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THE HOUSEHOLD

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

ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 8.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., JULY, 1875.

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THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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A SUMMER PICTURE.

From saffron to purple, from purple to gray,
Sow fades on the mountain the beautiful day;
I sit where the roses are heavy with bloom,
And wait for the moonlight to whiten the gloom.

Far down the green valley I see through the night,
The lamps of the village shine steady and bright;
But on my sweet silence there creeps not a tone
Of labor or sorrow, of pleading or moan.

Low sings the glad river along its dark way,
An echo by night of its chiming by day,
And tremulous branches lean down to the tide
To dimple the waters that under them glide.

The night-moths are flitting about in the gloom,
Their wings from the blossoms shake dainty perfume;
I know where the cups of the lilies are fair
By the breath of their sweetness that floats on the air.

I sit in the shadow, but lo! in the west
The mountains in garments of glory are drest!
And slowly the sheen of their brightness droops
down,

To rest on the hills in a luminous crown.

The dew glitters clear where the meadows are
green,

In ranks of white splendor the lilies are seen,
And the roses above me sway lightly to greet
Their shadowy sisters, afloat at my feet.

How sings the glad river, its waters a-light,
A pathway of silver, lead on through the night;
And fair as the glorified isles of the blest
Lies all the sweet valley, the valley of rest.

RENOVATING GRASS LAWNS.

GRASSES and clovers require good food, and when lawns become scrubby and thin, we may reasonably suppose that the soil is in great part exhausted. The appearance of daisies and mosses in grass turf is also a proof that the soil is worn out, and to get rid of them the first thing to be done is to restore its fertility.

So, while the superficial observer is giving elaborate attention to the philosophy of the hoe and rake, the truly practical man will be dressing the grass with superphosphate of lime, or phospho-guano, or some equally good fertilizer, knowing well that a little change of the conditions will alter the nature of the conflict, and enable the grasses to drive out the moss and dai-

ses and take the place prepared for them.

A surface dressing of superphosphate of lime will cause an abundant growth of clover, and impart to the new growth a delightful richness of color, besides rapidly thickening the turf.

A moment's reflection will suffice to show the desirability of top-dressing lawns. The treatment of grass-turf consists chiefly in cutting and carrying it away. The exhaustion of the soil is, therefore, inevitable, and when that has proceeded so far that the grasses perish and moss and weeds appear it is a sure sign that some kind of fertilizer is greatly needed.

On some strong lawns manure is never required; but generally old lawns exhibit the poverty of the soil, and the only remedy is in providing fresh food for them.

The best possible manure for grass-turf is that taken from a well-rotted stable-heap, such as the remains of an old hot-bed. This should be spread over it two or three inches thick as early as possible in the autumn, and a top dressing of wood-ashes or phosphate of some kind applied as soon as the snow leaves in the spring. These will make the grass soft to the foot, green, and felt-like. Any manures that are rich in potash and phosphates will serve the purpose, and old mortar taken from ceilings or the soot from stove-pipes can be applied with decided benefit. Grass-plats in town gardens are very often in a miserable condition through extreme exhaustion of the soil and a semi-annual sprinkle of some fertilizing matter is absolutely essential to their welfare.

People often rake over the ground and sow it anew with various grass-seeds, but they rarely improve its appearance; while an application of dry guano, or given in solution of a heaping tablespoonful to every gallon of water, would be of the greatest service in securing the luxury of a permanent velvety-green turf.

If the guano or superphosphate is applied in a dry state, three and one-half pounds of either should be sprinkled over every square rod, and within a week the good effect will be slightly apparent, while in three or four weeks it will be visible to all eyes.

LOCATION OF HOUSES.

Science of Health has some sensible suggestions on this topic, which are appropriate here:

Houses should be built on upland ground, with exposure to sunlight on every side. During epidemics, it has been noted by physicians that death occurs more frequently on the shaded side of the street, than on the sunny side; and in hospitals physicians have

testified to the readiness with which diseases have yielded to treatment in sunny rooms, while in shaded rooms they have proved intractable.

Let there be no bogs, no marshes, no stagnant water in the neighborhood. Then let the cellars be thoroughly drained. Inattention to this subject has caused the death of many a person. No father or mother should rest one moment in peace, while their innocent babes are sleeping in rooms over damp and moldy cellars. Cellars should not only be drained but thoroughly ventilated, otherwise the house must be unwholesome.

Let the drains also be constructed for the conduction of slops and sewage of all kinds to a common reservoir, at a distance from the dwelling, to be used for fertilizing purposes.

Door yards should be kept clean and dry, composed largely of green swards, on which children may romp and play. This should be their play ground, rather than the carpeted room. They are entitled to it, that the breath of nature, and of nature's God, as it flutters down through the blue sky, may fan their rosy cheeks, and fill their souls with joy and their bodies with health.

TREES BY THE ROAD-SIDE.

Continuous rows of stately trees along the road-side add much to the appearance of a farm or country. But it is urged that shaded roads remain wet and muddy much longer after heavy rains than those fully exposed to the sun. This is doubtless true, but as an offset we claim that they are less liable to become dusty, and between the two evils there is not much choice.

Deciduous trees only should be planted along roadsides in cold climates, because they afford shade during the season when most needed if at all. Roadside trees may also interfere with the growth of crops in the fields adjoining by shading as well as by the absorption of moisture by their roots; but as we can scarcely secure anything of value without some loss, perhaps the pleasure derived from passing over a shady road during the hot weather in summer, as well as the beautiful appearance of such highways, more than compensate for the slight losses which they entail.

—The deutzia is a very attractive plant when in bloom; it is quite hardy, forms a dense mass of foliage, and appears eminently adapted for a hedge or screen. It bears the shears with impunity, puts out its foliage early and holds it late. Those who desire a neat little hedge or screen where animals cannot injure it, will find this excellent for the purpose.



PARTY-GIVING.

AS to party and dinner-giving, your safest rule is to obey the usage of the community in which you live in minor points, letting common sense and your means guide you in essentials. Be chary of undertaking what you cannot carry through successfully. Pretension is the ruin of more entertainments than ignorance or lack of money. If you know how to give a large evening party (and think it a pleasant and remunerative investment of time and several hundred dollars)—if you understand the machinery of a handsome dinner-party, and can afford these luxuries, go forward bravely to success. But creep before you walk. Study established customs in the best managed houses you visit; take counsel with experienced friends; now and then make modest essays on your own responsibility, and insensibly these crumbs of wisdom will form into a comely loaf. There is no surer de-appetizer—to coin a word—to guests than a heated, over-fatigued, anxious hostess, who betrays her inexperience by nervous glances, abstraction, and, worst of all, by apologies.

A few general observations are all I purpose to offer as hints of a foundation upon which to build your plans for "company-giving." Have an abundance of clean plates, silver, knives, etc., laid in order in a convenient place—such as an ante-room, or dining-room pantry—those designed for each course, if your entertainment is a dinner, upon a shelf or stand by themselves, and make your waiters understand distinctly in advance in what order these are to be brought on.

Soup should be sent up accompanied only by bread, and such sauce as may be fashionable or suitable. Before dinner is served, however, snatch a moment, if possible, to inspect the table in person, or instruct a trustworthy factotum to see that everything is in place, the water in the goblets, a slice of bread laid upon a folded napkin at each plate, etc. Unless you have trained, professional waiters, this is a wise precaution. If it is a gentleman's dinner, you can see to it for yourself, since you will not be obliged to appear in the parlor until a few minutes before they are summoned to the dining-room. If there are la-

dies in the company, you must not leave them.

To return, then, to our soup: It is not customary to offer a second plateful to a guest. When the table is cleared, the fish should come in, with potatoes—no other vegetable, unless it be a salad or stewed tomatoes. Fish is usually attended by pickles and sauces. After a thorough change of plates, etc., come the substantial. Game and other meats are often set on together, unless the dinner is a very protracted and formal one. Various vegetables are passed to each when he has been helped to meat. If wine be used, it is introduced after the fish. Pastry is the first relay of dessert, and puddings may be served from the other end of the table. Next appear creams, jellies, charlotte-russes, cakes, and the like; then fruit and nuts; lastly coffee, often accompanied with crackers and cheese. Wine, of course, goes around during the dessert—if it flows at all.

Evening parties are less troublesome to a housekeeper, because less ceremonious than dinners. If you can afford it, the easiest way to give a large one is to put the whole business into the hands of the profession, by intrusting your order, not only for supper, but waiters and china, to a competent confectioner. But a social standing supper of oysters, chicken-salad, sandwiches, coffee, ice-cream, jellies, and cake, is not a formidable undertaking when you have had a little practice, especially if your own or John's mother, or the nice, neighborly matron over the way will assist you by her advice and presence.

We make this matter of company too hard a business in America; are too apt to treat our friends as the Strasburgers do their geese; shut them up in overheated quarters, and stuff them to repletion. Our rooms would be better for more air, our guests happier had they more liberty, and our hostess would be prettier and more sprightly were she not overworked before the arrivals begin, and full of trepidation after they come—a woman cumbered with many thoughts of serving, while she is supposed to be enjoying the society of her chosen associates. It is so well understood that company is a weariness, that inquiries as to how the principal agent in bringing about an assembly has "borne it," have passed into a custom. The tender sympathies manifested in such queries, the martyr-like air with which they are answered, cannot fail to bring to the satirical mind the Chinaman's comment upon the British officers' dancing on ship-board in warm weather:

"Why you no make your servants do so hard work, and you look at dem?"

We pervert the very name and meaning of hospitality when we pinch our families, wear away our patience, and waste away our nervous forces with our husband's money, in getting up to order expensive entertainments for comparative strangers, whose utmost acknowledgement of our efforts in their behalf will consist in an invitation, a year hence it may be, to a party constructed on the same plan, managed a little better or a little worse than ours. This is not hospitality

without grudging, but a vulgar system of barter and gluttony more worthy of Abyssinians than Christian gentlefolk. —*Marion Harland.*

HINTS ON THE STYLE OF FURNITURE.

Those who are commencing a house-keeping life, and about providing themselves with the necessary supplies to this end, should bear a few facts in mind. The style of furniture which is to be chosen will influence the price very considerably, inasmuch as it will depend in a great measure, upon the amount of ornamentation which is required, in order to carry out the whole with that degree of consistency and propriety which is so desirable. The last point is of special consequence to those who like to have everything "in keeping"—a term which is readily understood, though not so easily defined.

Nothing looks worse than to see in the same room a certain number of articles with curved lines and scroll ornamentation, whilst the remainder are in straight lines, angular in their forms, and altogether as plain as possible.—Much depends on the fashion of the day, which at one time demands plain woods, and at others the introduction of inlaid surfaces. Of course, it is well known that a square table, with small, plain and straight legs, will cost very much less than another with an inlaid top, moulded edges, and carved sides and legs. The same remark applies to chairs, and the whole variety of furniture appointments, including bedsteads also, in each of which a comparatively small outlay will give all that is requisite for comfort—the remainder, which is generally by far the most considerable part, being solely intended to catch the eye.

To those who have a long purse, expensive and highly ornamented furniture is a luxury befitting their means, and calculated to do good by employing skilled labor; but it is well to remember that this outlay is not necessary to the comfort of a family, and that it is not only a present increase of expense which is assented to, but that in all future additions the same style must be carried out, or the whole will partake of a piecemeal character, looking much worse to a tasteful eye than if none of the articles were highly ornamental.

PICTURES.

Picture-frames ought to be distinguished in color from the remaining furniture of a room, since a part of their design is to isolate the picture which they encase. For the same reason they should not correspond too nearly in their decoration with the other objects of the room. On the other hand, however, they should not be out of harmony with the predominant color of the room, and might better harmonize in tone than by contrast; neither should their ornamentation be out of keeping with the general style of decoration observed in the rest of the furniture.

Pictures of middling size should be hung with their centers nearly level with the observer's eye. They should be hung flat against the wall, and not,

as is often the case, tilting out. When they project from the wall there is an unpleasant sense of insecurity and a confusion of lines and the projection of shapeless shadows upon the neighboring wall. They should also be secured by two cords suspended from two nails,—heavy cords for large pictures rather than thin cords or wires,—in order to preserve the idea of security. Two parallel cords hanging perpendicularly are in better keeping with the parallel lines of the room than the unpleasant, triangular form made by a cord suspended by a single nail and attached to the two sides of the picture-frame.

Oil paintings in gilt frames have the best effect against hangings of olive-gray, more or less deep, according to the tone of the picture. Pearl-gray, or normal-gray, a little deeper, is a good tint to receive engravings and plain lithographs in gilt or yellow-wood frames.—*Inter-Ocean.*



TO NEPATACAS.

BY FAITH LOTHROP.

When spring-tide's call did sound
'Neath the stirred ground,
Tho' faint with sleep ye laid,
Ye swift obeyed,
And 'livened the thin woods
With your pale buds;
And now, but half awake,
All drowsily ye shake
Your pretty heads,
No longer hid
By the leaf coverlid
Of your warm beds.
Your sleepy, blinking eyes,
Ye lift up to the skies,
And dully list
To the bird's song,
Not yet so long,
Have ye been kissed
By suns and showers,
That ye sure know
If ye be flowers,
Or dream it 'neath the snow.
Sweet younglings! I will creep
Softly toward ye,
And bear ye half asleep,
Away with me,
So tenderly
Ye will not rouse or cry,
But still
Think ye are nodding on the sunny hill.

HOW TO PROPAGATE ROSES FROM CUTTINGS.

THE best time to commence the propagation of roses, says a correspondent of the *Agriculturist*, especially the ever-blooming sorts, is about the last of August. The best cuttings are taken from plants which have been grown in beds under shaded glass during the summer, but if the weather is moist, and the plants out of doors are in a vigorous state of growth, as good cuttings can be procured from the open border as from plants under glass.

Prepare a bed of clean, coarse sand, not less than four inches deep, either on the benches of a green-house or in a cold-frame out of doors. The cuttings will do as well in one place as the other, but if a green-house is available the bed will be more convenient to work at. This sand-bed is

then to be soaked with water, and never afterward allowed to get dry. For cuttings, select shoots not more than a week or so old. The slender, wiry shoots of the monthly roses which just begin to show a blossom bud are the best. Avoid the rank, pithy young shoots which frequently sprout from the base of the bushes; these will root, but not so readily as the more slender shoots nor do they make so good plants. Cut off the soft tip of the shoot, and divide the remainder into cuttings of not less than two eyes. The top of the cutting should be cut at least three-fourths of an inch above an eye, and the leaf at this eye should remain on; the base of the cutting should be about a half inch below the second or third eye, the leaves from which should be stripped off.

If the wood buds in the axils of the leaves on the lower part of the shoot are fully developed, it is an indication that the wood at that point is too ripe to take root easily, and should not be used unless cuttings are very scarce. In short, the cuttings must not be so soft as to present no woody fiber in cutting, neither must the wood be hard; a little experience will soon indicate to a close observer the exact state which is best.

Having your cuttings all prepared and your sand-bed ready, take an old knife or a piece of hoop-iron and, using a lath or other straight edge as a ruler, cut a line at the end of the bed across the sand, going completely to the bottom. In this line or groove set the cuttings nearly up to the leaf at the top and about half an inch from each other in the row. Turn the leaves of the cuttings all in one direction, so as to be out of the way in setting the next row and also to present a neat appearance. When the first row is filled press the sand tightly toward the row, and about three inches from this first make a second row and fill it in with cuttings in the same manner, turning all the leaves toward the first row.

Proceed in this way until the bed is filled or your cuttings exhausted, then sprinkle the bed thoroughly with clear water. The glass over the bed must be shaded with a thick coat of white-wash and the house or frame kept quite close. If in a cold-frame, the sashes may be slipped down an inch or so at the top during the heat of the day. The frames should slope north and not south, as usual. If the bed is in a greenhouse there should not be any ventilation given overhead; a little air from the doors or side ventilators is sufficient. If the thermometer rises during the day to 100° or over it will not hurt if the bed is kept watered and the house moist and shady.

The cuttings will be rooted sufficiently to pot in about four weeks, and the process of propagation may be continued as late as good cuttings can be had from the open ground, provided some means is at hand for heating the bed when the weather grows colder. When rooted, pot off into two and one-half inch pots, using decomposed sods and woods-mold in about equal parts with a very small portion of well-rotted manure. Water thoroughly and keep shaded until

they start to grow. When well established in the pots, plunge them in a cold-frame or pit for the winter and protect from freezing. In spring plant out where they are intended to flower. If wanted for sale in spring, shift them into three-inch pots in January, and place them in a green-house where the night temperature does not exceed 50 deg., and by the last of April most of the ever-blooming sorts will show flowers and make fine plants for the market.

This method of propagation is more especially applicable to the tender varieties such as teas, noisettes, Bengal and Bourbon, as the wood of these sorts is usually in the proper condition in autumn, but any roses can be rooted in the same way if shoots can be had of the proper age. During the past fall the writer has propagated thousands of moss roses in this way, which he was enabled to do by the favorable weather, which kept the plants in vigorous growth. Moss rose cuttings should be almost as tender as the green shoot of scarlet geranium. In this condition we never have any difficulty in rooting them. The above method can be used by almost any one, while the propagation of roses during winter and spring can only be practiced by florists who have houses adapted to the purpose.

THE DAHLIA.

The Gardener's (English) Magazine, speaks in the following enthusiastic terms of this flower. We may say that its remarks are applicable to this latitude:

The dahlia is the noblest flower of its season, and equally valuable on the exhibition table and in the home garden, for it produces a delightful wealth of color, and continues to flower profusely until a frost of six or seven degrees makes an end of its glory. The first October frost does not usually injure the dahlias, and it is no uncommon thing to see them in full beauty when the chrysanthemums are opening, and, indeed, we saw a considerable number of dahlias in Bristol on the 20th of November last, and they were as fresh as in August or September. In many western districts and in places sheltered by woods, where the first autumnal frosts are rarely felt, it is no uncommon thing to see dahlias at Christmas; but the Londoner knows nothing of such a luxury, and there are not many spots in the eastern counties where it would be possible to keep the dahlia going so long, except by peculiar management. It is enough that from July to October we may be sure of this magnificent flower, and it is especially valuable when bedding plants of the ordinary kinds are past their best, and the pleasant autumnal days bring with them the best of outdoor recreations.

As the dahlia makes the bravest show of any flower in the shooting season, it is one of the most useful of flowers in the garden of the country house, and, being about as easy to grow as a potato, and needing nearly the same treatment, it is somewhat surprising it is not often planted in quantity on the margins of woods and

in the roads and bridle paths that lie between the home grounds and the covers. The gladiolus, which ranks equally high with the florists, and is certainly a more refined flower than the dahlia, can not be regarded as equally useful, though a sheet of the dazzling *Brenchleyensis* might form a suitable foreground to a forest of dahlias. In variety of character it is not surpassed by any of the summer flowers, for the exhibition varieties present us with every shade of color save true blue, and many of the tipped flowers are marvels of delicate painting. The commoner kinds, or "selfs," afford the most splendid tones of yellow, scarlet, crimson, lilac, and maroon, and when the exhibition table is well covered with them the expert is scarcely less surprised at the splendor of the display than that "general public" whose appreciation is more earnestly sought by competitors for floral honors. As a garden flower, moreover, the dahlia has peculiar claims on the thousands who never compete at exhibitions. The dwarf-growing kinds that have been selected for growing in masses are the noblest bedding plants we have, and the miniature kind known as "bouquet" dahlias are invaluable for decorative purposes, and come in grandly for harvest festivals and shooting reunions.

It is strange that with so many qualities of usefulness the cultivation of the dahlia is by no means universal; we may visit hundreds of well-kept gardens without meeting with a single example of this dashing flower, although it is one of the cheapest to buy, and, as remarked above, is scarcely more difficult to cultivate than a potato, which it resembles so far that the root must be kept comparatively dry and safe from frost all winter, and may be multiplied to any extent by the simple process of cutting it into pieces. It will grow in any soil that will produce a cabbage, and, like that useful esculent, it will appropriate any amount of nutriment, and acquire greatness in proportion to its rate of living. When intended for the exhibition stage, it must have careful culture; when required to light up the garden, and to cut by the bushel for decorative purposes, the roughest treatment suffices, and it will, as a rule, make more show at less cost of money and care than any flower of its season. In proof of this, we may point to the costers' barrows, which in autumn are often filled with dahlia flowers; for the market growers have discovered its suitability for cutting on a large scale, when there is scarcely any other flower available for market purposes—a testimony in its favor of no small value.

VERBENAS FROM SEEDS.

The time has been when the verberna excelled all other plants as a bedder, giving as it did, for a small outlay, a great variety of colors and shades in the most luxuriant profusion. The plants being healthy, they would stand almost any amount of mismanagement and give in return for the little care and attention they received, the sweetest and handsomest

of flowers. But not so the verberna of to-day. You secure the best plants that are offered for sale by plant-growers, and they want the greatest amount of petting, and if they live, but few of them give anything like a fair return for the time expended on them. Until the time comes when plant-growers shall take more pains to secure and grow only healthy plants, it would be well for all who take an interest in the verberna to raise their own plants. It is well known, (if not, it certainly deserves to be,) that verbenas grown from seed have much more luxuriant blossoms than those raised from cuttings.

Secure a paper of seed from the choicest-named varieties we have, especially such seed as are grown perfectly isolated from seedlings, are of course much the best. Do not expect to get a very large amount of such seed, for the choice old-named varieties mature but very little seed, and please remember that cheap seeds are dear at any price. Quality and not quantity is what we should look for. If you have a green-house, sow the seed in shallow boxes or seed pans any time from January to April. Or they can be easily started in this way. Procure a box one foot long and five inches wide and four deep. Fill to within an inch of the top of the box with fine, sandy soil; sow the seed, cover lightly, shade from bright sunshine, and water when necessary. Cover the top of the box in which the seed is sown, with window glass to retain the moisture, and with plenty of light and heat your seed will start and grow quite as well as though they were in the plant-house.

After they have grown to sufficient size to bear handling, transplant them in other boxes or small pots. Give them plenty of room in which to grow, so as to secure stocky plants. As soon as the ground will answer to work, make your beds where they will have the full benefit of sun, and please bear in mind if you want your verbenas to do well, on no account try to raise them more than one year in the same place. A change of soil is what they need each year to do well.

As soon as all danger of freezing has passed, (a light frost will not injure them) they should be turned out into the beds prepared for them. Set them about fifteen or eighteen inches apart each way. This will give them sufficient room to grow in until they show flower, when those of the least merit should be pulled up so as to make room for those of first quality, for they will rapidly run and fill up all such vacancies in a short time, and your verberna beds will be far more beautiful and every way more satisfactory than if all were allowed to grow.

THE PASSION FLOWER.

The Passion Flower is much cultured and admired and is very desirable for house culture. It grows best in light, rich soil and requires much sunlight to produce a great profusion of bloom. Do not give too much water but be sure and not let the leaves wilt from dryness and it will flourish. It should be pruned every autumn to

within two or three buds of the main stem, as the flowers are produced on the new growth from these buds. If planted out it must be protected during the winter as it will not stand the severe frosts of our northern states but is hardy at the south.

For house culture take pot plants from one to three feet in length well started. Keep in a temperature of 60° at night and about 70 to 75° during the day.

Passiflora caerulea, is the best variety; it grows rapidly, some twenty feet in one season, and is among the most beautiful of all ornamental climbers for house culture or conservatories producing its sky blue flowers in great profusion.

Its flowers are said to represent instruments with which our Saviour was crucified, and was so named by the early Roman Catholic missionaries in South America finding in them symbols of the crucifixion, the crown of thorns in the fringes of the flowers, nails in the styles with their capitate stigmas, hammers to drive them in the stamens, and in the cords tendrils. The flowers open for only one day.

C. E. A.

BOUQUET MAKING.

The present season of the year gives better opportunity, perhaps, than any other for thoughtful practice in one of the most beautiful and interesting of the fine arts—the arrangement of a few cut flowers into a bouquet deserving the name. A well-made bouquet is the little lyric poem, so to speak, of the thorough gardener. The greater and more lasting efforts of his talent—those set forth in the arrangement of his outdoor shrubs and plants—should deserve the name of his epics or his dramas; the fragrant little bunch of blossoms he calls his bouquet, culled with judgment, and arranged with due regard to the laws of harmony and common sense, should quite as well deserve to be looked upon as a sort of ode or sonnet, representing in miniature the ideas of the garden itself, though requiring a treatment of its own.

Summer always provides for every one; it is difficult for one to go astray in arranging cut flowers, when the full tide of June and July comes to wrap us round; Nature then almost speaks for itself as to what shall be done. The general rules and principles are nevertheless the same; and however wealthy the bouquet-maker may be in material, and however easily things may in summer time seem to fall into their proper places, he should still go on educating his taste.

—Young seedlings should be shaded as soon as up, taking care to use some kind of shelter that will allow a free circulation of air around the plants; a screen of lath is much used by nurserymen.

—A correspondent of an English paper recommends the laying about rose bushes old iron. He finds that the iron rust acts as a tonic to the rose.



THE RAG MAT.

BY ELLEN O. PECK.

In a quiet room, on a rocker low,
A modest maiden sat,
And while her dreams would come and go,
Her nimble fingers never slow,
Braided a motley mat.

The rags of colors bright and gay,
Mingled with sombre hue,
In a confusion round her lay,
The brilliant red and sober gray,
The brown, and tender blue.

And serious thoughts ran in her mind
The while her fingers wrought,
The plan of life she fain would find,
And to her spirit groping blind,
The rags a lesson taught.

She braided first a little braid
Of orange, drab and white,
And then put on a darker shade,
And richer still, the mat she made
Selects the green and blue.

The lively red and orange now
Give brightness to the mat,
And with a smile upon her brow,
Rejoicing in her work, I trow,
She sews, and presses flat.

After the red she weaves the brown,
And darker still it grows,
And murmurs as she smooths it down,
"After the cross will come the crown,
And God my whole life knows.

It seems to me like a motley heap
With bright spots here and there,
With treasures that I cannot keep,
A time to wake, a time to sleep,
And many an hour of care.

And yet my happy babyhood
Was orange, drab and white,
When at life's opening door I stood,
And saw alone the morning good
By home-love's peaceful light.

My girlhood with its merry hours,
In 'memory's casket' seen,
The time of leaves and budding flowers,
Of May-day bloom and April showers,
Life's purple and its green.

Next livelier hues with shadings light,
And there with romance red,
Where the old story, sweet and bright,
Made all of life a pleasant sight,
And love its radiance shed.

Then real life in sombre hue,
With brightness here and there,
Amid the brown is faith's pure blue,
In rays of darkness ever true,
To soften every care.

O life! a mat in God's dear hand!
I fold unto my heart,
The thought that every braid and band,
Though how I cannot understand,
Is made to form its part,

And that, at last, in all will shine
The wisdom, taste and skill
Of Him who made the rare design,
And pressed it with His love divine,
According to His will."

WHY I DID NOT VISIT COUSIN GRACE.

COUSIN GRACE, who had been boarding since her marriage, had now gone to housekeeping, and had written me an urgent invitation to visit her in her new home. "Come when Leo comes down to New York in the spring," she wrote, "I know that you can if you will think so, and I shall not take no for an answer."

"But I cannot go as well as not," I said, "and there is no use of thinking of it."

"Why not?" asks Leonidas. "You

can manage to leave home; in fact, you ought to have a rest and change, and the expense shall not hinder, if that is what you are thinking of, supposing it be only reasonable."

"But positively, I've nothing to wear, and that settles the question at once," I reply.

"Nothing to wear!" ejaculated Leo, in an impatient tone. "I wonder if any woman now-a-days does have anything to wear, or would have if they spent fortunes upon their backs? But what is wanting?" he continued, in a more obliging manner. "How many new dresses will you need to wear on the journey, and how many trunks full more to take with you—say, for a week's visit?"

"Really, I do believe that a man thinks all a woman wants is dresses, as though those completed the whole outfit. But seriously, Leo," I go on in a more subdued tone, "the thing is impossible; I cannot be ready on so short a notice, at least. Here it is, just spring, and I have nothing new as yet for the season, for, in fact, winter clothing has been the most comfortable thus far. Of course my last season's garments—dresses, hats, cloaks, sacques, and who knows what all, are entirely out of date, and there is not time to do anything satisfactory before you leave, even could I go into the needful expense. Now in New York, cousin Grace, and the rest of the world there, will be blossoming out in spring flowers and furbelows, so, do the best I could, I should feel like a last year's almanac amongst them."

"Well," said Leonidas, "I supposed that you would jump at the chance to go to New York and to visit your cousin, but if what you care to go for would be to show your clothes, why, I've nothing more to say about it."

"But I haven't the clothes to show," I reply, determined to be even with him on that point. "And whatever you or I might think of braving the question, it would not be using Grace handsomely to visit her without proper regard to the ways of the world as it goes."

"Well," replied Leo, "I shall visit Grace, whether she will think me grandly dressed or not, and I shall tell her you could not go because you had nothing to wear. She will understand the meaning of that phrase, without doubt."

"Yes, you can go, in fact a man can do most any way, provided he is respectfully appraised. And all you will do to get ready, will be to brush up your best coat and hat, give your boots a little extra polish, take a hand-valise with a change or two of necessary garments, and you are ready with no ado about it. But it is different with us; you men cannot understand it, or make any reasonable allowance in the case."

"And I don't want to understand such absurd nonsense," is the reply. "But come, think it over sensibly now, and make up your mind to have a good time, instead of making a martyr of yourself by staying at home."

And I did think it over, but the more I thought of it, the more impossible it seemed for me to go. Had it been merely taking a trip to New York, I would have gone without hesitation as far as something to wear

was concerned, for I cared no more for that great, grand city, as such, than for the more modest one where I resided. I had been there before without making any ado about it, calling on a few acquaintances, and aside from that feeling myself an independent looker-on of the sights and scenes before me.

But to be a guest of cousin Grace, who had married into one of the leading families, and who resided in one of the most fashionable avenues of the city, and who was surrounded by every luxury, was a different thing altogether. The family of Grace's husband lived near them, and would not his mother and sisters, to say nothing of fashionable friends, be quite likely to be, more or less, there? Indeed, Gracie had written me that Frederick's sisters were very much with her, and remembering their elegant appearance at Grace's wedding, how could I make up my mind to subject myself to their criticism—as of course one woman can but notice the dress of another—in my gone-by, and very ordinary apparel; ordinary at least beside what their's would likely be?

And even if I could brave it out, wouldn't Grace, let her do the best she could to overlook it, feel disturbed at the contrast I should make in such a place? Could she help noticing it, or could I feel at ease should I try as I might to ignore the matter? Not that I should be positively shabby or dowdy, but my dress certainly would be hardly suitable for the elegant surroundings and among the fine apparel of Grace and her sisters. Then, as a matter of course my cousin would wish to take me out with her, and I should incline to go about all that was possible while there. And how would my outside wraps compare with the velvets, and bugles, and the camel-hair-shawl which Grace had received from her husband, and which she might wish to wear in my company.

No, she had more sense than to make a display like that to overshadow her friend; I knew that she would show me the shawl, but not wear it in my company. Still I was in no way prepared to appear at home as I should wish to be as the season advanced. It is true, I might, as Leonidas suggested, have a little remodeling done before leaving home, and then make additional purchases after arriving at the city, but to do as I should wish to be a guest of cousin Grace, would be to go beyond what I felt was our means, and that was a thing I hoped not to be led into by any foolish love of display. And yet, as I reasoned with myself, it was not from a love of display that I hesitated to go, making the best of what I had and could have; but it was a regard for the fitness of things, and for my cousin's feelings as well as my own.

Feelings! exclaim some of my readers, feelings! what sort of feelings are such mere outside sensibilities? Do they come from the heart, or from the fancy that has been disordered by conformity to the world? But pause a moment, my friend, and let us see how it is. Let us see if it is not the same with you, as I conjectured it might be with cousin Grace. Do you like to feel yourself altogether better dressed than is your guest?

And yet do you wish to forego your usual custom in these matters?

I knew that Grace would be very glad to see me should I visit her, and would make all due allowance for any lack in my wardrobe; yet her friends might not do the same, nor should I myself feel at ease and enjoy the visit without more time for preparation than I now had. And so if I made a martyr of myself in staying at home, I certainly should be more of one by going, and thus chose to take the surest and least expensive way, by staying at home. I would go some other time, I said to myself; for though I had no idea of attempting to dress as I knew Grace did in her new surroundings, I wished to do as well as I naturally would at home when I did my best. Now I certainly would be at the worst, partly because I had been unusually prudent, and partly because I was behind-hand on account of the lateness of the season.

When it came time for Leonidas to leave home, I almost began to repent, and to wish that I had taken his advice; but no, I really had nothing to wear, and thus it was necessity that kept me at home. Were I only a quaker, then I could always be ready for any occasion; still I am sure I should not like to dress in that style, and should weary of the sameness and want a change. For is not love of change a natural trait? And does not Dame Nature, as sensible as she is, change her apparel with the seasons, and never dress in just the same manner for two years in succession? And does she not like beauty and pleasing adornments, and is she not often, even, profuse in the variety and richness of her flowers and plumage? Is not the beautiful mingled with the useful, the poetic with the practical, in all her works?

Yet in spite of my reasonings, I must say that I felt a little blue when Leonidas, on leaving, said: "There, you poor martyr, don't you wish that you had been sensible and decided to have gone with me, instead of moping at home because you had nothing to wear? You will wish, more than once, before I return that you had accompanied me, you see if you do not."

"But if I went, I should probably wish, a hundred times, that I had staid at home," I replied gaily, "so take which horn of the dilemma you will, and I should be a martyr still."

"Yes, and glory in your martyrdom, I do believe that women now-a-days care more for their clothes than for their best friends, else you would not forego visiting Grace, fashion or no fashion."

And was not Leonidas more than half right? I asked myself after it was too late to retract my decision. To think of the pleasure which I had forgone! and for what? Not only did I dearly love cousin Grace and wish to see her, but a visit to the metropolis was always an event with me, as I do not indulge largely in travel, though I enjoy above all things to mix with the world occasionally, and thus learn lessons, as I always do among new and stirring scenes. And I had sacrificed all this for a mere whim—I could call it by no harder name—and lost a means of gratification and improvement and of more good, possibly, than

I could now count, and, just because I had not a new and fashionable spring outfit! Why, even Nature, upon whom I had philosophized, is not always in her best array, and this present spring is decidedly behind the times in donning her new attire. Yet she makes no apologies about it, and when she does appear in her new dress we greet her more heartily for the delay. She has her economies, and why may we not submit to our circumstances also?

But here I had let my inner, better nature forge its needs, and stifled my heart's earnest, though silent, pleadings, for outside appearances; and because it seemed to me that custom required me to do as the Romans do, else not go amongst them, and thus expose my want of conformity to fashion's dictates. Was it not, after all, sacrificing the greater to the less, and denying myself, where common-sense said, "favor yourself?" Do we not have enough real crosses without taking upon ourselves the weighty ones which undue regard to the ways and customs of the world imposes upon us? Do not we often make martyrs of ourselves merely to gratify pride; and for such martyrdom, is there any crown of rejoicing promised either in this world or in the next?

It is meet to pay due regard to dress and to things which go to make up the trifles of life; but do we not let more than due significance be attached to these things? For shall they decide the weightier matters of our existence for us? Are we to let "what we shall wear?" be the question that is to determine whether we go or stay? Whether we take and give pleasure to our friends, or squeamishly excuse ourselves whenever we think we have nothing in just the fashion to wear? These, as you see, are queries for each one to answer; but as for myself I now regret that I did not accept cousin Grace's invitation (though do not tell Leonidas that I confess so much) even had I appeared only in my traveling suit during my visit. Then I should not be obliged still to sign myself, as before, A MARTYR OF THE PERIOD.

POLONAISES AND JACKETS.

Ladies who have been troubled much this season through fear that the handsome and useful polonaise had reached the last stage of its existence, may now calm their minds, for we can safely say that it will be in fashion for some time yet. Now, according to the most favored style, it is made very long, almost as long as the skirt behind, and but very slightly draped at the back. Indeed, this last modification ought to make glad the heart of every lady of taste, for the exaggerate and monstrous *pouf* was more of a deformity than a beauty, and it was always a wonder to us how even fashion could make it tolerable.

For a choice between a costume made up with a basque bodice, and one with a polonaise, the appropriateness of the design to the figure ought to be the main consideration. A basque is more readily adapted to a form not wholly perfect, but a tall, elegant, well-proportioned figure is set off to its very best advantage in a perfectly fitting and tastefully made polonaise.

In the use of the heavy materials so much worn last winter, the custom of wearing skirts and polonaises of different materials and fabrics has been more in vogue than ever. A suit entirely of cloth or camel's hair goods would be extremely heavy to wear. For this reason, ladies prefer to wear a polonaise of thick material over a black or dark silk skirt, or a skirt of any dark goods. The rules of good taste demand that when combination suits of this kind are worn, that the underskirt should be several shades darker than the over garment. Velvet skirts are much in favor with those who can afford them, and velveteen is worn to some extent, but this latter material loses its beauty so soon that it can never be recommended for use.

Many fanciful ways of trimming polonaises are now seen, doubtless with the idea of producing different effects without the trouble of designing different patterns. For instance, the trimming of the garment is very often put on so as to simulate a basque and overskirt, and the triple apron overskirt is outlined by the trimming, or the overskirt pointed on the side and closed there with a row of large buttons. Postillions of various designs are outlined by trimming in the same way, but in very many polonaise patterns, the basque is cut with the garment. This is done by cutting the side forms and centre pieces of the back long, so that they form the regular postillion for a basque, and completing them with trimming as if for a garment of that kind. These are then joined to the polonaise fronts, as far as the waist; and the skirt of the back of the garment is gathered on a belt below the lappels of the basque.

A tight-fitting polonaise should always be cut with the English back, having side forms, the French back, in but two pieces, should only be used for the loose garments of light material and for summer wear, where the polonaise is only half-fitted, and the extra fullness is confined with a belt. The trimming for polonaises is various. Generally speaking, however, very little of made trimming is used for them. If of handsome material, little trimming is considered necessary, a polonaise of silk, velvet, or camel's hair being sufficiently finished by a narrow fold or piping, turned in with a French hem at the bottom. If however, you wish your suit to be "gotten up regardless of expense," to show the world the depth of your purse, or to surpass some richly-attired neighbor, then trim your velvet or silk with handsome lace, beaded, if you will, but the imminent probability of the approaching demise of the bead *furor* bids us warn you against investing money in adornments that may soon be regarded as *passee*.

Styles of walking jackets merit a word or two. These short garments are indispensable parts of a lady's wardrobe now. They have been, during the last few seasons, made of every material, from the richest and warmest fur to the most cobwebby muslins and lace. It is very probable that they will be worn in like manner, through all changes of weather for many seasons to come. It was thought in the fall when the first designs for winter cloaks were shown,

that the English walking jacket would not be worn during the season, but that its place would be taken by the French jacket. In this surmise, however, fashion writers were quite mistaken. The French jacket is still on trial, it has by no means proved itself a universal favorite, and though it will doubtless be the model for many spring jackets of cloth and cashmere, for this season the English jacket holds its own for universal use and favor. However, though unchanged in character and general shape, this has admitted some slight modifications of outline, in many instances, that vary the appearance without making any decided alteration in the garment. For instance, the revers may be rounded or pointed, long or quite short; the collar, also may be flat or standing. The side pockets at the back may be worn if you wish, or in their place flaps and buttons may be substituted, or the back may be perfectly plain. An elegant modification of the jacket, too, though in this case the garment has been so much modified as to have lost in a great degree its distinctive character,—has the front cut much longer than the back, buttoning low on one side and with large pockets on the long fronts. This is a very comfortable and elegant style for cloth or silk costumes for matronly ladies, or is very handsome made of black cloth or drap d'ete for general outside wear, and trimmed with lace or silk fringe.

For other styles, dolmans still continue in favor with elderly or stout ladies, since they are both convenient and comfortable, and in many cases, more becoming than any other style. For trimming on outside garments, fur, feathers, yak and guipure lace, passementerie and jet trimmings, share in equal popularity. Beaver cloth is now usually trimmed with heavy silk in bias bands, braid stitched down flatly, or bands of fur. A very good pattern for velvet over-garments is the Talma. Of this there are several different styles, all marked, however, by the half-fitting, rounded back, and the short slightly-sloped front, and open sleeves, if sleeves are worn.—*Fireside Friend.*

THE BICKFORD KNITTING MACHINE.

So many articles of modern dress and ornaments are knitted fabrics, that families and manufacturers at large have felt the need of a machine capable of taking the place of hand-knitting as completely as the sewing machine has taken the place of hand-sewing. As a labor-saving and useful invention, a good knitting machine is not inferior to the sewing machine, and, when used for profit, it has decided advantages. Its capacity is vastly more productive and varied. It not only does the work of the seamstress, but of the weaver and the tailor also, as it takes the thread as it comes from the spindle, manufactures the fabric, and fashions it into garments ready for use—thus giving to its owner all the profits.

That a considerable degree of interest is being awakened in regard to the practicability of substituting machinery for hand labor in this branch of household economy is evident from

the numerous letters of inquiry we receive concerning the matter, and we trust the day is not far distant when the knitting machine will take its appropriate place as one of the necessities in every family. Heretofore the two most serious obstacles to the general introduction of knitting machines has been the high cost of the machines and their complicated nature which rendered it difficult for any but a skilled operator to use them to advantage.

To remove these obstacles and produce a machine which, while it should perform all the work of a family as well and as expeditiously as the most intricate and expensive machine made, and at the same time be so simple in its construction as to be readily operated by any one and so cheap as to be within the means of all, has been the aim of numerous inventors who have devoted many years time and spent thousands of dollars to attain this object.

Thousands of over worked housewives whom necessity compels to spend many hours which should be given to rest in busily plying the needles to supply their families with their needful stockings, mittens and other articles of wearing apparel, have anxiously looked for the "coming machine" which was to relieve them of this monotonous drudgery and elevate the art of knitting from a wearisome labor to a pleasant recreation; and for their encouragement we are pleased to state that this end has been attained by the improved Bickford Knitting Machine, which has recently been put upon the market and which we can safely say is by far the most simple, durable, and efficient knitting machine ever made.

It is so arranged that the work is easily and quickly set up, and it will make any stitch, plain or fancy, that can possibly be made by hand. It will also narrow or widen to form any shape or garment required, including stockings and socks of every size and material, with heel and toe complete.

Among the many articles readily produced upon this machine we may enumerate stockings, mittens, leggings, scarfs, tidies, mats, shawls, blankets, hoods, table covers, under garments of every kind, etc., either plain or ribbed, close or open work, of any size and with coarse or fine yarn of wool, cotton, linen or silk. Any of these articles, and scores of others may be beautifully varied in an infinite variety of designs in form, color and stitch, according to the capacity, taste and skill of the operator. Stockings and other articles knit on this machine can be made in any desired size or shape and do not require to be stretched or molded on forms as is the case with goods made on inferior machines.

Thousands of these machines are already in use with the most satisfactory results and we confidently believe that as they become more generally known and better appreciated, they will be as common in the households of our land as the sewing machine or the steam washer.

—It is said there are 1,200 different shades of kid gloves, though few persons care for more than a thousand.



THAT BABY OVER THE WAY.

As I've sat at my chamber window,
I've noticed again and again,
The sweetest of baby figures,
At the opposite window pane;
Rosy cheeks daintily dimpled,
Curled that, without any check,
Tumble and twist in confusion,
With the corals about its neck.

Eyes—but to mention the co'or,
I must wait for a nearer view,
Though I think I may sate at a venture,
They'll match with the ribbons of blue.
Feet with their tiny bronzed slippers,
And the dearest of wee chubby fists,
And arms, in whose foldings of fatness
You must search for the little one's wrists.

Sometimes I throw kisses to baby,
And back come the kisses to me,
And the intricate game of "bo-peep"
Is a source of infinite glee,
That lights up the smiles and the dimples;
So I think we may truthfully say,
That I have an established flirtation
With the baby over the way.

But how has that little one stolen
A march on my foolish old heart?
And why, as I watch those bright eyes
Will the quick tear instinctively start?
Ah! because in the long ago years,
Ere time mingled my tresses with gray,
I, too, had a baby as lovely
As the little one over the way.

From the white robes and clustering curls,
From that vision of infantine joy,
Oh sadly, so sadly I turn
To all I have left of my boy;
To the baby-clothes, yellow with age,
To the curls that once lay on his brow,
To the old-fashioned cradle—the nest—
So drearily tenantless now.

The first grief comes back to me then,
The longing that cannot be told,
For the sight of the dear little face,
For my own darling baby to hold;
And my arms ache with emptiness so
That I feel I am hardly content
To wait for the summons to go
The way that my little one went.

ROSY CHEEKS OR PALE FACES.

MRS. MAY was seated in her pleasant nursery, with her little family around her. The morning was fair and the sunlight had free entrance. It was a happy group. The cheerful young mother, with her smiling face and loving heart, was the centre and the light of it, while the merry children, unchecked in their innocent mirth, filled the room with the music of their glad voices.

Harry and Ned were very busy over a box of blocks, with which they built houses of various styles of architecture, for the amusement of a chubby rogue of a baby, who, with one dash of her dimpled fist, destroyed the edifice as soon as finished.

May, seated in a small rocking-chair, rocked a large doll, and hushed it with great tenderness.

Susie and Clara were trying to work out a rather complex puzzle, and their droll mistakes caused much jesting and laughter.

A golden canary swung to and fro

in the sun-illuminated window, and seemed trying to drown even the voices of the children in his gushing song.

In the midst of all this mirth and music, the door was thrown open and Mrs. Harrington entered, accompanied by a boy of seven and a girl of five years. She was an intimate friend, and therefore privileged to gain admittance at all hours and seasons. After an affectionate greeting between the friends, these children drew near to the table to watch Susie and Clara at their game. They were pale, listless and inanimate, and their mother sighed as she marked the contrast between them and Mrs. May's rosy group.

"I declare, Julia, you are a happy woman!" she said.

"Very happy, Clara," said Mrs. May, with a merry laugh, "but you need not sigh so deeply over it."

"I think I was a little envious just at that moment."

"You, envious of me?" said Mrs. May. "Nay, you must be jesting. It would be more in keeping were I to envy you, with your grand new house, and all its elegant surroundings."

Tears sprang to the eyes of the beautiful and wealthy Mrs. Harrington, as she replied:

"All the luxuries which wealth can give, I would gladly resign to-morrow, if I could see Emma and Arthur as strong and as lively as these little ones of yours. Oh, Julia, you do not realize what an inestimable blessing good health is, nor how the want of it can mar the brightest fortunes."

"Do I not? Why, Clara, it is the study of my life that these little ones of mine may enjoy this blessing."

"Do you mean to say that a mother's care can make her children strong and healthy?"

"I think it may do a good deal for them in that respect. To a few simple rules, carefully followed, I partly ascribe it, that my darlings are ever in such robust and vigorous health."

"Pray give me the benefit of some of these rules. If they have such power, every mother ought to know them."

"My first rule is, plenty of fresh air and sunshine. I always secure a large and well ventilated nursery, where the morning sun may shine in. Plants do not thrive in the shade, neither will children. Rosy cheeks and buoyant spirits are not found in close and shaded rooms. We are more dependent upon the sun for life and coloring than we are apt to think."

Mrs. Harrington looked thoughtful.

"My nursery is on the shaded side of the house," she said. "I chose the room for that purpose, because it seemed more convenient, and my nurse is such a careful body, that she keeps the blinds partly closed, for fear of fading the new carpet."

"My next rule is frequent bathing, in cold water, all the year round," said Mrs. May.

Mrs. Harrington shivered. "That may do for your chubby babes," she said, "but my children never could bear it. Emma is particularly sensitive to cold. I am always careful to have her bath well warmed."

"As good a receipt for colds as you could find, my dear Clara. In the winter, or in the spring and fall, the least change in the temperature of the

air is sure to prove hurtful after the warm bath. A rapid sponging in cold water, in a heated room, with a thorough after-scrubbing, I never found injurious to the most delicate child. If I had the care of your Emma, I should add a little salt to the water, in order to stimulate the skin and promote a free circulation of the blood."

"Ah, Julia, if you had lost three little ones, as I have, you would not dare to run such a risk!"

"Well, I will pass on to my third rule," said Mrs. May. "I am very particular as diet. I never allow my children to eat any but plain, well-cooked, nourishing food, and that they take at the regular hours. I never let them eat anything between meals."

"This is rather hard upon them, is it not? My children are always teasing for cakes and crackers, and I should not have a moment's peace if denied them. But then, the little dears have such poor appetites. At the table they sometimes refuse to touch anything."

"Cut off the irregular supplies, and see if they do not come to the table hungry. Then, being careful as to the quality of their food, let them eat as much as they like."

"But my children are so fastidious that they will not touch plainly prepared food," said Mrs. Harrington. "Emma would not eat one thing for her dinner yesterday, but a piece of mince pie and an orange. The child was so feverish all through the night that I was really anxious about her, but she seems all right this morning."

"I do not wonder at the feverish symptoms," said Mrs. May. "I would not dare to run the risk of a late dinner of mince pie and orange, even for Ned there, who has never been ill in his life."

"It never seems to hurt Emma to eat anything," said Mrs. Harrington. "But give me a few more of your rules. I am quite interested in hearing them."

"Exercise in the open air, and plenty of it, I insist upon," said Mrs. May. "I am also very careful to have every part of the body sufficiently protected in cold weather. I am a great believer in flannel as a protection against disease. My children always wear flannel over the lungs, even in summer."

"Not next to the skin?"

"Yes. I could not feel safe about them unless they were thus guarded in case of exposure."

"It might do to serve my boy in that way, but you have no idea what a sensitive little thing Emma is. I know she would rebel against flannel."

"I never allow my children to rebel against my decrees," said Mrs. May, firmly. "Surely it is the sense and judgment of the mother which ought to govern, rather than the whims of the child."

"And you really think I am partly to blame for Emma's pale cheeks?" said Mrs. Harrington.

"I really think you are educating her to delicate health. She was not born to it, for, if I remember right, she was a strong, lively babe."

"But, my dear, does not attention to all these little things make a perfect slave of you? If I should try to carry out even the few rules you have given me it would keep me in a worry

half of my time, for I know I could never indoctrinate nurse."

"How can a mother better employ her time than in guarding the best interests of her children?" said Mrs. May. "It is a heaven-appointed task which she cannot depute to another. Besides, viewing this matter in the most selfish light, I think it is really easier for the mother herself to give good care and training to her children, laying, if possible, in early life, the foundation for a robust and vigorous constitution."

"Well," said Mrs. Harrington, as she rose to depart, after a somewhat extended call, "I will try to profit by your precepts and example. I had no idea that you had reduced the pursuit of health to such a perfect system."

Mrs. May laughed, and said:

"Go home, my dear, and change your nursery. Try fresh air, sunlight, regular hours as to eating and sleeping, wholesome, proper diet, moderate exercise, and warm clothing upon these pale little pets of yours, and see if you will not be amply repaid. Take the oversight of everything pertaining to their daily life yourself, and I doubt not that they will soon compare so favorably with my chubby rogues, that you will never again have cause to sigh when you pay us a morning call."

WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH OUR CHARLEY?

Yes, that is the question! The fact is, there seems to be no place in heaven above or earth beneath exactly safe and suitable, except the bed. While he is asleep, then our souls have rest; we know where he is and what he is about, and sleep is a gracious state; but then he wakes up bright and early, and begins tooting, pounding, hammering, singing, meddling, and asking questions,—in short, overturning the peace of society generally for about thirteen hours out of every twenty-four.

Everybody wants to know what to do with him; everybody is quite sure he can't stay where they are. The cook can't have him in the kitchen, where he infests the pantry to get flour to make paste for his kites or meat lard in the saucepan. If he goes into the woodshed, he is sure to pull the woodpile down upon his head. If he be sent up to the garret, you think for a while that you have settled the problem, till you find what a boundless field for activity is at once opened amid all the packages, boxes, bags, barrels, and cast-off rubbish there. Old letters, newspapers, trunks of miscellaneous contents are all rummaged, and the very reign of chaos and old night is instituted. He sees endless capacities in all, and he is always hammering something or knocking something apart, or sawing and planing, or drawing boxes and barrels in all directions to build cities or lay railroad tracks, till everybody's head aches quite down to the lower floor, and everybody declares that Charley must be kept out of the garret.

Then you send Charley to school, and hope you are fairly rid of him for a few hours at least. But he comes home noisier and more breezy than ever, having learned of some twenty

other Charleys every separate resource for keeping up a commotion that the superabundant vitality of each can originate. He can dance like Jim Smith; he has learned to smack his lips like Joe Brown; Will Briggs has shown him how to mew like a cat; and he enters the premises with a new war-whoop, learned from Tom Evans. He feels large and valorous; he has learned that he is a boy, and has a general impression that he is growing immensely strong and knowing, and despises more than ever the conventionalities of parlor life; in fact, he is more than ever an interruption in the way of decent folks who want to be quiet.

It is true that if entertaining persons will devote themselves exclusively to him, reading and telling stories, he may be kept quiet; but then this is discouraging work, for he swallows a story as Rover does a piece of meat, and looks at you for another and another, without the slightest consideration, so that this resource is of short duration, and then the old question comes back, "What is to be done with him?"

But after all, Charley cannot be wholly shirked, for he is an institution,—a solemn and awful fact; and on the answer to the question, What is to be done with him? depends a future.

Many a hard, morose, bitter man has come from a Charley turned off and neglected; many a parental heart-ache has come from a Charley left to run the streets, that mamma and sisters might play on the piano and write letters in peace. It is easy to get rid of him; there are fifty ways of doing that. He is a spirit that can be promptly laid, but if not laid aright will come back by and by, a strong man armed, when you cannot send him off at pleasure.

Mamma and sisters had better pay a little tax to Charley now than a terrible one by and by. There is something significant in the old English phrase with which our Scriptures render us familiar, a man-child—a man-child. There you have the word that should make you think more than twice before you answer the question, "What shall we do with Charley?"

For to-day he is at your feet; to-day you can make him laugh, you can make him cry, you can persuade, coax, and turn him to your pleasure; you can make his eyes fill and his bosom swell with recitals of good and noble deeds; in short, you can mould him if you will take the trouble. But look ahead some years, when that little voice shall ring in deep bass tones; when that small foot shall have a man's weight and tramp; when a rough beard shall cover that little round chin, and all the wilful strength of manhood fill out that little form. Then you would give worlds for the key to his heart, to be able to turn and guide him to your will; but if you lose that key now he is little, you may search for it carefully, with tears, some other day, and never find it.

One thing is to be noticed about Charley, that, rude and busy and noisy as he is, and irksome as carpet rules and parlor ways are to him, he is still a social little creature, and wants to be where the rest of the household

are. A room ever so well adapted for play cannot charm him at the hour when the family is in reunion; he hears the voices in the parlor and his play-room seems desolate; it may be warmed by a furnace and lighted with gas, but it is human warmth and light he shivers for; he yearns for the talk of the family, which he so imperfectly comprehends, and he longs to take his playthings down and play by you, and is incessantly promising that of the fifty improper things which he is liable to do in the parlor, he will not commit one if you will let him stay there.

The instinct of the little one is nature's warning plea—God's admonition. Oh, how many a mother has neglected it because it was irksome to have the child about, has longed at twenty-five to keep her son by her side, and he would not! Shut out as a little Arab, constantly told that he is noisy, that he is awkward and meddlesome and a plague in general, the boy has found at last his own company in the streets, in the highways and hedges, where he runs till the day comes when the parents want their son and the sisters their brother, and then they are scared at the face he brings back to them, as he comes all foul and smutty from the companionship to which they have doomed him. Depend upon it, if it is too much trouble to keep your boy in your society, there will be places found for him—warmed and lighted with no friendly fires—where he who finds some mischief still for idle hands to do will care for him if you do not. You may put out a tree and it will grow while you sleep, but a son you cannot; you must take trouble for him,—either a little now or a great deal by and by.

Of all you can give your Charley, if you are a good man or woman, your presence is the best and safest thing. God never meant him to do without you any more than chickens were meant to grow without being brooded. Then let him have some place in your house where it shall be no sin to hammer and pound and make all the litter his heart desires and his various schemes require. Even if you can ill afford the room, weigh well between that safe asylum and one which, if denied, he may make for himself in the street.

All these things make trouble,—to be sure they do; but Charley is to make trouble, that is the nature of the institution; you are only to choose between safe and wholesome trouble and the trouble that comes at last like a whirlwind. God bless the little fellow, and send us all grace to know what to do with him!—Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

THAT MISCHIEVOUS BOY.

DEAR SISTERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD: Have any of you a boy, a plump, rosy, dimpled, four-year-old boy? Who is never still five minutes at a time from daylight till he is snugly tucked into his crib for the night?

Who unscrews and loses the knobs of bureau and table drawers?

Who marks the window panes all over on frosty mornings making "letters and figures?"

Who discovers in advance of you that the baby's cradle will unscrew, to the imminent danger of its occupant?

Who has the greatest facility for taking things to pieces, things perhaps which you have used for years, supposing their parts were one and inseparable?

Who is continually wearing out the toes of his boots and the knees of his stockings?

Who covers the sitting-room floor with a miscellaneous assortment of nine pins, alphabet blocks, acrobats and marbles?

Who tumbles the sofa pillow on the floor half a dozen times a day in order to climb over the head of the lounge?

Who turns the house topsy-turvy and leads his little two-year-old sister into all sorts of mischief?

But who notwithstanding all this is one of the best and dearest little fellows alive?

Yes? Then you know how to pity me. Just think of trying to keep one's house in order under such adverse circumstances.

No? Then I pity you. S. E. D.

THE PUZZLER.

ANSWERS:—1. Prayer should be the key of the day and the lock of the night. 2. Daisy, *Bellis*, Beauty and Innocence. 3. Money does not make the man. 4. Brattleboro.

5. Scott—Moore.

S ia M

C ent O

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6.

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RUPEE

ORPHEUS

FREYA

RUE

S

7. Bolivia, Olivia. 8. Caleb, ale.

9. Green, ree. 10. Proem, roe. 11.

Merino, erin. 12. Selma, elm. 13.

Coney, one.

14. Q U I P 15. W O L F

U R S A O P A L

I S E R L A C E

P A R K F L E A

16. Though woman's loveliness

With angel forms may vie,

Yet if her soul be fraught

With jealousy and pride,

She's to the arch deceiver

In Eden's bowers, nearly allied.

17. Artichokes. 18. Unceremoniously.

19. Germany. 20. Editorials.

21. 218)79570(365

654

1417

1308

1090

1090

Key.—Washing tub.

22. Bobolink. 23. Swallow. 24.

Goldfinch. 25. Oriole. 26. Nightin-

gale. 27. Kingfisher. 28. Pelican.

29. Ostrich. 30. Plover. 31. Phoebe.

ENIGMA.

1. I am composed of ten letters.

My 1, 2, 5, 10 is an infant.

My 1, 6, 3, 8, 9, 10 is a crossing over

water.

My 5, 6, 2, 3, 4 is a part of the head.

My 1, 6, 3, 8, 10 is a married woman.

My 1, 6, 2, 4 is a food for animals.

My 6, 3, 8, 9, 10 is elevated land.

My 5, 2, 7, 4, 16, 3, 9, 10 is an officer

of revolutionary fame.

My 8, 2, 6, 3, 10, 4 is a town in Geor-

gia.

My 2, 4, 4, 7, 10 is a girl's name.

My whole is a town in Indiana.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

2. My first is in Philip but not in Guy.

My second is in modest but not in shy.

My third is in grass but not in clover.

My fourth is in lark but not in plover.

My fifth is in pigeon but not in dove.

My sixth is in anger but not in love.

My seventh is in Lowell but not in

Lynn.

My eighth is in lead but not in tin.

My ninth is in telling but not in told.

My tenth is in silver but not in gold.

Now if to find my whole it will aid

your guest.

I'll tell you it's a city in the far south

west.

A METAGRAM.

3. I am an emotion; change my first

and I am a plant; change my last and

I am an article of food. Now change

my second and I am an African city.

SQUARE WORDS.

4. A country; nimble; trees; nim-

ble; are found in trees.

5. A tree; a color; rural; a bird; a

lady's name.

ANAGRAM.

6. Athw si a etifrl? A gttssluhoeh

dowr,

Ertgofno sa oncs sa idsa?

Cphnercae sit cohe lsahl tye eb redha,

Nhwe eth kspreae si thiw eht edad.

Atht lgohtetushs odrw si a mrnaod

rtda,

Dna erstkis ew wkon otn rehwe!

Ti any lekna gnlo ni eoms tedure

threa.

Si ti a fertli rtehe?

CHARADE.

7. I come, I come, like a spirit, un-

seen,

I come in the midnight chill,

I shiver the boughs of the old oak tree,

I sweep the snow from the hill,

I whistle, and pipe, and shriek in the

cordage,

Of the ships that sail on the sea.

I curl the waves to mountain heights,

All in my maddening glee.

Round my second I sweep in my fury,

With merciless clang and roar,

And round and round spins the canvas

As when old Sancho of yore

With lance in rest, charged boldly up-

on me.

Now, young folks, on you, I rely,

Ye youths whose wits are well sharp-

ened,

Tell me plainly, who am I?

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

8. Two rivers in the United States;

a Spanish city; a South American

country; the capital of an island in

the Atlantic; an European country;

isles of Europe; a Mexican city; one

of the United States; an island of

Malaysia.

WORD PUZZLE.

9. My first is like my fourth,

My second like my fifth,

My third is like my sixth;

In running brooks some find my

birth;

Reversed I'm twice the greatest

curse of earth.



ANOTHER AFTER-DINNER CHAT.

A few days subsequent to the after-dinner chat, a record of which has been given to THE HOUSEHOLD, Leonidas, while reading his daily newspaper, came across some item which I saw amused him wonderfully.

"Here," said he, turning to me, "is a capital story upon that knife and fork question which we were discussing the other day."

Then he read aloud an incident which was related as actually occurring at a prominent hotel, of a farmer at the public table, who, when his pie was handed him with only a fork on the plate, called to the waiter to bring him a knife to eat his pie with.

"O, what a countryman to want a knife to eat pie with!" exclaimed a would-be-thought fashionable lady at the table.

The knife nevertheless was brought and the farmer calmly proceeded to use it, when the lady, in cutting her pie with her fork, in some way let it fly from her hand to the floor.

"O, what a lady," said the farmer, "to eat pie with a fork!" upon which the laugh went all around the table at the fine lady's expense.

"A good one," commented Leonidas, "and just what the woman deserved."

"Capital," I reply. "The rebuke was deserved, not because of the lady's mishap, or because it was her choice to eat with her fork, but for her being so rude and unlady-like as to call attention to the man in choosing a knife for his own use. That story is a good illustration of the hyper-gentility of which Dr. Holland speaks in one of his editorials in Scribner's."

"But he advocates forks and cups in place of knives and saucers?" quoth Leonidas in his quizzical way.

"Yes, but he does not advocate ill-manners, or what he calls hyper-gentility. He tells of an over-nice lady, who on being a guest at a table where the old fashioned two-tined forks were used, refused eating peas entirely, because, forsooth, she could not manage them with such a fork. When it comes to the necessity of the case, then it is rude to show contempt to a friend's table, or furnishing, by such ill and over-nice manners. There is the point, do you see?" concluded I warmly.

"Yes, I see the point," replied Leo, "but the fact is that peas were never made to be eaten with a knife or a fork either, though of the two, a four-tined fork is the more convenient for managing such rolling food. A spoon is the thing needful, and where peas are rightly cooked, as my mother used to cook them, (Leonidas will throw in his mother's cooking sometimes, in spite of newer modes), nothing else will answer. Let us have sufficient broth to make them deliciously juicy, and this seasoned with butter or, as my mother did, with good sweet cream also, and then dip your peas hot, into hot dishes and eat with a spoon and

you have peas that are peas, instead of dry stuff rolling around on your dinner plate and getting cold before you can manage to eat it either with knife or fork."

"Quite a dissertation on cookery," I reply; and I will just add that peas fresh picked from our garden—for we do have a garden, if no more country about us—are as much superior to the best obtained in market, as is real country cream to city milk. But good butter will answer in place of cream, and I agree with Leonidas in thinking our way of cooking peas preferable to the more fashionable mode.

"Your hyper-gentle people," broke in Leonidas, "are the ones always poking fun and sneering at ways not just their own, and are sure to turn up their noses at what they consider antiquated, or rusticated, as did that woman at the hotel table we just read of. If they do not openly show their contempt you can readily discover it, while truly polite people will endeavor to conceal what may give pain or harm to another. I like the story told of a prince or king—at least some royal personage—who, when at a table where a young girl was laughed at by his attendants for turning her tea, rustic fashion, into her saucer, rebuked those at table by simply turning his own tea out as did the young girl, thus showing them all that, for once, she had royalty on her side. Of course the girl, if she had any wit about her, saw the king's motive, and must she not have blessed him for thus shielding her, though by breaking his own rules of table etiquette? It is one of the cases where feelings are of more importance than mere customs. The feelings of that young girl were more to the royal personage than were the opinions of all others at the table."

"But if the girl had been a young friend, or if he had been her teacher or parent, then he might have privately instructed her in these things and thus taught her what was most approved in good society; at the same time she would refrain from such mistakes in future."

"You may be assured," said Leo, "that the girl needed no farther lesson on that one point if she was keen witted enough to see her mistake and its consequences. But such lessons are tough ones to sensitive young people and the only pity is that they are not better taught at home and in their every day manners, the usages which good society demand. I remember," he went on, "once having a young girl placed under my care for a journey, and one who had evidently been little from home and was little acquainted with the ways of the great outside world. She was, however, well-bred, and in most things adapted herself cleverly to circumstances. But one unlucky morning at the hotel table, when soft boiled eggs were passed she took one and not noticing the egg cup broke it in her plate instead. Now it was no great matter if she did eat her egg differently from others at the table, but it then, I am sure, seemed great to her, and the more because it exposed her ignorance of the world. But it could not have been as hard among a table full of entire strangers as it must, if at the house of a friend

one betrays ignorance of common table customs."

"No, I should think not," I replied. "But did you ever see the young girl again, and did she ever refer to that event?"

"Ever see her?" replied Leonidas, "yes, and so have you. Why, she is one of the most particular of persons now in regard to table etiquette and such things, and though none of your hyper-gentle ladies, she has learned the ways of the world by contact with it, and by observation; and though she never strains for effect, she believes in teaching young people to take note of good usages in society and also to practice them at home in every day life."

"Mixing with the world is one of the best ways of learning many things," I reply, "where one wishes to see and to learn. It is better for young people than all the books of etiquette that can be named, and often a term of schooling might advantageously be exchanged for a journey or a visit among people of different ways than ourselves. But there are not a few who despise or affect to scorn conformity to the ways, manners and speech of polite society, setting such things down as mere weakness and affectation, they maintaining that the rough is to be preferred to the same diamond in its polished state."

"That is so," replied Leonidas, "especially among our independent country people. As some writer has aptly said of such: 'The character needs to be liberalized and educated by observation. The boy as we sometimes catch him on his native hillside, is, in his roughness a very Tartar. He is determined to have an education because he thinks it will pay, but he despises all the processes of his civilization and refinement.'"

"Yes," I reply, "and often despises etiquette and good manners as city nonsense, just as some radical Englishmen sneer at lords and ladies, not because of any individual fault of such more than other people, but because they belong to the titled aristocracy."

"I once knew a man," said Leonidas, "who was thankful that he didn't eat such fashionable dishes as oysters and tomatoes, as if their being what he called genteel food, made them less delicious and healthful as articles of diet. And such people are just the ones to glory in their independence of refined and polite manners, wherever they may be. They are the opposites of the hyper-gentle—call them hypsers of some other sort—and no amount of mingling with the world will induce them to change their outlandish ways."

"For instance, like Mr. Gates, who ranks against all refinement and new fangled notions," I reply, "and who at table disdainfully shoves aside the nicely folded napkin laid beside his plate, and pulling from his pocket his yellow handkerchief which has done duty to his nose, perhaps for a week, uses it instead."

"Or wipes his mouth on his coat sleeve or the table cloth," interrupts Leonidas, in a sarcastic tone. "But as for my part," he went on, "give me a napkin if you want me to eat my dinner like a civilized individual. You have heard of the man who said that

three things were necessary to make a good meal; something to eat, an appetite to have it relish and a napkin. The napkin may be a cheap affair if needful, or it may be made of the edges of an old table-cloth if nothing else can be afforded, but let it be something, that one need not resort to the handkerchief that has been carried in the pocket and used promiscuously, if you want me to enjoy my dinner."

"But if from home, we chance to be at a table where they are not provided then we can make the best of it," I add. "For good manners should prevent one from seeming to notice the omission; it is your hyper-gentle people who do this and thus make themselves ridiculous to all."

"I always make a practice of putting an extra handkerchief in my pocket, you know," said Leonidas, "to serve me in such an emergency, otherwise I might be some kind of a martyr, though I never sign myself, as you do,

A MARTYR OF THE PERIOD."

THE DESSERT.

—A dressmaker's apprentice speaks of her cross-eyed lover as the fellow whose looks are cut bias.

—In one part of Norway the longest day is three months. What a splendid chance for a lazy man to start a daily paper.

—"Is this the Adams House?" asked a stranger of a Bostonian. "Yes," was the reply, "it's Adams House until you get to the roof, then it's eaves."

"Where are you going?" asked a little boy of another, who had slipped and fallen down on the pavement. "Going to get up," was the blunt reply.

—Philadelphia brags of having the most cleanly servant-girls. They always hire out with the understanding that the mistress is to do the dirty work.

—A "mixed train:" The train of an elegant dress on promenade dragging along a hatful of shavings, strips of paper, cigar-stumps and tobacco-quids.

—We know men who will patiently sit for an hour waiting for an opponent to study out a move on a checker board, yet will growl if they have to wait ten minutes for their dinner.

—"Pa," said a little fellow the other day, "wasn't Job an editor?" "Why, Sammy?" "Because the bible informs us that he had much trouble, and was a man of sorrow all the days of his life."

—"May I leave a few tracts?" asked a medical missionary of a lady who responded to his knock. "Leave some tracts? Certainly you may," said she, looking benignly over her specs. "Leave them with the heels toward the house, if you please."

—"My dear husband," said a devoted wife, "why will you not leave off smoking? It is such an odious practice, and makes your breath smell so!"

"Yes," replied the husband, "but only consider the time I have devoted and the money I have spent to learn to smoke. If I should leave off now all that time and money would have been wasted, don't you see?"



BACKBONE.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

E. M. R. asks for a good "substitute for sour milk, in puddings, cake, etc." and also what is the best baking powder. The baking powder prepared by Prof. Horsford is not only an excellent substitute for sour milk, but it is positively healthful and nutritious, and can always be relied upon for making light and palatable food.

It is well known that soda or saleratus is very injurious if not counteracted by just the right proportion of acid, and few cooks understand enough of chemistry to be able to judge of this.

A few years ago a gentleman died in London, and on examination of the coats of his stomach it was found that his death was caused by taking too much soda. Injurious effects may also be produced by taking too much acid, but this result is more seldom seen than the former. Different temperaments require more or less acid or alkali, thus illustrating the truth that "What is one man's meat is another man's poison." For instance, people of a nervous or bilious temperament and especially the latter, contain much more alkali than those of the sanguine temperament; they therefore require more acid to counteract it, and thus people of the bilious or nervous-bilious temperament generally have a strong dislike to soda or other alkaline substances, and a strong craving for acids. They have a horror of too much soda in bread, but are fond of sour fruits and drinks. On the other hand, people of a sanguine temperament have more acid in their composition than other people, and therefore dislike acids, but have less horror of soda or alkaline substances. But as different members of the same family may have different temperaments and tastes, bread, cake, pastry, etc., should never on the one hand have too much acid, or on the other too much soda to suit the needs of the different members of the household. It should be nourishing and palatable for all, forming as it does a staple article of food, and then each member of the family can satisfy his natural craving for more acid, or alkali, by taking either soda water, or lemonade, or cream of tartar water, as his taste may dictate.

Again, it is well known that fine flour has lost a great proportion of its nourishing properties in the process of bolting. So we see the coarse grains, oatmeal, cracked wheat, etc., are warmly recommended by physicians for dyspeptics and people in feeble health. One important element that is lost in fine flour is phosphorus, which is found chiefly in the outer kernel of the grain. This is a serious loss, as all of us, and especially brain workers, need a supply of phosphorus to create nerve power. The earthy portion of our bones is phosphate of lime, and as bone is nothing more or less than phosphate of lime and

gelatine, if we take away the phosphate of lime we should be as shapeless and helpless as a jelly fish. All you, therefore, who wish to have plenty of backbone, must see to it that you eat plentifully of those articles of food containing phosphorus, or phosphate of lime.

Dr. Jackson of Philadelphia, Prof. in the University, says: "A deficiency of the phosphate of lime in food, is a common cause of ill health, of defective development, and retarded growth in children. In the conversion of wheat into flour, the phosphate of lime is rejected with the bran, and in consequence this necessary element of nutrition, contrary to the arrangement of nature, is not obtained from our fine wheat bread."

Educated men have long felt the need of something to supply this want and after a series of experiments, Prof. Horsford of Harvard College, has succeeded in compounding a substance which not only supplies this want, containing as it does a large proportion of phosphate of lime; but it also makes, with only water, or sweet milk, a light, nutritious, and delicious food, containing no medicated nostrums, but only such nourishing substances as are found in beef, corn, or pure wheat. The most learned physicians and chemists of the day endorse it, and I give my voice in its favor to the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD because I have tried it faithfully and found it invaluable, being simple, economical, nutritious and healthful. Many of our readers may be interested in reading Prof. Horsford's "Theory and Art of Bread-Making."

Those of your readers who feel at times that sense of weariness which inclines them instead of sitting and standing in an erect posture, as our good ancestors did, to stoop in an ungraceful manner, may take it for granted that they need more backbone, and govern their diet accordingly.

DR. HANAFORD TO LILY'S MAMMA.

In the first place, negatively, do not "bake the feet in the oven," as too many do, since that always makes a bad matter worse. Do not wear tight boots, or fail to wear thick and warm boots. If tight boots are worn, of course the circulation of the blood is impeded, and if the warm blood from the heart does reach the extremities they cannot be properly warmed. If the boots are made of serge and tight-fitting, of course the feet must be cold. The kind of boots given by Victoria—a sensible mother and queen—to her daughter, (calf skin,) as a part of her marriage outfit, will do something to keep the feet warm, though not always sufficient, since poor circulation of the blood must cause cool or cold feet and hands. If the blood does not circulate properly, it must be made to do so by increased exercise in the open air, and by friction of the surface as by the vigorous use of the flesh-brush, hair mitten, or rough crash towel. If this surface circulation is deficient, the larger vessels must do extra work, resulting at last in a hot head. In-

creasing the heat of the room, of course heating the head—with "toasting" the feet in the oven, of necessity must aggravate the difficulty.

Now, in addition to improving the general circulation of the blood by the friction of the surface, and rubbing the whole surface in moderate weather with the hand wet in cold water, the feet should be nightly soaked in hot water, after which dash over them a little cold water, and rub them thoroughly with a crash towel. If this is followed for a time until the warm blood from the heart can reach them, the feet will be warm. This will demand labor and perseverance.

Again, the trouble with the hair probably results from the heat of the head caused by the coldness of the extremities, in part, at least. If there is a disease of the scalp as "scald head," from the existence of humors, these causes may aggravate the loss of the hair. Of course these causes can not be known by simply a loss of the hair. If the baldness—if any—has a glassy look, the restoration of the hair is impossible. It may be useful to wet the fingers in cold water, salt, and water, or a tumbler of water in which a teaspoonful of *aqua am.* (spirits of hartshorn) has been dissolved, and then rub the scalp vigorously, producing friction, warmth, and an increased activity. There may be some disease of course, the symptoms of which have not been given, a knowledge of which would modify the treatment. The removal of the causes, when known, must be the basis of a cure. All of these results have definite causes—are no mere accident.

Elgin, Ill.

J. H. H.

SUN BATHS.

Sun baths cost nothing, and are the most refreshing, life-giving baths one can take, whether sick or well. Every house-keeper knows the necessity of giving her woollens the benefit of the sun, from time to time, and especially after a long rainy season, or a long absence of the sun. Many will think of the injury their clothes are liable to from dampness, who will never reflect that an occasional exposure of their own bodies to the sunlight is equally necessary to their own health.

The sun baths cost nothing, and that is a misfortune, for people are still deluded with the idea that those things only can be good or useful which cost money, and they will cheerfully pay away their dollars for Turkish and Russian baths, where they could get any number of sun baths, which would be far more beneficial to them, for nothing.

Let it not be forgotten that three of God's most beneficent gifts to man—three things the most necessary to good health—sunlight, fresh air and water—are free to all; you can have them in abundance without money and without price, if you will. If you would enjoy good health then see to it that you are supplied with pure air to breathe all the time; that you bathe for an hour or so every day in the sunlight; and that you quench your thirst with no other fluid than water.

In regard to sun baths, let any invalid, who reads this and who has

been housed for some time, take an occasional walk in the sun, if it should be only on the piazza, and observe the effect. In our opinion, he will find it the most healthful bath he has ever taken.

Sleeping rooms should be selected in such parts of the house as have the most benefit from the rays of the sun; the bed and bed-clothes should be thoroughly aired and kept in the sun as long as possible every day. Many of the sleeping-rooms in our hotels are so situated as never to feel the influence of the sun's rays, and those who occupy such rooms for any length of time are simply committing suicide. We have in mind now a large hotel in the vicinity of New York city, where not less than two hundred persons are usually located for the winter, in which a large proportion of the bed-rooms are in the centre of the building, into which the sunlight never penetrates. As a corollary, the doctors' gigs are seen standing before the house at all hours of the day.

The Italians have a proverb, which says, "Where the sun does not enter the doctor must," and with them, the first point to be considered in the selection of a house is: What is its exposure to the sun? And they are careful to locate their sleeping-rooms on the side of the house where there will be the most sun.

Again, too many houses in most of our cities and very many country villages, are completely buried from the sun by shade trees. Elegant establishments, these houses, whose occupants can command every luxury within the reach of wealth; saloons into which rank, beauty and fashion are welcomed, but from which the sunlight of heaven is totally excluded by shade trees!

At the risk of being denounced as an iconoclast, we would lay the axe to the root of at least two-thirds of the shade trees which surround our houses and line our streets.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

FRESH AIR AND PURE WATER.

Each year typhus and typhoid fevers carry off thousands of victims, whose lives are thus forfeited to their ignorance or neglect of well-ascertained laws. An abundant supply of fresh air and pure water is necessary for the healthful life of both men and animals, and when they are deprived of these requisites, disease and death ensue.

In our last issue an eminent physician presented a statement of the principal causes which produce the typhus class of fevers, and this week he instances a case in which a father and two daughters died from the effects of drinking brook-water which was impregnated with excrementitious matter. It would not be difficult to enumerate a large number of other cases in which death has occurred from similar cases; but enough has been shown to answer the purpose of warning our readers against the danger of carelessness with regard to what they breathe and drink. Let us then be advised, and supply our lungs with pure air and our stomachs with wholesome food.—*Hearth and Home.*



FURTHER HINTS TO YOUNG WRITERS.

BY U. U.

HAVING in our former paper touched in a general way upon writing for the press, with suggestions in regard to the external appearance of manuscript, we now come to the heart of the subject at once.

The first thought that occurs in connection with writing for publication is, that any person with this work in view is presumed to have something to say to the public—or such a part of it as are its expected readers—which that public is supposed to be interested in hearing or knowing about. It is not enough that the writer is himself, or herself, interested in a given theme or story, but the question is: Will it meet the requirements of others? For it is thus that an honest editor must judge of the merits of a communication offered for inspection; not merely by the writer's good motive, or wish to appear in print; nor yet by his own assent to the general tone of the production, but by the wants of the average reader of his journal. Many a young person may have a fondness for the pen, with no inconsiderable literary taste, and yet have, in themselves, nothing of real value to add to the literature of the world.

Thus it is that sentimentalism, and moralizing, or one's pet theories, agreeable to a writer, are at discount in the literary market. Said a publisher once in reference to a manuscript which was well prepared by a person very anxious to gain a place as a writer, but whose efforts were sentimental and common-place: "We do not care how the young lady feels; it makes no difference to us or to the public; it doesn't appear that she has anything to say that the public is interested in knowing." And with this verdict the document went into the terrible waste basket at once.

It is not enough, however, that a person has something to say, and has a certain degree of talent, with love for writing, to ensure him or her a place in literature. But in addition to these qualifications, and to any other natural gifts, the work should be done in a pains-taking and, as far as possible, attractive manner. For manner, quite as often as matter, decides the fate of an article by a critical editor. We do not mean that the style to be attractive should be affected or grandiloquent, as though the writer were striving to make a great impression, like a loud-toned or over-dressed woman. Indeed, the style furthest from this is desirable; one endued with life and piquancy, and yet finished and pleasing in its general aspect.

Says T. W. Higginson, one of the most faultless and graceful writers of the day, in reference to this subject: "Labor, therefore, not in thought alone, but in utterances; clothe and re-clothe your grand conceptions

twenty times, until you find some phrase that with its grandeur shall be lucid also. Be noble both in the affluence and the economy of your diction; spare no wealth that you can put in, and tolerate no superfluity that can be struck out. Be neither too lax nor too precise in your language; the one fault ends in stiffness, the other in slang." In another place in the same essay, our author says: "Disabuse yourself especially of the belief that any grace or flow of style can come from writing rapidly. Haste may make you slipshod, but it can never make you graceful."

Then he goes on to tell you how slowly his own thoughts come to him, how tardily they correct themselves, what a delicious prolonged perplexity it is to cut and contrive a decent clothing of words for them, till utter discouragement would follow, were it not for the knowledge that the greatest writers have done the same. And this is how they have become great as artists of language; they have counted no pains or study as too laborious, that they might excel in their art. And yet, young people often think that a little practice is enough to gain them a place in literature!

That delicious, prolonged perplexity in studying for the best word or expression, of which Col. Higginson speaks, is a reality to many a writer. For the perplexity is delicious, and the writer who studies upon words and phrases, doubly enjoys the work as well as its result. It is when outside pressure necessitates haste in execution, that writing becomes commonplace drudgery, instead of a delightful study and recreation. Therefore, let no young person for a moment think that this study upon words, and writing and re-writing, is a waste of either time, talent, or paper. Any mechanic must spend time and hard labor, as well as much material, in becoming skilled in his craft, and can one aspiring to literature be satisfied to do less? Or can they expect to become masters of the art at once?

Did you ever examine the drawings of students in the School of Design? Did you notice how simple some of the first lessons, and how, step by step, the work goes on to the end? To a novice, or even to an amateur in drawing, the works of some of these students appear creditable long before their apprenticeship is ended; and we begin to wonder why they need waste more time and paper as mere learners in their art. But let us look at the later endeavors of these same students, and then we shall see the benefit of this long private practice before committing the result of their labors, to any considerable extent, to the public. Unhappily, would-be-writers must mostly be their own teachers, few having at hand one competent to criticize or pass judgment on their efforts.

In such cases young writers, and indeed more practiced ones, cannot too carefully revise and correct themselves. To read aloud one's own productions, to thus note the often bungling sentences, to find where superfluous or ill-chosen words are used, and also detect the faulty rhythm, will help much in the work of self-criticism and revision. Prose work as well as poems should have a smooth, rhyth-

metical flow to make pleasant reading. It is said that easy writing makes the hardest reading; that is, if the writer spends little thought upon the style of his productions, the meaning quite likely is involved and the literary execution in other respects faulty.

Another good method to test one's own efforts is to compare them with the works of the best writers; not to imitate, but to better note their excellencies and our own defects of style. To read the one aloud and then the other, and thus see wherein the charm lies which fascinates so in the skilled writer, and where our own most glaring faults appear. It is also a beneficial practice to copy sentences from terse, finished authors, noting their methods in the construction of sentences, choice of words and their synonyms, as well as punctuation and minor things. All this may be discouraging, in a certain sense, to our own efforts, and yet help will come by it. For, as has truly been said, strength comes from what is above us, not below. It is related that a painter said on seeing an inferior picture, that he felt his spirits to droop lest his own prove no better; but that viewing the works of mighty artists gave him renewed strength. And it is something so in writing. When we read the productions of the best authors we cannot but feel inspired to attempt greater excellence for ourselves even though we know that our best efforts may never be worthy to touch the hem of the garment of the works of skilled masters of the pen. But when we read the immature, or slovenly, or flashy issues that do get in to the press, we then question if we are deceiving ourselves in thinking our own style less faulty than that which we condemn. It is impossible to reach our ideal, but that is no reason for not making the most possible endeavors to do so.

Time, and much practice may enable one to write hastily and yet comparatively well, but no young writer should expect to do this; while those to whom we owe most in literature are said to be always careful revisors of their own works before sending them to press.

—Among the books that perished in the destruction of the old and exceedingly valuable library at Strasburg; by the Prussian bombardment of that city, was the very oldest volume ever printed. It was written by one Tundalus der Ritter, and printed in the year 1437. There was in the library a wonderful collection of the Bibles first printed, the oldest bearing the impress of "Mentolio, 1466."

THE REVIEWER.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. The June number opens with the second and concluding paper descriptive of a trip "Up the Parana and in Paraguay." It is well written and finely illustrated. C. Grenville Murray gives a vivid and touching description of the way Henri Derbly, a sensitive French boy, became a soldier during the days of the Conscription. "The Symphony," by Sidney Lanier, is a poem far above the ordinary level of even our best magazine poetry. Wirt Sikes gives a free and very readable account of the French Blousards at their mask balls and various places of questionable resort. "Eight Hundred Miles in an Ambulance," by Laura

Winthrop Johnson, is a pleasing description of a wagon-ride across our western prairies. Robert Wilson contributes a vivid sketch of a storm at sea. Sarah B. Wister tells us how a person without art-education is apt to feel in visiting the great art-galleries of Europe. "By the Lake" is a short love story, by Ita Aniol Prokop. T. Adolphus Trollope contributes a paper on "A Scene in the Campagna." "Three Feathers," by William Black, reaches a happy conclusion. There are a few brilliant verses by Edward Kearsley; an able criticism of "Mill's Essays on Religion," by Lawrence Turnbull; some very entertaining short papers in the "Monthly Gossip," and the usual able reviews of the Literature of the Day.

THE JUNE ATLANTIC opens with a poem by Aldrich,—"Spring in New England," and closes with one by Lowell,—"Ode read at the Concord Centennial," a curious happening, for the first is a poem for Memorial Day, and thus the new and the old begin and close the number. Between these two poems there are some noticeable articles. Robert Dale Owen tells a remarkable piece of secret history under the title "Political Results from the Varioloid." President Eliot, of Harvard, has an article which will excite controversy on "Wise and Unwise Economy in Schools," and there are some narrative papers,—one on "The California Ranch," by Stephen Powers; another on the "Cruise of the Rappahannock in Calais Harbor;" and an amusing number of Mark Twain's "Old Times on the Mississippi." Henry James, Jr.'s novel, "Roderick Hudson," grows in interest. And there are shorter stories by Mrs. Launt Thompson ("Story of a Contraband"), P. Deming ("Benjamin Jacques"), and one called "Boring for Oil." Besides the two poems named above, there are others by Celia Thaxter, Mrs. Piatt, Edgar Fawcett, and Mrs. Moulton. The editorial departments of Recent Literature, Art, Music and Education are increased by one on the Drama, containing a notice by the Editor of Mr. Raymond as Colonel Sellers. Published by H. O. Houghton & Co., Boston.

We have received the following music by favor of the publishers.

From Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, Foreboding, a song, by Celia Thaxter; Absence and Return, by Franz Celt; Longing, a song, by Theodore Y. Barker; Icebrook, galop, by Sam'l H. Speak; Funeral March, (Beethoven) arranged by H. Mayloth; Old Folks at Home, quartette, arranged by H. W. Fairbank; O! Soft Sunshine, idylle for piano, H. Lichner.

From White, Smith & Co., Boston, two Hymns for Decoration Day; An Offering of Flowers to Thee We Bring, for male voices, and The Brave, Noble and True, for mixed voices.

From Lee & Walker, Philadelphia, Spelling Bee, a new humorous song and chorus, by Sep. Winner.

From F. W. Helmick, Cincinnati, Riding Gallery and The Shop.

THE SANITARIAN for June is at hand. This magazine gains steadily in interest and usefulness, and is doing a most valuable work for society. There can be nothing of more importance to the public at large than the general subjects which engage its attention, treated as they at the same time are by a signal ability and comprehension that leaves little to be desired. Sanitary and hygienic measures of all kinds are associated with the general welfare of the race, and it is to the gradual perfection of these that we are indebted for the increased longevity, and comparative exemption from disease, of modern times, so conspicuous a fact in modern history.

SCRIBNER'S for June is unusually attractive and valuable. It opens with an illustrated article on Paris life, designated "In the Latin Quarter," by Albert Rhodes. Fresh chapters of the two serials follow, "The Mysterious Island," and "The Story of Seven-Oaks;" Clarence Cook has a valuable article on House Furnishing. "Some old Letters" is concluded, and some of its facsimiles of old letters are of much interest. A. B. Johnson gives a third paper of "Recollections of Charles Sumner." G. E. Waring, Jr., continues "A Farmer's Vacation." There are also articles by Frank Vincent, Jr., T. T. Munger, and James T. McKay. The poetry is very attractive; the editor's departments full and timely. "Old and New" has now been merged into Scribner's, and its able editor, E. E. Hale engaged to write a serial for its columns for the coming year.

EVA DUNBAR.

J. H. Mc NAUGHTON.

Author of "Belle Mahone;" "Were you Fooling?" etc.

MODERATO.

Piano introduction in 4/4 time, marked MODERATO. The music features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *p* (piano), *cres.* (crescendo), and *dim.* (diminuendo).

1. The rose bloom'd sweet be - cause she lov'd it so, The winds grew calm, she
 2. O gen - tle star, in twi - light's ten - der blue, Her mate be thou—like
 3. No tear shall dim mine up - ward gaz - ing eye—Sweet Peace and Love are

Vocal melody for the first system, corresponding to the lyrics above. It is in 4/4 time and includes dynamics *p* and *dim.*

sang so soft and low; The birds were mute be - cause she sang so sweet, And dai - sies, blushing, kiss'd her fai - ry feet!
 thee so pure and true; When dark my way I'll see thy light a - far, So sweet - ly beaming—shine, oh gen - tle star!
 smil - ing from the sky; I see a - far the flow 'ry - pathway sweet Where heaven's dai - ses kiss my darling's feet!

Piano accompaniment for the first system, corresponding to the lyrics above. It includes dynamics *p* and *dim.*

CHORUS.

Soprano & Alto.

Soprano and Alto vocal parts for the chorus. The melody is in 4/4 time and includes dynamics *p*, *f*, *cres.*, and *pp*.

Gentle, loving, truest, dearest E - va Dunbar—Eva Dunbar! With trembling tongue alone I sing each song, Sweet Eva—Eva—Eva Dunbar.

Tenor.

Tenor vocal part for the chorus. The melody is in 4/4 time and includes dynamics *cres.*, *f*, and *p*.

Gentle, loving, truest, dearest E - va Dunbar—Eva Dunbar! With trembling tongue alone I sing each song, Sweet Eva—Eva—Eva Dunbar.

Bass.

Bass vocal part for the chorus. The melody is in 4/4 time and includes dynamics *p*, *cres.*, *f*, *p*, *cres.*, and *pp*.

Accomp.

Piano accompaniment for the chorus. It includes dynamics *p*, *cres.*, *f*, *p*, *cres.*, *pp*, *f*, and *pp*.



BREAD MAKING AGAIN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have read with interest many excellent articles on the subject of bread making which have appeared from time to time in your columns, but never saw anything about salt rising until Vilette's inquiry appeared in the last number. Now, I do not profess to be a witch, but nevertheless I invariably succeed in making salt rising bread and will gladly tell her my way of doing it. The only witchery used is *warmth*. Keep warm and you will certainly succeed.

The first thing to be done is to make the yeast or emptyings, (as Mrs. Jones called it,) which you already know must be done quite early in the forenoon. Take about a teacupful of warm water and a little new milk, (about one-fourth of a teacupful,) less than half a teaspoonful of sugar and about half as much salt. Stir into this as much shorts, or middlings, (the millers call it,) as will make a tolerably stiff batter. If you have no shorts, take corn meal and a very little flour. I never use soda. When the yeast is made, set in a warm place. I generally set it into a vessel of warm water, but when the days are very warm I set it in the sun, and it will rise in from three to five hours, according to warmth. This amount of yeast will make five or six good sized loaves of bread. When the yeast rises make a sponge as you would any other bread, but do not use much salt, in fact, I seldom use any at all, and set in a warm place to rise, which it will do in an hour or a little more, then make it into dough; knead it as long as you have time, the longer the better. I do not like the dough too stiff, but not so soft as to stick to my hands. Well, to be plainly understood, I will just say that after the yeast is made I proceed with the bread just as I do with any other bread only more warmth is necessary.

After the dough is made into loaves grease it well and set in a warm oven to rise. When it rises bake tolerably quick, and, take my word for it, your husband will be as profuse in his praises of your bread as he was of Mrs. Jones'. My husband who is also a great lover of salt rising bread, never fails to say a word of praise of my bread whenever an opportunity offers.

A great many people are prejudiced against this kind of bread simply because they know nothing about it. Not long since a gentleman came to see my husband on business and remained until after dinner. He ate quite heartily of the bread and remarked that it was the best bread he had eaten for a long time, and asked me how I made it. I told him. "What," said he, "this is not what you call salt rising." "It is nothing else," said I. "Well," said he, "I thought I did not like salt rising, but I believe I do."

Any one who will take the trouble to

make it, will not only find it the sweetest, whitest and most wholesome bread, but will find it much better for pudding, toast and dressing for meat than any other.

While on the subject of bread making, I wish to say to Mrs. J. K. S., of Bainbridge, Ohio, that I have tried her recipe with perfect success, and heartily recommend it to every lover of good bread.

I hope Vilette will try my way of making bread and report through THE HOUSEHOLD. KATE DAISY.

In reading the May HOUSEHOLD, I saw Vilette's letter on salt rising bread which corresponded so exactly with my experience that I thought I would answer it. I tried for many years the old fashioned way, sometimes having delicious bread, and then again not fit to eat; while a neighbor of mine always had excellent bread, no matter how careless she was of her emptyings; and I have said many a time there must be some witchery about it, and believe now that some can never succeed in making salt rising.

About four years ago a friend of mine said she had begun to use railroad yeast and found it to succeed to a charm; since that I have used it, and my husband who was brought up on the old fashioned salt rising, says he can see no difference; but I can, and prefer this. I will give the directions fully and explicitly, as I have found from sad experience, that many persons think if they can do a thing themselves it is only necessary to half give directions in order for another person to do it. Take one pint of shorts or kennell, one tablespoonful of ginger, one of sugar, one teaspoonful each of salt and soda; use the darkest shorts as I find the light does not make good yeast. Sift all together, then put two or three tablespoonfuls of this in a bowl, putting the remainder away in a glass can, covered tightly for future use. Take that which is in the bowl and pour boiling water upon it, stirring and washing the lumps as you pour, have it rather stiff, but not too much so, or when it stands a short time it will become too hard; do this early in the morning and keep in a warm place all day, towards night take a teaspoon and move it a little, if it is slightly raised or you can see some holes as you move it, it is light enough to be covered and put down cellar where it will keep a week or ten days, and so answer for two or three bakings.

Next morning take a quart bowl, which should be kept especially for emptyings, as I find they are more apt to sour if made in something that is used for various purposes; put in one-half teaspoonful of soda, if you choose, a teaspoonful of salt and pour nearly half full of hot water, cooling with cold until you can bear your finger in it without scalding, then stir in flour until thicker than batter and put in a tablespoonful of the yeast from the cellar, set your emptyings where they will keep warm and in from one to two hours they will be light and come to the top of the bowl. Have some flour in a pan, making a hole in the centre and put in more salt if you wish, pour boiling water on, scalding some of the flour and cooling with

milk or water, when cool enough not to scald your emptyings put them in, stirring well and keep warm; this will be light enough in about one hour, it will depend somewhat upon how warm it has been kept. I find that from the beginning to the end it needs to be kept warmer than hop bread.

When light, take one hand and mix well, then take on your bread board enough for one loaf, kneading as soft as you can and until it feels like putty, put in your tin and place in the tin oven to keep warm, do not let it get too light in the loaf, or it will be coarse and not so white; do not bake too long. Very nice biscuit can be made by putting in a little butter and a small quantity of dough. If these directions are followed, one need never fear having poor bread. I would like to have Vilette practice on two or three bakings and give the result in THE HOUSEHOLD, then if she needs any farther information, I will cheerfully give it. HENRIETTA.

Elyria, O.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Although comparatively a new subscriber yet I have become so deeply interested in the welfare of each sister who has spoken through its columns, and especially in that of Vilette in the May number, that I have concluded to say a few words, hoping it may not be considered an intrusion.

The thought that one member of our sisterhood should be vainly expending so much valuable nerve power over salt rising when there is a method of making healthful bread so easy that there is no waste of either nerve or flour, has so wrought upon my sympathies that I can not refrain from expostulating with her and many more who are daily wearing out both body and mind in making so simple an article of food as bread.

Vilette's experience is merely that of thousands who are daily and weekly throwing their bread into the gutter. It is a fact that good salt rising can only be made from the very choicest flour, and even then success is by no means certain, and if one has good luck it hardly compensates for the anxiety, solicitude and running to and fro attendant upon the emptyings coming.

Whether the reason that salt rising bread has not become more universal and has not reached a higher degree of excellence is due to the inability of the successful ones to explain clearly the process (like Mrs. Jones,) or their selfish desire to keep the knowledge to themselves, thereby gaining an unmerited amount of praise, remains to be proven.

No doubt it is very right and commendable to please one's husband's taste in regard to the table—for undoubtedly that is the way to a man's heart—but when that taste is a vitiated one, I should say it is equally right to correct such taste. Vilette's husband is evidently a "creature of habit," like too many of the human family; but none of us should let our habits become so strongly fixed but what with a little determination we can rid ourselves of them. Because he was raised on salt rising bread is no reason why he should persist in his habit of taste when he knows what a trial the

making of such bread is to his wife. Probably she never can learn to make that kind of bread as well as his mother, for there are few wives who can quite come up to mother in cookery, but there is a kind, and much better too, in which no doubt she can excel her.

Now let Vilette empty once again, and for the last time, her emptyings into the ditch, wash her bowl and lay it on the shelf, then go to some housewife who can make good, sweet, healthful hop yeast bread and learn of her, not only the manner of preparing the yeast and setting to rise, but the manner of kneading it, also, for very much more depends upon the proper manipulation of the dough than is generally believed. And when she has learned the method which never fails, let her place a loaf of this real bread, worthy to be called the "staff of life," before her husband; and if after eating such bread a year, he still turns to the "flesh pots of Egypt," send him back to his mother, for he is undeniably beyond redemption!

Let us hear from some of the sisters on the subject, Hop-yeast *versus* Salt Rising. MRS. E. H. DODGE.

I have been baking salt rising or, as I generally call it, milk yeast bread, to-day, and if Mr. Crowell will allow me, would like to talk with Vilette a little while about it. For the first two years of my married life I never once attempted to make it so certain was I I could not succeed, though like yours, Vilette, my husband greatly preferred it as well as myself. One day while looking over an old Prairie Farmer I found a recipe which seemed so simple I at once concluded to try it; much to my surprise the yeast rose at the appointed time light and foamy to the top of my bowl. Since then I have almost invariably made it and it has never once failed me, which is more than I can say for yeast bread.

Now for to-day's baking, which is a fair sample of every baking day. Before breakfast I put four large spoonfuls of flour, (not too heaping,) in a quart bowl with a piece of soda the size of a small pea, no salt or sugar, take boiling water, cool it until it is a little more than milk warm and stir in the flour until it is a thick batter; then I set the bowl in a stew pan with a tight-fitting cover, put in warm water to rise nearly to the top of the bowl end set it on the stove-hearth in front of a hot fire, it was then ten minutes after five; (being a farmer's wife I am of necessity an early riser.) I let it remain there, turning it often and stirring the yeast once or twice until a little after ten it commenced to rise and by ten minutes after eleven it filled the bowl almost to overflowing. I then sifted my flour, made a hole in the centre, put in about a tablespoonful of salt, and one quart of morning's milk warmed, poured in my quart of yeast, stirred it to a thin batter, sprinkled flour over the top, opened my oven doors wide, let my fire cool, and placing a board in the oven set my pan of bread sponge in to rise. It must be kept perfectly warm but not too hot.

In three-quarters of an hour it was very light and I then mixed it into loaves using just enough flour so it

will not stick to the bread board, and knead the flour evenly in the loaves. I then put my loaves, three small ones, in a small dripping pan and set it back in the oven to rise; when nearly light, which will probably be in about thirty-five minutes, I take the board from the oven, close the doors, build a good fire and in an hour's time you will, if the directions are carefully followed have bread fit for Mrs. Jones, or what is more to the purpose, your husband to eat. My bread to-day was all baked by two o'clock, sometimes the yeast will not come for eight hours, it never has failed me yet.

And now I want to ask a question of the sisters. I was so unfortunate as to have a waterproof dress skirt fall in a basin of linseed oil which had been carelessly placed under where it was hanging and I can find nothing which will remove it. I have tried turpentine, benzene, magnesia, etc., but it remains apparently immovable. What will take it out? One question more and I will not trespass on your patience longer, Mr. Crowell. I was so careless as in moving to lose the spooler of my machine, Leavitt's. I have written to Chicago and received for answer the factory was burned and I could probably find none. My machine is an excellent one as good as new and I do not like to give it up for want of a spooler. Can any of the sisters help me? And now with an excuse for my long call I make my best bow and retire. NELL.

HOW TO SAVE THE MONEY.

A married cousin who lives in an adjoining town came to make me a visit last week. Being fond of reading she was naturally pleased with my books. As she looked from one volume to another she would repeatedly exclaim, "Oh, here is a work I have wished to read," or "This is a book I have heard highly spoken of and how interesting it must be." Turning to me at last, she said very earnestly, almost enviously, "How do you manage to buy all these books, and your husband only a clerk with no larger income than mine. Your house is better than mine, and better furnished and you have three children while I have but two?" Of course I told her, and thinking about it afterwards it occurred to me that perhaps some of my sisters in THE HOUSEHOLD would like to have me tell them about it. Many of you are fond of books and would be inestimably comforted and benefited by them, but you feel you cannot afford to buy them.

To begin then I must tell you that we are paying for a home, and that two of my little girls are old enough to attend church and school. They must not only be comfortably dressed, but as we live in a large town, their clothes must be made with sufficient taste to avoid that singularity of appearance so trying to sensitive children. With these facts, and a long fall and winter before me I commenced to plan, and what mother does not plan? First among my wants was a church cloak for my oldest, the one she wore last winter being just right for the second one. My resources were very limited as I had used each succeeding year, everything I could

make available at the time. However I soon bethought me of an old broad cloth coat of her papa's which had been in service a good many years, as best, second best and then as a "hack about." It was badly worn, and worse faded, but I ripped it apart carefully and found the other side quite a good color. I then sponged it nicely in ammonia and water and pressed it upon the faded side while damp. I got a pretty pattern of a girl's double breasted coat, and after laying on my pattern to see how it would come out to the best advantage, I cut it out. I also cut a lining from some old black alpaca which was very rusty, but it looked better after sponging it with coffee.

After I had the coat fitted and made I bound it with black silk braid, sewing it on one side and hemming it down on the other to make the edge look round. I also bound the collar and cuffs in the same way. I then stitched two rows of the same braid around them all at short distances from the edge. Other little girls had jet buckles, etc., upon the back of their coats, and I thought I would make one. I cut a pretty shaped buckle from some stiff card board, covered it with black silk and then sewed on jet beads with stout silk thread until it was entirely covered. I fixed this buckle upon the back of the coat with some bows and ends of gros grain ribbon. I finished the ends of the ribbon with bead fringe which I made by stringing beads enough to cover a thread twice as long as I wanted my fringe; I then gave my thread a twist, and when I doubled it the beads were twisted with the thread. Continuing in this way across the ends, I soon had a handsome fringe. Buttons were next in order, so I covered some that were worn out, with bits of stout brillantine. I sewed on jet beads until they were covered and here I had a very nice cloak which cost nothing but a spool of silk, five pennies' worth of jet beads and a little silk braid.

After the cloak was done I washed and ironed an old skirt of mine which was too shabby for future use in that capacity, and from it cut a little gored skirt, also a ruffle for the bottom of the same, and a plain waist and coat sleeves. The year before, my Bessie had worn a gray suit—which by the way was also made of an old one of mine—trimmed with scarlet braid. The dress she had entirely worn out and the braid was sadly faded, but upon the other side it was good as new. I took this braid the bright side out and bound the ruffle and put five rows of it on the skirt above the ruffle. You would be surprised to see how pretty it was. She has worn it for months and it cost nothing.

I wanted a sack for her to wear with this dress and also one for her sister younger. I took two pairs of old pants which were made of pretty mixed goods when new. Of course I had to wash and press them. From each pair I cut a pretty shaped sack, and made up the cloth wrong side out because the wrong side was the prettiest and brightest. I cut out sailor collars, and then cut them and the bottoms of the sacks in deep scallops using the rest of my scarlet braid to bind them. I had no pieces long enough

to cut out a whole sleeve so I cut them as long as I could and finished them with deep cuffs, after binding the tops of the cuffs in scallops to match the sack and collar. Here then are two garments very warm and really tasteful, costing nothing, and saving much washing and ironing of aprons, not to mention the making and buying of material. After four months of almost constant wear they look as good as new. Perhaps one reason they keep nice so long is because I have them wear bibs at their meals.

I might continue this article indefinitely, but I am sure I have been explicit enough so you will understand how it is that the greater part of the money my husband gave me for clothing is still in my purse. I do not confine my savings to our clothing alone, but in the kitchen I take care that nothing goes to waste and use my "woman's wit" in making palatable and savory dishes from what would in many families be thrown away. When I go to the book store I buy the books I want because I regard them as necessities and feel that I have saved the money. For the encouragement of beginners let me add that I have been married nine years and I have a library consisting of one hundred and eighty-three volumes. Among my books are Picturesque America which cost \$38, Chambers' Encyclopedia which cost \$65, Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, a Family Bible and an atlas, these three books costing \$35. Fifty-three of my books are large ones costing from \$3.50 to \$5 a volume. I would also say I have all Mrs. Dorr's works and several volumes of THE HOUSEHOLD, bound. "Where there is a will there is a way," and "Nothing is denied to patient and well directed effort."

Many of you, my dear sisters, have no need of so rigid an economy. Be grateful for it and give the things you will not fix over or use, to the poor who will. If I thought it would be a benefit to any of you I might write again, and think now I will venture to send some recipes. Please think of me, one and all as your loving

SISTER JESSIE.

MR. CROWELL:—Please give me permission to say to all the mothers and guardians of girls, that I wish most earnestly they would read Dr. E. A. Clark's book, "Sex in Education," and one by Miss Anna C. Brackett, "Education of American girls." I do hope they will all read them both, but especially the latter. No one who has a girl to bring up could ever be sorry they bought Miss Brackett's book. It is full of practical information. How I wish all the stupid and worthless books printed by our Government at Washington could be metamorphosed into these two valuable works and then sent to every home where girls are being educated. Dr. Clark's book, although in opposition to Miss Brackett's views, still has many truths as "we girls of an older growth" must realize. To some of us the knowledge these books contain will come too late, but that our care and forethought may save the health and happiness of those who come after us is the sincere prayer of

SISTER JESSIE.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—In response to the criticism by S. C. in the May number, the writer of the article referred to would say, that while she admits that she may have been a little extreme in her opinions concerning "strawberries at Christmas, or peaches in mid-winter," and that she is grateful for the criticism thereupon, yet as an argument it does not seem to her so faulty as the critic appears to think it was. Corn and wheat and other grains are not fit to eat as nature gives them to us, but need the various processes of threshing, grinding, etc., before they are suitable for our use. Apples indeed, must be gathered, and potatoes exhumed from their earthly bed, but when that is done, nothing more is necessary except to take such care of them as we do of everything else in freezing weather. But peaches and strawberries and similar fruits are given to us perfectly prepared for our immediate use and they will not keep but a very short time unless entirely excluded from the air. They appear at a time when we need the acids they contain to neutralize the effects of grosser and more solid kinds of food which we need in winter to supply carbon for the system.

If we have a plentiful supply of fruits during the winter, they will not benefit us so much when they come in their season, as they would then furnish no variety, and we need a change of food as well as a change of scene occasionally. Some physicians too, speak a little doubtfully of canned fruits, especially those that are put up in tin. If we should eschew them entirely I do not think we need "live like Indians," as there are various kinds of sauce we can have without resorting to these. Cranberries are very nice when simply stewed; apples can be eaten uncooked or prepared in various tempting ways; oranges begin to be cheap and plenty in February, and these sliced and sprinkled with sugar, or with tiny flakes of cocoanut grated over them as I once ate them in New York, are very delicious and ornamental for the evening meal. It may be a trifling labor to put up a few cans of fruit, but since "trifles make the sum of human things," if the already overburdened housewife can lift even one little burden from her weary shoulders it will be a gain to her.

If one really craves canned fruit, it would seem to be economy to buy it when it can be bought at such a low price. One well-known firm of this city has been selling tomatoes for nine cents a can, and fruits proportionately low, although this is probably somewhat less than the same goods would have been sold for during the early part of the winter.

The waning days of summer are so bright and beautiful, and stay with us for so very brief a space that we can well afford to forego some pleasures of the palate for the sake of the greater pleasure which may be ours in the contemplation of nature when she puts on her beautiful garments, and woos us from kitchen and store-room, from parlor and library that we may behold her perfected loveliness. PANSY.

Boston, Mass.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have long

wanted to say how much I have been helped in trying to live within my means, independent of what others would say, by reading your columns, and if the Editor will allow me I will say a few words to all who have found help from the same cause and source, that we should ever read its pages with care. It has so many good hints to so many different classes that we need to be very careful what portion we appropriate to ourselves, in our different capacities. A great deal depends on this selection if we wish to be benefited.

If a physician were to come to our homes, and find the tired mother at the wash-tub, working from dawn till dark, and then tell her she must take exercise or she would surely die, and would enter the home of a young miss that never perhaps did an hour's work and tell her she must seek out some mode of pastime, some way to help her enjoy her life of idleness, we would not think much of that man's advice. So in reading THE HOUSEHOLD, we should be sure to each appropriate to our use that that is adapted to our need.

The city belle is admonished to seek exercise in some labor of love, to be up and doing, to lighten the burden of others, whilst the over-taxed mother and farmer's wife, has line upon line begging her to do away with useless toil, to seek rest for the body, and take food for the mind which is starving for something to feed upon, while her children are starving mentally and dwarfed intellectually for the lack of the training and care that that mother is unable to give. To such let me whisper, when you read of the latest style to trim, ruffle, border, braid and tuck, your little girl's dresses, just say that was not meant for me, for I already have too much to do; and when you see the many nice hints on fancy work, piecing numberless quilts, etc., just set it down that that item is for your idle, rich neighbor, that she may be kept from the idler's fate "tattling," and have something to leave to the poor or to her friends to show that she has lived in the world.

And when you see the numberless dainty dishes monthly set out before you, do for pity's sake set by those costly ones, and let those that have nothing else to do have the serving of those, whilst you choose such as will lighten your task and be equally as healthy, and put your time and money thus saved in books, and be sure you will be paid for your choosing.

But when you read how to be independent in your house-furnishing, how to be content with plain furniture till you are able to pay for better, how to wear calico instead of silk when you are not able, and the thousands of good things that you find every month, teaching you how to be happy as you are, be honest and when you read, say that means me and I will accept it to profit withal. If we could all do this, then might we begin to see the Reform we all feel the need of so much, and then would the mission of our paper be accomplished.

But I must wait till I see whether there is any room for this, before I say more. Till then I will subscribe myself,

AUNT SENA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will you allow me a little place in your columns to express my hearty appreciation of your contents, and also my earnest thanks to Mr. Editor for ever sending forth such a delightful paper for the mothers, sisters and daughters of our land. We join with Mrs. H. in saying "Long live our editor and THE HOUSEHOLD."

We made the acquaintance of THE HOUSEHOLD through a specimen copy in the winter of '70, and have taken it since Jan. '71. We feel now that we cannot possibly do without it. Have introduced it to a number of our friends who value its columns of monthly instructions with us.

While all the reading matter is good, we instinctively turn first to the Letters to THE HOUSEHOLD. They all interest, but we feel a particular interest in those written by the girls of our band: Jean, Claire, Ida, Rheta, Flora B., Mara, Hattie, etc., every one finds an echo or thrill of sympathy in our heart. Am glad indeed that some of them are becoming better acquainted by a private correspondence as Maud, Sunshine, Pearl, and Mabel are doing. Girls, I should be glad to hear from any or all of you, and any letters addressed to me will be promptly replied to. Mag, Mary, Jean, my vocation is the same as yours, won't you please write and let's have an exchange of thoughts on the subject?

If this should meet the eye of the Louisiana girl of Sept. 1873, will you send us your address that we may know you? We love you already, your letter drew forth such a helpful talk from our elder sister in behalf of the girls, that we feel a special interest in you. One more word, and then adieu. Dear Mrs. Dorr, we want to thank you for your talk last Nov. and also Dec. 1872, for we are the "Inquiresta" who asked your advice; and to our invalid sister Mrs. Carney, for her "Sunny Side of Authorship" in April 1874, many thanks. You are to us now as a dear friend, and we hope for your speedy restoration. Girls, I am yours expectingly, LOUISE B. RAYMOND.
Beallsville, Pa. Box 47.

Is there any room in your HOUSEHOLD Band for the bachelor fraternity? Certainly in looking over the articles of your numerous contributors I fail to see mention of them as a constituent part of THE HOUSEHOLD and the thought has struck me that possibly you regard them as aliens, without any just or reasonable claim to consideration from the rest of the family. However I hope it may be an oversight for in many of the homes of the nation where THE HOUSEHOLD is a welcome visitor there is a spare corner devoted to the old bachelor uncle who quietly drifts along the current of life apparently an uninterested spectator of household affairs, but really more concerned than even he is given credit for by the responsible heads of the household. On account of this I have been thinking that there may be a quiet corner in your domains for the bachelor to work and give his observations which at least shall be kindly if not current coin in the dominion which he invades.

Is it not a curious fact that while the home is the goal of youthful dreams and visions we have so many

men who are drifting through life without one, and sad to say, without any probability of ever realizing their early dreams? Ah! many there are who in the depths of the grave have buried their hopes with the loved ones who have gone before and who, faithful to memory look forward to a home which is awaiting them "beyond death's sullen stream," where with the love of eternal youth they shall realize what so many, alas, fail utterly in realizing here who are deemed more fortunate, because they were able to marry the object of their affections.

In my chimney corner I have much time to muse over the question whether I lost so much in losing this experience for among the things I have not nor cannot lose is the memory of her who did nothing while living to weaken the cords of affection and who ever must from precedence retain that position so essential to a true marriage. I also think that there must be something wrong in the mental or moral training of our youth that they look so lightly upon the experiences of the heart preceding marriage and am fain to inquire why cannot people retain the same affection and regard for each other after marriage that they truly entertained before.

Alas, we are all human and humanity is full of defects that will and must be apparent to everybody, but I have often wondered why we could not see them before taking the final and irrevocable step so fraught with weal or woe. "Love is blind," says the proverb, but if this be true love also is patient and long suffering, and by it all things shall be ours finally. It comes hardly in my province to speak of this but so far as my observation extends I perceive that those people who love much are forgiven much and those who let the cords of affection become weakened are the class who clamor for looser laws regulating the marriage covenant.

It is a hard question for any one to settle, whether two who have made a terrible mistake in entering this relation should continue to live therein, violating the spirit if not the letter of the covenant, and let me say to such, if any are in THE HOUSEHOLD Band, that there is no reasonable ground of hope in repairing it in this world by any attempt to abrogate the bonds. Society for its own protection is obliged to maintain them and I know of no more pitiable sight than a divorced couple whether each or only one be responsible therefor. In all such cases prevention is better than cure and I hesitate not to affirm that if parties marry without a love for each other that will bear with faults or infirmities there is no probability of happiness or peace.

It also seems to me in assuming such relations that the mothers of the girls are rather too anxious that their prospective sons-in-law shall carry a heavy purse instead of some other qualities that have been found nearly as necessary in making the bonds silver rather than brass to the wearers. While it is truly gratifying to be the possessor of wealth sufficient to be above want, yet somehow it is not always so certain to remain in the owner's hands, and where wealth has been the main incentive, marriage has been

generally a failure to the parties as far as happiness goes.

But what business have I to be rambling on after this manner? If these observations are deemed worthy of notice perhaps your HOUSEHOLD Band may hear again on some other topics from the

OLD BACHELOR.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Could there be added one more link to the beautiful chain that binds your ever bright circle in such perfect union? If so, do not shut me out for I would like to have a place around your hearth-stone. I am also a member of THE HOUSEHOLD, and confess the beautiful truths printed on its ever welcome pages have deeply impressed my heart. With you all, I too feel for sister Marah.

Sometime, with Mr. Crowell's permission I will have a nice little chat with you all, tell of a few of my sorrows, and also of the happiness that brightens my life. I will say no more at present, save a silent prayer for all of THE HOUSEHOLD Band. Very truly yours,

IRENE.

Cedar Grove, Mo.

HOW TO CLEAN A SPONGE.

Old sponges that have been employed for some time, and have become full of grease and dirt, may be again used in the place of new ones. To clean it, a solution of permanganate of potash in water is prepared of such a strength that it appears of a wine color, and into this the unserviceable sponge is immersed, and allowed to remain in the liquid for some time. When taken out and squeezed, it is next put into diluted muriatic acid of ordinary commercial quality, being immersed and kept saturated therein for some time as before. The most appropriate strength of this acid solution is about ten parts water to one part acid.

The sponge is taken out after sufficient treatment, squeezed well to free it from the acid, and then washed well in good spring water. When taken out, it will be found to be quite clean, to have again assumed its light color, and to be free from all foreign matter. Sponges treated in this way become like new. The main thing to be attended to in this plan of purifying sponge is to see that it is thoroughly saturated both by the permanganate and the acid solutions, which should be allowed ample time to soak through the mass; care must also be observed to wash the sponges thoroughly with plenty of water at the end of the operation.

HOW TO BRIGHTEN STRAW MATTING AND OIL-CLOTH.

Wash it twice during the summer with salt and water, say about a pint of salt dissolved in about a pailful of warm, soft water, drying the matting quickly with a soft cloth. The salt will prevent it from turning yellow. Far away, and from quite an opposite quarter, we hear another friendly voice begging us to say to our readers that after oil-cloths are scrubbed and dried, they should be rubbed all over with a cloth dipped in milk. "You've no idea," says our friend, "how bright-

ly the colors come out. Husband says it's the albumen in the milk, but I think it's the very thin film of grease deposited. Meantime our oil-cloths shine the whole year round."

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

MR. CROWELL.—Dear Sir:—In the recipe for baking apples which you gave last month I neglected to say they should be covered while baking. If sweet apples or pears are used they need no sugar. When done pour over them the water in which they have been baked. They are very fine.

LADIES' FINGERS.—A Constant Reader wishes to know how to make ladies' fingers. I send her my way. One-half pound of powdered sugar, one-fourth pound of flour, four eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately and very stiff. Drop upon buttered writing paper in long narrow cakes, and bake in a quick oven until a light brown; do not put them too near together. It is best to try one first and if it runs, beat awhile very hard and add a very little more flour.

KISSES.—Beat the whites of four eggs, adding four cups of powdered sugar, little by little; season with lemon. Dip writing paper in ice water and drop on the mixture. Do not get them too near together. Try one first and if too thin beat in more sugar. Bake quick to a light brown.

Anna A. S. in the February number asks a recipe for apple dumpling such as our grandmothers used to make. I send one which was used fifty years ago and is excellent.

APPLE DUMPLING.—Fill a large pudding dish with tart apples, pared and sliced. Sweeten very sweet with brown sugar or maple molasses, add one-half cup of water if you use sugar and sprinkle over it a good pinch of salt. Take some of your risen bread sponge and work into it some lard or butter, roll thin and cover your apples. Bake a long time very slowly and when done break the crust into the apples. Eat hot or cold as preferred. I often put in a little lemon or nutmeg, but in "ye olden time" spices were oftener omitted than now.

ANOTHER WAY.—I send a modern recipe for apple dumpling which I think superior to all others. Make a crust as follows: One quart of sifted flour, to which add two rounding teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, work in two heaping tablespoonfuls of lard or butter; dissolve one teaspoonful of soda and a pinch of salt in a cup of milk or water and add to the flour. Put in enough milk or water to make it rather moist. Cut off a small piece of this dough and roll it out; lay a tart apple which has been pared and the core dug out, upon it. Put a bit of salt in each apple. Bring the edges of the crust together and pinch them so they will stay together, then lay it in a buttered baking tin the joined edges down and proceed in this way until your crust is all used. Bake in a moderate oven from one-half to three-quarters of an hour. Eat with maple syrup or a sweet sauce. If you prefer you can fill the holes where the cores came out with sugar, a bit of lemon or nutmeg and eat without sauce. If you wish them very nice brush them over when done with a well beaten egg and set in a hot oven three minutes. Sift over them powdered sugar and eat with a rich sweet sauce.

RHUBARB JELLY.—I send a recipe for rhubarb jelly. It is superior to apple jelly and many people have more rhubarb than they can use. Prepare the rhubarb as for pies; put it in a tin dish with just water enough to cover it, boil gently until tender; strain but do not squeeze it. For a pint of this juice use a pint of sugar; bring to a boil, season with lemon and if you wish color it with currant or raspberry juice. Let it boil but a moment.

Some one asks a recipe for

SWEET PICKLES.—Seven large, or nine small seed cucumbers; pare them and scrape out the insides; just cover them with water to which has been added a tablespoonful of salt and soak over night. In the morning take two quarts of vinegar and one pound of white sugar, or if wished very rich use two pounds of sugar. Put in a tablespoonful or more if desired, of cloves and cinnamon and a good pinch of cayenne pepper. If ground spices are used tie them up in a piece

of old muslin. Then put in the pieces of cucumber and boil until tender; don't get them too soft as they soften by keeping. Put them in a jar and pour the spiced vinegar over them. They will keep a year if you leave them in the jar and are the finest I ever tasted.

N. H. wishes a recipe for
CUCUMBER PICKLES.—Pick them when small and pack down in coarse salt. When you wish for pickles take these from the salt and pour boiling water over them; be sure and use boiling water as it softens the skins and makes them tender and more digestible. I think it the great secret of success; and be sure and change the water soon after it is cold for more boiling water; do this repeatedly until sufficiently fresh. Drain them thoroughly from the water and pour over them sharp vinegar, scalding hot to which has been added a small piece of alum to make them brittle, and some cayenne pepper.

I send to N. H. an excellent recipe for
GREEN TOMATO PICKLES.—Slice your tomatoes thin and over a layer of tomatoes sprinkle a small handful of salt, coarse salt is best; let it stand over night; in the morning put a layer of tomatoes in your porcelain kettle. Over them strew a little whole allspice, cloves, cinnamon and white mustard, also a little ground black pepper. Here add a thin layer of sliced onions, three more tomatoes, allspice, etc., until your kettle is full. Use twice as much tomato as onion. Cover with sharp cider vinegar and boil until tender.

She also wishes a recipe for
PICCALILLY.—Six quarts of small green tomatoes, two quarts of onions and two quarts of small green peppers. Chop all separately and fine, mix together in a pan and add two teaspoonfuls of salt; let it stand over night, strain through a sieve and throw the juice away as it is bitter; add whole allspice, cloves, cinnamon and white mustard, using but little of each. Some prefer the ground spices tied in an old piece of muslin, and I prefer them. Stew in sharp cider vinegar until tender, being careful not to cook them much or let them burn on; they will soften with age. Dissolve a small piece of alum in the vinegar to make them brittle.

HULL CORN.—Last fall I had a quantity of sweet corn left from the garden; I had no use for it and thought I would try and hull some of it. It was so nice that I have used it all and this is the way I hulled it. Soak over night in warm water; in the morning put it in an iron kettle with water enough to cover it. To each quart of corn I put in a rounding tablespoonful of soda; boil until the hulls come off readily, then wash in several clear waters and after it is thoroughly washed put it on to boil again in clear water. Boil until tender and then salt it and let it boil a little longer. Turn into a sieve and drain thoroughly. Eat hot or cold in milk.

Please let me add a few words to my recipe given last month for economical griddle cakes. I keep a small jar into which I turn all the bread crumbs, either brown, white, or graham, all bits of rice or oat meal, graham or Indian pudding, dry doughnuts or cake which will not be eaten, and the scraping of the moulding board. To these I add all the little messes of milk, either sweet or sour; if I don't have milk enough, I put in more that is sour, enough to make it all very moist. At night I take out two cups of it and stir into them wheat flour until it is just as stiff as I can stir it and set in a warm place. In the morning, I thin with water and just as my griddle is piping hot and ready for them I dissolve a small teaspoonful of soda to every three cups of this mixture and stir it in. Bake quick, and I am sure nicer cakes were never eaten. If this is not soda enough you can soon tell by frying one; if it smells or tastes sour it is easy enough to add a little more soda; but it would be difficult indeed to take out any if too much had been used. Perhaps I had better add that if bread, cake, or doughnuts are used they should be soaked soft in warm water before putting them in the jar. There are many ways to use dry bread and cake; many people however, dislike bread puddings, etc., and in that case they can be used as above directed.

Hoping I have succeeded in making these recipes so plain as to insure successful results to one and all, I remain most truly yours,
SISTER JESSIE.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

I would like to ask L. A. L. if oatmeal has a tendency to take off tan, yellow and freckles, as well as "pimples." Please answer through THE HOUSEHOLD.
M. J. MAC.

MR. CROWELL.—Will some of your readers please send a recipe for strawberry shortcake? Also, one for coconut pie? and oblige,
A READER.

Fall River, Mass.

DEAR SIR.—Will some of your contributors please give a recipe for raspberry vinegar, and currant shrub?
M. E. O.

Ballston, Spa, N. Y.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD.—Will some reader of THE HOUSEHOLD please send me a recipe for making gold colored ink? and oblige,
D. H.

San Jose, Cal.

Will some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD please tell me how to remove iron rust from clothing? Also how to make good jelly cake? and oblige,
MOLLY H.

Will some of the correspondents for THE HOUSEHOLD give me some recipes for preparing oatmeal for the table? By so doing, they will oblige,
B.

Meriden, Conn.

Will Robert give a new subscriber directions for making the "poverty harp" mentioned in his letter in the March number of THE HOUSEHOLD?
E. S.

Will some one be kind enough to give directions for making lambrequins for windows, what material to use, etc., and also what will remove sweet apple stains from children's clothes, and oblige,
IRMA.

EDITOR OF HOUSEHOLD.—In reply to enquiry of M. C. asking information for making hard soap, I will give you my method with which I have been very successful. The recipe is as follows:

One pound concentrated lye, five pounds clean grease, twelve quarts of cold or hot water, boil until thick; dissolve in a separate vessel one pound sal soda in two quarts of hot water, and pour into the soap after the soap is boiled to the required consistency, then strain the whole through a wire sieve, into a wash tub and let it set for one day; then it will be hard enough to cut into bars, and put away till dry. The lye can be purchased in one pound cans or balls, for twenty-five cents.
MRS. W. F. M.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD.—Can any of the Band tell me how to make Boston crackers? I would say to E. M. A. that Monroe Taylor's cream yeast is the best that I know of for puddings, cake, etc.; it takes less shortening than soda, cream of tartar, etc.

I join with Phoebe W., in wishing to know how to make cream cakes.

I thank Fanny M. Steele for her remarks on "Dress Reform." They have been a blessing to me. I should like to know the price of the patterns for summer, and would like to correspond with her on the subject.
MARY.

MR. CROWELL.—I would like to ask if any one can tell me how to keep moths from a woolen carpet, in a sleeping chamber that is not used very often, so that I need not be obliged to shake it oftener than required to shake the dust, and they will greatly oblige
MARY.

Sherborne, Mass.

Will some of the sisters through THE HOUSEHOLD please answer these two questions? Should your friends just married, when they do not invite you to their wedding, visit you first, or you them? Also, if a lady wishes to correspond with a gentleman, is it as proper for her to write first, as for the gentleman?
SUBSCRIBER.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD.—Will some reader tell a young housekeeper how to cook parsnips? also how to keep a cupboard sweet that is in a damp cellar?

Also, how and what color to color a lavender alpaca dress that has faded? and what will remove coffee stains from damask tablecloths?

I am much interested in THE HOUSEHOLD

Band, and would like to gain a little help now and then from some of the sisters. The help I have received from it has more than paid me its cost.
CORA.

DEAR SIR.—I would like to ask through THE HOUSEHOLD what will stop hair from falling. Also, will some of the sisters will give me some of their cake recipes, they will oblige,
A. P. H.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD.—If Mrs. Anelle A. P. will spread her skirt on the grass, for a few days when the apple trees are in blossom, she will find the stains will disappear.

I am waiting to hear how Maggie makes worsted flowers, also should like to have G. A. H. tell me how to make hair flowers. I can give some good cake recipes if any one would like.
FANNY FERN.

DEAR SIR.—Having, through the kindness of a friend, been the happy recipient of your valuable paper for three or four years, and often been anxious to send some recipes, and more especially to ask for information, and for the latter purpose I would devote this my first letter, particularly with regard to gardening. Will any of your numerous correspondents tell me how old the wax-plant requires to be when it blooms? I have a fine one nearly three years old which has never blossomed. Also, can THE HOUSEHOLD give me any instruction about making "green-sward" terrace? When our garden was laid out, we kept a gardener, but owing to financial difficulties, I require to take care of it myself, and wished to add another terrace if I only knew how to commence, and would be so thankful to the many intelligent and agreeable subscribers to THE HOUSEHOLD for information.

Hoping you will excuse my trespassing on your valuable time and space, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

AMATEUR GARDENER.

Philipsburg, Prov. Quebec.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD.—"M. C." asks in the May number how to harden the soap made by the recipe in the December number, also how to prevent it from being lumpy after adding the cold water. If she will boil the soap in a little more water, so as to make the solution thinner, before adding the cold water, and then will stir the cold water well into the solution, the product will not be spongy or lumpy, unless there are some lumps of the soap left unmelted. She should use no salt, the soap will harden with time, although soft soap is just as good as hard. If she prefers it harder, she has only to lessen the amount of cold water she adds to the solution.

AUNT MATILDA.

MR. CROWELL.—Dear Sir:—I wish to add my testimony with many others in favor of your interesting and valuable paper which is so well adapted to the needs of house-keepers. I have found many useful recipes therein, and I can hardly tell you how much I enjoy Mrs. Dor's good words, so helpful and true. I wish to say to Mrs. J. K. S. that I have followed her directions in regard to making bread, and she will not need to be told that it was very nice, quite superior to any I have made heretofore.

I was greatly interested in Dr. Hanaford's article on "Nervousness," and I wish he would be so kind as to give us a remedy for it. I have been a sufferer from nervous prostration for five years, and though I am much better now and able to do most of my housework, (though it is very light) I still suffer much at times from nervousness and nervous headache. I recently saw a remedy for the latter: Turpentine in doses of twenty or thirty minims given at intervals of an hour or two. I would very much like to know if this is a safe remedy.

I would like to send my recipe for cooking codfish, which I believe is superior to any I have ever seen. Take the thickest part, soak for two days in sweet skimmed milk, changing it twice, dip in flour, and fry quite brown. Then heat one teacupful of thick sweet cream scalding hot, do not let it boil; pour this over the fish, and my word for it, you will have codfish hereafter, if you never did before; at least that was my experience.

Corned beef and salt pork are much improved by soaking (a few hours before cooking) in the milk. If slightly tainted, they will be rendered perfectly sweet.

MRS. CARRIE V.



RAIN IN THE HEART.

If this were all—oh, if this were all,
That into each life some rain must fall,
There were fainter sobs in the poets rhyme,
There were fewer wrecks on the shores of time.

But tempests of woe pass over the soul,
Since winds of anguish we cannot control,
And shock after shock we are called on to bear,
Till the lips are white with the heart's despair!

The shores of time with wrecks are strewn,
Into the ear comes ever a moan—
Wrecks of hopes that set sail with glee,
Wrecks of love sinking silently.

Many are hidden from the human eye,
Only God knoweth how deep they lie;
Only God heard when arose the cry,
"Help me to bear, oh help me to bear."

"Into each life some rain must fall,"
If this were all—oh, if this were all:
Yet there's a refuge from storm and blast,
Gloria Patri—we'll reach it at last.

Be strong, be strong, to my heart I cry,
The pearl in the wounded heart doth lie;
Days of sunshine are given to all,
Tho' "into each life some rain must fall."

TRUE RICHES.

BY ALICE W. QUIMBY.

"DEAR!" sighed Georgie White as he threw an armful of wood into his mother's wood-box.

Then settling himself upon a great rug beside the stove, for it was a chilly day in autumn, he folded his arms in a very disconsolate way and sighed again:

"O dear! I wish I was rich."

His mother looked up from the warm jacket she was making and smiled pityingly when she saw how dissatisfied and unhappy her little boy looked; but she only asked quietly,

"And why do you wish that, my son?"

"Because then I shouldn't have to work any more than I chose, and could have everything I wanted," he replied in the same dissatisfied tone.

"Do you think you would be any better off then, Georgie?" queried his mother again.

"Why, yes, I suppose so," he answered in surprise, and a puzzled expression came over his face, for he thought his mother had asked him a very strange question.

"I think I have heard of wealthy people who, with all their money, were always miserable," Mrs. White went on, resuming her sewing; "and perhaps you would be no more fortunate than they."

"Yes, I know there are such people," admitted Georgie, a little crestfallen; "but I wouldn't be mean and miserly. There are a great many rich folks that are good and happy, and of course I should be like them. Now there is Neddie Stearns; his father is a rich man and Neddie is the best boy in town, just as generous and kind-hearted as he can be. O, Ned is a jolly fellow. I wish I had as much money as he has."

"But after all, you don't love Neddie any better than you do Willie Hunt, though Willie is only the son of a poor widow; and you would not

think any more of him if he were ever so rich."

"Dear Willie," added Georgie, warmly, "nothing could make him any better than he is now. I don't believe he wants to be rich, either."

"Henry Harvey's father is the richest man in all the region"—Mrs. White went on.

"Don't say anything about Henry," interrupted Georgie, impatiently; "he is so hateful we boys can't any of us bear him. He acts as if he thought he was lord of all creation, and is provoked because we won't always do as he wants us to, just because his father happens to have a lot of money."

"Perhaps his money does not make him happy," suggested Georgie's mother.

"I should think not from the miserable, sour face he wears;" then after a little pause he added thoughtfully, "but the fault is in him, I dare say."

"Yes, Georgie, you have hit it exactly now, the fault is in him. If Henry Harvey is unhappy and Neddie Stearns is happy, the difference is not in their father's purses, but in their own hearts. And does not this reflection teach you something, my son? Do you not see that it is neither gold nor silver that makes glad hearts and pleasant lives? Don't you see it is not those who possess what the world calls wealth who enjoy themselves best, while it is often they who are poorest in everything that belongs to this world that are really richest and happiest?"

Georgie White sat gazing intently into the fire for a long time, thinking of what they had been talking.

"But I get so tired of my chores," he said aloud at length, with a heavy sigh; "and if I only had a new ax, sharp and bright, I am sure I could cut up the wood a great deal easier."

"Ah, Georgie, my boy," replied his mother, "I suspect it is not this so much which you need to make your task seem lighter, after all. You remind me of a story which my mother used to tell me when I was a merry little girl, about as old as you are now, always ready for play, but not as fond of work as I ought to have been, I fear."

Georgie drew nearer at mention of a story, and, still plying her bright needle swiftly, his mother went on.

"Many and many a year ago there lived a little boy whose name was Ruby. He was an active, wide-awake little fellow, the joy and pride of his parent's hearts, as well as the delight of all his friends. Now Ruby's father was a poor wood-cutter, obliged to labor hard to obtain bread for the hungry mouths of his half-dozen children, and the family were often forced to do without even the most common necessities of life.

Ruby was the oldest of the six children, and the burdens that fell upon his shoulders were very many and very heavy for a child so young; but he was strong and active, with an abundance of courage and resolution, and a heart so full of love that he was happy and cheerful from morning till night, making music and sunshine in his forest-home.

But one long cold winter when the snows lay deep all through the wood, and the times were very hard, little

Ruby grew sad and dispirited, and so miserable did he become that even the bright, glad spring-time could not enliven his heavy heart, even the awakening of the beautiful life all about him found no sympathy in his troubled soul. He went to his duties with a lagging step and an unwilling hand, complaining of his hard, work-a-day life, murmuring at the fate which had doomed him to so many privations and so much hardship.

Everything went wrong with Ruby, then, for he was always in an unhappy, uncomfortable mood. One afternoon in summer he was gathering sticks, deep in the tangled wildwood when he suddenly found himself on the banks of a sparkling stream that came tumbling and foaming down from the mountain side. He threw down his sticks impatiently, and bending over it, gazed wistfully into its clear, shining waters, longing in his heart to be as free and merry as the little dashing brook. Then stretching himself out close beside it, he watched the silvery foam as it lapped the worn rocks in its course and threw itself playfully up against its ragged banks, rushing and tumbling about in its glad, unchecked activity.

Its rippling, splashing melody was sweet in his ears, for it seemed to him the song of a free and joyous life, and listening to it eagerly, it was as soothing balm to his weary soul. Dimmer and dimmer grew the stern realities of his lot, sweeter and sweeter became the gushing music, till by-and-by a beautiful presence stood before him, wrapped in a flowing mantle that sparkled like the bright waters.

A silvery, rippling voice, low and soothing as the murmur of a far-off mountain stream, fell on his enraptured ear, speaking to him tender and loving words.

"My poor little boy," it went on softly, "I have been watching you through all the weary hours of these summer days, and my heart has ached when I have seen how many difficult tasks you were required to perform, and how much was denied you for which you were hungering. It is a pitiful thing to see a rich young life embittered and wasted so, and this is why I have come to you to-day with this sweet gift, a more precious treasure than you in your wretchedness have even thought to covet." Saying which she slipped about his neck a beautiful charm, and as it rested upon his heart, Ruby felt a peace and happiness which he had not known for many weeks.

"I do not remove any of the burdens from your shoulders," his vision went on, "but this which I have given you will make them a thousandfold lighter by nerving your arm and strengthening your will. It is the magic key that will unlock the storehouse of all the joys which earth can afford, and as long as you wear it your heart will never be heavy, nor will your lot seem hard.

But mind what I tell you, my boy, this invisible charm will be lost the moment you cease to prize it, for the wonderful spell will only last as long as you try to perform each duty readily and cheerfully, seeking in every possible way to lighten the cares and labors of others, for the love you bear

them. Living thus, what you have been accustomed to look upon as hardships will be transformed by the charm you wear into treasures of joy and gladness, and every hour will yield you an abundance of satisfaction. But this magical talisman always refuses to bear company with a murmuring, indolent spirit; so if you would keep it and be happy, you must accept your lot thankfully and cheerfully, rejoicing that God has given you the ability to fill these days with useful, loving deeds."

The figure vanished just as Ruby was about to speak, and gazing eagerly all around him he saw nothing but the same old trees and bushes, the same stream dancing along in the sunlight.

At first he began to feel dissatisfied and unhappy, as before; then suddenly the words to which he had just been listening fell again upon his ear, and involuntarily he raised his hand to grasp the charm which the fairy vision had thrown about him. It was a sad disappointment when he clutched only the empty air, and he uttered a little wail of sorrow. Then he remembered his guest had said something about an 'invisible key,' and it all seemed to him so real that he more than half believed it was a genuine adventure.

"Yes, I will try to accept my lot thankfully and cheerfully," he repeated to himself, smothering a sigh; then springing up with alacrity he gathered together his sticks, flinging one into the water as he stepped back and laughed gayly to see how it was thrown up and tossed along by the eddying current.

His parents looked with joy and surprise upon his bright face when he bounded into their humble cabin an hour later; and from this time Ruby was his old, glad self again, for his tasks no longer seemed to him difficult or irksome, nor did he find in his life anything over which he felt disposed to lament or complain. And it was thus the magic key opened to him rich treasures of peace and joy.

When Ruby grew older and thought of this event in his boyhood days, he was wont to say: "It was a blessed dream, inasmuch as it taught me the lesson which is making my life happy and excellent."

There is just such a key for us each, which our heavenly Father will help us to find if we pray for his blessing; and possessing this we never can be poor, for it will open to us far greater riches than gold or diamonds or any earthly treasures, unlocking the storehouse of the real wealth which always gives peace and happiness to those who find it."

Georgie looked very thoughtful as his mother finished speaking, and after a few moment's pause, he said:

"O, mother, I know what it is now. You mean the willing hands and happy hearts which God gives to those who want to do right and are seeking to serve and please him always. I will go straight back to the wood-pile and see if it looks as formidable as it did an hour ago. Perhaps I shall find a new ax there, or one as good as new."

Mrs. White looked tenderly after her little boy as he bounded lightly away, and when she heard the swift

blows of his ax and caught the sound of his merry voice she smiled to think he had already found the key to those treasures that would make him truly rich, praying earnestly that he might never lose it in the pursuit of earth's dazzling phantoms.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Number Fifty-six.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

We talked at our last meeting of my friend Marie's letter, and of themes suggested by it. I took the ground that no young mother, unless compelled by sheer necessity, ought to attempt to do the entire work of her household.

But it is necessary to economize? Incomes are fixed facts, and yours is not a large one—and there are so many things you want for the house and yourself and the baby!

Yes—I know it, dear. But then economy, to be of any possible use, must be judiciously applied; and what you ought to be economical of just now, is your own health and strength. If you squander that, you lose what money cannot restore, and what you will vainly regret all the rest of your life. To know where to save, and where to spend, is a lesson that needs to be learned thoroughly, if one would make the most of one's self and one's opportunities.

Did you ever happen to know a woman who could not afford to have a servant, but who could afford to buy every new furbelow that happened to be in fashion? I have, if you have not; women who would make slaves of themselves every Monday for a whole long summer, and then put the money that would have hired a washer-woman, and given them ease and comfort, into some article of dress that they would not wear half a dozen times during the whole year. Is that good economy?

But, says some one, you speak of a washer-woman. Why is it any harder for one woman to stand over a washtub than it is for another? Why should I, to save my strength, ask some other woman to do hard work?

Well, I hope the day will come when no woman will need to do it; when the dirt of the world will be gotten rid of without any wear and tear of woman's muscles. But, meanwhile, the washer-woman wants "a job," and needs the money you pay her for doing it; and you, especially if you are nursing a little babe, need to be quiet and to take care of yourself.

Very many young women who are living on small incomes, and in small houses, shrink from having a "girl," because she seems to be in the way, and to interfere, in a greater or less degree, with the privacy of their domestic life. There is a great deal in this, too. Home should be very sacred to young folks, as well as old folks. It is a temple into whose sanctuary not too many should have the right to intrude. I think it quite probable that some feeling of this sort combined with other causes to make Marie overwork herself.

Now this objection may be met and overcome, in a great degree, by

the hiring of days' works. If Marie chose not to keep a girl, how greatly she could have lightened her load by getting some good, strong woman to help her two or three days in the week! This is often the very pleasantest form of service, both for employer and employe; there being, paradoxical as it may sound, less of care and responsibility on either side.

But the most foolish of all objections is this, and you have all heard it many times over—"I know I have altogether too much to do, I go beyond my strength every day of my life. But I'm so particular! I can't bear to have a hired girl round—they're all so careless; and I never can find any one who will do my work as I do it myself!"

No—you never will. That point settles itself. But "So-o-o Particular" is a very hard mistress; and if you submit yourself to her sway you will be the veriest slave in the universe. It is the poorest possible excuse for overwork of any sort that appertains to housekeeping, that you cannot find any one who will do it as well as you do it yourself. It is enough to put a sensible person out of patience, to see a feeble, pale-faced, jaded woman toiling away from morning till night over washtub, and ironing-board, and grid-iron, losing all the brightness out of her own life, and draining the strength she needs for her children, because, forsooth, she is "so particular" that she cannot find a girl to suit her!

Speaking of our grandmothers last month, I said that the whole structure of society had altered. Demands are made upon the women of this day and generation which were never made before. Of course I mean as a rule. There have been exceptions in all ages, and in every land. But the standard of intellectual culture among the masses grows higher and higher, year by year. It crops out everywhere, and in the most unexpected ways. A young Irish servant-girl who was helping me clean my library last spring, amazed me by her comments upon the books we were arranging. Taking up an edition of Ruskin, she said: "Mr. Ruskin—I've heard about him. He did not write novels—did he, ma'am? He wrote about pictures, and all such things." Handing me a volume of Poe, she spoke of the strangeness of his verse; and so on, of many others of whom it would have been fair to presume she knew nothing. I do not know where the girl learned this; she had not been to our high schools, nor to our district schools, except when very young. It was in the air, I suppose, and she breathed it in. But this shows how the little leaven is leavening the whole lump. Schools and textbooks are growing better; a broader and more liberal culture is being engrafted upon the "courses of study" familiar to our fathers, and even to ourselves; the press is becoming day by day a greater power, and a greater educator; and science is every year extending its researches into "fresh fields and pastures new."

We had a little talk, if I remember rightly, about the close connection between the physical life of the mother and her babe, and tried to show how vastly important it was that the fountain from which the child draws its

nutriment should be pure and healthful.

But there is another view of the matter which cannot be ignored. How is it about mental and spiritual life? How is the young mother of the present day to do the duty the day demands of her, if she starves herself intellectually? Just as when her child was a babe it drew from her breast the source of its physical life and growth, just so when it grows older will it turn to her for mental and spiritual food. What is she going to do about it? How will she meet the demand, if she allows either work, or so-called pleasure, to so engross her that she has no time to attend to the growth of her own intellect, her own soul? For the stream cannot rise higher than its fountain. Neither can she give what she does not herself possess.

Take Marie's case, for instance: Her housework, her sewing and the daily and hourly care of her baby, crowd everything else out of her life. I do not say that it is her fault. Circumstances are often too much for us, too strong for us, and I fancy they are for her. I am only sorry for her. She has little time for reading—for when the dishes are washed, and the baby is asleep for the evening, there is the little stitch of mending that never fails to put in an appearance, even in the best regulated families. If, when that is done, she takes up a book or a paper, she brings to it only a tired brain, and an interest over-shadowed by fatigue. Her piano stands unopened, sometimes, for days together, and her unused pen grows rusty.

Now, if this state of things goes on, is she going to be able to do her full duty by her child? Will she grow with its growth, and, always keeping a little in advance of it, be able to lead it into green pastures and beside still waters?

For we are all creatures of habit, friends. The woman who, in the early days of her married life, lowers the standard she had set up for herself in her girlhood, will find it very difficult to raise it again. If she loses the habit of reading, if she loses her quick, bright interest in whatever is going on in the world of science and literature and art, in the philanthropic and educational movements of the day, and in all the wide circles of human thought and human life, she is not likely to find it again. But some day she will wake up to find her own children far in advance of her, and her influence over them waning rapidly. I do not mean, in the least, that she needs to keep pace with them in their studies, though even to do that is a good thing for both. She need not begin studying Greek verbs because her boys are "fitting for college." I refer simply to the general tone and habit of her life—to the atmosphere which surrounds her, and which she finds congenial. I refer to the *habit of growth*, without which a man or a woman will degenerate, just as surely as the tree degenerates when it ceases to grow. It may live a long time—but mere life is something quite distinct from healthy growth.

Something is surely wrong in the plan of that life from which intellectual and spiritual culture is crowded

out. The man who comes in from his office, his store, his farm, night after night, to find his house in nice order, an inviting supper waiting for him, his children clean and well-clothed, but his wife so tired that she would go straight to bed if she could—Alas! she cannot, because as I said, there is her work-basket full to overflowing—may make up his mind that there is a mistake somewhere. I am making no plea for idleness, no plea for mere pleasure-seeking. Every wife, high or low, rich or poor, in palace or in cottage, should strive to be a "helpmeet" to her husband. But being a helpmeet does not mean being a mere drudge. It does not mean working like a galley-slave for one's board and clothing—poor clothing, too, very often. It does not mean the sacrifice of all a woman's tastes, and the loss of all her bloom and freshness. And more than all, it does not mean a rude awakening from all the happy dreams that were hers when she placed her hand in that of the man she loved, and went out into the world with him. Some husbands and wives are so busy that they have no time to love each other, no time for the interchange of the small, sweet courtesies, without which wedded life is like the salt that has lost its savor.

After all, I doubt if anything so rests a woman as a little praise, a word of appreciation and sympathy, the consciousness that her husband loves and honors her. Yet in how many homes is this wanting!

Think of it—husbands of our HOUSEHOLD. Are any of you making mistakes that one day it will be too late to rectify?

PAPERS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Number Twenty-two.

IS IT ALL A WILDERNESS?

In the March number of THE HOUSEHOLD, Mrs. Dorr has touched upon a subject, which, in another phase, we have more than once been inclined to venture upon in these columns, but have forbore lest our cogitations might seem too sermonish for our HOUSEHOLD circle. And yet, why should not all matters of a family nature find place here, and life be shown as it is, in its workings upon the human heart rather than as it is represented in the hymn books or any other human books if a false idea or false philosophy is thus maintained? And to the young especially, is it not wise that life should be clothed in a cheerful aspect and that the easily affected imagination and plastic nature should dwell rather on the brighter than the darker sides of life?

In my young girlhood I was a frequent attendant of neighborhood social prayer meetings where families of different denominations met as one body for prayer and praise. I recall many inspiring, beautiful hymns which were sung, and many bright words of christian cheer which were uttered, and others doleful in the extreme. There was one hymn which I remember almost always was sung in which occur the lines,

"This world 's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home."

while the good brother who struck the

tune and commenced the words was one of the happiest of christians as it then seemed to me, that could exist. When he sang the line

"This world is not my home,"

he would look upward as though he were already passing, a saint into glory, and doubtless in spirit this was the case.

But supposing this world is not our final home, is it not our home while God sees it best for us to remain here? And should we not as far as possible enjoy our earthly home, and instead of dolefully calling it a "wilderness of woe," praise Him who has given us so much that is good and so beautiful a dwelling place here below? And though it is true that there are wildernesses of woe here here, and in almost every life Gethsemanes, when the soul is exceedingly sorrowful even unto death, yet for this shall we call it all a wilderness and a place of gloom?

The object of such dismal hymns, and of the sentiment so often expressed of the weak, vain things of this world, seems to be to make more attractive and glorious the heavenly world, where all is rest and peace. But is not this view, whether from hymn book, or the pulpit, or the press, a false one upon which to work? And is it not also a libel on the Creator of the world and all things in it?

In the first chapter of an old, old book we are told that during the creation God called the dry land earth "and saw that it was good." Then as the work progressed, the great Architect of all things paused again, and again, and again, surveying the labor of his hand, and each time, as at first, pronouncing it "good;" till at last when all is complete, "He beheld that it was *very* good."

And if He pronounced it good, shall his creatures affirm that it is evil? To be sure, there is evil in the world and so are there dense wildernesses. It is not now an Eden of purity or of perfect bliss, yet is it not after all the same beautiful world, and adapted to the wants of humankind, as when the creative hand

"Bade it come forth
And strewed with stars the heavens, as thick as
leaves?"

In the midst of wilderness may there not spring up blossoms of the most surpassing beauty, and issue sounds of the sweetest melody? And from Gethsemanes, whose shade we would not enter, may there not come some of life's grandest lessons, and be enacted conquests, the victory of which may overcome the world?

It is something of this same philosophy which is often offered to those who mourn, especially such as grieve for those early called away. Poet and romancer touch upon the theme and sing that it is better for the tender bud to be taken before the worm blights or the mildew touches its pristine beauty. And so it is better if God so will. It is a sweet thing to say tenderly: "It is well with the child," and even to take comfort from the thought that it is safe from harm. But is that Christian resignation, or is it not rather the consolation that is often dwelt upon in place of the truer peace which springs from the thought that He who hath taken away doeth all things well?

A mother who had lost one after another of her first-born, said: "It was hard then to give them up, but they are better off than those left." Though those left were bright, happy young people, who seemed to enjoy life, as well as give much joy to their parents. Yet it was better for those who were taken, because such was God's will; He knew best. But was the mother's reasoning such as comes from acquiescence to that will; or was it the more selfish voice of human love seeking utterance?

In my own earlier life, a precious flower which I had cherished with the tenderest of sister-love, faded and passed from my sight. Well-meaning friends, who kindly sought to comfort my aching heart, would tell me that it was better that she was early taken from the toils and trials of earth, than to live on, to learn that to live, is to suffer.

Would it be better, I asked, if all life should be cut off in its springtime; better that all the tender buds be broken, or the flowerets be blighted, without maturing to after beauty and fruitfulness? It may seem more poetical to take this view, but is it a healthful, truthful philosophy? Is it not the voice of nature, rather than of God; is it not a pagan, rather than Christian philosophy? Do not misunderstand me in this; do not think I would not that the human heart should find comfort in the thought of the pure young soul taken into the realm of bliss. God means this to console the heart, but He does not mean it to take the place of His wisdom, in permitting life, as well as death.

For who can tell what grander possibilities, and more exalted heights the living child may attain, than the one cut off in infancy or youth? Who can tell the worth that the living one may be to the world, or the blessed benediction which its prolonged existence may become to others? It may be that the very trials from which we would have them exempted, shall be the discipline which is to expand and enrich the soul, and better fit it for its better home. If we allow ourselves to look upon the world as a wilderness or a desert, quite likely it will become so to us. But if we look upon it as our home while here, and seek to find it as good and lovely as possible, it will become so to us to a certain degree, while the heavenly home will be none the less attractive for our loving this.

But the question of our existence here is not one for us to circumscribe or to extend, according to our own will. The question is not whether the world is as good and free from trials as it might be, but if we are doing our part to make it better to ourselves, and less of a wilderness to others. For

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end and way,
But to live that each to-morrow,
Finds us farther than to-day."

To live truly is to grow, and that is what we are placed here in this "wilderness" to do. Time living is not despising earth and longing for rest; but to live is to be, to do, and to suffer, and to make the most that is possible out of our present state of existence. Then, without disparaging

earth, we may look joyfully forward to the better home, which is eternal and passes not away.

P. S. If Anna Holyoke, whose pleasant words are duly appreciated, will write to the author of these papers, under cover to the editor of THE HOUSEHOLD, giving her own address, her request will be complied with.

THE TIN SAVINGS BANK.

Charles Lynford was a young mechanic in good business. At the age of twenty-six he had taken to himself a wife, Caroline Eustis, the daughter of a neighbor, who had nothing to bring him but her own personal merits, which were many, and habits of thrift, learned in an economical household under the stern teachings of necessity.

It is well, perhaps, that Charles Lynford should obtain a wife of this character, since he himself found it hard to save anything from his income.

It was not long before Caroline became acquainted with her husband's failing. She could not feel quite easy in the knowledge that they were living fully up to their income, fore-seeing that a time would come, when their family would grow more expensive, and perhaps her husband's business, now flourishing, might become less so.

Accordingly one day she purchased of a tin peddler, who came to the door, a little tin safe such as children frequently use for a savings bank. This she placed conspicuously on the mantle piece, so that her husband might be sure to see it on entering.

"Hello, Carrie, what's that?" he asked curiously.

"Only a little purchase I made to-day," said his wife.

"But what is it meant for?" he asked again.

"Let me illustrate," said the wife playfully. "Have you a ten-cent piece with you?"

Charles drew a dime from his waistcoat pocket. His wife taking it from his hand dropped it into the box through a slit in the top.

Charles laughed.

"So you have taken to hoarding, Carrie? My little wife become a miser?"

"No, only a little prudent. But seriously, Charles, that is what I want you to do every night."

"What—drop a dime into this new fangled arrangement of yours?"

"Exactly."

"Very well; that will be easy enough. A dime a day is not a great sum. But may I know what you are going to do with this newly commenced hoard?"

"Lay it up for a rainy day," Caroline answered.

Charles laughed merrily.

"And what will a dime a day amount to?" he inquired.

"In a year it will amount—" commenced his wife seriously—

"O, never mind—spare me the calculation! It sounds too much like business, and I get enough of that during the day."

"But you do not object to my plan?"

"Not in the least. I have no doubt it is very commendable, but you know, Carrie I never was gifted with much prudence."

"I am aware of that," said his wife smiling.

This ended the conversation for the time.

The plan inaugurated by the young wife was steadily carried out. She was not one of those (of whom there are so many) who enter upon a new plan zealously, but soon tire of it. In the present case she was thoroughly satisfied of the wisdom of her purpose, and resolved to carry it through.

Every morning she called upon her husband for a dime, which was forthwith added to the accumulation.

Frequently he had not the exact change, but would toss her twenty-five cents instead. She would assure him laughingly that this would answer her purpose equally as well.

More than once Charlie would banter her on the subject of her little savings bank, but these she bore gaily. But these were not the only accessions the fund received. Her husband had early arranged to make ample allowance for dress—I say ample, though I dare say some of my city readers might not have considered it so; but Caroline—who was in the habit of making her own dresses—provided herself with a good wardrobe at a much less expense than some not so well versed in the science of managing could have done.

After considerable calculation she came to the conclusion, that out of her daily allowance she should be able to make a daily deposit equal to that which she exacted from her husband. Of this, however, she thought it best, on the whole, not to inform Charles, enjoying in anticipation the prospect of being able, at some future time, to surprise him with the unexpected amount of her savings.

At the close of every month the tin box was emptied, and the contents were transferred to a bank of more pretensions, where interest was allowed. When the sums deposited there became large enough, Mrs. Lynford who had considerable business capacity, withdrew them and invested in bank and other stocks which would yield a large per cent. Of her mode of management her husband remained in complete ignorance. Nor did he ever express any desire to be made acquainted with his wife's management. He was an easy, careless fellow, spending as he went, enjoying the present and not feeling any particular concern about the future.

At the end of eight years, during which he had been unusually favored by health, his books showed that he had not exceeded his income, and that, on the other hand, he had saved nothing. Twenty-five cents alone stood to his credit.

"What a calculator you are, Carrie!" said her husband, feeling considerably easier in his mind. "I really think, after all you have said, that it won't be so hard to live on half our usual income—for the present at least. But," and his countenance again changed, "suppose my work should entirely fail—I suppose you couldn't reduce our expenses to nothing at all, could you?"

"That certainly surpasses my powers," said his wife smiling, "but even in that case there is no ground for dis-

couragement. You have not forgotten our savings bank, have you?"

"Why no, I didn't think of that," said her husband. "I suppose that would keep off starvation for a few weeks."

His wife smiled.

"And in those few weeks," she added, "business might revive."

"To be sure," added her husband. "Well, I guess it'll be all right—I'll not trouble myself about it any longer."

The apprehensions to which Charles Lynford had given expression proved to be only too well founded. In less than a month from the date of the conversation just recorded, the limited supply of work which he had been able to secure entirely failed, and he found himself without work of any kind—thrown back upon his own resources.

Although he had anticipated this, it seemed unexpected when it actually came upon him, and he again returned home, in a fit of disappointment. He briefly explained to his wife the new calamity which had come upon him.

"And the worst of it is, there is no hope of better times until spring."

"Do you think business will revive then?" asked his wife.

"It must by that time, but there are five or six months between. I don't know how we are to live during that time."

"I do," said his wife quietly.

"You!" exclaimed her husband, in surprise.

"Yes; your income has never been more than six or seven hundred dollars, and I have no doubt we can live six months on two hundred and fifty dollars."

"Yes, certainly; but where is that money to come from? I don't want to go in debt, and if I did I shouldn't know where to borrow."

"Fortunately, there is no need of it," said Mrs. Lynford. "You seem to forget our little savings bank."

"But is it possible it can amount to two hundred and fifty dollars?" exclaimed Charles, in surprise.

"Yes, and six hundred more," said his wife.

"Impossible!"

"Wait a minute, and I will prove it."

Caroline withdrew a moment, and then re-appeared with several certificates of bank and railroad shares, amounting to eight hundred dollars, and a bank book in which the balance was deposited to her credit.

"Are you quite sure you haven't had a legacy?" demanded Charles in amazement. "Surely a dime a day has not produced this?"

"No, but two dimes a day have, with a little extra deposit now and then. I think, Charles, we shall be able to ward off starvation for a time."

Charles Lynford remained out of employment for some months, but in the spring, as he had anticipated, business revived and he was once more in receipt of his old income.

More than two-thirds of the fund was still left, and henceforth Charles was no less assiduous than his wife in striving to increase it.

The little tin savings bank still stands on the mantel piece, and never fails to receive a daily deposit.

QUEER MARRIAGES.

Among the many remarkable marriages on record, none are more curious than those in which the bridegroom has proved to be of the same sex as the bride. Last century there lived a woman who dressed in male attire, and was constantly going about captivating her sisters, and marrying them! On the 5th of July, 1777, she was tried at a criminal court in London for thus disguising herself, and it was proved that at various times she had been married to three women, and "defrauded them of their money and clothes."—The fair deceiver was required by the justices to give the daughters of the citizens an opportunity of making themselves acquainted with her features by standing in the pillory at Cheapside; and after going through the ordeal, she was imprisoned for six months.

In 1773, a woman went courting a woman, dressed as a man, and was very favorably received. The lady to whom these not very delicate attentions were paid was much older than the lover, but she was possessed of about a hundred pounds, and this was the attraction to her generous friend. But the intended treachery was discovered; and, as the original chronicler of the story says, "the old lady proved too knowing." A more extraordinary case than either of these was that of two women who lived together by mutual consent as man and wife for thirty-six years. They kept a public house at Poplar, and the "wife," when on her death-bed, for the first time told her relatives the fact concerning her marriage. The writer in the Gentleman's Magazine, 1776, who records the circumstance, states that "both had been crossed in love when young, and had chosen this method to avoid further importunities." It seems, however, that the truth was suspected, for the "husband" subsequently charged a man with extorting money from her under the threat of disclosing the secret, and for the offence he was sentenced to stand three times in the pillory, and to undergo four years' imprisonment.

It is usually considered a noteworthy circumstance for a man or woman to have been married three times, but of old this number would have been thought little of. St. Jerome mentions a widow that had married her twenty-second husband, who, in his turn, had been married to twenty wives—surely an experienced couple! A woman, named Elizabeth Masi, who died at Florence, in 1768, had been married to seven husbands, all of whom she outlived. She married the last of the seven at the age of seventy. When on her death-bed she recalled the good and bad points in each of her husbands, and having impartially weighed them in the balance, she singled out her fifth spouse as her favorite, and desired that her remains might be interred near his. The death of a soldier is recorded, 1874, who had five wives, and his widow, aged ninety, wept over the grave of her fourth husband. The writer who mentioned these facts naively added, "The said soldier was much attached to the marriage state."

There is an account of a gentleman

who had been married to four wives, and who lived to be one hundred and fifteen years old. When he died he left twenty-three children alive and well, some of the said children being from three to four score. A gentleman died at Bordeaux, in 1772, who had been married sixteen times.

In July, 1768, a couple were living in Essex who had been married eighty-one years, the husband being one hundred and seven, and the wife one hundred and three years of age.

At the church of St. Clement Danes, in 1772, a woman of eighty-five was married to her sixth husband.

Instances are by no means rare of affectionate attachment existing between man and wife over a period longer than is ordinarily allotted to human life. In the middle of the last century a farmer of Nottingham died in his one hundred and seventh year. Three days after his wife died also, aged ninety-seven. They had lived happily together upwards of eighty years. About the same time a yeoman of Coal-pit Heath, Gloucestershire, died in his one hundred and fourth year. The day after his funeral his wife expired at the age of one hundred and fifteen. They had been married eighty-one years.

HEALING AND HURTING SHADOWS.

BY ROBERT COLLYER.

Friends, I wonder whether we have any deep consciousness of the shadows we are weaving about our children in the home; whether we ever ask ourselves if, in the far future, when we are dead and gone, the shadow our home casts now, will stretch over them for bane or blessing. It is possible we are full of anxiety to do our best, and to make our homes sacred to the children. We want them to come up right, to turn out good men and women, to be an honor and praise to the home out of which they sprang. But this is the pity and the danger, that, while we may not come short in any real duty of father and mother, we may yet cast no healing, and sacramental shadow over the child.

Believe me, my friends, it was not in the words he said, in the pressure of the hand, in the kiss, that the blessing lay which Jesus gave to the little ones, when he took them in his arms. So it is not in these, but in the shadow of my innermost self; in that which is to us what the perfume is to the flower, or soul within a soul,—it is that which, to the child, and in the home, is more than the tongue of men or angels, or prophecy or knowledge, or faith that will move mountains, or devotion that will give the body to be burned.

I look back with wonder on that old time and ask myself how it is that the things which I suppose my father and mother build on especially to mould me to a right manhood are forgotten and lost out of my life. But the thing they hardly ever thought of,—the shadow of blessing cast by the home; the tender unspoken love; the sacrifices made and never thought of, it was so natural to make them; ten thousand little things, so simple as to

attract no notice, and yet so sublime as I look back at them,—they fill my heart still, and always with tenderness, and my eyes with tears, when I remember them. All these things, and all that belong to them, still come over me, and cast the shadow that, forty years, many of them lived in a new world, cannot destroy.

I fear few persons know what a supreme and holy thing is the shadow cast by the home over especially the first seven years of this life of the child. I think the influence that comes in this way is the very breath and bread of life. I may do other things for duty or principle or religious training; they are all, by comparison, as when I cut and trim and train a vine, and, when I let the sunshine and rain fall on it the one may aid the life, the other is the life.

Steel and string are each good in their place; but what are they compared to sunshine?

It is said that a child, hearing once of heaven, and that his father would be there, replied—"Oh, then, I dinna want to gang." He did but express the holy instinct of a child, to whom the father may be all that is good, except just goodness,—be all any child can want, except what is indispensable,—that gracious atmosphere of blessing in the healing shadow it casts, without which even heaven would be intolerable.—*Nature and Life.*

A LOST GRAVE.

If you have ever passed the old deserted graveyard on Russell street, near the House of Correction, you know that there is not a more lonely spot in Detroit. It is a score of years since anyone was buried there. The fences lean in or out; the few trees are ragged in limb and trunk; the weather-beaten headstones lean this way or that, or have fallen down. The rich and the poor who sleep under the ragged sod have been dust for years, and if any of them left friends behind they are scattered now, and are not here to fill up the sunken graves and plant a flower to take the gloom away.

The other day people saw an old woman wandering through the graveyard, brushing the moss from some of the headstones to look at the letters, and studying long over the quaint characters carved into others. By and by she crossed the street and sat down on the steps of a cottage, and when people saw how old and feeble she was, and that her eyes were full of tears, they pitied her. She could not answer at first, but by and by she told them that she had come hundreds of miles to take a last look at a grave which she could not find. Half a century ago she buried a child there, and all through the long, long years, though moving here and there, her mother's heart had not forgotten the dead. Old now, her steps feeble and her locks gray, and feeling that she had but little longer to remain on earth, she had come clear across the state alone to have a last look at the little grave.

Years had gone by, but she thought she could walk right to the spot, and there was half a hope in her heart that strangers' hands might have kept

the headstone white and the grave as when she last saw it. She found the old yard cut up by streets, the city all around and beyond, and of the hundreds of mounds and headstones which she once saw but a score or so were left. She sought among the leaning headstones, and she stood under the dying willows and searched the field for the small stone which bore the words "Our Willie," but the flight of time and the hand of progress were more powerful than a mother's love. Fifty years since the little dead body was lowered into its grave! Half a century since the headstone was placed to mark the spot! And yet her mother's heart brought her back in her old age, with the hope that her tears might fall upon the little grave, obliterated and passed from sight forever.

It was sad enough to see tears falling down her wrinkled cheeks and to know that her old heart was aching with disappointment, and men spoke kind words to her and women wiped their eyes in sympathy. Looking through her tears at the bleak and lonely field, its loneliness relieved and yet made more lonely by the time-worn headstones and the clumps of briars, no wonder that the poor old woman felt it in her heart and had to sob out:

"I'm afraid I can't find him in heaven—heaven's so large!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

AN HOUR'S CHAT.

BY JENNIE E. JAMESON.

"Did you know it was a perfect day?" said my friend, Ida Bayer, peeping into my sitting-room this afternoon.

"Yes, I know, and I am trying to enjoy it, though sewing that must be done keeps me indoors."

"I am very glad to find you at home," said she. "I expected you would be out making calls. I tried to get Emma Payson to come with me, but did not succeed. Only think of it! I found her in a wrapper, with a novel in her lap, and folded hands, gazing into vacancy; actually doing nothing but building air-castles, this beautiful afternoon; and the air of the room seemed so hot and unhealthy, that I wondered how she could stay there. I did not expect she would be very glad to see me, for she probably had to descend from a splendid mansion, with frescoed walls, rich carpets and full-length mirrors; beautiful dresses, laces and jewels, to a very common room, and a print wrapper—to greet me."

"Poor child!" said I, "it is a pity that she does not realize that there is a better way of spending time. It can easily be seen that the habit of dreaming away time, unfits one for the everyday duties of life, to say nothing of trials and disappointments."

"Of course it does," said Ida, "and makes one fretful. I had a good example of that, for Emma's little brother wanted her to put a string in a piece of paper that he had cut for a kite. She had positively no excuse; for there was not a bit of work in sight; but she frowned at him as though he had done something wrong,

and told him to fix it himself. The little fellow said he couldn't tie a knot, so I did it for him.

Emma said: "Just as sure as I get into the midst of a beautiful day-dream, he wants me to do something for him, but I always send him away, quick metre." Isn't it a pity that she should waste time and strength in castle building? I wish you would go and give her a lecture. I did not feel equal to the task, so I came away, after speaking to her poor mother, who was hard at work in the kitchen."

"Perhaps I could give her the lecture," said I. "It would be easier far to do that, than to convince her that she was doing wrong. She not only needs something useful to do, to take up her attention, but a fixed determination not to spend her time in idle dreaming."

"Do you know," said Ida, "I think it worth while to write for publication, just for the sake of having something to employ one's mind. While our hands are busy, instead of hoisting ourselves up in the air, in a castle so frail that it can be destroyed by a breath, letting us fall ignominiously to our proper sphere, (and we are almost sure to feel a trifle vexed at the change) we can just be planning some newspaper article. Of course I mean those who have some liking for writing. There are not many who can depend upon writing for all needful spending money, but if articles are really worth publishing, 'the laborer is worthy his hire,' and

"A little money now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men."

"You are right," said I, "I have thought of this when reading the letters to Maud in my HOUSEHOLDS, but I believe this idea has not been advanced. One may teach, or do some other work, earning good wages, and still have time to write a little occasionally. Even if they do it just for the pleasure of it, it will be a benefit to them. I have a friend who has two books filled with poetry and prose, who has had but very few articles published. I know her life is brighter and she is more cheerful because of her habit of spending leisure moments in writing."

"I have not a doubt of it," said Ida, "I wish I could stop longer to talk, but I am afraid our folks will not have any supper unless I go home and get it for them. We will continue this conversation some other time. Fare-you-well."

Now Ida is gone. I wish all were as happy as she. If any one can make life more cheerful by following her example of working and scribbling, I advise them to do it.

THE RIGHTS OF HOME.

Our homes have certain rights of which by a strange inconsistency in this age of fierce clamor for rights, individual and universal, they are often defrauded. In the first place, they have a right to us—not only to our presence in the household room, or at the dinner table, but to our presence as an influence within them. Everybody is aware of that dual quality of the mind which gives it a sort of double aspect, and makes it quite possible for a person to be in two places

at once. Apparently, for example, Mr. Jones has returned from business, it being five in the afternoon. His coat and hat are hanging in the hall, he has put on his dressing gown and slippers, and is sitting in his easy chair, listlessly holding the evening paper. "Hush, children! Pa is tired," whispers Mrs. Jones, as the little ones make a noise in their play, and she casts a compassionate glance at the tired face. The fact is, that Jones is really present, for the time; but as far as his true self is concerned, he is in the Stock Exchange.

Hundreds of men do this every day. They have no time to get acquainted with their children. They see in a general way that they are clean and wholesome looking, they pay the quarterly school bills, and grudge no expense in the matter of shoes and overcoats. They dimly remember that they once courted their wives, and said tender things in pleasant parlors where the gas light shed its glow, or on moonlight evenings under rustling leaves. The time for that has gone by, and they would feel as bashful as a school boy reciting a piece, were they to essay a compliment now to the lady at the other end of the table.

Nothing rests a man or woman who has been busy about one set of things, better than a total change of employment or feeling. A nap on the lounge is all very well, but after a half hour of it if the most tired man will shake off sleep, and have a romp with the children, or a game of bo-peep with the baby, he will be rested more than if he drowse away the whole evening, as too many weary business men do.

Our homes have a right to cheerfulness. There is no skeleton at the feast worse than a gloomy temper. We have all known households which were always under an eclipse, because some member chose to consider herself a continual martyr. Women are given to the sulks more generally than men. A man flames up and is done with it, if he happens to have an irascible temper; but a woman nurses her wrath to keep it warm, and smolders like a fire that means to be a long time going out. Now, neither men nor women belonging to a family have a right, however they enjoy themselves, to wear long faces and injured looks, and funeral aspects, in the privacy of their domestic circle. Be cross, if you please, anywhere else, but at home be cheerful, patient, and considerate.

GOLDEN GRAINS.

After the storm, the rainbow comes,
After disease, a glow of health;
So after life, though poor and weak,
The good will earn eternal wealth.

—Little trials, when improved, become great mercies.

—Let the object of love be careful to lose none of its loveliness.

—We are always looking into the future, but we see only the past.

—Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated.

—The character of the soul is determined by the character of its God.

—Send disappointment to the winds: take life as it is, and with a strong will make it as near what it should be as possible.

—Open the windows of your heart, and let light into the dark, unhealthy places you have for years dampened with your fears.

—Scoff not at the natural defects of any which are not in their power to prevent. 'Tis cruel to beat a cripple with his own crutches.

—Money and time are the heaviest burdens of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use.

—The most momentous question a woman is ever called upon to decide is, whether the faults of the man she loves will drag her down, or whether she is competent to be his earthly redeemer.

—The best thing to give your enemy is forgiveness; to your opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity.

—He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping. Therefore, be sure you look to that. And in the next place look to your health; and if you have it praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of, a blessing that money cannot buy; therefore value it and be thankful for it.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—As Dobbins Electric Soap has been used in my family for so many years—since 1869—and I have found it such a treasure I feel as though I should like to speak through you to my sister housekeepers of its merits.

I first heard of it in the year I have mentioned, through a friend of mine, who came from Philadelphia to Boston to pay a visit. She brought several bars of this soap with her for her friends to try, for she was using it, and could not say enough in its praise, and she wished to convert her New England friends. After one trial of it I am sure they were converted, I was at least, and I have never felt like backsliding to the old rosin soaps that I had always used before, and my mother before me.

As my mother lives far in the country, where they are still uncivilized, so far as soaps are concerned, I send a box of "Dobbins Electric Soap" every year, and she has found it such a labor saving article she wonders how she ever got through her work without it. She thinks it has lightened her work at least one-third, and then it is such a comfort to have her clothes looking so white and nice with so little trouble and expense. It is also excellent for cleaning paint. Some of my friends say that "it costs too much." I find it the cheapest I have ever used for it goes (by following the directions closely) so much farther than any other soap.

We also use it as a toilette soap and if you will only try it you will find it truly a "family soap" good for all purposes, and will thank me, as I always have my friend, for recommending it to you.

EXPERIENCE.

Boston, June 4, 1875.

MR. CROWELL:—I have long been a reader of your invaluable paper, and many names have been added to your list of subscribers, through my influence, because I consider no Household complete without it, no other paper furnishes an equal amount of instruction for Housekeepers; and besides, we have more confidence in the real value of the information given through its columns, being as it is, the life-experience of our sister Housekeepers.

One lady, M. J. P. of Lynn, inquires in the May number, how to use Dobbins' Electric Soap for white clothes; also, for flannels. Having used it, during the last eight years in my family, for everything requiring soap, I have learned its priceless value, and would not think of keeping house without it. For white clothes, I use it according to the directions which are always found around each bar, with one exception: I use my own judgment in regard to the quantity required. With soft water, one bar is sufficient for three large washings—four medium sized ones—unless, of course, they are very dirty. Miss P. asks, if she shall "rub any on?" that may not be necessary, but still I often do on wristbands, stains, etc. I have proved in various ways, that the most delicate fabric is uninjured by it. My linen has not been boiled for many years, and it is much clearer and whiter than formerly, when using other soaps, and boiling it. Farmers shirts may require boiling, perhaps, but I never boil anything, as I have never found it necessary; no harm would result from boiling, excepting the clothes would not be as white. One remark more I must add, if there are blood stains upon cloth, it should be washed out in tepid water, before being put in the hot solution, indeed, every housekeeper ought to know that hot water poured upon certain stains, render them indelible. The soap would not do it, but the hot water. For flannels, I prepare a nice warm suds, into which I throw them, and let them soak, while I starch and hang my clothes; that done I pound the flannels a few minutes with my clothes-stick, and am surprised to find half the dirt out; the remainder is easily removed by a little hand rubbing. I then pour hot (not quite boiling) water over them, and when sufficiently cool, wring, shake, and hang them in a breeze if possible, and although some of my flannels have been used several years, they are as soft and sheer as when new. I have said nothing in regard to colored clothes; those I throw in after the flannels, rub them with the hands or board as occasion requires, rinse thoroughly, starch in strained flour starch; prints always look fresher, if ironed upon the wrong side.

Mr. C., if I have not already trespassed upon your time, allow me to say one word more in favor of Dobbins' Soap. Few know its value for cleaning paint; indeed, many think its only use is for washing clothes; to such, I would say, if you are not through housecleaning, I wish you would try the Soap upon the dirtiest paint you can find and you will be astonished at the ease with which the dirt is removed, and will never wish to do such work again without it. I think it one of the greatest labor savers of the day, and it is really the most economical Soap I have ever used. But I must stop, as I have already written too much. I will endeavor to be more brief next time.

With the kindest wishes for all THE HOUSEHOLD Band, I remain yours truly,
MRS. S. C.
Arlington, Mass.

BUNKER HILL CENTENNIAL.

We have received from the publishers, Rand, Avery & Co., Boston, a copy of the Bunker Hill Centennial, a paper commemorative of the day which it is proposed to celebrate in that city on the 17th inst. Besides a full and graphic account of the battle of Bunker Hill, this sheet contains on the first page a fac-simile of the original letter from the Committee of Safety, ordering the fortification upon Bunker's Hill.

Upon the second page appears a copy of an old Enlistment Notice, which must have proved attractive indeed to the young bloods of '74.

Page three contains a fac-simile of the last letter written by Gen. Warren before his death; the date being June 16, the day before the battle. The plan of the battle is from Swett's History.

Page four contains a reprint of an engraving of the City of Boston, by Paul Revere. The original was kindly loaned by Geo. Young, esq., Young's Hotel.

The plan of the City of Boston, upon page five, was taken from an old copy of the "Pennsylvania Magazine," and the quaint notices upon either side are fac-similes of posters printed at the time.

The representation of the battle itself, upon page six, is from "The Pennsylvania Magazine."

Upon page seven the portraits of Gen. Gage, and the king who was the "author of all our woes," are from Histories of the time. The "Star Spangled Banner" is given in the original handwriting of the author.

Page eight has for a heading the old familiar cut of "The Massachusetts Spy." The cut in the centre gives a vertical section of the Monument. The portraits of Generals Putnam and Warren are from steel plates in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

This will doubtless be the most complete and attractive Memorial of the Seventeenth to be had and we are glad to learn that copies of it will be for sale by all the News Agents in New England. 100,000 copies were printed which will hardly supply the demand.

THREE MONTHS (postage paid) for ten cents. See A Trial Trip, on last page.

We trust that the manufacturer of the American Peerless Soap will see to it that a box of this excellent detergent occupies a prominent place at the Centennial Exhibition, accompanied by some of the many thousand testimonials which have been given in its favor. So valuable a discovery deserves well of its generation.

GREAT SPRING TONIC. HEGEMAN'S Cordial Elixir of Calisaya Bark, a pleasant Cordial which strengthens and improves the Digestion; an excellent preventive of Fevers, Fever and Ague, &c., and a great Renovator and Tonic for Invalids and debilitated persons. The good qualities of this preparation have been fully tested and proved by almost every family in New England. HEGEMAN & CO., New York, Sole Manufacturers. Sold by all Druggists. 5-3r

READER, have you a neighbor or a friend who is not a subscriber to THE HOUSEHOLD? Please show her this number and make known our offer of a trial trip of THREE MONTHS (post-paid) for TEN CENTS. See last page.

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SUMMER IS HERE and GREAT CARE is required in feeding Children. Remember, Ridge's Food is a scientific preparation and not offered to you as an experiment; thousands of Mothers and Physicians are using it.

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CAUTION.—Purchasers of the Peruvian Syrup (a protected solution of the protoxide of Iron) are cautioned against being deceived by any of the preparations of Peruvian Bark, or Bark and Iron, which may be offered them. Examine THE BOTTLE BEFORE PURCHASING, and be sure and get the "PERUVIAN SYRUP" (not Peruvian Bark.)

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The attention of our readers is called to the following list of Special Premiums which will be given to our agents, in addition to the regular premiums and commissions allowed them.

To the agent sending us the largest list of yearly subscribers previous to Oct. 1st 1875 we will give

A COTTAGE ORGAN, worth \$200.

For the Second largest list

A GOLD WATCH, worth \$100.

For the Third,

either **A SEWING MACHINE, worth \$80,**
or **APPLETON'S AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA, worth \$80**

For the Fourth,

either **AN ELEGANT SILVER TEA SET, worth \$50**
or **A SILVER WATCH, worth \$50.**

For the Fifth, Prang's Beautiful Chromo,

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD MAN, worth \$25.

The above selection of Premiums is designed to be equally desirable by ladies and gentlemen for which reason a choice of two articles is given in the third and fourth offers.

ANOTHER LIST**DESIGNED FOR COUNTY AGENTS.**

The campaign of 1875 is to be conducted mainly by COUNTY AGENTS of whom we have already appointed a large number. We hope to have one in each county in the United States before January, 1876. These agents receive a circular containing terms, etc., and giving the quota of subscribers to be raised in each county, based upon its population, location, and other circumstances and the person who shall send us the largest list of yearly subscribers from any County in proportion to the quota assigned to it, before Oct. 1st 1875 will receive

A SEWING MACHINE, worth \$75.

For the Second largest list we will give

AN ELEGANT SILVER TEA SET, worth \$50.

For the Third

A SILVER WATCH, worth \$35.

For the Fourth,

A BICKFORD KNITTING MACHINE, worth \$30.

For the Fifth

A CHILD'S CARRIAGE, worth \$20.

For the Sixth

A CRAYON PORTRAIT, worth \$15,
(Life size and copied from any picture.)

For the Seventh,

A BECKWITH SEWING MACHINE, worth \$12.

For the Eighth, Prang's Brilliant Chromo,

SUNSET IN CALIFORNIA, worth \$10.

For the Ninth

Family Scales, (24 lbs.) worth \$5.

For the Tenth

A Gold Pen, worth \$3.

Remember these premiums are to be given to the agents procuring the largest number of subscribers in proportion to their quotas—so that all have an equal chance, and the most valuable premium may be earned by the smallest list.

To Single Subscribers.

We have on our subscription books the names of several thousands of SINGLE SUBSCRIBERS. A single subscriber is not necessarily an unmarried one but merely one whose copy of THE HOUSEHOLD is the only one taken at his or her postoffice. Those who receive this paper in wrappers (except in a few of the large cities where all are wrapped) will understand that they are single subscribers and therefore interested in this paragraph. Now it is just as easy for us to send fifty or a hundred copies to an office as one and we much rather do it, so we call upon those friends to send us lists of sub-

scribers from their postoffices and not compel us to wrap each paper singly—you have no idea of the large amount of work it causes every month. No matter if you don't get but one name besides your own. That will be two and that will make a bundle. Read what we will do for you: To the single subscriber who shall send us the largest list of yearly subscribers from their own postoffice we will give

A BECKWITH SEWING MACHINE, worth \$12.00.

For the Second largest list we will give

A Family Clothes Wringer, worth \$7.50.

For the Third,

A PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM, worth \$5.00.

For the Fourth, a copy of

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For the Fifth,

A GOLD PEN WITH SILVER CASE, worth \$2.50.

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4thly and to Conclude.

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THE HOUSEHOLD**For 1875.**

Friends, one and all, thanking you for your presence and patronage in the past, we herewith present you with our

PROGRAMME FOR VOL. 8TH.**A New Volume!****New Type!!****New Contributors!!!****New Subscribers!!!!****A Better Paper for Less Money!**

We take much pleasure in announcing to our readers that in addition to retaining all of our present excellent corps of contributors for the coming year, we have secured the services of several new writers of rare ability, the whole forming a list unequalled by any similar magazine in the country, and insuring to the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD for 1875 a volume of unusual attractiveness and value. Among our new contributors will be found ROSELLA RICE, who under the nom de plume of Pipsissaway Potts, wrote the well known and universally admired series of articles entitled "The Deacon's Household," and ETHEL C. GALE, formerly a prominent contributor to *Hearth and Home*. Our readers will be pleased to know that these ladies will contribute regularly to our columns. Mrs. DORR will continue her admirable series "To Whom it May Concern," in which all are concerned—in short our bill of fare is to be of the most unexceptionable quality as will be seen from the following

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS FOR 1875.

Mrs. JULIA C. R. DORR,
Mrs. JULIA A. CARNEY,
ROSELLA RICE,
ETHEL C. GALE,
ANNA HOLYOKE,
Dr. J. H. HANAFORD,
Prof. HIRAM ORCUTT, (Experience,)
Rev. BERNICE D. AMES,
Mrs. SARAH E. AMES,
HELEN THORNTON.
C. DORANICKERSON, (Kitty Candid,
MARY CUTTS,
Mrs. ELISA E. ANTHONY,
ELLEN LYMAN, (U. U.)
LIZZIE E. PINCOTT,
ALICE W. QUIMBY,
OLIVE OLDSTYLE,
E. D. KENDALL, (E. D. K.)
AUNT LEISURELY,
GYPSEY TRAINER,
SARAH J. B. COLE,
CHRISTABEL,
BARBARA BRANDT,
A MARTYR OF THE PERIOD.
EDITH ELLIOT,

and others who will contribute more or less frequently to our columns.

We shall procure, wholly or in part, a new dress for THE HOUSEHOLD, which we hope to have ready for the new volume, and make other improvements in its appearance from time to time as may be desirable and practicable.

At the same time, notwithstanding the extra expense we have incurred and the increased value of the paper in consequence, the price will remain the same, though many publishers are adding from 25 to 50 cents to their publications without making any improvements, on account of the new law requiring prepayment of postage after January 1, 1875. In fact THE HOUSEHOLD will ACTUALLY COST A LITTLE LESS than heretofore as we shall send it for the coming year prepaid for

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'FAMILY FAVORITES'

bear constant witness to its superiority over any
Sewing Machine ever manufactured. These ma-
chines are manufactured by the Weed Sewing
Machine Co., of Hartford, Conn., and sold by
agents or canvassers in almost every section of
the U. S.

TRY THEM.

CENTRAL VERMONT RAILROAD.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Leave Brattleboro at 4:20 and 8:25 a. m.; at 2:00
and 3:30 p. m.
MAIL TRAIN.—Leave St. Albans at 6:20 a. m.,
Brattleboro at 3:30 p. m.—connecting at New
London with steamer for New York.
NIGHT EXPRESS.—Leave Ogdensburg at 12:40
p. m., Montreal at 3:50 p. m., St. Albans at 7:25 p.
m., Brattleboro at 4:20 a. m., for Springfield,
New York, &c.
MAIL TRAIN.—Leave White River Junction at
5:30 a. m., Brattleboro at 8:25 a. m., arriving at
New London at 5:15 p. m.
MIXED TRAIN.—Leave White River Junction at
5:00 p. m., Rutland at 3:30 p. m., arriving at Brat-
tleboro at 8:40 p. m.
EXPRESS TRAIN.—Leave Brattleboro at 2:00 p.
m., reaching Miller's Falls at 2:50 p. m.

GOING NORTH.

Leave Brattleboro at 7:15 a. m., 10:30 a. m. 4:55
p. m., 10:20 p. m.
MAIL TRAIN.—Leave New London at 5:00 a. m.,
Brattleboro at 10:30 a. m., for White River Junc-
tion, Rutland, Burlington, St. Albans, Montreal,
and Ogdensburg.
MIXED TRAIN.—Leave Brattleboro at 7:15 a.
m., for Bellows Falls and White River Junction.
EXPRESS TRAIN.—Leave Miller's Falls at 11:25
a. m., arriving at Brattleboro at 12:24 p. m.
ACCOMMODATION TRAIN.—Leave New London
at 8:25 a. m., Brattleboro at 4:55 p. m., for White
River Junction.
NIGHT EXPRESS.—Leave Brattleboro at 10:20
p. m., for White River Junction, Rutland, Bur-
lington, St. Albans, Montreal and Ogdensburg.
Pullman's Drawing Room and Sleeping Cars
are run on night trains between Springfield and
Montreal.J. W. HOBART, Gen'l Supt.
St. Albans, Vt., May 29, 1875.

Household Premiums.

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

No.	PREMIUM.	Price.	No. of Subs.
1	One box Initial Stationery,	\$0 50	2
2	Indelible Pencil, (Clark's),	50	2
3	Embroidery Scissors,	50	2
4	Name, Plate, brush mk, etc.,	60	2
5	Ladies' Ivory handle Penknife,	75	3
6	Autograph Album,	1 00	3
7	Package Garden Seeds,	1 00	3
8	Package Flower Seeds,	1 00	3
9	Half Chromo, Autumn Leaves, Winter Wren or May Flowers,	1 00	3
10	Butter Knife, (silver plated),	1 00	3
11	Turkey Morocco Pocket Book,	1 00	3
12	Set Jet Jewelry,	1 50	4
13	One vol. Household,	1 00	4
14	Six Teaspoons, (silver plated)	1 75	5
15	Pair Tablespoons, (silver plated)	2 00	5
16	Six Scotch PP'd Napkin Rings,	2 00	5
17	Rosewood Writing Desk,	2 25	5
18	Rosewood Work Box,	2 50	5
19	Gold Pen with Silver Case,	2 50	6
20	Photograph Album,	3 00	7
21	Gilt Cup,	2 75	7
22	Six Tea Knives, (ebony handles),	2 50	7
23	Pie Knife, (silver plated),	3 00	8
24	Soup Ladle, (silver plated),	3 50	9
25	1 doz. Teaspoons, (silver plated),	3 50	8
26	Family scales, (12 lbs., Shaler)	4 00	8
27	Six Tablespoons, (silver plated),	4 00	9
28	Six Dining Forks, (silver plated),	4 00	9
29	Family scales, (24 lbs., Shaler)	5 00	10
30	1 doz. Tea Knives, (ebony handle),	5 00	10
31	Sheet Music, (Agts. selection)	5 00	10
32	Child's knife, fork and spoon	5 00	12
33	Hf. Chromo, Morn'g or Even'g	5 00	12
34	Gold Pen and Pencil,	6 00	12
35	Carving Knife and Fork,	6 00	12
36	Spoon Holder, (silver plated),	6 50	14
37	Folding Chair,	5 50	16
38	Croquet Set,	6 50	14
39	Family scales, (50 lbs., Shaler)	7 00	14
40	Clothes Wringer,	7 50	15
41	Webster's N'tional Dictionary,	6 00	15
42	Syrup Cup and Plate, (silver plated),	8 00	18
43	Six Tea Knives, (silver plated)	8 00	18
44	Fruit Dish, (silver plated),	7 00	16
45	Gold Pen and Holder,	7 50	17
46	1 doz. Tablespoons, (silver plated),	8 00	18
47	1 doz. Dining Forks, (silver plated),	8 00	18
48	Photograph Album,	10 00	18
49	Stereoscope and 50 views,	10 00	20
50	Elegant Family Bible,	10 00	20
51	Folding Chair,	8 00	24
52	1-2 doz. napkin rings, in case,	8 00	22
53	Child's Carriage,	10 00	25
54	Cash,	6 25	25
55	Castor, (silver plated),	10 00	25
56	Sewing Machine, (Beckwith),	12 00	24
57	Cake Basket, (silver plated),	12 00	30
58	Chromo, Sunlight in Winter,	10 00	25
59	1 doz. Tea Knives, (silver plated),	14 50	30
60	Photograph Album,	18 50	30
61	Webster's Unabridged Dictionary,	12 00	30
62	Folding Chair,	20 00	50
63	Guitar,	20 00	40
64	Silver Watch, (Waltham),	20 00	45
65	Ice Pitcher, (silver plated),	20 00	50
66	Child's Carriage,	25 00	60
67	Silver Watch, (Waltham),	35 00	80
68	Bickford Knitting Machine,	30 00	75
69	Harper's Pictorial Bible,	35 00	80
70	Cash,	35 00	100
71	Lawn Mower, (Allen & Co.'s),	45 00	100
72	Tea Set, (silver plated), elegant,	50 00	100
73	Sewing Machine, (Weed),	60 00	60
74	Lamb Knitting Machine,	65 00	125
75	Ladies' Gold Watch,	80 00	175
76	American Encyclopedia, (Appleton's)	80 00	200
77	Sewing Machine, (Weed),	100 00	100
78	Irving's Works, (Sunnyside Edition, 25 volumes),	105 00	250
79	Dicken's Works, (Riverside Edition, 27 volumes),	108 00	260
80	Gent's Gold Watch,	125 00	275
81	Cottage Organ, (Estey),	150 00	150
82	Cooper's Works, (Library Edition, 32 volumes),	144 00	350
83	Cash,	400 00	1000
84	Piano, 7 Oct., (Bening and Klux),	500 00	1000
85	Piano, splendid 7 Oct., (Bening & Klux),	700 00	1500

Each article in the above list is new and of the
best manufacture.A full description of the Premiums are given in
a circular which will be sent to any address on ap-
plication. Specimen copies of THE HOUSEHOLD
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rial and triple plated.

THE HOUSEHOLD.



DON'T FORGET that we want a **SPECIAL AGENT** in every county in the United States. Many are applying for these special agencies and all are pleased with the terms we offer. If you can attend to the business in your county it **WILL PAY YOU WELL** to do so.

A BLUE CROSS before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed. Do not wait for an agent to visit you, but enclose \$1.10 in a letter, giving name and post office address plainly written—including the *State*—and direct the same to Geo. E. Crowell, Brattleboro, Vt. Don't send *Personal Checks*. we cannot use them.

WE CANNOT CHANGE THE DIRECTION OF A PAPER unless informed of the office at which it is now received, as well as the one to which it is to be sent.

SEE OUR OFFER of Organs and Sewing Machines for their value in subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD. We hope to send at least one of each into every county in the United States and Provinces in the next twelve months.

THE HOUSEHOLD is always discontinued at the expiration of the time for which the subscription was paid. Persons designing to renew their subscriptions will please remember this, and by taking a little pains to send in good season save us a large amount of labor.

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

BEAR IN MIND that we again offer our popular lists of Special Premiums to our most successful agents, which will be awarded October 1st, on the conditions given in another column. As we shall probably have more favorable weather during this campaign than for the last six months, we trust our lady agents will improve the occasion and fill the quotas of their counties at an early day.

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

OUR NEW PREMIUM.—We take great pleasure in placing the Bickford Knitting Machine upon our Premium Lists both regular and special. We can most heartily recommend these machines to any and all who wish a simple, durable, cheap, and every way satisfactory knitting machine, and are confident that at the very favorable rate at which we offer them they will be among the most popular premiums on our lists.

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

AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense and risk of renailing 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. 60, 77, 86 and 111 of the Premium List on the opposite page. It will be seen that from 25 to 40 cents is allowed for each new yearly subscriber, according to the size of the club. In case the club cannot be completed at once the names and money may be sent as convenient, and the premium deducted from the last list. Always send money in drafts or post office orders, when convenient, otherwise by express.

ANY ONE MAY ACT AS AGENT In procuring subscribers TO THE HOUSEHOLD who desire to do so. Do not wait for a personal invitation or especial authority from us, but send for a sample copy, if you have none, and get all the names and dollars you can, and send them to us, stating which premium you have selected. If a premium is not decided upon when the list is forwarded, or if other names are to be added to the list before making the selection, let us know at the time of sending, that all accounts may be kept correctly. Keep a list of the names and addresses and when a premium is wanted *send a copy of this list* and name the premium selected. It is no use to order a premium until the requisite number of subscriptions have been forwarded in accordance with the instructions given in our Premium List. All articles sent by mail are prepaid. Those sent by express are at the expense of the receiver. In ordinary circumstances a premium should be received in two weeks from the time the order was given.

AS TO POSTAGE. While nearly every one of our subscribers has responded promptly to our call for the postage on THE HOUSEHOLD a few have neglected to do so, mostly from oversight probably. Occasionally a subscriber asks why we do not prepay the postage without expense to them as some other journals do, to which we reply that at the price asked for THE HOUSEHOLD we cannot afford it. Publication which have a subscription price of from \$3.00 to \$5.00 or more can well afford to pay their own postage, but among the cheaper journals every one that advertises to pay postage without expense to the subscriber *has increased its subscription price from twenty-five to fifty cents within a year* to meet this additional expense. Others, including THE HOUSEHOLD, keep the subscription price at the old figure and ask the subscriber to pay the postage of ten cents extra. The difference between these two methods is from fifteen to forty cents for each subscriber as will readily be seen.

A TRIAL TRIP. In order to give every house-keeper in the land an opportunity of becoming acquainted with THE HOUSEHOLD we have decided to send it on *trial* THREE MONTHS—*postage paid*—FOR TEN CENTS, to any one not already subscriber. This offer affords an excellent chance for the working ladies of America to receive for three months the only publication in the country especially devoted to their interests, at a price which will barely pay us for postage and the trouble of mailing. We trust our friends who relieve THE HOUSEHOLD is doing good, and who are willing to aid in extending its influence, will see to it that everybody is made acquainted with this offer. This trial trip will be especially an aid to our agents in affording each one an opportunity of putting THE HOUSEHOLD into every family in his county at a trifling cost, where it will be read and examined at leisure, which will be the very best means of swelling their lists of permanent subscribers. We make this offer for a few weeks only, so get on board while there is room.

THE HOME FLORIST is a finely illustrated, handsomely printed, well filled volume of some 90 pages, designed as a book of instructions, relative to the proper means of managing plants for the adornment of American homes. The size of this work and the number of its pages is no indication of its value, for it actually contains more practical information concerning the selection and cultivation of plants and flowers than would be expected in an ordinary treatise of thrice its size. Every page is literally crammed with facts and items of useful knowledge suited to the wants and circumstances of all classes of cultivators but which will be found of especial value to the inexperienced and those who have but limited time and space to devote to the beautifying of their rooms or premises. The author is a practical Florist, one of the firm of Long Brothers, of Buffalo, N. Y., well known as among the most enterprising and reliable houses in the business. We believe this volume will be of great value to the ladies of the country and we propose to add it to our list of premiums, sending a copy, in paper, for two subscriptions to *THE HOUSEHOLD*, or a copy bound in cloth for four subscriptions.

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