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DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS

ESTABLISHED
1868.

OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 7.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., OCTOBER, 1874.

No. 10.

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The Household.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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BRATTLEBORO, VT.

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RESTING.

All day my heart has been struggling,
All day my hands have been full;
But the wildest, fiercest tempest
Is lost in a sudden lull.

The mountains are crowned with purple,
There's a golden glow in the sky;
And the deepening grey of evening
Bids the brief day go by.

With its hours—its toils are over,
And I sit with folded hands
Alone with my Lord in the twilight,
Awaiting his commands.

What shall be on the morrow—
Aye, what for all my time?
I know not—but He knoweth—
That is his care, not mine.

CONCERNING WHITEWASH.

ONE of the things, says the Technologist, for which American women have a passion, is whitewash. Give one of our thoroughgoing housekeepers a pail of lime and a whitewash brush, and she will be as happy as a boy with a new penny trumpet—and about as great a nuisance. Everything is whitewashed, and it is impossible, for months, to go near fences, walls, or anything within reach, without getting a reminder of those fearful days known as house-cleaning times. The worst of it is, that very few of our American women understand the art of whitewashing. If they did, they might be endurable, just as the boy with the trumpet might be endurable if he had a good instrument and knew how to use it. In general they use quicklime, simply mixed with water, and laid on. After a time they get worried by the constant anathemas hurled against their whitewash, which does not stick to the walls, and does stick to everything else. So they mix a little glue with the whitewash, in the hope of glueing it fast. But the lime kills the glue, and the whitewash is as loose as ever.

Then they add paste, which is a slight improvement, but in general they use paste made of wheaten flour, which contains much gluten, and is easily acted upon by the lime, whereas, in countries where paste is used successfully, the paste is made of rice, either ground into flour or boiled very soft, and beaten until the grains are thoroughly broken up. Various other additions are recommended, such as plaster of Paris, white vitriol, etc., all of which serve a good purpose, but are not entirely efficient.

Now the best whitewash contains no quicklime at all, but is made of pure whiting, which is a soft kind of chalk, ground very fine, washed so as to separate all the coarse and gritty particles, and formed into lumps in the process of drying. Good whiting, beaten up with water so as to form a milky liquid free from lumps, and mixed with a little good strong size, forms a whitewash which cannot be rubbed off, and will give a very brilliant white surface. This is substantially the material known as kalsomine, something very old, but never appreciated until it received a high-sounding name.

The whiting used for making this whitewash or kalsomine is sometimes called Spanish white, Paris white, etc. They are all the same thing, and the only point is to select the finest and whitest material offered to you, and take it under any name the vendor chooses to sell it, provided he does not ask too much for it, for it is only whiting after all. Some recipes name sulphate of baryta, a beautiful white powder, as the only material for making kalsomine. It answers very well, but is not easily procured, and more than half the time common whiting is sold for it. The size for mixing with the whiting is most easily prepared from glue, and as it is necessary that the whitewash should be permanent, and as little liable to decay as possible, we must select a good article of glue. Directions upon the point could not be easily followed by housekeepers; let us therefore advise them to go to a respectable dealer and buy the best. Professional artists in the science of kalsomining generally use the cheapest, and most recipes direct the use of a cheap article, but it will be found that it is most judicious to use the very best. The better the glue is, the less liable is it to decay in damp weather, and thus create disease. Moreover, when it is good, less of it is required, and the less glue you use the purer will be the color of your kalsomine.

To prepare the glue, soak it in water over night—not any longer however, or it will begin to decay. It

will absorb water and swell up, but will not dissolve. Pour the water off, add a little fresh, and boil until it melts and forms a thin fluid. Beware of burning it, and to avoid this, the glue is best melted in a tin pail, set in an iron pot which contains some water. The whiting having been mixed with boiling water, as previously directed, the melted glue is added, and the whole diluted with hot water until it is of the consistency of ordinary whitewash. A quarter of a pound of good glue to eight pounds of whiting is a very good proportion. It should be applied while hot, with a common whitewash brush. Owing to the fact, that in damp places, glue easily decays and produces poisonous vapors, kalsomine should not be used in damp basements, and cellars. Any color may be given to this material, and in Europe many houses have the walls finished with light shades of pink, blue, green, etc., instead of paper, and the effect is very pleasing.

When walls have been previously covered with successive coats of common whitewash, it will be necessary either to remove this or "kill" the lime. After taking off all that will come away by scraping and washing, the wall should be washed with a solution of white vitriol—two ounces dissolved in a pail of water. This will "kill" the lime; in other words, the white vitriol will be decomposed, and the wall will be coated with a thin covering of plaster of Paris and zinc white, to which the kalsomine will adhere very readily. If these precautions be not taken, the old whitewash will very probably peel off, and, of course, bring the kalsomine with it.

LOOK TO THE YOUNG TREES.

This is a trying time for young trees. Those that were set this spring, and have appeared to be doing well thus far, may succumb to the long-continued drought and heat of mid-summer.

It is safest to mulch all young trees; but where this has not been done, all those that show signs of suffering should be attended to at once. A timely mulching may save the tree. It makes but little difference what material is used so that the soil around the tree is prevented from losing its moisture by evaporation. Stones, if most convenient, will answer as well as anything. If the trunk is fully exposed to the sun, it should be protected from intense heat. A couple of boards, tacked together like a trough, and set up against it, will furnish the required shade; or it may be bound with hay or straw as for winter protection.—*Scientific American.*



WOOD CARPETING.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

MY DEAR MRS. CARNEY: Since reading your excellent article in the June number of *The Household* ending with the wish to know more about wood carpeting I have taken pains to obtain all the information I could with regard to it, not only for your benefit, but for my own, and all who are interested in the subject, and now will try to give you briefly the result of my investigations.

Wood carpeting is made of well-seasoned and kiln-dried hard woods cut into small strips and glued on to heavy cotton, so that it can be rolled up like an oil-cloth and transported from place to place.

The wood may be all of one kind, oak, cherry, blackwalnut, maple, or ash, or it may be made with alternate strips of light or dark wood, and for borders and centre pieces the wood is arranged in various ornamental patterns. It is oiled or finished with wax and shellac; as easily kept clean as oil cloth, far handsomer, and ten times as durable.

I have seen wood carpeting as a border (about a yard wide) around a room, a carpet being spread down in the centre. The effect was very pretty indeed, and one can readily see the ease and convenience with which the upper carpet could be removed and shaken; the wood carpeting being under all the furniture; this arrangement is not only convenient and beautiful, but very fashionable just now, and adopted by people of the most esthetic and cultivated taste, and would be convenient in sleeping rooms, nursery, dining room and other rooms.

The only reason, so far as I can see, why wood carpeting is not more extensively used is that hardly anybody knows anything about it. Instead of thoroughly advertising it as they ought, they keep it so private that even the few ladies who, like yourself, have heard of it, do not know what it costs or where it can be obtained.

One would think that they would advertise it in all the principal home and household periodicals at least, as well for their own benefit as for that of the many who would gladly purchase if they knew of it; but strangely enough, I have never yet seen it advertised or offered for sale anywhere; have you?

I know it is manufactured in the city of New York, and it costs \$2 a yard, more or less, according to style of finish.

But if we cannot easily procure wood carpeting, as made at the manufactory, we can make another kind for ourselves, with any good carpenter's aid; a kind as good or better.

One of the handsomest floors I ever saw is made of narrow strips or blocks of dark and light wood, laid on the floor as bricks are laid in building, and so alternating the dark and light, as to make a very pretty figure. The floor was laid eleven years ago, and has been in constant use ever since, yet is now as good as new. I see it every day, and never look at it without thinking it one of the prettiest floors I ever saw; always so neat and bright. It is not a very expensive floor; the wood (cherry and maple) having grown upon the land of the owner, and the main expense having been in the work of preparing and laying it.

Of course it is important that the wood should be thoroughly seasoned before it is laid, otherwise it would shrink and leave cracks; it ought also to be securely fastened down, and made very smooth; it is finished by oiling, or with wax and shellac. The stairs in this house are oak, and "the patter of little feet" over them only polishes them, and the older they grow the better they look.

Another very handsome floor in the house of a friend is made in a similar way with black walnut and maple; this is quite as healthful, perhaps more so.

How much handsomer is wood polished and oiled, and retaining its own beautiful color, than any painting, graining, or covering; and the best of it is that it is the same all the way through, it never wears out or off, but with comparatively little care and labor bestowed upon it, always retains its beauty.

I quite agree with you, that "carpets (i. e. woolen or rag carpets) are an evil, inasmuch as they absorb impure air, gases and contagious effluvia, and in the attempt to cleanse them so much foul dust is thrown into the air." It is high time for sensible people to find some other more beautiful, economical and durable ornament for their floors.

Can any one tell us anything about tiling, such as is used upon the beautiful floors of the Capitol at Washington? It looks like a beautiful mosaic work of marble, but it is not stone, I believe, though very durable and elegant.

MEN FIND THEIR OWN LEVEL.

The flattery with which our assembled working-classes are apt to be served, undoubtedly contributes to keep many of them content to make no higher attainments. If they are not received with open arms by the educated and refined, they attribute it to their occupation, not to themselves; to the unreasonable pride and prejudice of others, not to their own deficiency. But water is not the only thing that will find its own level. Genius, wit, learning, ignorance, coarseness, are each attracted to its like.

Two painters were overheard talking in the room where they were at work. "Lord?" said one, "I knew him well when he was a boy. Used to live with his gran'ther next door to us. Poor as Job's turkey. But I ain't seen him since, till I hear him in — hall, 't other night. Don't suppose he'd come anigh me now with a ten-foot pole. Them kind of folks has short memories, ha! ha! Can't tell who a poor working man is no how."

No, no, good friend, you are in the wrong. There is, indeed, a great gulf between you and your early friend, but it is not poverty. To say that it is, is only a way you have of flattering your self-love. For, if you watch those who frequent your friend's house, you will find many a one who lives in lodgings with the commonest three-ply carpets, cane-seat chairs, and one warm room; while you have a comfortable house of your own, with very likely, tapestry and velvet in your parlor and registers all about. No, sir, it is not because you are poor, nor because you work; for he is as hard a worker as you, though not, perhaps, so long about it; but because—begging your pardon—you are vulgar, and ignorant; because you sit down in your sitting room at home with your coat off, and your hat on, and smoke your pipe; because you plunge your own knife into the butter, and your own fork into the toast, having used both in your eating with equal freedom; because your voice is loud, your tone swaggering, and your grammar hideous; because in short, your two paths from the old school-house diverged; his led upwards, yours did not; and the fault is not his. You both chose. He chose to cultivate his powers; you chose not to do so. Call things by their right name.—Gail Hamilton.

ETIQUETTE WITHOUT A MASTER.

Etiquette is the art of behaving yourself. Manners not only make the man, but the woman, too, what they ought to be—ladies and gentlemen, whether they roll through life in their carriages, or trudge along the pavement in the lowly Blucher. True gentility is the exercise of a due regard for the feelings of your neighbors, and etiquette is the essence of gentility. You cannot wash the blackamoor white, nor could all the teachings of Lord Chesterfield convert his boor of a son into a polished gentleman. You must have the material to work upon; so to all who go in for "speaking their mind," and setting up their backs against the conventionalities of well-behaved society, we have not a word to say. Our present precepts are intended for those who will receive them in the spirit in which they are offered, and will lay our golden words to heart, and commit his many priceless pearls of worldly wisdom to memory.

—The ordinary course of things is for a woman to drop all her so-called "accomplishments" between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five. Those acquirements which it is always boasted will be the solace of her domestic life, the pride of her husband, and the means of affording invaluable instruction to her daughters, are almost in-

variably lost as soon as that domestic life has begun in earnest, and before the children can hold a pencil or touch a note. These things, therefore, represent neither real work nor real play. They are the mere flounces and trimmings of life's robes, and get torn off the first moment we strike into the wood.



WHO KEEPS DEAD FLOWERS?

Who keeps dead flowers? Not I, indeed, not I; The world is wild with blossoms, and the sky
Drops roses, and the regal moon-lamped night
Brings sculptured lilies, carved of perfect light!

Who keeps dead flowers? Thenceforth away with these,
The ashy ghosts of sad anemones!

With dimpled, blushing buds refill the vase,
Dipped in the laughing wine of summer days!

Who keeps dead flowers? What if a loving friend
Did last spring give thee these, and now an end
Has come to all his love? Life's full to-day
Of friends—fresh friends, fresh flowers—fling these away.

Who keeps dead flowers? Alas! one summer day
Teaches how many, many turn away
From life's fresh-blooming and bewildering bowers,
To sigh in secret, and to keep dead flowers.

Who keeps dead flowers? An angel came one night,
And passed by all the happy, left the bright
And laughing ones, and took—oh! was it meet?
Only dead flowers—and laid them at God's feet.

FLOWER HARVESTING.

BY HELEN THORNTON.

"Here 'midst the boldest triumphs of her worth,
Nature herself invites the reapers forth."

AGAIN we are nearing the flowerless days, long, black, blank months when we are bereft of the sweet, bright tokens, of a loving Father's ever present thoughtfulness; and now we must bethink ourselves of how we shall secure a few of those "wee, winsome things" to cheer our cozy winter quarters.

By the middle of September, or certainly by the first of October, our pets must be housed, for one severe frost will put them beyond our ability of resuscitation.

Our first advice is to be satisfied with a moderate supply, a few, well grown, thrifty plants, if only the common treasures of the woods, will afford far more real pleasure than countless pots of poor, naked, half starved looking representatives of the floral kingdom. The following, with proper soil and treatment, with sufficient light, heat and moisture, may become marvels of beauty. One good, strong verbena, potted in a rich sandy soil, trained to fine wire trellis, exposed to the sun in a southern window, ought to fully repay one; this same treatment applies to the heliotrope. The good sized horse shoe geraniums, a bright, scarlet, double; cerese single, and salmon pink. The hybiscus you will find superb with its gorgeous, scarlet petals, this needs a rich soil; then there is that magnificent cheery, scarlet flower, with its yellow centre, which keeps in bloom for a month or more, the poinsettia; four or five

monthly roses, which have not bloomed during the summer; the cuphea is a bright little thing, of very easy growth; Tom Thumb nasturtiums are desirable on account of their golden flowers, for of all the hues for winter, none equal scarlet and gold. If you have north western exposure, purchase an abutilon thompsonia for its handsome hues, a white dusty miller, a drasenea, for its crimson and green, amyranthus and coleus also do well, with enough sun, all the begonias are thrifty; by all means have a calla, they love a variable temperature and will do well with even a little sunlight, a good rose geranium, a pennyroyal and an oak-leaved, must not be left out.

We have not given the entire list of flowers which may be grown in the house; but think from our own experience that this is quite enough for any one woman to do justice to, particularly if she is a mother and has the care of a household. The advantage of this selection is that they are all easily grown and will flower well and continuously, during the winter. In addition to the flower stands, we have in any available corner a fern pan; we have seen them of all imaginable styles and qualities, an old sheet iron dripping pan, cake pans, shallow milk pans, those which are rusted out, may be cut off half an inch and re-botted as ferns do not need great depth; tin cans flattened on one side, and painted with two coats zinc white, with a ring to hang them by make a lovely receptacle for a single fern, with a fringe of partridge berry or fancy sedum. We paint the pans a light drab, in preference to the dark green so commonly used, believing the soft neutral tints to be a much prettier back-ground for a trailing border, than the dark absorbing green.

Ferns should be taken by the first of September if possible, before they are affected by frost; maiden hair does not do well in the house, but will live all winter under a pine or cedar tree in the garden as well; so will all of the other ferns.

We have never transplanted the common brake, but think possibly it might do well in a pot by itself; the common poly-pods, shield ferns, swarts, dwarf spleen wort, growing in tufts of moss, to be found in rather dry woods, and the silver spleen wort, growing in the shady margins of water, with the beautiful climbing ferns, to be found in many parts of New England, afford a pretty variety. Ferns must be taken up with great care, lifting as much as possible of their native soil; a few pieces of fine moss, should be gathered to cover the top of the soil, exposure to the sun is ruinous, plant them as soon as possible after taking them up. There are many low growing wild flowers, which will thrive among the ferns, such as coptis trifolia, gold thread, ground nut, sundew, smilax, sarsaparilla, Indian tobacco, and the moth mullein, any of which are hardy enough for house culture.

In planting the ferns you may form a little mound in the centre of the pan, as the moss prevents the soil from washing down.

We hope all of our ladies will at least give these "wildlings of nature"

a fair trial, for these are bounties "without price," and with them no cottage is so humble but they will grow there and gladden the heart as well as the eye; they are a perpetual sacrifice to the ever living God, and if viewed with the spirit of love and thankfulness, cannot fail to draw our hearts nearer and higher towards that home to the glory of which the beauties of this world are as dross.

HAIR RECEIVER AND BEAD BASKET.

R. M., many thanks for your directions for pansy lamp mat—I doubt not I shall be able to understand them readily as soon as I can get time to make the attempt; and I ought to have been courteous enough to accede to your request concerning the hair receiver and bead basket long ere this, but a press of duties crowded out the remembrance until too late for the next number. Premising that I have your pardon, I will endeavor to make the directions as plain as I possibly can upon paper, but you must know that I find it a deal more difficult to teach with the pen than with the tongue and digits.

For hair receiver, materials; perforated white card board a piece nine inches square, two yards of ribbon, one-half inch wide, one-fourth bunch of glass basket beads, two skeins of coarse silk to match the ribbon. Of course the silk must be of the color which you desire to match the chamber trimmings, toilet set, etc., and the beads, either silver, gilt, ruby or whatever color that will blend with the ribbon. I find gilt beads with green, silver with scarlet, blue with corn, etc., make handsome combinations. Begin at one corner leaving a margin of three holes, and with the silk work squares fourteen holes each way, till the opposite corner is reached. The long loops of silk must be diagonal and upon the right side of course. (The needle passed from holes on each corner of the square until the longest loop is made in the center of the square etc., so diminishing until the square is finished.) The first row (and largest of course,) being finished, continue on either side leaving a blank square and working a square, until nothing is left but a small margin which the binding will cover. Bind the edge neatly with the ribbon, then sew with double number thirty cotton, a bead in every blank square. Double the piece thus finished in the form of a cornucopia, sew the binding of the two sides thus joined, neatly together with "over and over stitch," put three neat little bows of the ribbon upon top, center and bottom; fasten a short ball of the ribbon at the top corner and the only one now left alone, hiding the sewing on with another neat little bow. Cut a piece of smooth note paper to fit inside for the lining, and you have as neat and tasteful a hair receiver as you can wish.

For bead basket; materials, fourteen bunches of glass basket beads, two balls of fine piping cord, or its equivalent of strong cotton yarn and two small darning needles. Thread each needle with a long piece of the cord double, i. e., the cord put through the needle and the ends brought together so that each needle has two strands.

Tie these together so that a needle hangs at each end of the cord. To begin; string upon one cord nine beads, upon the other, three. Pass the needle with the three through the last three of the nine beads, and the first block is made. Put upon the needle last passed through six beads, upon the other three. Pass the needle with three upon the cord through the last three beads of the six, and the second block is made. So continue until a string of nineteen blocks is made. Then turn and go back in the same way putting nineteen more squares upon these nineteen, and so on, until the piece numbers nineteen each way, or in other words, is square. Take care each time that you pull your threads tightly that the basket may not have a loose, shaky appearance. Every time that the needle is newly threaded be especially careful that the cords are joined with a knot that will not draw, or your labor will be lost. Then with these two needles begin the fringe. Begin by tying together the ends of cord as before, pass one needle through a corner bead of the big square, put on twenty-five beads, omit one bead upon the square, put twenty-five beads upon the other cord, pass that needle through the bead which the first needle omitted and so continue until the whole square is fringed. For the tassel, select the central block in the square; put seventy beads upon one needle (after the needles have been tied together as for fringe,) pass it through one bead and leave one, put seventy upon the other and pass it through the one just left and so continue until every bead in the block has been filled. There will then be twelve loops in the tassel; fasten the ends of the cord securely.

For the bail, make it in four parts all of the same length. Count off three blocks from the margin on each side, select the central block on one side, tie both needles as before, pass one through three of these beads which make one side of the block, put six upon one needle, three upon the other, pass this last needle through the last three of the six beads and one block of the bail is made; so continue till perhaps forty-five blocks are made. Make it longer or shorter according to the height of the window in which it is to hang. Treat the remaining three sides in the same way and you have the bail; some join the bails at the top and finish with a tassel in the centre where it hangs upon the hook.

To shape it, take of moderately large bonnet wire, (white) and tie it together so that the circle may be about nine inches in diameter; put this on the under side of the whole square fastening it carefully where the bails are joined on; this gives sufficient depth to admit a dish of water for flowers or a vase for them.

If this is not perfectly plain please

address C. N., South Harwich, Mass.,

and she will cheerfully make it plain.

C. N.

HANGING BASKETS.

This graceful and convenient form of decoration increases in popularity from year to year. Many a city home which would otherwise be destitute of floral adornment is brightened by them, and in the country among people of

taste and refinement they are becoming more and more common.

The baskets themselves are made of wire, terra cotta, or wood. The first named is the most useful, but the small terra cotta baskets are extremely neat and elegant for bay windows or other interior situations. They possess with the rustic wood baskets the additional advantage over the wire of retaining moisture longer, and thus suffering less from neglect of frequent watering. The wood baskets generally consist of a turned wooden bowl, covered over with twigs and roots to give it a rustic appearance. When this kind of basket is used, care should be exercised to see there are a few holes in the bottom to permit drainage. The matter is scarcely ever attended to by the makers, and florists who sell them ready filled with plants are apt to neglect it. The consequence is that the basket soon becomes water-logged, and the plants contained in it die of wet feet. Where provisions for drainage has been neglected until after the basket is filled, holes may be bored from the outside, and the dropsical condition relieved. The wire baskets are first lined with thick moss and afterwards filled with earth, into which the growing plants are set. They must be watered every day, as the drying air penetrates them on every side. A new style of wire basket is provided with a zinc reservoir beneath, which holds a week's supply of water. These are convenient but expensive.

The central portion of the basket should be filled with upright plants of a neat dwarf habit, and around the edge those of creeping or trailing growth. But while a basket filled with any bright, thrifty plants of suitable habit of growth, is a thing of beauty, it is far better to make such a combination of color as to present a harmonious living picture. The colors not only of the flowers, but also of the foliage employed, should be studied with a view to this effect. Our greenhouses furnish such a variety of plants with ornamental foliage—crimson, golden, white, bronze, purple and silvery grey—that almost any desired effect of color can be produced independently of the blossoms.

When a less complicated style is preferred, a basket may be made beautiful by its very simplicity. In such case a single plant is sufficient, provided it makes up by its luxuriance of growth for the lack of variety. We saw a very attractive basket recently, which was completely wreathed with the rich foliage and bright mauve-colored flowers of an ivy geranium. A plant of saxifraga sarmentosa, commonly called strawberry geranium, set in the center of a small basket, will soon cover the surface with leaves, while the long tendrils and tassels like stolons droop gracefully down the sides. Another useful plant in this way is the convolvulus mauritanicus, a single specimen of which will soon make the basket a rich mass of bright green foliage and blue flowers.

No one need be deprived of hanging baskets on account of remoteness from greenhouses and inability to purchase greenhouse plants. No baskets are produced more exquisite than can be made by the judicious use of the

plants found in the forests and fields. The baskets may be made of twigs, the end of an old keg covered over with rustic branches and roots or the steel wires of a superannuated hoop skirt, then for filling, the forest furnishes abundance of moss, rich light soil and ferns, partridge berry, saxifrage. Plants in baskets should not be overcrowded. Those which are bought from the florists are almost invariably over grown or overcrowded. This is not the fault of the florist, for the public taste demands a rich luxuriant appearance. No possible promise of future beauty and perfection can atone in the market for the want of present thriftiness, and therefore the florists are compelled, in order to meet the public taste either to crowd the baskets full of young plants, or keep them until the plants contained have reached the utmost limit of growth in the greenhouse. In either case the falling off in appearance is certain and speedy. The only remedy is for the purchaser to choose those that contain an over-abundance of vigorous young plants, and then thin out, removing such superfluous ones as can be spared with the least injury to the general effect. The basket will look a little scraggy at first, but the subsequent growth will fill up the vacancies.—*Country Gent.*

WHITE WATER LILY.

If our readers knew how easily the white water lily (*nympha odorato*) could be cultivated, we believe that very many of them would be quite as proud of their lily gardens as of any other portion of their premises. The roots having been procured in the fall were kept damp during the ensuing winter, in flower pots. In the spring a tub was made by sawing a substantial barrel in two, and this, duly painted green, was set on brick, put in the garden, and one-third filled with a mixture of garden soil, sand and well rotted manure. The roots were set in this mixture, water was added in small quantities, and at intervals of a day or two, and so gently as not to disturb the earth, until the tub was filled. Very soon the handsome round leaves, four or five inches in diameter, made their appearance and filled the tub. The loss by evaporation was made good from time to time, and ere long the blossoms appeared and delighted every one with their beauty.

When cold weather approached, the water was allowed to dry off almost entirely, and when it was thus nearly gone, the tub, with its contents, was placed in the cellar, and watered at long intervals through the winter. In the spring the roots were separated, and about half the increase returned to the same tub, in a fresh mixture of earth, and they are now brought out earlier than before, about April 1st, and blossom yet more profusely.

The pure white flowers were as perfect as the Camellia, and delightfully fragrant, closing in the night and re-opening in the morning as is the wont of water lilies. The blossoms were about two inches in diameter, not quite so large as some of the specimens in the pond whence these roots were first taken, but not less beautiful nor less fragrant.—*Flower Garden.*



INDEPENDENCE OF WHAT?

LEONIDAS had been looking over the August number of *THE HOUSEHOLD*—for he often does read it, though he calls it a woman's paper and scarce worth the notice of mankind—and lighting upon Olive Oldstyle's letter he called out: "Here, my dear Martyr, have you seen what Olive says to you?" Then, without waiting for a reply, he read aloud the following extract, in reference to the contributors of *THE HOUSEHOLD*: "'A Martyr of the Period' comes as often as she can get time with her bundle of griefs, and as we read we feel sorry that she is not brave enough to declare her independence."

Then laughing, Leonidas says: "There you see your case is exciting sympathy, and getting you advice, besides."

"Of course it excites sympathy," I reply, "and does not the case of almost any woman of this period call for the most profound sympathy, in view of her martyrdom, in some way, to the customs of the day. The fact is, not half of us really know or stop to think of the needless work we perform, or the torture we endure, though it may not all, by any means, be in matters of dress. I wonder if Olive does not see the aim of my writing the articles that I have? if she does not see how deeply I am interested in trying to show women what martyrs they do make of themselves, by considering myself as I surely am to a certain extent—one with them, in this series of perplexities and petty martyrdom?"

"And are ever like to be," quoth Leonidas, "unless you are brave enough to take good advice and declare your independence."

"Independence of what?" I ask, "would you have me independent of the world and its customs, and of the usages of society in which I move? If I were a copper colored squaw, then a blanket would suffice, and I have my time—for what? for such elevated purposes as savage women use theirs?" I ask, turning to Leonidas with an arch questioning look.

"I suppose so," is the sage reply.

"The fact is," I resume, "civilization presupposes refinement, and artistic development, and all that goes to make life something more than a state of existence upon the bare necessities of the moment. Till Eve knew and partook of the tree of knowledge, and thus began to wake to something more than the monotony of mere existence what, did she have to occupy her time? After that, you know she sewed fig-leaves, and doubtless exercised her ingenuity to no small degree to invent new patterns and devise fanciful forms to give variety and beauty to her rustic adornments."

"No doubt of it," said Leonidas. "She would not have been a representative woman had she not done so."

"But to go back. Now while I do not believe in living merely to dress—

as that is what it seems some people do live for—I do believe in dressing something like those among whom we do live, whether that is in Iceland or in Turkey, in a rural town in America, or in a large, fashionable city. It may be easy for one, where dress is made a matter of little consequence, to rail at fashions; and it may be a moral triumph for one, residing among those who carry dress to extreme, to be moderate in their own pretensions, and while adapting themselves, as they must to be presentable, yet feel the yoke often galling, and to sigh for more simplicity in these things."

"As you do, when you get time to write your martyr articles," put in saucy Leon, "as you see Olive seems to infer that you pour out your soul on that subject as often as you find time to take a pen."

I laugh, as I think of the pages and pages, which I write; only at long intervals coming before the world as a martyr.

Now, the positive truth is, why I have let so long a time elapse without opening that particular budget, is because I have grown so independent that I have nearly ceased to deserve the name that I have, on these occasions, dolorously assumed.

"Do you mean," said Leon sarcastically, "that you have exchanged the vanities of the world, and, in sublime indifference, are wearing your last year's clothes, or have adopted the old styles, wherein no fuss and feathers are found?"

"I mean that I have economized, as the times teach us to do, about buying more than needful—and, don't you remember I took up with your advice to buy ready made garments, somewhat, and save myself the vexation that always comes with the season of dress-making?"

"And didn't I hear you repenting loudly, not long since, for so doing, and declaring you would never do it again?" asked my tormenter.

"O yes, I remember, it was that hot morning when I was trying to do up my white polonaise, with its ruffles and flutings. You see that if I had made it myself, I certainly should not have put so much work and trimming upon it, as I have learned the folly of so doing. But that ready made looked so beautiful, that I was tempted into taking it and, till the ironing came, all went nicely enough. But then I did become exasperated! If ladies who wear such elaborately made garments employ a skilled laundress, then all is well. But to iron the dainty fabric, which would dry faster than I could reach it; to get it nicely fluted, and all the in's and out's properly finished—why, it was a good forenoon's work, whereas, had the garment been more plainly made it would have been no difficult task to have done it up, and I should not have felt so like a very martyr on account of the time and strength and patience that I had been obliged to waste upon the garment.

Now I must confess to a liking to wearing the tasteful polonaise on bright, warm afternoons. I had really enjoyed it, and more, because I had had no trouble about the making of it. But after such a seige in ironing, I must admit that I almost begrimed

myself the pleasure of wearing it, because, when soiled, it must be done up again! There was half the pleasure lost! and so I oftener wore something plainer, just on account of that being so elaborately trimmed. I am very sure that had I purchased a garment more sensibly made for wash material, that its use and comfort, and, in fact, its beauty to me would have been much greater than this has proved to be.

Then I find that I have unconsciously been beguiled into making skirts, and underclothing in a manner which, to say nothing of the work put upon them, makes the doing up of them a task indeed. We must ruffle, and tuck, and insert, and edge with embroidery—the last not being so difficult to iron—so that our ironing each week is a sad draught upon our time, and often a means of overtasking ourselves—and for what? Ladies who think that children's garments must be fancifully made and trimmed, often forget, I think, of the immense labor which is to be done over and over, week after week at the ironing table; and children need so many changes that the whole is enough to make any woman a martyr, even if she has little else to do.

Ah, the worn, weary mothers, who spend their time and strength in so much needless toil, and forget the things more needful for the little one's true growth and inward adorning. Mothers, who have no time to keep their own minds bright and active; no time to listen to, and answer the queries of the questioning child; and no time to so inform themselves that they are prepared to lead, and stimulate, and assist the mind, and the better, higher nature of the precious charge given into their keeping. Is it the body, and its needs and adornments that is the limit of a mother's duty? And yet can she help the child onward, unless her own growth and development fits her for the task?

Is this for what any woman's life is given her; to devote her energies to the material; to preparing food, and raiment, and outward needs, forgetful of the equally needful, and the true and beautiful within?

But here I am preaching. Well, how can we confer together and not preach? I think that the reason why some of us so sensibly feel the martyrdom that must come, with only a moderate conformity to the ways of the period, is because our better nature is not really in it; and yet, common sense, as well as decent regard to custom, with the innate fitness of things leads to undertaking tasks, which seem only slight, and yet prove otherwise in the end. It is right, and also has a beneficial effect for a woman to dress with something of an eye of beauty, and to have a regard for the "gospel of good gowns." The present modes, if carried to extremes, are certainly burdensome to time and means; at the same time, the styles are so various, that it is possible to dress in fashion, and dress well, with a very moderate outlay. This we intend often to adhere to; yet when it comes to the experiment we find we have begun without thoroughly counting the cost; that the work required is far more than we anticipated, and then, in our regrets, we blame the

fashions instead of ourselves. The only true bravery is to keep within consistency—what is consistent for us; to regard dress and adornments as of due importance, but only as secondary to the interests of life. And to consider convenience, comfort, and adaptation, of more moment than every new turn and twist of fashion.

And yet, with thoughtful care, I find I am still

A MARTYR OF THE PERIOD.

HOW TO DRESS THE BABIES.

It is not worth while, indeed, that mothers should allow the fashion of their infants' garments to weigh very heavily upon their mind. Surely, if any class of human beings could be allowed a degree of freedom from the thrall of "style," this class should be the little babies. Yet there have been fashions in the construction of infants' clothes, but, we are glad to say, for many years past these fashions have not been guided by idle caprice, but by reason and common sense.

In some things, and those by no means in themselves unimportant, we are wiser to-day than we were twenty years ago. We dress our children with far more attention to the laws of health now than then. Their physical well-being is a grave consideration with us, their moral well-being as an off-set, according to the prevalent custom, is a question that we cannot discuss here.

Without a doubt, the old-fashion of dressing babies in garments with low necks and short sleeves at all times and seasons, is now quite passed away. Pretty as the bare, plump necks and arms were, common sense taught us that they were a most fruitful source of cramps and colds, and other complaints of the little ones, and common sense and right feeling agree to abjure the custom forever. Now infants' dresses are almost universally made with high necks and long sleeves.

The dresses for infants are not made nearly so long as the custom was, some years ago, that is, the plain, every-day dresses. It is good economy, however, for mothers to make the nicer and more elaborately trimmed dresses quite long. A yard and a quarter is a good measure, for a dress of that length can be made into two when the infant is old enough to be put into short frocks.

The dresses for infants should be made of the softest white fabrics, as nainsook, undressed jaconet and pique. In making these the under seams should be felled or faced in such a way that there can be no rough edges or seams to torture the tender flesh. Laundresses should never be allowed to starch the waists of these dresses, and all notched, or pointed trimmings should be avoided, especially around the neck and wrists. Consider the comfort of your baby in these simple matters and you will save yourself much anxiety and trouble.

White fabrics of a yellowish rather than a blue tint should be chosen for infants' dresses, as they keep their beauty longer. It is necessary to trim these dresses a great deal to follow the customs now prevalent, but it is possible now to purchase the various

articles of infants' wardrobe from the furnishing houses at a cost very little beyond that of the material itself and a reasonable allowance for making; and we would advise that the baby's christening dress and one or two nice dresses for gala days be purchased ready-made, thus saving the mother serious expenditure of time and strength. The excessive amount of trimming in the form of tucks, puffs, ruffles, embroidery and braiding, that many mothers put upon their little one's dresses is not to be deplored for its uselessness simply. It necessitates an amount of exertion and nervous anxiety on the part of the mother, and that, too, often at a time when she is least able to bear such strain, that cannot but react upon her weakened system with very serious consequences, and thus gravely affect the health of the child. It were well if all mothers would recollect that the well-being of a child's body, on which depends not only the happiness, physical and mental, of a mature being, but the actual tenure of life by which the child may be able to reach maturity, is certainly of more value than an extra puff or tuck on a garment to be worn for a few months and then forever discarded.

The French custom of making infants' dresses with a waist and skirt, is very pretty for extra nice dresses, but for every-day wear the simpler slip is to be preferred, as easier put on and off, and more comfortable for the child. Two or three groups of fine tucks and a wide hem trim these as prettily as any one could desire. For night dresses long plain slips of white cotton should be made, open nearly or quite all the length of the back, and closed by strings of narrow tape, or else small linen buttons; finish the neck with a narrow bias band and small button. Undressed cambric is the best material for these, though long-cloth or dimity answers very well, indeed, will probably wear longer.

A good measure for every-day infants' dresses is one yard. In that case the white muslin under skirts should be about seven-eighths and flannel skirts three-quarters of a yard long. The skirts should be made of two straight breadths fastened to a doubled linen band, twelve inches in width before doubling. These bands should lap and be tied with strings of linen tape. Just here two important items of dressing infants should be noted. In the first place, abjure the use of pins, *in toto*, if possible. Use in their stead linen tape strings, or small linen or thread buttons, and where a pin is actually necessary, use only the small clasped "safety pins," that are purchased by the paper; the aggregate agony that infants have endured since the advent of civilization through carelessly placed pins, would, if it could be told, form a tale too harrowing for belief. Also, cotton should never be used for an infant's under clothing; its roughness irritates the delicate skin. Where flannel is not needed for warmth, soft linen should always be used.

The skirts of the white petticoats referred to should be of soft-finished cambric, with a broad hem around the

bottom. Little trimming is necessary or advisable upon these skirts.

For underclothing, a child should wear flannel next to the skin, during summer as well as winter, for the first three years, at least, of its life. If this rule were scrupulously followed, there is little doubt that the mortality among children during the summer months would be greatly lessened. During the warm weather, flannel shirts for infants can be made low in the neck and with short sleeves, but when the weather becomes cold these should be put aside for others made high and close about the neck, and with sleeves coming to the wrists. These can be made of fine flannel, but are better woven or knit in soft wool to avoid all need of seams. They should be of good length and made to fit so nicely that they will not be continually rolling up under the arms. Every mother should have a long dressing sacque for her infant, made of doubled calico for the summer or of pressed flannel for cold weather. This should be put on the little one on taking it out of the warm bed in the morning, and for a short time after its daily bath, to prevent all danger of taking cold. In shape, it can be made from the night-dress pattern, but open in front.

Bibs form by no means an unimportant part of an infant's wardrobe. The most useful as well as the cheapest of these can be made of pique, lined and trimmed around with a line of edging or a narrow braiding. Very pretty bibs of quilted and embroidered muslin can be purchased very cheaply at the furnishing stores. Others, of inserting and lace, larger, and made for show rather than use, can be procured for dress occasions.

The white shawl to be worn in the house should be a square of white merino or silk-finished flannel, prettily embroidered. A hood-blanket is also necessary. This is a new and very useful device for protecting the child's head from draughts, and to be worn in cold halls and when taken into the garden on pleasant spring and summer days. It is simply a square of flannel, with one corner drawn into a hood by shirred strings that pass back of the neck and around the face, making a frill there. A ribbon bow can be placed over the forehead, and another behind. The cloak for the street should be a large double cape of pique for summer and of white merino in winter. A good deal of trimming, embroidery and braiding are in place on these. While an infant should always have a handsome white cloak, it is an excellent plan to provide also a warm little hooded cloak of French flannel, plaided blue and white. For the head, little caps of insertion and lace are worn. These can be warmly lined, but are to be chosen rather for their fanciful prettiness than for actual value. The warm hood of the cloak must be relied on to protect the little head if the air is at all chilly.

An infant can be put into short dresses at the age of six months. These dresses are usually about twenty-two inches in length, reaching just to the child's ankles. The convenient yoke slips are still worn with a belt or drawing string at the waist, but a

made waist is more popular. Another new way is to form the waist with tucks and inserting between, thus taking up all the fulness of the slip as far as the belt. Very wide ribbon sashes, folded about half their width around the waist are worn with these dresses. A new idea is to buy dark-blue, maroon, or violet sashes for the little ones in the place of the delicate tints, which are so easily soiled. For the best dresses nainsook and linen lawn should be worn, but for everyday wear, striped and checked muslins and piques can be used. Gabrielle slips, fitted loosely, are quite the fashion now for little ones; they can be worn with or without a belt. Some of the prettiest of these have the front breadth made entirely of puffs and insertion. A new style is a double-breasted Gabrielle dress. This is made of fine pique or nainsook, with two rows of thread buttons down the lapped front, and trimming around the collar, cuffs, and hem; on warm days it serves for a street suit without a walking coat. When children put on short dresses their underskirts should be made with comfortably fitting waists and shoulder straps. The first outside wrap made for the infant after it is put into short dresses can be made large enough to wear until it is two years old, and for boys and girls can be made after the same pattern. This is simply a walking coat made with sleeves and a cape, pique for summer and merino for winter. They are sometimes made of buff embroidered with white, but those all white are much preferred. Sacques for every-day wear of honey comb and striped washing cloth are merely scalloped and bound with braid. For little girls under two years, lace caps are made, with soft round corners, made full and lined with silk. Those for the baby-boys are of similar material, but are made in the turban shape.

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THE ATROCITY OF FEATHER BEDS.

The cackling of the goose is said to have saved Rome. The feathers of the same bird are dealing death to America. We are reminded of this as the summer approaches, and the hospitality of rural friends occasionally introduces us to the "feather bed" which has come down, an heirloom in the family for five generations. It is a capacious bag, holding some thirty or forty pounds of good, honest goose feathers, plucked a hundred years ago, and held in high esteem by succeeding generations until it has come into the possession of the present incumbent of the old homestead. Underneath this feather bed is the straw bed, filled annually with clean, sweet oat straw. This relieves the pressure upon the bed cords, which are annually tightened at the spring house-cleaning with the old-fashioned

winch and pin until the tense cord makes music to the stroke of the hand.

This feather bed was a tolerable institution in the days of log houses, with the free ventilation of a big fireplace and rifts in the roof through which the snow drifted in every winter storm. But now with tight houses and stoves that heat everything from cellar to garret, the case is altered. No amount of airing and sunlight will permanently redeem the bed from the odor of old feathers, which is anything but agreeable, and the more atrocious effete animal matter that has escaped from the sleepers that have sought repose here for generations past. Think now of John Giles coming in from his day's work in the field where he has been following the plow, or driving the mower or reaper, his body all day long in a vapor bath, to repeat the process in the night watches as he stretches his weary limbs upon this unpatented perspirator. Here he tries to sleep, but wakes often from fitful dreams, and tosses as if a fever were raging in his veins. Is it any wonder that he rises from unrefreshing sleep with the early dawn, that he grows lean and cadaverous, and becomes cross and dyspeptic?

The poor wife, who shares his couch, has possibly, in addition to his discomforts, the care of a nursing child. Is it any wonder that she comes to the morning more dead than alive? Is it any wonder that so large a per cent of the inmates of our lunatic asylums come from our farms! The old proverb that "the rest of the laboring man is sweet," needs to be received with several grains of allowance. There is not much sweetness or refreshment on this pile of feathers in the sweltering summer nights.

It is surprising to see how long it takes modern improvements to invade the agricultural districts, even with the help of railroads and newspapers. Hair mattresses and spring beds are unknown luxuries in many of these districts where the civilization is at least two hundred years old. "The age of homespun," supposed by some of our brilliant writers to have departed fifty years ago, is still continued in almost unbroken force. Something cool and soft, to sleep on and under, is still a desideratum in most farm-houses. The apology for feather beds and cotton-quilted comfortables is not poverty, but convenience of manufacture. The feathers are a home product, and a tea-drinking makes the quilts and comfortables. Yes, John Giles owns his farm, is out of debt, has a good bank account, owns railroad stock and could have mattresses, fine linen and blankets if he understood their comfort and economy.—*Cor. American Agriculturist.*

A NATURAL CURLING FLUID.

Take equal parts of gum arabic, borax and camphor; dissolve in a quart of boiling water, a quarter of a pound of the whole; strain and bottle the preparation for use. At night apply with a small brush, and wrap the hair in papers. This is excellent and harmless for making those frizzets so popular for the fronts of bonnets.



WEIGHING THE BABY.

"How many pounds does the baby weigh,
Baby who came but a month ago?
How many pounds from the crowning curl
To the rosy point of the restless toe?"
Grandfather ties the 'kerchief knot,
Tenderly guides the swinging weight,
And carefully over his glasses peers
To read the record, "only eight."
Softly the echo goes around;
The father laughs at the tiny girl,
The fair young mother sings the words,
While grandmother smoothes the golden curl.
And stooping above the precious thing
Nestles a kiss within a prayer,
Murmuring softly, "little one,
Grandfather did not weigh you fair."
Nobody weighed the baby's smile,
Or the love that came with the helpless one;
Nobody weighed the threads of care,
From which a woman's life is spun.
No index tells the mighty worth
Of little baby's quiet breath,
A soft, unceasing metronome,
Patient and faithful unto death.
Nobody weighed the baby's soul,
For here on earth no weights there be
That could avail; God only knows
Its value in eternity.
Only eight pounds to hold a soul
That seeks no angel's wings,
But shines it in this human guise,
Within so small and frail a thing!
Oh, mother, laugh your merry note;
Be gay and glad, but don't forget
From baby's eyes looks out a soul
That claims a soul in Eden yet.

—Living Age.

UNDER A BUSHEL.

BOB NOYES, do stop your racket. Nobody can have a minute's peace if you are in hearing."

Bob's face flushed scarlet, and he laid down his hammer, leaving the nail half driven. He turned the toy wagon he had been working upon over and over, with a wistful look which told of a pitiful heartache. It was a pretty toy wagon in his eyes, and he made every bit of it himself, and if he could only drive six more nails it would be finished. But there must be no more racket, so he laid it away carefully, and going into one corner of the yard stretched himself under a tree, and kicking the turf with his heels, pondered over his many troubles. His mother had said that there was no peace for anybody if he was in hearing; but certainly there was no peace for him anywhere about home.

He had slipped into the parlor after dinner and was having a good chat with Miss Somers, and she was telling him about three wonderful black and white spotted puppies at her house, when sister Jennie came in and asked him what he was imposing on Miss Somers for. He wasn't imposing, Miss Somers said so. Guess he could talk as well as Jennie, if she was eighteen two months ago. But Jennie made him leave the room without learning how the littlest and prettiest spotted puppy got out of the cistern when he fell in. Maybe he didn't get out. Bob kicked harder and wished he knew. After his ejection from the parlor, Bob

started to the garret to console himself by rocking in the old fashioned red cradle. Grandmother Noyes rocked papa and Uncle John in, but Nell and the boys would not let him in; they were getting up surprise tableaux and "didn't want any little pitchers around." He sought his father's study to look at an illustrated edition of natural history. But papa objected, "he couldn't have Bob in there making a disturbance." Almost heart broken, he turned to his mother's room. "Go right away, you'll wake the baby," met him at the threshold. He looked into the kitchen and begged to help make pies, but Bridget told him to clear out. He next went to the wood house and sought to assuage his sorrows by working on his wagon, and now he was forbidden that.

He could not understand why he was driven from everything—he had not been a bad boy and lost his temper. It was beyond his six year old philosophy. His poor little brain puzzled over what older children called "certain inalienable rights," without finding a solution of his troubles, or coming to a conclusion. Had he been strong minded, he might have called a convention and declared that in the present order of things little boys have no rights big folks are bound to respect, and drafted petitions for a change; but he was sensitive and submissive and let people snub him and trample on his toes without remonstrance.

The tea bell roused him from his cup of bitter puzzled thoughts.

"Bob, come to supper."

He wouldn't have to wait, that was some consolation.

At the table Mrs. Noyes was telling Miss Somers about a troupe of performing monkeys. "One smart monkey with a striped tail, played on a violin, and—"

"Mamma, it was ring-tailed," interrupted Bob, eager to have the account exact.

"Bob, how many times have I told you not to interrupt?"

Bob subsided, but he knew it was ring-tailed, for he counted the rings and watched it for half an hour while mamma gossiped with Mrs. Layton. "All the monkeys turned somersaults when their keeper played Captain Jinks," continued Mrs. Noyes.

"Mamma, it wasn't Captain Jinks, O vare is myve little tog."

"Bob, if you talk any more at the table I'll send you to bed."

Bob was correct, and he knew it; he could whistle like a mocking bird, while Mrs. Noyes did not know one tune from another. The two reproofs in the presence of Miss Somers was too much for his sensitive, bashful temperament, and mortified him beyond self-control. His little fingers trembled and dropped a glass of water, spilling its contents upon the cloth.

"Bob, where's your manners? Leave the table instantly," commanded his father.

The children laughed, and Jennie called Bob an "ill-mannered little boor," and the mortified little fellow crept sadly into bed and sobbed until asleep.

The day's experience was a fair sample of Bob's whole boyhood.—Nowhere about home could his light

shine freely, and the whole household tried to thrust it under a bushel. He must not sing, whistle, shout, talk, ask questions, or pound, yet he must keep himself handy to run on errands and to pick up chips. He must not talk to company, for little boys are to be seen not heard—he must not have any company of his own because he did not know how to behave properly. The idea that Bob had any feelings or rights was not tolerated. The family did not intend to act unjustly; they loved Bob, but they were selfish and did not want to be disturbed, and Bob was so noisy, and such an inveterate talker and questioner, if given liberty. He was clothed and fed, and sent to school and to church and Sabbath school; surely that was all duty required.

Bob made a discovery after a while. He could pound, and saw, and bang as much as he pleased in Tom Smith's carpenter shop. Smith's wild, half-dissipated apprentice made a discovery too—that bashful Bob Noyes had a wonderful faculty for saying witty things, and for whistling and singing, when he became acquainted—and they coaxed him off more than once to enliven the evenings at the "Excelsior" and "Star" saloons.

They were blind as moles at home until a reckless, almost criminal, deed committed during the tumultuous period between boyhood and manhood, showed them that Bob's young life was being steeped in degredation and sin. They wept bitterly, but not in sackcloth and ashes. Wrapped in self-righteousness, they shifted the responsibility from their own shoulders, and as he went from bad to worse, washed their hands of that unavoidable family affliction—a black sheep.

But God and the angels knew that Bob was not alone to blame, knew that because his light was put under a bushel at home and kept there, he had groped about in darkness, and fallen into the ditch.

EARNEST WORDS WITH PARENTS.

Number Thirteen.

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

To the same end children should be trained to habits of Industry. "The idle brain is the devil's workshop;" and this is not all. Industry rightly understood and directed calls into exercise the benevolent feelings. Children should be taught to work voluntarily and cheerfully, and for the sake of helping their parents, and doing good to all around them. And this helpful service may be rendered still more extensively, as opportunity offers, by earning money, not to be spent for their own gratification, but to en-

able them to contribute of their own means, for the relief of suffering humanity. To forget self and love others is God-like, and this is the most important lesson for childhood to learn.

How instructive the answer of our Saviour to the bigoted Jews, who sought to slay him because he wrought a miracle on the Sabbath day: "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." The "Father worketh!" He is never idle. Prompted by infinite love, He works for the welfare of His creatures, and it is only through the working of His power that His love is manifested. Jesus worked—to relieve the suffering poor, to comfort the afflicted, to bind up the broken heart, and to breathe into the benighted soul conscious of sin and guilt the sunlight of hope, joy and blessedness. And He is our example. The spirit He manifested and the lessons He taught should be imparted to our children, that they may become co-workers with Him in the world's elevation and redemption. For the want of such training, how many young men of our day are spending their lives in indolence, and wasting their energies, both of body and mind, in useless or ruinous indulgence; and how many young women, lost to every noble sentiment and aim in life, spend their years in the cold formalities of etiquette, in frivolous gossip among their equals, and in dressing and pleasure hunting. Let parents, if they can estimate the consequence of such habits to their children and to the world, and they will have a measure of their own guilt in neglecting duties so important.

The family also should be a school of good manners. Manners and morals are intimately connected. One is the counterpart of the other, and both are indispensable to constitute the true man or woman. To quote an illustration which I have used in another connection, "Morals are the basis of human character, and manners are its decorations which serve to make it more attractive and lovely. Morals are the staple of human laws, and the regulators of human governments; and refined manners serve as gildings to make laws more effective and governments more secure." And while I urge the necessity of training children to habits of integrity and virtue, I claim that it is also the duty of parents to give special attention to their manners. It is a mistaken notion that morality, or even piety alone, will so far regulate the conduct that social culture will be unnecessary. How often do we have occasion to regret the lack of refinement in those whose characters we admire, and all the more do we pity them, because of their generosity and goodness.

Such persons would not violate the laws of good breeding if they knew how to avoid it, but to their sorrow they have learned that canons of etiquette are not found in creeds and codes of Christian morals. They are liable to come to our table with dirty nails, or to mop their foreheads with their napkins, and yet they would be utterly ignorant that they had given offence by so doing.

Good manners must be taught in the family, both by precept and example, if we expect our children to become

true gentlemen and ladies, fitted to mingle in refined society. It is not sufficient occasionally to tell them how they should behave, and to rebuke them for some grave offence. They must be trained to habits of politeness with as much care as to habits of obedience and integrity. No father would expect his son to understand practical engineering without much study and practice upon the principles involved. No mother expects her daughter to become a skillful pianist without critical instruction and long continued recitations. And how absurd to suppose that gracefulness of manners can be acquired by the hearing of the rules of good behavior, or the reading of manuals of etiquette. But many children do not enjoy even these privileges. They grow up entirely ignorant of the first principles of politeness, and when compelled to go into society they experience an indescribable pain from the consciousness of their own deficiency.

This is not their fault, but it is none the less the source of their torture. In other families the theory of civility may be taught, and rudeness sometimes rebuked, and yet, the laws of politeness are practically disregarded.

To illustrate: The mother goes out to make an evening call, and takes with her a little son, and she is mortified to see him standing in the hall with his hat on conversing with the lady of the house, and rebukes him severely for his rudeness. Now, if this mother had required her son to uncover his head whenever he came into her presence, would he have been guilty of such a mistake? The children carry their home habits into society. If the little daughter has been required to practice civility in her intercourse with the family, she will not fail to make a graceful salutation when she meets the stranger at a public party. To secure these desirable results, there must be constant home training in the art of good breeding, and this the children in every family have a right to expect and demand of their parents.

EXPERIENCE.

PARENTS, KEEP YOUR PROMISES.

"Johnny, if you do so again I will knock your head off." "May, if you don't stop that noise, I will whip you till you can't stand." "If I ever hear that noise again I will cut your ear off." "If you say that again I'll cut your tongue out."

All have heard parents and others use such expressions to children, and yet we all know that those who utter them will never do as they threaten, and the child who is thus threatened knows the threatenings are vain and will never be carried out. Whoever will stop to define the influence such talk will have upon the mind of the child, must at once see that the parent must only stamp himself or herself as a liar upon that mind. To the parent is intrusted the unfolding of the youthful mind, and to the parent, the child looks up as an example and a type of all that is excellent and good. This is as it naturally should be, but when the child detects that parent in the most flagrant falsehoods, in how much lower estimation must he or she be

held? You punish or threaten to punish your children when you detect them in uttering an untruth, but do you not know that they may have learned this from you?

An eminent teacher of great experience once said, "During the last twenty years I have never promised or threatened to cut off a scholar's ear but what I did as I promised." Here was his great success. He was careful to never promise that which he could not conscientiously perform, and the scholars were sure that anything promised or threatened was sure to be performed. When we promise to cut out the child's tongue, he knows we will not do it, and knows we have lied to him, and fearing no punishment, the first opportunity will be seized to commit the same offense again. Parents and those who have the care of children, think of this.

"NOW."

If I were to give you a motto to go through life with, one that would stand you for warning and counsel in any strait in which you might find yourself, I would give it in this one word, "Now."

Don't waste your time and your strength, and your opportunities, by always meaning to do something—do it! Only weakness comes of indecision. Why, some people have so accustomed themselves to this way of dawdling along from one thing to another, that it really seems impossible for them to squarely make up their minds to anything. They never quite know what they mean to do next, and their only pleasure seems to consist in putting things off as long as possible, and then dragging slowly through them, rather than begin anything else.

Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is, take hold at once and finish it up squarely and cleanly; and then to the next thing without letting any moments drop out between. It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people contrive to make of a day; it's as if they picked up the moments that the dawdlers lost. And if you ever find yourself where you have so many things pressing you that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret; take hold of the very first one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest all fall into file and follow after like a company of well-drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished when brought into line. You may have often seen the anecdote of the man who was asked how he accomplished so much in his life. "My father taught me," was the reply, "when I had anything to do to go and do it." There is the secret—the magic word "Now."

BE KIND TO THE AGED.

A friend of mine saw at a short distance before him an old man walking with great difficulty, and very tired. He seemed at loss which way to go. Between my friend and the old man two little girls, eight and ten years

of age, were walking, and talking about the old man.

"How tired he looks!" says one. Just then a young man passed by, of whom the old man asked his way to No. 16 East Street. A hasty answer, not at all clear, was the only reply. In his bewilderment the old man struck against a post and his staff fell from his hand. The elder girl sprang forward to support him; while the other handed him his staff, saying, "Here it is, sir."

"Thank you, my kind girls," said the old man. "Can you direct me to No. 16 East Street? I came to the city to-day to visit my son. Wishing to surprise him, I did not send him word that I was coming. I am a stranger here, and have been walking a long time to no purpose."

"Oh, we will go with you, sir; mother said we might walk for an hour, and we can as well walk that way as any other."

"God bless you, my kind girls!" said the old man. "I am sorry to trouble you."

"Oh," replied the little girls, "it is not the least trouble; we love old folks, and we love to help them if we can."

They soon brought the old man opposite the house which he sought; and he was for saying good-by to them, but they said, "We must cross the street with you, for fear the carriages run over you."

What a delightful body-guard were those kind children!

As they separated, the old man said, "If you ever visit my country, come to the house of John Beech, and you shall have as hearty a welcome and as good entertainment as a farm-house can afford."

THE PUZZLER.

We will send a copy of THE HOUSEHOLD for one year to the one who first sends full and correct answers to The Puzzler for any month. Answers should be sent with all contributions to this column.

ANSWERS:—1. Try again. 2. Samuel Johnson. 3. Black horse. 4. Dark, mark, lark, park, bark, hark, shark.

5. O A S I S 6. G L U E
A D U S T L O R A
S U L L A U R N S
I S L A M E A S E
S T A M P

7. M
H A T
A F T E R
B E R R I E S
M A T R I M O N Y
H A R M O N Y
S H O R T
I N N
Y

8. Clover. 9. Scold. 10. Pine. 11. Clove pink. 12. Mandrake. 13. Mushroom. 14. Pennyroyal. 15. Horse chestnut. 16. Sweet sultan. 17. Tube rose. 18. Pheasant eye. 19. Flora's bell. 20. Crown imperial. 21. Colt's foot. 22. Cowslip. 23. Chestnut. 24. Buckbean. 25. Jessamine.

ENIGMA.

1. I am composed of twenty letters. My 5, 13, 7, 9, 19 is a household utensil.

My 4, 17, 11, 15 are used in gambling. My 20, 3, 4, 12 is a pleasant drink.

My 14, 10, 16, 19 is a nutritious food.

My 18, 17, 1 is a domestic animal. My 8, 2, 6, 4 is a measure. My whole you will find in THE HOUSEHOLD every month.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

2. My first is in pen but not in ink, My second is in chain but not in link, My third is in black but not in crow, My fourth is in ice but not in snow, My fifth is in fast but not in slow, My sixth is in circus but not in show, My seventh is in coffee but not in tea. My whole is the name of a distant sea.

ROSCOE F.

WORD PUZZLE.

3. I am composed of eleven letters, and contain a domestic animal, part of a garment, a body of water, a kind of spice, a small horse, an interjection, an article, four pronouns, to conquer, to join, to brood, to fasten, to make hot, to express in words, a number of horses, a pleasant beverage, main part of a tree, a kind of collar for horses, a bench, identical, a name for a parent, false pretense, a texture of rushes, a name for food in general, a shrub, and part of a vessel. My whole is a science. What science am I?

ROSCOE F.

ARITHMOREM.

4. S F Y I N T O D A S N
F Y I
E Y F O
E E A A
S T Y D
S S O O
E F Y

ANAGRAM.

5. E w a y m o t h e s e t h k d n i u g f o u o
R e t a f h ;
E w t a n n c o w k o n h w t a r k w o r u v l o e
y m a o d ;
T b u s n d h a f o l e g s a n l a h s l h t e v r s h a t
r g e h t a ,
D a n k s o w r o d w f o o l l e w r h e u r o
u o s s l l a h s o g .

CHARADES.

Herbs.—6. A conveyance, where it takes you.

7. An invitation.
8. A flower, a girl's name.
9. Repentance.
10. A wise man.
11. A point of duration.
12. A small reptile, a forest.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.
13. A consonant; a garden utensil; a habitation; anger; a family; courage; a woven fabric; a tree; a consonant.

ANNIE.

SUBSTITUTIONS.
Change one letter.

14. Change a prop into to kill.
15. Change a distance into an insect.
16. Change a prophet into an equal.
17. Change a wad into a flock.

18. Change one animal into another.

DROP WORD PUZZLE.
19. All but of stupendous; whose nature and the.

INSERTIONS.
20. Insert a letter in to scatter and have lazy.

21. Insert a letter in weight and have ripped.

22. Insert a letter in an article to wear and have the sea coast.

23. Insert a letter in to burn and have an article of furniture.



THE DINING ROOM

LIBERTY VERSUS CUSTOM.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

AMONG all the declarations of liberty which American mankind is so fond of making it seems strange that there is no league, association, party, or other combination to defend honest men against worn-out or absurd customs.

For example, will any man tell me why I am forbidden by what is called "good-manners" to pour my tea into a saucer, and cool it there? Much reproach has been heaped upon "strong" tea and coffee, which properly belongs to hot tea and coffee. Every one knows how much the efficient action of chemical agents is intensified by heat. Scalding tea is far worse than strong tea; but to be both scalding and strong is an attack upon the human body which no man ought to venture who has any regard for health. But etiquette forbids me to cool my coffee in any other manner than by waiting. Coffee cups, in houses where the secret of making good coffee is known, should be like the human heart, large and deep, and in such cases the beverage will, like true affection, cool very slowly. Hence, one who does not wish to wait till the meal is over before drinking coffee, must either cool it in his saucer or drink it hot, or wait and drink it after breakfast, and all because of the absurd notion that it is not good manners to pour coffee into your saucer!

The spirit of "Seventy-Six" ought to rise with every afflicting gulp of hot coffee! The custom is wanton and cruel. It is tyranny over the inner man, carried on by force, if not by the sword. I count it, therefore, a duty to humanity to set at defiance the edicts of this liquid despots—hot drink. For the welfare of mankind I refuse to burn my mouth, or scald my stomach! In behalf of mute devotees of etiquette, I raise a plea for relief!

Meantime, endowed with courage, and armed with principle, I rejoice in pouring forth the fragrant liquid into a capacious saucer, and, before the wondering eyes, to raise the beverage to my lips. Superstition is rebuked! Health is justified of her children!

Even more will be shocked when I avow myself as an advocate of the rights of the knife. Now, custom has reduced it to the mere function of cutting up one's food. That done, it is laid down and a fork serves every other purpose. By practice one gains unexpected dexterity in using a fork for purposes to which it is ill adapted. The Chinese, in like manner, make awkward chop-sticks rarely serviceable, by practice little short of legerdemain; but is that a good reason for the use of chop-sticks? A fork, as now made, is unfitted to pierce any morsel upon its tines, and yet they are sharp enough to afflict the tongue if carelessly used. They are split so as to be useless for liquids, and yet they are used as if they were spoons.

The fork compels the manipulator to poke and push and pile up the food-material, which tends to fall back and apart; it is made to pursue the dainty tidbits, in which often the very core of flavor resides, around the plate in a hopeless chase, and at length a bit of bread is called in as an auxiliary, and thus, while the slim legged fork, in one hand, is chasing a slim liquid mouthful, a wad of bread in the other goes mopping and sopping around to form a corner, and between the two is at length accomplished what is called genteel feeding.

Meanwhile, a broad knife is fitted for the very function which the fork refuses, and the wad of bread ill performs. The reason for refusing the knife as a feeding implement is worthy of the awkward practice. "It is liable to cut the mouth;" no more than a fork is to stick into lip or tongue.

If men ate with razors, there would be some reason for avoidance. But table-knives are blunt-edged. It is even difficult to make them cut when one tries, and if they are properly used, the back of the blade will be turned to the mouth. We do not object to the fork; but we demand a restoration of the knife from banishment. We do not desire to enforce its use, but such a liberation as shall leave each one free to use the knife for conveying food to the mouth when that is most convenient, and the fork, when that is preferred. Equal rights we demand for black and white, for home-born or emigrant, for rich and poor, for men and women, and for knives and forks.—N. Y. Ledger.

FOOD FOR CHILDREN.

Children need to eat often—oftener than we do—because they have not only to repair the daily waste, like ourselves, but to accumulate the means of increased growth. Children are also superfluously active, and waste strength in that way. They should have as much to eat as they want; not as much as you think best, because you do not know how much they want or need. Your own appetite is a good guide for you. So it is for your children. Do not tell them that bread and butter is not good for little boys, and that sugar spoils their teeth.

Light bread and sweet butter are very good for them, and as they generally dislike fat meat, you must allow them all the more sugar. A chemist will tell you that both fatty substances and saccharine or sweet substances are eventually oxidized in the body. Sugar is the form to which many other things have to be reduced before they are available as a heat-making food: and the formation of sugar is carried on in the body. It has been proved that the liver is a factory, in which other constituents of food are transformed into sugar. Now, it is probable that your boys really need sugar to make and keep them well, and it is fortunate that most children are fond of sweets. Children are very fond of vegetable acids; ripe fruit, if they can get it; if not, they will seize on unripe fruit.

The use of ripe fruit in bowel difficulties is quite important. Where the bowels do not act freely, it is often sufficient to give, not a dose of rhubarb, which the boy hates, but a

saucer of ripe berries a ripe apple before breakfast, which he does like. Some child, being asked "What was wrong?" answered, "Everything I want to do." And it does sometimes seem as if parents were occupied more in denying than gratifying their children's appetites. This is neither necessary nor fair. They get as tired of bread and milk as you would. And what comes of it? Simply, that as soon as they have an opportunity, they indulge their love for fruits and sweets to excess. Then you think that it is the fruits that do the harm, whereas, it is only the excess. Let your children eat what you do, and as much as they want, and, as you mean to eat only healthy food, they will be quite safe.—Selected.

THE ABUSE OF APPETITE.

Upon this subject a medical writer makes the following reasonable suggestions: The appetite is one of the least appreciated of nature's gifts to man. It is generally regarded in this work-a-day world as something to be either starved or stuffed—to be gotten rid of at all events with the least inconvenience possible. There are people who are not only not glad that they have been endowed with sound, healthy bodies, for which nature demands refreshments and replenishments, but they are actually ashamed to have it known that they are sustained in the usual manner. The reason of this we are at a loss to conceive. Everybody admires beauty, and there can be no true beauty without good health, and no good health without a regular and unvarying appetite.

We are disinclined to let appetite take any responsibility of itself. If we happen to consider it too delicate, we try to coax it, perhaps to stimulate it with highly-seasoned or fancifully prepared food. There are times when this may seem necessary, as in the case of a person so debilitated as to depend for daily strength on what he eats. But, usually, the cajoling process is a mistake. If the appetite of an individual in fair bodily condition be occasionally slender, it is no cause for alarm, and it should be allowed to regulate itself. It may safely be considered nature's protest against some transgression, and it is wise not to attempt coercion.

At certain seasons, as in spring and summer, the appetite of even the robust is apt to fail, and the relish for meats and heavy food to wane. This is all right enough, for animal diet in warm weather heats the blood, tends to headaches, and is generally unwholesome, unless sparingly used. On the other hand, fresh vegetables, berries, fruit and bread are cooling, corrective and what the palate most craves. Don't be afraid to go without meat a month or so; and if you like, live purely on a vegetable regimen. We will warrant that you will lose no more strength than is common to the time, and that you will not suffer from protracted heat, as when dining on the regulation toast.

—The world uses 250,000,000 pounds of tea and 718,000,000 pounds of coffee each year. China furnishes nearly all the tea and Brazil the coffee.

THE DESSERT.

—A certain rum restaurant has the following sign: "Vitals cooked here."

—Brazilians recommend anacondas as excellent mousers in families where the baby can be kept out of the way.

—The old superstitious notion that crocodiles weep has been exploded by the scientists; but it is pretty generally acknowledged that sailors have repeatedly seen whales' blubber.

—“Dear George,” said an Indianapolis young woman, “I am willing to marry you if we have to live on bread and water.” “Well,” said the enthusiastic George, “you furnish the bread, and I'll skirmish around and find the water.”

—“I will bequeath,” said an Irishman in his will, “to my beloved wife, all my property, without reserve; and to my oldest son Patrick, one half the remainder; and to Dennis, my youngest son, the rest. If anything is left, it may go to Terrence McCarty, in sweet Ireland.”

—Art receives rather an awkward criticism from a free-and-easy young man, who recently met a sculptor in a social circle, and addressed him thus: “Er—er—so you are the man—er that makes—er—mud heads.” And this is the artist's reply; “Er—er, not all of 'em—I didn't make yours.”

—A doctor is the family physician to a plumber. Some days since he sent a bill for professional services, which was itemized: “To visit daughter”—“visit self,” etc., with date and amount set opposite. The plumber has done some jobs for the physician, and transmitted with remarkable alacrity his account, with items mentioned thus: “Debtor to visit pump”—“to visit tub,” etc.

—A canny Scott, who had accepted the office of elder because some wag had made him believe that the remuneration was sixpence each Sunday and a bowl of meal on New Year's day, officially carried round the ladle each Sunday after service. When the year had elapsed he claimed the meal, but was told that he had been hoaxed. “It may be sae wi' the meal,” he replied coolly, “but I took care o' the saxpence mysel'.”

—A joking Harvard student recently called for a doctor in great haste, directing the servant where he should go. The doctor came, but found his services unnecessary and his call a hoax. So far it was all very well, but the servant recognized the caller, and the next day the doctor called on him and asked him whether he would rather pay twenty dollars or be arrested. He said he thought so, too, and paid the twenty dollars.

—A stranger recently dropped into one of our city restaurants, not long since, and ordered what he heard the man seated opposite him call for—“Apple dumpling—both.” Having managed to make way with the sauce, the waiter kindly inquired if he would “Have some more dumpling, sir?” “No sir, thankee,” was the reply; “but I will thank you for a little more of that 'ere 'intment.” Upon which there was an audible smile from several individuals near by.



POPULAR ERRORS.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

IT might seem, as we look abroad or become familiar in most communities, especially the less enlightened, that false ideas spring up and grow with a remarkable luxuriance, like weeds on the deep and fertile soil of the prairie. Apparently the more unphysiological, the more absurd these ideas, the more deeply rooted they become, the more rankly they grow, when nurtured by ignorance and stimulated by superstition. The love of the marvelous, indeed is indigenous in such a soil and demands no more cultivation than do weeds as compared with valuable crops.

Prominent among these are principles and customs connected with food, taken more especially during sickness. And now it may be remarked that the appetite is not as reliable in health as in sickness, though it is sometimes said that the cravings of the appetite will constitute, ordinarily, a correct rule of conduct. This might be true aside from the fact that the appetite is always more or less vitiated and by unnatural indulgences, and under such circumstances, can not assert its claims, and safely guide us as the beasts are guided by their instincts. In two important particulars it is evident that men are not safely guided by their cravings.

I refer to the use of ardent spirits and tobacco in which their cravings only indicate the power of habit, and in no respect—in health—represent the real wants of the system, like natural hunger and thirst. It must be remembered, however, that in the more acute forms of disease, as fevers and inflammations, these cravings entirely disappear, plainly indicating that these are unnatural articles, not actually demanded—foreign substances, unappropriated in the animal economy—not to be endured safely, when the system is struggling with its enemies, when life is in peril. It is also true under these circumstances, that the appetite for natural food is far more reliable than in health.

In the more violent forms of disease, when the system is thrown into commotion by its struggles, by its efforts to expel the invader and recuperate, or when with a kind of intelligence it seems to say that it has sufficient labor on its hands in its conflicts with disease not to be willing to be diverted by side issues, then the appetite for food disappears and an unusual thirst is substituted. With the attendant if not necessary increase of the heat of the body no extra food is demanded, especially that calculated directly to add to this heat as oily food, the sweets and starch. The stomach, then true to itself, the real index of the wants of the system, loathes food, rejects it and when unwisely forced upon it expels it, fortunately, by vomiting.

Corroborative of the same idea is the fact that in such acute diseases

the gastric or stomach juice, intended to aid in digestion, is very much reduced in its supply, or is not secreted at all, and of course cannot aid in the digestion of that food. Then rest, absolute rest is demanded, not only for the body, as a whole, but for the stomach. This is evident from the lassitude, the feeling of *ennui*, an absolute demand for quiet, inactivity. Under such circumstances abstinence from food may be endured for weeks and not only without harm but with positive advantage, as during the more violent phases of the regular course of a fever.

But how is the body sustained? On the same principle that certain animals live in a semi-torpid state during a whole winter, absolutely without food. They are in a good condition, fat, in the fall, having stored away carbon—food in the fat deposits and on this they feed, feeding on themselves. And on precisely the same principle the fever patient exhausts the fatty deposits, etc., during the fastings of the course of the fever, and like the hibernating animals, comes out from it lean, with sunken eyes and hollow cheeks, having exhausted the fat-deposits and destroyed the natural plumpness of the body.

On the contrary as an illustration of the same principle, a thirst exists as a necessary condition and symptom of fevers, indicating the absolute necessity for liquids—water is demanded more especially, not stimulants—as a means of reducing the unusual heat of the body, a heat resulting from the increased activity and from the increased combustion of the waste of the body and the carbon. This water demands no special labor of the stomach, is not digested like food, cools but does not tax and obstruct the functions of the body. Nature, therefore, demands fasting under certain circumstances and the free use of water as means of recuperation.

If these principles are correct, it follows that it is safe in sickness to fast until an appetite can be produced in ordinary cases, at least, and reject such articles of food as the stomach loathes and would eject by vomiting, if taken. Let it be remembered that though we may force the taking of food, we can not compel its digestion, without which it can be of no possible advantage. If it is taken when the stomach can not dispose of it, when no gastric juice is secreted, it must be evident that no strength and health can be derived from its mere presence in the stomach. Temporarily it must remain as a foreign substance, an irritant at least, an indirect cause of derangement and disease.

On the basis of these introductory principles some of the more glaring of popular errors may be referred to in future issues, giving what may be regarded as the common sense views, in the hope that those whose thoughts are turned in another channel may be induced in this regard, to think of themselves.

OUR EYES.

Indigestion is the principal source of weak eyes. Reading in the cars often seriously disturbs the vision. A delicate and wonderful apparatus

within the eye is constantly busy in adapting it to the varying focal distance. The jerking motion of the cars compels an exhaustive effort to maintain the required adaptation. Thousands of eyes are spoiled by reading in cars and other vehicles. Recently, I was consulted by a railway expressman, who had become totally blind by reading the newspapers in the cars. Thousands, who have never consciously suffered any inconvenience from the habit, are obliged to wear glasses prematurely, to correct an unsteadiness of vision produced in this way.

Reading with the gas-light before you is another cause of weak eyes. The light should always hang quite high and behind you, and allowed to shine over the shoulder. If convenient, it should be over the left shoulder. If using kerosene, it is best to employ the lamps which hang on the wall. Neither should you read with your face toward the window. Reading by twilight is dangerous. Gradually accommodating itself to the receding light, the eye is unconsciously strained. I have seen more than one case of grave disease of the eye, produced by an undue effort to use the vision too long at twilight.

White paint is another mischief to the eyes. White paint outside, white paint inside, white paint everywhere. During the season of brightest sunshine, the glare hurts the eye. I wonder if it is not in bad taste, likewise? I notice that artists have none of it about them. In our constant reading, the eyesight is much tried by the white paper. I hope that the tinted paper, with a still deeper color, may become fashionable. Avoid reading by artificial light when you can. We read too much. We read as we eat—pell-mell, hotch-potch; no mastication, no digestion. If, as a people, we read less, we might know more.

Few indications are more unpromising in a child than a remarkable passion for books. I doubt if a good lady, who called on me the other day with her son, will ever forgive me for what I said to her. Her boy was of the regular Boston type—great head and eyes, with small and narrow chest. She said in a mournful voice, but with evident pride: "Ah, doctor, he has such a passion for books. As soon as he is out of bed, he is down at some great book, and scarcely leaves it but for his meals. He never plays like other children." I told her, among other things, that unless she could break up that habit, her son would very likely turn out a dolt.

She left very soon, with the belief that I did not understand her son's case. I should have about as much hope of a man who gave himself up to childish sports, as I should of a child who gave himself up the habits and life of a man.

The newspapers have much to answer for in the way of small type and imperfect printing. I would cheerfully give two hundred dollars a year to support a newspaper which would give us, morning and evening, a half-column of the really reliable news, instead of fifteen columns of diluted speculations and tricky canards, the reading of which hurts our eyes and wastes our precious time.—*Dio Lewis*.

TEA IN CHOLERA INFANTUM.

A few years ago the wife of a professor, in one of our best colleges had an infant very ill and apparently at the point of death with cholera infantum. Several good physicians had given it over when the mother determined to try tea, and by a judicious administration of this beverage, prepared with cream and loaf sugar, as she would drink it herself, the life of the child was saved, and he is now a fine healthy boy. She began by giving him one teaspoonful. This he retained and seemed to relish. It was the first nourishment he had relished and retained for some time. She soon fed him a little more, gradually increasing the quantity as he grew stronger until he was decidedly better, and finally well.

It is a great art to know how to make a cup of tea properly, and it may be made a most nauseating and unpalatable or a fragrant and delicious drink,

"The cup that cheers but not inebriates."

Fresh drinking water should be put over the fire, and as soon as it begins to boil pour about half a cupful over a teaspoonful of tea. It tastes better if made in an earthen or silver teapot. A common bowl will do. Remove the lid of the boiling tea kettle and set the tea over the steam, and leave it closely covered for fifteen minutes or less, according to the heat, kind of teapot, etc., but do not let it boil. "Tea boiled is spoiled," is the old proverb.

Prepare sugar and cream in a cup and pour the tea over it; straining it first. I have given these small quantities because a sick child will of course take very little at a time and it should be prepared fresh each time it is taken to be relishing.

Cream is lighter than milk and less liable to sour upon the stomach. Loaf sugar or pulverized white sugar is healing and brown sugar would not be proper in the disease above mentioned.

SANA.

HEALTH HINTS.

One of the most important things to be considered in dress is the careful covering of the chest and back. Exposing the lungs by inadequate shielding of these portions of the body from cold is too generally practiced, especially by ladies. To cover the chest alone most carefully is not enough. There should be a thick covering between the shoulders.

A physician, in a very sensible article upon bathing, says: "For the 'wind in the stomach' children are thought to have, for their tiresome crying, and for the restlessness and worrying at night with which they are afflicted, if the warm bath were resorted to oftener, instead of using soothing syrups and worse nostrums, it would be far better for the children."

A decoction of chestnut leaves is said to be a sovereign remedy for whooping cough. Steep three or four drachms of the leaves in boiling water, give it either hot or cold, with or without sugar. Carbonate of lime should be put in saucers about the room in which is a sufferer from the disease. It prevents infection.



NIGHT-TIME.

BY C. DAY NOBLE.

Over the hill we went by night,
My weary wife and I.
The scented path of betrothal days
Lay in the June moon's glimmering haze
Under a cloudy sky.

The larches swung their spicy cones
Over our drooping heads,
The bat went by in his dreamy flight,
Skimming the clover and daisies white
Asleep in their grassy beds.

"Night-time is dear, though night it be,"
My pale wife stopped to say;
"The clouds are silver, the air is sweet,
And the larches to our feet
Open our dusky way.

Now is the time to softly walk
And woo a prayer for peace;
Shadows are weightless, and lightly borne,
The mists will whiten when early morn
Doth out of heaven increase."

A shining patience lit her face;
The blessed moon broke out;
Down the dim hollow we turned our feet,
And felt in our hearts grow almost sweet
Our shadowy fear and doubt.

TEACHING versus HOUSEWORK.

HERE are two sides to this question of teaching, and as Mary, in the August number gives us one side ably, I shall look with interest for what she has to say on the other, and meanwhile will chronicle a little of my experience, and my view of the matter.

She says that no one whose health is not good should teach, and recommends housework instead. Now I consider housework the harder of the two pursuits, and if my health were not good, should prefer teaching. It is not all easy or pleasant work. To every faithful, conscientious teacher there will come many hard, wearisome days. Days when it seems as if the overtired mind and nerves must give way under their burden, but do not such days come to us all, no matter what our vocation?

Does not the writer sometimes lay down her pen, almost wishing that she need never take it up again? And the busy wife and mother, how many weary days and nights are her's!

Outside of the seven or eight hours that a teacher actually spends in the schoolhouse she is, or may be, free from professional work. It is not the custom here for our teachers to "board round," and so one finds a boarding place near the school, and remains in the one family during the term. It is not necessary for her to devote her evenings to the children of the family she is in, and even at the risk of being considered proud and unsocial I prefer to employ myself in reading, writing or studying.

But if you must amuse the children don't teach them—that will not rest you any. Read them a story, or better still, tell them one you have read. If you cannot remember any just improvise one as you go along, and don't tack a moral on at the end. Or, there are many games which may be played in any family circle. Chess, checkers,

dominoes and authors are all unobjectionable games, and help to pass an evening pleasantly. Or, if the fate, and to fall at last tired out in the noise does not disturb the old folds, a game of blindman's-buff, or a regular romp will not hurt either you or them.

Many girls enter this profession, and after a few years of work leave it in disgust, broken down in health, nervous and used up generally. But I think the cause of this, providing the girl had fair health at the beginning, may be found outside of our regular professional work. Insufficient sleep, irregular habits of eating and drinking, and carelessness in the matter of dress will produce bad effects in any case, and I think most of our invalid teachers could trace their ill health back to one or the other of these causes. Besides, women break down in doing housework. Where it includes the care of milk, making of cheese and butter, in addition to the necessary work of a family, you will find that it takes more brain-work, energy and determination to carry a day's work through successfully than are required for a day's successful teaching. And it also requires a far greater degree of mere muscular strength.

Then, teaching is much more profitable than housework, a fact which we must not leave out of our calculations. Teachers in the country schools here are paid from ten to fifteen dollars per week, and the terms are from six to eight months in length. During vacations teachers can obtain other employment, and be rested by the change of work. Board is from three to four dollars per week. Girls to do housework are paid from two to three dollars per week, and board. They work fourteen or fifteen hours per day.

So much for the question under debate. Now a word on another subject. To most intelligent girls there comes with early womanhood a vague unrest and unquiet. They feel that they are capable of doing a nobler work than the one given them, filling a higher place than the one they hold. They long to do something that shall make the world wiser and better, something that in coming years shall be a light and guide to some other youthful pilgrim who is seeking fame and honor. And they honestly believe that, were the opportunity given them, they could fulfill their dreams and lift their lives up to their ideal standard. But in nine cases out of ten the opportunity does not come to our girl, and somebody who wants a wife does, and wins her to his view of the case. So she, perhaps with a sigh, and a sharp pang of regret, puts away her dream of worldwide work and usefulness, and takes up the duties of her new place. Ten years later you will find that the dreamy, sentimental girl has developed into a sensible, practical woman, filling her place and doing her work well. And, looking at the matter in a common sense way, I will not say that this is not best. The fire and enthusiasm of youth become energy and self-reliance in after years, and if the stern realities of life are fatal to the aircastles we have builded in our youth they give us strength to bear the burden of the day. And the one excepted out of the ten? Perhaps she wins fame and wealth, but she is

far more likely to fail in her battle iridescent and opalescent paper. Like the commoner kinds, these receive the colored devices on one surface; but great delicacy and care are called for in the processes to produce the exquisite play of light and shade which suggests the names given to these varieties.—*Practical Magazine.*

If for Maud, or any one of us girls, any great work is waiting in the future God knows it, and He has placed her just where she can best fit herself for that work, be it what it may. So, girls, let us do the best we can for each day that is given us, be it our duty great or small, and so be ready when we are called to a higher place.

MAG.

Cumberland, Ind.

MARBLE PAPER.

This, much used by bookbinders, is produced in a very curious way. The name is not exactly suitable, seeing that few of the specimens are imitations of real marble; but it has gradually become applied to sheets of paper of which one surface is made to imitate any kind of stone or wood. Small brown spots on a light ground, marble veining on a shaded ground, curled patterns and wavy patterns, all are produced in great diversity.

The colors are of the usual kind, such as Naples yellow, yellow ochre, yellow lake, orpiment, verdigris, rose pink, red lead, carmine, *terra di Sienna*, Dutch pink, indigo, Prussian blue, verditer, umber, ivory black, etc.; they are ground up very fine with prepared wax and water and a few drops of alcohol. A solution of gum tragacanth, alum, gall, and water, and placed in a trough or shallow flat vessel. Color is thrown on the surface of this gum water, usually by striking a brush against a stick, so as to produce a shower of sprinkles. Pigments of different tints and different thicknesses or degrees of consistency are thrown on; some spread more than others, and thus a diversity of patterns is produced.

Sometimes the color is thrown on by means of a pencil of very long bristles; it is diversified by means of a rod, held upright and carried along amongst the colors in a wavy or spiral course; and it is further cut up into tortuous lines by passing a kind of comb along it. All this takes place on the surface of the gum solution to the vat. When the vat is prepared, a sheet of paper is laid down flat on the solution, care being taken that every part of the surface shall be wetted; the paper takes up a layer of paint, fancifully disposed in a pattern or device, and is hung up to dry. In order that one color may not be blended or confused with another they are ground up with different liquids, some watery, some gummy, some oily.

The imitations of marble, gray and red granite, and fancy woods, are certainly not very faithful; but the paper is lively in appearance, and remains clean and bright a long time when polished. This polishing is effected by moistening the colored surface of the paper with a little soap, and rubbing it with a piece of smooth marble, an ivory knob, a glass ball, or an agate burnisher. Beautiful products have been produced within the last few years under the names of

THE REVIEWER.

BURT'S NEW GUIDE BOOK. Burt's guide through the Connecticut Valley to the White Mountains and Saguenay river, is the title of an excellent little volume which every summer tourist should possess. The space of a few hundred pages comprises so comprehensively all that one would wish to know in connection with the subject treated, and all the statements are so concisely and clearly made that the volume is certainly entitled to the praise so few volumes of its kind can consistently claim, of being a complete guide book. The pages are adorned profusely by accurate and tasteful pictures of the views of interest in the mountain section and along the river. Information is given also on all subjects of interest and as to the expenses of the trip. Prepared and published by Henry M. Burt, of Springfield, Mass.

KITTY KENT'S TROUBLES. Boston: D. Lathrop & Co.

Those who have been favored by reading Miss Julia A. Eastman's previous works, will be glad to know that she has brought out still another volume, fully equal to its predecessors, all of which belong to the higher class, well calculated to elevate the standard of Juvenile literature. The story is fascinating, full of the tenderest pathos, permeated with kindly emotions, saturated with domestic affection, without which the family cannot be well governed. Its whole tendency is to excite lofty aims, nourish the purer and finer feelings of our own nature, and admirably illustrate the influence, sterling principle, and modest piety, to make a humble life, even one of poverty and absolute want, far more favorable, far happier than one of ease and luxury. Kitty and her sister are the true girls, just the materials of which true women are made, by which society is moulded. Price \$1.50, sent free by mail.

THE PARENT'S MANUAL; or home and school training by Hiram Orcutt, A. M., dedicated "to the faithful mothers in America, who regard their homes as their kingdom, and the polishing of their jewels as their pride and chief glory."

The above title is that of a neat and unpretending little volume, which will find a cordial welcome in many homes, and prove a counsellor and assistant to many conscientious parents.

THE EASY BOOK. Boston: J. L. Shorey.

It is enough to say this is a book made up from the more refined gems, from that "gem of magazines," the "Nursery," a fine present for the younger children, profusely illustrated and admirably formed. Sent free on the receipt of the price, 75 cents.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. The current number is adapted to the season, light and brilliant, yet containing much valuable information on numerous topics. Its installment of "The New Hyperion," by Edward strahan, illustrated by Dore, manifests, as usual, a rich and rare quaintness of humor in the writer, and an apparently exhaustless sense of the grotesque and ludicrous on the part of the illustrator; the two together making this, perhaps, the most original and suggestive serial ever published in any American or foreign magazine. "A Tour in the China Seas," by Fannie R. Feudge, illustrated, is a pleasing and quite instructive description of places and customs but little known to the general reader. "Malcolm," by George Macdonald, assumes new attitudes and relationships, and the story, as it progresses, decidedly grows upon the reader. "Camp Cure," by S. Weir Mitchell, is indicative of the author's great familiarity with the resources and ways of nature, and is a bracing bit of reading for this time of the year, showing, beyond question, that the writer knows from experience, and appreciates, the healing power of the woods. The opening of "Three Feathers," by William Black, is bright and promising, with some attempts at sensible love-making, a thing worthy of consideration. "Portraits of Minor Celebrities," by Sarah B. Wister, is an attractive paper, written with spirit, and ap-

GREEN MOUNTAIN POLKA.

D. A. FRENCH.

preciation of the subject, and is descriptive of portraits of persons whose names are universally known. "Roughing it in the Lebanon," by M. E. Beck, has a positive freshness about it, notwithstanding it goes over ground already very thoroughly trod. "A Moonlight Visit to the Coliseum," by T. Adolphus Trollope, shows the author's well-known power of description, and is particularly interesting because of its account of a visit to Macaulay. "Two Enemies," by Carroll Owen, is illustrative of the tragic ways of aesthetic love. "A Temperate Experience of Mount Desert" is a brief and

healthy paper. The Monthly Gossip of the August number is delightfully vivacious; and the Poems, I., "Dante Praises Beatrice," a sonnet, by T. M. Coan; II., "Love's Choice," by Kate Hillard; III., "Phantasies," by Emma Lazarus, are all decidedly above the average of magazine poetry. It is, indeed, a charming number of this deservedly popular periodical.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR. This splendid chromo represents an amiable grandmother in an antique arm-chair, bearing the date of 1776, a venerable woman, a "true woman," one whose influence must be felt wherever

she is, an influence, if her countenance mirrors her heart, of kindness and good will. The grand-daughter in her lap, the grandson struggling for the same position, with all of the surroundings, give a picture of home, such as the good love to look upon. It is given as a premium for the "Christian Era." Published by Amos Webster, Boston: price \$2.50 per year.

THE LEADER. A Collection of Sacred and Secular Music for Choirs, Conventions, Singing Schools, and Normal Musical Academies. By H. R. Palmer, assisted by L. O. Emerson.

This work contains a compact theoretic

course, followed by about 70 pages of agreeable secular music for practice. After this is the sacred music, consisting of near 60 Long metre tunes, 40 in Common metre, 20 each in Short and 7's metres, and a few in each of 29 other metres. There are about 75 Anthems, Sentences, &c., making a fine variety for small choirs. As before mentioned, of the tunes and anthems, about one hundred have the well-known name of L. O. Emerson above them. This, certainly, is powerful "assistance" on the part of this gentleman, and his name is undoubted security for the merit of the tune underneath it. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.



WHEN YOU'RE DOWN.

When legions of "friends" always bless us,
When golden success lights our way,
How they smile as they softly address us,
So cordial, good-humored and gay.
But O, when the sun of prosperity
Hath set—then how quickly they frown,
And cry out in tones of severity,
"Kick the man, don't you see he is down?"

What though you knew not a sorrow,
Your heart was as open as day,
And your "friends," when they wanted to
borrow,
You would oblige and ne'er ask them to
"pay;"

What though not a soul you had slighted,
As you meandered about through the town,
Your "friends" become very near sighted,
And don't seem to see you when down.

When you're "up" you are loudly exalted,
And traders all sing out your praise,
When you're down you have greatly defaulted,
And they really don't fancy your ways.
Your style was "tip-top" when you'd money,
So sings every sucker and clown,
But now, 'tis exceedingly funny,
Things are altered because you are down.

O give me the heart that forever
Is free from the world's selfish rust,
And the soul whose high noble endeavor
Is to raise fallen man from the dust;
And when in adversity's ocean
A victim is likely to drown,
All hail to the man whose devotion,
Will lift up a man when he's "down."
—Selected.

MOTHERS AND HOUSEKEEPERS.

BY MRS. JULIA A. CARNEY.

WAS it, women cannot be good housekeepers and good mothers also. It is a physical impossibility," says Mrs. Corbin in her essay before the woman's congress. Rather startling words! We must have housekeepers, or go back to living in tents or wigwams, and digging ground-nuts. Perhaps that would not help the mother much, for the inmates of the tent like the log cabin, might depend upon good housekeeping for health and comfort, far more than those of the more spacious mansion. Dirt and disorder require more room than good order and neatness, and I believe the ground-nuts are usually considered to be improved by good roasting.

Yet while housekeepers seem to be an indispensable necessity of our race, in a civilized state, the world would not be likely to get along very well, at least for any great length of time, without mothers. Therefore, if it is indeed impossible for a woman to perform well these almost sacred affairs, it is a question of life and death, what we shall do.

Did I say "almost" sacred? Allow me at once to erase the word, and if it were grammatical to say more than sacred, I would do it. For the work of the good mother is next to that of God; and good housekeeping only can keep the mother's work in its perfection of either mind or body.

A sickly child is proverbially fretful, and a child fed with improper food at irregular hours; allowed to be awake when it should sleep, and sleep in return when it should be awake; com-

elled to breathe the air of unventilated rooms; to dress fashionably, instead of healthfully; and denied the supply of pure air, water, sunshine, and exercise which are God's best physicians, is as surely sickly, as effect follows cause. A dyspeptic man is the bohan upas to all the happiness within the shadow of his faultfinding, but ignorant mothers plant the seeds of dyspepsia, before the child is accountable for his own habits. What therefore shall we do? shall we divide the feminine race into two companies, independent of each other, and give to one the charge of the duties of motherhood, the other those of housekeeping? There are several serious objections to this arrangement.

Those great duties, with their several interests, are so linked together, that it would be impossible to prevent jarring, if they were not both under the control of the same mind. There can and should be a division of the physical labor among many, but the great and constantly recurring questions, "What shall we eat? What shall we drink? Wherewithal shall we be clothed?" can never be safely entrusted to one who has less than a mother's interest in the household.

Another serious objection, is that it would condemn at least half of the feminine race to single life, an arrangement which not being one of those made by the Creator, would probably not last forever. The work of the housekeeper, would be so dependent upon the management of the children; so increased by their whims, and so often undone by their carelessness; that it would be necessary to allow her authority over them, and if it be impossible for a man to "serve two masters," how much more so, for a tender child to obey two mistresses. This authority, therefore, could be only subordinate to that of the mother and that brings us back to the original standpoint. The mother is still the housekeeper, having the supervision and direction of household affairs, although not necessarily performing the physical labor.

For if Dr. Clark had done the world no other service, than to agitate the subject of woman's right not to work, either mentally or physically, to the detriment of her life work—maternity, he would have deserved a monument; instead of the storm of opposition and criticism he has received.

The unnecessary amount of labor imposed by fashion and appetite upon woman as a housekeeper, is indeed too great for woman as a mother to endure. Yet is it needful she should? Do people really prefer an endless array of flounces and ruffles in a woman's dress, to a cultivated mind and unruffled temper? Do guests, as a usual thing, prefer a variety of hurtful and indigestible dishes, with a worried and wearied woman at the head of the table, whose only thoughts are for the success of her dinner, and who is altogether too much fatigued and too anxious, to sustain her part in the conversation, to a plainer bill of fare, graced by the ladylike presence of an agreeable and intelligent hostess?

Do men's "hearts and stomachs lie

in such close proximity," that they prefer the pleasures of the table, to the health and happiness of their wives and the very lives of their children? I do not believe it! If it is true in practice, it is only because physiological ignorance is the rule in the present age, and not the exception, as I trust it will be in the future.

"Our husbands will have so many kinds of food prepared," say some wives. As a general rule, this is only true because mothers and wives have accustomed them to it; indeed in many cases, I have heard the husband protest that he much preferred a plainer style of living, but proud people would attribute it to motives of economy. Let the masses be taught, that while a proper variety of food is conducive to health, that a few simply prepared dishes is enough at any one meal, and man will no longer be the slave of dyspepsia, nor woman of the cooking-stove. In that "good time coming," it will be an easier thing than now to procure a good cook; for the few rules of hygienic cookery, once acquired, can be applied to all the variety of food which the Creator has ordained for our use.

Mrs. Corbin says, "with a kitchen stove and an ordinary cook, or rather ordinary succession of cooks, each one worse than the last, the cases are rare and exceptional where a woman can ever be sure of a year and a half of such quietude of mind as is absolutely necessary to the proper bearing and rearing of a child." She says nothing of the large number of women, who are themselves, not only cooks, but seamstresses, chambermaids, and even laundresses to their own families. Many of these are never sure of a single hour of "such quietude of mind as is absolutely necessary" to their own health, happiness or spiritual well-being. Like most others, she ignores the part that these "ordinary cooks" are also women, and as liable to be injured in constitution by the "kitchen stove" which she so severely denounces, as their employers.

"The world was not made in a day," nor can any important change be effected in a short period of time. We must be contented to work as our Maker works, "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." Earth's reformers must be contented to go on preaching to the masses the gospel of simple tastes and temperate habits; the blessed trinity of water, air, and sunshine; teaching parents that if they hope for fair and noble children they must be pure and noble themselves; teaching mothers that there is something more than mere "quietude" of mind or body desirable for the well-being of their children; and we shall one day solve the problem: "How can we be good mothers, and at the same time, good housekeepers?"

WASHING DAY.

BY BARBARA BRANDT.

Six o'clock sounds from the old clock, that for years has swung its untiring pendulum, upon the kitchen-mantle, and turning your head on the pillow, you nestle down once more, for the perfect enjoyment of the de-

lightful, half-waking morning nap, when suddenly a "phantom grim" looms before your half-closed eyes; The phantom of "washing-day."

With an impatient exclamation, you spring out of bed, in the dim half-twilight of early winter morning, huddle on your clothing, uttering many mental protests, meanwhile, against the necessity of this weekly infliction, and hurry to the kitchen to prepare the morning meal before "my lord" and the little ones shall waken. It is dark and threatening outside, cold and biting inside.

You tie an old red bandanna over your hair, and make a vigorous onslaught upon the kitchen stove. Last night's paper is close at hand, you cram it into the stove, thrust in a few kindlings, and apply the match, a bright blaze springs up encouragingly at first, accompanied by a noisy crackling which, however is succeeded by a faint sputter, which grows fainter and fainter till it dies away entirely. Dismayed you take off one of the covers of the stove, and peep in. The "blackness of darkness reigneth." There is no help for it, you must begin anew. Just as you thrust your hand in to draw out the charred kindlings "my lord" makes his appearance. He listens to your vehement outbreak, quietly, suggests with the utmost nonchalance that "the kindlings must be damp," and goes off whistling, to black his boots upon the back stoop. At length your efforts seem about to be crowned with success for the fire is actually underway, but the room is full of smoke, the stove refuses to "draw," and the teakettle won't boil. A discouraging prospect; and our spirits sink away down below zero.

We can never, under the most favorable circumstances, get up any enthusiasm, over a washing-day, and with all these provoking drawbacks, it seems simply unbearable.

You open the stove, give the fire a vigorous poke, that only elicits an expostulatory sputter, and crackle in return, while volumes of smoke choke your breath, and blind your eyes. Disgusted you turn away, hurry a few cold bits upon the table, and with a cup of luke-warm coffee, manage to swallow an apology for a breakfast. Then comes the serious work of the day; while the water slowly heats, you hurry off the breakfast things, make a dash over the floor with a broom; wash and brush the children, and start them off for school, a half hour earlier than usual, that you may have a fair field for operations.

The fire after much persuasion has decided to burn, and so "the reign of chaos and old night" swoops down upon your kitchen.

You skew your hair up into a little knot at the back of your head; pin your sleeves up to your shoulders; don a big apron; and flatter yourself that being alone with none to molest, you will soon have finished the disagreeable task before you: perhaps for half an hour you are left in undisturbed possession of the field, then comes a rap at the door; you listen in blank dismay, thinking how can you present yourself at the door in that plight; but another, and a louder knock decides you, and you hastily

pull down your sleeves, unpin your big apron, pull off the old handkerchief from your head, give your hair a little pat and thrusting some of the clothes which you have thrown upon chair and table, into your basket, give it a vicious kick under the table; another sounding knock! and you open the door to find only a little boy, a neighbor—who asks in a whimpering tone if "pa can borrer Mr. Smith's wheelbarrow?"

You say "yes," very unceremoniously and shut the door in his face, vexed that you should have taken such pains to make yourself presentable to the little fellow. Once again you lean over the steaming tub and plunge your arms in the foaming suds; and for about ten minutes, work progresses finely, then a sudden hissing sound alarms you and rushing to the stove, find the wash-boiler leaking viciously, despair seizes upon you, and for a moment you gaze helplessly upon "the wreck of matter;" but being New England born, and consequently a woman of "pluck," you cast about you for ways and means to overcome the enemy. It occurs to you that somewhere up stairs, there is an old boiler, superannuated years ago, but it may answer your purpose. And after infinite search and worry you find the article and bring it to the kitchen. Just as you enter the room, another double-knock at the door sets all your nerves a tingle; this time you make up your mind, regardless of appearances to go to the door; you open it a little way, expecting to find Johnny back again, to say "he can't find the wheelbarrow."

But instead of Johnny, a long lank individual, presents himself, carpet bag in hand, and before you can collect your scattered wits, he has insinuated himself into the room, and blandly remarks that "he is canvassing for a book, which he would like to have you examine." You tell him no! decidedly, that you are too busy to look at it; whereupon he opens the book before your eyes, and begins to descant volubly upon the merits thereof.

You interrupt him once more, telling him in the most decisive manner, that you do not want the book, and shall not subscribe for it. With unruffled composure and serenity, he next proceeds to extract from his carpet bag, his various wares; patent nutmeg graters, combs, razors, and "anti bilious pills." In an agony of desperation you again remark that you are too busy to even look at his wares, and shall positively make no purchases. He seems at length to catch a faint glimmer of your meaning and bids you good morning with the air of a man who has suffered an injury at your hands.

With a sigh of relief you proceed once more to business, when just as you begin to make some headway with your work, a shout and hubbub in the street announces that school has "let out;" fresh dismay seizes upon you. Two or three hungry children, not to mention the head of the family, will presently be here, clamoring for their dinner, and you have made no preparation for the meal.

Once more you turn your back upon the washtub, hastily clear off a space upon the kitchen table, and improvise

a meal of all the odds and ends, you can find in your pantry. The children don't mind the litter for they bring good appetites with them, but when Mr. Smith presents himself, you are afflicted with some inward tremors, for his face too plainly exhibits disgust.

"Like a man," he proffers few words of sympathy, but gives vent to his feelings by remarking, that he'd like to know why the dickens, (though he substitutes another word for dickens) a man can never get a decent meal on Monday; you think best to receive these remarks in dignified silence, consequently the meal is not a "festive" one, and you are not sorry, when you are once more left alone.

After scrubbing and perspiring an hour or so longer, you have the pleasure of seeing the clothes strung on the line in the back yard, flapping noisily in the keen north wind, and set yourself about the task of restoring the room to its usual order. The odor of the suds penetrates to every part of the house; and everything looks moist and flabby, the prospect is disheartening, but despite of aching limbs, and throbbing head, you must bring order out of this chaos, and you set to work with a will.

Just as you begin to see your way across the kitchen-floor, a loud report in the back yard startles you, and rushing to the window you find that treacherous clothes line—that looked strong enough to hang you, and you are a sizable body withal—has broken and your clothes are dragging in the mud of the yard; submitting yourself to the inevitable you sally into the back yard, to "splice" the line. Vainly you tug at the rope with your stiffening fingers, you cannot tie it, and discouraged and vexed, take the half frozen garments from the line to put them through a second purifying process to-morrow. As you reach the kitchen with your last armful of clothes, a ring at the bell announces the advent of a caller, and you are forced once more, to show yourself, in this frowsy plight.

You are horrified to find in your caller, one of those dear ladies, of an uncertain age and temper, who having no family of their own, attend with the most devoted zeal to the affairs of her neighbors.

What shall you do? busily occupied as you have been all day, you have neglected all save the kitchen fire, and you must enter, seat her in the parlor, where the thermometer is "below freezing," or introduce her to your littered kitchen; you decide upon the latter course, and with many apologies, and your face tingling with mortified blushes, you seat her in the steamy kitchen, and listen to her remark upon the weather, "our" church, and the morals of the young people about you, all the while keeping an eye upon the clock and watching the hands creeping slowly and steadily on, to the hour which you know will bring your brood home to supper.

At length just as you hear the clatter of copper-toes upon the doorstep our visitor rises to leave, and you close the door behind her with an aspiration of devout thankfulness, and rush back to hurry your prepara-

tion for supper. When supper is over and your room tidied for the night, you get the children off to bed, the "partner of your joys and sorrows," having meanwhile strolled off somewhere down town—and too tired for anything else, you too creep off to bed and with throbbing head and blistered hands you lie there, and wonder why in the world Eve couldn't have been satisfied to enjoy the society of the beasts and beastesses in the garden eating what was allowed her, instead of bringing all this bother into the world, by eating of that apple.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR FRIENDS OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—As I have made my bow and given references in the July and August numbers of THE HOUSEHOLD, I have plucked up courage to tap again for admittance; and hope you will reserve me a seat in your monthly meetings hereafter; although I appear to be almost on the outside of THE HOUSEHOLD, it being on one side of the continent, and I, about as far as I can get, on the Pacific slope, but, dear sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD band, with Mr. Crowell as the leader, do not show me the cold shoulder on that account.

I had often wondered (until I saw THE HOUSEHOLD) why there was not a paper published which would serve to bring the wives, mothers and daughters, all over the country into closer communion, to have monthly or weekly talks with each other; but when, (last November,) I came across a stray number of THE HOUSEHOLD, it met my realizations completely; nothing was missing. The young wife and mother, like myself, could learn something new from its pages, as well as the older and more experienced housekeeper. There are not many but who can find something new in THE HOUSEHOLD; as almost every woman has a different way of keeping house, cooking, etc., and you may be sure that man, as a general thing, is very capricious in his likes and dislikes; and each sister has to treat her "lord of creation" in a different manner.

Some need coaxing, and cooking of various dishes to restore them to good nature; while as for others, the best way is to let them alone; the more you attempt to conciliate them, the gruffer they become; some few masculines may be twisted around their wives' fingers, but if they once discover it, no amount of blandishments will subdue them again. Then we all have our hours of despondency, and we think no woman was ever troubled before as we are, but a glance at THE HOUSEHOLD will sometimes discover that the writer has gone through the same trials herself and gives comfort and cheerful words to others; and we read on, and before we know or intended it, we are deeply interested in a merry article; and when we have finished reading it, and think it is time to commence groaning again, behold! the blues have left us, and we try in vain to discover what had made us so "crabbed" and cross all day.

At length just as you hear the clatter of copper-toes upon the doorstep our visitor rises to leave, and you close the door behind her with an aspiration of devout thankfulness, and rush back to hurry your prepara-

noble writers in THE HOUSEHOLD for their regular visits. We have only one petition to make, and we ask it with becoming humility, that before long, the monthly visits will become semi-monthly or weekly.

I should be very glad to correspond with any or all of THE HOUSEHOLD band (you know, being of one household, we like to hear from our relatives) and agree to answer all letters promptly. But, bless me! I can imagine I hear our worthy editor say "time up" and will only add, long may THE HOUSEHOLD visit our household in the Golden State.

ELIZA E. ANTHONY.
San Jose, California.

MR EDITOR:—I must say that in the last HOUSEHOLD, E. D. K. has expressed far better, than could be expected, the real truth concerning stepmothers, and also the children—as she is a first wife, and her child so young, her experience cannot be quite like those who have brought up a large family all perhaps different in disposition, some gentle in their ways, others stubborn, and self-willed.

An own mother has the secret which binds the children to her in love and obedience, if anything will, it is the natural love between them. Very different indeed it is for a stepmother to gain love from the children of her husband, if indeed it is possible,—she may do the best she can outside influences are so much against it they do much to prevent.

I do not blame children for feeling sad to have a stranger take the place of a dear mother that is removed by death. It is a natural feeling,—yet if they will use reason they will see that it is essential for the good of the family that there should be one to make the interest of the family their own.

And now if the father will take the right position in his family and say to his children, I expect the lady I bring here to take the place of your mother in the house, I expect you to render respect and obedience, the same as to your own mother, and then maintain that point; all might be well.

If the wife is in the wrong, or as he thinks in a mistake, it should be talked over between themselves, in a gentle manner, as it is a sensitive place if a lady wishes to do right, and please her husband, to be criticized or censured about the children of her husband.

It should never be done before the children, thus giving them liberty, or, setting the example of complaining of their mother. In the first way, will be cultivated mutual confidence and love, in the other dissension and trouble in the family, and the peace and comfort of the house will be destroyed.

EXPERIENCE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I told my husband that Mrs. F. E. C. did not help me one bit about my hair, for it is not bushy at all, as she says hers is, but straight as an Indian's, and always was. It can be curled nicely with a hot iron, but that is not to be thought of. But a few weeks ago he told me I could have it shingled if I wished, and that was all I wanted to know.

We say, thanks to the hosts of He says he didn't think I would take

him at his word so quick, and he shall be careful what he says another time. I am enjoying it every hour in the day, but he don't like it because it isn't fashionable. I fully appreciate his self-denial to please me, but I am afraid it will have to last a long time, for I shall not have my hair long again for a good many years if I can help it.

Several have advised the use of kerosene for oiling sewing machines. I consider my husband pretty good authority in that matter, and he says kerosene is very good for cleaning a machine, running it very rapidly for a few minutes, but should never be used for regular oiling, as it is always more or less injurious. To the inexperienced I would say, don't use it, but get the best refined sperm oil. I wish some one would tell me what makes my kitchen stove covers red instead of black, after blacking and polishing. I am quite sure it was not so formerly, and think it has come to be so by degrees. I may commence when the stove is warm, or wait until perfectly cold; I may commence polishing while it is wet, or wait until dry; I may put on any amount or thickness of blacking I please, but the result is the same. The covers and the middle part of the top are shining, but red instead of black. Have used Dixon's polish, and am now using Schram and Schoeneman's but find no difference. After a fire is made, they turn black again, but when my kitchen is cleaned up for the day or afternoon, it would be pleasant to have the stove black instead of red. Can any one explain it?

In the story entitled "Caught in a trap," in the June number, I should judge the writer considered Mrs. Ferguson very praiseworthy, because she never told her husband about the letter which he left exposed so carelessly, and which caused all the trouble. But if so, I do not agree with her at all. I think it was her duty to tell him, as a warning, and a much needed lesson for the future. Will some of our other sisters when they are writing, tell us what they think about it? Will not sister Marah let us hear from her again?

Mrs. L. S.

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have long wished to express my appreciation of your welcome visits. Also desire to become better acquainted with the members of our numerous family. I have been a member of the band for sometime, yet a silent one. To say I have received valuable instruction from its pages in regard to housekeeping affairs only, would not be enough. Every time I read its columns, I feel strengthened and encouraged in all my aspirations toward a higher, nobler, and more perfect life.

It is always with pleasure and profit I read Mrs. Dorr's articles, always finding something that concerns me. When she received the news, (so terrible to many others as well as herself) of the sinking of the Atlantic, with those on board so precious, I too, was suffering from the cruel hand of death. A beloved sister in the bloom and innocence of girlhood, just entering the sacred precincts of womanhood. Only seventeen years

of happy childhood and youth had encircled her fair young life. But death's icy hand passed over her, and she drooped, as a frail flower of early spring, leaving only the fragrance of memory in the home circle. The circumstances of her death, seemed especially aggravating, a sickness of only three days, the light of reason obscured from the first, tossing to and fro, answering all questions by one sentence referring to an absent sister, far away at the time, all unconscious of the sorrowful scene being enacted under the parental roof. The news came to me like a thunder bolt, my heart went out in sympathy especially at this time, to our sister, (may I not call her such?) as my own bereavement occurred only a short time before hers. Her letters to THE HOUSEHOLD at this time did me good, breathing as they did of patient resignation and trust. Is it not true we all have our sorrows as well as joys, and here we stand on mutual ground, and can sympathize with each other.

But dear HOUSEHOLD, I cannot refer to all the articles that have done me good. I fear I am wearying you already, yet will say Gypsy Traina has often inspired me with her sprightly go-ahead ways, but must confess that sometimes it is hard to overcome the feeling that some of the duties of housekeeping are drudgery, yet if our hearts are in the work as she says it is not so difficult. I also confess I have not yet found that serene middle path E. B. hints at in her entertaining letters to a friend, although I have been married ten years, have four dear children, three little girls and one darling boy, "his father's pride and mother's joy," and keep a "hired girl" (as we say out west) yet have not found that path of serenity at all times. Perhaps E. B. can help me.

There is so much that I would like to do, that I cannot find time to accomplish; so many plans laid for self-improvement that are unfulfilled; so many resolutions broken, that sometimes I am almost overcome. Yet for the sake of those entrusted to my care I shall continue striving

knowing there is a Strong Arm ready to deliver when our strength fails. I was especially interested in Sarah B. Cole's article on sketching, in the July number. There are such lovely views near my home, a western village situated in a charming valley surrounded by bluffs. I never take a walk but wish I could sketch from nature. I think what she says of the more lasting attainments of drawing and painting is true indeed; although I love music but find it very difficult to keep in practice. Will she not be so kind as to give some directions how to commence the study of sketching, for instance the way that lady she referred to went to work? I believe I have a fair amount of perseverance and would like to learn. I find time to botanize some, with all my cares, and feel repaid.

MARY S.

BREAD WITH POTATO YEAST.

I take one quart of tepid water, one pint of potato yeast, two teaspoonfuls of salt, and flour enough to mix the dough stiff enough at first; I knead till very smooth; place the dough in

the bread pan; sprinkle over it a very little flour, to prevent the cloth, with which it should be covered snugly, from sticking; then turn over in a smaller pan, or what is better, a large, round earthen pudding dish, and set it to rise in a warm place. When quite light, I divide into four parts, and knead thoroughly; then grease two square pie tins with butter (which gives a pleasant taste to the crust;) place two loaves in each tin; cover closely with cloth, three or four thicknesses, to keep the surface moist, set where it will keep warm, and when light enough to be an inch above the tins in the centre, bake, in a not very hot oven, an hour and ten minutes. I turn occasionally while baking, and when the upper surface is just brown enough to be nice, cover with paper, or what is better, tins the same shape of those in which the bread is baking. When taken from the oven, I wring a cloth out of cold water, and cover the crust if at all hard; then outside of that, wrap closely in dry cloth till cold.

I particularly recommend potato yeast, because the moisture it produces (which makes Graham bread and buckwheat cakes sticky) is just what white bread, raised biscuit, rusk and raised fried cakes want. I should mention that potato yeast does not keep well in very hot weather. Perhaps it might if set in a refrigerator; but my plan during the hottest weather, is to soak two good yeast cakes in a cup of tepid water, stir in flour to make a batter, and while this is rising, peel, slice and boil three or four good sized potatoes in just water enough to cover them. When soft, rub them through a colander while hot, with all the water they were cooked in; then cool them with as much cold water as is necessary to mix the bread, together with the potatoes and yeast, not forgetting a little salt. This is not much trouble, and the best substitute for potato yeast that I have found in an experience of over thirty years in housekeeping.

—Country Gentleman.

CATCHING FLIES.

Many ways are resorted to, by the housekeeper, to clear the house of these troublesome insects, and the following, though somewhat old-fashioned, we consider quite good.

Take the thick crust from a loaf of brown bread turn a tumbler bottom side up upon this and mark round the edge. After you have cut this out a piece from the center and spread molasses round the opening on the soft side that will be next the tumbler. Fill the tumbler two-thirds full of soap suds and set this over it. If you have not the crust a piece of thin board will answer, but is not as good. Remove everything that will be likely to feed the flies and, when convenient, clap your hand over the tumbler and shake those down that have got inside. You will catch more by so doing but a number will tumble in of themselves if you do not touch it, that is, if your flies are thick. Change the water often and burn the flies.

After you have been cooking take the dish in which you have mixed your bread or cake, and removing everything else that will be likely to

feed the flies, let it remain until it is well covered with their black bodies; then sly along and, very quickly throw a cloth over, drawing it around the edge so tightly that none can escape, and let some one else pour on boiling water. We have killed a great many in this way.

Another way is to take two shingles and attach them together at one end with leather hinges. Suspend them by a cord attached to the ceiling and spread molasses over the inside. The flies will soon be buzzing in the triangular space between the two shingles and when they are well covered clap them together and crush your enemies to death.

If you are troubled with flies in the fall of the year, when the first cold nights come, leave your windows open or let them down at the top, in the unoccupied rooms, and if the flies are stiff in the morning sweep them down and burn them.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

BOILED CIDER SAUCE.—I saw an inquiry some time ago about making boiled cider sauce; and as no one else has answered I will send my recipes. Four gallons of cider boiled to one is strong enough to keep well though some like it stronger, some not as strong. The scum should be removed from the top while boiling, and when done the cider should be strained. Take as many dried sour apples as you can heap on a quart measure. Soak over night and if the apples are not very sour cook in the same water, but if quite tart use a different one. (The water you drain off will do to make jelly.) When partly cooked add two cups of boiled cider, one cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, and a piece of orange or lemon peel for flavoring. If not juicy enough add more water and cook slowly that the apples may retain their shape. Another—To one peck of sweet apples (measuring them before they are cut) use a little more than a quart of boiled cider. If you make it in large quantities remove the wood from under the kettle after the sauce gets well to boiling, and cook slowly over the coals. You can replenish as necessary from your stove and not burn your sauce.

PUMPKIN SAUCE.—In years when sweet apples are scarce pumpkin is a good substitute. Cut in small pieces and partly cook in water to remove the pumpkin taste. Drain as dry as possible and use strong boiled cider in the same proportion as when sweet apples are used. It is very good.

Some one asks how to freshen an old silk. I have one which was once freshened in this way. An old kid glove was turned wrong side out and dipped in luke-warm water, the silk was sponged with this on the wrong side and ironed with a coolish iron. Mine looked very nicely; it was a light silk with white stripes and a white kid was used but I see no reason why a colored one would not do as well for a brown or black silk.

SUBSCRIBER.

TAPIOCA CREAM.—I see that some one wishes a receipt for tapioca cream. I will send mine. One large quart of milk—Take a little of it and put with three tablespoonfuls of tapioca and steam it, then take two-thirds of a cup of sugar, and the yolks of three eggs and put with it and boil all together with the rest of the milk, then put it in a dish for the table and take the whites of the eggs, beat them to a froth, and add three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, drop around on the top like eggs, and set it in the oven and just let it brown. To be eaten cold.

E. L. C.

CLEANING PIE PLATES.—I see in THE HOUSEHOLD inquiries about cleaning grease soaked pie plates. For ten years I have baked every description of pie on tin plates and have abolished the whole tribe of Wedgewood and Rockingham wares so generally used for pie plates. When grease soaked, they give forth an intolerable odor, and there

is no satisfactory way of cleansing them. I remove pies from tin plates to cold, white, stone ware plates, just as soon as I take them from the oven without fail, summer and winter. Of course the pie is well baked on the bottom. In summer a hot pie removed to a cold plate will keep twice as long. I get many useful hints from THE HOUSEHOLD. I would inquire of the sisters how to distinguish between shell combs and imitation of shell.

Kansas.

E. L. H. A.

PIE CRUST.—*Dear Household*:—I've been a silent member of your family for several years, and now will venture to ask and answer some questions. I remember of some one asking several months since for a good recipe for pie crust. This is a good one—Five cups of flour, one cup of shortening, one teaspoonful of cream tartar one-half of a teaspoonful of soda, a little salt (if all lard or cream is used,) worked well into the flour, and a little saved out for the upper crust wet with a little more than one cup of cold water; this makes five pies, and is also good for tarts.

For oiling sewing machines, I use good sperm oil mixed with a little kerosene, perhaps one-third kerosene; it prevents the gumming of sperm oil. I know kerosene will make a machine run nicely for a short time, but am told by a good machinist that it will corrode in a long run. MRS. S. N. C.

BARTON CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one egg, two-thirds of a cup of butter, one cup of sour milk, two cups of raisins, and one teaspoonful of soda; all kinds of spices.

BUNS.—At night take three cups of warm milk, one cup of sugar, one-half of a cup of good yeast. Make a batter then let it stand over night, in the morning it should be very light; then add one cup of sugar, and one cup of butter. Mould it well and let it rise again; when well risen cut in small pieces and roll them in the hand; put them on tins just to touch, let them rise again and rub over the top with the white of an egg and bake a light brown. This quantity will make sixty buns; currants or chopped raisins improve them.

SUSIE R. A. C.

Wakefield, Mass.

MR. CROWELL.—Will you please correct my mistake in the May number of your valuable paper? The recipe for Bride's Cake should read, the whites of ten eggs instead of ten eggs, as it is desirable to have it as white as possible. Confer this favor and you will oblige one of your earnest readers.

SOUP BALLS.—Take one pint of sweet milk; when boiling hot stir in dry flour until it is stiff. When cool add one egg and enough flour to allow you to form it into balls; add a pinch of salt. About ten minutes before serving your soup drop the balls in, they will be very light and will not fall after being lifted.

J. A. W.

POUND CAKE.—With your permission I will send my recipe for pound cake. One cup of butter, one cup of sugar, four eggs, one and one-half cups of flour, one-half of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of soda; nutmeg. Bake in tin hearts and rounds or add currants and bake in a loaf if you choose. COM.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD.—Enclosed are some excellent recipes; I have used them and speak from experience.

CRACKED WHEAT.—Put five large spoonfuls of wheat in a two-quart earthen jar which has a tight-fitting cover; add a large spoonful of brown sugar, a small teaspoonful of salt and fill the jar with cold water. Place a few nails in a large iron kettle and set the jar in the kettle with cold water around it half way up the outside of the jar. Cover the jar and also the kettle and let it cook all day. If properly cooked the wheat will be like a thick jelly. Eat with cream and sugar.

GROCERY GINGER SNAPS.—S. P. asks for a recipe for grocery ginger snaps. Here is a good one for home-made ones which are better than any obtained at the grocery. Two cups of molasses, one cup of sugar, one cup of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, small piece of powdered alum, one-half of a cup of

spices, and flour to make very stiff. Bake in a quick oven.

TO MAKE AN OMELETTE.—Place a piece of butter the size of an egg in the frying pan; beat six eggs, the whites and yolks separate, add six tablespoonfuls of milk, and a little salt. Beat all well together and pour in the pan; cook over a slow fire and when it is firm at the edges turn it half over so it will look like a turnover and cook a moment more. The only fault my husband finds with this dish is that there is never half enough. It will vanish like dew before the morning sun if properly prepared.

I have heard that a bit of glue dissolved in skim milk will restore old crape.

I ruined a good mirror not long since and will tell you how in order that others may avoid my mistake. I did it by allowing the sun to strike on it daily.

CHILI SAUCE.—Chop four peppers, two onions, twelve large ripe tomatoes (skinned.) Add four cups of white vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one of salt. Boil hard one hour and bottle in wide-mouthed bottles when cool. This will keep all the year.

FRANCHE CREAM.—One and one-half pints of milk boiled; add the sweetened yolks of three eggs beaten in a little cold milk. Let all boil once; place it in a dish and throw gradually in the stiffly beaten whites.

San Francisco, Cal.

LILY.

TO COLOR BROWN.—*Mr. Crowell*:—O. F. S. asks in the May number how to color brown. Take a peck of hemlock bark steeped in brass, and a little alum to set the color; after the goods are taken out dip in lime water; this makes a dark tan color, if something darker is wished dip the goods in a weak black dye, then put them in the brown dye. To color drab, take willow bark and a little copperas; for gray, put in some blue vitriol with the drab dye.

I am very grateful to O. H. O. B. for the Dolly Varden cake; we think it very nice indeed and would tender my thanks to the many sisters of this band that are permitted to inform each other of their pleasures and trials in this noble work of housekeeping, through the kindness of the editor for the many valuable recipes received. Can any one inform me through THE HOUSEHOLD how to make a pretty card basket? I join with others in wishing for O. N.'s directions for hair receivers.

If Mrs. S. M. S. has reference to Grecian or Antique painting, I can furnish directions, but I don't know how to transfer pictures; perhaps she may mean Decalcomania pictures, that is done with Decalcomania varnish I believe, at least one kind, some by merely wetting.

M. E. N.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Will Dr. Hanford please tell us through THE HOUSEHOLD what the effect on the system will be, of a continued use of caloused magnesia, as procured in packages from the druggist. Also eating dry laundry starch, a habit to which some school girls I know of are addicted; caused, probably, by a perverted appetite.

Will the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD give more of their experience on the cultivation of flowers, house-plants especially, and oblige,

MRS. S. N. C.

MR. CROWELL.—*Dear Sir*:—Permit me to say a word or two in regard to an item in "Gypsy Train's" excellent article on "Baking Day" in the July number of THE HOUSEHOLD. She says "you will need a swab to grease your pie-plates." The swab is all right to use for your bread and cake pans, but sisters don't "grease your pie-plates." "But the pie will stick if I don't," you say. Not at all, just sprinkle a little flour over your plate before putting on the under crust; and you will have no trouble with the pie sticking, at least I do not, and that is the way I have done for ten years past; your plates will not nearly as soon acquire that disagreeable taste of burnt fat, and you will find it a saving of time and trouble.

A. H. W.

MR. CROWELL.—*Dear Sir*:—I had been waiting impatiently for THE HOUSEHOLD, for which I subscribed last May, when last week I received the numbers for May, June

and July. I was only tolerably pleased with the specimen copy, but I am more than delighted with these. The articles embody so much good, practical, common sense, and it is so free from the trashy, impure literature which is found in more than half the publications of the present day, I think it should be in every family. I have already used some of the recipes and find them very good. I have been a housekeeper some years and have never found a satisfactory recipe for scouring zinc until I tried the one recommending scrubbing with vinegar and washing with warm soap suds. Brick dust or kerosene are good, but this is better. The recipe for chocolate drops in the May number is perfectly reliable. I tried half the quantity, for fear I might not succeed, and made twenty-six balls for nearly half what our confectioners would have charged, and I know they are pure and do not contain three or four small pebbles, to increase their weight, or burnt umber, instead of chocolate.

I would like to add a little of my experience in regard to canaries which differs a little from other correspondents. I have kept birds for fourteen years and never lost any except by accident. I have one thirteen years old which has always enjoyed good health, as far as I can judge, until the last year he sometimes sleeps late in the morning and occasionally takes a nap during the day. I seldom put him out of doors, never give him sugar or cake or bread; chickweed and sweet apple, and sometimes roast potato, I give, cuttle fish always; I never clean his cage oftener than once a week and sometimes longer. I am not troubled with insects, but as a preventive I have the cages painted inside and outside about once a year. I rarely give this bird a bath unless he asks for it, which he does in a very intelligent manner, making me so nervous I have left my meals to give it to him. I think too frequent bathing is weakening. The rusty nail is good. My birds do not cease singing while molting. Several years ago I lost one bird, through an accident, nine years old, I treated him in the same manner. I think we can kill birds, as well as children, with over kindness. I have a neighbor who has lost three birds in as many years; each one killed I believe by being hung in the piazza in a draft; birds sing better by being kept in one place.

Two of the sisters inquire for a recipe for renewing crape; here is a reliable one. I have tried it. Heat skim milk and water, dissolve in half a pint of it a piece of glue an inch square, rinse the crape in vinegar to clean it, then, to stiffen it, put it in the mixed glue and milk, wring it out, then clap it like the muslin till dry, smooth it with a hot iron, laying a paper over it while ironing. Or dip in gin and clap dry, ironing as above.

LE NEVE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD.—A number of your contributors have asked for a recipe for canning corn. I will send one that has been tried and proved to be good. Shave the corn from the cob, fill the cans as full as you can with corn, then pour in cold water until even full, make a small hole in the cover and solder it on, place the cans in a boiler with cold water about half the height of the cans, place the boiler on the stove, and boil four hours, then remove them from the boiler and drop a little solder on the hole in the cover. I hope some of our lady readers will try this.

DE Kalb, Ill.

MRS. L. A. P.

MR. CROWELL.—Will some reader give a recipe for crystallizing grasses?

Is there any particular way of pressing flowers so as to have them retain their color?

I have heard of baskets made of cotton cloth; can anyone tell me how it is done?

IDA W.

EDITOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD.—*Sir*:—I would like to answer Florence Snow's questions, not to the exclusion of other answers, but because our climate resembles that of her locality. Give the plants at least two-thirds more water than required in the east, it must not be too cold; be sure they have good drainage and the morning sun. For green bugs I burn a little fine-cut tobacco in an old tin, and hold the plant in the smoke. Put liquid manure on the geranium, and a little soot tea on the rose. Pour boiling water on the manure, and let it cool before you use it, the soot tea the same, in fact, both are good for any plants, and may help the ivy.

I have a very old recipe book in which I find many good recipes, among the best is the old Hartford election cake (one hundred years old) which I am sure will suit an "Old Subscriber." Five pounds of dried and sifted flour, two pounds of butter, two pounds of sugar, three gills of distillery yeast or twice as much home brewed, four eggs, a gill of wine and the same of brandy, half an ounce of nutmeg, two pounds of fruit, and one quart of milk; rub the butter into the flour, add half the sugar, then the yeast, then the milk, warm, then the eggs, well beaten, the wine last; beat well, let it stand all night; beat well in the morning, add the brandy, the sugar, and the spice, let it rise till very light and bake in buttered tins, adding the fruit last. I use just half the recipe.

Will some one please tell me how to transfer pictures on a glass? and oblige a well-wisher of THE HOUSEHOLD. N. H.

Loma Sagucha, Colorado.

To clean kettles which come with a new stove, Nell can boil potato peelings in them over a slow fire.

MARY.

MR. CROWELL.—I noticed in the August number of your paper that sponge cake could be made without eggs, but the lady did not give the recipe, only that she used snow instead. Now I presume a good many readers of THE HOUSEHOLD would like the recipe if she will be kind enough to furnish it in your paper. Hope we shall hear from her soon saying just how she makes it. C.

A friend of THE HOUSEHOLD wishes to know how to make breakfast caps. Knit in shells, widen in the centre of the back, that is all. Baby socks are knit (my way) by casting on sufficient stitches to fit on easily, crochet several rows, one after the other, of any common, close stitch, then take half the stitches, same as for knit stocking, and crochet what will be nearly long enough for the heel, then narrow the last few rows to form the heel, then take up the stitches all around, same as stocking, and proceed exactly as for knit stocking; when done, crochet a pretty colored edge on the top, twist a large cord of zephyr, run round ankle, and finish with tassels to tie.

MINNIE.

Can anyone of the readers of this paper inform me how to give the proper care to bronze? I have injured the base of a lamp by washing it in water. What should I have done instead?

AN INQUIRER.

MR. CROWELL.—For "Nell" I copy the following from the Boston Journal of Chemistry for August: "To remove the iron taste from new kettles boil a handful of hay in them and repeat the process if necessary. Hay water is a great sweetener of tin, wooden, and iron ware. In Irish dairies everything used for milk is scalded with hay-water."

A word about eggs. I found in the May number of THE HOUSEHOLD a recipe to this effect: "Egg toast. Make a soft toast, have ready one or more fresh eggs which have been boiled twenty minutes, remove the shells, cut the eggs in slices and place upon the toast, and season them. They may be eaten with impunity by the most delicate invalid, as an egg boiled twenty minutes is even more easily digested than when soft-boiled." I have been hoping some one would "rise to explain," and now Dr. Hanford comes to the rescue in the August number of THE HOUSEHOLD, confirming my former ideas, and adding new ones. It has required more skill for me to boil an egg than to prepare any other dish, the twenty minute theory does away with the difficulty, and if it is correct every nurse and housekeeper should know it. Will L. M. B. tell us the "why and wherefore" of her theory?

M. E. E.

Will some of your contributors give us a recipe for light graham biscuit? and oblige, M. E. N.

MR. CROWELL.—Permit me to inquire through THE HOUSEHOLD if any of its readers can tell me how to make pie crust, for any kind of berry pies, that will not soak after standing a few days. Please some one answer and greatly oblige a constant reader.

M. L. H.



A LEGEND OF MEROVINGIA.

BY SARAH D. CLARK.

There is a legend, beautiful and old,
That in the time when Clovis fought and won,
His battles in the kingdom of fair Arles,
And kept the crown bequeathed from sire to son,

A woman, miserable, forsaken, old,
Into the Merovingian forest strayed;
And with her trembling limbs, and waning
breath,
Beside the bracken turf, her wanderings stayed.

All night the heavy dew came falling slow,
Drenching the flowers on the dreary mould;
The life from out her heart beat ebbing low,
And all her pulses fainter grew and cold.

In that mysterious realm that leads to death,
Where voices on each border land we hear;
Floating she saw, as in a crystal glass,
The long lost glory of her youth appear.

She woke with morning—and the song of birds
Rose like the chiming from melodious bells:
(Through every hidden nook each flower
stirred,)
And through the vast and leafy forest swells.

Through all their notes she heard the voice
divine,
These are my creatures, and their songs shall
be,

Like draughts of nectar to thy famished soul;
Behold thy long lost youth restored to thee!"

They say, (so runs the legend) that she lived
A hundred years, still beautiful and young,
And not a morning passed but in the woods,
With all the earliest birds her song she sung.

'Tis but a legend—yet sometimes I think
Of this sweet story of the singing birds,
When e'er some voice by love made eloquent
A fainting heart revives with kindly words.

And in this grand old forest of the world,
Such voices rise with every morning's light,
To waken and renew each waiting soul
To joyous beauty, could it hear aright.

And some there are, so fraught with love
divine,
That listening, we ourselves would sing forsooth,
And keep (though it should be a hundred
years,)
The early hope and glory of her youth.

SMITH AND JONES: OR THE
RIVAL INNKEEPERS.

BY MRS. JULIA A. CARNEY.

STILL to my lot to be one of the committee appointed by the woman's meeting to visit the innkeepers of the village, and obtain, if possible, their signature to our pledge. We had resolved first of all, that whatever we did should be done in the power of a Christian womanhood going neither as viragos nor as suppliants. We wanted to do a thorough and permanent work, even if it was upon a small scale, and to do this we were willing to work diligently and wait patiently. I would not undervalue the good that is done in the hour of enthusiasm: the sudden shower is a blessing as far as it cools the sultry air and waters the parched fields, but it is the slow rain that spreadeth wide and endureth long, which saveth the earth from drought. During the past few months many have gone with tears and prayers, and by the power of persuasion, aided by the prestige of womanhood, have won many a startled saloon-keeper to renounce his trade, and many a crowd of customers to sign the pledge. If only one of many is

saved, it will be a worthy work; still better, if by united and persistent effort, each one laboring steadily in his or her place we can deepen popular feeling into popular opinion and strengthen it into principle.

One of our three hotels was nominally a temperance house; this statement being emblazoned upon its sign, the proprietor had, of course, no other objection to make when requested to sign our pledge, than that it was in his case unnecessary. We met this with the plea that it was necessary to obtain the names of all, and that his refusal would not only encourage rumors which were already afloat concerning the validity of his temperance professions, but deprive us of his influence with others, so he gave us his name with a very ill grace, and we left him with an impression that the ungrammatical westernism, "he will do to watch," might without much lack of charity be applied to him.

We made our next call upon Jones, not so much because his hotel was directly in our pathway toward the other, as because we thought him the most prominent of our opponents, and the one least likely to yield. Temperance men who had talked with him had received abusive and threatening replies, and it was rumored that he had armed himself with a revolver in case we meditated a smashing of his bottles and staving in of his whisky barrels, as had been done by a band of excited women in other places. Our husbands were naturally anxious. Had they not better go with us? We told them that would be too large a number for a quiet argument and not enough for a warlike demonstration; we felt instinctively, that with a rough, strong nature like that with which we had to deal, our very weakness was our best defense. If we could only find the inn-keeper sober and calm, we felt sure he would listen courteously to our appeals. For this reason, we had chosen an early hour for our call. As a punishment for my contemptuous observation as we left the "temperance house," that I would rather undertake to convert two hardened sinners than one righteous man, my companions had delegated to me the office of spokeswoman, promising to come to my aid in case words failed me, which was a contingency of which I had no fear, having never found an instance in any woman, in which a strong conviction and earnest purpose failed of fitting utterance.

We asked for Mr. Jones; throughout the town he was called "old Jones" by the temperance people and "Jones" by his customers. A stalwart man responded to the name and with cold courtesy invited us to the ladies' sitting room and motioned us to be seated. This done, with an air of premeditated purpose, he folded his arms and awaited stonily our errand. To an observer of human nature one moment was enough to read this man. Here was an iron nature but it was iron in the ore; where was the furnace heat which should convert it into steel, and weld from it the sword of truth and righteousness? Oh, could we but call down fire from heaven! Yet there was one of old who had rebuked that prayer; would He have done so, had it been intended as a power to save,

instead of being invoked as a destroyer?

For one moment the magnitude of our self-imposed task appeared before my mental vision, the next, came a conviction of its worthiness and of our power to accomplish it. This man had evidently never been a common drunkard—he must not be left to become so. That cold, clear, penetrating gaze with which he sought to read our real purpose, came not from an eye obscured by habitual intoxication. That erect, muscular frame had not yet been debilitated by habitual vice. There was a more than average amount of intelligence undeveloped by education; strong passions undisciplined save by his own still stronger will; yet he was evidently born to lead the masses around him. Whither?

"Doomed to heal, or doomed to kill.
Fraught with good or fraught with ill,"
are such natures by the inevitable laws of their existence. There are moments when the solemn question, "which shall it be?" may hang upon so light a balance as a "fitly spoken word;" should this be one of them? All my carefully prepared persuasions had vanished; this was no place for "gentle words and pleasant smiles." He too evidently expected them; he had purchased a revolver when he supposed the mysterious woman's meeting would come en masse to attack his traffic, and now we had come, three slender, young, and (two of us at least) fine looking women, he expected all the little arts with which a woman almost instinctively assails a weaker man. This man was made of sterner stuff; even his wife or sister might wisely have abstained from any attempt at coaxing; he would not have appreciated

"Her artless ways, her simple wiles,
Her praise, blame, kisses, tears or smiles."

"It shall be given ye what ye shall speak" is a promise as fraught with truth as any in Holy Writ, and often as comforting to the believer. Let none dare use either lip or pen in the service of the world in self-confidence. An involuntary feeling of respect for this leader of men who stood there braced in every nerve against all womanly persuasion, yet holding firmly repressed his angry defiance, because we were weak and he was strong, came over me, and I spoke from its dictates. I spoke to him as one practical business man might speak to another who had been unwittingly led into a traffic injurious to others. At once admitting the legality of his business under our present laws, and presupposing its profitable character, I spoke forcibly but briefly of the evil it was doing throughout the world; then informing him of our effort to suppress the traffic in our own village, I boldly asked him to assist us even at a self-sacrifice. An amazed look came into the eyes of my companions; it was as if a few lambs had asked the wolf to guide them to the fold. No, this man was no wolf, he was a genuine lion, of shaggy mane and sullen roar, but a generous nature. He was evidently surprised at my appeal; he had been reproved as a hardened sinner, and patronized as an "erring brother," many times, but he had never before been appealed to, upon this subject at least, as an intelligent man.

For a few minutes he sat thoughtfully before he replied, then asked abruptly, "Have you been to see Smith?" Upon our replying that we had not, he asked in the same quick way as if every word was jerked out, "Why not?" Seeing me hesitate, he said, "Oh, I know, you thought if you could disarm Satan, you did not fear any lesser demon!"

I could hardly forbear a smile at the truthfulness of his suppositions, although we should have shrunk from expressing it in such language. I told him frankly that it was because he had made himself a leader in wrong doing, that we wished to enlist him first in what we believed right, and expected his example to influence others.

"But it won't," exclaimed he, for the first time losing his studied calmness. "Smith's too mean for that, he'll never believe I do this thing because it is the right thing to do, he'll think you've just coaxed me into it with your soft words and he can have the profit all to himself. He'll say, 'them wimmen folks have just made a fool of Jones, and I'm much obliged to them.' So you see, ma'am, I shall lose a good business and no good done either. Folks don't git no drunker on stuff that I sell, than on what they git of Smith."

He was not sufficiently metaphysical to see the fallacy of this argument as a question of abstract right, nor sufficiently awakened in conscience to view it as a matter of individual truth to duty. We were therefore obliged to accept the situation and await the result of our visit to Mr. Smith. "I will make you this offer, ladies," said he, as we turned sadly away, "if you'll git Smith's name to that paper, I'll put mine there!"

"You promise this, Mr. Jones?" I asked slowly and solemnly.

"As I'm a living man, I promise," he answered in the same manner.

"No matter how long a time it requires to obtain his signature?" I said inquiringly, determined not to leave a loop hole of escape.

"Whenever you bring me that pledge with Smith's name signed to it, you shall have mine also," said he solemnly, "and another thing, ladies," said he, and his voice fluttered slightly. "I've jest sent to Chicago for a new lot. I'll send them fellers word not to send it jest yit."

We thanked him for this promise with full hearts and tears which would no longer be held back. Surely God had touched this man's heart and our mission would not be in vain.

Our next visit was to Mr. Smith who kept the only remaining hotel in the village. He was the very reverse of Jones in personal appearance, small, slender, almost feminine in manner, with a soft, pleasantly modulated voice, and an excess of courtesy towards us. He admitted all our arguments, professed to feel almost as much horror of intemperance as did we, but the traffic was profitable, some one would sell it if he did not, and he had a large family to support.

"Shall you ask Jones to sign this pledge?" he asked at length. We were compelled to admit that we had already done so. "What did he say to you?" was the next inquiry of course. We mentioned Mr. Jones' promise to

us, but he seemed to have no faith in them.

"The old fool," said he, "wants to get me out of the way, so he can have all the trade for his house. Some folks won't stop at a hotel where they can't get wine or liquor, not if there's another close by where they can. That's just the state of things to suit Jones! Here's Knapp, playing 'temperance house' to attract the reformers, and all the while he has plenty of it on the sly, for them that want it. Now if I do sign your pledge, ladies, I'll keep it, fair and true, but I want Jones to sign first."

From this position we could not move him; he believed it a scheme of Jones to entrap him, and settled down doggedly upon his resolution not to be fooled in any such way. We returned to our homes, very doubtful if any real good had been done. We had gone forth in the morning "bearing precious seed," should we ever "return with joy, bringing sheaves?" We hoped some impression had been made but of its permanency we had much doubt.

Meanwhile, there was much talk, and many threats, among the ranks of the customers. If we did persuade Jones and Smith to sign—but they knew we could not—they would do wonderful things. Our timid "lords" again ventured to remonstrate. Had we not better leave the whole matter to the Sons of Temperance, Good Templers, etc., and not subject ourselves to any further danger? As we had met only courtesy from the innkeepers, who might naturally be supposed to feel most hostile to our movements, inasmuch as we interfered directly with their business, and if successful would destroy it entirely, we concluded to brave all other dangers.

An unexpected turn in the matter soon came. At a little past midnight, one wild, stormy night, we were awoken by a loud knocking at our door. My husband arose, and opened it. A bronzed and bearded man, roughly clad, sat there upon a white horse—that fatal summons to the ignorant and superstitious. My husband was neither of these, yet it was an uncanny hour, and he had been wakened thus rudely from the first sound sleep of fatigue, after a day of unusual weariness, having rode a long distance to attend a funeral and return.

"Are you Mr. C.?" asked a loud voice. Scarcely waiting for reply, "Are you a minister?"

Receiving affirmative replies to each of these questions, he called out, "Then go to Smith's as quick as you can go, you're wanted immediately." Horse and rider disappeared at a gallop, the lantern which had revealed them for a few moments, gleaming fitfully through the darkness as they vanished from his bewildered senses.

"You will surely not obey such a summons," I remonstrated, as he hastily prepared to battle with the midnight storm.

"It is my duty," was the brief reply. There was a look in his eyes that told me he realized the possible danger, but he also felt the possible need of his sympathy and service.

"The man's face was too scared and earnest for a scheme of villainy," said he reasonably.

"Yet he might have been driven to his task by threats of danger to himself," I answered. I was fearful of a conspiracy against one so well known among the opposers of such haunts as the one to which he was now invited, or rather commanded.

"We must do our duty and trust in the Lord," said he gently. The next moment he too had gone, and I was watching his lantern as it appeared and disappeared at the turnings of the road.

Never shall I forget the next hour! My only hope, next to my faith in God's over-ruled providence, was in

the fact that the horseman had not returned toward the inn, but had galloped rapidly in an opposite direction. Dr. B. lived in that direction also, and it was possible that sickness or accident had occurred at Smith's. Yet were they the kind of people to wish for a clergyman in case of sickness? It was possible.

Those who in health and happiness scoff at God and His ministers, are often the most ready to call upon both in the time of need; still, I must confess it was one of the longest hours I ever knew until my husband's return. He came, wet, weary, and pallid, but safe, and my fears were groundless, yet I trust never to experience another such an hour of torturing suspense.

"They are in great affliction," said he, "their little girl, the only one, is dying. Rest now, my dear, and go to them in the morning, they will need sympathy."

With these words, I was obliged to be content, for he was evidently unwilling to say more. I afterwards learned that the child had been taken suddenly ill with croup, and the parents, alarmed and ignorant, had hastily dispatched a messenger to find a physician and a clergyman. The remedies which every mother should know how to apply, were unavailing to them, because unknown, and ere the physician arrived, it was too late.

They had lived without religion, but they had somehow imbibed an idea that baptism was necessary to the child's salvation, and they wished the service performed. An old service-book was found, and from this they desired my husband to read, oblivious of the fact that not being himself of the established church, it would not be valid as a religious service, according to their custom. Like many things else in a clergyman's experience, it would have been ludicrous, had it not been so sad.

At an early hour I went to them. Not now with persuasion to reform, but with a woman's help, and a mother's sympathy. For although I had not then been called to lay my little ones away beneath the silent sod, and miss their prattle in the lonely home, yet I could feel from the height of my own happiness, how great was the depth of their sorrow.

She was a beautiful child of five years, the idol of her parents, the pet of all who knew her. Even the rough customers in the bar-room hushed their ribaldry and assumed a different mein, if Birdie entered. Her father never permitted her stay, but was observed invariably to take his darling gently by the hand, and lead her back to the family sitting-room, which was

arranged in this hotel, at an unusual distance from that so often filled by tipplers and loafers.

She had never been ill, until the night of her death, and the fond parents had never once contemplated the possibility of such a calamity as had now overtaken them. Other children died and were buried, and the world went on all the same to them. So that the liquor trade was good, and the few travelers who came to our little village were of the kind to sojourn in their dingy domicile, it mattered not.

Yet there was not lacking an element of refinement, untouched by the debasing influences around them. Mrs. Smith was small and delicate in appearance—differently educated, she would have been lady-like. Subdued by sorrow, she was silent in her grief, and stranger as I was, I knew not how to comfort her. So I assisted the kind neighbors to array the little form in spotless white, and twined the myrtle sprays amid the clustering curls, placed a tiny bouquet in the folded hands, and when I looked again into the mother's eyes, I felt that she was comforted.

So then I took courage, and spoke of Him who "took little children into His arms and blessed them;" of the God who "doeth all things well;" and of the happier world, where her darling would be safe from the trials and temptations of this.

Then first the stony calmness of a crushing grief was broken. "Yes, Mrs. C.," sobbed she, "Birdie is safe now. Oh! I never laid her to rest before, and looked upon her lovely face, as she lay sleeping, without a doubt and a fear for her future. What a place for an angel to live?" and a shudder passed over her, as she looked out upon the tavern yard, with its usual etceteras, and through another window at the gang of loafers upon the street corner.

Not noisy loafers now, however, for they had just been informed of Birdie's death, and its very suddenness had hushed them. To minds unstrengthed by religious faith, there is something appalling in this nearness of the eternal world. They feel the Infinite Power, and tremble as they feel, because they have no trust in the Infinite Love.

The funeral took place the next day. My husband was called to perform the religious services. It was so strange a thing—he, but a short time since so condemned, hated, and even threatened, for his temperance principles by these same people, was now called to minister unto them in their hour of sorrow!

We went together, and at Mrs. Smith's earnest request, I sat with her by the side the coffin. How tightly she clasped my hand! Since her child's death she had spoken few words and shed few tears, but her face was white and still as that of Birdie's.

Had a stranger spoken to that motley throng, in the words my husband used, I should have called it eloquence, as it was, perhaps I had better say, he spoke from the depth of his heart, and he reached their hearts. He did more, he led them gently upward from the pale cold form in the casket, to

the world above, where the angel spirit now watched and waited for them. "She loved you here, my friends," he said, addressing the sorrowing parents, "she loves you no less there. Strive to be worthy of an angel's love."

A hush was upon the crowd as he concluded, broken only by a tremulous sob in the distance, around the little waxen form no sound was heard.

The father's voice broke the stillness. "Mrs. C." he said, in husky tones, "have you that paper you asked me to sign?"

I never was without it. A copy was in the pocket of every dress I ever wore at that time, so that no opportunity of obtaining even a single signature need.

Amazed I passed it to him, with a feeling as if the spirit of God were moving upon the face of the waters. Snatching a pen and ink from a mantel near, he rested the paper upon the coffin of his child and appended his name in a large round hand, almost as conspicuous as that of John Hancock to the Declaration of Independence.

Then raising his voice so as to be heard by all, he said, "When the ladies asked me to sign this paper, Birdie was near, and heard all we said. From that time, until the night of her death, she never ceased to ask me to sign the pledge. 'You will sign it, won't you pa,' said she, that night as she gave me her good night kiss. As she lay speechless in death, her eyes followed my every movement, and they seemed to say, 'You will sign it, won't you.' I bent over her, and whispered, 'Yes, darling, I will.' A glad smile came over her face, and then she was gone. I have signed it, and I will keep it. Comrades and friends! I have led you in the way of sin, now let my little child lead you in the right way."

One by one they came, to look their last upon the child they all loved; one by one they placed their names upon that temperance pledge! There were all kinds of scrawling letters, written down by trembling hands, and a few, who could not write, asked me to do it for them. In these cases I wrote it very large, and bade them retrace it afterwards, so that it might be their own deed. They were all sober and all thoughtfully appended their names, knowing it to be a pledge of entire abstinence, even from wine, cider or any other form of allurement.

Then arose the prayer of a full heart for God's blessing upon these good resolutions, and the procession passed silently out to the place of graves.

That very day I called upon Jones, not even waiting for the other members of the committee, so eager was I to claim his promise. He had heard of the scene at Smith's, and was evidently expecting me. He took the paper without a word, and looked at its array of signatures with a long, low whistle of surprise and incredulity.

"Do you think they'll stick to this thing, ma'am?" asked he.

"Most of them will, I trust," replied I earnestly, "all of them for a length of time which will give them a glimpse of a better life, and should they then fall they will desire to rise again."

He appended his name.

"Now, ma'am," said he, "let me thank you for one thing. In all the

time I have sold liquor, many have come preaching and persuading, but you are the only one who ever talked as if I would be willing to do the right thing if I knew what it was. I have felt badly about this kind of business since my boys are beginning to run round the bar-room, and had half a mind to give you my name the other day. Now it's there, all down in black and white. I'll not be the last one in S— to sign your pledge, but depend upon it I'll be the last one to break it."

How rejoicingly I appeared at the Woman's Meeting the next day, bringing with me the proof of what they had already heard; how they approved my report, and appointed me one of a committee to visit the physicians and druggists and assist in suppressing this disguised form of liquor traffic; how during the few next weeks we fulfilled the very letter of our purpose—to drive the demon out of S— and how during the few years after, during which I resided in the village, it seemed as moral a place as it was beautiful; all this is written in the book of memory, but must await another day to be narrated.

Let woman pray for temperance, work for it, hope for it still, but let her never forget that to arouse a temporary excitement is not enough. She must convince as well as persuade, or when the wave of feeling has passed by, the cold corpse of a good resolution will be all that is left upon the shore.

A WORD WITH THE DAUGHTERS.

BY C. DORA NICKERSON.

Daughters with the black eyes, the gray eyes, the blue eyes, the hazel eyes and dove eyes, will you read this, and promise to consider its questionings? Have you read THE HOUSEHOLD from month to month? Then you have read what we have all been interested in; the "Marahs" and the "Mauds," the joys and the sorrows of our little band, and I hope that with me, you have appreciated all, even the wailings and grievances of those who find it hard to "only stand and wait."

It is hard, there is no denying it, young woman. It is hard to go all through an impulsive, happy youth planning to walk through a garden of roses till the life-fields shall be gone over, and the last gate shut behind us, when lo! as we have come up to womanhood, the buds have failed to fulfil their promise, the roses have lost their fragrance, the weeds and thorny thistles have grown up, and we are dragging slowly on toward the last gate with no perfume floating behind us and only stumbling feet tending toward the gate which hangs on rusty hinge and feebly bars us from the shadowy mystery beyond.

All this is hard for us, but there's a deal more to do beside wailing and moaning over it. If we cannot stand upon the mountain, we must content ourselves to kneel in the valley. It is of no use to say sentimental things about being happy in the valley simply because it is our place. Sentiment doesn't help us bear real trouble; take away the romance and pretty sayings, daughters of poor parents, and let us talk it over.

Here is one who is not born with any particular talent; the first daughter perhaps, and just a good natured Susan or Betsey, who helps take care of the ones that come after her and does all this so quietly the family doesn't question the motive but accept all as a matter of course. But do you think this girl goes on day after day with no longings for "something better than she has known?" No, the person never lived that did not have aspirations for higher and holier things at some time in life. But you ask what good does it do? Some say it does no good, but an injury. I cannot agree entirely with that conclusion for no person can indulge in pure anticipations even though they prove unsubstantial rafters in a tumbling air castle, without being something benefited by the indulgence. But what I began to write for, was to warn the daughters of our household band against indulging in this morbid thinking which leads to nothing but dissatisfaction and distrust.

We are getting into bad habits in these latter days. Girls go laggingly to the wash-tub and frowningly to the ironing table; they look ruefully at heated faces and the inquisitorial cook-stove; they handle the dish cloth daintily and sigh over the chamber work. They mend the yawning stockings with jerking hand; they wash the dirty faces of the little ones with mournful sighs and go about trivial services with a martyr-like air which can edify no observer, and only sour themselves and poison the atmosphere around them.

It is a fact, girls, and you cannot truthfully deny it, can you? Even the plain faced, good natured Susan or Betsey acknowledges it to me in confidence. Then, whither are you tending, Grace, Myrtle, Lily, Louida, Etta, Martha, Nettie, and a score of other dainty minded misses? downward toward the turbid gulf of dissatisfaction and unhappiness for the present, and remorseful regret for the future. It is a sad fact, my dear young woman, for I can see it and so can all others who are not constitutionally akin to you. And what is to be done! "right about, face!" and begin anew. If you are unfitted by education or nature to be a teacher, settle the question with yourself, and don't attempt to dishonor the profession. If you are not a good readable writer don't inflict morbid repinings, sentimental nothings or useless trash upon our already overburdened editors, and a surfeited public. If you cannot prove your talents for the artist's profession, don't dabble with paint, brush or pencil, but give the time and room to those who can. If you are not a good scholar, don't be a pedant, but cultivate a taste for healthy reading and time and perseverance will accomplish much for you

—show you your own deficiencies mayhap, and this is much. If you find after honest perseverance and thoughtful labor, that you are not destined to be anything but a grub in the several professions, cultivate your common sense to that degree that it may take you away from professional palings, and stand you where longing eyes will not mar the work of willing hands; for you must know that many a successful result which willing hands

have mapped, has been forever lost because of wandering eyes and unruly mind.

So, girls, when your common sense has shown you your incompetency and unfitness for the higher professions, come slowly down to those which you can grasp. Educate yourself to a good trade. Ah! how the dainty shoulders shrug, and lips curl! But, my daughters, you're safer there; take the needle; manipulate the ribbons and hats if you've a taste, if not, there are the dresses; if that doesn't suit your tastes, there are the coats and the vests. Hats, dresses, coats and all the paraphernalia of Adam and Eve's descendants will always be in demand, and successful fashioners of these things will find standing room in the same world that jostles by the book worms and crowds out the artistic. If you can't do this, my humbler daughters, then there is the broad arena of the house and its accompanying duties and cares. It may be hard to confess ourselves to be unfit for nothing but plodding, unaspiring housework, but hard as the confession is, my girls, it is a solemn truth. And out of the two-thirds of humanity whom nature has unfitted for professional lives, five-sixths of this fractional part are unskilled and lamentably incompetent to undertake the discharge of the duties which are found under the simple home roof. It is a truth and we cannot contradict it.

And it seems so very, very strange that our mothers and fathers are willing to so blindly send out girls who cannot grace a profession, who cannot fashion their own garments of wear, cannot cook a decent dinner, and cannot put their own clothes in order when they are worn and soiled! And these are meant to be our future wives and mothers! Why, there'll come as swift a destruction upon you, poor gilded nothings, as came upon the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, unless you stop this sentimental pining about "fortune's mistakes," "forgotten destinies," "unsought-life" and "unwished-for existence."

My daughters, you are here in the world and a part of it, a legitimate unit of quantity, and the sooner you prepare yourselves to demonstrate the fact that you are worth standing room in some of the world's corners, the sooner will your eyes behold the solution to life's great problem, embodied in the oft-repeated query, "What am I here for?" You will need to answer this question definitely, my daughters, and on this side of the shadowy portal too. Will you begin to think of it, my dear girls?

ACROSS THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

The sight of the vast chain of lakes of the North and the "Father of Waters" may prepare one to form some conception of the grand scale on which things are done at the West. This grand old river, with its more than 2000 miles of steam navigation—beside about the same on its tributaries—is the grand connecting link between the north and south, its vast burden of products indicating the necessary dependence of one on the other, as

they flow principally down, for which we, indeed, do get the filthy weed, etc. The lumber alone, pushed down this stream by steamers, rafts, one of which, recently passing down, covered the space of five acres, will form a very important item of the business of the river. This comes from the pine regions—not a tree of which is seen here, 1850 miles above New Orleans—and is floated down to be sawn not very far down the stream. At Minona, Minn., there are mills on a scale to surprise the eastern miller. There, a single saw, and that "going up and down occasionally," would be regarded as antiquated. Instead, the circular saw—and if the log is too large a similar one meets it from above—runs through a common log in about five seconds, while the machinery for managing is unique, not made in Maine. The whole is rushed through on a grand scale of dispatch.

And here I may say that I find THE HOUSEHOLD, which they seem to appreciate. At the table of Mrs. F., a lady able to appreciate such a paper, on complimenting her for her johnnycake, and asking for a recipe for THE HOUSEHOLD, I was happy to learn that she took it from this paper. I presume it takes about such a woman to "cook first rate," even with such recipies as "our pet" furnishes.

But I was still more interested in the flouring mills, that of Stoughton & Co., where wheat is ground upon honor. In addition to the process of former times, in country mills, after the general fanning process is completed, the grain is subjected to the "scourer" and then to the "brusher," a machine by which brushes are brought in contact with the wheat, removing a deposit somewhat resembling the outer hull, and looking like the fine feed.

By the way, at this time they are making what is called patent flour, commanding a better price than the common white flour, by about 66 per cent. It is made from what is here called fine feed or "canelle," the better part after the central mass of starch is removed. This is purified—the process is a secret—and then is re-ground and re-bolted, and then becomes a finer and whiter flour than that made by the former method. It must contain a larger amount of the materials from which the bones, muscles and nerves are nourished than the common white flour, though the gentlemanly miller told me that it is a little more constipating than the common flour. He also informed me that, in his opinion—and he seemed a very intelligent man—it was "unfortunate that the bolting process was ever invented," giving the decided preference to the whole grain, or the graham, used by him principally.

I also learned two important facts from him, the first, that some farmers who keep a large stock of milch cows, use the coarse feed, the bran, containing principally the hull and the gluten which adheres to it, and that they are fully satisfied that it is an excellent article to be given to these cows, to form a part of their food. They also sell it to the poultry men, as it promotes muscular growth and is favorable to the healthy condition of the bones, beside increasing the value of

the eggs. In both cases, of course, it forms only a part of the feed, to be given in part as a regulator. The other idea was that there is an increasing demand among the bakers for coarser white flour, the great design of which is that it may absorb more water in its preparation, while the baker may have heavier loaves, sell more water, there may be some advantages, connected with the health, to the consumer. The finest flour, often "burat" in the process of such fine grinding is injured and has less of the natural sweetness of the grain. If we would get the best, having less regard for mere looks, we must fall back on the pure graham—as intelligent millers and scientific writers assure us, an article in which the elements of nourishment are combined, evidently, as the good Father would have us use them.

We have long been familiar with paper bags but may not have seen paper barrels. Well, there is an establishment in Winona soon to commence making such barrels. The paper is similar to that used by grocers, made of straw, only the sheets are to be larger. These sheets are to be cemented together and subjected to a pressure of 150 tons, bringing the mass down to about one-third of an inch in thickness, on the outside of which a coat of peculiar varnish will make it impervious to moisture. Such barrels will have wooden heads, but no chimes or hoops. It is not claimed that they can be made at a cheaper rate, but that they will be tighter and cleaner to store and handle. This originates—not in Yankeeedom—but in Beloit, Wis.

The wheat fields here (Minnesota, where I now am for a few days) are looking finely, and will soon be harvested. In the southern part of this state a large farmer raises 300 acres of wheat, employing the steam thresher, threshing 1500 barrels daily. This part of the state, 60 miles above Minneapolis, or about 2100 above New Orleans, is comparatively new, but looking finely—better than some parts of Illinois visited—the soil good, the farm houses better, and the stock better cared for. I am now on New Hampshire street, not far from Maine and Massachusetts streets. Indeed, it is a Yankee population, mainly, though the foreign element is quite prominent, particularly the German, who, notwithstanding the fact that they use some beer—not often to intoxication—are regarded as thrifty farmers and good neighbors. This is, indeed, the great grain country of the world, if not the garden of America.

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"PUNCTUALITY IS THE LIFE OF BUSINESS."

So says Socrates, or Plato, or Franklin, or Solomon, or some other wise man; and since experience and observation both have alike proved the truth of the declaration, it is quite immaterial which was the author of this sentiment.

It is not the object of this communication to treat of the application of this principle to matters of ordinary business, although the field is broad, and a volume might be written upon the subject; but rather to speak of its

importance in reference to attendance on religious meetings, and especially in divine service in church on the Sabbath. It is assumed that it is no less the privilege than the duty of all good citizens to worship the Lord in His temple, and it is equally their duty to assemble promptly at the hour of service. Let all things be done decently, and in order, says Paul. It is a sad departure from the solemnity which becomes God's house, to have persons continue to arrive after the services have begun, and oftentimes much later.

First of all it appears to me the minister should set an example of promptness—let him be in his place five minutes before the time of commencing service, and when the time has arrived there should be no delay. At the hour, the worshipers and the minister should be in their places, and as the last sound of the church bell dies away upon the distant hills, let the choir chant, "O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation. O, come let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord, our maker, for he is our God. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving and into his courts with praise; for the Lord is good, his mercy is everlasting, and his truth endureth to all generations." The scene is impressive and inspires us with the feeling that God is here.

This is very unlike what may be witnessed in many of our churches, almost any Sabbath—the hour of church service has arrived—about two-thirds of the congregation are in their places—no minister in the pulpit—stragglers continue to drop in and on every new accession a large part of the congregation look around to see if the minister has come—five minutes pass and people begin to be uneasy—ten minutes and no minister—surely he must be sick—but as there is an end to all things so there is to waiting, and at length he comes with a rush, and is met at the vestibule by a number of self-constituted officials with numerous papers and documents which must be looked at and their merits discussed, till at last the services begin. How much profit can there be in such an exercise? I say let the minister be in his place and promptly commence the exercises whether the hearers are there or not. He should not wait five, ten, or fifteen minutes to allow the tardy ones to arrive. I have often thought it would be well to apply one of the rules of our public schools, and close the doors promptly at the hour.

A few years since a young minister of fine talents exchanged with one of his neighbors, having been previously informed that the congregation were remarkable for being late, so, prompt to the time he began the morning service with few hearers. His prayer seemed adapted to the condition of his congregation. He prayed fervently for those present, for those who had nearly arrived at the church, for those on the way, for those just starting, and lastly for those at home getting ready, that if consistent with His holy will, God would bring them in even at the eleventh hour.

Some persons take pride in parade

and show, and one of the best places to exhibit themselves, especially in the country, is at church. Such persons are nearly always late and with airs of snobbish aristocracy, with silks, and flounces, and furbelows, and streamers, they will come sailing into church like a full rigged ship, when the services are half through, to the consternation of the gazing crowd and the disgust of all sober minded people.

To correct this evil, I say again let the minister be in his place and commence the services promptly at the hour designated, never wait more than one or at most two minutes, so that the house may become quiet. And to assist in this much needed reform let all church members and lovers of good order, by their promptness and regularity, be examples worthy of imitation.

Again, the practice of standing about the doors of the church and gazing at persons as they pass by is perfectly reprehensible. It is an exhibition of a want of culture and refinement for which there seems to be no excuse. Except in rare cases, every person should go directly into the church and take his seat, and not wait till after the minister has gone in as is too often the case.

I have thus without any attempt at system given a few hints on a subject of much importance and of universal application. That these hints may stimulate to correct thought and action upon a matter of so great concern to all is the sincere desire of

OBSERVER.

THE EAST WIND.

Vega.—This east wind makes the fireside very pleasant.

Chara.—There! you have referred to a subject which has perplexed me many times, and I was just thinking of it. What is this singular superstition about the east wind? It is always spoken of as though it were peculiarly surly and unwholesome, but it seems to me no more bitter or blighting than these driving west winds of which we have had so many this season.

Vega.—Do you call it a superstition about the east wind? If it is so it is as old as Isaiah, for he says of the Lord: "He stayeth his rough wind in the day of the east wind." It was a "vehement east wind" too that vexed Jonah after his gourd withered.

Chara.—Yes, I know that the east wind is spoken of many times by the writers of the Old Testament, David and Job and Ezekiel. It was the east wind that blasted the seven thin ears in Pharaoh's dream. But what I want to know is whether we have the same reason for complaining of the east wind that they have in more eastern countries? Have we not borrowed our idea of the east wind from lands where it is a veritable affliction?

Vega.—I never thought of that; perhaps it is so, or we may associate the east wind with the direful plagues which have come to us from the East, such as the cholera and locusts.

Chara.—I called the common idea about the east wind a superstition, because I did not know any reason for its being specially unkind. I remem-

bered too that it is often very eccentric people who have this horror of the east wind. Don't you remember the story about the old English Doctor and the east wind, that was in some book we were reading awhile ago?

Vega.—No, but I remember that Dickens makes Mr. Jarndyce in "Bleak House," refer to the east wind in a nervous way whenever he feels embarrassed. What was the story about the old Doctor?

Chara.—Why, he was an exceedingly whimsical, learned old fellow who taught a school of some kind. He had a mortal terror of the east wind, and nothing would ever induce him to stir out of doors when there was a breeze from that quarter. It was his custom on rolling out of bed every morning, to go immediately to the window and pull aside the curtain for a look at the weather-vane. If this indicated an east wind, he would go straight back to bed, fuming and grumbling in high discontent, nor would he go near his school until the wind changed. The Doctor's pupils were wild, fun-loving boys who stood in the same terror of the Doctor that he did of the east wind, and they soon discovered what it was that kept him at home. Of course the boys thought it would be a fine thing if the east wind would blow a little oftener. Accordingly two of the boldest secretly clambered up to the vane and, having set it from the east, fixed it there with a nail. For five consecutive mornings the Doctor after taking a look at the vane, which indicated an obstinate gale from the east, went back to bed in great dejection. He had nearly fretted himself into a fever, but on the sixth morning he could believe his eyes no longer and sent a man to examine the vane. Of course the cause of the persistent east wind was discovered.

Vega.—I should think such stories as that would make you wonder as to the character of the east wind. I am curious about it, and here comes Regulus; let us ask him.

Chara.—Regulus, why should the east wind be a specially "ill wind?"

Regulus.—I do not think it is an ill wind in this country, at least, it has not that peculiarly unwholesome character which makes it so much dreaded in England and Spain. I have in my note-book a little sketch which an English friend once gave me relating to the east wind in England. Let me read it; it begins with a droll incident:

"In the parish of Pimlico, one of the suburbs of the city of London, or more properly perhaps, the city of Westminster, there stands a small Episcopal church built about eighteen or twenty years ago. A passer-by stopped to admire its elegant proportions, its chaste Elizabethan architecture and elaborate carvings. An eastern door especially attracted his notice; a low, richly-carved massive arch, was embellished by canonical letters deftly cut in the stone, and colored bright blue and gold, which notified the stranger. 'This is the gate of Heaven,' while a more unsophisticated notice, written in a good round text and posted on the oaken door, still farther notified all who would seek an

entrance, that the door was closed during the prevalence of the east wind. 'Twas but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, for there was no escape from the absurd inference, that fashionable church-goers could only get to heaven in fine weather.

"But in America we can form no idea of what this east wind is that becomes a by-word in the mouths of Englishmen, and a proverb with the nations of continental Europe, so that the Spaniards say, 'Never ask a favor during the east wind.' We have stamped the east wind as unhealthful in America, but how much of this idea has been imported? Our east wind blows across the Atlantic Ocean and is probably a healthy breeze, but somewhat distasteful to us from the excess of moisture it has taken up from the water; but in Europe the east winds gyrating from the equator, blow across the deserts where their moisture is thoroughly absorbed by the arid sands, and they reach England cold and so exceedingly dry that they chap the lips and hands, make the eyes sore and blood-shot, and dry up one's skin to scales. Altogether, a most unpleasant time is the two weeks in March in which Englishmen have to endure this east wind. Our northwest wind in the northern states more nearly resembles it than any other; but for dryness and discomfort, we fortunately have to endure nothing on this side of the Atlantic that can compare with that wind which in England has been known to close even the gates of heaven."

Chara.—Then you think that our notion regarding the east wind, is mainly one of association caught from countries where it has been a kind of scourge for centuries?

Regulus.—I am inclined to think so. It is true that the sugar-makers say that the sap will not run when the east wind blows, and it may be cold coming from near the Atlantic; but I do not think it distinguished for unhealthiness with us. It certainly is not a vampire as it appears to be in Europe, sucking the blood and chapping and cracking the hands and lips.

Vega.—See! while we have been talking the wind has changed.—*Oneida Circular.*

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Number Forty-seven.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

I fear that by this time, dear "Olive Old Style," you are beginning to wish you could modify your kindly assertion that "Mrs. Dorr makes her appearance, true and faithful, as the months go round." She wishes to do so, not only for her own pleasure, but because, by many a sign and token, she is assured that there is a warm place for her in the hearts of many who gather around our household hearth; and for every word of appreciation and trust that has been uttered in her behalf during these last few months she hereby renders hearty thanks. But circumstances are sometimes stronger than her will; and to her own private household, as to all others, changes and illness must sometimes

come. Thus it happens that the waning summer found her silent, and only by one little song in September did she give token of her kindly thoughts of you. Now October is here, bright with its autumnal glory, and she hardly knows how to gather into her hands again the many threads she has been compelled to drop.

"U. U." in the August number of THE HOUSEHOLD has so fully answered in advance "Christabel's" communication in September, that but little more remains to be said. I am sorry the latter found it necessary to resort to personalities, especially as she is herself hidden behind the shelter of a *nom-de-plume*. In my first talk with Maud I answered the question put to me, as candidly and conscientiously as I could, out of the fulness of a heart that yearns over every young girl—and every woman as well—who is looking life bravely in the face and asking what she shall do. And now, looking back upon all that has been said, I cannot recall or modify one of my own utterances, unless it may be to confess that the adjective "transcendent" as applied to genius, was ill-chosen. I meant simply to say uncommon or unusual genius. The writers young or old, to whose genius the term "transcendent" may be rightfully applied, can be counted on one's fingers. So with regard to that unfortunate adjective, I humbly cry—"peccavi," and acknowledge that I used a word that did not clearly express my thoughts.

It is very possible that Christabel's experience is wider than mine, and that she has had better opportunities than mine through which to judge of literary life and labor. I can only speak from the stand-point of my own knowledge, and from the united testimony of fellow-workers in the field of letters. "Professional writers" or not, they all tell the same story; and I cannot believe that any mean or unworthy jealousy of younger aspirants leads them to falsify the truth. I have already quoted Dr. Holland. Turn to the back volumes of Harper's Monthly, and read the almost countless utterances, half tender and half sarcastic, of George William Curtis on this very point. Ask Oliver Wendell Holmes what he thinks about it. T. S. Arthur said to a young lady in the March number of his magazine, "Successful authorship is not gained, even by the most gifted, except through long and patient effort. You will hardly be able to make your pen remunerative until you have a large experience of life," etc., etc. In June he answers a similar questioner thus—"It is very slow business working one's way into literature. The hands are a far more reliable means of support than the head, if the head means the use of the pen."

Christabel presumes "Mrs. Dorr was a young writer twenty-five years ago."

Yes—she was; and because of that fact, "she knows whereof she affirms." Dear girls, Maud and Jean, and all the rest of you, if I did not know what I was talking about from my own personal experience, I would not dare to advise you. I never wrote gratuitously; I had what was considered more than average success; and I wrote only for the best publishers and, be it also said, the best pay masters; but if, dur-

ing the first ten years of my literary life, I had been solely dependent upon my pen for a livelihood, I am afraid I should have starved, or that some kindly soul would have taken pity on me and sent me to the poor-house. I say this in spite of the fact that my first prose article, too, (like that of the "girl of seventeen" referred to by Christabel,) brought me exactly the sum of one hundred dollars. But that was an exceptional case—and I have little doubt that hers was also. I did not often receive such pay; nor did other girls.

It is true that the prices paid to-day for all kinds of labor are much larger than they were even fifteen years ago. But the cost of living has proportionally increased. I can remember when good board could be obtained for two dollars a week. Now our quarry-men and other day-laborers pay five dollars and call it cheap. It costs a great deal to live, now-a-days, even if one lives economically.

Christabel affirms that any one with genius and energy can, *even at first*, earn the necessities of life. Well—I am glad that her experience enables her to say so. But these necessities include board, lodging, fire, lights, clothing, stationary, postage stamps and many other matters, as *absolutely* needful. To a brain worker other things are necessary. One cannot always give; one must receive from other minds help and stimulus, and the strong wine of kindred or opposing thought. He or she who would write successfully for the present age, must know what the age is thinking about, what it needs and craves. A more or less familiar acquaintance with the best literature of the day, is as indispensable as a knowledge of the best that has come down to us from other days. He or she who would become a successful writer—and only success commands money—must, in this progressive age, have at least some leisure for reading and thought and study. Books—some books, at least—the writer must have; they are as essential as his bread and butter, or as the tools without which no carpenter would dream of doing his work. I wish from the bottom of my heart that they could be had without money and without price; that they could be had for the gathering, like wild violets, or daisies and buttercups. But alas! they cannot; and one can't always borrow—or beg.

I wish I could without violating personal confidence, tell you much that I know with regard to the lives of some whose names are oftenest seen in the periodicals of the day, and who are supposed to be sailing smoothly on the high-tide of success. Of course there are exceptions to all general rules. Occasionally, (as "U. U." says) an author, young or old, makes a lucky strike and wins fame and fortune at once. But, my friends, those cases are so exceedingly rare that they are hardly worth taking into the account; and it still remains true that not one aspirant out of a thousand can hope to support him or her self, solely by occasional contributions to the periodical press. I write more strongly on this point, because I receive letters almost every month from James and Peter, and Sally and Agnes and Anna

Maria, asking advice on this very subject. They always interest me exceedingly—and I long to say just what the writers would like to hear; to tell them that the doors of the temple stand wide open, and that they have only to walk in and grasp the crown and the wreath awaiting every earnest soul. Here is a daintily written sheet from a bright young fellow in Kentucky. He gives me his name, and tells me all about himself and his aspirations. He is yet in his teens, and he encloses some sweet, thoughtful verses. They are a great deal better than the average; they show sparks of the true Promethean fire. Some day these sparks may kindle into a flame that shall warm the world. I am glad to tell him this. But meanwhile, he has got to live. His verses, good as they are, will not support him. Neither will such prose as he can hope to write, until he has gained a wider experience of life, and has learned more of men and things than he has yet had time and opportunity to learn. Why, do you ask, when it is certainly true that this "great American people" wants something to read and will have it?

Simply because the market is flooded with work that is just as good as his, and with much that is better. Every editor will tell you this, and point you to his waste basket as demonstration of the fact.

Now what shall my unknown Kentucky friend do? Let us look at the matter for a moment. He may think himself extremely fortunate at his age, if he succeeds in selling one poem each month in the year, at five dollars. Five times twelve are sixty. What if the gods should so favor him that he should sell six prose articles in the course of the year, at ten dollars each? Six times ten are sixty. Twice sixty are one hundred and twenty. Now there is not one chance in five hundred that he would be able to sell eighteen articles in the year, even at that exceedingly low price. Yet how meagre is the amount earned, even if he does!—less than the poorest day laborer receives—less than we pay our servants whom we board and lodge. It really seems to me that he would make a great blunder, a great mistake, if because "he loves to write and means to write," he should compel himself to lead the hard, narrow, scrimped life that he must lead on \$120 a year. Such a life is not good for soul or body or brain. Let him rather do something, with his hands or his head, by which he can follow the advice of good Polonius and "put money in his purse," or at least make enough to live on comfortably; and then let him devote his leisure hours to literature. He will have time to write his eighteen articles, more or less, even then; and, take my word for it, they will be better worth reading than if written under the stress, and in the hurry, of immediate need.

And while he is working and writing and *living*, he will grow. Intuition is doubtless, a good thing; and occasionally there blossoms a rarely gifted soul to whom insight stands in lieu of experience and real heart-life. But most of us must grow by slow degrees. We must climb the ladder of all human experience round by round. We must learn much, think much, feel much,

and, it may be, suffer much, before we can hope to say much that the world will care to hear, or to which it will be worth its while to listen.

It is well to consult one's tastes and idiosyncrasies in choosing one's life work—a point upon which I have dwelt more than once in these Household talks. But reason and common sense, as well as sentiment, must have a voice in the decision. A man may like the cultivation of roses better than any other employment. Yet if roses will not sell to good advantage and potatoes will, perhaps it is a duty he owes to himself and to those he loves, to raise potatoes as a business, and to train his roses as a delight. If he can sell a rose now and then, thus eking out his income, it will be all the better. But in this practical, work-a-day world, a man or a woman who has a living to earn, must look at things practically.

I know a man who has a somewhat rare gift as a landscape painter. Really that seems the work he ought to do. But he is poor; he has no influential friends to help bring his pictures into notice; he lives in a remote country town where there is little thought of art, and less demand for it. He has a large family to support. People don't seem to care for his softly-tinted skies and glowing sunsets. But they do want their houses and barns painted. So he paints barns and houses, with a fence thrown in now and then by way of a change. It seems to me there is more true manhood in his doing this, than there would be in any amount of romancing about the work his soul craves and his nature demands. He does the duty nearest to his hand, for the sake of the dear ones God has given him.

But to return to Maud and my Kentucky boy. There is a by and by for both of them. They need not be in haste to choose their life-work. Boys and girls of nineteen do not always know what they will choose at twenty-five. Let them find the most congenial work they can—and get the best pay they can—always aiming higher and higher, always striving after grander and nobler attainments. If their love of writing is the strong, enduring passion which alone can justify a life-long devotion to it, be sure they will find it out in due season, if they faint not.

And now, dear friends, if you are not tired of this subject, I am; and this is all I am going to say on this vexed question.

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A WORD FOR THE MARRIED FOLKS.

BY C. DORA NICKERSON.

"Notice: Whereas my wife, Mary Jones, has left my bed and board without just cause or provocation, I hereby forbid all persons harboring or trusting her on my account, as I shall pay no debts of her contracting, after this date.

(Signed) John Jones."

There! that scrap from a newspaper always provokes a smile, a ripple of pity, and a touch of anger when I read it. Country papers print them over and over again. People read the paragraph, wonder who it was he

married, think it out, and the advertisement drops from memory. But I never read it without feeling that I would like to pull that man's ears till he found "just cause or provocation" to better himself. Just think of it! A man! a noble, broad-shouldered man of this nineteenth century paying his hard earned money for such a complimentary notice as that!

It is lamentably true that the John Joneses are not the only ones who are to blame. The Marys often bear their half; sometimes more—many times, less. It is fair to conclude that in nine cases out of ten, both are miserably blameful. But such advertisements are a disgrace to both parties, and when I read them, I invariably want to hunt up their marriage certificate, a love letter or two, a trifling gift of their courting days, go to them, and placing the whole in justice's scales see which will outweigh the other. Which party would blush with shame first, I wonder! Strange how men and women can forget!

"Without just cause or provocation" is the contradictory clause that provokes the smile, and the ripple of pity for his short sightedness. Of course there could be no reasonable cause for leaving the husband of her youthful selection, the home where her children have blossomed, and where the love light of conjugal affection once illuminated every corner! No provocation for leaving so agreeable, self-sacrificing, magnanimous, patient and loving a companion! Of course she was troublesome and wasteful; time developed the popular fact that she was not his "affinity" perhaps; she grew worse as the fact gained ground with him; no longer tried to make home agreeable, and at last, left perfect sunshine behind, (with John bathed in it of course,) and took herself off, nobody knows where, leaving him the cost of advertising the fact—the ungrateful woman!

Oh John, John! In many, very many cases I have known where the husband took particular pains to specify that she had left his "bed and board," the bed was the very one her prudent mother gave her in the "fitting out," when she left home with a shy light of promised happiness at your side, shining out from love-lit eyes. And as for "board" there comes the touch of anger. Who has done more toward earning that board than this same Mary, my advertising John? Who has done the washing, ironing, mending, sweeping, cooking and the thousand and one other household duties that only a crowded housewife can understand and feel, yet can

never, never enumerate? who has done all this for you and the children that have come to you during all these years? How many hundreds, aye, thousands of dollars, has this same Mary saved you, justified John Jones? Who began at the foot of the hill with you John, in her early girlhood, and who has helped you carry your burdens up the hill all these long years? who has grown old and worn in your service? who has drudged at the base, that you might mount, friend Jones?

You shall "pay no debts of her contracting!" Well John, if you are at all what I imagine you must be to

order that notice printed, you will not pay her debts, for a dozen chances to one, you cannot pay your own. Put down that black pipe; eject that tobacco quid; take your feet from the mantel; your hands from your pockets, and go to work and pay your own debts, and the interest. Exert yourself to make that home what you promised her it should be in the days when you wooed her. Make yourself something near what your youth promised—a man worthy of love and wisely devotion. Give up these useless habits that annoy a wife so, John, and take an interest in home matters. Praise little Mary's attempts at embroidery; give Johnnie and Freddie an encouraging pat occasionally; pity Minnie's doll that has come to such sorrow under your foot. Let Agnes know that she is a daughter to be proud of with her womanly ways; be a companion for your eldest, impulsive Ralph, and, help make him the man nature promises, if you will but assist her with your example.

Give up your idle lounging hours in store and office, take upon yourself the little home offices it was once a pleasure for you to perform. Bring a tie for Agnes sometimes; a book for Freddie and Johnnie; a bright bit of ribbon for darling little Minnie, and an occasional game for the amusement of you all during the long evenings. Don't forget the anniversaries and birthdays. Some little trifling gift that isn't much in itself, but tells much of what lies below, does a deal toward cementing the home ties, and keep the love-coals in a glow. Replenish the homely wood box and yawning coal hod; look after the water pail, and have a care for the washing days. It is the little neglects, the little over-lookings that tire the wife—that wear into her thoughts; it's the rust of petty forgetfulness that eats into her burdened soul, till after a time, she sees no outlook, and wanders away; and the John Joneses insert the notices. Can't you do all this, and call her back to your side, John?

"She was to blame?" Well, perhaps she was, John, but call her back to your side, and keep her there by a constant watchfulness for the little items of home.

"It's hard?" Try it, and see, John. Mix the lover with the husband, and my word for it, poor, doubting fellow, than this same Mary, my advertising John? Who has done the washing, ironing, mending, sweeping, cooking and the thousand and one other household duties that only a crowded housewife can understand and feel, yet can

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You shall "pay no debts of her contracting!" Well John, if you are at all what I imagine you must be to

was lacking, when so many dollars were whipped away in curling smoke. "Twas hard to swell the list of "Hannah Jones," but couldn't you, for the sake of your children, have staid by him and them, and got them to help you bring him back again to what he once was?

Haven't you some times fretted at the unpleasant reality of your situation; scolded the children; envied your rich neighbor, complained of small rooms and poor furniture, hard work and poor clothes? Haven't you shown by act, if not word, that you were sorry you had promised to walk by his side through the shadow, as well as the sunshine? Have you always tried to be his comforter when he was cast down? have you cared for the husband's tastes and preferences as carefully and cheerfully as when he was your lover?

Ah Mary, your head bows like mistaken John's. I'm sorry for you both, but it isn't too late for you to atone for your error.

Go back, Mary—go back to John and the children. The neighbors will look askance at you as they think of that notice, but, never mind that. There's a long eternity before you and John, and there are no neighbors there, Mary. Go back to him and the children, and when the old provocations rise, stop and think. Think over the old times when he was a shy lover, and you a bashful girl—of your bridal—of your first days of housekeeping, when John praised the biscuit and said the cake was as good as his mother's. (That compliment covers a vast area!)

Think of the first cradle and its tiny bunch of flannel; of John's extra care of you then, and of the long hours you spent together watching its tiny cunningness, and so go over again all the good—leave out the unsatisfactory parts, (unless you put your own shortcomings in the scales,) and think of the sorrow that notice beginning, "Whereas," has given you.

Coax the old pride back. That will help a wife wonderfully. Why you wouldn't have allowed your dearest friend during your first year of marriage, to whisper certain things about John, that you unhesitatingly speak of now. It's because you have lost your pride. Coax it back, Mary. Give up complaints and repinings, and go nestle by him just as he used to like to have you do. John isn't altogether a brute, if that notice does make him appear so. Stay by him, and make your home so pleasant, it will be a model for the children when they are ready to go to other nests.

John, you haven't lost all your manhood. Meet her half way; burn the paper with the notice, and help her the thousand ways wives love so well, and when you celebrate your "golden wedding," your guests will forget the gray hairs and gathering years because of the glorious sunshine of the happy results of united aims and twin purposes the years have been unfolding.

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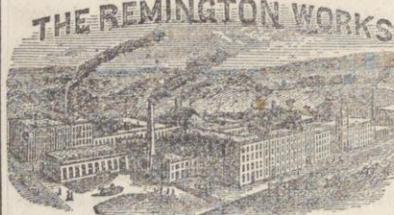
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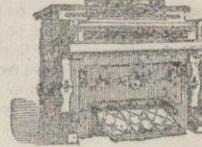
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17	Rosewood Writing Desk,	2.25	5
18	Rosewood Work Box,	2.50	5
19	French Velvet Photo, Album,	2.00	5
20	Gold Pen with Silver Case,	2.50	6
21	Photo, Album, (Bowles & Co.,)	3.50	7
22	Two vols. Household,	2.00	7
23	Peters' Musical Library,	2.50	7
24	Pu Knife, (silver plated,	3.00	7
25	Package Garden Seeds,	3.00	7
26	Soup Ladle, (silver plated,	3.00	7
27	One doz. Teaspoons, (silver plated,	3.50	8
28	Set Chess Men,	4.00	8
29	Pump and Sprinkler (Page's,	4.00	8
30	Family scales, (12 lbs., Shaler,	4.00	8
31	Six Tablespoons, (silver plated)	4.00	9
32	Dining Forks, (silver plated)	4.00	9
33	Family Scales, (24 lbs., Shaler)	5.00	10
34	Chromo,	5.00	10
35	Sheet Music, (Agent's selection,	5.00	10
36	Alarm Clock,	5.00	12
37	Hi. Chromo, Morning or Evening,	5.00	12
38	Gold Pen and Pencil,	6.00	12
39	Carving Knife and Fork,	6.00	12
40	Spoon Holder, (silver plated,	6.00	12
41	Accordion,	6.50	14
42	Croquet Set,	6.50	14
43	Family Scales, (56 lbs. Shaler,	7.00	14
44	Clothes Wringer, (Colby's,	7.50	15
45	Webster's National Dictionary,	6.00	15
46	Syrup Cup and Plate, (silver plated)	6.50	15
47	Harper's Fireside Library,	6.75	16
48	Fruit Dish, (silver plated,	7.00	16
49	Harper's Bazaar, one Vol., bound,	7.00	16
50	Gold Pen and Holder,	7.50	17
51	One doz. Tablespoons, (silver plated,	8.00	18
52	One doz. Dining Forks, " "	8.00	18
53	Photo Album, (Bowles & Co.,)	10.00	18
54	Eoscope and 50 Views,	10.00	20
55	Elegant Family Bible,	10.00	20
56	Violin,	10.00	20
57	Set of Plans and Views of Model House,	10.00	20
58	Eight Day Clock, with alarm,	10.00	22
59	Child's Carriage, (Colby's)	10.00	25
60	Cash,	6.25	25
61	Crayon Portrait, from any picture,	10.00	25
62	Castor, (silver plated,	10.00	25
63	Flutina, (Bussen's)	12.00	24
64	Cake Basket, (silver plated,	10.00	25
65	Nursery Stock,	10.00	25
66	Chromo, Sunlight in Winter,	12.00	25
67	Spark's Am. Biography, (10 vols.,)	12.50	30
68	Photo Album, (Bowles & Co.,)	18.50	30
69	Webster's Unabridged Dictionary,	12.00	30
70	Sewing Machine, (The Green Mountain,	18.00	36
71	Cooper's Works,	15.00	37
72	Guitar,	20.00	40
73	Silver Watch, (Waltham,	20.00	45
74	Ice Pitcher, (silver plated,	20.00	50
75	Copland's Medical Dictionary	21.00	50
76	Stencil Outfit,	25.00	50
77	Cash,	15.00	50
78	Nursery Stock,	25.00	55
79	Harper's Boy's and Girl's Library, (22 volumes.)	2.00	60
80	Child's Carriage, (Colby's)	25.00	60
81	Sewing Machine, (Home Shuttle,	37.50	75
82	Tool Chest, (Parr's)	25.00	75
83	Silver Watch, (Waltham,)	35.00	80
84	Zero Refrigerator,		

The Household.

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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 a dollar in a letter, giving name and post office address plainly written—including the State—and direct the same to Geo. E. Crowell, Brattleboro, Vt.

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NEW PREMIUM. For seven yearly subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD we will send a copy of Great Industries of the United States, a book of 1300 pages and 500 engravings, retail price \$3.50. This is one of the most entertaining and valuable works of information on subjects of general interest ever offered to the public.

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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 remailing it. The amount of the premium to be deducted depends upon the number

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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.

THOSE OF OUR READERS who have been importuned by the agent of another publication to drop THE HOUSEHOLD on the pretense that it has suspended, or has been moved to Boston and been merged into some other paper, and others who may hereafter receive such intimations and misrepresentations are informed that these are simply the arguments of a discharged agent of THE HOUSEHOLD who takes this method of revenging herself upon us because we were compelled to revoke her commission. We regard it as a very short sighted policy on the part of the agent and her employers as the deception must soon be made manifest and they will have only themselves to blame if it re-acts to their own disadvantage. Any one wanting THE HOUSEHOLD can obtain it as heretofore by sending \$1.00 to the publisher or leaving the same with their Postmaster who will in most cases cheerfully forward it. Do not be threatened, coaxed, cheated nor *bored* into taking any other publication if you want THE HOUSEHOLD.

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Merchant Tailors,

Having opened a New Custom Clothing Store, in Brooks House Block, corner Main and High streets, ask attention to their complete and attractive stock of goods for the Spring and Summer Trade, embracing the most desirable goods to be found in the market, as regards colors, patterns and quality. Also, a full line of cheaper goods for business and other wear, enabling us to meet all tastes and wants in price and style. We warrant every garment first-class as regards cut, trimmings and make-up. No goods allowed to leave the store unless perfectly satisfactory. A full line of Gents' Furnishing Goods.

ROOT & McKEAND,
No. 9, Brooks Block, Brattleboro, Vt.
CHAS. J. ROOT. 7tf WM. McKEAND.

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For all purposes of a Purgative. Safe and effectual.

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AND TAN ask your Druggist for Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion, which is harmless, and in every case infallible. Or for his Improved COMEDONE and PIMPLE REMEDY, the great SKIN MEDICINE for Pimples, Black Heads or Flesh-worms. Or consult B. C. PERRY, the noted Skin Doctor, 49 Bond Street, New York. 5-6c

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Only neglect to buy ENGLISH CHANNEL Shoes. If you want a shoe hat won't wear ragged on your pretty feet, ladies, insist on buying only these. You can see the channel on the sole.

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It has just been announced that the sons of the late WILLIAM TILDEN, of New York, have appropriated \$5,000 for the purchase of new books and apparatus for the Seminary, which will be procured with as little delay as possible, and will be available for use the coming school year.

Fall Session opens Sept. 14, 1874.
Apply for a catalogue or admission to

HIRAM ORCUTT, A. M., Principal.
WEST LEBANON, N. H., Sept. 1874.

Any one going west can get some valuable information and reduced fares by writing to Asa C. Call, State Agent of Immigration, Algona, Iowa. 10c

The cold snows of winter will soon be drifting about our dwellings and the labors and pleasures of the summer must give place to those more appropriate to the season—but the Peerless Washing Soap is always in demand. Many of our most notable housekeepers declare they couldn't keep house without it.

Every housekeeper young and old, is earnestly requested to send for a catalogue and price list of the Reversible Baby Perambulators. It will pay you to do so for if you are so unfortunate as to have no need of one of these carriages, you will find a description of some of the most desirable Folding Chairs in the same list, and some of those you do want and can't keep house comfortably without, "and don't you forget it."

The Atlantic Flour Mills are acknowledged to be the most complete and perfect in every respect that are now working in the country; and to be convinced of this fact it is only necessary to visit the mills and go through them. They are about as near an approach to perfection as can be. The proprietors understand their business thoroughly. They were formerly Genesee millers, and their fathers and grandfathers were millers before them. They purchase only the best wheat and make the best quality of flour.—*N. Y. Herald*.

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

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

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

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

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For Beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability and Cheapness, Unequalled. MORSE BROS., Prop'r's, Canton, Mass.

For Sewing Machines.

On receipt of 32 cents we will send an Oil Can Holder for Sewing Machines. It can be attached with one screw to the under side of the table of any machine, and your oil can is out of sight and out of the way.

J. W. BOULON & CO.,
10-ladv
New Haven, Conn.

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BULBS! WM. H. SPOONER,
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A double barrel gun, bar or front action locks; warranted genuine twist barrels, and a good shooter, or no sale; with Flask, Pouch and Wad-cutter, for \$15. Can be sent C. O. D. with privilege to examine before paying bill. Send stamp for circular to P. POWELL & SON, Gun Dealers, 228 Main St., Cincinnati, O. 10-9ea

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Neatness, Comfort, Economy & Style.
Executive Mansion, Wash., D. C., Apr. 22, '74.
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To Levi P. Lucy, Secretary.
CLINTON R. BLACKWOOD, 171 Broadway,
N. B.—Sent to any address for 75 cents and 2 stamps. Address as above, Box 1503, N. Y.

8-6

WOODS' HOT-WATER PROOF TABLE CUTLERY.

Handsome, Cheapest, Most Durable Cutlery in use. Ask your Dealer for it and don't be satisfied without it.

WOODS CUTLERY COMPANY,
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SOLE MANUFACTURERS.

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8-6

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For relief and cure of Colds, Cholera-morbus, Summer Complaints and Indigestion. A delicious drink for hot weather. Many spurious preparations are in market. The genuine bears our trade-mark, "THE LAUGHING HEAD."

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