six medium sized diapers, one pair of socks, one soft linen towel, one bottle each of best sweet and castor oil. These should all be placed in the basket ready for instant use. Any basket will do. I used a small sized market basket. I will also give a few suggestions as to what to make for infants' wardrobe. First the diapers, the more the better, pieces of old cotton and cotton diapering are the best. I had seventy-three made. Six night slips, six long dresses, three long flannel skirts, three pinning or flannel barrow skirts, three shoulder blankets, four belly blankets, or bands, three shirts, flannel or worsted, one dozen bibs, three or four pairs of socks. I also had three knit sacks which were given to me but could have done without them. I hope this will be a help to some young mother who is away from friends who could help her.

WHITE WINGS.

## The Library.

### THANKSGIVING

For the hay and the corn and the wheat that is reaped,  
For the labor well done, and the barns that are heaped,  
For the sun and the dew and the sweet honey-comb,  
For the rose and the song and the harvest brought  
home—

Thanksgiving! thanksgiving!

For the trade and the skill and the wealth in our land,  
For the cunning and strength of the workingman's  
hand,  
For the good that our artists and poets have taught,  
For the friendship that hope and affection have  
brought—

Thanksgiving! thanksgiving!

For the homes that with purest affection are blest,  
For the season of plenty and well deserved rest,  
For our country extending from sea to sea,  
The land that is known as the "Land of the Free"—

Thanksgiving! thanksgiving!

### THE FIRST ENGLISH NOVELIST.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

THE novel holds the highest place in literature to-day. Everything yields to its supereminence. It is protéau in its form, adapting itself to the various tastes of its disciples with all the facility of the fabled sea-god. History, theology, philosophy, politics and morals are treated in its pages, and it presents a mirror of all the questions of the time. Not to be acquainted with this form of literature is to acknowledge one's self decidedly an ignoramus. The best thoughts of the age find their vehicle in the novel, and it is as necessary to be acquainted with George Elliot, Bulwer, Hugo, Hawthorne, Mrs. Stowe and Tolstoi as it is to know Plato, Shakespeare, Bancroft or Ruskin. No one can advance any claim to polite learning who ignores the influence of this great medium.

Potent as it is to-day, the novel is a modern invention as it were. One hundred and fifty years ago there was not a single novel in the English language; now their name is legion. Some queer and quaint old romances, which the monks had written in Latin during the middle ages, had been translated into English, but these could lay no claim to identity with the novel. They were flat and stale, or wild and improbable compared with "Pamela," or "Clarissa Harlowe," which Samuel Richardson cast upon an electrified world late in the year of 1740.

This great author, the first parent of that countless tribe, the modern novel, was a joiner's son. He was born in Derbyshire, in the northern part of England, in 1689. His education was mostly acquired at the village school of his native parish. He early developed a remarkable gift for story telling, and was a great favorite with his class fellows through the exercise of this faculty. Many and many a time they gathered around him, a ragged and barefooted circle, to listen to the wondrous stories the young boy conjured up from his teeming brain and glowing fancy. He was also a favorite with the women of the village, to whom he often read some pleasant book or related one of his enchanting tales. Several of his young girl friends utilized his abilities in another direction, secretly employing him to write their love letters for them, or put what they had already written into a polished shape. In those boyish occupations we can trace the germs which developed in later years into the first great novel of the English language.

At the age of sixteen young Richardson was apprenticed to a London printer, serving seven years for his trade. After the expiration of his apprenticeship he remained several years with his master in the capacity of foreman. Finally he set up in business for himself in Fleet street,

married Miss Wilde, his master's daughter, and very soon was recognized as a successful man by his friends and neighbors. He had always been a steady and indefatigable scholar, devoting several hours every day to reading and study, and this literary faculty was turned to good use. The pen he had used so cleverly in the service of the Derbyshire lasses still found employment. He was frequently asked to prepare prefaces and dedications for the books he printed, and the fluency of his epistolary style was highly praised by the several booksellers who patronized him. Industrious, honest, attentive to his business, our London printer flourished, and at the age of fifty had accumulated considerable property. We may judge of the respect in which he was held as a business man by the fact that while yet comparatively young he was given the employment of printing the journals of the House of Commons. In 1754 he was master of the Stationer's Company; and six years later he purchased the moiety of the patent of law printing to the king.

Samuel Richardson's fame, however, does not rest on the fact that he was king's printer. When past fifty years of age, the talent which had been slumbering in his keen, business brain, as it were, half unknown, awoke to vigorous life. Two of his friends, the publishers Rivington and Osborne, at this time strongly urged him to write a book of familiar letters on the useful concerns of life. Richardson commenced the task, and the result was his first novel, "Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded," written in the space of six months. A happy thought suggested itself to the writer when he began his work, and that was to give a connection to the letters by running the thread of a love story through them. This added a deep human interest to the book and barbed the moral with a keener and surer point. A pretty peasant girl is the heroine of the novel, who goes into service. Her domestic history forms the chief portion of the book. She endures many hardships and escapes many dangers, and finally becomes the wife of her rich young master.

A new era was opened in English literature on the appearance of "Pamela." The tide changed from this time. The earlier school of fiction with its affection and depravity rapidly lost its prestige. People grew sick of the paint and patches, and the brocade and the pompous airs which did little toward disguising the foul filth of the old romances, and they seized with avidity upon the pure, simple tales that had brought about the reaction. From the era of Richardson's "Pamela," a flood began to rise, which with an even, steady flow has cleansed the deepening channels of our literature from many pollutions. So much has the modern novel in its various relations performed. Its mission has been a noble and beneficent one.

Eight years after the appearance of his "Pamela," Richardson gave his greatest work to the world in the shape of "Clarissa Harlowe." Few novels ever took such a grasp upon the public mind as this. The interest of all minds were aroused by the pen strokes of the skillful delineator, and during its progress Richardson was deluged with letters, entreating him to save his heroine from the web of misery he was slowly weaving about her. He had the good sense to refuse all such requests, and faithfully finished the work as he had contemplated, thus adding to our literary treasures a grand tragedy in prose, of which the catastrophe may worthily be compared with the noblest efforts of pathetic conception in the Greek tragic writers, our elder dramatists, or in Scott or Dickens. Several editions of the work were published with-

in a year at home, and it was speedily translated into French and German, making the author's name familiar throughout Europe.

The next five years of Richardson's life were principally spent in the composition of his third great work, "Sir Charles Grandison." This was written like its predecessors in the epistolary style and was published in seven volumes. We must confess that to us this novel is his poorest. Every thing is painted with that minuteness of touch characteristic of Richardson, but the long-winded and ceremonious Sir Charles and his prim sweetheart are rather tedious characters. We rather suspect that the hero was hardly drawn from the life, for in that society in which Richardson mingled there could be few genuine Grandisons found among the scores of gaily dressed and foully cankered Lovelaces.

The last years of the great novelist's life were spent in the retirement of his villa at Parson's Green. He was very hospitable and very fond of company, and his old age was soothed by the friendship and society of a host of friends whom he had won by his gentle life and charming books. Besides his novels Richardson wrote "Familiar Letters to and from several Persons upon Business and other Subjects," and several contributions to periodicals. He died in 1761 at the ripe age of seventy-two.

Richardson's novels are not generally read in this fast age. Their minuteness of description and their extreme length do not prepossess readers in their favor. Only earnest students of English fiction have the courage to attempt their perusal. The delicious and superb banquets which Thackeray, Bulwer, Dickens, Hawthorne and Ouida have spread before us have destroyed our appetites for the tedious works of the eighteenth century. But when leaving out of sight those great modern fictions which have since enriched our libraries, we compare "Pamela" and "Clarissa Harlowe" with the works which preceded them, their full value is then appreciated, and we are not disposed to cavil at their faults. They also have another value peculiar to themselves and that is that the vices and virtues, the manners and customs of their age are faithfully delineated in their pages.

### THE KING'S ENGLISH.

It is curious to notice the changes which the King's English undergoes in its passage westward with the course of empire and the idioms which almost every district may claim the honor of originating, or the blunders which each sturdy Anglo Saxon unconsciously makes.

The Yankee passing westward is amused at the broad accent and peculiar blunders of the people he meets. He smiles when they say "I allow" for "I think," and can hardly repress an audible laugh when they talk of a "right smart chance of wheat," or a "powerful heap of tobacco." As he goes southward, the flat, yet drawling accents seem to his unused ears very insipid, and the characteristic phrases often need an interpreter.

Does he hear an appointment for a lecture in the evening. He waits, it may be, until seven and one-half o'clock, and then, attired in his best, he goes to the designated place, there to learn that "the lecture was not at night, but at two o'clock in the evening," and that "meeting broke at four."

Does he teach school, (and of course he must, if a traveling Yankee) he will be confused and amused with the new and strange uses of the King's English among the juvenile population. "When will it be books?" or "When will school take up?" the children probably inquire on the morning of his arrival. "Can I

go and get a bucket of water?" a child next asks, holding in his hand what the teacher calls a two-quart tin pail. "Have you learned your spelling lesson?" he inquires of a bright little girl, as the time for that lesson approaches. "Well, I reckon," she replies, with a twinkle of the eye which leaves the teacher further in doubt as to her meaning. "Do you know where Columbus was born?" She shakes her head and answers respectfully, "I disremember." The Yankee can hardly keep his gravity as every day reveals some new peculiarity in the speech and manners of the people about him; and yet if he minds not his P's and Q's, the quick-eared southerners are all the time having their laugh at his expense. It does not signify to them that he makes far less blunders than they, since they know it not. Doesn't he say "hadn't ought to," "bunnet," and "yis," and "yesterday," and doesn't he mince and swallow his words, the Yankee schoolmaster?

The charm of novelty gone, or necessity impelling, does our hero take his carpet bag and go still farther westward, on, on, to the land of gold? There the speech of the people, no less than the climate, is every day revealing something new.

Does he call on a friend? He is told that he has gone a few hundred miles into the country after "a little pigeon," and will not be back in a couple of weeks. Thinking his friend a fool for going so far for a little pigeon, he turns away in disgust, not dreaming that pigeon means business in the native dialect, and that the laugh comes on his side of the house.

Weary at length of wandering, our adventurer returns to his native East, surprised to notice many peculiarities of speech and habit, which have before escaped his observation. His brother, to be sure, does not say, "I have saw," or "I seen," but he often says, "I see it yesterday." His intimate friend, chatting familiarly around the fireside, forgets his company talk, and says, "mornin'," and "talkin'," and "walkin'," and so on indefinitely.

Our hero wonders if people talked so queerly before he went away, and ceases to boast of Eastern infallibility in all things. At length, however, he marries and settles down in the comfortable belief that, with all its faults, there is no place like home. He still murders the King's English occasionally, but perhaps less frequently than of old, except it may be, when talking to the baby.

### CORRECT PRONUNCIATION.

It has been said that "the manner in which one speaks his mother tongue is looked upon as showing more clearly than any other one thing what his culture is, and what his associations are and have been." But little attention is paid to this subject in country schools and parents are, as a general thing, negligent in regard to correcting the mistakes in pronunciation made by their children. In youth the organs of speech are pliable, the memory retentive and the habits unformed, hence a correct articulation and pronunciation can be then acquired much easier than in advanced years. Those who have not had this culture in early life are apt to feel the loss keenly as they mingle with polite society, for although the mind may recognize an error as soon as made, yet the untrained lips often shame the speaker and make him feel ill at ease, even with those who are, perhaps, his inferior in every other respect.

Parents should give this subject more attention. A blackboard should be in every home. With the aid of this useful article many interesting word games may be played. The children will be glad to

do without a few unnecessary ruffles and injurious pastry, if mother will only spend a little time each day teaching them how to talk correctly. It is an easy matter to print a list of words often mispronounced on the blackboard. The following is an example: coffee, duke, drama, arctic, dog, ally, been, diamond, blithe, donkey, etc. Talk about the meaning of each word with the children, teach the little ones to make sentences containing the words under consideration, show that words are simply the clothes in which we dress our ideas. Make the dictionary a member of your family circle and bow to its superior wisdom. The children will need but little encouragement to consult its pages. Find short paragraphs containing many words often mispronounced and allow the children to read them, giving the one credit who reads the most correctly. The following is a good example of an easy reading lesson of this kind: The illustrated magazine contains an interesting description of a diamond found in Asia and portrays the squalor of a hut in which lives a dishonest, covetous, despicable old man who curses God and will have no companion but his dog. On the first page of the paper is a picture of a large house having a cupola on its roof and many dahlias in the yard.

Aside from these special drills the children should be allowed to read interesting stories, poems, historical sketches etc., giving attention to unfamiliar words and talking about things that seem obscure.

Happy are the children whose parents are careful about these matters and thus lay a firm foundation for the highest culture in after years. Horses and cattle, houses and lands, gold and silver, and all the treasures of earth can never compensate for the loss of this training and wise are those parents and teachers who realize these things and give those under their care the precept and example they need in order to develop into self-possessed men and women, capable of using the English language in a way to influence others for good and to aid them selves in life's great work.

Portland, Me. ELIZA H. MORTON.

#### THE PIANO-FORTE.

O friend, whom glad or grave we seek,  
Heav'n holding shrine!  
I ope thee, touch thee, hear thee speak,  
And peace is mine.

No fairy casket, full of bliss,  
Out-values thee;  
Love only, waken'd with a kiss,  
More sweet may be.

—Leigh Hunt.

Little more than a century has elapsed since the piano-forte became a fact; and in the course of that period—so brief in the history of an art—it has accumulated to itself a wealth of literature of infinite beauty and of extent out of all comparison with that of any other instrument—if we except the human voice; and it has one advantage over that instrument in that it is not so liable to take cold. The violin and all the family of stringed instruments, beautif' in combination, are rarely heard alone; and the same applies in a greater degree to wind instruments, the organ, has, comparatively with the piano-forte, but a limited repertory of its own. The piano-forte came, with its new principle of percussion, and not only conquered but actually exterminated its rival harpsichord. It brought with it the power of sustaining and modifying tone; and it also brought with it accent—which, I take it, is the very breath and life of music. Hence it has been fitly called a miniature orchestra; the piano-forte has been also called the household instrument, and when we

consider the extent to which it enters into our social relations, and the vast fund of innocent enjoyment it affords us, few will be found, I think, to deny the justice of this endearing description.—Walter Macfarren.

#### CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some reader please send me the words of a song which, I think, is entitled, "Peace on the Deep?" Words similar to these occur in it:

"And as the waves cover,  
The depths we glide over,  
So let the past in forgetfulness be.  
While down the river,  
We float on forever,  
Speak not, oh, breathe not,  
There's peace on the deep."

I will return postage gladly.

Block Island, R. I. MRS. MARTIN V. BALL.

Can any of the Band send me the words of the poem containing these verses:

"Not to-night I'll kneel beside thee,  
To repeat my evening prayer,  
But within my curtained chamber  
Father, I will say it there.  
With my head upon my pillow,  
And my hands upon my breast,  
Just as lay my beauteous mother  
In that deep and dreamless rest?"

Also the second, third, fifth and sixth verses of "Over the Hill from the Poor House." Will return the favor if I can. LEONORA BOSS.

Downing, Mo.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of your readers send the piece of poetry the first verse of which is:

"Why, Phoebe, have you come so soon,  
Where are your berries, child?  
You surely could not have sold them all,  
You had a basket piled?"

I will return the favor if wished for.

MRS. D. C. MENDENHALL.  
Box 1378, San Diego, Cal.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the sisters send me the words to the following songs: "A Boy's Best Friend is his Mother," "The Old Oaken Bucket?" Also an old song beginning something like this:

"Wild roved an Indian girl,  
Bright Alveretta,  
Where sweeps the waters of  
The blue Juniper."

And "Down Upon the Suwanee River." I will be pleased to return the favor in any way that I can. GRACE M. HORTON.

Bannack City, Beaver Head Co., Mont.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of your readers tell me where I can obtain a copy written or printed, of the poem entitled "The Sea of Galilee," written by Miss Margaret Robinson of New York, and published in The Religious and Literary Gem, date January 12, 1843, also in The Literary Emporium, published in New York in 1845? The poem begins:

"Bow down my spirit and adore, while thus I gaze on thee,  
Thou favored spot of all the earth, thrice hallowed Galilee.  
Bow down my spirit and adore, as in the courts above,  
Behold the place the Saviour trod, in sorrow and in love."

MRS. A. E. BARNETT.  
504 Howard Ave., New Haven, Conn.

—Hug not to your bosoms the dangerous fallacy that conscience, imperfect, untutored, undeveloped, can atone for the black deeds which have had conscience's sanction. Learn from the pages of history that some of the greatest wrongs ever perpetrated on mankind, have been perpetrated in the name of religion and with the sanction of conscience. Thousands and thousands of martyrs have been doomed to the most cruel and ignominious deaths, for opinions' sake with the fullest indorsement of the religion of their persecutors.

#### THE REVIEWER.

THE HIDDEN WAY ACROSS THE THRESHOLD, by Dr. J. C. Street. In this volume the author professes to lay bare some of the hitherto impenetrable mysteries of this and the next worlds, and to instruct its readers how to obtain still more extended knowledge in the same direction. Dr. Street tells us that the contents of the

work have been gathered "from intelligences in the form and out of it, from souls embodied and disembodied," during his "union and intercourse with the Adepts of many lands and the Dervishes and Lamas of the East," and explains that "persuaded by numerous calls from the two worlds, and prompted by large experiences of scenes of occult character witnessed abroad," he has been led to publish it for the benefit of the public. In the six hundred pages of the book the author touches upon almost as many subjects. Price \$3.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: Clapp & Jones.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, HIS LIFE, HIS WORK, HIS FRIENDSHIP, by George Lowell Austin. In this admirable work the author has given a very clear and popular picture of the poet's literary life, avoiding as much as possible details of his personal and private life, though giving many of his own personal recollections, and thoughtfully omitting as a rule, all correspondence which passed between Mr. Longfellow and his friends. The whole work is full of interest and value, and cannot fail to teach some inspiring and ennobling lessons. The frontispiece portrait is a fine reproduction from the latest and most admired negative. Price \$2.00. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: Clapp & Jones.

GRASSES AND FORAGE PLANTS, by Chas. L. Flint. The object of this practical and valuable book is to give information in regard to the history, culture, and nutritive value of grasses and grains. The large number of illustrations of the different species of grasses, will greatly assist in the study and identification of unknown specimens, and cannot fail, together with the great amount of valuable information given, to have the effect of creating a more general interest in the subject. Price, \$2.00. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: Clapp & Jones.

READY ABOUT OR SAILING THE BOAT, by Oliver Optic. This is the sixth and last volume of "The Boat-Builder Series" which was begun six years ago. The author is too well known as a writer of books for boys, to need any praise from us, and we can only say we hope a great many boys will be made happy by the possession of these books. Price, \$1.25. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: Clapp & Jones.

LIFE NOTES OR FIFTY YEARS' OUTLOOK, by William Hagne, D. D., will be found to contain the personal reminiscences of a noble life, filled with great and good deeds, a life of love, sincerity and truth. His aid to educational and philanthropic institutions is of permanent value, and his writings will have a lasting and important place in history. Price, \$1.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: Clapp & Jones.

We are in receipt of a bound volume of WIDE AWAKE for 1886, which will be a delight to any young person fortunate enough to possess one. The covers themselves are suggestive of the year's pleasures, from the apple blossoms and singing birds of springtime to the coasting and skating of winter, and are a fair index to the good things with which the pages are filled. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

PARLOR GAMES FOR THE WISE AND THE OTHERWISE, by H. E. H. The appearance of this little book at this season of the year is most opportune, and will solve many a vexed question of "how shall we entertain them" of the mothers and older sisters, as the party season, in which the little folks must take part, draws near. It is a book that deserves a place in every household where there are children, and will possibly help to keep them from mischief, during the long winter evenings.

which are so near us. Price, 50c. Rochester, N. Y.: The E. O. M. Hubbard Co.

THE AUTUMN, 1887, CATALOGUE OF BULBS, PLANTS AND SEEDS, from Peter Henderson & Co., is filled with even more than its usual good assortment of plants, and there are few homes that cannot be made beautiful by a judicious selection from its pages. 35 & 37 Cortlandt St., New York: Peter Henderson & Co.

THE CENTURY for September gives two very interesting articles on Thomas Jefferson. The first of the two is written by John G. Nicolay who is also one of the Lincoln contributors. The second is by Frank R. Stockton, who here drops the pen of fancy, for a little touch of serious description of the later aspects of Monticello, Jefferson's home. Both articles are very interesting and a great relief to the Lincoln and War Papers which, however, continue on the even tenor of their way. Second in popular interest to the articles on Jefferson and Monticello are two articles on "Amateur Photography," with some very pretty illustrations. Stockton's "Hundredth Man" continues, and the "Snubbin' Through Jersey" article is finished with a good deal of picturesque description, and several very pretty pictures. Professor Atwater gives the fourth in his series of articles on "The Chemistry of Food and Nutrition." Mr. John Bach McMaster's article on the "Frames and the Framing of the Constitution," is both interesting and valuable. The second part of Mr. Joel Chandler Harris's "Azalia" with illustrations by Kemble, is given, and there is a short story entitled "Helen," by Harriet Lewis Bradley. The poetry of the number consists of two stanzas, "Mother and Artist," by Alice Williams Brotherton, and three sonnets, "H. H.'s Grave," by M. Virginia Donaghe, "Sub Pondere Crescit," by T. W. Higginson, and "Noblesse Oblige," by Robert Underwood Johnson. Other able articles are given, and the editorial department is as usual full of interest. \$4.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

THE ATLANTIC for October is an unusually good number. The opening article "An Unclosed Skeleton," given by Lucretia P. Hale, and Edwin Lasseter Bynner, is a collection of old letters written many years ago and although there are some gaps and omissions, the story which they convey is connective enough to prove very entertaining. Olive Thorne Miller gives a most delightful sketch entitled, "The Wise Bluebird," which will make every one reading it, desirous of owning the very pair that she writes about. "One Hundred Days in Europe," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, is as interesting as at first, and generous installments are given of the two serials, "The Second Son," by Mrs. Oliphant and T. B. Aldrich, and "Paul Patoff," by F. Marion Crawford. "A Second Glance Backward," by Susan Fenimore Cooper, "Jean Francois Millet," by Theodore Child, and "Anecdotes of Charles Reade," by E. H. House, with other excellent articles, together with the usual fine editorial departments, which are well filled, make it one of our most valuable magazines. \$4.00 a year. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ST. NICHOLAS for October is one of the best numbers of the current volume. A charming story by Miss Louisa M. Alcott entitled "An Ivy Spray," leads us to hope that there are more to follow in the new year of St. Nicholas. Frank R. Stockton contributes one of his capital "Personally Conducted" papers, or "The Low Countries of the Rhine," with many illustrations, and interesting descriptions. Every one who has been reading Miss Baylor's intensely interesting serial, "Juan and Juanita," will turn at once to its pages and cannot fail to have a feeling of disappointment that the story is finished, although they rejoice with the children in reaching their home. H. H. Boyesen's "Fiddle-John's Family" is also finished in quite as satisfactory a manner. "Ole Mammy Prissy," by Jessie C. Glasier, is a very amusing story. "General Grant at Vicksburg," is the title of General Adam Badeau's war story, George J. Manson tells ambitious boys how they may become successful merchants, while others gain encouragement for literary work from "The Boyhood of John Greenleaf Whittier," as told by W. H. Rideing. Nora Perry, Mary Mapes Dodge, Rosalie Johnson, Frank Sherman and Margaret Vandegrift are among the other contributors. \$3.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

BABYLAND for October comes with its usual store of amusement for the babies. Its pages are well filled with pretty pictures, verses, and stories, and it will find a welcome in many homes. 50 cents a year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

#### MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

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

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

## FLEE AS A BIRD.

Mrs. M. S. B. DANA.

*Moderato express.*

1. Flee as a bird to your moun - tain, Thou who art wea - ry of sin; . . .  
 2. He will pro- tect thee for - ev - er, Wipe ev - 'ry fall - ing tear; . . .

Go to the clear flow - ing foun - tain, Where you may wash and be clean; Fly, for th' aven - ger is  
 He will for - sake thee, O nev - er, Shel - tered so ten - der - ly there: Haste, then, the hours are

near thee; Call and the Sav - iour will hear thee, He on his bo - som will bear thee,  
 fly - ing, Spend not the mo - ments in sigh - ing, Cease from your sor - row and cry - ing, The

Thou who art wea - ry of sin, O thou, who art wea - ry of sin.  
 Sav - iour will wipe ev - 'ry tear, The Sav - iour will wipe ev - 'ry tear.

*un poco ritenuto.*

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

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

THE FORUM for October. \$5.00 a year. New York: The Forum Pub. Co., 97 Fifth Ave.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE for October. \$2.00 a year. Philadelphia: T. S. Arthur &amp; Son.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING for October. \$2.50 a year. Springfield: Clark W. Bryan &amp; Co.

WIDE AWAKE for October. \$2.40 a year. Boston: D Lothrop &amp; Co.

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## The Dispensary.

## FOOD FOR HEALTH.

OUR all wise and benevolent Heavenly Father has made the earth full of good and wonderful and beautiful creations, showing plainly to His children His power and love; and having given us minds and hearts He expects us to apply ourselves to the study of His works, at least, so far as to learn their use and abuse.

In the vegetable world we find an almost endless variety of plants, vegetables and fruits designed for the sustenance of animal life, and evidently intended to contribute to the comfort and well being of His children, who on their part too often receive and enjoy His good gifts without a thought of the Giver. Worse than this, these good gifts are often perverted by mankind to wrong uses, as, for example, when the grain designed to furnish us with nourishing bread is made into beer or whisky, thus turning good wholesome nourishment into deadly poison that destroys both soul and body.

All material substances, as we know, are divided into two classes, organic and inorganic. The organic are those that possess organs and life; such as plants, animals, and human beings; the inorganic possess no organs, as, for example, stones, earth, alcohol, gases, and the like.

The plant has been called "the factory of organization," because with its roots and leaves it gathers up inorganic substances, gases from the air, alkali from the rich earth, and manures around the roots, and feeds upon these inorganic substances, and incorporates them into its own life, thus making inorganic substances into organic substances, using what would be otherwise useless, changing that which is foul and poisonous into what is sweet and wholesome, drinking in the poisonous carbonic acid exhaled by man and throwing out for us in exchange, fresh, pure oxygen gas, to cheer and exhilarate all who breathe it; absorbing from the ground all foul and injurious dampness and pestilential odors tending to disease and sending back in return to bless mankind, beautiful flowers, delicious fruits and rarest perfumes. "From seeming evil still educating good."

How wonderful is all this! Truly the vegetable world is to us a perpetual lesson, not only of the thrift and economy of nature which wastes nothing; but of unselfishness, taking the worst and giving the best, patient industry, humility and cheerful trust. Truly there is not even a blade of grass from which we may not learn valuable lessons.

Here is a bare, unsightly spot of earth, nothing to be seen but bare rocks or clay and mud. But leave it alone and how soon friendly vegetation hastens to throw over it the mantle of charity to hide its defects. The bare rocks are covered with delicate, beautiful moss, and every desolate corner shows rich clusters of ferns, grass or wild flowers.

Thus does He who came to give "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for the spirit of heaviness," (Isa, lxi:4,) speak to us in His works.

Inorganic substances are unfit for food. The only exception, perhaps, to this rule, is salt, which taken in moderation with food aids digestion. Water, also, although inorganic, is essential to health, forming a vehicle for carrying the blood discs to nourish all parts of the body and serving also as a means of carrying away poisonous excretions.

It is said that fat people usually eat little but drink much, while lean people drink little but are always hungry, yet

eating more than other people, and that if this were reversed the lean would gain in fullness and the stout have the satisfaction of seeing their shadows grow less. We must bear in mind, however, that fat is not always a sign of health. On the contrary it is often found with a diseased and enlarged liver or fatty degeneration of the heart or other organs, caused by imperfect digestion, often induced by the drinking of beer, ale, cider or wine in moderate quantities.

As we know, it is absolutely essential to health that the system should be abundantly supplied with pure water, of which we are largely composed. But water, or any fluid in large quantities at meals would dilute the gastric juices and so hinder digestion. It should therefore be taken freely in the morning before breakfast and between meals. The effect of alcohol is to dry up the water in the system, it having a very strong affinity for water. It dries up and hardens the brain and nerves so that they act slowly and with great difficulty, or incorrectly, and thus often paralysis and insanity result.

The nerves, the telegraphic network conveying messages from the head to all parts of the body, in order properly to carry on the functions necessary to life and health, when nourished with pure water and with wholesome grains, fruits and vegetables or meats, act quickly and easily without pain or mistake, ordering the work of digestion, respiration, motion, thought and healthful life; but when intoxicants or narcotics enter the system, the effect is to paralyze these nerves until gradually the victim loses all self-control. He no longer commands himself but does just what he had determined not to do; his brain, his muscles, even his senses can no longer be relied upon. He is like a beautiful watch out of order. Nay, worse, for the watch still may appear well outwardly, but he has lost his beauty if he ever had it, lost his self-respect, lost his health of body and of soul, lost too often, his hopes for time and for eternity.

Thus has "God made man upright, but he hath sought out many inventions." Moreover, this rapid absorption of the water in the system by the alcohol, this drying up and hardening of the tissues, creates a terrible thirst, a craving which is insatiable. More of the poisonous drink only increases the thirst till partial paralysis or stupor for a time deadens sensation, when he awakes not refreshed but more wretched and more tortured than before. It would be bad enough if the evil end'd here. But alas! this is but the beginning.

The weakness of brain and nerve so induced and the terrible appetite and loss of self-control and moral power are transmitted by the fixed laws of heredity from parent to child, sometimes passing over one or two generations and then coming out again in the third or fourth generation in full force. It is in this way that "the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation." In view of such facts what can be thought of those who pervert for such terrible and deadly uses the nourishing grains and delicious fruits of the earth created for our health and happiness.

Man, the highest in order of earthly creatures, endowed with intelligence above the mere animal, immortal, made "in the image of God," perverts his God given powers and energies to concoct a poison that shall be to his fellow man a snare and a delusion bringing ruin to body and soul. He takes the delicious grape and changes it to the wine, of which scripture says "at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." He turns the healthful apple into a drink

that leads to disease and sin. He changes the beautiful grains into poisonous drinks that stupefy and deaden body and soul.

Thus does man pervert and abuse his best blessings, turning organic matter into inorganic, healthful growth to premature decay and fermentation, life into death, good into evil.

God, on the contrary, shows to us His infinite wisdom and goodness by converting material, which to our finite minds would seem worthless, into that which is absolutely perfect; for every flower or blade of grass is in its way absolutely perfect, fresh from the hand of God, and far beyond our comprehension. From the noxious gases unfit for us to breathe, and from earthy, disorganized and effete matter He creates the healthful, nourishing, beautiful grains and fruits, in endless variety, each one a miracle, and all for our benefit.

At least we can but show our gratitude by not suffering them to be perverted to the service of Satan; but by using them in their purity, as God intended, for His glory.

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

## TWELVE RULES FOR THE CARE OF EARS.

1. Never put any thing into the ear for the relief of toothache.
2. Never wear cotton in the ears if they are discharging pus.
3. Never attempt to apply a poultice to the inside of the canal of the ear.
4. Never drop any thing into the ear unless it has been previously warmed.
5. Never use any thing but a syringe and warm water for cleansing the ears from pus.
6. Never strike or box a child's ears; this has been known to rupture the drum head, and cause incurable deafness.
7. Never wet the hair, if you have any tendency to deafness; wear an oiled-silk cap when bathing, and refrain from diving.
8. Never scratch the ears with any thing but the finger, if they itch. Do not use the head of a pin, hair pins, pencil tips, or any thing of that nature.
9. Never let the feet become cold and damp, or sit with the back toward the window, as these things tend to aggravate any existing hardness of hearing.
10. Never put milk, fat, or any oily substance into the ear for the relief of pain, for they soon become rancid and tend to incite inflammation. Simple warm water will answer the purpose better than any thing else.

11. Never be alarmed if a living insect enters the ear. Pouring warm water into the canal will drown it, when it will generally come to the surface, and can be easily removed by the fingers. A few puffs of tobacco smoke blown into the ear will stupefy the insect.

12. Never meddle with the ear if a foreign body, such as a bead, button, or seed enters it; leave it absolutely alone, but have a physician attend to it. More damage has been done by injudicious attempts at the extraction of a foreign body than could ever come from its presence in the ear.—*Health and Home.*

—If you are sick do not ask "what shall I take?" but "what have I done?" In nine cases out of ten the fault lies in you and is only to be remedied by a change of habits.

—A writer in Cassell's Magazine says: "A man who is no breakfast eater must either be a heavy supper eater, or in a bad state of health. A person who requires the stimulus of a cup of tea or any other stimulus whatever before partaking of mild food is not in health. I like to see a man have his breakfast first and then feel round for his cup of coffee, tea or chocolate."

## DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

THE FOOD FOR OUR BABY.—I am glad to see that mothers are giving more thought to the feeding of the little ones, in this degenerate age when so many mothers are so cruel as to refuse, without sufficient physical reasons, to nurse their babes. It is a matter of vast importance to know just what to give it when unnaturally deprived of its natural food. It is the manifest duty of the mother, under ordinary circumstances, to either nurse her child, or to do the next best, unless willing to adopt the ancient custom of destroying the weakly ones, as one would a worthless calf! (The fact that nearly one-half die before reaching the age of five years shows that something is wrong in their feeding.) Now, to answer "Why the doctors raise such a hue and cry about cow's milk," is plain from the following table:

	Woman's.	Cow's.
Water	87.09	87.41
Sugar	6.04	4.92
Caseine	0.63	3.01
Albumen { Albuminoids	1.31	0.75
Fat	3.90	3.66
Ash	0.49	0.70
Reaction		Alkaline Acid

From this table the following important facts appear:

1. Woman's milk contains more sugar than does cow's milk.

2. The total of the albuminoids in woman's milk (1.94) is about one-half the amount of those in cow's milk (3.76); but the amount of albumen (that portion of the albuminoids that is not coagulable by acids) in the woman's milk is nearly double that in the cow's milk, while the caseine (that portion of the albuminoids that is coagulable by acids) is nearly fivefold greater in the cow's than in the woman's milk.

Since these two kinds of milk are not the same in their constituents, it is plain that the babe will not thrive as well as the calf on this milk. The one is acid, the other alkaline—just the opposite. It is unquestionably true, cared for as the cow is, that her milk is excellent for the calf, and that of the mother, uncared for as she is, but little less than a wreck, far too often, if not generally, would be very bad for the calf! If the cow's milk should be good for the babe, simply because it is milk, the grass and hay, eaten at eight weeks of age, should be equally good for the babe! I cannot agree with that mother who says that "an oat meal baby cannot fail to be strong and healthy," from the fact that the saliva of the babe, on the average, up to seven months of age, contains no diastase for the digestion of starch, this to be found in all grains—not in the mother's milk. When artificial foods are prepared for infants, this starch must be changed to dextrine, then to grape sugar, when it is digested by the infant's stomach. (Several of these are made, one, at least, intended as a perfect substitute for the mother's milk, the name of which I would give to the readers, aside from the fact that it might look like advertising, though I think that the importance of the matter will justify such knowledge, which I am ready to give privately.) In reference to "one cow's milk," I will say that I am unable to see any reason in favor of it, while I can see several against it. At certain times, under peculiar circumstances, that cow's milk is unfit for use, for a few days, but, were it put with several others' milk, the average would be far better. I would sooner trust the average potatoes, for example, of fifty fields, when some disease is attacking occasional fields, than those of a single one. I do not suppose that there is any danger in mixing ten different lots of good sugar. I will add that some of these "oat meal babies" may have thrived sufficiently, after the appearance of the diastase, which can digest starch. I fully endorse what G. E. M. says in reference to regularity in feeding none in the night—not feeding oftener than once in three hours, while I can readily understand why cholera infantum may follow the use of oat meal, particularly when the babe is very young.

ANTIONETTE. *Palpitation of the Heart, etc.* From the symptoms given, the "wind in the stomach," the fact that "all kinds of food distress you, the 'palpitation of the heart,' etc., I feel very sure that indigestion is the most prominent cause of the greater part of your troubles, the palpitation of the heart being caused oftener than otherwise by stomach derangements. Your doctor is at fault if he really thinks that there is nothing the matter with you. I think that you do not understand him correctly, since the "depression of spirits" is sufficient to cause disease, particularly diseases of the digestive organs. Melancholy and worry will so exhaust the nervous energy as to impair the digestion. Make the very best of the unfavorable surroundings while you remain, for a longer or shorter time. Yes, I would advise the application of mustard just over the pain, wetting a cloth and sprinkling on the mustard being a good way to apply, having thicknesses of the wet cloths to remain moist all night.

—Don't have the temperature of a sick room much over 60 degrees; 70 degrees are allowable, but not advisable.



2. Five chain, one double on next double, two chain, one double on double, eight chain, one double on next double, four times alternately two chain and one double on double, now work four doubles under two chain which will be the middle, worked as follows: thread over hook once, put under chain, put thread over hook and draw under, put thread over hook again and draw through two loops, leaving two on needle, repeat this three times when there will be five loops on needle, now put thread over hook and draw through all the loops on the needle at once, one double on next double, four times alternately two chain and one double on next double, eight chain, one double on next double, two chain, one double on next double, two chain, one double in third stitch of five chain which forms a double.

3. Five chain, one double on double, two chain, one double on double, eight chain, one double on double, three times alternately two chain and one double on double, four doubles under two chain worked as in last row, one double on double, two chain, one double on double, four doubles under two chain, double on double, three times alternately two chain and one double on double, eight chain, one double on next double, two chain, double on double, two chain, double on last double.

4. Five chain, double on double, two chain, double on double, four chain, catch in middle of nine chain, taking the rows of eight chain with it, four chain, one double in double, twice alternately two chain and one double on the next double, four double under two chain, double on double, two chain, one double on double, four doubles under two chain, double on double, two chain, double on double, four doubles under two chain, double on double, twice alternately two chain and one double on double, four chain, catch in middle of nine chain, four chain, one double on next double, twice alternately two chain and double on next double; turn.

5. Five chain, double on double, two chain, double on double, nine chain, double on double, two chain, double on double, four doubles under two chain, double on double, two chain, double on double, four doubles under two chain, double on double, two chain, double on double, four doubles under two chain, double on double, two chain, double on double, four doubles under two chain, double on double, twice alternately two chain and double on double; turn.

6. Like fourth row, only work eight chain in the open part, and when you reach the end work seven chain, catch with one single to the double of fourth row, leaving two holes between the half-ring, two chain, catch to double of third row, turn and work in the circle, \* five chain, three treble (thread over twice) worked the same as the doubles, that is, working off the top loops as one, repeat from \* four times, five chain, one double on double of last row.

7. Work as third row.

8. Like the second row, only work four chain instead of eight and catch in middle of last nine.

9. Like the first row.

10. Like the second row, but when you get to the end \* chain six, three trebles worked as before in five chain of scallop, repeat from \* five times, then six chain catch in double of first row, turn and crochet twelve single on each point of six chain, one single in double of last row.

11. Like the third row.

This makes one scallop. Work six rows before you begin another scallop, that is, six from the last one. When

working the singles of the first point of last or second scallop, join the sixth to the sixth of last point of first scallop. If any of the sisters do not understand I will send samples if they will send stamps. If used for an apron, narrow ribbon run through the open work looks very pretty. I hope the sisters will like this pattern.

SARA LEEDHAM.

Arroyo Grande, Calif.

AFGHAN.

Materials required: eight hanks of red Germantown wool, five hanks each of black and white, also two hanks each of red and black double zephyr for joining the strips, and bone needles of medium size.

Cast on thirty-three stitches. Widen at the beginning of each needle, and narrow two stitches in the middle of each alternate needle, by knitting sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth stitches together. (If preferred, slip the first of these, narrow the other two, and pass the slipped stitch over the narrowed ones.) Knit twenty-four ridges in garter stitch of each color, red, black and white, and repeat until of required length. Finish the strip with a point, by continuing to narrow without widening on the last eight ridges.

The following joining for afghan strips resembles a twisted cord: Join the strips with single crochet stitch; of one color make five chain, join again about an inch further on. Take out the needle and start the other color about half an inch from where the first was begun, and carry it forward about an inch, then take up the first color again, and so on, being careful to keep in front the thread not in use.

One can adopt any method chosen for joining the strips other than these directions, also use any colors preferred. Garter stitch is plain knitting every time across.

The amount of material given is copied from directions, which do not state if the afghan is for couch or carriage, so one's own judgment must be exercised.

ANOTHER ONE.

Materials as for the above, and cast on one needle thirty-one stitches.

1. Knit fifteen, narrow, knit thirteen make one, knit one.

2. Purl fifteen, purl two together, purl thirteen, make one, purl one.

3. Same as first row.

4. Same as second row.

5. Same as first row.

6. Same as first row.

7. Same as second row, etc, reversing the sixth row so that it will come in ribs.

The strips may be knit any length desired, according to the size wanted for couch or carriage. Sew or crochet them together, and finish with fringe at both ends, or with lace of crochet or knitting, or with a tassel in each point, or perfectly plain.

These two patterns are also suitable for sofa pillows, and in cotton for tidies and bedspreads, which may answer for the one who wished directions for the latter to be knitted in strips. More elaborate patterns can be given, but these are not difficult, and are very handsome when finished, besides being durable.

NELLIE MAY.

SMILAX LACE-CORRECTED.

Cast on twenty-six stitches and knit across plain.

1. Knit three, thread over twice, seam two together, knit twelve, thread over twice, seam two together, knit one, thread over once, knit two together, thread over three times, knit two together, thread over twice, seam two together.

2. Thread over twice, seam two to-

gether, knit one, knit and seam one loop, knit and seam the next, knit one, seam one, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together, knit six, slip four on the left hand needle over the first stitch on the same needle, thread over twice, knit two, over twice, seam two together, knit three.

3. Knit three, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two, knit and seam one loop, knit and seam the next, knit six, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two, thread over once, knit two together, knit four, thread over twice, seam two together.

4. Thread over twice, seam two together, knit five, seam one, knit two, thread over twice, seam two together, knit twelve, thread over twice, seam two together, knit three.

5. Knit three, thread over twice, seam two together, knit six, slip four on the left hand needle over the first stitch on the same needle, thread over twice, knit two, thread over twice, seam two together, knit three, thread over twice, knit two together, knit three.

6. Thread over twice, seam two together, knit four, seam one, knit three, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two, knit and seam one loop, knit three, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two, thread over once, knit two together, knit six, thread over twice, seam two together, knit three.

7. Knit three, thread over twice, seam two together, knit twelve, thread over twice, seam two together, knit four, thread over once, knit two together, knit two, thread over twice, seam two together.

8. Thread over twice, seam two together, knit three, seam one, knit four, thread over twice, seam two together, knit six, slip four stitches on the left hand needle over the first one on the same needle, thread over twice, knit two, thread over twice, seam two together, knit three.

9. Knit three, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two, knit and seam one loop, knit and seam the next, knit six, thread over twice, seam two together, knit five, thread over once, knit two together, knit two, thread over twice, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together.

10. Thread over twice, seam two together, knit two, seam one, knit five, thread over twice, seam two together, knit twelve, thread over twice, seam two together, knit twelve, thread over twice, seam two together, knit three.

11. Knit three, thread over twice, seam two together, knit six, slip four stitches on the left hand needle over the first stitch on the same needle, thread over twice, knit two, thread over twice, seam two together, knit six, thread over once, knit two together, thread over twice, seam two together.

12. Bind off three stitches, knit seven, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two, knit and seam one loop, knit and seam the next, knit six, thread over twice, seam two together, knit three.

Repeat from first row.

ROSE MADDER.

DOUBLE ROSE-LEAF.PATTERN.

Cast on three stitches for each close stripe and seventeen stitches for each open stripe. As many stripes can be worked as the width of article requires; the open stripe must have a closed stripe on each side of it.

1. \* Knit one, purl two, knit one, make one, knit one, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over, purl one, knit two together, knit one, purl one, knit one, knit one, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over, purl one, knit two together, knit one, make one, knit one, repeat from \*, end the row with purl two, knit one.

2. \* Purl one, knit two, purl four, knit one, purl two, knit one, purl two, knit

one, purl four, repeat from \*, end the row with knit two, purl one.

3. \* Knit one, purl two, knit one, make one, knit one, make one, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over, purl one, knit two together, purl one, knit one, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over, purl one, knit two together, make one, knit one, make one, knit one, repeat from \*, end the row with purl two, knit one.

4. \* Purl one, knit two, purl five, knit one, purl one, knit one, purl one, knit one, purl five, repeat from \*, end the row with knit two, purl one.

5. \* Knit one, purl two, knit one, make one, knit three, make one, slip one, knit two together, pass the slipped stitch over, purl one, knit two together, make one, knit three, make one, knit one, repeat from \*, end with purl two, knit one.

6. \* Purl one, knit two, purl seven, knit one, purl seven, repeat from \*, end with knit two, purl one.

8. \* Knit one, purl two, knit one, make one, knit five, make one, slip one, knit two together, pass the slipped stitch over, make one, knit five, make one, knit one, repeat from \*, end the row with purl two, knit one.

9. \* Knit one, purl two, knit seventeen, repeat from \*, end the row with knit two, purl one.

There are eight rows to a pattern. Sixteen rows must be worked before the whole pattern is seen.

GRACE M. HORTON.

Bannack, Beaverhead Co., Montana.

FAN LACE.

1. Crochet loosely a chain of twenty-eight stitches, join in the sixth stitch from needle with single crochet forming a loop, fourteen double crochet in loop, fasten with single crochet in first chain, chain three, three double crochet in sixth stitch of chain, two chain, three double crochet in same stitch, (this forms a shell) make another shell in fourth stitch from shell, and repeat till you have four shells, one double crochet in last stitch of chain, chain three; turn.

2. Make a shell in each of the four shells, (repeat this every row,) fasten in first stitch of chain, three chain, make a double crochet between each double crochet to the end of work, three chain; turn.

3. One double crochet between first two double crochet, chain one, make a double crochet with a chain between, between each double crochet, fasten in first stitch of chain, chain three, shells in shells, one double crochet in first stitch of chain, chain three; turn.

4. Shells in shells, fasten in first stitch of chain, three chain, shell between double crochet in chain, single crochet drawn out as long as double crochet in chain, and repeat until you have six shells with a long single crochet between each.

Repeat this row three times, which will make the fan four shells deep. This completes one fan.

For the second fan:

1. Three chain, shells in shells, fasten in first stitch of chain, chain three, one double crochet in last stitch of chain, chain six and fasten in same stitch as you put your double crochet in; turn.

2. Fourteen double crochet in loop, fasten in first stitch of chain, three chain, shells in shells, one double crochet in first stitch of chain, chain three; turn.

Repeat from second row of first fan.

Fasten the last shell of the first row of shells of the second fan into the chain of second shell of first fan, and fasten the last shell of the third row of shells into the third shell of the first fan.

MIRIAM.

San Francisco, Cal.

## INFANT'S KNIT SHIRT.

Materials: Three and one-half skeins of Saxony yarn will make two shirts. Choose nice, soft yarn and two small bone knitting needles.

Cast on one hundred and twelve stitches and knit one round plain. Purl four rounds. "Purl" is the same as "seam."

5. Narrow two, knit one, over four times, knit one, narrow four, knit one, and repeat the same the entire length of the needle.

6. Plain.

Repeat the fifth and sixth rounds eight times.

Knit two, purl two, knit two, purl two, for forty-eight rounds.

49. Knit two, purl two, for twenty-eight stitches, narrow two, over once, until there are only twenty-eight stitches on the needle, knit two, purl two, etc.

50. Knit two, purl two, for twenty-eight stitches, knit plain and bind off until you come to the twenty-eight stitches, knit two, purl two, on across.

The twenty-eight stitches on each end of the needle are for the shoulder pieces. Leave those on the end the farthest from the yarn, and knit two, purl two for nineteen rounds, on the twenty-eight stitches near the yarn and bind off. Then knit the other twenty-eight stitches the same way, and you have one-half of the body of the shirt. Knit the other half the same.

For the sleeve, cast fifty-six stitches on common-sized steel knitting needles, and knit one, purl one for sixteen rounds. Change to the bone needles, knit two, purl two, for sixteen more rounds.

17. Widen at each end of needle.

18. Plain.

19. Widen.

20. Plain.

Continue in this way until you have widened seven times at each end of needle, then for three rounds widen each round at both ends. Knit plain and bind off.

Sew together with worsted needle. Finish the neck with any pretty little edge, shell, or otherwise. I used this:

Fasten yarn, chain five, single crochet in third stitch, chain five, single crochet in third stitch. Run a tape through the little holes to draw it around the neck.

I think this is a very pretty pattern, but it has been my experience that knit shirts shrink very much. Doubtless this is due in a great measure to ignorance in washing flannels. Will some of the older sisters please help me by giving their methods?

MRS. H. G. SMEAD.

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## LEAF AND ACORN LACE.

Cast on twenty-seven stitches.

1. Over, narrow, knit seven, over, knit three, narrow, purl one, narrow, knit three, over and narrow twice, knit three.

2. Purl eleven, knit one, purl eight, over and narrow twice, over, knit one, purl one.

3. Over, narrow, knit eight, over, knit two in next stitch, over, knit two, narrow, purl one, narrow, knit two, over and narrow twice, knit three.

4. Purl ten, knit one, purl eleven, over and narrow twice, over, knit one, purl one.

5. Over, narrow, knit nine, over, knit two in each of next three stitches, over, knit two, narrow, purl one, narrow, knit three, over, narrow, over, knit three.

6. Purl ten, knit one, purl sixteen, over and narrow twice, knit one, purl one.

7. Over, narrow, knit nine, narrow, over, knit six, over, knit two, narrow, purl one, narrow, knit three, over and narrow twice, knit one.

8. Purl nine, knit one, purl fourteen,

purl two together, over, purl one, over and narrow twice, over, knit one, purl one.

9. Over, narrow, knit ten, narrow, over, knit six, over, knit two, narrow, purl one, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, over, knit three.

10. Purl nine, knit one, purl four, knit two in each of next six stitches, purl three, purl two together, over, purl three, over and narrow twice, over, knit one, purl one.

11. Over, narrow, knit eleven, narrow, over, purl twelve, over, knit two, narrow, purl one, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, over, knit four.

12. Purl nine, knit one, purl four, narrow six times, purl two, purl two together, over, purl five, over and narrow twice, over, knit one, purl one.

13. Over, narrow, knit twelve, narrow, over, purl six, over, knit two, narrow, purl one, knit two, over, narrow, over, knit five.

14. Purl ten, knit one, purl four, narrow three times, purl four, over, purl two together, purl one, purl two together, over and narrow three times, purl one.

15. Over, narrow, knit twelve, over, knit one, over, purl three together, over, knit two, narrow, purl one, knit two, over, narrow, over, knit six.

16. Purl eleven, knit one, purl twelve, over, purl three together, over and narrow three times, purl one.

17. Over, narrow, knit eleven, over, knit three, over, narrow, over, knit one, narrow, purl one, knit two, over, narrow, over, knit seven.

18. Purl thirteen, knit one, purl fourteen, purl two together, over and narrow twice, purl one.

19. Over, narrow, knit ten, over, knit five, over and narrow twice, purl one, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit one, over, narrow, knit five.

20. Purl twelve, knit one, purl thirteen, purl two together, over and narrow three times, purl one.

21. Over, narrow, knit nine, over, knit seven, over, narrow, over, knit three together, over, narrow, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit four.

22. Purl twenty-six, purl two together, over, narrow three times, purl one.

23. Over, narrow, knit eight, over, knit four, purl one, knit four, over, slip one, knit one, bind, slip one, narrow, bind, pass the first slipped over the last, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit three.

24. Purl seventeen, knit one, purl eight, over and narrow three times, purl one.

25. Over, narrow, knit eight, over, knit three, narrow, purl, narrow, knit three, over and narrow twice, knit one, narrow, over, narrow, knit three.

26. Purl fifteen, knit one, purl six, purl two together, over and narrow three times, purl one.

27. Over, narrow, knit seven, over, knit three, narrow, purl one, narrow, knit three, over, narrow, over, knit three together, over, knit five.

28. Purl fourteen, knit one, purl five, purl two together, over and narrow three times, purl one.

29. Over, narrow, knit six, over, knit three, narrow, purl one, narrow, knit three, over and narrow twice, knit five.

30. Purl twelve, knit one, purl seven, over and narrow three times, purl one.

MRS. A. H. BODWELL.

## OAK LEAF EDGING.

Cast on nineteen stitches and knit across plain.

1. Slip one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit one, over, knit one, slip one, narrow, pass slipped stitch over, knit one, over, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit one, over twice, narrow, knit one.

2. Knit three, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit seven, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

3. Slip one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit one, over, knit one, slip one, narrow, pass slipped stitch over, knit one, over, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit three, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one.

4. Knit three, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit three over twice, purl two together, knit seven, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

5. Slip one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit one, over, knit one, slip one, narrow, pass slipped stitch over, knit one, over, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit five, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one.

6. Knit three, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit five, over twice, purl two together, knit seven, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

7. Slip one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit one, over, knit one, slip one, narrow, pass slipped stitch over, knit one, over, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit nine, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one.

8. Knit three, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit seven, over twice, purl two together, knit seven, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

9. Slip one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit one, over, knit one, slip one, narrow, pass slipped stitch over, knit one, over, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit nine, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one.

10. Cast off ten, knit five, over twice, purl two together, knit seven, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

MINNIE J. W.

## NARROW DIAMOND EDGE.

Cast on eight stitches and knit across plain.

1. Slip one, knit two, narrow, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit two.

2. Plain.

3. Slip one, knit one, narrow, thread over, knit three, thread over, knit two.

4. Plain.

5. Slip one, narrow, thread over, knit five, thread over, knit two.

6. Plain.

7. Slip one, knit two, thread over, narrow, knit one, narrow, thread over, narrow, knit one.

8. Plain.

9. Slip one, knit three, thread over, knit three together, thread over, narrow, knit one.

10. Plain.

11. Slip one, knit four, thread over, narrow three together, knit one.

12. Plain.

## TORCHON EDGE.

Cast on nine stitches and knit across plain.

1. Knit four, thread over twice, narrow, knit three.

2. Knit five, purl one, knit four.

3. Plain.

4. Plain.

5. Knit four, thread over twice, narrow, thread over twice, narrow, knit two.

6. Knit four, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit four.

7. Plain.

8. Bind off three, knit eight.

This leaves nine stitches on the needle to begin again at first row.

LEONA I. BOWEN.

## A NEWSPAPER RACK.

Take a new, folding wire toasting rack, suspend by one handle, then lace the sides with ribbon so as to hang half open, decorate the front by weaving in ribbons and put a bow on the handle.

## DECORATED EARS OF CORN.

Get a handsome, large ear. Trim off the stalk end even, then pick out two or three kernels in different places, and put in little hooks. Suspend by a ribbon with a bow at each end tacked on with a brass-headed tack. Use to hang button hooks on.

MRS. N. W. DEAN.

Sutton, Vt.

## FAGOT STITCH.

Cast on six stitches.

1. Plain

2. Knit three, thread forward, knit two together, knit one.

3. Knit three, thread forward, knit two together, knit one.

Every row is the same.

In the March number there is a pattern called rose eeling. The heading is like the above. MRS. GEORGE ANDERSON.

Cleveland, Ohio.

## THE WORK TABLE.

We are constantly receiving letters from subscribers, complaining of incorrect directions for knitting insertions 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.

Would Alice M. West kindly make the part of her directions for crocheting the miser's purse, beginning thus: "Work fourteen stitches, then, holding your work firmly, pass the chain around under your left hand to form a loop bringing the end of it under the thread from the ball of silk and toward the worker, so it will slip through the work between the fourteenth and fifteenth stitches, then make the next double crochet stitch in the fifteenth stitch from the end of the chain, and go on working around the loop formed of the chain, until seventy more double crochet stitches have been worked," plainer, as I cannot understand that part at all? Will Aunt Dode also kindly make the first part of her directions for calla lily mats, a little plainer?

Will some one inform me how to crochet the loop or pluff stitch, as it is sometimes called? I have seen it used in making the tops for hairpin baskets. I would also like to know how to make a sunflower pincushion and a sunflower tidy. How to crochet a bead watch chain, and a quilt in grape pattern in crochet. C. P. L.

Will you please ask the sisters of the Band if they will send directions for beehive lace, and also scroll leaf pattern? and oblige

A SUBSCRIBER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Elnora Ford please send directions for embroidery, telling the principal stitches used and how to make them? and greatly oblige

MAME.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Abbie of New Mexico please send me a sample of crochet tidy described in the February paper? If she will look at description from sixth row, I think she will find some mistake. I cannot get it to form any thing from there. ETTE D. STANLEY.

Leominster, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—In directions for knitted shoulder cape in November number, 1886, a mistake is made. Instead of saying keep gores together, I should have said keep yarn together by knitting first stitch with both colors.

Petaluma, Cal.

MRS. J. W. CASSIDY.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please say to A. Subscriber, in the June number, that a nice way to use silk handkerchiefs is to rip out the hem and press, and then sew several together and make into a quilt. It is pretty with both sides alike if she has handkerchiefs enough. If you want it very nice sprinkle sachet powder on the batting then tuft with silk of different colors. To feather stitch the seams is pretty. KEENE.

Bozeman, M. T.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some sister please send directions for ladies' and infants' crocheted shirts? Also directions for shaving case made of tissue paper? The paper is cut into small pieces and fastened together in some way to form a fluffy ball. It is hung by ribbons. I will return the favor if possible. EX. Y. ZEE.

Illinois.

## The Dining Room.

### THOUGHTLESS GUESTS.

ONE of the most trying things a house-keeper has to contend with is the arrival of guests who have not been considerate enough to announce their coming.

Perhaps the husband may be so thoughtless as to forget that 'tis house-cleaning time, or that the servant has suddenly decided that she needs a change and has unceremoniously departed, or that any one of the "thousand and one" things that can happen, has happened, and invites two or three of his business friends, who are in town for a few days, to dine with him, this seems even worse than the carriage load of friends who appear unexpectedly about an hour before dinner time, because one naturally expects her own family to remember these annoyances, and not add to them. But when any or all of these people come, the first thing the busy housewife can think of, after receiving her guests and making them comfortable, is, "What can I have for dinner?" And hastening to the pantry, which perhaps looks very bare, begins to plan and work. If very fortunate she finds half a dozen tomatoes left from breakfast, she cuts each one in several pieces, first washing them perfectly clean, puts them in a porcelain lined saucepan, and sets it over the fire to cook. (Canned tomatoes can be used if it is not the season for fresh ones.) At the same time she puts about a quart of nice sweet milk into a pitcher, and sets that in a kettle of hot water to be ready to add boiling hot to the tomato at the proper time, then leaving these to take care of themselves for the present she turns her attention to something more substantial. The time is so short before she must have her dinner ready, that she cannot cook many vegetables, but that morning she had shelled and put on the stove to cook a large quantity of lima beans, which were just in their prime, thinking that those left from dinner would be just as nice warmed over for the next day, and now she was very glad she had been so generous with them, for there would be a plenty for dinner; then there was a dish of mashed potatoes left from yesterday's dinner, she will use that, and fortunately she has some sweet potatoes, so she washes them and puts them in the oven.

She had made all her plans for dinner for just her own family, and had provided mutton chops because they were so easy to cook, and she was very busy with her fall preserving and pickling. Of course there were not enough chops for dinner for all without some other meat, and from some cold roast beef left from the day before, she cut all the fat and hard pieces, and then put in the chopping tray and chopped very fine for croquettes; then she broke two eggs separately in a cup, to be sure they were fresh, and added them to the chopped meat, then she rolled two large crackers very fine and added about half of it to the meat, seasoned it well with salt, pepper, and a large tablespoonful of melted butter, and mixed thoroughly, then taking a small tablespoonful of the mixture at a time rolled it in the remainder of the cracker crumbs, making into balls, and placed each one when done on a plate, (she had twelve in all) ready to fry. She then prepared the mashed potatoes in the same way. Then she washed the mutton chops nicely and put them in a large frying pan, then put them in the oven to bake, slowly at first to make them tender, and when nearly done she quickened the fire, to have them nice and brown. When done and placed on a hot platter she seasoned

them well with salt and butter. When the chops were beginning to cook, she put the doughnut kettle on the stove, with a quantity of nice fresh lard in it and when it was hot enough to begin to smoke, she put in as many of the croquettes as she could fry without having them break, and fried them a nice brown, cooking those made from the meat first, and arranging them in a tempting manner on a hot platter. These she could leave in the warming oven till the tomato soup was made and served.

She finished the soup by sifting the tomato and returning it to the saucepan, then she dissolved a scant half teaspoonful of soda in a teaspoonful of hot water, and stirred it into the tomato. When it stopped foaming, she seasoned it well with salt, pepper, and a very generous tablespoonful of butter, and just as she was ready to pour it into the tureen, she added the hot milk, the tomato was just acid enough to thicken the milk without curdling it, if it had not been she would have had to thicken it with a teaspoonful of flour or corn starch mixed with a little water, this proved to be just right and she served it at once.

In the very few spare minutes she had found she had made the dining table ready, with fresh cloth and napkins, and all the dishes that could be put on at first, always remembering to carry all the vegetable and other dishes she would need to the kitchen on her way back, thereby saving steps and also time. The dinner plates and platters she put in the warming oven to keep hot, and after the soup was served it was very little trouble to remove the tureen and soup plates from the table and bring on the dinner she had prepared, which with nice bread and butter, of which she had an abundance, and some of her nice new pickles, "just to try," could not fail to be appreciated and enjoyed, even if it was a "picked up dinner."

The greatest trouble at the first was the dessert, which our busy little housewife had prepared for her own family, and which, of course, was not sufficient for so many more. So she put that aside for the next day, and as she had some nice grapes and pears in the garden, substituted those for the pudding, and together with some plain cake and a cup of her delicious coffee, it proved to be the nicest of anything she could have given them, at least that was the verdict of all of the five "unexpected guests" that gathered around Cousin Helen's table one pleasant day in October. And they all exclaimed that she had given so much when they said, and we agree with them, that they deserved nothing, or at the most not more than a piece of bread and butter, for not letting her know they were coming.

If these kind friends of ours, who are so fond of coming unexpectedly, just as they say, for the pleasure of eating one of our "picked up dinners," would only consider for a moment the extra work and care it brings us, and usually just in one of our busiest days, they would certainly let us know of their intended visit, if they didn't wait for an invitation, which would be still better.

Cousin Helen said there were so many things she could have done if she had only known they were coming, if only an hour or two earlier than their arrival. She would have liked an apple pudding, for that helps so much when the dinner is scant, and her favorite way to make it is to take several nice tart apples, peel, quarter and core them, and put in a deep earthen mixing dish. If the apples are not very juicy, add half a cup of cold water to them, put a few little pieces of butter over the top, and then cover with a crust, like biscuit dough. The crust should be rolled about an inch thick, and be well pressed down around the edge, and over the apples. Set the dish on the

top of the stove, where the apples will cook but not burn, and cover with a dish sufficiently large that it will not interfere with the crust rising. Three-quarters of an hour will cook the apples, but it will not injure it to stay on the stove longer. The nicest sauce for this pudding is a braided sauce, made with one cup of sugar and half a cup of butter thoroughly mixed to a cream, then add the beaten white of an egg, put it in a pretty dish, and sprinkle the top with mace, or grate nutmeg over it. This is very nice and simple too, and we find that the home folks like it just as well as the "unexpected, or thoughtless guest."

SISTER SUE.

### DINNER TABLE DIPLOMACY.

The diplomat in politics or business understands full well the virtue of the poet's line—that

"Dinner lubricates business"—

and many a difficult negotiation has been clinched in the good fellowship that follows upon a well planned, carefully served meal, at which the *bien aise* produced by the creature comforts of the palate was not disturbed by any awkwardness of management. So the household diplomat will reckon human nature into her items of consideration, if she wishes to produce that most admirable result of a home to which all the different members of her household turn as to the Mecca of their hearts, with not only faces set in the direction of their greatest ease and pleasure, but steps eager to devour every difficulty that stands between them and the prompt gathering of all at the family board. Such praiseworthy end is reached only by such harmonious adjustment of the household machinery and such presiding influence as makes an atmosphere of comfort and happiness. If women would only set themselves to acquire this rarest of all arts, as they have sometimes set themselves to conquer wider but less rich kingdoms, recognizing it as a fine art and the foundation of home life, and educating themselves for its mastery, instead of thinking that all-sufficient grace of wifehood and motherhood would come by nature, there would be more perfect homes and fewer wide-roving, discontented husbands and sons.—Marion S. Devereux, in *Good Housekeeping*.

### GERMAN LADIES.

I have noticed that in German families family government is very strict; compared with the theory and practice in America on this subject, I may say, extremely rigid. The rules and regulations are few, but they are enforced on all occasions and under all circumstances. Unquestioning submission to parental authority, lies at the foundation of this government. Children are taught to entertain the highest respect for superiors and for age. It is beautiful to see the respectful manner in which they deport themselves in the presence of their superiors and older persons. They are also invariably polite to strangers. A few weeks ago a friend and myself made an excursion on foot into the country, and we were surprised at the genuine politeness of the poor peasants and their children. Every peasant and child we met saluted us in the kindest manner possible, and readily and pleasantly answered all our questions. Children are early taught to be industrious and self-reliant. They are not allowed to call servants to do for them things which they can easily do for themselves. Every boy is trained for some business or profession, and the girls are trained to make good housekeepers and good wives. In the best families, servants very seldom wait on the table—not even when guests are invited.

I took tea, not long since, at a house of a baroness, with a large party, and not a servant was seen. The baroness made tea after we were seated at the table, with a convenient and elegant apparatus prepared for the purpose, and two beautiful young ladies, a niece of the baroness and a friend, passed around the table and served the guests.

On a certain occasion, I called on a wealthy family, and was received by the lady of the house, who told me that her two daughters were in the kitchen cooking. They were both to be married soon, and a professional cook had been employed to come three times a week, to give them lessons in the art of cooking, and initiate them fully into all its mysteries. In five minutes one of these young ladies came into the parlor to see me, neatly dressed, and conversed with me in beautiful English.

A thorough acquaintance with domestic economy is considered an indispensable qualification in a young lady for the married life. In addition to all this, mothers teach their daughters that one of their chief duties after marriage is to strive to make their husbands comfortable and happy. When a German husband comes to his home, at the close of a day of toil and anxiety, his wife receives him with a smile, and while he eats and smokes, converses with him in the most entertaining manner about the events of the day. What will your lady friends say about this picture of domestic life in Germany?—*Exchange*.

### THE DESSERT.

—Book agent—Is the lady of the house in? Servant maid—There are two of us, which do you want to see?

—Minister (making a call)—"And do you always do as your mamma tells you to, Flossie?" Flossie (emphatically)—"I guess I do, and so does papa."

—Mrs. Fangle is an homoeopathist, isn't she?" remarked Mrs. McSwilligen during a call on Mrs. Snaggs. "No, I don't think she is," was the reply. "She's very seldom in when I call."

—A paper once asked—"Is there a wife in the city to-day who makes her husband's shirts?" The following answer was received by return of post: "I do, but he won't wear them."

—Mrs. A.—"Oh, by the way, I met Mrs. Montgoldfier to-day." Mrs. B.—"Did you? And did she have her children with her?" Mrs. A.—"Have her children with her! No, indeed! Mrs. Montgoldfier is a real lady."

—Teacher—"With whom did Achilles fight at Troy?" Boy—"With Pluto." "Wrong." "With Nero." "Wrong." "Then it was Hector." "What made you think of Pluto and Nero?" "Oh, I knew it was one of our dogs. Their names are Pluto, Nero, and Hector."

—A husband was sitting in his store at Marietta when a letter in a familiar handwriting was handed to him. It was from his wife, whom he had left at home that morning with every assurance of affection and devotion. But the very first sentence startled him, and as he read on the most horrible suspicion seized him: "I am forced to tell you something that I know will trouble you, but it is my duty to do so. I am determined you shall know it, let the result be what it may. I have known for a week that this trial was coming, but kept it to myself until to-day; when it has reached a crisis, and I can keep it no longer. You must not censure me too harshly, for you must reap the reward as well as myself. I do hope it won't crush you. The flour is all out. Please send some this afternoon. I thought by this method you would not forget it." She was right. He didn't.

## The Kitchen.

THE NOTE BOOK OF A HOUSE-KEEPER.

Number Twenty-five.

BY GLADDYS WAYNE.

IT IS wise to heed the homely old adage, "Do not count your chickens before they are hatched." Last year, in noting the contents of our garden, there seemed fair prospect of an abundance of plums, some pears and plenty of ripe grapes. But alas, for human expectations. The frost caught our grapes, the plum and pear trees matured no fruit, except perhaps half a dozen plums. It is the same each year, so we accept the disappointment with as good a grace as possible, and if opportunity offers, buy the plums that we had hoped to gather from our own abundance.

Pears we cannot yet expect in quantities sufficient for cooking purposes, our trees being too newly set or grafted. We have this season engaged pears at fifty cents per bushel; we shall eat them fresh, ripe and delicious, as dessert, pickle some, and perhaps preserve a few. They are nice pickled. Twelve pounds of pears, four pounds of sugar, one cup (half pint) of vinegar, one pint of water and a small handful each of cinnamon and cloves, both unground. If preferred without spice, it may be omitted, and if desired to make a richer sauce, use five or six pounds of sugar. Make a syrup of water, sugar and vinegar, when it boils remove the scum if any rises, add the spices, have the fruit ready, pared, and if large cut in halves, put it in the syrup, only enough at once to cook nicely without crowding, cook till done (it should look clear) remove carefully to a dish to drain—one of those large perforated basins is nice for this purpose. When the pears are all cooked, boil the syrup till very rich, pour it into a jar and add the fruit, handling carefully to prevent breaking; there should be enough syrup to well cover the fruit, which may be kept under by means of a light weight, as a plate or saucer. Keep closely covered in a cool, dry, dark place. Another way is to remove the fruit from the syrup to the jar as fast as it is done, and when the syrup is ready add that, and carefully stir to mix evenly.

Plums are nice "done up" in the proportion of seven pounds of sugar to ten quarts of fruit with pits in. Make a syrup of the sugar and a pint or so of water, in this cook the plums, a few at a time, till all are done, boil the syrup till very rich, put it with the fruit in a jar and keep closely covered, as other fruit. If a richer sauce is preferred, as much sugar may be used as is desired, but with the better varieties of plums I think the above rule makes a pleasanter sauce than the old rule of pound for pound.

In the matter of orchard planting, I think that too little prominence is given the sweet apple. There are orchards in which can hardly be found one sweet apple tree. Do not be afraid of getting too many, they are excellent for feeding the cows and pigs, if one has them to spare. And choose the largest, sweetest kinds; for baking the larger the better. Then, as Tom says, "there is something besides cores and apple skins." Do not spare the baked apples, you who have sweet apples in abundance; they are nutritious, they take the place of other sauce, of pies and puddings in great measure, and they are such a saving to sugar. For baking, I select the fair round ones, wash and place them close together in a baking tin—an old dripping-pan makes an excellent

bake-dish for apples—and bake until thoroughly done, they are eaten cold. For a change from plain baked apple, the skins may be removed after they are cold, the apple cut in pieces, rejecting the cores, and serve with cream and sugar. Thus they also make a wholesome and palatable dish eaten without sugar, in a bowl of bread and milk.

There are usually found some apples less perfect, these doubtful ones I pare, quarter and core, put into a basin, add water as for stewing, cover closely and bake till perfectly tender and the water nearly or quite done away. If desired to have them extra nice a little sugar may be added on putting them to bake.

Dried sweet apples are superior for making cider apple sauce, first soaking the quarters in cold water to swell them out. Those fond of sweet sauce nearly equal to preserves, use the cider from sweet apples boiled down rich. Others prefer the cider from sour apples, but not too sour, else sugar will be required in making the sauce. Cider from the russet is superior for this purpose; but in all cases the cider should be fresh from the press, that no fermentation may have taken place.

Dried sweet apples and dried plums together, soaked over night in cold water and stewed in the same, using sugar to taste, also make an excellent sauce.

Our trees just begin to come in bearing, so that this year we have a few apples (sour ones) for cooking. For pies, dumplings, etc., a really tart apple is best. And for a hearty dessert perhaps nothing is nicer than apple dumpling. It is really wonderful how a good meal off apple dumpling will warm up the heart of a man. Try it, dear Mrs. N. W. Johnny-cake, and see if that husband of yours who "dreamed" will not be wide awake enough upon their next appearance.

Usually the poultry is raised for market, and every egg that is not permitted to develop into a chick is regarded with an eye to all its possibilities; but we will suppose that eggs are cooked sometimes, and consider a few methods of serving them which are borrowed from the transatlantic rural folk.

Take fried eggs, for instance; while the yolk is still soft, as soon as the white is set, take them up carefully with a thin skimmer or pancake turner, to avoid breaking them, and lay each one upon a slice of delicate toast; if there is more than half a cup of fat in the pan, pour it out; put in a cup of vinegar and a sharp

seasoning of pepper, let it boil up, pour it over the eggs and toast, and serve the dish at once. With coffee and bread and butter, this is an excellent breakfast dish.

If a more substantial meal is desired, boil or bake some potatoes; then fry the eggs and keep them hot on toast; leave not more than two tablespoonsfuls of fat in the frying pan, into the hot fat stir a heaping tablespoonful of dry flour, then gradually stir in a pint of boiling water, a palatable seasoning of salt and pepper, let the gravy boil, and stir it smooth; serve it in a bowl with the fried eggs and potatoes. If fried or scrambled eggs remain unused, mince them, warm them with highly seasoned gravy, and serve them on toast. If boiled eggs are on hand, put them over the fire in hot water and boil them for five minutes to make sure that they are hard; when they are cool enough to handle, break off the shells, leaving the eggs entire; either dip them in batter or bread them, and then fry them like doughnuts, and serve them hot; they combine well with fried or broiled ham, bacon, salt pork, or salt fish; with a dish of baked, boiled, or stewed potatoes and gravy they make a substantial meal.

Aunt Lizzie makes a nice apple pudding. Pare, quarter and core sour apples, put them in a basin or pan, with water enough to raise a steam, cover and set the dish on the stove to partially cook while the crust is being made. Make crust as for biscuit, roll out an inch or so thick, with this cover the apples, joining it to the edge of the dish; make an opening in the center, bake in a quick oven till the crust is done, and serve warm with sugar and

cream or milk, or with butter and sugar.

If the sister who asked for a recipe for making cucumber pickles will try that given on page 270 of THE HOUSEHOLD for September 1886, I think she will be pleased with results. It is so little work to make pickles this way, and if the vinegar is of proper strength and the jar kept in a suitable place, I think no scum will rise on the vinegar as with most pickles. At least mine were just as nice the following spring as when newly made.

### HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

In one of her many useful and entertaining articles in Harper's Bazar, Juliet Corson says:

"Reference has been made to possible variety in the rather limited range of farmers' fare as bounded by brown bread and soda biscuit, baked beans, doughnuts, salt pork, codfish, boiled dinner, and pumpkin pie. The limit is sometimes less marked by paucity of materials than by rigid adherence to a few methods of cookery. If poultry extends the list, it is either baked, fried, or fricassee, and eggs are generally fried or boiled. The possible extension of this line of supplies to such a number of dishes as will permit a new one every day in the year might seem impossible, and yet there are more than a hundred ways of cooking eggs alone. It is true that chickens, eggs and cream are not so abundant upon many farms as city dwellers sometimes suppose. Usually the poultry is raised for market, and every egg that is not permitted to develop into a chick is regarded with an eye to all its possibilities; but we will suppose that eggs are cooked sometimes, and consider a few methods of serving them which are borrowed from the transatlantic rural folk.

Take fried eggs, for instance; while the yolk is still soft, as soon as the white is set, take them up carefully with a thin skimmer or pancake turner, to avoid breaking them, and lay each one upon a slice of delicate toast; if there is more than half a cup of fat in the pan, pour it out; put in a cup of vinegar and a sharp seasoning of pepper, let it boil up, pour it over the eggs and toast, and serve the dish at once. With coffee and bread and butter, this is an excellent breakfast dish.

If a more substantial meal is desired, boil or bake some potatoes; then fry the eggs and keep them hot on toast; leave not more than two tablespoonsfuls of fat in the frying pan, into the hot fat stir a heaping tablespoonful of dry flour, then gradually stir in a pint of boiling water, a palatable seasoning of salt and pepper, let the gravy boil, and stir it smooth; serve it in a bowl with the fried eggs and potatoes. If fried or scrambled eggs remain unused, mince them, warm them with highly seasoned gravy, and serve them on toast. If boiled eggs are on hand, put them over the fire in hot water and boil them for five minutes to make sure that they are hard; when they are cool enough to handle, break off the shells, leaving the eggs entire; either dip them in batter or bread them, and then fry them like doughnuts, and serve them hot; they combine well with fried or broiled ham, bacon, salt pork, or salt fish; with a dish of baked, boiled, or stewed potatoes and gravy they make a substantial meal.

Among the many omelets the most economical are those which gain in bulk from the addition of some ingredient cheaper than eggs; for instance, if a cup of cold salt fish is on hand, melt together a tablespoonful each of butter and flour, gradually stir in a cup each of milk and water, or use a pint of water, add the cold fish freed from bones, three eggs beaten for a minute, and a high seasoning of salt

and pepper; stir the mixture over the fire until the eggs are cooked to the desired degree, and serve them on toast. The delicacy of this dish may be increased with little trouble. Separate the eggs, beat the yolks for a moment, and add them to the fish; beat the whites to a stiff froth, stir them lightly with the fish, and cook and serve it quickly. With cold boiled rice a favorite southern omelet can be made. Mix a cup each of rice and milk with the yolks of three eggs, an even teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of white pepper; beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, quickly and lightly mix them with the other ingredients, pour the omelet into a hot pan containing a tablespoonful of butter, and bake it in a hot oven until it is done to the desired degree.

A good bread omelet can be made by softening a cup of the soft part of bread in boiling water, pouring off what the bread does not absorb; to the soaked bread add a cup of milk, the yolks of three eggs, an even teaspoonful of salt, and a saltspoonful of pepper; put a tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan over the fire, beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, lightly stir them with the bread, etc., pour the mixture into the hot pan, and cook it over a moderate fire until the under surface is brown: then fold it together and serve it at once on a hot dish. The drippings from fried salt pork may replace butter for frying all omelets.

As salt pork constitutes the principal meat in the farmer's dietary, some novelty in its cookery will be welcome. Most country housekeepers know about soaking it over night, or scalding it for a few moments before frying it, but the hint will be welcome to such city folk as esteem the dish as a relish. Cut the salt pork thin, either trim off the rind or cut through it at half-inch intervals, put over the fire in plenty of cold water, heat it, and let it boil gently for ten minutes; then dry it on a clean towel, put it in a hot frying pan, and quickly brown it on both sides; season it with pepper, and serve it with baked potatoes.

The dish may be varied by peeling potatoes, cutting them in halves, and boiling them with the pork, leaving them to finish boiling while the pork is being fried. Usually in the country the drippings of the pork is served as gravy. The dish will be more savory and wholesome if a gravy is made as follows: Pour out of the pan all but two tablespoonsfuls of the drippings, saving them for frying potatoes; put in a heaping tablespoonful of dry flour, and stir it with the drippings; then gradually stir in either a pint of milk or water or half a pint of each, season the gravy thus made, highly with pepper, stir it until it boils, and then serve it. This gravy can be made at any time from cold drippings, and served with baked or boiled potatoes or other vegetables. It is excellent for warming with cold chopped vegetables, or to use with bread for the children's supper. Fried mush served with it makes a hearty breakfast or supper dish. Cold fried or boiled pork in slices may be breaded, or rolled in dry flour or Indian meal, or dipped in batter, and fried in plenty of smoking hot drippings. A milk gravy made as directed above is good to serve with it.

A brown gravy is made in the same way except that the flour is allowed to brown with the drippings before any milk or water is added.

Salt pork can be baked in savory fashion as follows: When milk is abundant, cover a piece of pork with it, and let it soak over night. The next day, three hours before dinner time, drain the pork, cut across the rind in opposite directions, so that the surface is covered with scores

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half an inch square; make deep incisions by running a sharp knife or the carving steel into the pork. Moisten some stale bread with some of the milk in which the pork was soaked, season it highly with pepper and powdered sweet herbs, and stuff it tightly into the cuts in the pork, put the pork into a moderate oven, with a little of the milk and a plentiful sprinkling of pepper, and bake it slowly; baste it occasionally with its own drippings, and dredge it with flour. In an hour peel some potatoes and put them into the pan with the pork to bake. When the dish is cooked, serve it with a gravy made from the drippings: Take up the pork and potatoes and keep them hot, set the dripping pan over the fire, stir a heaping tablespoonful of flour into it, gradually add enough of the milk in which the pork was soaked to make a good gravy, season it highly with pepper, and then serve the dish.

An excellent fricassee can be made from salt pork. Cut the pork in pieces an inch square, put it over the fire in plenty of cold water, and let it heat. Change the water once or twice if the pork is very salt; in an hour put in an equal quantity of potatoes, peeled and cut in large dice, and a tablespoonful each of butter and flour rubbed to a smooth paste, and then stirred until dissolved in the water in which the pork is boiling. Season the sauce thus made with pepper, adding more butter and flour if the first quantity does not make the sauce thick enough; when the potatoes are done, serve the fricassee. To increase the size of the dish, or to vary it when potatoes are not desired, use dumplings made as follows, or from any preferred recipe:

Sift a pint of flour with a heaping teaspoonful of any good baking powder, or with an even teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and half that quantity of soda half a teaspoonful of salt, and an even saltspoonful of pepper, with cold milk or water quickly mix the flour to a soft dough, wet a tablespoon in the sauce of the fricassee, and use it to drop the dough by the spoonful into the sauce, wetting the spoon before cutting each dumpling; cover the saucepan after all are in, and boil the fricassee gently and steadily for twenty minutes, then serve it hot.

Chicken fricassee can be varied by rolling the chicken in flour after it is cut in joints, and frying it with enough drippings to prevent burning, and one onion, peeled and sliced, to each chicken. When the chicken is brown, cover it with boiling water, season it palatably with salt and pepper, and cook it slowly until tender. Dumplings may be added, as to the pork fricassee.

The old-fashioned chicken pot-pie was cooked in a round-bottomed iron pot, the sides of which were lined with crust, over a very slow fire, or in hot ashes and embers, or in the oven until the crust was brown; usually the crust did not cover the bottom of the pot, because of the danger of burning. The chicken was sometimes stewed tender in gravy before it was put into the crust, and the sides of the pot were buttered to assist the browning of the crust.

An excellent way to use cold chicken is to stew it until tender in its own gravy or in just water enough to cover it; then butter a baking dish, put in the chicken, pour over it the following batter, and bake it until the batter is done in a moderate oven: Beat three eggs very light, mix seven tablespoonfuls of flour, one even teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of pepper, with enough cold milk to make a smooth batter, taking the milk from three cupfuls up, gradually add all this quantity of milk and the beaten eggs and pour the batter over the chicken in the baking dish. Serve the pudding hot as soon as it is done. When eggs are scarce,

the batter may be made of sour milk in which a teaspoonful of baking soda is dissolved, or with sweet milk and a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder sifted with the flour.

One of the best family desserts can be made either in city or country of apples and stale bread: Peel ten good sized apples, core and slice them, and stew them to a pulp with sugar enough to sweeten them. Meantime thickly butter the sides and bottom of an oval earthen baking dish, and press all around them crumbs from the inside of a loaf of bread, having them nearly an inch thick; when the apple is done, mix with it a tablespoonful of butter and one egg beaten; put the apple into the dish without disturbing the crumbs. Over the surface put an inch-thick layer of crumbs dotted with a few bits of butter, and bake the pudding until the crumbs at the sides are brown. Turn a platter, just large enough to enclose the dish within its rim, over the pudding dish, quickly turn both upside down so that the pudding will slip out on the platter, dust it with powdered sugar, and serve it hot.

#### EXTRA WORK.

BY ERNESTINE IRVING.

Some women have a faculty for doing a large quantity of extra work that amounts to mere nothing, which tires and frets and worries, to a remarkable degree.

Many people in telling a story or giving an account of some fact, waste time, health, and the patience of their listener in detail before the pith of the matter is reached. They will begin something like this: "Last Monday, no, I think it was Tuesday, well, I don't know but it might have been Monday, any way it was Monday or Tuesday one of the two, and if not, the first of the week. Well, as I was saying, I walked down the road and saw a carriage with lady and gentleman coming this way. I watched them, half mistrusting who they were till they came in full sight, when I saw it was Uncle and Aunt Jackson, come to take dinner here on their way to the Baptist convention over the river."

This little statement could be put in fewer words, less tiring to talker and listener, and yet the full meaning grasped at once. I think in many cases it is so with housework. If one makes great talk and commotion about a piece of work before it is begun, there is liable to be less concentration and force when actually started. Patter, patter, talk, talk, all the little particulars and minutiae add nothing. A straight about course, understanding the work and doing it, is what tells.

Some mothers think they must do every thing themselves, not depend on or expect any thing from their children. I call to mind one who picked up her daughters' sun bonnets every time they threw them down, and hung them in their proper place. Said she never required her children to wait upon themselves in the least, she always did it for them, although it was very hard work for her, and made a great deal of extra, as she kept no hired help.

What was the end? Inflammatory rheumatism that became chronic. Years of helpless invalidism that compelled those children to pick up their own belongings or stumble over them; prepare their own food and do for themselves about all that was done for them. People groaned and shook their heads, pointing to the over-worked mother in her distress as a sample of folly. Let us call it more the result of ignorance of physiological laws. She was quite well, and little thought but that her present strength would endure. Had she husbanded it

more carefully, and guarded the conditions of health and disease more securely, quite probably she might have escaped the severe penalty.

I call to mind a second case, a minister's wife with seven children. I said one Sabbath, "Do you not feel weary, Mrs. J., when you reach church, after getting such a family ready? For I notice all are here from stately Heleth to baby Edith."

"Tired? oh no. But if you imagine I do all the housework and dress all these children for church you are mistaken."

"Who does it? not the minister?"

"Oh, no. Each child has his part, and does it promptly and faithfully. I have taught them from babyhood to wait upon themselves, and upon their papa and me. In their young, bounding life it is no task, and serves as discipline."

"Wise mother!" thought I. "You are building on the right foundation."

To waste one's forces in getting ready for battle, leaving no reserve for the conflict is poor generalship. I have known people dressing for callers, or preparing for company, work so hard, talk so much, fuss and fix so long, that when the people arrived the nervous force of the hostess had been consumed, and she had nothing left for bright conversation and general good feeling at their visit. It pays in the long run to keep one's self fresh and bright.

"This looks well on paper, and is easy enough to write, but how is it to be done?" says one tired sister, who, all her life has been doing and doing for others and not herself. How is it to be done? First, by taking time each day from many of those little extras you are now doing, and will discover if you earnestly set about it, taking time from them to read and rest a little. You will find if you persevere, this time for resting will gradually lengthen, till, when you have followed it six months, you will be surprised to find what a recruited soldier you are, while the main work of your army has still been going on.

There was a time when the writer of this article thought she could do many kinds of work, beside her regular employment of teaching. After a short trial, the consequence for her, was a substitute in her school and comparative rest from all labor. Nothing is gained by over-pressure. An engineer knows the power of his engine, and if greater speed is attempted, then the distance must be shortened for only so much can be accomplished. The human engine is very much on that principle, but often in our blindness we fail to see it, and when the water is low in the boiler put on all the steam that can be carried, when lo! the snap is heard before the strain is ended or the work accomplished. This is one way. Resting from the extras by not doing them, and second, don't fritter. If you have something on hand to do, do it.

Sometimes a person dressing for company will run this way and that, ask in hurried manner this question and that, turn one way and another, all the while nervous and anxious, and when the company or callers arrive and the poor woman is trying her best to be entertaining she feels so dull and lifeless, "so mean and stupid," as a friend lately told me, she can think of nothing to say, and knows she is duller than dull, and passing in her friends' minds as possessing that dreaded quality, "uninteresting."

There is a cause for all this. The nervous force upon which we depend for our life and animation has been used up in the getting ready, when the matter comes in hand there is no more to give. A little study of cause and effect will enlighten one's mind wonderfully. An intelligent mother will be surprised to find how these closely linked principles underlie

her life. It pays to take time from the baking and the stewing, the mending and the making, to think about these things.

When sickness comes how often we hear, after the wise physician or some kind friend has explained, "I see now but I never thought of this matter before."

Another promoter of vitality is cheerfulness. It helps the reserve force, and cultivates control. Discipline of self all need, and cheerfulness, a calm unruffled front where the battle rages, or presses heavy, is a stride in this direction. And close observation will generally reveal the fact, that the one who fritters away, wears and wearies with detail does not as a rule possess the cheerfulness and calm pose we admire and desire. There are, to be sure, conditions to be considered. Some people are by nature quiet and easy, others restless and anxious, but cultivation if adhered to with persistency will do much for one.

It is a good habit to have a book or paper laid near the corner in which is placed our chair for resting, or within easy reach of baby's cradle when we drop down to hush him to sleep. For all our little helps, thought must go before. Thought is the lever that moves the world to action. But for thought, where were our great inventions, medical discoveries, applied sciences, and health reforms? Let us not fall behind the spirit of the age, but use the powers of mind and body for best and lasting good.

#### CHLOE'S CARROT PUDDING.

BY MARY E. IRELAND.

"Aunt Chloe," said Minnie Walters, going into the kitchen one morning, "Lura Deane is coming to spend the day with me to-morrow, won't you please have something real nice for dessert?"

"What would you like, honey? Some nice pies and custards, wid flaky crust dat will melt in de mouf?"

"No, that is what we had the last time she was here; they were splendid, but let us try to think of something new."

"Well, honey, let's have a carrot pudin'."

"Oh, aunt Chloe, that won't be good; carrots are not good for anything but soup."

"Jes' you wait, honey, an' if you don't say it is next best to plum puddin', and a great deal prettier and wholesomer, den Chloe is no judge."

"Well," said Minnie, reluctantly, "it will be something new, at any rate."

"Yes, an' to-morrow when I am ready to mix all the ingridiments, you and Miss Lura can come out and see how it is done 'case you can't 'spect to allus have ole Chloe."

The next day, true to her promise, Chloe went to the parlor door to summon the young ladies to the kitchen.

"Now, dis yer bowl full of biled and mashed carrots, is de groundwork of de puddin'; see how fine an' dry an' yellow dey is."

"How much is there, Chloe?" said Lura, with pencil and paper in hand.

"Oh laws, honey, I don't pay no 'tentation to dat. I jus' put in the ingridiments dat I know will make it right."

"But that won't do for us, aunt Chloe," said Minnie, "you know we have neither judgment nor experience like you."

Chloe was so pleased with this well deserved compliment that she went immediately to bring scales and weights.

"It is just one pound," said Minnie, as she removed the cloth containing the carrot from the scales.

"Spect so," remarked the cok, nonchalantly; "I know it is a bowlful; dat's enough for me."

Down went the carrots on Lura's paper while Minnie weighed the other ingred-

ients, and then gave the result: One pound of flour, half a pound of finely chopped suet, half a pound of raisins, half a pound of currants, quarter of a pound of citron and a little salt.

"But, aunt Chloe, where are the milk and eggs? I never heard of a pudding without them."

"Dat's what makes it new and strange," remarked Chloe, significantly.

"Well, I never! why, Chloe, it won't be fit to eat," said Minnie, in a disappointed tone.

"Did you ever know old Chloe to make anything not fit to eat?" inquired the cook, composedly.

"No, I never did," replied Minnie, brightening.

"Now, honey, see dis yer pan? Well, I pop all the ingridiments into it, and work them together like a loaf of bread. Now I scald dis yer puddin' cloth, and flour it, put in the carrot-puddin', tie it, and pop it in dis yer pot of bilin' water."

"How long must it boil, Chloe?" asked Lura.

"Till you have nearly done your dinner, honey, and de pot must never stop bilin'."

"Well, but I don't know how long to say," remarked Lura in dismay.

"It is now nearly eleven, and we dine at one," laughed Minnie, glancing at the clock, "so it will be a little over two hours."

"Yes, dat's about it," nodded aunt Chloe's turban.

"What kind of sauce do you make for it, Chloe?" inquired Lura.

"Any kind dat comes handy, honey; to-day I am gwine to make de same as fer de rale plum puddin'. An' allus remember dat dis yer puddin' is jes' as good the nex' day and de nex', as de fust day, if you knows de right way to warm it over," remarked Chloe as the young ladies were about returning to the parlor.

"How is that?" said Lura, preparing to write it down.

"Jes' cut it in slices an' steam 'em, honey."

"Well, I do think Chloe is right," remarked Lura, when the pudding in all its golden splendor was discussed at the table; "she really never makes anything that is not splendid."—*Exchange*.

#### CARE OF LAMPS.

Those who can, by merely touching a button, light a score of electric suns within their homes, or, by turning a screw or applying a match, bring out the mellow, more moon-like radiance of gas; or who, better yet, can indulge in the pleasantest but most expensive of lights—wax candles in brazen sconces—may give this article the go-by; it is not for them! Yet I venture to say there are thousands of homes which depend entirely upon kerosene lamps for their nightly cheer and brightness; and to such, perhaps, I may suggest an idea or two. For there is no necessity in sitting in a gloomy, half-obscure, beside a sputtering, flickering flame, and a smoked chimney, with more grease than grace, and more smell than either! Even a kerosene lamp, properly cared for, will give a light not to be despised, for its soft, steady glow is far better for the eyes than flickering gas or the intense, white light of electricity.

"But the chimneys do break so, cracking sometimes right in the day time, when no one is near!" Very true, but all due to unequal expansion, which may be remedied in several ways. Are you the fortunate possessor of a diamond ring? Make it useful as well as ornamental, by cutting with it straight, perpendicular marks at short distances all around the bulging part of your chimney, before using it at all. These cuts will give the

glass the necessary room for expansion and contraction when too quickly heated or cooled, and prevent it cracking; but if like myself, you have no diamonds (except those of the Roman matron) you may toughen in this way:

Place it in a tin pail (for protection) and immerse it entirely in your cook-stove reservoir in the morning when the water is cold; let it remain throughout the entire day while the water is hottest, and the following night, during which it will slowly cool. When removed in the morning it will be found almost proof against cracking from heat or cold. Then, in cleaning, don't use soap-suds, which are apt to make it more breakable, and in time less clean, but, if badly smoked, first remove the soot with a dry brush or swab, then place the chimney upright in your sink and pour over it briskly, boiling hot water.

No, it won't break, if you do it quickly enough and the stream is sufficient to drench the whole glass at once. Polish it then with a soft, dry cloth, and your chimney will be as beautifully clean as you could wish, and perfectly dry, therefore not in danger of cracking when heated, while every such process tempers or toughens it. To insure a clear, mellow light the brass of your lamp-burner should be kept perfectly free from smut or stain, and this can best be done by immersing it in kerosene. If when a lamp is new you will begin by keeping a bowl of kerosene handy, and drop the burner into it a few minutes nearly every morning, afterward polishing it off with a soft, woolen rag, you can always keep it bright. An old, blackened burner is, however, very hard, almost impossible to clean, but may be greatly improved by a long kerosene bath and a good scouring with common brick-dust, polishing off afterward with a soft woolen cloth dipped in ammonia and whiting.

Don't cut your wick, but, turning it just above the tube, take a match and shave off the charred end, thus insuring an even flame; while, at least once a week the lamp should be emptied and washed out with soap-suds containing soda or ammonia. This is necessary to remove the greasy sediment from the bottom, but care must be taken to dry it thoroughly before refilling, or it will splutter when lighted. This can be nicely done with a whalebone swab, as its flexibility permits it to reach every part.

A lamp thus cleaned and trimmed and filled full of pure oil (for lamps, like coal stoves, burn less fuel when kept well filled), with its shade and burner polished to brilliancy, will give as perfect a light as any lamp is capable of and richly repay your time and care.—*Chicago News*.

#### COOKING VEGETABLES.

Vegetables ought always to be kept in a cool, clean, dark place, in a cellar if possible. Sunshine or even a strong light renders them flabby and flavorless. Perishable fresh vegetables ought to be eaten the day they are picked. Nothing is known of their "true inwardness" by the city denizen who buys them from a corner grocer or huckster. Like every other kind of food, the toothsome ness of vegetables depends on the perfection of cooking. Failure consists in their being under-done or over-done, under-seasoned or over-seasoned, and in being served half cold. Soft water should be used in boiling or stewing whenever practicable. Cooked quickly in just enough water to cover them, their delicacy of flavor will be preserved. As soon as vegetables are thoroughly done, not a moment before, they should be taken from the fire and served in hot dishes. By the time they are on the plates they will be cool enough.

Fresh vegetables are best cooked in boiling water and salted when half done. Dried vegetables ought to be soaked, sometimes twelve hours or more, as is the case with beans and peas. Roots or tubers need paring or scraping and soaking a couple of hours before they are put on to cook, especially in the latter part of the winter, when they have become wilted.

In regard to the length of time required for cooking no rule can be given. It varies with different states of the atmosphere, as well as with the conditions of the vegetables. Roughly stated, half an hour is long enough to cook the tender, summer vegetables, to which add fifteen minutes for the cooking of most roots. Many vegetables, like cabbage and squash, are better steamed than boiled; they furnish their own juices, and are richer without contact with water. When boiled, the less water used the better. If kept tightly covered, and cooked quickly, no additional water will be needed. It must always be boiling, if more is necessary, but even then the vegetable soaks up a portion of the water before boiling begins anew. Porcelain-lined or granitized ware is better than tin for everything.

Most vegetables contain a small amount of acid or potash, and some contain a large amount. No attempt has been made to give the exact quantity of salt needed in each dish. Some persons require double the amount that others use. Pepper is disagreeable to a portion of vegetable eaters and agreeable to others. I have long noticed that those given to a large use of pepper, salt, spices and condiments are almost universally restless, excitable and irascible. They are subject to violent and inflammatory diseases, and when past middle age become great sufferers. Condiments are acrid, irritating and inflammatory in tendency, and whatever disturbs the physical being inevitably tends to disturb that mental and superior portion which is so intimately connected with and dependent upon the coarser part which clothes it with a living garment.

That it is more difficult to make vegetables palatable without meat than with it cannot be denied. We inherit the taste for animal food, and in cold weather most people feel they must have it. When it is not practicable to procure fresh meat, or it is not desired, it is surprising how many changes can be rung on half a dozen vegetables. Cooking them in various ways is like having so many new dishes. Potatoes, for instance, afford a remarkable variety. Served with different vegetables from day to day, it is a stand-by from one year's end to another.

—*Hester M. Poole, in Good Housekeeping*.

#### WOMEN'S WORRIES.

If you are of a nervous excitable temperament ponder upon these lines, fresh from the ready pen of Lady John Manners: "Certain worries are supposed to belong specially to women. The management of servants is sometimes considered

very difficult. It used to be said, 'A good

mistress makes a good servant,' and

undoubtedly kindness and consideration

always draw people together, even when

in different positions. Though we should

save ourselves much worry by once for

all recognizing that no one is perfect, yet

I think, by studying our servants' little

peculiarities, we may hope to avoid the

frequent changes which are so trying.

For instance, if we have any reason to

think a servant's memory is defective, it

is a very good rule to give every order in

writing. Indeed, many people make a

point of writing orders for their carriages

and horses; and I remember a gentleman

who thoroughly understood the art of

dining, who always had a slate beside

him at dinner on which he wrote any remarks he wished to make for the chief. I knew a cook-housekeeper in a family which was unavoidably rather harum-scarum, sudden orders being sometimes given for many additional places at table. The orders were given by word of mouth, but that remarkable woman never made a mistake during the many years I knew her. When complimented one day on her good memory she pointed to a slate on which she always wrote every detail at once. Perhaps some of us women have too great a tendency to adore our friends and worry them, as well as ourselves, by being too demonstrative, and expecting too much in return for our attachment.

Always let your presence be desired, was the advice given by a man of the world to a lady anxious to keep her friends. Always treat your friend as if he might become your enemy, and your enemy as if he might some day be your friend, is a maxim that would save much heartburning. Among minor worries dress certainly is one to some women. But if we remembered that every period of life has its own charm I think this anxiety would be lessened. To delicate persons the little precautions essential to preserve health are often very worrying; but if they recollect how precious their health is to loving friends they would probably recognize that in taking care of themselves they are sparing much anxiety to others. The warm wrap may be taken by the delicate person in order to spare friends anxiety; while perhaps the busy man of letters will take more exercise for health's sake if he knows that those who love him will be grateful to him for so doing."—*Exchange*.

#### HOW PRETZELS ARE MADE.

The lower floor, or bakery proper, where the pretzels are kneaded and cooked, is a pretty hot place, the temperature standing at ninety to ninety-five degrees. This heat is necessary to "raise" the pretzels. The most striking features of the scene are a vertical boiler, a steam machine like a big clothes-wringer, a few men with long-handled shovels working at blazing ovens, a dozen boys rolling little bits of dough into pretzel shapes, a vat of boiling lye, and a great rack of boards covered with pretzels.

First the dough is kneaded in a great kneading-trough, the only ingredients being flour, yeast, salt, and warm water. The dough is much stiffer than that used for ordinary bread. When well kneaded it is listed in great lumps and run for about fifteen minutes through the steam rollers, a machine that works exactly like a steam clothes-wringer. This makes the dough more consistent and putty-like and leaves it in great sheets about an inch thick. Then it is cut in strips and these strips rolled on the large baking-boards. The strips are about three feet long and an inch in diameter. These stiff, round strips are then run through a cutter which cuts them into sections about an inch long.

The boys' work consists in making these sections into pretzels. Each section is rolled by hand on the board until it is the shape of a thick lead-pencil, and then by a rapid twist it is made into the pretzel form already described. The pretzels are then laid on boards and the boards piled on top of each other as high as the ceiling. They are left thus about half an hour, by which time the heat of the atmosphere has made them pretty stiff and dry, while the yeast has begun its work and swollen them out to some extent.

Then they are thrown in the vat of boiling lye, and in about a minute and a half they float to the surface. They are skimmed off with wire ladles as fast as

they rise, and are then spread on the blades of long shovels and sprinkled with salt. In this way they are thrust into the oven and baked for about twenty minutes. The oven is kept at a heat that would burn loaves to a cinder, a very strong heat being necessary for pretzels. They are then put in wire boxes and left for half a day or so on the second floor directly on top of the oven, which dries them thoroughly and leaves them ready for use. Then they are packed in boxes which hold about seven and a half pounds or over 300 pretzels.—*Chicago Tribune*.

#### THE WINTER STORAGE OF APPLES.

One of the easiest and most rapid profits that a horticulturist and farmer can take advantage of, is in the proper storage of the apple crop. The October and November prices of good winter-keepers are seldom more than one-third to one-half what the same fruit commands in the latter part of winter and early spring, so that a moderate amount of shrinkage from rotting, etc., may easily be met in the largely increased profit of late selling. In earlier times, when there was a greater lack of cellar room, quantities of apples were preserved for the spring market by simply burying them in the orchards where grown, in conical heaps, first placing straw over the heaps, then enough earth to prevent freezing. And even at the present time, some of the choicest apples that reach our late spring market are preserved in this well-known manner. Simply a modification of this old and well-tried process is the method that I make the heading of this article.

Down a hill-side, a V-shaped excavation is made, which may be several feet deep and eight or more feet wide, and in the bottom, extending its full length a trough is placed, made of a board one foot wide for bottom, and boards eight inches wide for the sides, with a tile drain immediately below. This trough, extending up the full length and in the bottom of the excavation, is covered with slats one or two inches wide, nailed across not over one inch apart. The sloping sides are then covered with rye straw, and apples by the wagon loads are placed therein. Cover them with straw and earth from above to prevent frost from reaching them, as is done in the old way of burying fruits. The trough below gives a circulation of cold air through all the apples stored above it, and ends in a draft chimney at the upper end.

In the very coldest weather, the mouth at the lower end of the excavation may be closed; though while the thermometer remains twelve or fifteen degrees above zero, it has proved an advantage to let the cold air circulate through. But in warm weather it is an advantage to keep the draft closed, thus retaining the cold that is already there. This simple and inexpensive arrangement has preserved apples until very late in the spring, with scarcely any loss, and they came out for market, bright, crisp, and fresh, with no appreciable loss of flavor.—*Prairie Farmer*.

#### THINGS TO KNOW.

Cistern water may be purified by charcoal put in a bag and hung in the water.

Whiting or ammonia in the water is preferable to soap for cleaning windows or paint.

The lustre of morocco may be restored by varnishing it with the white of an egg. Apply with sponge.

To prevent drain pipes from stopping up pour a hot solution of potash into the pipes every month or two.

The most effectual remedy for slimy and greasy drain pipes is copperas dissolved and left to work gradually through the pipes.

In sweeping carpets use wet newspapers wrung nearly dry and torn to pieces. The paper collects the dust but does not soil the carpet.

Use great care when pickling or preserving in a brass kettle. Scour the kettle just before using, and never let food stand in it after it is cooked.

Galvanized iron pails for drinking water should not be used. The zinc coating is readily acted upon by water, forming a poisonous oxide of zinc.

Coats and cloaks should be hung away on the little wire frames costing five or ten cents, which come for that purpose. The frames should first be covered with some soft material to prevent the garments from breaking over their edges.

Ivory may be cleaned with a new soft toothbrush, soap and tepid water, then dry the ivory and brush well, dip the latter in alcohol and polish the ivory until it has regained its former sheen. If the water gives the ivory a yellowish tint, dry the object in a heated place. If age has yellowed it, place the object under a bell jar, with a small vessel containing lime and muriatic acid, set the whole in the sunshine.

Dissolve a teaspoonful of alum in a quart of water. When cold, stir in flour to thicken and a pinch of resin, with half a dozen cloves. Have on the fire a teacup of boiling water; pour the flour mixture in, stirring well. When the consistency of mush pour it into an earthen vessel, lay a cover over, and set it in a cool place. When needed for use take out a portion and soften with warm water. This paste will keep a year.

#### HOW TO CAN TOMATOES.

Pour boiling water over the tomatoes, a few at a time, in a pan, to loosen the skins, and cut them up, taking out all imperfect, green or hard places. After a large number have been thus prepared a quantity of juice will have gathered. Pour off the greater part of this and put the tomatoes on to boil in a preserving kettle—porcelain or granite ware. Before putting them on the stove I always put my hands into the mass and with my fingers squeeze the whole fine, throwing out all hard or tough pieces which may have been overlooked in cutting up. Bring to a boil and boil one-half or three-quarters of an hour, stirring frequently that they may not burn.

Have the cans thoroughly heated by rolling in hot water, fill to overflowing, and screw the tops on instantly while the juice is still running from the can. The secret of all successful canning is comprised in these few words. Have your fruit boiling hot; fill the cans until they overflow; and screw on the tops as quickly as possible before the liquid ceases to flow, finishing ent'rely with one can before filling another. Of course as the cans cool the tops must be tightened again and again, until cold enough to put away. Keep in a cool, dark place, and if your cans were whole and the rubber rings in good condition, you may confidently expect their contents to keep.

Some housekeepers season their tomatoes before putting them in the cans, but I prefer my way. When they are wanted for use I empty a can into a saucepan and heat to a boil before seasoning. They are then ready for the table, but if one prefers to boil them down thick before seasoning they acquire a very rich flavor.

BETTY SHERMAN.

#### A WELL SWEPT ROOM.

Who of us does not enjoy the brightness of a freshly swept room, whose sweetness makes glad other senses than that of sight! And where and how may we attain perfection in this branch of

housewifery which, from its hygienic importance as well as from our inability to continually renew the furnishings of our homes, no other much exceeds? A gentleman friend of the writer, who is something of a traveler, but who suffers from sensitive lungs, has begged her to make public a good method of driving out dust, and relegating it to out-of-doors, its proper sphere, as he was wearied out with the usual manner of sweeping which, though it agitates the dust particles and allows them to fall on new surfaces, never expels them from the house.

In sweeping, many good authorities say, take a long, steady stroke.

This, if the sweeper be slow-motioned or feeble, will be the easier, but the young and active will be chafed and fatigued by it, and my experience with house-maids is, that the quick, short strokes with the broom in proper position, *i.e.*, with the handle leaning forward and the broom on the right side, is the habit of the best trained sweeper. With the broom thus postured, the ambitious dust-grains, though they strive to rise, are stricken down to rise again, and again to be driven back and so on until the open fireplace or the window is reached (never must the dirt of one room be swept into another) where the resulting dust-pile may be taken up. Tea-leaves or crumpled moistened paper, are valuable aids to the thorough gathering of the dust.

—An experienced cabinet-maker says that the best preparation for cleaning picture frames and restoring furniture, especially that somewhat marred or scratched, is a mixture of three parts of linseed oil and one part spirits of turpentine. It not only covers the disfigured surface but restores wood to its original color leaving a luster upon the surface. Apply with a woolen cloth and when dry rub with woolen.

#### CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Some sister inquires for a recipe for cleaning abalone shells. Procure nitric acid, immerse them, and cover them closely for several hours, then examine to see if any thing can be rubbed off. Rub hard with sand paper, scratch all depressions with a small pointed knife. If any thing undesirable adheres, put back in the acid and let remain. Do not leave them too long or the acid will eat holes, and handle with forks or tongs as the acid is injurious to the skin. Hold with a large cloth while polishing, when all roughness is rubbed off, rub with woolen cloths to polish. Other acids are good, but I believe nitric preferable.

I will give my method of papering for an inquirer. Always buy a quiet, neutral paper, never any thing bright or flashy, as that detracts from the beauty of any thing else in the room. Make a paste of flour as you would starch for clothes, not too thick. Trim one edge of your paper, if untrimmed. Commence at a door casing by taking the desired length from your roll, and place upon a board of the same width, if you can procure it, if not a table as long as you can get. Have a whitewash brush or some old brush to apply the paste, do it quickly, step upon something high enough to reach the ceiling, with the upper end in your hands, and stick lightly in place. The more speedily this is done the better, as the paste will soak through the paper and make it tender. When you are sure it comes in the proper place, that is, straight and close to the casing, take a whisk broom and brush lightly and quickly all over, being sure the untrimmed edge is well pasted down. If there is some one to assist you, it will be easier

done. Have them carry the lower end while you have the upper, and place it in position while you place the upper.

Then take the roll, hold the end either at top or bottom of the strip put on, see if the figure matches as it should, if not move until it does, then holding it there unroll until you reach the other end, place a mark exactly where it is to be cut, also one at the other end, as there will probably be some to cut off in order to make the figures match. Be sure there is no paste on the table before you place this piece down, as it will soil the right side.

When ready, have your assistant carry the lower end, you the upper, holding the same from the wall an inch or more, until she matches the figure below. Then raise and place the upper end. Brush half-way down, and if the lower half is not a match, pull it loose by taking hold of the lower corners, and pulling it from the wall. Then smooth gently through the middle, and see if well matched. Sometimes it is necessary to pull the upper half loose and change its position.

When all through take a board the width of the paper, and one or two inches thick, place above the base board, and with a sharp knife run along the smooth edge, cutting it off even just at the upper edge of the base board.

I know that paper hangers do not measure off as I do. They cut all the paper the same length before commencing to paste, but I have papered many rooms, and I always measure as I go.

The border is the last thing. It must be matched also. Do not attempt to paper the ceiling. That is too hard work for an amateur, and if it is to be whitened, procure some kalsomine, and mix it with warm water as thin as batter cakes. I should say hot water, as it takes hot water to dissolve the glue which the kalsomine contains. Always do this before papering, and really it is not so much work as one would suppose.

To the same lady I would say paint your parlor white and gold, unless used quite commonly, as it is really more elegant than any other I've seen.

MRS. T. CRAHAN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have often thought that I ought to contribute my share towards the information on various subjects given in your columns, but when I mentioned to my family that in a late number there were two different requests for a recipe for good pastry, and that I thought perhaps I could give one, a chorus at once cried out, "Oh, do!" and one voice added, "Tell them how you make apple pies."

I do know that my pastry is wholesome and is often commended by people who are not in the habit of eating pies, considering them as indigestible in the way they are usually made. This is my rule: For one pie, one and one-half cups, even full, of flour, a scant salt spoonful of salt, and a piece of lard as large as a small hen's egg. Rub the lard into your flour very thoroughly, till the flour feels like coarse meal, then add a little water, about one-half cup, but it takes a little more in winter and less in summer. Stir it into the flour and lard with a knife until it forms a lump of dough that will not stick to the dish. Don't handle your pastry at all after the lard is rubbed in, but flouring your hands lift it lightly from the dish to your moulding board, which should be well floured as well as your rolling pin. Roll it out to about a quarter of an inch thick, have cool, firm butter ready, cut it up in little pieces, and with your knife or thumb and finger, put it on in little dabs about as large as your thumb nail. Sprinkle flour over the bits of butter. This is important as it makes the pastry flaky. Then roll up, and roll out

again the lengthways of your roll. Put the butter in, and sprinkle flour and roll three times. If properly done the paste will rise in little blisters under the rolling pin. After the third time cut in halves, roll out one-half in a circular shape for the under crust, lay on the buttered pie plate, trim the edges, and with the tip of your finger dipped in water just moisten the edge all round. Roll out your upper crust, put the filling into the lower one, cut two little slits to let the steam out, in the middle, lay it over the pie, pressing the edge firmly down on the moistened under edge. Have your oven just hot enough to bake quickly without burning. Bake a good golden brown on top, and in order to know if your under crust is done, try to turn it on the plate. If it is done it will turn easily without sticking. Nothing is more indigestible than an underdone under crust. If these directions are closely followed, the result will be a pie whose crust is all light layers, like the thinnest wafer. This is for a pie with two crusts. I take about the same quantity for a pie with one crust, because I make the crust a little thicker, and the rim round the edge takes a good deal. Please try, sisters, and report.

E. S.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD SISTERS:—Are your kind wings ample enough to shelter one more member, and a young and inexperienced one at that? I received THE HOUSEHOLD as a wedding gift, and I am already wistfully looking forward to the day when my little contribution shall appear, and claim for me a place among the favored ones who commune with each other through the pages of this king of papers.

I am boarding, so I cannot as yet try any of the nice recipes I cast such longing eyes upon, but I am hoping for a speedy change from this happy and lazy life to a still happier and busier one.

Lou, I should like to shake hands with you. I also am an ex-teacher, and find that my present pupil absorbs most of my time. Can you really make any headway with house work? I haven't much hope. I shall want you to give me a few hints when I launch out on the ocean of housekeeping.

To-day I contrived me a pretty little table for my water set and fruit dish that really seems worthy of description in my letter. Rummaging in my landlady's attic for something convertible, I discovered an old towel rack that evidently had belonged to a painted set. With a bottle of bronze, a board for a top, an India silk table scarf, and an orange velvet bow on one leg, by the top bar, my table had quite a genteel look, and all the family admired it. For further safety to my beloved water set, I have had the board at the top screwed to the wall.

Can any sister tell me how to remove ink spots from a white dress?

MOLLIE DARLING.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—After reading Brownie Hart's letter in the May number, like Busy Sister, I wanted to shake hands. Our methods of work are very similar, Brownie, and quite satisfactory to me. My experience with an oil stove has been the same as yours. The loaf would brown on the bottom, but not on the top, and I came to the conclusion there was no remedy, because it was all bottom heat.

While I think of it, let me tell the sisters how to bake potatoes when they do not wish to build fire enough to bake them in the oven. Take a wire toaster, or any thing that will hold them up from the stove a little and let the heat through, place it on the stove where it is not too hot, lay the potatoes on, and cover with an old basin, watch closely and turn often. They will bake quickly and nicely.

Brownie, I've often placed them directly over the lighted burners of the oil stove, turned very low. This is both economical and very comfortable in hot weather.

Can't Christie Kriss or some of the other sisters, give us another article on the four dollars a week problem? I'm sure it would interest and help many beside myself.

I have tried Christie's cake and gem recipes, Brownie's catchup recipe, and many others, all with good success.

Many of us are already looking ahead and planning a little for Christmas. If any of our members have new ideas in the way of fancy work, won't they give them to us early enough so that we may make use of them this year?

Perhaps it would help some sister if I described a pair of pillow shams I am making. The shams I made of fine bleached muslin the desired size, then selected a pretty corner and stamped just inside the hem, in each of the four corners, outlining with red working cotton. For the center I shall use a small bunch of flowers or a large initial outlined. For the edge I shall get red and white rick rack braid and sew together lengthwise in alternate rows of red and white. A braiding pattern outlined around the sham inside the hem is also pretty.

HOPEFUL CLARICE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Please may I enter your magic circle? I will be content with a wee corner, and that an obscure one, only that I be permitted to feel myself one of you, if only "the least." I have been silently, selfishly, but gratefully, drinking in your words of wisdom and cheer, for nearly a year. One of my most treasured wedding gifts was THE HOUSEHOLD, unknown to me till then. I figuratively bow my "Thank you," monthly, to the loved friend and the kind editor, to whose thoughtfulness and generosity I am so much indebted.

Having, in my estimation, the very best and kindest John in all this world, he speedily recognized the merits of THE HOUSEHOLD, and promised that no blue cross shall be allowed to make its appearance in our home.

It was the old story—from a teacher and student to a housekeeper, but though sorely perplexed at times as to "the ways and the means and the how," the joys and blessings have much more than compensated. Perhaps I strike an answering chord in your memory when I refer to the oftentimes amusing blunders, and the other times when I fear greatly that I am very inefficient and incapable as an economist and home maker.

Many have been the valuable hints and helps and the small successes I have won through the direct aid of the gifted, brave sisters and contributors of THE HOUSEHOLD, and I am gaining fresh courage as the days go on, which will overcome the failures in time.

I have been wondering if any of the inexperienced members like myself find any trouble in ironing shirts. A kind friend advised pulverized borax for the cold starch, in the proportion of one-third of the amount of starch used. This knowledge has been a great boon to me, and to John, I guess.

In a late number, two of the sisters asked for a good pie recipe. My pies are always good, and I venture to tell what I know about them. Two cups of flour, a good pinch of salt, put in a good handful of lard and mix thoroughly and quickly with the fingers. Put in cold water, just enough so as not to render the dough too hard or too soft, avoid kneading much and take out what is required for the bottom crust. Roll out nicely, spread with butter, fold and roll again, repeating this process once or twice. Lay on the ap-

ples or fruit which have been prepared, and season to suit the taste. If apples I sometimes cover over thickly with sugar, and spread thin slices of lemon over them. Again I have put about one-half teaspoonful of allspice (sometimes cinnamon), two-thirds cup of sugar, (one cup for lemons and all berries but elderberries,) one tablespoonful of flour and one tablespoonful of water. Take the rest of the dough, prepare as for bottom crust, double and cut four little slashes with a knife, wet the edge of the bottom crust, and fix the top on nicely with the hands, pinching down all round and place in a good hot oven. PERSIMMON.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have taken this paper for two years, and I hope to take it many more. I take great interest in the letters that the sisters write, and as I wanted some information, and had some recipes that I knew to be good, I thought why shouldn't I write, especially as I have never seen any letters from this place?

Being young in experience, only twenty-one, and having two babies to care for, one a year and a half old, the other three months, I am very much interested in what the sisters say about their children, about clothing them, etc. The first ideas I had about baby clothes, I got from THE HOUSEHOLD, for which thanks are due to Mrs. Frank E.

I try a great many of the patterns for knitting lace, and I think that "French Lace," in the April number of last year, is simple and as pretty as I have ever seen.

If any of the sisters would like to try a good way to wash edgings or any thing knit out of worsted, let them make a suds of warm water and nice white soap, and after having thoroughly cleaned it, stretch it into shape, and lay away rolled in a towel in some warm place until dry.

I would like to tell those of you that have fat babies, and are troubled with their chafing, to use pulverized hemlock bark, which you can get at any drug store. My babies have very tender skin, and I find it agrees with them perfectly.

Now, I would like some one to send for my benefit, full, explicit, and simple directions for making good bread with yeast cakes, for boiling ham so it will be nice and tender, yet firm, for making good cheap gingerbread, also, how to scallop oysters; all of these seem to be simple enough, yet I don't think I can do any of them right, although my husband says I am quite a cook.

Following are some recipes that I have tried and know to be good:

*Fruit Cake.*—Five cups of flour, one and one-half cups each of sugar and molasses, two cups of butter, one pound each of raisins and currants, one-fourth pound of citron, five eggs, two nutmegs, one-half teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon, allspice and salt, and one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one teaspoonful of milk; bake two hours with a slow fire. If frosted this will keep for a long time.

*Splendid Frosting.*—Boil one cup of sugar and one-third cup of water until it spins a thread, pour it while hot upon the white of one egg beaten up stiff with one-quarter teaspoonful of cream of tartar, spread on the cake when cool.

*Lemon Pie.*—Three soda crackers rolled fine, a small piece of butter, one cup of hot water, grated rind and juice of one lemon, yolks of two eggs, and one cup of sugar; bake in an open crust. Make a meringue for the top with whites of eggs and two tablespoonfuls of sugar and brown slightly in a hot oven.

*Cottage Pudding.*—One egg, one-half cup of sugar, two cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and milk enough to moisten. Steam it one hour, and serve with foam sauce.

*Foam Sauce.*—One-half cup each of butter and sugar creamed together, boil one pint of water and one tablespoonful of flour until the thickness of starch, then stir in the creamed butter and sugar, stirring all the while; flavor with nutmeg.

*Vanilla Cream Candy.*—Two cups of sugar, one cup of water, and one teaspoonful each of cream of tartar and vanilla; boil until it hardens in water, and pull until white; put the flavoring in while you are pulling it.

I hope the sisters will try these and report. I have some more recipes that I will send some other time, but this is enough for now. I would like to have my questions answered as soon as possible.

MRS. B. R. F.

West Quincy, Mass.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—While sitting here, rocking baby and reading my last HOUSEHOLD, I am led to wonder if I know any thing that some other sister does not, or if I could possibly write any thing that would be of as much benefit to any one as many of the articles of THE HOUSEHOLD are to me. I conclude that I can at least try, hoping my "mite" may benefit some one.

Here is a recipe for orange preserve: To every pound of oranges, peeled, add one-half pound of sugar, place both in a preserving kettle until the sugar melts, and the oranges are merely heated through. Remove the oranges and place them where they will keep hot. Boil the liquid down for ten minutes, then replace the oranges, and heat them through thoroughly. Place as nearly whole as possible in a preserve jar and stop air-tight. Remove as many of the seeds as possible, as they will be liable to turn the preserve bitter if allowed to stand in it.

This recipe for orange pudding will be found to be very good: Peel four oranges, slice thin and lay them in the bottom of the pudding dish, and sprinkle well with sugar. Allow them to stand while you make a custard of one pint of milk, one cup of sugar, yolks of three eggs, a piece of butter the size of an egg, three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, and a little salt. It is well to place the dish in which the custard is being made, in a dish of hot water to prevent it from burning. Bring all to a boil and set away to cool. When nearly cold turn over the oranges. Make a frosting of the whites of the eggs by beating them with two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Pour it over the pudding and place it in the oven to brown. A few pieces of jelly may be placed on the top, which will make a very pretty and tempting-looking dish. Serve cold.

A good recipe for jelly rolls is, three eggs, one cup each of sugar and flour, a small teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of sweet milk. Bake in a long, shallow pan until just done. Be careful and not bake it too long. Turn it out and spread the bottom side with jelly. Roll up closely and wrap a napkin around it. This is very good and quite cheap.

If onion peelings are taken off under water, one will not find occasion to weep while peeling them.

If old potatoes are placed in cold water for several hours before cooking, they will be found to be greatly improved.

A live coal dropped into the kettle where vegetables are being cooked will prevent them from giving off any disagreeable odor.

I would like to send a few more items, but will close, thanking the editor for THE HOUSEHOLD which he sent me as a wedding present, and which I find both interesting and instructive. I would also thank the sisters for their letters, and can assure them that they are a great help to

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER

## LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—As you come to me in my new home in the little village of Millenbeck, I wonder how many of my sisters and readers of THE HOUSEHOLD know of the beauties of the tide water of "Old Virginia." Millenbeck derived its name from one of its first inhabitants, who had two daughters, Milly and Becky, and wishing to hand down to posterity the names so dear to him, united them and thus comes Millenbeck. Directly in front of the place flows the Currotoman river, while at the south is the beautiful Rappahannock meeting the Currotoman and flowing on toward the Chesapeake bay whose wide expanse of water is visible to one's eye. The village in one sense is quite old, and yet in another, very, very young. One is showed on the shore the bricks and broken bottles that tradition says comprised the wine cellar of George Washington's great-grandfather, as an undisputable argument as to its antiquity.

The real beauties of the place have as yet only been whispered abroad, but where that whisper has been heard, comes a substantial answer from north and west, in the way of families to make their homes in the "sunny south." With this recent growth come new industries. The greatest interest centers in sawing woods of all kinds, and one cannot but be interested to watch the logs in the raft as they pass in the river and see them in so short a time finished, to be used for the finest inside work for our houses. Carriage manufacturing and the packing of fruits, oysters and vegetables are also carried on. The fruit and vegetables used are furnished principally by the villagers, the soil being particularly adapted to growing the things that are most pleasing to the palate.

In the oyster season the river is covered with the canoes of the oystermen, and the sails look in the distance like white wings flying far, far away, but as the lingering rays of "old Sol" sink to rest, shedding over all land and sea a golden hue, back each one comes seeking, like weary birds at night, rest.

BROWNIE.

Millenbeck, Va.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I consider myself an old subscriber to our excellent paper, having taken it for a number of years, and have often wished to tell the dear sisters some of my thoughts and experiences, and also express my appreciation of the able and very interesting articles it contains and how much good it has been to me. There is always something to cheer and encourage, while so many things are suggested to aid us in our home making from cellar to garret, I am sure I will never be too old to learn. The old volumes I have preserved, and they are often read with equal interest.

I miss many of the correspondents of former days. Some of them I know, have passed over the river. How much I enjoyed the instructions of Hans Dorcomb, also those letters to "Alice," by Mrs. Dorr, in the year 1877. I wish every one that has assumed, or is about to assume the matrimonial state could read them. I am sure they would feel benefited.

To the Band of sisters who, like myself, realize that their sun is always westerling, let me say, do not give up entirely all the pleasantries of your youthful days, but strive to cultivate a taste for the beautiful in nature and art, striving to make home pleasant and attractive. I would like to tell the sisters about my flowers and fancy work, for I find time to paint and embroider, enough to break the monotony of farm life, and occasionally treat my children and grandchildren to a specimen of grandmother's hand-work.

This life is worth living if we only take a right view in the case and with mutual co-operation try to make it so pleasant that the boys and girls will not, as they grow up, all leave the farm to seek employment and a more congenial atmosphere elsewhere. It is not enough to sit contentedly down thinking we have discharged our duty to our family, when we furnish them a liberal supply of food and raiment, a few months' schooling each year, while we starve the intellectual part of the body by refusing them the so much coveted books and worthy literature accessible to all.

"While in the busy household band,  
Our darlings still need our guiding hand,  
Let us fill their lives with sweetness."

Springboro, Pa. MRS. W. G. THOMAS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—It is to me a serious fact that unless steps are immediately taken to avert it, I shall have no helpful HOUSEHOLD to advise me through the summer. It scarcely seems possible that a whole year has flown past on the wings of time, with its mighty train of memories, pleasant and sorrowful, (though not so many of the latter except for misdeeds,) its failures and successes, its trials and its triumphs, since there came to me that much prized wedded present—two beautiful, spotless HOUSEHOLDS. Since then, there have come others all equally as cheering, and each one as truly welcome as was the other. But at last the year is past, and I hasten to return thanks to the editor for the gift, and to the sisters collectively for their efficient help over so many of the rough

places that the young and inexperienced house-keeper has to tread.

It is not for the purpose of giving help to others that I have linked myself to this Band of HOUSEHOLD helpers. I still feel incapable of doing that, although my one year's experience as a housewife has amassed unto myself a wondrous storehouse of knowledge that is to me invaluable, consisting in a large degree of those minor details that are only acquired by persistent studying and planning for the best and at the same time the easiest method of turning the wheels of the household machinery.

It is, and has been, my one great aim to make my home pleasant and attractive, as well as neat and clean, which latter, however, must follow the former; the one cannot exist without the other. And if the fact that my John, who rarely spent an evening at home before our marriage, as rarely spends an evening away from home now, is an evidence of success, then I have not entirely failed in my efforts.

My heart goes out in silent sympathy for those wives who, evening after evening, keep lonely vigils by their own firesides, until, it may be, the pitying angel sends the tiny comforter to brighten the evening hours. Often I have felt the hot tears welling up to my eyelids at the possibility of such a time ever coming, when soon as the evening meal was partaken of, and the daily papers perused, there would be the shabby "up-town" excuse heard evening after evening. And then I awake to the consciousness that it would be my own fault, and resolve that it never shall.

And so, my sister, if you are so troubled, perhaps it may be your fault also. If so, can you not devise some new way in which you can so brighten and fill those few precious after-supper hours, with pleasant and interesting attractions that there will be no place so delightful to the "up-town" wanderer as home?

If in this one point you and I are successful, then we have not failed in our God-given mission as home-makers, even though we have left untried the latest recipe for cake, or failed to have our bonnets trimmed in exactly the latest freak of fashion.

But I must not make this first call too long, lest coming all empty-handed as I have, with only my mite of thanks as a free-will offering, I shall not be welcome. And I have a few favors to ask ere I withdraw. Will some one who has it, be so kind as to send me Emily Hayes' recipe for soda biscuit? I have heard so much in praise of it, I should like to have it. I am only wanting one more favor to-day, i. e., crochet cotton tidy patterns. I notice quite a dearth of them in the papers.

SUBSCRIBER.

Leominster, Mass.

## HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

NUT CAKE, NUMBER ONE.—One and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, three eggs, two and one-half cups of flour, one and one-half teaspoonsfuls of baking powder, one-half cup of milk, one cup of meats of any kind of nuts chopped; bake in a paper lined tin in a steady oven thirty-five minutes.

NUT CAKE, NUMBER TWO.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup each of butter and milk, two cups of flour, one and one-half teaspoonsfuls of baking powder, whites of three eggs and one cup of nut meats. I prefer English walnuts.

Frosting.—Use the yolks of the eggs, one cup of sugar, and one teaspoonful of vanilla well beaten together. Spread between layers and on top, placing one-half of a nut in places all over the top.

S. E. M.

MOLASSES COOKIES.—One cup each of sugar, molasses, and butter or lard, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda in one-half cup of hot water, and ginger to taste. Add flour to roll.

GINGER CAKE.—One cup of molasses, a piece of butter the size of an egg, stir as stiff as possible with flour, then add one cup of boiling water with one teaspoonful each of soda and ginger stirred in. The batter will look thin, but don't add more flour.

LAURA.

PICKLED CUCUMBERS.—Wash the cucumbers and place them in a jar, pour boiling water over them (enough to cover) and let them stand twenty-four hours, then pour off the water and measure it, and take just as much vinegar as there was water. To every gallon of vinegar, take one cup of salt, a tablespoonful of alum and a handful of whole cloves. Put these things into the vinegar, and let it come to the boiling point and pour over the pickles. If after a few days there should be a scum over them, pour off the vinegar and scald as before.

TO PREVENT JARS FROM CRACKING.—Put a silver dessert spoon or tablespoon in the jar, and let it remain while you are putting your hot preserves in. There is no need of heating the jars.

SISTER ANNIE.

STUFFED STEAK BAKED.—Take a good rump steak, flatten it with a hatchet, and lay up on it a roll of seasoning made of two ounces of bread crumbs, parsley, a few sweet herbs minced,

(I use sage instead of parsley and herbs) pepper and salt, mixed with a little butter beaten to a cream with a fork. Roll up the steak, bind it evenly with fine twine, and lay it in a pie dish with a cup of boiling water. Cover with another dish, and bake for forty minutes, basting frequently. Remove the cover and let it brown before sending to the table. Thicken the gravy with a little browned flour and serve very hot. A layer of oysters, breaded, instead of the force meat is a pleasant change. Cut the twine before sending it to the table.

ENGLISHWOMAN, CHEVIOT.

CLAM CHOWDER.—Two slices of salt pork chopped fine, two onions, six potatoes, two carrots, four tomatoes, one turnip and a little parsley chopped fine together, pepper and salt to taste, and one quart of clams chopped; put the chopped pork into a porcelain lined pot and cook until the fat is all fried out of it, then add the liquor of the clams. Let it come to a boil and put in the chopped vegetables with half a cup of hot water, let it come to a boil, and then add the chopped clams and another half cup of hot water. Let it cook slowly two or three hours. This quantity is sufficient for five persons.

MRS. A. SCHREIBAR.

POTATO CAKES.—Boil six large potatoes, mash, and add as much flour (rye if you have it), add one cup of yeast, and one tablespoonful of salt. The dough should be as stiff as bread when mixed for loaves. Let it rise till very light, then cut in small pieces and roll very thin, and bake on a griddle as you would griddle cakes. They are very nice and liked by children.

VINEGAR PIE.—One cup of sugar, one and one-half cups of hot water, one tablespoonful of sharp vinegar, and two tablespoonsfuls of flour; flavor with nutmeg or lemon and bake with one crust.

JOSIE.

ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.—One cup of finely chopped suet, two cups of chopped bread crumbs, one cup each of chopped raisins, currants, molasses and milk, one teaspoonful each of salt, saleratus, cloves, cinnamon and allspice, and flour to make a stiff batter. Steam four hours.

ONE OF THE SISTERS.

CHOCOLATE MARBLE CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, four eggs, two teaspoonsfuls of baking powder, and four cups of flour. Take about half the batter, and mix melted chocolate, and make the color desired. Bake as for any other marble cake. This is splendid.

NICE CHEAP CUSTARD.—Five eggs, one quart of milk, two-thirds of a cup of sugar and a pinch of salt. Bake about fifteen minutes.

V. A. B.

COTTAGE PUDDING.—One egg, one cup of white sugar, two tablespoonsfuls of melted butter, one cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonsfuls of cream of tartar. Steam one hour. Fruit can be added if you wish.

Sauce.—Beat to a cream one cup of sugar, butter the size of an egg, add one beaten egg, and scald one-half pint of milk and pour over it.

MARBLE CAKE.—One cup of butter, three cups of white sugar, five cups of flour, one cup of sweet milk, whites of eight eggs, and two teaspoonsfuls of baking powder; flavor with vanilla or lemon. Dark Part.—One cup of butter, two cups of brown sugar, one cup each of molasses and sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, four cups of flour, and the yolks of eight eggs; bake in layers, first white, then dark.

NELLIE LINMEGAR.

LEMON JELLY.—One box of gelatine, one pint of cold water, grated rind of two lemons and the juice of four. Stir the mixture and let it stand one hour. Add one pint of granulated sugar, and one quart of boiling water. Stir, strain and set away to cool. If the quantity is larger than needed one-half the recipe may be made.

M. A. SABIN.

BOILED ICING CAKE.—Two cups of flour, two eggs, one cup of milk or water, one and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter and two teaspoonsfuls of baking powder; bake in three cakes, and put them together with the following:

Filling.—Three-fourths cup of sugar, and two tablespoonsfuls of water, boil till it rises, have the white of one egg beaten stiff, pour the boiling syrup on it, and beat till cool, then spread on the cakes. Any flavoring can be used.

ALICE.

DROP CAKES.—One-half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, two-thirds cup of sweet milk, yolk of one egg, one teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonsfuls of cream of tartar; the white of the egg well beaten should be put in before the flour; rub butter, sugar and yolk to a cream, dissolve the soda in a teaspoonful of warm water, and add the cream of tartar to two cups of

flour well heaped, now put all the ingredients together, and stir enough to mix the flour in well, drop on pans, and just before putting in the oven, put a whole raisin in the center of each cake.

Busti, N. Y.

MRS. F. E. S.

RAISIN CAKE.—One-third cup of butter, one cup each of sugar and buttermilk, one teaspoonful each of soda and cinnamon, a little nutmeg, one cup of chopped raisins put in last and sprinkled with flour, and two cups of flour.

MRS. HENRY WEBBER.

RAISED CAKE.—Two cups of raised dough, two eggs, two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, one cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour, one cup of fruit and spices. To be put into the oven at once. This amount makes two loaves.

MRS. A. E. FINAN.

ROLL JELLY CAKE.—Four eggs, one cup each of sugar and flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda and a pinch of salt. This will make two rolls. Flavor your jelly and spread over the cake and roll it up immediately. This will not break in rolling, if there is not too much flour used.

MRS. HENRY WEBBER.

FRUIT CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one cup each of butter and molasses, four cups of browned flour, two cups of milk, two teaspoonsfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, two cups of chopped raisins, one cup of currants, one-fourth pound of citron cut fine, and two teaspoonsfuls of cinnamon, cloves, and nutmeg. This will make two loaves.

HELEN.

Berkshire Hills, Mass.

LEMON PIE.—Add two tablespoonsfuls of flour rounded up a little, to one cup of sugar and the yolk of one egg, and stir thoroughly, put in gradually one cup of water, then the juice of one rolled or pounded lemon, no rind at all. Put on to cook, stir carefully until it boils and thickens, then pour at once into a baked crust. The dish containing the white of the egg used should stand in a pan of cold water until wanted for the frosting. Beat thoroughly until the dish can be turned upside down without spilling the egg, sweeten as much as you wish and flavor with a few drops of extract of lemon. Spread over the pie and set into the oven a few minutes. In cold weather several crusts may be baked, set away and filled as they are needed, which is very convenient, as it is but little trouble to finish a pie if the crust is ready. Make crust as for any pie, line a tin pie pan, and with a fork prick the crust full of holes, otherwise it will swell all out of shape.

MRS. P. H. B.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will you please ask the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD for their remedy for taking out the taste of pine from an ice chest that is not lined at the top and door with zinc? There is always a remedy for every thing that is asked for in THE HOUSEHOLD, and I wonder that I did not think of coming to it for help sooner.

A HOUSEHOLD SISTER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the Band please tell how to clean specimens of white coral that have become gray and dingy with dust? and oblige

JAEV VEE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the sisters tell me what will set the color in a red and white woven cotton bedspread, so it will not fade or run into the white?

MRS. ANNA R. STILLMAN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—A reader in the June HOUSEHOLD asks for a recipe for bluing. Here is one we have used for years. One ounce of pulverized Prussian blue, one-half ounce of pulverized oxalic acid, dissolve each in one pint of soft water separately, afterward mixing together. Keep without freezing. Have the druggist weigh each carefully.

L. E. N.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can some of the sisters tell me how bronze can be cleaned?

C. H. M.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I want to ask Emily Hayes, or some other good housekeeper, how to prepare mustard for table use? I made some according to a recipe I had and it is so fiery that none of the family can eat it. I half suspect there is cayenne pepper in the mustard. But how are we to help that?

OMEGA.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one tell me how to extract the perfume from rose petals?

A FLORIDA SISTER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some sister who has made them herself, give a recipe for nice "eclairs" or cream cakes? Please give every item of the recipe in full, as I have followed the recipe of a well known cook book, and met with dismal failure.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

## The Parlor.

### AUTUMN.

'Tis the golden gleam of an autumn day,  
With the soft rain raining as if in play;  
And a tender touch upon every thing,  
As if autumn remembered the days of spring.

In the listening woods there is not a breath  
To shake their gold to the sward beneath;  
And a glow as of sunshine upon them lies,  
Though the sun is hid in the shadowed skies.

The cock's clear crow from the farm-yard comes,  
The muffled bell from the belfry booms,  
And faint and dim, and from far away,  
Come the voices of children in happy play.

O'er the mountains the white rain draws its veil,  
And the black rooks, cawing, across them sail,  
While nearer the swooping swallows skim  
O'er the steel-gray river's fretted brim.

No sorrow upon the landscape weighs,  
No grief for the vanished summer days.  
But a sense of peaceful and calm repose,  
Like that which age in its autumn knows.

The spring-time longings are past and gone,  
The passions of summer no longer are known.  
The harvest is gathered, and autumn stands,  
Serenely thoughtful, with folded hands.

Over all is thrown a memorial hue,  
A glory ideal, the real ne'er knew;  
For memory sifts from the past its pain,  
And suffers its beauty alone to remain.

With half a smile and half a sigh,  
It ponders the past that has hurried by;  
Sees it, and feels it, and loves it all,  
Content it has vanished beyond recall.

O glorious autumn, thus serene,  
Thus living and loving all that has been!  
Thus calm and contented, let me be,  
When the autumn of age shall come to me.

### CHARLOTTE COLE'S EXPERIMENT.

BY MAUDE MEREDITH.

**S**O UNCLE BIJAH'S gone at last, isn't he? Wonder what the old maid'll do. She might live with the brothers and sisters, but Charlotte was allers so dreful independent, I dunno as she'll be willing to be beholden to any on 'em for her keep. Wonder if Uncle Bige made any provision for her?" and as he spoke Zack Holt pulled a long splinter from the rail on which he had been leaning, and began slowly to whittle from it the gray fuzziness that time had woven on its surface.

"Wal, no, he didn't," Solomon Slack answered, running his finger along the rail in search of another splinter.

Solomon could not let such an opportunity for whittling as this pass unnoticed. News was brisk to-day and there was much to be said. Not that Solomon would be likely to say much, he never did, but he was a remarkably good listener, and, in consequence, was, so his neighbors said, "a master hand for knowin' things."

Yes, news was brisk to-day, for quiet Plumtown, for Uncle Bijah Cole lay dead in the best parlor of the old red farm house down there, and the nine sons and daughters and their families had been notified to attend the funeral at "half past two to-morrow afternoon," and then, of course, there would be the estate to settle. Charlotte made the family number ten, but then Charlotte didn't count, because she was right there at home, and did not have to be notified, and beside that, she would not need any mourning. There was her best dress, a black "alapaca" that would do, and she could make a bonnet out of scraps of the dress, and wear that black crape veil that had been folded away in the upper bureau drawer ever since her mother died and left it there, twenty-five years ago. So no one need to worry about Charlotte, or go to the village on errands for her. Well, Charlotte was only the old maid sister, and did not count anyhow.

"He didn't? Wal, I expect not. But it kinder seems he orter. I remember when Lottie—wal, there! we all called her Lottie—left school—she uther go win-

ters, and work to home summers—but she left off when her mother died, and went home and brung up that big family. She was the oldest, ye know. She's worked hard. Charlotte has; had one or two fust rate chances to marry, but she stuck by the family. Kate was the last one. She was the baby when her mother died. Wal, when Kate got married two years ago, why Charlotte jes' stayed and run the farm, and took care of the old man. She's lived plain and worked hard, kinder seems tho' she orter have more'n her tenth. Now, don't it?"

"Yas," Solomon answered. He had found the splinter, and was now ready for talk.

"Yas, it does. You know Bean's house down to the upper swamp?"

"Over to the east side of Uncle Bige's medder? Starvation Bean's house, you mean?"

"Yas. Wal, I'm knowin' to this kinder particular, seein' as I held the money, so you needn't speak out. Charlotte pressed over hats, and did a lot of sewin' and sold footin's, and airned money enough to buy that place of her father, and she's got a deed on't. Yas, airned the money, and got the deed, I seen it!" and Solomon held his jackknife in his left hand, while he brought his right down on to his knee with a rousing slap, by way of emphasis.

"You don't say!" Zack ejaculated slowly, "but what in tarnation will she do with it? That swamp can't be dreened, it's fed by a livin' spring, and it's a solid clay subsoil. I heern Uncle Bige say when he bought it of Bean—he gin him forty dollars cash for the house—I heern him tell Bean he wouldn't give him five cents an acre for the swamp, not if he didn't own a foot of land!"

"Shoo!" said Solomon, whittling meditatively. "I'd hardly think it of Uncle Bige! 'W'y, he made Charlotte pay him sixty-four dollars and forty-five cents for't. She couldn't raise the other fifty-five cents. Clean cash, too, as ye ever see. I kep' the money for her. She airned it all sense Kate was married; darsn't keep it to home, fur fear it would git used, I s'pose."

"Yes, sir, he only gin forty dollars for it, when Bean got starved out, I know that," Zack said warmly.

"But—wal, of course, it was wuth more'n that, if any one r'ally wanted it. But what on airth can Charlotte do with it? Starve, same as Bean's folks did?"

"Wal, now, ye hev axed a question. Thet's jes' what I said to Charlotte; sez I, 'Charlotte, what on airth kin ye do with it?' An' Charlotte sez, sez she, 'You jist wait an' see.'"

"Wal, this isn't gettin' them pertaters into the ground," Zack said, rising and brushing the whittings from his blue-drilling overalls. But I sort o' lowed to lose to-day, anyhow. Folks want to go to Uncle Bige's fun'al, an' so I was just goin' over to borrer one of Horace's headstalls. Mine's bout played out."

Solomon rose also, but a slight twitching of the lips showed that he had more to say.

"Wal?" said Zack, interrogatively.

"Why, nothin' much, only—I guess th' paintin' feller that boarded at Uncle Bige's last summer, put suthin' about the Bean swamp into Charlotte's head. She inquired as to how much land there was in it. 'Bout four acres,' sez I, and sez she, 'That's what Mr. Upton thought.' Upton was the feller's name, ye see. Charlotte's long-headed, ye know, and I guess she's got some kind of a plan."

"Glad'f she has," said Zack. "Can't be no great fun to be an ole maid, and board around amongst yer relations."

"Nawt can't," Solomon answered, starting slowly down the dusty road.

Zack looked after him meditatively.

"Solomon knows a heap more'n he let's

on," he murmured with a faint shake of his head, then swinging himself over the fence, he started across lots for his neighbor's, Horace Mann's.

Five years! Well, five years in Plumtown can be counted only by the old, discarded almanacs, or possibly by the new babies in the Plumtown cradles. The dusty road winds about in the same old way, and the houses look no older, perhaps, but, certainly, no fresher. The board fences have gathered a little more moss, so, too, have the stone walls, and the scraggy Virginia rail fences have grown only a trifle more gray and patched.

Our friend Solomon still whittles idly by the road-sides as he listens to his neighbors' gossip; but Zack—well, Zack has in these five years satisfied his curiosity as to Charlo'te and the Bean swamp.

First of all, she had the swamp literally dug up and carried away. Under the surface soil of loose sod and black muck lay a good, solid, clay subsoil, and when once the Plumtown farmers came to know that the muck could be had for the carting, they turned out and took the surface soil from more than an acre of the land, and then in a sudden fit of generosity, they made a "bee," and with teams and scrapers, they cleared a second acre of its objectionable upper crust, throwing it out on to the surrounding ground. The wind and sun assisted, and in an incredibly short space of time, Charlotte found herself the owner of a two-acre pond, surrounded by two acres of the richest, blackest soil in all Plumtown.

"And it hasn't cost ye a cent, nuther, has it, Charlotte?" Zack said, leaning over the little gate at the Bean place, a few days after the "bee."

The time was when Zack would have been willing to hang over the gate forever, if "Lottie" had only stood on the other side, and it is more than possible that one of the "chances" of which he had made mention to Solomon, was a chance to have become Mrs. Zack Holt. However that may have been, Zack was now hauling lumber from the Boyce mill out there, to the nearest railroad station, and the water at the Bean well was the coldest of any along the road, so no great wonder that he sometimes stopped for a drink, and besides, it must be owned that he was consumed with curiosity.

"No, it hasn't cost me a cent," Charlotte had answered. "I didn't low that 'twould, for ye know I haven't got no money now to put into it. There'll be about two hundred dollars comin' to me from father's estate, but I can't wait for that."

Later on, when Jack saw Jabez Deal, the stone mason, at work by the swamp, and again when he was ordered to leave a load of thick slabs at Charlotte's door, his thirst, or his curiosity, so increased that he was obliged to stop for water every day; but the summer passed, the dry soil bore bountiful crops of "garden truck," and the pond seemed to have settled into calmness and forgetfulness, and yet Zack had not solved the query.

But when the October woods were ablaze with their autumnal splendor, and the roads were getting heavy, and the cart jolted savagely in the deep ruts, Zack was asked to bring an express package from the station for Miss Charlotte Cole.

"Wal, now, I guess I'll just find out what's in this 'ere, anyhow. Seems to me Charlotte's a doin' a good many queer things sense the ole man died," Zack muttered, taking the parcel down from the wagon, and presenting himself at Charlotte's door.

"They're nothin' but fish," she told him, bringin' them out for inspection, "nothin' more nor less, an' you be most awful curi's as to my doin's, pears to me, for a man that's got a family of his own to look arter."

"W'y, I'm nothin' but curi's, Charlotte. Ye know it's so oncommon for a woman to go on diggin' up swamps, or any sich things. Now, if 'twas braidin' hats, or knittin' footin's, I should not quiz around so."

"No, I s'pose not," Charlotte answered, somewhat mollified, "but I can't see why a woman can't arn her livin' in her own way 'thout bein' commented on."

"Wal, there's no reason's I know on, Charlotte," Zack said, and then he left her.

There were rumors of things floating around Plumtown after this, and some said "Aye" and some said "No," but there was nothing really authentic until Miss Charlotte had an ice house built, and then she answered her neighbors' questions bluntly by saying, "Nothin' only I'm goin' to ship fish."

Zack came by his knowledge little by little, and when at the end of five years he happened to drop into neighbor Solomon Slack's just as Charlotte was sitting down to tea with the family, he—accepting the invitation to "draw up and have a bite, too"—winked knowingly to Solomon as he inquired, "How did ye happen to think on't, Charlotte, that there carp raisin' business?"

"Wal," Charlotte began with a resigned little smile drawing up one corner of her mouth, "seein' as how you've pestered me with questions these five years back, I'll tell ye. Ye see Upton told me about it first, said to write to—well, see here, if you want to get carp now, you jest write to Prof. S. G. David, Washington, D. C., and ask him to send you 'Carp and Carp Ponds,' by Chas. W. Smiley. He'll send ye a pamphlet tellin' ye all about it.

Wal, I got the pond fixed, and then I had a time on't to get the fish, as Solomon could tell ye, he helped. I had to make an application for carp, and get it endorsed by some member of congress or a U. S. senator, and then I forwarded that to the fish commissioner, and he sent me the fish free of expense. They're awful tame, lazy sort of fellers, real nice for pets, if any one liked 'em, and they do grow outen all reason. W'y some of them ere fish will weigh from fifty to seventy-five pounds, ef you believe it. I couldn't till I seen 'em weighed with my own eyes. Ye see a pond of two acres, like that there one of mine'll raise from 4,000 to 8,000 carp in a season, and it only takes three years for 'em to grow big enough for market. The directions for making ponds is pretty—well, a good deal to it, that is, if ye hev to do a lot of work to keep out the overflow, and keep 'em back from goin' off down stream. But ye see the swamp was jist the thing. There is no surface overflow, and all I had to do down there at the lower end was to pound some holes into a couple of old pans. There don't no water of any account run out, only jest now and then in the spring.

I made platforms for feedin' and catchin' on 'em, outen the slabs that you drawed for me, and you know the ice house is made of slabs, too, and didn't cost but a trifle, except the haulin' of 'em, and the few loads of sawdust. And, ye see, I jist have the ice cut right there on the pond, and skidded in, and I can get a day's work, now and then, cheap at that season of the year.

Yes, I s'pose I am making money some; we had a right lively time russle'in' round to find a market. Solomon here wrote to a distant relation of his'n, and he gave us the address of some dealers, and they take all the fish I can raise. You see, I've only been at it five years, but I've got a good stock of fish now, and I cal'late that by the end of another five years, I shan't have no fears of ever bein' beholden to no one for my livin'. I can make a livin' now? Wal, I—er—ye might ask Solomon Slack, he's my bank so fur,

an' I guess there's a little on the credit side a'ready."

Solomon laid his knife by the side of his plate, and a twitch or two about the mouth betokened an affirmation, but Charlotte did not notice this, and, at a warning shake of the head from his wife, Solomon subsided and Charlotte proceeded.

"Yes, Zack, ye bev nestered me with questions, and I wouldn't answer, for, ye see, folks was sayin' the Ole Maid Cole had gone crazy, an' why on airth didn't she go an' live with this sister or that brother, an' patch up their ragged children, or why didn't she do this thing, or t'other thing, and I didn't know's I could make a livin' at fish raisin'. It was a experiment, an' I didn't want to say no more'n I was obligeed to, till I found out if 'twould pay.

It's no trouble in life to feed 'em. Little potatoes, pig corn—their's cheap ef one has to buy—and cabbage. They so love cabbage, them fish do, and what with the worms and all kinds of yarmits, I have a time on't, trying to get cabbage enough for 'em. But then they are not particular ef the cabbages aren't headed out solid. And, besides, ye see, there's all the extra time. Laws! it don't take me all the time to tend to them fish.

I tell ye what, ef I was a writin' or a lecturin' feller, I'd jist tell all the women folks in the world that I've found out one occupation for 'em that'll pay, and that leaves 'em independent, and that's raisin' German carp," and Charlotte poised her piece of dried apple fruit cake in her fingers as she leaned forward, nodding her head so decisively as to have endangered the little pug of brown hair at the back, had there been somewhat more in the way of hair, and a little less as to the number of hairpins.

"Wal, I declare!" Zack said, pushing back his chair, and brushing the crumbs from his overalls. "I'm glad ye're a doin' well, but I don't reely seem to get reconciled to it yet, it's so sorter queer, ye know. And Solomon's folks here was knowin' to it all the while?"

"Solomon's folks was knowin' to it all the time," Charlotte said, folding her hemstitched handkerchief carefully, and replacing it in her pocket as she rose from the table.

Solomon's mouth worked a trifle at the corners, but he set his chair back in silence.

#### THOUGHTS ON THE SEASON.

BY H. MARIA GEORGE.

"This is the feast time of the year,  
When hearts grow warm and friends grow dear;  
When autumn's crimson torch expires  
To flash again in winter fires.

\* \* \* \* \*  
"This is the feast time of the year,  
When Plenty pours her wine of cheer,  
And even humble boards may share  
To poorer poor a kindly share;  
While bursting barns and granaries know,  
A richer, fuller overflow."

The smiles and frowns of spring, the splendors of summer, and the lavish fruitions of harvest, have passed in turn and brought us to the autumn of the year.

The golden glories of the maples have been garnered, and hillside and forest are dull, gray and bare, except where relieved by the faithful evergreens, which stand scattered at intervals, like sturdy sentinels, or in more solid phalanx gaze on us from inaccessible heights.

We miss from our hearths the cheerful chirp of the cricket, even the despised house fly has departed after a most lingering adieu, and our feathered friends of the summer have sought homes in warmer, if not fairer, lands. But now and then we hear a hoarse croak, and a black object may be seen flying low over the dismantled corn fields, or, more rarely we see a gleam of red and brown, and there falls sweet upon the ear, the spright-

ly chirp of some friendly robin who has decided to remain with us through the winter. And then the snow birds! Dear little chick-a-dees, your courage and cheerfulness under what must be most trying to bird nature and strength, serves to reanimate our faith in the loving watchfulness of the All Father who cares for even the smallest of His creatures.

The wind sweeps chillily down from the distant mountains, and gathering strength on its way, rushes with a blast around the northwest corner of the house and leaping into the wide-mouthed chimney expires with a hoarse, sobbing shriek, as grawsome and awe-inspiring as the last shuddering breath of some dying giant.

The ground that erstwhile was green with verdure and responsive to the lightest footfall, is now brown, bare, frozen, while now and then a few water drops, congealing on their way through some dark cloud, come glittering and tinkling as a reminder that before long all that is now bare and dreary, shall be covered with nature's ermine, and bedecked with pearls and diamonds from her inexhaustible storehouse, which even the ransom of a king could not purchase.

A forlorn dreariness prevails out of doors, but in the old farm house we find a picture of plenty and good cheer. Cellar, bin and store room are overflowing with the bounties of the harvest. The garnered grain, the ripened fruits, the huge wood-pile from which the generous fires are fed, convey a sense of safety, comfort and protection, and enable the inmates to bid bold defiance to stern winter, who already gives warning that his icy reign is close at hand.

This is our national Thank-giving season, and it behooves us all to search our hearts, whether we are sufficiently grateful for the mercies of the year. We may feel after a short time of retrospection that the sorrows and hardships which seemed mountain high, have sunk in insignificance beside the blessings we have received. The bewildering splendors of day could never be appreciated without the contrasting gloom of midnight.

Are you lonely and friendless? Throw open wide for to-day the doors of your house and of your heart. Make a feast and invite those who are still more lonely and friendless than yourself, and in making for these unfortunates a season of comfort and thankfulness, you will yourself be blessed, and perhaps knit new ties to cheer and strengthen.

Nothing to feel thankful for! Then indeed hard is your lot. Life is and we must make the best of it. We are here, without volition of our own, it is true, but being here we must make the most and best of circumstances that our faculties will allow. You say you are poor and have hard work to provide for the necessary wants of the body. Yet I think after careful consideration you will find that there are even "poorer poor" on whom you can, without impoverishing yourself, bestow a kindly share. This is the giving that ever renders richer the donor, bread cast upon the waters to return in due season.

Perhaps your families are large, with needs more numerous than you can satisfy. Yet, my friend, look in the dark house across the street, where childish voices never more shall echo, where the little feet are stilled forever, and tell me if you would change places with those desolate parents, even though you do not know to-night whence will come the dinner for the morrow.

Are you driven and hurried, do endless cares press heavily on jaded muscles and rasped nerves? Think of those who can only lie and suffer, to whom the hours bring no change, no relief, who have given up the cares and interests of life, and are waiting in agonizing patience for the

end. Work is a blessing, overwork an evil which we can often avoid if we will. Circumstances are to an extent of our own fashioning, and our fortune often needs but the strong touch, the firm will, to become in a measure adapted to our capabilities.

Is your place with those aged, feeble ones who have long and continuously labored, bearing the heat and burden of the day, but must now sit idly by, with folded hands, seeing your places filled by those younger and more active? Youth has its blessings and its possibilities, it has also unrest, ambition and a thousand hopes to be blighted. The life story of the young lies blank in the future, and whether it shall be good or ill no one can foresee. The latter days of a well-spent life have innumerable blessings which those just starting cannot comprehend. In most cases oblivion kindly covers failures and disappointments, bringing in relief bright scenes and sweetest joys. Then, too, the aged are nearing their Father's home, the glories of the promised land are beginning to dawn upon their vision, and they feel that ere long all sorrows shall cease, and eternal rest be their portion.

#### THE OTHER SIDE.

I have appointed myself a committee of one, to reply to Zenas Dane, and others, on the "Slovenly Women" question. Are there no slovenly men, then, that Zenas challenges a reply on "the other side?" Or, is nothing better expected of them, or are they such privileged beings that their shortcomings in the "fix up" direction must not be criticised?

The ivy with its glossy leaves often twines around a scarred and rugged oak, covering with its green mantle the tree's imperfections and unsightly fungus growths. Perhaps some men resemble the oak. Their wives' tidiness serves for both and covers him with a sort of reflect on from her splendor. For one, I am heartily tired of hearing so much of how we poor women shall dress up every day to "retain our husbands' affections."

These writers say that we must render ourselves as attractive after marriage as before. That I think is impossible, unless the means are plenty to sustain the mistress of the house in leisure. Among the working classes it would be utterly absurd.

What reasonable country wife would expect her farmer husband to appear before her every day in the shining patent leathers, and immaculate shirt front, that he sported when he came courting? Usually as soon as the short bridal trip is over, (if they can afford one,) the young benedict appears in brown ducking "warmers" and overalls to match, minus collar, minus button-hole bouquet, minus every thing that went to make up the outward appearance of the spruce young gentleman. His make-up will be that of a sensible man ready for work, and his wife will love him just as well in his ducking and plow shoes, as she did in his broad-cloth and patent leathers.

Instead of delicious perfume extracts that were wont to exhale from those "store clothes" this transformed individual will sometimes be redolent with perfumes of the barnyard and milking shed, and rubber boots will be bespattered with the lacteal fluid from top to toe.

Of course the farmer always comes to dinner just as he is, but the little lady opposite him at table must be a vision of rare loveliness. She must have on the much talked of neck gear, spotless white apron, a'd hair in all the bewitching little waves and carls that led him captive a few months or years before, that is, if she expects to retain the affections of the fastidious gentleman opposite, in the

ducking and rubber boots. But, if she has been working hard all the forenoon, the curls might be in strings, and if she had hurriedly blacked the stove and scrubbed the kitchen floor while the dinner was cooking, probably there would be a streak of stove polish across her alabaster nose, and mud spatters around the bottom of her dress, for a busy housewife seldom has time to consult her mirror while striving to do a dozen things at once and have dinner at a certain hour. I have often wondered when those neat "example" women that we read about do their dirty work. There must be some times in the best arranged households that there is a muss. A woman cannot black stoves, scrub kitchens and clean cellars and preserve those spotless cuffs immaculate. Indeed, Zenas, cuffs would be a nuisance in almost any ordinary housework.

The working man will seldom take time to shave oftener than once a week, and sometimes intelligent men (in other respects) will go several weeks and months without shaving, making of them selves perfect representations of Darwin's "missing link," nothing visible of their faces except a pair of eyes and a tip of a nose, and yet their wives appear to think just as much of them as though they were daily frequenters of the barber shop. Now if all is true that is written on the subject, it would seem that women are more constant than men. Nothing is ever written, at least, I have never read, any advice to the men in regard to their personal appearance.

No, Zenas, I cannot think of a more uncomfortable element of a home than a sloven, unless it is the other extreme, an over-neat woman. There are men who are in constant fear of offending, by the way of "making dirt." They scarcely dare step on the parlor carpet or walk across the newly mopped kitchen floor, and if they should happen to spill a drop of tea or coffee, on the spotless table cloth, woe be to them.

I have a friend who did not like to have her husband lie on the Brussels lounge in the sitting room. She was afraid he would soil it and rumple the tidy, so the husband finding a bargain at a sale, of a home-made article, covered with faded calico, carried it home in triumph, thinking he could rest in peace at last. But his triumph was short lived, for on returning from work the next night he found his lounge finely upholstered in cretonne, and the Brussels had risen to the eminence of parlor furniture. She lets him lie on his lounge occasionally by spreading an old quilt over it first.

And that other old refrain that we read so much about in the papers. That you must always meet your husbands with a smile, to smooth away the frowns of care from their brows. Why, I should like to know, should not the husband come smiling up the walk or from the fields, get the smile on in its best shape before he opens the door? Probably some wives would ask first thing, "what he was laughing at," it would be so unusual. Meet your husbands with a smile by all means if you like. But remember that smiles should fit men's faces as well as women's, and do not do all the smiling. Monopoly is bad, even in this direction.

FANNY FLETCHER.

#### A TRIP TO THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

It was a merry party that boarded the good ship Australia, at San Francisco, about the middle of June last, bound for Honolulu, H. I. Besides the regular passengers, there was our excursion party which consisted of about seventy people. Masons and their families, off for a visit to the islands. A large crowd came to

the wharf to see us off, and one of the ladies brought a bouquet for every state room. The little pilot boat accompanied us out of the harbor and several of our friends with her. They left us soon though, and off we went by ourselves, out to sea. About five o'clock we passed the Farallone Islands and that was the last land we saw until we reached the Hawaiian Islands seven days later. Very soon after getting out to sea many of our party retired quite unceremoniously to their state rooms for some reason best known to themselves. Some said they went down to take a little rest and others followed to see what had become of the first party; others again followed to see what had become of these and finally, there were very few left on deck. The next day there were not many ladies at breakfast but during the following day they gradually emerged from their state rooms looking pale and wretched enough. The children seemed to get along best and were but very little seasick.

By the time we had been out two or three days almost everybody was able to be on deck and then we began to make acquaintances and to congratulate each other on our returning good health. By this time we could appreciate the music by the string band sent with us, which played most exquisite selections every night at dinner, and twice through the week they played in the evening for us to dance by. How lovely that music was. I shall never forget it. We had toasts and speeches at dinner two or three evenings and we found that quite a number of our party were gifted in speech making, ladies as well as gentlemen. When a toast was given, and all standing, to the memory of the dear ones at home, not a few eyes were moist, and every one seemed touched for we all had left dear ones behind.

On Sunday we had service in the saloon and one even'ng the first mate gave us a very interesting lecture on navigation. We did not see a sail from the time we left the Farallone Islands the first day out, until we reached port. A few gones followed us most all the way over. When about three days out the engine suddenly stopped and there we were, drifting away out in mid ocean. A bolt had broken and was soon repaired but we inexperienced sailors felt a little strange to be out at sea so helpless, and knowing we could call upon no human aid to assist us. I was always borrowing trouble and so at this juncture, tried to persuade my John that we were about to go to the bottom. He asked for my proofs. I told him the captain was so worried he eat nothing but apricots for lunch and that was proof enough. He did not think that was conclusive evidence, and strange to say, he was right for in about an hour we were steaming along as fast as ever.

As we neared the tropics the water grew blue, oh, so blue, like indigo, and we had lovely sunsets. Flying fish were skimming along the surface of the water and at night we discovered the Southern Cross in the heavens and also the Deer's Eyes. These last are two little stars which look to be very close together; so close that they almost seem to touch. The North star and the Southern Cross can both be seen here, I believe.

Almost without exception, our party was composed of very pleasant people. In such a large gathering there are always some peculiar ones. I have not time to tell you, and you would not care to read about all the harmless gossip we gathered up about one another. Mrs. G. brought the news that a certain lovely young lady in a pink hood and a seal skin cloak (we needed our warmest cloaks the first three days out) was a bride of three hours when she boarded the steamer. How very interesting! How devoted the

husband was! Well, she was no less interesting and the husband no less devoted when we learned in conversing with her a few days afterward, that she had been married four years. I would like to tell you of Sarah but my pen fails me, and of Johnny boy and others, but you could not appreciate them with my description and I forbear.

On the morning of the seventh day out we came in sight of Molokai. This is the island to which the lepers are banished. At the same time we sighted Oahu, the island of our destination. At about ten o'clock we rounded Diamond Head, an immense promontory, once a volcano, and soon we were in sight of fine cocoanut groves and pretty villas near the beach. How lovely they looked nestled down under the hills and how glad we were that our trip was about over. At twelve o'clock precisely we drew up to the landing and the Royal Hawaiian band greeted us with charming selections of music, "America" among others. They always play when the steamer arrives, and half the town turns out to welcome the new arrivals.

It seemed like a mixture of all nationalities under the sun who came to greet us. There were Americans, English and German, there were the darker Portuguese, and Chinese, and the still darker natives, which last were a new sight to us indeed. Little naked native boys swam around the boat to dive for ten-cent pieces or quarters which some of the passengers would throw out for them. They always found them and the one who got the piece would hold it up a minute to show that he had it, thrust it in his mouth and be ready for another.

After a few minutes' delay on board we were allowed to set foot on *terra firma* once more and we were met by a delegation of Honolulu Masons who placed us in carriages and away we drove through this strange city to the Royal Hawaiian hotel.

BETSY BEAN.

#### JACK'S MISTAKE.

##### A THANKSGIVING STORY.

"We must try to keep Thanksgiving Day after a fashion," sighed Mrs. Spikenard to her daughter Florella; "though, to be sure, two poor chickens and a bought pie won't be much of a dinner."

How different it used to be in the country, where we used to kill the fattest gobbler in the flock for Thanksgiving dinner, and made pumpkin pies with scuds of fresh eggs and rich milk in 'em! An' fur vegetables, we had sweet potatoes, an' squash, an' pickled cabbage, an'—but law, it's different in the city—that is, if you ain't made of money. The markets are lined with turkeys and fowls of all kinds, an' vegetables by the wagon-load; but it takes a forchin to get 'em almost. I give thirty-five cents fur them two pore lookin' chickens, an' ten fur that little measure of turnips. I did want to git a few cranberries fur sass, but Jack had sot his heart on havin' a pie, so I got one."

Mrs. Spikenard shook her head as she turned over the contents of the little worn market basket on the kitchen table.

"Oh, we can make quiet a nice dinner of these," said Florella, lifting up the chickens; "and I have a nickel left. We can buy a dish of jelly with it. I walked home to-night, and saved it on purpose."

"But it won't seem quite like a Thanksgiving dinner unless we have some one to help us eat it," persisted Mrs. Spikenard. "I've allus been used to havin' the house full on Thanksgiving Day, an' it don't seem jest right to set down an' eat what we've got all by ourselves."

"There's old Mr. Barber, that lives up in the third story," suggested Florella. "He's as poor as we are, if not poorer."

Suppose we ask him to eat dinner with us?"

"Why, to be sure," said her mother, brightening up. "I'll send Jack up to ask him as soon as he comes in."

The Spikenards occupied two tiny rooms in the back part of a respectable three story house in Cote Brilliante.

The rooms were small and not very comfortable, to be sure, but they were decent and cheap, and poor as they were it took about all Florella could earn as "saleslady," in a commercial house downtown, to pay the rent and buy food, fuel and clothing for herself, her mother, and eight-year-old Jack, who went to school, and wore out more jackets and trowsers than he was worth, so his mother declared.

Jack soon come in from the bakery, where he had been sent for a loaf of bread, and was at once dispatched to invite old Mr. Barber to the Thanksgiving dinner the next day.

Mrs. Spikenard was setting the table for supper, and Florella was cutting the loaf of bread, when he came running back.

"All right, mother! Mr. Barclay says he'll come."

"Mr. Barclay!" cried Florella.

"Mr. Barclay!" shrieked the widow.

"Oh, Jack, you never asked him!"

"Yes, I did," declared Jack boldly.

"Why, you told me to ask him!"

"I said Mr. Barber, you dreadful boy! And now what are we going to do?"

Florella began to cry.

"Two little chickens as big as partridges, and a few miserable turnips and a pie. Oh, Jack, Jack! what made you do such a thing?"

"Well, shall I go back and tell him not to come?" asked the boy practically.

"No, no, of course not!" cried his sister, drying her tears and beginning to laugh at the ridiculous side of the affair. "We must make the best of it now of course; but what will he think of us? I can stuff these miserable little fowls with some stale bread crumbs," she added, as her mother looked hopelessly on. "And we must polish up our bits of silver and 'put the best foot foremost;' but it will be a ridiculous Thanksgiving dinner, after all."

Mr. Bernard Barclay was a bachelor, well-to-do, and good looking, Florella admitted, who occupied the second story front room in Mrs. Loyd's house, and took his meals at a restaurant, as Mrs. Loyd only kept "roomers," that is, she let lodgings only, without board.

Mr. Barclay had frequently bowed to Mrs. Spikenard, as they met in the halls or on the stairway, and had even exchanged a few words with Florella, on the front steps; and once he had brought her home from the street-car under his umbrella, during a heavy rain.

But what would he think of them for inviting him to a Thanksgiving dinner?—and such a dinner, too!

Florella lay awake half the night, puzzling her head over this problem.

The sun shone out on a clear, frosty Thanksgiving day, the next morning, and Florella and her mother were bustling about, putting the little rooms in holiday order, when shuffling steps came up the stairway, a thumping knock sounded on the door, and a shock-headed boy asked:

"Mrs. Spikenard live here?"

"Yes, said the widow, wonderingly.

"That's my name."

"This here's fur you, then. Nothin' to pay."

And having deposited a well-filled market-basket on the table, the boy shuffled away, leaving the widow and her daughter staring at each other with astonishment.

"It's a mistake!" cried Florella.

But no, there was a card, with Mrs. Spikenard's name and number, carefully

attached to the basket; and having made sure it was meant for them, Florella fell at once to rifling it of its contents.

"A twenty-pound turkey, I do believe! Just look, ma! and half a pumpkin! A paper of sugar. Eggs—two dozen of 'em at least—and sweet potatoes. Half a dozen lemons; now I can make some lemon pies. And raisins, and currants, and citron, and ginger. What else, I wonder? This is sage, for the dressing, and here's a bucket of something—oysters! And a paper of cranberries—and that's all. But who could have sent them?"

Florella and her mother stared blankly at each other, while Jack helped himself to currants and raisins, unrebuked.

"If 'twa'n't fur the oysters an' lemons, I should think 'twas sister Sary sent 'em," said Mrs. Spikenard at last.

"It's a God-send to us, anyway, wher ever it came from," declared Florella. "And I'm going to get dinner right away. And now we can ask old Mr. Barber, too, after all."

The twenty-pound turkey was soon sputtering in the oven, and the aromatic odor of lemons and spice filled the little kitchen and floated out through the hallway, penetrating even to Bachelor Barclay's very door.

The dinner was a success. The oyster soup, roast turkey, the sweet potatoes, the lemon and pumpkin pies and cranberry sauce were cooked to perfection, and Mr. Barclay could not help contrasting his lonely dinners at the restaurant with this cozy meal; with kind-hearted Mrs. Spikenard presiding over the coffee-urn, and pretty, violet eyed Florella busy helping every one but herself.

Old Mr. Barber, too, with his dignified, old-school manners, was no detraction to the merry party around the well-spread board. And when it was all over, and Bachelor Barclay had gone to smoke a cigar in the solitude of his own room, he mentally decided, as the blue wreaths curled overhead, that "it was not good for man to be alone."

In fact, before many moons had come and gone, pretty Florella Spikenard had resigned her situation as "saleslady," and assumed the more responsible position of housewife, with the matronly title of Mrs. Bernard Barclay.

And not until then, did Mr. Barclay confess that he had sent the basket which had so puzzled Florella and her mother.

"I overheard your conversation, when you discovered Jack's blunder," he confessed, "and, of course, on learning the circumstances, I thought it was only my duty to help you out of the dilemma."

And Florella only laughed at her husband's explanation, and declared she had suspected him all along.

But a load was lifted from Mrs. Spikenard's mind, for, according to her own confession, "she couldn't skeersele sleep o' nights, fur wondering where on 'arth that basket come from." —Ex.

#### HOW POSTAGE STAMPS ARE PERFORATED.

To understand this process, the reader must imagine two cylinders placed horizontally above each other. Each is divided vertically into several parts and each section is surrounded by a narrow raised band. There are as many of these bands as there are dividing spaces in a perpendicular line between the stamps. Each ring on the upper cylinder is covered on its surface with projections which are very small, very close together, and cylindrical in shape. On the bands of the lower cylinder are indentations into which these projections accurately fit. In short, the projections and their corresponding sockets make a series of little punches and dies which cut out round bits of the material placed between them.

The object in making postage stamps is to have them of uniform size and shape, and to be able to stamp them directly on the paper. The dies are made in two cylinders, one above the other, and the paper is passed through them. The top cylinder has a series of small holes, and the bottom cylinder has a series of small dies. The paper is passed through the top cylinder, and the dies are pressed into the paper. The paper is then passed through the bottom cylinder, and the holes are punched out. The paper is then folded and the edges are cut off. The paper is then folded again and the edges are cut off. The paper is then folded a third time and the edges are cut off. The paper is then folded a fourth time and the edges are cut off. The paper is then folded a fifth time and the edges are cut off. The paper is then folded a sixth time and the edges are cut off. The paper is then folded a seventh time and the edges are cut off. The paper is then folded a eighth time and the edges are cut off. 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The paper is then folded a one-hundred-thirty-eighth time and the edges are cut off. The paper is then folded a one-hundred-thirty-ninth time and

The object in making the cylinder of movable pieces is to allow the distances, between the lines of perforations, to be altered at pleasure. In front of the cylinders is an endless belt on which the sheet of stamps is placed and is thus carried directly between them. As the paper passes through, the perforations are punched, and a simple appliance detaches it from the cylinders. The perforations are first made in a perpendicular line, and then afterwards in a horizontal line by passing the stamps through a similar apparatus differently adjusted. Another pressing follows—this time to get rid of the raised edges on the back of the stamps made by the dies, and this ends the manufacture.

A separate apartment is devoted to the packing and sending off of stamps to the different post offices, as they are not, as in the case with currency, sent to Washington. The requisition comes from the Treasury Department to the Bank Note Company, who, if the number of stamps called for exceeds 20,000, pack the sheets in large bundles, or, if below this number, enclose them in half bundles and envelopes and send them registered through the mails.

After congress meets and an appropriation is allowed, suitable arrangements will be made for the distribution of the new postal cards. These are made from dies cut in hardened steel for surface printing, a novel and heretofore considered impossible mode of engraving. The lines instead of being sunk are raised like those of an ordinary wood cut. The completed card shown to us is three inches by five and one-eighth inches in size, made from a fine quality of card board and is of a light buff color. A border of scroll work runs around the edge, while in the upper right hand corner is a very handsome stamp, consisting of a head of Liberty encircled with stars and surrounded with elliptical scroll work. The denomination is one cent, and the color of the work, a rich velvet brown. The inscription is simple, "United States Postal Card—write address only on this side, the message on the other." Below are ruled lines, while the reverse is blank.

To convey some idea of the immense number of postage stamps used: In the space of three months, the National Bank Note Company have made over one hundred and forty-three millions of all denominations, valued at over four million dollars. During the present year, five hundred and twenty millions have been completed, those made in January numbering seventy six millions. Thirty-eight and one-half millions have been completed in a week, and thirteen millions in a single day. The last weekly return of the company showed a manufacture of over fourteen millions of finished stamps.—*Scientific American.*

#### HAIR AND CHARACTER.

It is interesting to note what this or that one has to say about character, especially if he pursues a calling that brings him into rather close contact with people. The shoemaker gathers inferences from the different shapes of feet and the manner in which they wear shoes; the tailor gets impressions from the way his customers wear their clothing, the barber, too, why should he not have his opinion? He comes in direct contact with the head, and in manipulating hair and beard, he ought to make some shrewd inferences. One is reputed as giving his views in the following quite finished style:

"Did you ever notice that people of very violent temper have always close-growing hair? It is a fact that every man having close-growing hair is the owner of a decidedly bad temper. It is easy

enough for me to note at a glance how a man's hair grows. Then I know how to handle him. Men of strong temper are generally vigorous, but at the same time they are not always fixed in their opinions. Now, the man, with coarse hair is rooted to his prejudices. Coarse hair denotes obstinacy. It is not good business policy to oppose a man whose hair is coarse. The eccentric man has always fine hair, and you never yet saw a man of erratic tendencies who at the same time had a sound mind, who was not refined in his tastes. Fair hair indicates refinement. You may have noticed that men engaged in intellectual or especially in aesthetic pursuits, where delicacy is required, have invariably fine, luxuriant hair and beard. The same men, as a class, particularly painters, are always remarkable for their personal peculiarities.

The brilliant, sprightly fellow, who, by the way, is almost always superficial, has generally a curly beard. If not, his hair is curly. It's easy to bring a smile to the face of the man whose hair is curly. He laughs where colder natures see nothing to laugh at. But that is because his mind is buoyant and not deep enough to penetrate to the bottom of things.

There is a great difference between coarse hair and hair that is harsh, though it requires an expert to distinguish it. For example, a man's mustache may be as fine as silk, and yet cannot be trained to grow into a graceful curve. That's because the hair is harsh. Now people whose hair is harsh have amiable but cold natures. They are always ready to listen, but it is difficult to arouse their feelings. In men of this disposition, the hair on their heads is generally, in fact, almost always, of a shade darker than their beards. When the beard is full, covering the entire face, the color varies from a dark shade near the roots to red, which colors the ends of the hair. These men have very rarely a good memory. They forget easily, and often leave a cane or an overcoat behind them in the barber's shop. They are great procrastinators, and are bad at keeping appointments.

Think over your acquaintances, and see if the man who is habitually slow, has not a mustache or beard of a lighter shade than his hair. It's always the case. These are the men who come in late at the theater, and get to the station just in time to miss the train. But philography is a science. It takes years of study and application to acquire it. From long practice and a natural liking for the art, I have attained considerable skill in discerning character."—*Exchange.*

#### HINTS ON THE STUDY OF GEOLOGY.

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form and void."

How many times we have read the opening chapter of the book of Genesis, and given it hardly a passing thought, and yet there is enough in it to be the study of a life time, and then the study would be only begun.

My aim in writing these papers, is to give some help to those, who would like to study this science if they could only do it at home, in leisure moments. I shall use no regular text book, only glean from here and there, as occasion requires. If my hints are of any use to any of the sisters, or if they "enthuse" even a few to know more of this wonderful world of ours, I shall be satisfied.

For women can be well versed in the subject as well as men. I have been so pleased with the many letters I have received in answer to my description of my cabinet in the June number, and glad,

too, to have so many questions asked, showing there is much interest among our busy sisters now.

How many times we have had a pretty stone shown us, and have thrown it away with "Oh, that's only a common pebble." Have you ever stopped to think how that pebble came there and of what it was made? How that diminutive pebble was formerly a piece of a strong, stout, rocky ledge, and through the mighty agencies of frost or water was chipped off an angular fragment, then was rolled back and forth by sea, stream or wayside rill, back and forth, to and fro, until the sharp edges were worn off, and it finally became this "poor, little discarded pebble," common it may be.

Let's take our hammer and chop it open and see. Ah! there! these "common pebbles" may be slate, granite, other rocks, corals, yes, may even contain fossils. I have a number of pebbles composed of fossil corals from a Michigan sister. What became of the material cast off in making this pebble. Why, there is our soil and sand.

Sand—another poor, insignificant material in our eyes, and yet I have some sand from Cape Cod composed of magnetite (oxide of iron) and garnets. Magnetite is easily found by using a magnet. This sand is often found at Marblehead, Mass. It is a dark sand. Gather some, Marblehead sisters, off the beach, thrust your magnet in it (a small, fifteen-cent one will do) and it will draw out all the dark or magnetite. Now look at the rest through a magnifying glass if you have one. Do you see the deep, red garnets? If you do not succeed at first, try after the next tide.

In my next paper I shall begin with the commoner minerals and work gradually up to rocks, then, if wanted, will give a short sketch on historical geology. Any questions will be cheerfully answered (if I can answer them), provided a stamp be sent for reply.

FRANK E.

Box 207, Hyde Park, Mass.

#### HIS SECOND CHOICE.

"Hester!" exclaimed Aunt Susan, ceasing her rocking and knitting, and sitting upright, "do you know what your husband will do when you are dead?"

"What do you mean?" was the startled reply.

"He will go and marry the sweetest tempered girl he can find."

"Oh, auntie!" Hester began.

"Don't interrupt me till I have finished," said Aunt Susan, leaning back and taking up her knitting. "She may not be as pretty as you are, but she will be good-natured. She may not be as good a housekeeper as you are, in fact I think she will not, but she will be good-natured. She may not even love him as well as you do, but she will be more good-natured."

"Why, auntie—"

"That isn't all," continued Aunt Susan. "Every day you live you are making your husband more and more in love with that good-natured woman who may take your place some day. After Mr. and Mrs. Harrison left you the other evening the only remark made about them was, 'She is a sweet woman.'"

"Ah, auntie—"

"That isn't all," composedly resumed Aunt Susan. "To-day your husband was half across the kitchen floor bringing you the first ripe peaches, and all you did was to look and say, 'There, Will, just see your muddy tracks on my clean floor. I won't have my clean floor all tracked up.' Some men would have thrown the peaches out of the window. One day you screwed up your face when he kissed you because his mustache was damp, and said, 'I never want you to kiss me again.' When he empties anything you tell him

not to spill it, when he lifts anything you tell him not to break it. From morning till night your sharp voice is heard complaining and fault-finding. And last winter when you were so sick, you scolded him for allowing the pump to freeze, and took no notice when he said, 'I was so anxious about you that I could not think of the pump.'"

"But, auntie—"

"Hearken, child. The strongest, most intellectual man of them all cares more for a woman's tenderness than for anything else in the world, and without this the cleverest woman and most perfect housekeeper is sure to lose her husband's affection in time. There may be a few men like your Will, as gentle and loving, and chivalrous, as forgetful of self, and so satisfied with loving that their affection will die a long, struggling death; but, in most cases, it takes but a few years of fretfulness and fault-finding to turn a husband's love into irritated indifference."

"Well, auntie—"

"Yes, well! You are not dead yet, and that sweet-tempered woman has not yet been found; so that you have time to become so serene and sweet that your husband can never imagine that there is a better-tempered woman in existence."—*Advocate and Guardian.*

#### HOW TO BE HAPPY.

First, be healthy. There are some people, who, sustained either by religion, philosophy or temperament, seem able to bear sickness with serenity, cheerfulness and even mirth; but most of us are rendered miserable indeed by any inharmonious action of our physical organizations. At such times work seems a curse, earth a desert and life an intolerable burden.

Under such circumstances it seems a sin to be sick and in most cases this is doubtless true. Many of our common ailments might easily be avoided by more carefully conforming our habits to the inexorable laws of nature. But we are either too indifferent, lazy or fashionable to keep ourselves as well as we might and herein lies the sin of being sick, consequently unhappy.

Second, have an object in life. We were made reasonable beings and it was never intended that we should live an aimless, butterfly existence and still be satisfied and happy. If you have no work, find some. There is plenty of it waiting to be done and you cheat the world as yourself by neglecting your share.

Third, forget yourself. Much of our unhappiness comes from thinking too much about our precious selves and our troubles, both real and possible. We magnify our importance and grow morbid over trifles when we ought to be so interested in other people, so helpful and sympathetic, that we shall have no time to brood over self and her misfortunes.

Fourth, broaden your mind by as much intellectual culture as is possible to you. Narrow, petty habits of thinking and doing generate discontent, bigotry, gossip and slander.

Lastly, but by no means least, live the life of a conscientious Christian. We were never intended to be happy while disregarding our first duties and neglecting our highest needs. Let us daily seek to conform our lives physically, mentally, morally and spiritually to the standards God has given us. "Then shall our conscience be at peace, our sleep both sweet and comfortable," and happiness an abiding guest.

RENA ROSS.

—Human calculations cannot limit the influence of one atom of wholesome knowledge, patiently acquired, modestly possessed and faithfully used.





**BEAUTY**  
of  
Skin & Scalp  
RESTORED  
by the  
CUTICURA  
Remedies.

NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT all comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvelous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimplies to scrofula. CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure and the only infallible skin beautifiers and blood purifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; RESOLVENT, \$1; SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the POTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

**HANDS** Soft as dove's down, and as white, by using CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

**BURNETT'S**  
PERFECTLY  
PURE  
HIGHLY  
CONCENTRATED  
Standard Flavoring  
**EXTRACTS**

Thoughtful people should read the testimonial below from a cook of national reputation.

**Joseph Burnett & Co., Boston:**  
GENTLEMEN—I have used your Extracts for years, knowing them the best to be found in the market.

MARIA PARLOA,  
School of Cookery, Tremont Street.

Send your address to JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston, Mass., for their "Household Receipt Book."



**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 Vegetable Cough Compound**  
Makes one quart Syrup. Horehound, Elm, Flaxseed, Boneset, Licorice, etc., are its principal ingredients. It has proved much more valuable than costly patent medicines, and is so safe; no narcotics, no poisons of any kind. A lady in the Household says, "It will alleviate the most distressing Cough, soothe and allay irritation, and no better remedy can be found for Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all afflictions of the Lungs and Throat," 25 cents a package. Prepared at the N. E. Botanic Depot, 245 Washington St., Boston, Geo. W. Swett, M. D., Proprietor.

**LADIES READ!** Largest Pack Silk and Satin pieces ever advertised, no two alike, 40c.; 3 packs, \$1.00. Elegant for tidiess and quilts. New style Hat Band stamped to order, 25 cents, any color. Orders filled day of receipt. Send Postal Note.

MRS. C. J. MERRILL,  
Box 596, FALL RIVER, MASS.

**LADIES** clear \$25 A DAY with my improved Undergarment Protector for Ladies only; cheapest, best and only genuine free. Mrs. H. F. LITTLE, Chicago, Ill.

**OUR EXCHANGE COLUMN**

Our friends will please take notice that this is not an advertising column. Those who want money or stamps for their goods come under the head of advertisers. This column is simply for exchanges.

We are in receipt of so many exchanges of much greater length than we can insert and taking more time to condense than we can often give, that we ask those ladies sending exchanges to write them within the required limits. Four lines, averaging 28 words, being all we can allow to each item. We wish to caution ladies sending packages, against carelessness in sending full address with each. Many complaints are received by us which would be unnecessary if the address of the sender were given on the package sent even when accompanied by a letter.

Mrs. Nellie B. Huff, Annisquam, Essex Co., Mass., will exchange seeds of double white poppy, calendula, meteor, and others, for roots of tansy, passion, or cinnamon vine.

Mrs. J. T. Carpenter, Newaygo, Mich., will exchange samples of crochet lace, for directions for crocheting worsted sack for 8 months old baby. Please make directions plain.

Ella Dudleyton, Granville, Del. Co., Ind., will exchange stamped pillow shams and dahlia bulbs, for shells, fossils, or any thing suitable for cabinet.

Mrs. Ethel Wylie, box 80, Morrisville, Vt., will exchange stamped or painted pieces, or stamping done on linen, for minerals, sea shells, or curiosities of any kind.

Nellie Knight, East Troy, Me., will exchange day lily roots, one for two stereoscopic views; and white oxalis bulbs, one for each view.

Mrs. T. M. Merwin, Blue Mt. Lake, N. Y., will exchange a child's silver cup marked Russell, for any thing useful or ornamental of equal value. Write first.

Mrs. C. H. Wight, 5 Montgomery St., Portland, Me., will exchange odd magazines, good reading, for wooden pieces, thirteen inches square. One square to a magazine. Write first.

Miss Agnes Dawson, Norway, Me., will exchange 12 Nos. of Atlantic Monthly, plants, embossed pictures, and pieces, for second hand bound volumes from standard authors, or cabinet curiosities.

Miss Nellie Baker, Onarga, Iroquois Co., Ill., will exchange Youth's Companions of 1880 for Youth's Companions of '84 or '85. Write first.

Mrs. T. S. Applebee, No. 28 Mt. Vernon St., Dover, N. H., will exchange Vick's Illustrated Magazine, bound, for 1880, for sword fish sword. Write first.

Mrs. M. C. Sparkman, Mifflin, Chester Co., Tenn., will exchange double pink white Roman hyacinth, five kinds of narcissus and tiger lily, for something useful. Write first.

Mrs. M. C. Sparkman, Mifflin, Chester Co., Tenn., will exchange a magic lantern for a stereoscope or telescope. Write first.

Mrs. H. O. Hoitt, No. 162 Washington St., Dover, N. H., will exchange violin music (for dancing or solos), for any thing useful. Write first.

Mrs. K. A. Davis, East Conemaugh, Cambria Co., Pa., will exchange patterns of lace or will do stamping, for nice house plants. Write first.

Ella F. Boyd, box 207, Hyde Park, Mass., will exchange Indian arrow and spear heads, for good minerals and fossils.

Lillian M. Allen, Ellington, Conn., will exchange cards, pictures, stories and poems suitable for scrap books for children, for bulbs, seeds or one or two stereoscopic views.

Mrs. C. E. Norris, box 224, Epping, N. H., will exchange sheet music and stamping patterns, for painted or embroidered pieces of satin or velvet.

Mrs. L. P. Cordell, 526, N. 6th St., La Crosse, Wis., will exchange cross section wood calling cards with any name, for specimens for cabinet.

Mrs. E. A. Stark, Mechanicsville, N. Y., will exchange Demorest, since 1879 (engravings extracted) for bound books, also large block of silk crazy work, for female canary. Write first.

L. Deane, Dighton, Bristol Co., Mass., care of E. F. Andrews, will exchange Godey's Lady's Book for 1885, in good condition, for good reading matter. Write first.

Mrs. Dr. Watts, Lockport, N. Y., will exchange Peterson's, '84, Godey's, '84, '85 and '86, and Leisure Hour Libraries, for reading matter, or something useful or ornamental. Write first.

Requests for exchanges will be published as promptly as possible, but we have a large number on hand, and the space is limited, so there will necessarily be some delay.

We are constantly receiving requests for exchanges signed with fictitious names or initials, and sometimes with no signature except number of post office box or street. We cannot publish such requests, nor those not from actual subscribers.

We cannot undertake to forward correspondence. We publish these requests, but the parties interested must do the exchanging.

**HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY**  
can be easily practiced when Diamond Dyes are known and used. They color any article any color, and faded or dingy articles can be made to look like new. Thirty-two colors. Ten cents each.

We would call the attention of our readers to the Arnold Automatic Steam Cooker advertised in another column of our paper. Write Wilmot Castle & Co. for full particulars.

Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

1 Game Authors, 1 Game Dominos, 14 New Songs, 16 Complete Stories by popular authors, Agent's Sample Book of Cards, Novelties, &c. All the above and this Ring, 10c. NEPTUNE Pub. Co., New Haven, Conn.

MUSICAL, OPTICAL, ELECTRIC, MECHANICAL WONDERS

LANterns & VIEWS

New and S.H. (See Hd. bought.)

STEAM ENGINES, 85c.

PHOTO. OUTFITS, \$2.50.

Catalogue free. MARRACHES, 125 S. 8th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

We clip the following interesting item concerning the good work of one of our long-time advertisers from the New York Weekly Witness of July 3d, 1884:

**FOOD FOR INVALIDS.**

EDITOR HOME DEPARTMENT:—I have read, with true sympathy, the request of "One in Need," and though I have never become one of the Home family by contributing my mite toward sustaining the Home circle, I wait—not as a stranger waiteth—but as one who has long shared the good things, in hopes to find a welcome.

To "One in Need" I would say: I am a constant sufferer, and have made the question of food my study for years. A grain of wheat is said to contain all the qualities for nutriment that the body requires; but to select only the starch or fine flour so generally used for food is to deprive our bodies of all sustenance. It is said two years would be the limit of life under such a regimen.

But select other parts of the kernel and you have the real germ of health and strength. Do not use ordinary Graham flour. It has produced more dyspeptics than it has cured. The outer husk or burr of the grain is not removed,

and irritates the digestive organs. I live upon the gluten of wheat combined with barley, and find it very nutritious; seldom eat any meat. It is a remedy for sleeplessness, if taken when retiring for the night. If I am permitted to inform you where to obtain the "Health Food," with full instructions how and what to use, I would like to direct you to send a description of your disease, inquiring what you need, to the "Health Food Co.," No. 74 Fourth Avenue, New York.

You will receive advice and circulars free. Hoping and praying that the blessing of God may attend you, bringing peace to your household, and joy to your home, I write in the cause of

HUMANITY.

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HOW JUSTICE IS ADMINISTERED  
IN TUNIS.

A correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle writes:

One of the most curious and interesting features of Tunis is the Judiciary Court that is held by the Bey, generally at the Bardo Palace, every Saturday. The forms are as simple and as primitive as those in use during the era of the Caliphs, every subject having the privilege to address his sovereign on such occasions. But, nevertheless, the justice of the Bey is administered with all the pomp and magnificence of an Eastern potentate. On such occasions the Bey is preceded to the palace door and to the court of audience by his heralds, followed by his Ministers and the members of his family, all clad in rich costumes, and who stand on each side of the Bey as he ascends the two steps that lead to the throne, and, after having made a slight bow to the assembly, he seats himself under the magnificent golden sun that serves as a dais to the throne. The elect of the prophet, the Mouchir Mohammed-es-Sadok, Bey of Tunis, is a man of imposing presence, with fine features and small, black, piercing eyes that glisten as brightly as the countless diamonds that ornament the long pipe he holds to his lips, while he caresses his long, silky beard with the other hand, listening, in a grave, unimpassioned manner to the complaints that are brought before him. The further end of the judicial hall is filled with all the types of people familiar to these Oriental cities, all being allowed free ingress to the Bey's presence. Litigious questions of the most complex character are decided in a few moments, with a few words, and sometimes by a simple gesture. One of these, the cleaving of the air by an outstretched hand, is of grave significance, being simply a mandate for decapitation. As the executioner is always at hand the sentence is carried out immediately—a fact greatly conducive to public morality. But under the present regime such cases are rare, as Mohammed-es-Sadok is certainly the most lenient and civilized Bey who has ruled over Tunis since many a century. His chief faults are irresolution of character and a constant dread of the advance of civilization, especially under the protection of the French standards.

## A TRUE WIFE.

It is not to sweep the house, make the bed, darn the socks and cook the meals, chiefly, that a man wants a wife. If this is all he needs, hired help can do it cheaper than a wife. If this is all, when a young man calls to see a lady, send him into the pantry to taste the bread and cake she has made, send him to inspect the needle-work and bed-making, or put a broom in her hand and send him to witness its use. Such things are important, and the wise young man will quickly look after them. But what the true man wants with a wife is her companionship, sympathy and love. The way of life has many dreary places in it, and a man needs a wife to go with him. A man is sometimes overtaken by misfortunes; he meets with failures and defeat; trials and temptations beset him, and he needs one to stand by and sympathize. He has some hard battles to fight with poverty, enemies and sin, and he needs a woman that when he puts his arm around her, he feels he has something to fight for; she will help him to fight; that will put her lips to his ear and whisper words of counsel, and her hand to his heart and impart inspiration. All through life, through storm and through sunshine, conflict and victory, through adverse and through favoring winds, man needs a woman's love.

## A SENSATION!

OPINION OF A QUEEN AMONG FASHIONABLE  
METROPOLITAN PEOPLE.

"Do you expect to win in your dress reform movement?" was asked of Mrs. Annie Jenness-Miller, of *Dress*.

"I hope to!"

"Why do you object to the present style?"

"It is ungraceful, deforming and injurious."

"Do ladies generally support the reform?"

"Yes, very generally. My correspondence is very heavy. Next to Mrs. Cleveland's mine is said to be the largest daily mail of any woman's in the United States, and from not only every state in the Union but from almost every country of Europe."

"Is the magazine, *Dress*, succeeding?"

"Very handsomely, indeed. *Dress* has been published less than a year, and I am gratified with reports from all over the world of the acceptance by ladies in the very highest rank, of the reform which *Dress* advocates."

Mrs. Miller is a comely woman in appearance, and is very enthusiastic in her dress reform agitation. As the New York Graphic says: "She herself is young and attractive, with a figure so harmoniously developed as to suggest strength, power and beauty."

The reform which she is urging with so much eloquence and grace seems to be the coming one. Mrs. Jenness-Miller has the advantage of high social position, being of the same family with the late Wendell Phillips, and the poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"It is in the fashionable world, of course, where all the styles are determined, and where the change must begin," she says.

"How do you endure so much work and keep so well?"

"I dress myself according to my own ideas, and furthermore, I give myself the best of care and treatment. Six years ago, I was nearly exhausted from my work of lecturing, writing, etc."

"Indeed, you do not look like it now!"

"No? I am not now. I am now a perfectly well woman and intend to remain so. You see I understand the laws of life too well to be, or remain ill, but strange as it may seem for one to say who is opposed to medicines on general principles, if I find myself tired or feeling ill I fly to the one single remedy which I do endorse, and that is Warner's safe cure, which gives new energy and vitality to all my powers. It is indeed what I sometimes call my 'stand-by.' I have many opportunities to recommend it and embrace them gladly, because I know that it is thoroughly reliable, and for women especially effective. Indeed, I often find myself recommending it to my friends as warmly as I do my magazine, or indeed my improved garments, and this I would not do did I not personally know of its virtues!"

Mrs. Miller insists that all women can and must be beautiful, and will be so if they follow her style of dress and self treatment.

"Will you not state briefly, in just what your reform consists?"

"Oh, with pleasure! I propose a jersey fitting garment to be worn next to the body, making of woman a vision of loveliness!"

II Over this I put a cotton or linen garment, of one piece, without bands or binding, covering the entire body also.

III. In place of the petticoats, I propose one complete body covering garment called 'leglettes.'

IV. We abandon the corset entirely as totally unfit for use, in its common form,

and we substitute therefor a supple supporting waist, and then we make the outside gown as beautiful as artistic skill and common sense can design."

Mrs. Miller's words of counsel, which every woman should heed, will undoubtedly give to the women of America some new ideas upon a subject so very near to each of them.

THE FAMOUS CUSTOM-MADE  
PLYMOUTH ROCK \$3 PANTS

(Full Suits and Overcoats.)



One pleasure in having **CUT TO ORDER** is that you can have things as you want them. One man likes corner pockets, another side pockets, or an odd pocket here or there. Some want spring bottom (which by the way

is out of style for city trade) or big at one point, small at another. **IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO US.** we cut as we are ordered.

The best way, however, is to order us to cut in the prevailing style, leaving it to us to satisfy you which we will do or **REFUND YOUR MONEY.** Upon receipt of 6 cts. we mail 20 samples of cloth—latest fall and winter styles—to select from—self-measurement blanks, and (if you mention this paper) a good linen tape measure. 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 \$3 and 35 cents for postage (or prepaid express) and packing. We guarantee every garment by agreeing to make another or **REFUNDING MONEY FOR ANY CAUSE.** The American Express Co. (capital \$20,000,000) will cheerfully reply to any inquiry sent to their Boston office about us and our treatment of customers.

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They are worn upon the back for **Pain, Lame-ness, Weakness, Spinal, Liver and Kidney troubles**. On the front for **Constipation, Dyspepsia, Bowel Complaints**, and will work wonderful cures. Designed for both sexes, old and young, large and small.

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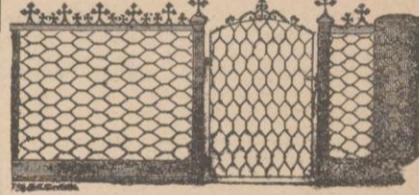
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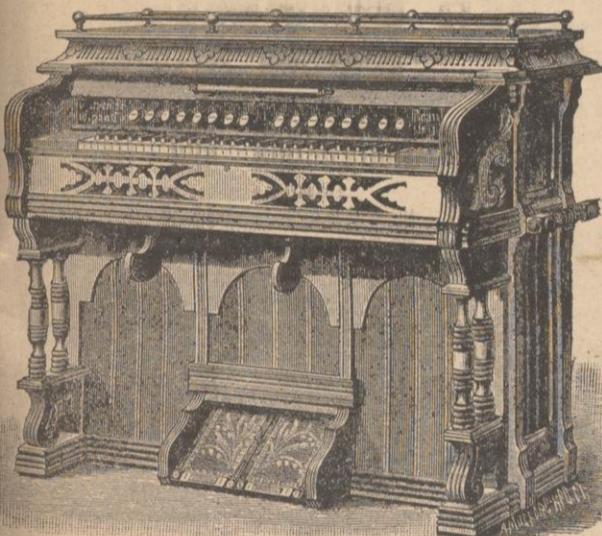
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Each Organ containing the Carpenter Organ Action is warranted to be made in the most skillful manner, of the most perfectly prepared material, and to be, according to its size, capacity and style, the best instrument possible. Each purchaser is given a WRITTEN GUARANTY, FOR EIGHT YEARS.



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The Best to Buy or Sell.

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RESPONDENTS 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.

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LADIES PLEASE BEAR IN MIND, when sending recipes or other matter for publication with your subscriptions or other business, to keep the contributions so distinct from the business part of your letters that they can be readily separated. Unless this is done it obliges us to re-write all that is designed for publication or put it all together among our business letters and wait for a more convenient season to look it over. So please write all contributions ENTIRELY separate from any business and they will stand a much better chance of being seasonably used.

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 of 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.

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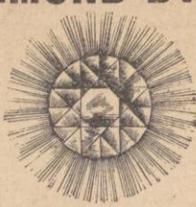
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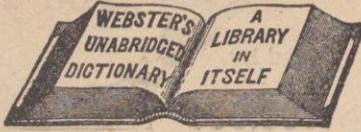


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We warrant each and all of the above Rings to be 18k Solid Rolled Gold. With each Ring we send our Illustrated Catalogue of Watches and Jewelry. We give grandeur value for less money than any other firm in America. Address W. HILL & CO., Wholesale Jewelers, 100 W. Madison St., Chicago.

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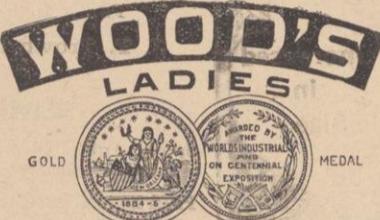
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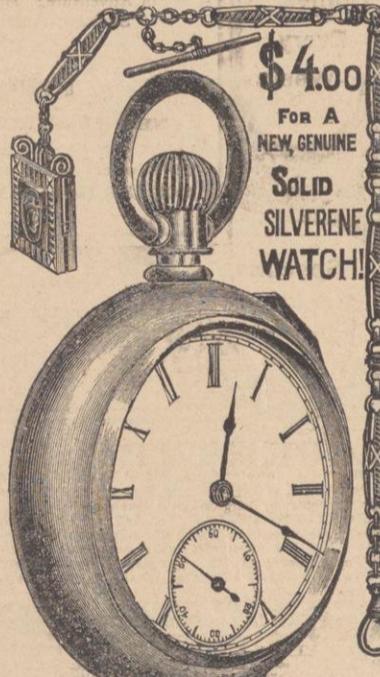
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#### A HARMLESS SHOE DRESSING.

Gold Medal received for superiority over all other dressings. Will not crack or harden the leather. Bottle contains double the quantity of other dressings. 25c. Your Shoe Dealer has it.

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can find a **SURE CURE** in my little Pills. I make them myself and will warrant them to cure or refund the money. I use them every day in my practice and get splendid results. Price, One Dollar a package (three boxes). Full directions sent with every order. DR. C. S. GRISWOLD, 122 Dwight St. New Haven, Ct.



**\$4.00**  
FOR A  
NEW, GENUINE  
SOLID  
SILVERENE  
WATCH!



**BULBS** for bedding or forcing. A collection 150 bulbs for bedding to give above effect, \$2.75 by express, viz.: 25 Hyacinths, 50 Tulips, 50 Crocuses, 25 Snowdrops; or 300 bulbs of same, \$5.00.

**225 BULBS FOR \$2.25**, retail price \$4.00, viz.: 25 Single Tulips, 25 Double Tulips, 12 Hyacinths, 100 Crocus, 12 Snowdrops, 12 Jonquils, 12 Anemone, 12 Ranunculus, 6 Parrot Tulips, 9 Narcissus, all by express.

**18 CHOICE BULBS** for winter flowering \$1.00, value \$1.70, if by mail add 20 cents, viz.: 6 Freesia, 3 varieties Roman Hyacinth, 2 Early Roman Narcissus, 2 Paper White Narcissus, 2 Trumpet Narcissus, 1 Lily Harris.

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25 of the following: 3 Hyacinths, 6 Tulips, 12 Crocuses, 2 Tea Roses, 2 Geraniums, ..., " 1.00	8 Hardy Flowering Shrubs, 6 sorts, " 1.00
30 of the following: 3 Hyacinths, 6 Tulips, 8 Crocuses, 6 Snowdrops, 2 Jonquils, 2 Anemone, 2 Ranunculus, 1 Japan Lily, ..., " 1.00	8 " Bulbs, " 1.00
12 Choice named Hyacinths, for forcing, " 1.75	14 Bulbs (hardy), value \$1.50, ..., " 1.00
12 Choice mixed Hyacinths, for the garden, " 85	ROSES, specially prepared for winter blooming, strong plants, 6 for \$1.18 for 2.00
12 Choice mixed Hyacinths, for forcing, 12 separate colors, " 1.25	10 Winter Blooming Plants: 1 Primrose, 1 Tea Rose, 1 Calla, 1 Cyclamen, 1 Begonia, 1 Smilax, 1 Heliotrope, 1 Fuchsia, 2 Hyacinths, ..., by mail, \$1.00
12 Choice mixed Tulips, for forcing or garden, " 45	11 Hardy Perpetual Roses for open ground, " 1.00
12 Choice mixed Crocus, for forcing or garden, " 15	8 Hardy Flowering Shrubs, 6 sorts, " 1.00
The above 4 collections bulbs, " 2.60	12 Choice named Hyacinths, for forcing, " 1.75

C. E. ALLEN, Brattleboro, Vt.

## ELEGANT LACES MADE AT HOME!

**THE CRUSH LACE PIN** is a new patented article, invented by a lady who is an expert in fancy work, by the aid of which, combined with the use of an ordinary crochet hook, the most beautiful and elaborate laces ever seen, either in Linen, Thread, Silk or Worsted, may be quickly and easily made by any one. It is so simple and so easily understood that even a child can use it successfully, and is without question one of the greatest and most wonderful inventions ever offered to the women of America. We give a small illustration of a single pattern of lace made with the Crush Lace Pin, but the number of beautiful designs and kinds and varieties of lace that may be made with this article is limited only by the ingenuity of the operator. Hand-made lace, such as may be made with this article by any one, will be of great value in her own home, cannot be purchased at stores or places—they are vastly superior to the machine-made laces sold in stores. In fact there is no comparison between the two. The work produced by this implement is also in every way superior to any of the hand-made crochet laces now in use, being of much finer texture and capable of much more elaborate and elegant designs. This Pin produces entirely new kind of Thread Laces. Almost every lady crochets or knits lace for trimming undergarments or children's clothing, and knows that thread trimmings outwear any other kind that money will buy. The Crush Lace Pin, in the hands of every lady who makes crochet work, will pay for itself twice over in one day's work. The article consists of a series of polished silver pins 7 inches in length, joined together by handsome and elegant leather strap. It is warranted not to rust or tarnish. Every kind of quality and variety of lace may be made with it with the greatest rapidity and ease. This great invention opens up a way by which every industrious lady may greatly add to her income by work at home, for such beautiful laces as the Crush Lace Pin produces command a ready sale at high prices in stores or private families. Ladies may also make money rapidly by taking an agency for the Pin, for any lady will refuse to buy it when she sees what beautiful work it will do. We will send the Crush Lace Pin, together with a fine steel Crochet Hook and a Book of Complete Directions, so simple a child may understand them, containing also numerous designs and patterns for making a great variety of beautiful laces, likewise terms to agents, all packed in a handsome box, upon receipt of only **Twenty-five Cents**, or five for \$1.00, and every sale is made with the pin will be refunded at once. Ladies, send for the Crush Lace Pin, and be the first to introduce this beautiful home-made lace in your vicinity. Please mention this paper when writing. Address: S. H. MOORE & CO., 27 Park Place, New York.

We have secured a big drive in **Ladies' Fine Hose** (1200 dozen) and propose to clear them all out in six weeks by giving them away with the **Household Companion**, in order to render it more attractive. We have made and fashionable goods, in solid colors, stripes and checks. We have all the popular shades of cardinal, navy blue, seal brown, black, slate tan, in fact style and colors enough to suit all tastes. There is no need of paying from 35 to 75 cents for a pair of fail and winter hose when you can get a dozen for nothing. The old reliable **Household Companion**, of New York is a complete family paper, fully and beautifully illustrated, containing serial and short stories, romances, sketches, wit, humor, fashion, household hints, stories for the children, &c., and stands in the **first rank** of metropolitan journals. Positively the entire lot (1200 dozen) to be given away during the next 60 days. Here is our offer: We will send the **Household Companion** six months free to 1,200 persons who will answer to the following qualifications: We are determined to lead the race in premiums, hence this liberal inducement. It is a colossal offer, and will not appear again; if you accept it send 15 cts. in silver or stamps to help pay postage, mailing, &c., and your order will be filled promptly. Address: Household Companion, New York, (P.O. Box 2049).

**1200 DOZEN  
LADIES'  
FINE  
HOSE  
FREE!**



**\$5.50**

**ACCURATE TIME KEEPER**

**THE NEW STYLE SHELL PATTERN**

**THIS IS A  
CORRECT  
ILLUSTRATION WE SEND FOR \$5.50**

**A \$15 WATCH FOR ONLY \$5.50**

**Solid 18k. Rolled Gold Plate.**

To introduce our **Solid GOLD and Solid SILVER Watches** and immense line of **Fine Jewelry**, we make this **Special Offer for 90 Days Only**. There is so much cheap trash offered in these days, in the line of watches, by irresponsible advertisers, that the general public hardly know what to expect. We are determined to lead the race in premiums, hence this liberal inducement. It is a colossal offer, and will not appear again; if you accept it send 15 cts. in silver or stamps to help pay postage, mailing, &c., and your order will be filled promptly. Address: Household Companion, New York, (P.O. Box 2049).

We warrant each and all of the above Rings to be 18k Solid Rolled Gold. With each Ring we send our Illustrated Catalogue of Watches and Jewelry. We give grandeur value for less money than any other firm in America. Address W. HILL & CO., Wholesale Jewelers, 100 W. Madison St., Chicago.

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Hygienic and Artistic

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For Women and Children.  
Sole Agent in N. Y. City for

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Every grade of goods can be supplied, the orders  
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Delivered free, my Juvenile Cabinet, size 8 1/2 by 6 1/2. Minerals consist of Gold, Silver, Zinc, Copper, Iron Ores, Topaz, Amazon Stone, Felspar, Quartz, Selenite, Icelite, and Satin Spars, Cornelian, Selenite, Variscite, Magnetite, Fluorite, Chalcedony, Petrified and Silicified Woods, and 21 others equally rare and desirable. Trade supplied.

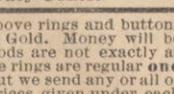
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By mail. . . . . 10 centsFriendship Ring.  
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SLEEVE BUTTONS.  
These Buttons come in one  
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Twenty Cents.Girl's Ring.  
By mail. . . . . 10 centsPopular Flat Band, Rhine  
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manufactured in the ring line. The prices we name are special,  
simply to indicate the style. We guarantee each of the above  
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J. LYNN & CO., 769 Broadway, NEW YORK.THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspapers.  
Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising  
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BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack whenever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." — Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins by Grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & CO., Homeopathic Chemists,  
London, England.

## Infant's Wardrobe.

For 50c. I will send 10 patterns for a baby's new style Health Wardrobe, or 12 patterns first short clothes, Health Garments, at same price. Full directions for each pattern, also kind and amount of material required for each.

MRS. F. E. PHILLIPS, Brattleboro, Vermont.

## ORGANS &amp; SEWING MACHINES.

50 Styles. Cut Prices. Big Inducements. Goods sent on trial.

New, perfect and warranted 5 years. Agents Wanted. Ask for Free Circulars at once. GEO. P. BENT, 281 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

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For a  
New, Genuine,  
Solid  
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WATCH!

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

No.	PREMIUM.	Price.	No. of Subs.
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3	Embroidery Scissors,	50	2
4	Name Plate, Brush, Ink, etc.,	60	2
5	Ladies' Ivory Handle Penknife,	75	3
6	Sugar Spoon,	75	3
7	Autograph Album,	1.00	3
8	Package Garden Seeds,	1.00	3
9	Package Flower Seeds,	1.00	3
10	Half Chromo, May Flowers,	1.00	3
11	Butter Knife,	1.00	3
12	Turkey Morocco Pocket Book,	1.00	3
13	One vol. Household,	1.10	4
14	Fruit Knife,	1.25	4
15	Pair Tablespoons,	1.50	5
16	Call Bell,	1.75	5
17	Carving Knife and Fork,	1.75	5
18	One pair Napkin Rings,	2.00	5
19	Six Scotch Plain Napkin Rings,	2.00	5
20	Six Teaspoons,	2.25	5
21	Rosewood Writing Desk,	2.25	5
22	Rosewood Work Box,	2.50	5
23	Fruit Knife, with Nut Pick,	2.25	6
24	Child's Knife, Fork and Spoon,	2.50	6
25	Gold Pen with Silver Case,	2.50	6
26	Six Tea Knives,	2.50	7
27	Six Nut Picks,	2.75	7
28	Gilt Cup,	2.75	7
29	Photograph Album,	3.00	7
30	Spoon Holder,	3.00	8
31	Family Scales, (12 lbs., Shaler,)	4.00	8
32	Pie Knife,	3.50	9
33	Soup Ladle,	3.50	9
34	Cake Knife,	3.50	9
35	Pickle Jar, with Fork,	3.50	9
36	Six Tablespoons,	4.00	9
37	Six Table Forks, medium,	4.00	9
38	Six Tea Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles,	4.75	10
39	One doz. Teaspoons,	4.50	10
40	Family Scales, (24 lbs., Shaler,)	5.00	10
41	One doz. Tea Knives,	5.00	10
42	Sheet Music, (agent's selection),	5.00	10
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44	Hf. Chror., Morn'g or Even'g,	5.00	12
45	Butter Dish, covered,	5.00	12
46	One pair Napkin Rings, neat,	5.00	12
47	Syrup Cup,	5.50	12
48	Gold Pen and Pencil,	6.00	12
49	Six Table Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles,	5.50	14
50	Caster,	6.00	14
51	Cake Basket,	6.50	14
52	Croquet Set,	6.50	14
53	Family Scales, (50 lbs., Shaler,)	7.00	14
54	Webster's National Dictionary,	6.00	15
55	Clothes Wringer,	7.50	15
56	Folding Chair,	5.50	16
57	Six Tea Knives, silver plated, ivory inlaid handles,	7.00	16
58	Card Receiver, gilt, fine,	7.00	16
59	Celery Glass, silver stand,	7.50	16
60	Fruit Dish,	8.00	17
61	Gold Pen and Holder,	7.50	17
62	Butter Dish, covered,	7.50	18
63	Spoon Holder,	7.50	18
64	One doz. Tablespoons,	8.00	18
65	One doz Table Forks, medium,	8.00	18
66	Photograph Album,	10.00	18
67	Caster,	8.00	20
68	Syrup Cup and Plate,	8.50	20
69	Cake Basket,	10.00	20
70	Elegant Family Bible,	10.00	20
71	Stereoscope and 50 Views,	10.00	20
72	Folding chair,	8.00	24
73	Cash,	6.25	25
74	Child's Carriage,	10.00	25
75	Webster's Unabridged Dictionary,	12.00	30
76	One doz. Tea Knives, silver plated, ivory, inlaid handles,	14.00	30
77	Ice Pitcher, porcelain lined,	15.00	30
78	Sewing Machine, (Highby,)	40.00	40
79	Silver Watch,	20.00	45
80	Folding Chair,	20.00	50
81	Sewing Machine, (Highby,)	50.00	50
82	Silver Watch,	35.00	80
83	Tea Set, silver, neat,	50.00	100
84	Cash,	35.00	100
85	Tea Set, richly chased, gilt, elegant,	75.00	150
86	Cottage Organ, (Estey,)	150.00	150
87	Ladies' Gold Watch,	80.00	175
88	Gent's Gold Watch,	125.00	275

Each article in the above list is new and of the best  
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to get all the subscriptions at one place or to send  
them all in at one time. They may be obtained in different  
towns or states, and sent as convenient. Keep a list of the  
names and addresses and when a premium is wanted  
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Premium clubs will be kept open ONE YEAR if desired.

All articles sent by mail are prepaid. Those sent by  
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those wishing to procure subscribers.D. NEEDHAM'S SON,  
116-118 Dearborn Street,  
CHICAGO.Red Clover Blossoms,  
And FLUID AND SOLID EXTRACTS  
OF THE BLOSSOMS. The BEST  
BLOOD PURIFIED KNOWN, Cures  
Cancer, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Skin  
Diseases, Consumption, Piles, Whooping Cough, and all  
BLOOD DISEASES. Send for circular.KIDDER'S PASTILLES.  
A Sure  
reliever for Asthma.  
Price 35 cts by mail.  
STOWELL & CO.  
Charlestown, Mass.THIS PAPER is on file in Philadelphia,  
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W. W. AYER & SON, our authorized agents.FISK MFG CO.  
PAT. SEPT. 18<sup>th</sup> 77  
JAPANESE SOAP.SURE CURE DISCOVERED FOR  
GATARRH  
Lauderbach's German Cat

## THE HOUSEHOLD.

Monthly Circulation, 70,000 Copies.  
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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.

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	1 m.	2 m.	3 m.	4 m.	5 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
Half inch,	\$4.50	\$8.00	\$12.00	\$15.50	\$23.00	\$45.00	
One "	8.00	15.50	23.00	30.00	43.00	80.00	
Two "	15.50	30.00	43.00	56.00	80.00	150.00	
Three "	23.00	43.00	62.50	80.00	120.00	225.00	
Four "	30.00	56.00	80.00	105.00	150.00	300.00	
Six "	43.00	80.00	120.00	150.00	225.00	425.00	
Nine "	62.50	120.00	175.00	225.00	320.00	625.00	
One column,	80.00	150.00	225.00	300.00	425.00	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,  
\*IS:  
The Perfect  
Baking  
Powder.**

We are analyzing all the Cream of Tartar used in the manufacture of CLEVELAND'S SUPERIOR BAKING POWDER, and we hereby certify that it is practically chemically pure—testing as high as 99.95 per cent. and not less than 99.50 per cent.

From a hygienic point of view we regard CLEVELAND'S SUPERIOR BAKING POWDER as the ideal baking powder, composed as it is of pure Grape Cream of Tartar and pure Bicarbonate of Soda.

STILLWELL & GLADDING,  
Chemists to the N. Y. Produce Exchange.  
New York, Nov. 25, 1884.

**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 \$3.00 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., Poultney, Vt.

GENTS wanted for my Fast-Selling articles. Samples, etc., free. C. E. MARSHALL, Lockport, N. Y.

# ROYAL



## BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

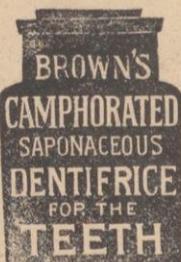
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