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Vol. 17.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., MAY, 1884.

No. 5.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

GEO. E. CROWELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
CROSBY BLOCK, - - - MAIN STREET,
BRATTLEBORO, VT.

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The Veranda.

MAY.

I feel a newer life in every gale;
The winds that fan the flowers,
And with their welcome breathings fill the sail,
Tell of serener hours—
Of hours that glide unsent away
Beneath the sky of May.

The spirit of the gentle south-wind calls
From his blue throne of air,
And where his whispering voice in music falls,
Beauty is budding there;
The bright ones of the valley break
Their slumbers, and awake.

The waving verdure rolls along the plain,
And the wide forest weaves,
To welcome back its playful mates again,
A canopy of leaves;
And from its darkening shadow floats
A gush of trembling notes.

Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May;
The tresses of the woods
With the light dallying of the west-wind play;
And the full-brimming floods,
As gladly to their goal they run,
Hail the returning sun.

—James G. Percival.

ROADSIDE TREES.

NO LOVER of trees could fail to admire the large, spreading, American elms which line the streets of many New England towns and villages. The early settlers saw in the native elm a model tree for wayside planting, and used it extensively, adding thereby much to the general appearance of the country and the comfort of travelers during the heats of midsummer. The example thus set by New Englanders has had considerable influence upon the people of other states, and the planting of trees by the wayside for shade and ornament has been practiced more or less in all parts of the country; but in the selection of kinds due regard has not always been paid to the adaptation of species to soils and climates and to the position they are to occupy.

In the rich, moist clay soils of New England and on the borders of roads four to six rods wide, the tall, spreading elm grows well, and is not out of place, but in light, dry soils it does not thrive; and where the roads are very narrow or not more than two or three rods wide, trees of large size and of the spreading habit of the elm are entirely out of place, as their roots interfere with working the road-bed, and their branches cast so thick and deep a shade as to prevent the ready drying up of the mud after showers. On narrow roads, none but trees with close, compact heads, or of upright growth, should be planted. They should

be set at not less than forty or fifty feet from each other, and even a greater distance if of kinds that grow to a large size. It is also well to select varieties which drop their leaves early in the fall, so that the sun can reach the road-bed and dry up the mud at this season.

The sugar maple, ash, yellow wood, tulip tree, and the large-growing species of the magnolia are excellent trees for planting alongside highways of moderate width. The beech and white oak are both handsome trees, but usually retain their leaves the greater part of the winter, shading the ground at a season when shade is not at all desirable. For this reason, evergreens which grow to a large size should never be set alongside of highways unless for the purpose of protecting them against snowdrifts in winter; and then they should be planted thickly together, and only on the side from which the heaviest snow storms come. There are many localities and positions where evergreen trees and shrubs might be used to advantage for roadside planting, but never as a shade tree in cold climates, for in summer deciduous trees answer the purpose better, and in winter we usually need all the solar heat we can get for ourselves, our animals, and our land.

Where roads are well made and are never muddy at any season, it is desirable to have them well shaded in summer, as there will be less dust than when they are fully exposed to the sun and wind; in addition to which there is no denying the great beauty of long lines of well-grown trees. On the other hand, the ordinary country road, with its deep ruts, mud holes, and ditches alongside, half filled or full of water, is not in the least improved by being shaded by a thickly set row of wayside trees. A little forethought and a moderate exercise of common sense are required to show any person of ordinary intelligence what kind of trees would be an improvement to the highway or otherwise.—*N. Y. Sun.*

PEACH TREES.

After experimenting fifteen years in a country where it was said the fruit could not be grown, we succeeded in raising as fine peaches as ever grew; and we did it under the belief that the peach tree had but one enemy, and that from this enemy its various diseases proceeded. If the borer is destroyed and not allowed to prey upon the tree, there will be no yellow, curled leaf, etc., for which so many recipes are almost daily offered. Our plan for destroying the borer was to cut them out with a knife, and fill the place from which they were taken with a mixture of sand and tar. This we did spring and fall, for eight or nine years, when they ceased their attacks. They will, under some conditions, persist in their work in a new place, when cut out in this way year after year, till they make the circle of the tree. The sand becomes incorporated with the wood of the tree, and this the borer will

not contend with, as it is a little harder than his implements of warfare. A man can clean with a knife, in a day, ordinarily, more than fifty trees; but, though this work is easily done, the salt is easier. Therefore, we admit the plan is better than ours, if the work is as well done.

Downing, in his work on fruit trees, speaks of the application of salt to peach trees as a very effectual agent for the destruction of the peach worm. He says: "In a neighborhood where the peach worm usually destroys one-half the peach trees we have seen them preserved in the healthiest condition by the annual application of a handful of coarse salt, about the collar of the tree at the surface of the ground."

This tallies with my experience exactly. A few years since, having some young peach trees which did not present as healthful an appearance as was desirable, and having a small quantity of refuse salt on hand, I resolved to apply it to some of the unthrifty trees. The change wrought in the appearance and condition of the trees to which salt was applied, was very remarkable. The foliage assumed a dark green color, and the growth that followed was very gratifying.

Without being aware until recently, of the suggestion of Mr. Downing, I continued the use of salt and with the same happy result, and am confident in the belief that peach growers will find it to their advantage to adopt the method which I have found to operate so well.

Whether the vigor of the tree is due to the destruction of the worms, or whether to the action of the salt, which experienced horticulturists tell us promotes the verdure and luxuriance of fruit trees, I am not prepared to say. I give you the facts, leaving your readers to draw their own conclusion.—*Farming World.*

—The potato, originally a South American plant, was introduced into Virginia by Sir John Harvey, in 1629, though it was unknown in some counties of England one hundred and fifty years later. In Pennsylvania, potatoes are mentioned very soon after the advent of the Quakers. They were not among New York products, in 1695; but in 1775, we are told of eleven thousand bushels grown on one sixteen-acre patch in this province. Potatoes were served, perhaps as an exotic rarity, at a Harvard installation dinner, in 1707; but the plant was only brought into culture in New England at the arrival of the Presbyterian immigrants from Ireland, in 1718. Five bushels were accounted to be a large crop of potatoes for a Connecticut farmer; for it was held that, if a man ate them every day, he could not live beyond seven years.—*January Century.*

—A small, healthy potato with fresh, vigorous eyes is much better than a large good formed potato that is tainted with disease and has numerous eyes that are small and feeble.

The Drawing Room.

TRAVEL WITHOUT A MAID.

BY AN ANTI-BANDBOX GENTLEWOMAN.

I HAVE called myself, at the head of this paper, by a title I am supposed to have earned, not without heroism. I am aware that to permit such an utterance to the trumpet of fame could scarcely be allowed to the meekness of the feminine character, if I had not worn my honors so long that they have ceased, through good, honest, persevering use, to blush or to make me in any way look foolish.

Having left carpet-bags on steamers, rings on wash-stands, my best bonnet in a wardrobe of satin-wood inlaid with ebony, from which it issued, as far as I could discover, never more; having left my waterproof hanging on a peg, and my dressing-box in a railway carriage, from whence it was returned four months afterward to my home, by a wonderful process of clever imaginations on the part of those whose duty it had become to pick my locks and read my letters, I determined either altogether to change my habits and mend my ways, or stay at home for the future.

I consulted with a friend who was my usual companion in the yearly continental tour, and an entire reformation of our old ideas was the result. We have ever since pursued, with minds made up, an anti-bandbox course of life, and travel with an amount of success so great as to leave us experience to part with and advice to give away.

Let me introduce you with a sensation of triumph which I cannot altogether suppress, to the anti-bandbox wallet and the black bag.

I am aware that traveling bags are made of all sizes, and with fittings which might be supposed to leave a woman nothing to desire; but they have one fault—a fault which cannot be got over—they are all too perfect. Your bag is to have no fittings. It is to be pretty much the same shape as those fitted up with all imaginary tools, and costing any number of guineas; but it is not to be made of leather, nor lined with silk; it is to be of a black waterproof material, and to shut with a lock and key. It can be bought almost anywhere, and its cost will be three shillings and sixpence; it is lined with calico, and has a division of the same material; it has a strong, stiff bottom to stand upon; its cheapness makes it of feather weight in your mind as to its intrinsic worth; its appearance is perfectly respectable; and, should it be worn out, in any town in Europe you can buy another. You must tie the key on to the handle with two separate strings, and one string is to be a trifle shorter than the other. The shorter one will take the worst of the wear; when it breaks, the longer one will prevent the loss of the

key. Your wallet will travel in your bag. This wallet is to be made of stout brown holland. I need hardly explain that a wallet is a piece of cloth folded at the two ends so as to make two pockets and leave a space in the center. The size must be regulated, first, by what will go into the pockets, and, secondly, by the size of your black bag.

You will have to select and consider, and bring desires and possibilities into harmonious relations. This will be easily done when I tell you that each pocket is to contain what I shall call a roll. The pattern of a miniature roll you may see by folding one side of half a sheet of note-paper from top to bottom, so as to leave one-third of the width uncovered. Suppose this made of a narrow piece of brown holland. Push under the narrow piece a brush, a comb, a penknife, and stitch down between each article; then bind the two upper edges together. The narrow strip will have to be plaited down to the flat piece whenever it is used to confine a bulky article. Bind the single edges and the two ends. In this manner the two rolls are to be made; and here I shall give you a list of the articles which these rolls are to contain. Each is to have its separate pocket, and each pocket is to be distinguished with the name of the contents, written in legible characters with marking-ink. I consider this necessary. If you do not do it you will place the contents differently every morning, and lose time, and suffer the agonies of fear lest they have been left behind when you opened your rolls in the evening.

As the anti-bandbox idea is not one of self-denial and discomfort, I strongly advise you not to leave out any one of the articles in the list I give to you. Your first roll must contain:

Brush, comb, hair-pins, tooth-brush, in a waterproof bag of its own; hair oil, in a bottle with a wooden case; pins and pin-cushion, scissors, in a case; pencil, penknife, teaspoon, tin, with tooth powder; soap, in a box; matches, in a safety box; card-case, with your name and full address on some of the cards. Such are to be the contents of your first roll.

On the long side of the roll which is not pocketed there should be plaited a loose piece of brown holland to lie all the length over the pockets, so as to prevent any thing falling out after the whole is rolled together. The roll is to be tied with ribbon too wide to get into a knot.

Your second roll is now to be filled in this way:

Slippers, one at each end; night lights, in a canister; pocket-hankiechiefs, tied light in a roll; clothes brush, small towel, this is for cleaning your dress; court-plaster, laces, paper-knife, soda in a canister—for cleaning brushes; needle-book, and a small roll of woman's work; easy embroidery is always pleasant to do, and useful when done; thimble, a packet of buttons, thread, tape and string. These things complete the second roll, which is to be tied up like the first, and your wallet pockets must be made of a size to hold them easily.

The center space of your wallet must be of a size to allow of a writing-case being laid upon it. A double piece of card board you must place on the writing-case, and within that you must lay neatly, clean cuffs and collars. Folded loosely in a printed calico case, you must take your necessary linen and dressing-jacket. Put this into one division of your black bag, and put your wallet into the other. It will be neither too large nor too heavy for you to carry it in your hand if necessary or convenient, and its contents are what you will find sufficient. A spare pair of boots, of the sort that does not require blacking, must travel in a bag of their own—first folding them in paper—

on that side of your black bag which contains your linen. The use of the paper prevents any disagreeable scent of leather penetrating the printed calico case. Thus accommodated, you need not open your traveling-boxes for the length of a considerable journey. If you should stay long enough in any hotel to have linen washed, you might travel for weeks with no more than I have catalogued. You must have your cloak and shawl leathered up with the buckled straps made for that purpose. If you choose you can take calico cases containing linen, clean and in use, with your cloaks, all buckled up together. Your wallet will serve you as an admirable dressing box during your whole period of absence. On your journey, you spread out your rolls take what you want out of the pockets, and encounter no risk from stray articles running off into unexpected retreats—into out-of-the-way corners, and under the bed—a strangely favorite place with refractory runaways. The order and tidiness which are insured by the use of the anti-bandbox wallet allows of all necessary articles traveling with us, and almost makes it impossible to leave anything behind.

If ladies are going to stay for any time in one place, it becomes necessary to register boxes too big to travel with them; but in all railways a portmanteau big enough to take a gown and a bonnet, of the present most convenient make and size, may be carried under the seat. The portmanteau must not exceed nine inches in height. It can be ordered or bought of the regulation height and size in almost any town. This box may be necessary if you are going to stop by the way.

Now as to dress—the best anti-bandbox wear is a "costume dress." A black silk petticoat, and a short dress of woolen or foulard over, is the best and prettiest. The short upper dress must be of some material that will flow well into folds and easily and gracefully hang from its loopings. The black silk need not prevent your having a very light color—even a sprigged white—over it. A little black trimming will unite the two, and a white straw hat, with a black or white feather, will be proper on the head. Really, all ages may wear hats, and—I must add it—be thankful! Black silk stockings, and the suitable sort of boot, must belong to the silk petticoat; and if you like a leather bag from your girdle, and another slung across your shoulders, you may reasonably be indulged in such comfortable little vanities.

If you determine to take a box under the seat with a smarter dress, and a bonnet in it, you will, on leaving the railway carriage, require the help of a porter. They wear badges on their arms, and will carry every thing for you to your conveyance. They have, of course, a right to pay. You should be provided with half-franc pieces, or English sixpences, for those moneys are taken everywhere.

One great advantage of traveling thus lightly laden is that you have not to be, each day on starting, at the station for half an hour before the starting of the train. This weary waiting while luggage is being weighed and paid for, and the tickets made out, is to many people—among whom is included this present writer—a heart-breaking matter. In fact, in many places, it is, in summer, quite intolerable.—*English paper.*

—“If a man will not work, neither shall he eat.” Nor a woman either; for the old creed, that our sex must always be dependent on the other, has become a creed outworn. First, because there are not enough of males to protect us; and secondly, because many of them are quite incapable of doing it. Generally speaking, a woman at any age out of teens, be-

ing well educated, prudent, and possessed of a tolerable amount of common sense and ordinary “gumption,” can take care of herself fully as well as any man can do it for her; and, except in the love-phase of life—when help is so delicious and helplessness so sweet—most men prefer a woman who will and can take care of herself. It saves them a world of trouble.—*D. M. Muloch.*

The Conservatory.

THE OLD FLOWERS.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

Give me the old Dutch honeysuckle
A-making even the night time sweet,
A-blossoming at every knuckle,
And hanging to your very feet.

And pink and buff and white carnations,
And rose buds snuggled up in moss,
Heart's-ease and violets, dear relations,
And gay snapdragons, bright and cross.

Give me the good old week-day blossoms
I used to see so long ago,
With hearty sweetness in their bosoms,
Ready and glad to bud and blow. —Ex.

FLORICULTURAL NOTES.

Number Twenty-eight.

BY MRS. G. W. FLANDERS.

AMONG the hardy herbaceous perennials, flowering shrubs, and vines, we find many old favorites, and some of the handsomest and most desirable subjects for the flower garden.

I would recommend this class of plants to those who have but little time to devote to floriculture, for after perennials are once established, they will almost take care of themselves; they will go on improving for years, giving but little trouble and no anxiety. Regardless of inauspicious seasons, and neglect on our part, they come round regularly with their wealth of beauty and fragrance, and how gratifying it is in spring time, and early summer, when other cares are pressing, to have these hardy plants come forth and bud and blossom, without any effort of our own.

By a careful selection of roots, we may have a continuous display of flowers from earliest spring to latest autumn, and they will afford not only a great variety in habit of the plant, but much diversity and beauty of foliage, while the flowers present an interminable variety in form and color.

But, when selecting new varieties from the list of plants termed hardy perennials, let us be careful that we do not blunder in our choice.

For I believe the term hardy has caused more trying disappointments than any other word in the floricultural vocabulary. Plants that are perfectly hardy in one latitude or altitude, may not be so in a more northern latitude or a greater altitude. Now, the surest way to find out which the hardy ones are, is to try them. But knowledge gained in this way is sometimes quite expensive, and there are not many who care to invest their money in a game of hazard.

If we have but a small sum to expend for plants, and are living in the northern states, we want to feel sure that the plants we buy will stand the rigor of our winters, and I think from the long lists of shrubs and perennial plants, we shall find enough that have an established reputation for hardiness, without selecting varieties with questionable constitutions.

I will give a list of herbaceous perennials that I know to be perfectly hardy as far north as Maine, beyond this I cannot speak advisedly. I will begin with the aquilegia or columbine. There are several varieties of this showy plant that

are very unlike the single specimens that looked so pretty to our childish eyes in the “long ago.” If not allowed to seed they will continue to bloom all summer.

Alyssum saxatile grows about six inches high and bears yellow flowers in April.

Adonis vernalis grows one foot high and blooms in April, flowers yellow.

Aconitum, or monks'-hood, grows two feet high, bears blue flowers in October.

Anemone japonica alba bears large white flowers.

Japonica rubra has crimson flowers in September; height two feet.

Achillea, called by some florists *akelia*, is an old plant that has but recently been brought to the front, and it is well deserving of notice. The plant is perfectly hardy everywhere, and will thrive in any soil or situation. It begins to bloom in July and continues to produce its sprays of beautiful pure white flowers until frost. The flowers are perfectly double and are fine for cutting in their fresh state, or they can be dried and utilized with grasses. It seems very strange to me that this plant has not been more popular with florists, for white flowers are generally in great demand, and when this plant is once established, it will furnish a supply throughout the season. I have had it in my garden at least twenty years, but I have never seen mention made of it in any of the catalogues extant until within two years. Well, it has been said that flowers, as well as dogs, have their day, and that of the *achillea* has come.

Bocconia japonica has large ornamental foliage, the leaves are glaucous green and deeply cut, flowers are white. It blooms in summer. Height from four to six feet.

Convallaria majalis, or lily of the valley, is too well known to need any comments for I believe I am safe in saying it is universally cultivated and a favorite with all.

Campanula, sometimes called bell-flower, is a beautiful genus of plants.

Speculuno and *lorsei alba* are hardy annuals. The other varieties are hardy perennials or biennials. The *calycanthemus* varieties are very pretty; they resemble the old Canterbury bell but are larger and finer. Their time of flowering is June, July and August; height from one to two feet.

Delphinium, or larkspur, is another handsome tribe of plants. There are several named varieties that grow from one to four feet high, producing magnificent spikes of flowers in the greatest profusion the entire summer. One of our best perennials.

Dianthus is a genus of plants that embraces some of our most popular flowers; there is a diversity in colors and markings, and all are beautiful, good and true.

Dicentra spectabilis, or bleeding heart, is one of the plants we may depend upon; and what have we that is more beautiful with its long, drooping racemes of bright pink and white heart-shaped flowers? It will grow anywhere but will give more and finer flowers in rich soil, and a warm, sunny situation.

Digitalis, or foxglove, is a showy tribe of plants, both curious and beautiful. There are different varieties with various colored flowers, all growing about three feet high; they do best in partially shaded situations.

Dictamnus fraxinella is a handsome, free blossoming plant. There are two varieties having respectively red and white flowers, very fragrant. It blooms in June, and grows about two feet high.

Funkia, or day-lily, and again called plantain lily, is, I presume, a genus familiar to most every flower lover. There are several varieties. *Fortunii*, *grandiflora*, *gigantea*, and *sieboldii* have blue flowers. *Japonica lilliflora*, and *subcordata* have white flowers. The foliage of

all varieties is very attractive, so glossy and clean looking. *Funkia undulata* has variegated leaves; they are marked with pure white, the flowers are blue.

Geranium sanguineum, is pretty in foliage and flower. Its habit is procumbent; the flowers are purple, and are freely produced nearly all summer. This plant is fine for a hanging pot.

Iris or flower-de-luce is a very ornamental genus, and those who only know it in the blue flag of our meadows, or the common varieties that may be identified with those that grew in our grandmother's garden, can have but little idea of the brilliancy, and the wide range of colors and markings portrayed in the iris of to-day. The list is too long to specify but I will say the *kalypferi* varieties are called most beautiful; the flowers differ in form from the ordinary kinds, being broad and flat. They are single and double and present the greatest variety of color, from pure white, to the darkest shades of royal purple, through pinks and blues, with gold and other markings. They range in height from six inches to three feet.

Lobelia cardinalis is a beautiful scarlet flower, borne in long spikes from August to October. It grows from three to four feet high, and does best in a moist situation.

Lychnis chalcedonica is one of the good old "stand bys," too familiar to all to need any description from my pen. Their time of blooming in different varieties is from June to October.

Lathyrus latifolius, perennial pea, has bright rose colored flowers in large clusters; blooms all summer, height four to six feet.

Myosotis, or forget-me-not: this plant is an old favorite bearing clusters of star shaped, delicate blue flowers nearly the whole season. It requires a moist, shady situation; six inches high.

Polyanthus, a pretty, low growing plant, blooming in May.

Phlox perennial, is one of our most showy, hardy plants; their colors, shades and markings have the widest range. A selection of these alone would furnish a garden in a brilliant manner, and it is admitted that no class of plants excel them in utility. The plant increases rapidly; in two years they will form large clumps. The varieties taken together, bloom from June to September, and vary in height from one to four feet.

Pulmonaria has showy blue flowers in April and May; height one foot.

Polemonium has blue flowers in July; height one foot.

Peonies are associated with our earliest remembrance. But those who cultivate only the common red variety, have a pleasant surprise awaiting them, should they try any of the newer sorts, for some of them are very beautiful and fragrant, and the prices to be paid for them are very reasonable, twenty five cents will buy a bulb of the finest named sorts.

Ranunculus, or butter-ball; this flower is odd and pretty. The petals do not open and fold back, but when it is fully developed, it forms golden yellow balls, hence the common name, butter-ball.

Spirea filipendula and *ulmaria*: these plants bear spikes of white feathery flowers in July and August; height, respectively eighteen inches, and two feet.

Silene viscaria: flowers red, blooms in June and July; eighteen inches high.

Veronica amethystina: a plant with pretty blue flowers in pyramidal clusters; blooms in summer; flowers last a long time; height, eighteen inches.

Valeriana rubra and *alba* blooms from June to August; two feet high.

I will give but a short list of hardy flowering shrubs. The almond has beau-

iful flowers that resemble miniature

roses, color white, suffused with pink; blooms in May. It is one of our spring beauties.

Calacanthus has purple flowers very double and deliciously fragrant, blooms in summer.

Deutzia fortunii, *gracilis* and *crenata* are three desirable shrubs with beautiful white flowers; *gracilis* is a single variety the other two are double. The blooms of *crenata* are tinged with rose.

Forsythia viridissima, sometimes called golden bell, has bright yellow flowers, and blooms profusely very early in the spring before the deep green, lance oblong leaves appear.

Hydrangea grandiflora is indeed a grand shrub with immense heads of bloom; it begins to flower in August and remains in bloom a long time. This plant should be cut back every spring one-half of the last season's growth, dug around and well manured; the flowers are larger and finer if liberally manured.

The lilac with its trusses of purple flowers is associated with our earliest remembrance, but it is seldom that I see the white variety; the only one I know of in this town is in my yard. It is identical with the more common variety except the flowers are white, and the fragrance is more agreeable.

Pyrus japonica blooms in May. The flowers are bright scarlet, and borne in profusion.

Syranga, or mock orange, is a well known rapid growing shrub with very fragrant white flowers.

Spirea billardii has rose colored flowers; blooms in July and August.

Spirea prunifolia has double white flowers in May; height four feet.

Symporicarpus racemosus, snowberry, has clusters of flowers terminating the branches and snow white berries in autumn. A popular shrub.

Viburnum opulus, known as guelder rose, and snowball tree, is a fine old shrub, and when loaded with its large, pure white flowers, resembling balls of snow, it is not only a beautiful sight, but a grand one.

Weigelia rosea is a very charming shrub which must be seen to be credited with all the merit it deserves. It is a profuse bloomer; the flowers are large and rose colored, fading to almost white, which makes them appear as if variegated. I do not hesitate to say it is one of our best and prettiest flowering shrubs.

Weigelia variegata has ornamental foliage; the leaves are deep green bordered with white; it has a neat, compact habit; the flowers are like roses but smaller.

Weigelia lavallee is a new variety; in some respects it is unlike the varieties above; the flowers are a deep red; a distinct and beautiful shrub.

WILD FLOWERS OF IOWA.

The wild flowers of Iowa, taken as a class, are not as beautiful as those of my native New England. Most of them are large and coarse, and devoid of fragrance. But there are some pretty ones, and of those I will describe a few.

The first flower to be seen in early spring, is one which springs from the ground with but little foliage, reminding one of the crocus. It has large lavender and white flowers, about two inches in diameter, with yellow stamens. It has a pleasant fragrance.

One of the next to bloom is a flower called by the children, wild plum, on account of its clusters of beautiful, grape-like fruit, which later in the season lie near the ground, with the side next the sun tinged with bright red, while the rest is green. The flowers are pink, pea-shaped and growing in clusters.

We find growing on the prairie, two

kinds of flowers somewhat resembling lupins. Both have very long, large spikes of pea-shaped blossoms. One is white, the other pale lemon color.

About this time the pink oxalis can be seen opening its tiny cups to catch the morning sunshine, but closing them later in the day.

The blue spider lily which is cultivated in the gardens of New England, can here be found growing abundantly in the moist valleys, and often we find some which are quite a bright pink. Indeed, many of them seem to have a little pink paint mixed with their blue, producing a shade to which I can hardly give a name.

The perennial white morning glory, is considered one of the worst weeds our farmers have to contend with, but it looks very pretty, nevertheless, as it climbs the stalks of growing corn, and swings its white flowers in the breeze, or you will see it by the roadside climbing the tall weeds, or winding in and out among the pink blossoms of a wild rose.

Speaking of roses, I think Iowa must surely be the home of the wild roses, for they are everywhere. In the grain and corn fields, by the roadside, growing everywhere in the greatest profusion. They are all shades, from the deepest pink to pure white, and unlike those of New England grow in clusters. I have often counted ten or twelve buds and blossoms, in one cluster. They are large and very sweet scented.

While the roses are here, comes the phlox. It grows taller than *phlox drummondii*, though not as stout as the perennial phlox of our gardens. This can also be found in all shades from white to deep pink, though the light shades are scarce. A nice, thrifty plant of wild phlox in bloom is a fine sight.

Among the earlier spring flowers are two I neglected to mention. One is a pure white, star-shaped flower, similar to the pink and white anemones of New England, and like them growing in damp places. The other grows on higher ground, and is like the erysimum of our gardens, with its sweet scented, orange colored flowers. While the phlox is in bloom, we often see the tall spikes of a wild white larkspur, towering above the grasses on the prairie. I have never seen any other color than white.

About this time we see growing great masses of a plant bearing pretty, yellow flowers, with large black spots at the base of the petals. The leaves of this plant are quite sensitive, folding themselves closely together when handled, but looking as bright as ever, if placed in water for awhile.

There is a plant which has spikes of pretty, fringed, purple blossoms, in color like a thistle only darker, which seem to be related to the everlasting flowers, as they keep their color and form when dried. I have seen them mixed with the hay which the cattle were eating, with color quite fresh and natural.

There are two pretty milkweeds of which I must speak, as both are quite showy when in bloom. One is known as archangel or butterfly weed, and is of a bright, orange red color. The other is pure white, and each plant is covered with large clusters of fine flowers. I find the last one very useful for mixing with bright flowers from the garden.

There are a great many yellow flowers here, among them the wild sunflower and the pretty golden-rod. While they are in bloom, we see several varieties of wild asters, white and blue, and a pretty purple sort with leaves the color of the dusty miller. We have a plant which resembles the dusty miller in color of foliage, which is silvery gray.

There is an odd-looking flower, not particularly pretty which the children call nigger head. It is somewhat similar

in form to the ox-eye daisy, though much larger. Its petals are pink, and the center of the flower is a dark brown and rounded like a thimble.

Last of all, comes the beautiful frost flower as it is called here. It is of a most brilliant dark blue, almost dazzling to the eye. It is getting to be quite scarce now, and we seldom find it. It blooms when all other flowers are gone, and the grass looks dry and dead.

We have no ferns on our prairies, and I miss them. I have often wondered if some of the hardy ferns of Massachusetts could not be made to grow under some of our shady hedges. If I had some roots or seeds, I would try to make them at home here, for I think there is nothing more graceful in the whole plant family.

The flowers which I have tried to describe are those which grow on our open prairie. In the timber, by river banks, are other kinds with which I am not so well acquainted.

Cannot some of the ladies who live in Nebraska and Dakota, tell us about their wild flowers? I have heard them called very pretty.

MABEL DUNBAR.

Arcadia, Iowa.

—Flowers, though born of earth, we may well believe—if any thing of earthly soil grows in the higher realm, if any of its methods are continued, if any of the forms are identical there—will live on the banks of the River of Life. Flowers! that in all our gladness, in all our sorrow, are never incongruous, always appropriate. Appropriate in the church, as expressive of its purest and most social themes, and blending their sweetness with incense of prayer. Appropriate in the joy of the marriage hour—in the loneliness of the sick room—and crowning with prophecy the forehead of the dead. They give completeness to the associates of childhood, and are appropriate, even by the side of old age, strongly as their freshness contrasts with the wrinkles and gray hairs; for still they are suggestive—they are symbolical of the soul's perpetual youth, the inward blossoming of immortality, the amaranthine crown. In their presence we feel that when the body shall be as a withered calyx, the soul shall go forth like a wing'd seed.—Chapin.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please tell Mrs. A. Hefron that the touch-me-not is the same as the balsam, or what is called that in seed catalogues.

A. L. W.

C. E. Allen says sprinkle both sides of the leaves of carnation pinks with water two or three times a week and never allow the soil to get dry.

MRS. E. S. K.

Ed. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please tell me the best time to slip plants for winter blooming, also the best varieties, and how to treat carnation pinks?

A. B. C.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one inform me how tall the Russian mulberry grows? If it is perfectly hardy, and would it be suitable for an ornamental tree? Also can Russian lilac seed be gotten of "seedmen?" Does the *caragana arborescens* bloom?

A SUBSCRIBER.

Nebraska.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters tell me what to do with my heliotrope? It is a nice large plant, one I bought last year, but it does not blossom, and the oldest leaves on the plant are continually turning black, roll up and fall off, so that only the tips of the branches are green. The room is always warm and it stands in an east window. Geraniums and every thing else look fine and are all in bloom. C. M. C.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—In answer to Mrs. A. Hefron I would say. When I lived in Massachusetts we had a beautiful flower we called touch-me-not, for the reason that the seed pods on being touched, immediately flew to pieces, and the seeds dropped to the ground if ripe. Here in Kansas I raise the same flowers and some call them lady slipper and some balsam.

MRS. C. E. BILLINGS.

The Nursery.

THE BIRD'S SONG.

I asked a sweet robin, one morning in May,
Who sang in the apple tree over the way,
What 'twas she was singing so sweetly about,
For I'd tried a long time but I could not find out;
"Why, I'm sure," she replied, "you cannot guess wrong,
Don't you know I am singing a temperance song?"

Teetotal—O, that's the first word of my lay,
And then don't you see how I rattle away,
'Tis because I've just dipped my beak in the spring,
And brushed the fair face of the lark with my wing,
Cold water, cold water, yes, that is my song,
And I love to keep singing it all the day long.

And now, little girl, won't you give me a crumb
For the dear little nestling waiting at home?
And one thing beside; since my story you've heard,
I hope you'll remember the lay of the bird,
And never forget, whilst you list to my song;
All the birds to the cold water army belong.

—Exchange.

FLORA MACDONALD IN NORTH CAROLINA.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

WHEN the young Prince Charles Edward, grandson of James II., king of Great Britain, landed in Scotland in 1745, and claimed his right to the throne from which his grandfather had been driven, thousands of Scotchmen regarding him as their lawful sovereign, joined him in fighting for the British crown. He fought, was defeated, and became a hiding fugitive on the island of Uist, one of the Hebrides, off the west coast of Scotland, and was assisted in making his escape to France by Flora Macdonald, a beautiful, patriotic, and romantic Scotch girl, just from school in Edinburgh, come to visit her kinsman, Laird Macdonald, the chief of Uist.

Laird and Lady Macdonald were friends of the prince, and were trying to hide him from the searching eyes of British soldiers, who swarmed on the island in quest of him. They could not shield him much longer. Lady Macdonald conceived a plan for the prince's escape, but found no man willing to undertake the perilous enterprise. Her young kinswoman, Flora, spoke scornfully of the timidity that held back her countrymen from such a patriotic and benevolent task.

"Will you undertake it, Flora?" asked Lady Macdonald, perceiving the young girl's zeal and patriotism.

"Indeed, I will," quickly responded Flora.

Preparations were quickly made for the romantic enterprise. Neil Macdonald, a young kinsman of Flora, volunteered to accompany her. She obtained a passport to leave the island with Neil, and three others as a boat's crew, and Betsey Burke, a stout Irishwoman whom Flora pretended she had engaged as a seamstress for her mother in the isle of Skye.

Flora and her little party left Uist on a pleasant afternoon. Betsey Burke was the prince in disguise. That night they weathered a terrific storm, and reached Skye in safety in the morning. At the intended landing-place they were confronted by soldiers, when, turning quickly eastward, they escaped a volley of bullets sent after them, and landed near the house of Sir Alexander Macdonald. Leaving the prince concealed among the rocks, Flora told her secret in the willing ears of Lady Macdonald, who furnished an escort for the party, including stout Betsey Burke, to the laird of Kingsburg (who was also a Macdonald). Flora had conducted the young prince as an Irish seamstress through the crowds of soldiers and people who were searching for him. The travelers tarried at the house of the laird of Kingsburg that night, and the next morning Prince Charles Edward embarked for a successful voyage to France. As he was about to leave he kissed his fair deliverer, and said:

"Gentle, faithful maiden, I entertain the hope that we shall yet meet in the royal palace."

The prince and Flora never saw each other again. Her young kinsman, Neil Macdonald, accompanied Charles Edward to France, married there, and his son, born four years before Napoleon Bonaparte, became that great military leader's famous Marshal Macdonald, and duke of Tarentum.

The part that Flora had taken in the escape of the prince soon became known, and she, with the laird of Kingsburg and other kindred, was confined in the Tower of London as a prisoner of state, charged with the crime of treason. Flora's romantic story, and her extreme youth and radiant beauty, created almost universal sympathy for her among every class of the English people. When George II. asked her, sternly:

"How could you dare to succor the enemy of my crown and kingdom?" she replied with sweet simplicity:

"It was no more than I would have done for your Majesty had you been in his place."

It was so evident that Flora was not a political partisan of the "young pretender," as he was called (she was not of his religious faith), and that she had acted from the generous and benevolent impulses of a woman's heart, that she and her kindred were pardoned and released. While she remained in London she attracted great attention. Crowds of the nobility and gentry of both sexes visited her, and bestowed upon her costly presents; and the government sent her home in a handsome chaise, accompanied by a fellow-prisoner, Malcolm McLeod, who afterward said:

"I went to London to be hanged, and returned to Scotland in a chaise and four with Flora Macdonald."

Flora afterward married Allan, son of the laird of Kingsburg, and became the mistress of the mansion where Prince Charles Edward passed his last night in Scotland, June 29, 1746. There she and her husband entertained Dr. Johnson and Boswell when they visited the Hebrides in 1773. She had then been a wife more than twenty years, and was the mother of numerous children, yet she was still beautiful, and full of enthusiasm, and abiding loyalty to the British crown.

Misfortune caused Flora and her family to join some of their kindred who had settled in North Carolina, and she abode for awhile at Cross Creek (now Fayetteville).

In the winter of 1849 I started to follow the line of the retreat of General Greene before Cornwallis, across North Carolina from the Catawba to the Dan, in 1781, but soon turned eastward to Fayetteville, where I arrived toward sunset. In the evening I called on Mrs. McL—, an aged and sprightly Scotchwoman, who, I was told, remembered Flora Macdonald. She was enthusiastic in her praises of that noble woman from the Hebrides. She described her as not very tall, but a very handsome and dignified woman, with fair complexion, sparkling blue eyes, the finest teeth ever seen, and her hair, partly covered with a pretty lace cap, was slightly streaked with gray. "Her kindly voice was sweetest music," continued Mrs. McL—, "and oh, how the poor and the church missed her when she went home after seeing much trouble here."

"Is her dwelling here yet standing?" I asked.

"No; it was partly burned in the great fire here about twenty years ago. As you pass from the market-house to the court-house, you may see the ruins of it, near the creek," she said.

Stepping to a quaint chest of drawers, Mrs. McL— took out a dingy looking let-

ter written by Flora to her (Mrs. McL—'s) elder sister, then a maiden of twenty, dated February 1, 1776. It was a brief note, but an exceedingly interesting one, as it was in the bold handwriting of the heroine of Skye.

"It was sent," said the old lady, "from her new home in the Barbacue Congregation, and, as you will see, she wrote her name 'Flory'."

"Then she did not live here long," I said.

"No; she soon moved to the Barbacue Congregation, about twenty miles north of here."

On the day when that note was written, the royal governor of North Carolina issued a proclamation calling upon all friends of the king to assemble, with arms, at Cross Creek, and join his standard. The Macdonalds were all loyalists, and now the troubles of Flora in North Carolina began. Her husband and others, to the number of about fifteen hundred, mostly Scotchmen, readily obeyed the call.

"Flora came with her husband and friends," said Mrs. McL—. "I remember seeing her riding along the line on a large white horse, and encouraging her countrymen to be faithful to the king. Why, she looked like a queen. But she went no further than here, and when they marched away, she returned to her home."

Nearly a month later these Scotch loyalists were routed, dispersed, made prisoners, or killed in battle on Moore's Creek. Flora's husband was among the prisoners, and was sent to Halifax jail. He was soon afterward released, when he left North Carolina with his family for Scotland in a British sloop of war. On the way the vessel was attacked by a French vessel of war. The courage of the English sailors appeared to desert them, and capture seemed inevitable, when Flora ascended to the deck, and by words and deeds so stimulated their spirits that they beat off the enemy, and the Macdonalds were landed safely on their native soil of Skye. During the engagement Flora was severely wounded in the hand. She said, sometimes, when speaking of the peculiarity of her situation.

"I have hazarded my life both for the house of Stuart and the house of Hanover, and I do not see that I am a great gainer by it."

Flora Macdonald was the mother of five sons and two daughters. She retained much of her beauty and all her dignity and loveliness of character until the last. She was always modest, always kind, always sweet and benevolent in disposition. She died early in March, 1790, and was buried in the cemetery of Kilmuir, in the isle of Skye. Her shroud, as she requested long before her death, was made of the sheets in which Prince Charles Edward reposed on the night he slept at Kingsburg. Her funeral was attended by fully three thousand persons. Two years later the remains of her husband were laid by her side. For eighty years their resting-place was covered only by the greensward. In 1871 a beautiful monument was erected over them.

"When the news of Flora Macdonald's death reached the Barbacue Congregation," said Mrs. McL—, "a solemn funeral service was held in the church there, when Dr. Hall, who died in 1826, in the eighty-second year of his age, preached the sermon. He had been a military leader as well as a preacher of righteousness. My husband was then an elder in the church, and we were both present. Flora Macdonald had no more sincere mourners than were found in the Barbacue Congregation at that time.—*Harper's Young People.*

THAT WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

BY CECIL LEIGH.

Every child as he entered the school room that day held in his hand a simple, wildwood flower. There were forty children, consequently forty flowers. Every face was curious with interest as to what would follow, for the teacher had said at the close of the morning session, "I shall talk with you a little about flowers this afternoon, and would like each to gather one and bring into the school room, and be careful to let the leaves remain upon the stem." This was all, but it was enough, for interest was awakened.

To begin the flower exercise the teacher called attention to the stem of the leaf, and told them it was called the petiole. Then there were two tiny leaves on the stem of the plant, that one wee girl called "baby leaves;" these were called stipules. After that they all looked at the beautiful colored part of the flower, and gave closest attention while the teacher explained that this is the corolla or crown. Forty pairs of eyes flashed with brightness and forty faces bent nearer the posy as the teacher repeated, that the colored part of the flower is corolla which means crown. She felt quite positive that word "crown" would hold them, for they had recently held a little woodland festival, and crowned one of their number queen of May.

Next she led them to notice some little green things outside the corolla, just around it, very like leaves, yet not, and when they had pulled out the corolla they thought it looked like a cup. It was a cup, and given a name—calyx, which means cup. And now the children were asked what they had learned about a flower.

"A flower has a corolla or crown, and cup or calyx," came the answer promptly.

"And what about leaves?"

"The stem of the leaf is called petiole, and the 'baby leaves' (for they clung to this) stipules."

Then the teacher turned to the blackboard and wrote the answers they had given, and at intermission the children, instead of trading knives or dressing paper dolls, were here and there in little groups pulling flowers, and talking quite learnedly of cups and crowns; and one small boy possessing an inquiring mind, modestly approached the teacher's desk, asking what the little string-like parts seen in some flowers were called? But she decided to explain that along with other facts another day.

This is but a brief description of the many interesting talks, and object lessons the pupils received upon Wednesday afternoon, general exercise day, from their teacher in a school of my acquaintance. Lessons in grammar, common errors in speech may be shown up in this way so that teacher and scholars shall derive lasting benefit. Little talks in geography, foreign countries, and locations at home, their productions, general outlines and so on may be instructive, and better still for such an exercise is history in various forms. For instance, the life of some noted man may be selected and the pupils urged to ascertain facts concerning him, and then notes compared; or some famous battle of ancient or modern times, or some noted work in literature or art may be made profitable, especially so when the teacher is well read and well informed, as every teacher will allow he should be.

The outcome from these "lessons outside the book," will also be surprising. Interest will be awakened outside the four walls of your school room. The intelligent in a community will soon cherish a profound respect and admiration for such a teacher, while the ignorant will

wonder how one head can hold so much, and quite likely exclaim in your presence, "What a great thing learning is!"

Cecil, herself, once gave a very short lecture lesson to a class of comparatively young pupils on the subject of the Atlantic cable. She was delighted the following day to find the fruits not entirely lost for one boy informed her, "What father told me about it last night," and another what he "hunted up in the daily himself." Inwardly she resolved when these testimonies came in, "to hew to the line, letting the chips fall where they would."

The course that I have mentioned, adopted one afternoon each week would, I am convinced, materially raise the standard of the instruction in a school. The children will acquire a wide awake enthusiasm refreshing in a school room. The teacher also, will catch an inspiration that will do her good to the end of time. She will have builded better than she knew.

A LETTER TO THE BOYS.

Firm in the right oh ever be,
True to each friend who cares for thee,
Ready to go where'er you're sent,
Ever on kindly deeds intent.

Although far away from the haunts of my earlier days, down in the city, so full of life and vigor, I am going to attempt to hold a conversation with you, boys of THE HOUSEHOLD. Just here let me say I am especially anxious to see the faces of those boys who are between ten and fifteen years old. I fear those older are quite grown up, and would consider it beneath them to sit down and have a conversation on any subject.

The tendency is to have our boys only for a little while. Soon they are young men, and soon, alas! ape the customs of those much older than themselves, and seldom profit by it.

There are ever so many things we want to talk about, and I feel puzzled to know just where we ought to commence. Suppose we first take firmness. We all know that lack of firmness has brought us into more trouble, as a rule, than any other failing. I know just how it is. We don't mean to give in to the temptation when it assails us; it is the charm of the forbidden pleasure or sin that leads us to say yes, when we should say no, and that right manfully. We have not the discretion of older persons, and sometimes cannot tell just what is right. There are a few of us, however, who are incapable of judging in the smaller matters. We learn by degrees to discriminate between good and evil, if we try.

Happy the boy who when asked by his friends to do something which his parents do not approve, can say firmly and kindly, "No, it would be wrong to do any thing contrary to father's and mother's wishes, for I should be disobeying; they know best, and would not forbid my doing it, were it best that I should." Such boys are always respected by playmates and all whom they meet. They establish good principles that last them a life-time, and that are even more useful later in life than in early days. They fear nothing so much as to displease their best friends. The boys who have not courage enough to say no, at the proper time, are to be pitied. It is one of the habits that, formed in youth, will follow them through life.

Then, there is another thing which if we overlook when we have time to acquire it, will "prove" very vexatious, and that is a habit of so arranging our daily work that each day's duties are finished at night. We call it order or system. "A place for every thing and every thing in its place," applies as well to this as to other work. If we commence by so laying out our work that each hour of the

day will see something accomplished that is of real benefit, we shall find our work very much easier.

The greatest scholars and statesmen, as well as mechanics and workers in all occupations, will tell you nothing is accomplished without system. Then if we follow it, we shall gain time. And why? Because we waste ever so many moments that pass unnoticed. I have known many who gained an hour or more in a day for various things. It is a very good idea for those who gain this extra time, to spend it, if possible, in profitable reading.

Then there is neatness. About this one can never be too particular. The longer we live, the more we realize it. In the home life, at school, in business, everywhere, it is essential, and although it is very seldom commented upon at the time, one forms a very poor opinion of a stranger who presents an untidy appearance. One does not need to be rich to be clean; for that we should be thankful. "Cleanliness is next to godliness" always. A boy can enjoy life just as well by being in the habit of carrying clean hands, face, and finger nails, well brushed hair, and nicely blacked boots. These proclaim the gentleman. Attention to these apparent trifles has often procured a situation, where, by the lack of that one habit, neatness, one would lose the place.

Then beside neatness of person there is just as much necessity for keeping our drawers, play room, study and room in a neat and orderly manner. Do not let mother do this. Poor, tired mother should be assisted in every possible way, and in none can you do more for her than by being neat in all things.

Many different things are said, and arise to discourage us, I know, when we start aright. Oftentimes we fail, but as "victory" is our motto we will conquer in the end if we persevere, for "Patience and perseverance conquer all things."

CECIL HAMPDEN HOWARD.

THE MOTHERS' CHAIR.

A WORD FOR PERPLEXED PARENTS.

I have read with much interest the articles in THE HOUSEHOLD referring to the management of our little ones, and have been wishing for some time to add my mite to a subject so full of interest, and freighted with such immense results to the future "young men and maidens" of the community. I have before me the remarks from "One Who is Interested," and with her think it impossible to begin too soon to teach the little ones the lesson of obedience. But the lesson should not be delayed till the little pupil "is sure to do as we tell him not to;" the system of instruction should begin before they have reached that point. Some infants know very early when told not to do any thing, though they have hardly advanced to the desire of doing because they are

in the most trifling matter to go wrong. I do not say do wrong, the child was too young, but to go in the wrong direction and to grow that way. One instance will show. He had a most devoted nurse who thought every wish should be gratified, no matter at whose expense. When about four months old, he expressed a desire for some fancy article he saw upon the *etagere*, which Mary at once gave him.

"Mary, take that away from Jamie, and never give him any thing but his own toys, without asking permission."

She reluctantly complied, and as he chanced to be in a good humor no outburst followed. About two weeks later, being very fretful and cross, he was attracted by the same bright-hued toy and reached for it. Mary gave it to him, very likely without thinking at the moment, but her memory returned, and she glanced at me to see if I had noticed. I repeated my former directions and she replaced the article. Then we had a frantic outburst of shrieks accompanied by reaching and pulling to obtain the coveted treasure.

"I had better take the little man away, ma'am, till he gets over it."

"No, give him to me, we should only have the same trouble over again; he must begin to learn he can't have every thing he wants, and I can't begin to put things away."

I took him upon my lap, and sat down with him near the *etagere*. The change of position, etc., effected a little diversion in his thoughts, but in a moment he remembered the casket and reached for it. I said, "No, Jamie cannot have it."

Frets and intention of crying.

"Jamie can look at it while mamma holds him, but not have it."

The reaching still continuing, I imprisoned the two chubby hands in my own, talking to him gently all the while, saying nothing of the desired object, unless he pulled away his hands and reached after it, when I again imprisoned them and said, "No." As soon as his serenity was restored I gave him to the nurse, who took him into the other room.

I felt much curiosity to know what would be the outcome of it—if his memory would stand the test. The next day Mary was holding him again in the same part of the room, when he again spied the trinket and asked for it in his fashion.

Mary saying, "Mamma says 'No,' my darling, Mamie can't give it to you," he began to cry and kick, when I took him from her and sat down with him where I had been before, and imprisoned his hands again. He sobbed for a moment or two, looked at me, then at the casket, and tried to remove his hands, which I held more firmly than the day previous, when I said "No," quite decidedly. He looked in my face, looked again at the casket, then shook his head, and at the same time ceased struggling to obtain the use of his hands. I immediately released them, when he reached out again.

"No."

He stopped, putting his hands back in his lap, looked up at me, and shook his head again.

"Jamie cannot have that nor any of mamma's things, but he can have his own."

He seemed content to leave it then, and after holding him there for a little time I resigned him to his nurse. From that time he never offered to take that article nor any thing from the *etagere*, when with myself or his father, but for a week or more, whenever he passed it with Mary, he would reach for it. She would say "Mamma says, 'No,'" when he would look at me and shake his head.

As he grew older, seven, eight and nine months old, I would show him what he asked for, holding him on my lap, and

the article, whatever it might be, in my hand until he was satisfied, only if he attempted to take it, I at once replaced it where it belonged. I insisted on Mary's following the same plan with the few things she was permitted to show him. It required but one or two, I think in one instance only, three lessons, to convince him of the right way. Not that he knew the difference between right and wrong, but he learned what he could not do, and with comparatively little friction. At no time did I rouse his will in opposition to mine, but I took the lead and guided him, always telling him which was the way to do, and never suggested there was a wrong way.

As he grew older I endeavored to teach him self-control and government, to give him every advantage of his perseverance and determination.

As years added other members to my family, I found them all with varying dispositions, each requiring different management and control, but they all learned the lesson of implicit obedience and unlimited confidence in my word and judgment. I never commanded them to do any thing. I said always, "Will you do so and so?" but I expected the request to have the full force of a command, and it was always honored.

We had no family quarrels. They were taught at the earliest possible moment, the rights of property, and one child was not permitted to take a plaything or book belonging to one of the others without asking permission of the owner. It saved a world of trouble, and there was no bickering nor squabbling about their belongings. If a younger child wanted any thing an older one was afraid to lend, the matter was referred to me, and my decision was final. I set them the example, never taking their books, chairs, footstools, etc., without asking, "Mamma would like so and so, will you get it for me?" Oftentimes, I borrowed simply for the example. Why should we extend to other people more courtesy than to our children? And where can they better learn the "small sweet courtesies" that adorn life than in the sanctity of home? A boy, properly taught from his infancy, will be free from the awkwardness and restraint of which we hear and see so much, as he grows from boyhood to manhood.

Let me advise all young mothers not to think they are wasting precious time in curbing the passionate tendencies of their little ones, in leading their tiny feet in the "paths of peace," showing them the "way of pleasantness" in the nursery and play room, and fitting them to adorn home and society as they grow to manhood and womanhood. This requires time and close attention, careful study of the disposition and temperament of each child, constant watchfulness and unvarying patience, with much prayer that the means used may prove effectual in the careful and successful training of these immortal souls committed to our care. How few of us realize that we are training souls for time and eternity. Ah, how much one might say on this fruitful subject—it is exhaustless. To all these perplexed young matrons let me say, never deceive a child, do not threaten punishment, but when cause is given for correction, administer with wisdom whatever in your judgment seems best for the child, preserve your own temper unruled, use great patience and gentleness combined with unbending firmness, once you are sure of the right course to pursue, and trust the results with our Heavenly Father.

ONE MOTHER'S EXPERIENCE.

"—The merit of our actions consists not in extraordinary actions, but in doing ordinary actions well.

The Library.

INFLUENCE.

Far in the distant years some deed of beauty
Hath struck the keynote of a bold refrain,
And many a noble act and high-souled duty
Lied on the lofty strain.

Far in the distant years some thought came gleaming
Along the history of this world's great life,
And quivering down from heart to heart is beaming—
With glory still is rife.

Oh, blest the power such deeds of heaven's meekness
To pour adown the track of coming days.
And blest the thoughts that fall in living sweetness
Upon life's common ways.

And glad the gathering when our time is ended,
Of all the influence that one life hath cast;
The souls that through such earnest words have tended
Upward to heaven at last.

—Longfellow.

CHAUTAUQUA STUDIES.

Number Four.

BY JEANIE DEANS.

WE ARE seated at our HOUSEHOLD round table again for our next study or talk. It will be both the March and April reading, or to put it more exactly a hasty review of a small portion of each.

First upon the list for March we note "Preparatory Latin Course in English," a book of 331 pages, written by Dr. Wilkinson. The purpose of the book is to take the student by means of the English tongue through much of the same course in Latin literature as is taken by the pupil preparing for college. Last year the course furnished a similar Greek work. It is Latin literature, you will see, in English. That peculiar discipline of mind one gets from translating is not claimed. It is the subject matter and the history of a literature called Latin, produced by a people called Romans, chiefly in a city called Rome, and the name Roman covers every thing belonging to Rome, aside from her language and literature, and from this fact it is easy to suppose that literature occupied but a subordinate place. Fighting and conquering came first. One never heard of a Latin soldier, but Roman soldiers were the terror of the known world. I shall not attempt a review of the work. It can be easily gathered from the questions and answers in the March Chautauquan, arranged by A. M. Martin, general secretary of the C. L. S. C. These form a valuable part of the magazine, and will well repay one to commit them each month thoroughly to memory. It is a drill for the mind as well as an addition to one's knowledge.

Readings from the Chautauquan claim our attention next. First upon the list we notice readings from French history, by Dr. J. H. Vincent. It begins with an outline of French history. This follows nicely what we have been taking, as Gallia was the name given France by the Romans, and when it speaks of Caesar and Augustus, the Roman empire and matters pertaining thereto, the subject is not a new one. After the outline the French people are mentioned, then Charlemagne, the battle of Crecy, and siege of Calais, Joan of Arc, Henry of Navarre, the court of Louis XIV., and a short chapter on French literature. This is all very entertaining and very instructive, and has been arranged, I should say, with much care. The references are plainly given. It is to be continued in the next number of the Chautauquan, and will, doubtless, be of equal interest.

Next, a paper on commercial law, by E. C. Reynolds, Esq., "Notes and Bills," its title. It gives legal, definite knowledge of notes and interest, things very convenient and essential to be posted in, either in public or private life. I sup-

pose this may be reckoned in with the political economy papers, which have been very interesting and instructive. One member of our circle has written a very comprehensive paper upon the subject, although to myself I must say it has not the interest of history and literature.

The Sunday Readings, ably selected, come each Sabbath to bind the weekly readings together, like a "golden clasp."

We turn to Readings in Art next. Gothic architecture, engravings, and photographs, aid much in this study, still one may gain many ideas from a close reading of these papers, which have extended through the year.

Selections from American literature greet us next. John Lothrop Motley is the first writer selected from, and the first selection is an extract from "Rise of the Dutch Republic." Antwerp cathedral comes in for a fine description. In speaking of the organ, he says, "Now it suggested the full diapason of the storm, and now the gentle cadence of the evening breeze."

George Bancroft is second. Says an eminent man, "Bancroft's writings are as well worthy of study, both for form and substance, as any that have been produced on American soil." William Penn is the selection taken from his writings.

William H. Prescott is the third and last. Isabella of Spain, and Elizabeth of England, and the character of Cortez, are his subjects.

Lastly, in the March reading, comes United States History. This must ever be teeming with interest wherever the star spangled banner waves its protecting folds. It begins with English discoveries and settlements, starting with the time when John Cabot accompanied by his son Sebastian, sailed into Hudson's Bay, exploring the coast for some hundreds of miles, really discovering America before Columbus reached it. The next particular point is the London Company's fleet of three vessels setting sail for the new world, and the planting of the Virginia colony, but the settlement of New England, the prow of the Mayflower pointing across the Atlantic, the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, on the western shores of Cape Cod, December, 1620—this is what sends the blood in quicker pulsing through the veins of every descendant of the line. At the end of a decade of years two hundred and ninety-three emigrant ships had anchored in Massachusetts Bay, and more than twenty thousand Europeans had found homes, as an outcome from the humble beginning at Plymouth. The founding and early history of several colonies are touched upon, and the paper is one of much interest.

This is the end of the "required" for March. It is not the end of the magazine by any means, but every Chautauquan understands the significance of "required."

The reading for April consists largely of Latin literature in English, and Roman history. Our Chautauquan tells us Cicero's writings form what has been finely called a library of eloquence and reason. The amount of reading in "Cicero's Orations" for entrance at most colleges are the four against Cataline, and two or three others variously chosen. Virgil claims attention next. Next to the Iliad of Homer, and ranking hardly second to it, is the "Aeneid" of Virgil, the most famous of poems. Our author tells us the two poems like the two poets, are joined forever in an inseparable comparison, contrast, and fellowship of fame. The poems are alike and yet unlike. Virgil went to Homer as a free, vast treasure-house of material and resource. He drew from him as he would from nature herself, or from the history of mankind. Homer was already to Virgil a far-off,

half-impersonal poet, whose works were so much a universal volume of poetry that to take from them was a quite unquestionable matter of course.

Six books are usually read by students in preparing for college. There are twelve in the poem. The remaining six, quoting from our author, "Relate the fortunes of Aeneas in obtaining a settlement for the Trojans in Italy. There is war. Against the invaders a great Italian champion appears, who serves the same purpose of foil to Aeneas as long before did Hector to Achilles. The end, of course, is victory for Aeneas."

Virgil is said to have been shy, awkward, retiring in society. He and the poet Horace were excellent friends, but that did not prevent so accomplished a man of the world as Horace from appreciating the country effect of Virgil in a drawing-room. It is guessed that Horace alludes loyally to this in one of his satires, where, without naming any one, he praises a friend of his for his worth, disguised by him under an uncouth exterior. Virgil was, it is believed, a man of exceptionally pure life, for a Roman of his time. His poetry agrees with this estimate of his morals. Toward the close of his life he lived chiefly at Naples, Parthenope as it used to be called. He ended his peaceful and prosperous life in his fifty-first year, a very well-to-do man. He was buried according to Roman custom by the wayside. They still point out the spot to the tourist. It lies on the road leading out from Naples." Thus we close our little sketch of the "Aeneid" and its author. Homer was a Greek poet, Virgil a Latin.

In this hasty review we have omitted many things that would be a pleasure to ourselves and readers to speak about.

Besides our "Latin in English" for the month, we have French History, Commercial Law, Selections from American Literature and other matter. There is quite a comfortable lot of "required" each month to be found in the yellow-covered magazine of high art known as The Chautauquan.

In these "studies" in THE HOUSEHOLD, since we cannot give the whole or even an outline of many subjects, we merely give titles, thereby giving the opportunity to form an idea of much of the course, if it cannot be copied or expressed.

To Mrs. C. A. Tilton in March HOUSEHOLD, we extend the right hand of fellowship and sympathy for we also are a member of the class of '85.

THE ART OF CONVERSING WELL.

To be thoroughly able to please in conversation is one of the most desirable and at the same time most perplexing of things. We too often offend, or hurt the feelings most unexpectedly and unintentionally of those whom we really desire to please; and in our discomfiture and chagrin we fervently wish we could know always when to speak and when to keep silence—what to say and what not to say. Here are a few hints that might perhaps be of service.

One thing in the beginning is evident. In order to make our conversation worth listening to there must be something in the mind laid up from which to cull, of interest or worth to the hearer. An effort should be put forth to gather in all the germs of general information open to us. In the columns of the newspapers or from personal observation—wherever they can be gleaned—they should be carefully laid away for future reference. Historical, scientific and literary knowledge gathered in spare moments from the most desirable books in our reach; music and the fine arts; any thing, every thing worth knowing and thinking about, can

be more or less understood by taking pains to interest ourselves in them.

Whatever is acquired we should be sure about—sure that the source of our knowledge is reliable. Then if the scope of our ideas be small the accuracy of our statements will inspire respect and confidence, the basis ground of all successful intercourse. It is important never to pass off for a fact what is only a surmise. The person addressed may know more about it and it will be hard to recover the confidence and reliance that is lost in one such unfortunate inaccuracy.

Put yourself in a position to know all you can, but be not over anxious to tell it all. There is danger of over-tiring the hearer with ideas that may not be of equal interest to him as to yourself. One of the surest keys to success in conversation is to be able to listen well. Lead the person to speak of what most interests him and then listen with respectful attention, not with an air of good-natured indulgence or patronizing condescension. Let judicious remarks now and then show your interest and encourage the speaker to go on. You glean the while something of benefit if not of interest from the unconscious unfolding of human nature to your study, and if the topics chosen fail to be in unison with your line of thought, you will be acquiring knowledge of men and things of real use to you. And be sure if you are able successfully to maintain such a conversation you will be considered well informed and agreeable.

If in conversation you do not agree in all points with the other you are by no means obliged to tell him so. If forced to give an opinion you can surely find something to agree with. Make such points prominent and either ignore or treat as trifles the differences. You are not likely to convince him of his error if you try. You will only be considered stupid and narrow minded for your candor.

Do not by any means break in upon an unfinished sentence, however anxious you may be to bring in your ideas at that point. Wait until he hesitates for your opinion or let it pass altogether. It is one of the most annoying and ill-bred of the habits of great talkers. Do not use such expressions as "you know," "you understand," or "do you see," etc. No well-bred person uses them more than slang phrases.

Do not think you will be considered particularly cultured by the use of high-sounding words and phrases, when simpler and more commonly used words would do as well. Nothing fails its object more utterly than that. Take pains to be grammatical in the construction of your sentences and correct in the pronunciation of your words. Don't let the studied exactness be conspicuous. Use another word in place of it rather, but if another word does not suggest itself at once be sure to use the one correctly, using it as naturally and easily as possible.

Never speak to a person about private matters, unless in terms of closest intimacy, except when the person introduces the subject himself, then never press his confidence beyond that he gives willingly. Sympathize then, with him in his troubles, and laugh with him over his good fortune.

If the person you address be anxious to acquire knowledge which you are able to give be sure to give readily and clearly any information that may be of interest or use to him. Put your ideas in such language as to make them comprehensive to the hearer. Study the person you address that you may be the better able to adapt yourself to his temperament and intellect.

Avoid strictly long stories in a mixed

company. You have no right to monopolize the time which belongs to so many. Do not relate personal adventures in which you figure conspicuously. Short, pithy anecdotes with a pointed bearing on the subject of discussion may sometimes be admitted with discretion, but don't repeat the funny part expecting to have it received with relish a second time. A joke repeated is stale and disgusting.

Finally, be always self-possessed and at ease in all positions. Be not easily put off your guard. Keep yourself to yourself, but in conversation be sympathetic, interested, ready to inform, amuse or entertain, and always courteous even to the most intimate friends of your private circle as well as to the passing stranger.

Let your heart be the fountain of pure thoughts and true, and your lips will find words flowing up to them that will be listened to, thought of, and remembered. And you and the world will be the better because you learned the true "art of conversation."

J. R. B.

EVOLUTION.

The Victoria Institute recently met in London. In its membership are many of the most eminent scientists of Europe. One of the most learned papers offered, prepared jointly by several of its ablest men, was on the subject of evolution. They reported that they found no scientific evidence that gives any countenance to the theory that man has been evolved from a lower order of animals. They declared that there is a complete absence of any fossil type of a lower stage in the development of man. They went further and declared that they have not found any proof that any fossil species ever has developed into another. They declared that the link has never been found between man and ape, between fish and frog, or between the vertebrate and invertebrate animals; and that there is no evidence that any species has ever lost its peculiar characteristics to acquire others foreign to it. This is a tolerably square putting down of the evolution theory, but in the school house debating school, and in some other places, these London and German scientists will have very little influence.—*Golden Censer*.

CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to ask your readers if any of them have a poem, I think it is by Mrs. Hemans, but I cannot find it now in any of her poems. It is this:

"O sacred star of evening, tell,
In what unseen, celestial sphere,
The spirits of the kindred dwell,
Too pure to dwell in sadness here.
Roam they the crystal fields of light,
O'er paths of bliss by angels trod?
Their robes of pure, unsullied light," etc.

I will return the favor in some way. I have forgotten the rest of the poem, and wish to recall it.

New Canaan, Ct. MRS. E. S. STAPLE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send me the words to the song, "Rosalie the Prairie Flower," or tell me where I can get them.

MRS. CARLTON CLEMENT.
Hillsboro' Bridge, N. H.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the Band send me the song, words and music, "Slavery Days," also, the song beginning,

"And I long to see you once again,
And feel the scented breeze,
And thro' your sunny streets I long to roam?"

I think the title is "Southern Sunny Home." If so, will they write me, stating their price?

Homer, II. MRS. C. W. HARVEY.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send me the words of an old song entitled "The Carrier Dove," and another old song one verse of which is,

"As the dewy twilight lingers
O'er the balmy air, love,
Harps seem touched by fairy fingers,
Wilt thou meet me there?"

Also, can any one tell me where I can find an old school singing book entitled "Wilder's

School Music, No. 1?" I shall be very glad to return the favor in any manner as well as being very grateful.

MRS. W. E. WALDEN.

Watervliet, Mich.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of your readers please send me the song, "The Dark-eyed Sailor," the last line of which is,

"For a cloudy morning oft brings a pleasant day."

Spencer, Mass. MRS. L. L. WOODBURY.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some sister send me the song entitled "The Flowers of Edinburgh," and also, "The Faded Coat of Blue."

MRS. EUNICE WIGHT.

Box 221, East Douglass, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send me the poem which ends something like this,

"Lips that touch wine
Shall never touch mine?"

I will repay the kindness if I can.

JENNIE E. WETHERBE.

Scriba, Oswego Co., N. Y.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any one tell me where I can get the words and music of a song two lines of which are,

"Many things in this world that are light, pretty moth,
Only dazzle to lead us astray."

I will return postage.

MRS. C. J. SPARKS.

Box 165, McMinnville, Oregon.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to ask for the song beginning,

"Oh bury me not in the deep, deep sea,"

also,

"One night when the wind it blew cold,
Blew bitter across the wild moor."

I will return the favor in any way I can.

MRS. STELLA CROWELL.

East Smithfield, Penn.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send me the poem in which this line occurs, I think at the end of every verse:

"Are all the children in?"

Fostoria, Ohio. MRS. ALEX. BROWN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one send or loan me the words and music of "Kitty Wells?" The first line of the chorus is,

"When the birds were singing in the morning."

I will return the favor in some way.

MRS. C. C. WOOD.

Lock Box 123, Ayer, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some kind reader please send to my address Phebe A. Hanaford's poem, "From Shore to Shore?" I will gladly return postage.

ELLEN CHAPIN.

New Lisbon, Otsego Co., N. Y.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD have got, or know where I can get the "Life of the Duchess of St. Albans," will they please write me a postal and greatly oblige

MRS. L. L. CUTTS.

Box 430, Newport, N. H.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one kindly send me the words of the song commencing,

"Father, dear father, come home with me now,

The clock in the steeple strikes one,"

also one the first verse of which is,

"Please Mr. Barkeeper, has father been here,

He's not been at home since the day?"

I will repay the favor in any way I can.

MINNIE A. CALKINS.

Essex, Essex Co., N. Y.

THE REVIEWER.

TRAVELS IN MEXICO AND LIFE AMONG THE MEXICANS, is the title of a new book by Frederick A. Ober, whose former works have been so successful. Mr. Ober possesses a rare descriptive talent and his works are free from the tiresome repetitions and uninteresting details which mar so many books of this kind. The book is divided into three parts, the first treating of Yucatan, the second of central and southern Mexico, and the third of the border states, forming a large volume of nearly seven hundred pages, profusely illustrated from the author's photographs and sketches. It is handsomely printed and bound. Price \$3.75. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. Brattleboro: W. R. Geddis.

A new book by "Pansy" needs little in the way of praise to make her hosts of admirers anxious to read it, and AN ENDLESS CHAIN is no exception to the general

excellence which characterizes her works.

A young people's story, yet not too childish for older readers, a story of the earnest and therefore successful attempts of Christian men and women to help their pupils in Sunday school and the young people outside its helpful influence, to live better and nobler lives. The little story is well adapted to do good among its young readers. Price \$1.50. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

ECHOES FROM HOSPITAL AND WHITE HOUSE, by Anna L. Boyden is a pleasantly written account of the devoted services of Mrs. Rebecca R. Pomroy on the field and in the hospitals during the late civil war. Many incidents of her experience as nurse in Mr. Lincoln's family are given, as well as those of greater interest during the four years in which she cared for the sick and wounded soldiers who were in her charge, and for whose comfort she exerted herself to the utmost. Price \$1.50. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

The little people who have taken a little journey every month with the writer of THROUGH SPAIN ON DONKEY-BACK, will be delighted to make the journey entire, with the help of the pretty volume just issued. The publishers could have found no surer way of pleasing the children than by gathering these papers, with their story telling illustrations, in book form, an instructive as well as interesting method of studying the geography and customs of this far away country. The little book is gotten up in most attractive manner. Price \$1.50. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

Two excellent books for young people and those who have such in charge, are OUR BUSINESS BOYS by Rev. F. E. Clarke, and HEALTH AND STRENGTH FOR GIRLS by Dr. Mary J. Safford and Mary E. Allen. While the former is full of hints and helps to boys just entering business, urging them to habits of strict honesty, industry, etc., in a pleasing yet earnest manner, the latter is just as helpful to their young sisters who lack health and strength through ignorance of the necessity of proper exercise, food and clothing, and the best methods of training to insure both. This little book should be read by every mother and its excellent and practical advice acted upon. Price 60 cents each. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

We have received a copy of GOLDEN GATE SKETCHES, by Chas. A. Sumner. Price 25 cents. New York: W. B. Smith & Co.

The attractive table of contents of THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for April should be well appreciated by all lovers of good reading. Dr. Mitchell's serial continues to be a prominent feature, growing in interest as it proceeds. The second chapter of "Drifting Down Lost Creek," by Charles Egbert Craddock, concludes a story of rare interest, and the seventh of Mr. James' papers, "En Province," is one of his best. N. S. Shaler contributes a scientific explanation of "The Red Sunsets." Maria Louise Henry has an excellent historical paper on "Madame de Longueville." The serial, "A Roman Singer," approaches conclusion, and there is a pleasing short story by Charles Dunning. Several other fine papers, a poem by G. P. Lathrop, and an interesting selection of papers in the Contributors' Club, make up a number of unusual interest \$4.00 a year. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ST. NICHOLAS for April is brimming with good things for young people. A number containing articles by Miss Alcott, Celia Thaxter, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, and Wm. O. Stoddard could not be otherwise than good. "Historic Boys," by E. S. Brooks, will delight the boys who are not historic, and the sketch of the wonderful ice palace, built for the Empress Anna, contributed by H. Maria George, is equally interesting. Captain Mayne Reid's serial lacks none of the interest of former chapters, and the many other stories and poems and pretty illustrations are of the usual excellence. The Prize Drawings add a special interest to the number. \$3.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE fulfills the promise of its first number, the April number of which gives an excellent variety of literary, artistic and scientific matter. "A Morning at the Female School of Art," is a most interesting pa-

per, while among the shorter articles a sketch of "Waverly Abbey," with its charming illustration is especially good. "The National Music of Scotland," is also an interesting paper, while "Pavement Artists" possesses among others, the charm of novelty. An abundance of other articles offers entertainment and instruction, and The Gatherer, a department peculiar to this magazine is full of interest. \$1.50 a year. New York: Cassell & Co.

THE ART FOLIO for March offers an attractive selection of reading matter and illustration. The chapters on "Home Art," "History," and "Travel," are full of interest, "Home Art" giving many timely and useful suggestions for making home attractive, which the lady readers will appreciate. The large engravings, one of them a double page are a distinctive feature of this journal. \$3.00 a year. Providence, R. I.: J. A. & R. A. Reid.

ELECTRA, a magazine for young people, is to be congratulated upon the success which it has met during its first year, the present (April) number completing the first volume. New departments have been added, among them "Current History" and the "Reading Club" are specially adapted to interest and instruct young readers. \$2.00 a year. Louisville, Ky.: Miss I. M. Leyburn.

We have received several copies of THE LITTLE CHRISTIAN, a small, illustrated paper for children and Sunday schools, which seems well adapted to interest and instruct the little ones. Published fortnightly at 25 cts. a year. Boston: H. L. Hastings, 47 Cornhill.

A very large and beautifully executed picture of Bartholdi's great statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," has been presented to us by the Travelers Ins. Co., of Hartford, Conn., who have been among the most liberal contributors to the fund. The picture, which is 26x36 inches in size, gives an excellent idea of the superb work of art which is to adorn the harbor of New York.

THE SHUT-IN VISITOR, the little journal which makes its welcome visit every month to the invalid members of the "shut-in" society has lately entered upon its second volume. Many sweet promises and pleasant messages are found in its pages, well adapted to cheer and help its sick and weary readers. 50 cents a year. Walworth, N. Y.: Mrs. Kate Sumner Burr.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

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

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

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

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

THE CONTINENT. Weekly. \$4.00 a year. New York: The Continent Pub. Co.

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

THE BAY STATE MONTHLY for April. \$3.00 a year. Boston: John H. McClintock & Co.

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

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

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for April. \$2.50 a year. New York: Fowler & Wells.

THE INDUSTRIAL NEWS. \$1.50 a year. New York: The Industrial Institute, Cooper Union.

THE GARDENER'S MONTHLY AND HORTICULTURIST for April. \$2.00 a year. Philadelphia: Chas. H. Marot.

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

THE ART UNION for March. \$3.00 a year, with membership to the "Art Union" \$5.00. New York: American Art Union, Union Sq.

THE LITERARY NEWS for April. \$1.00 a year. New York: F. Leypoldt, 33 Park Row.

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

THE FOLIO for April. \$1.50 a year. Boston: White, Smith & Co.

GOLDEN DAYS, a weekly for young readers. \$3.00 a year. Philadelphia: Golden Days.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION. Weekly. \$1.75 a year. Boston: The Youth's Companion.

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

THE PAPER WORLD for April. \$2.00 a year, 20 cents a copy. Holyoke, Mass.: Clark W. Bryan & Co.

We have received a copy of a handsome ANNUAL CATALOGUE OF SEEDS from J. A. Everett & Co., Watsontown, Penn.

Annual catalogue of GREENHOUSE AND BEDDING PLANTS AND SEEDS for 1884. Wm. C. Wilson, 45 West 14th St., New York City.

SUNNYSIDE CATALOGUE OF ROSES, GREENHOUSE PLANTS AND SEEDS for 1884. Joseph T. Phillips, West Grove, Chester Co., Penn.

HOME.

F. ABT.

Moderato con espressione.

p 1st Voice.

1. Guardian mother! Parent land! Nurse of all our kindred band! Still of treasur'd tho'ts the near-est,
 2. Home of all my best beloved! Where untouched by care I roved; Where, mid smiles and play seem'd given
 3. Guardian mother! E-den blest! Ho - ly shel - ter! lap of rest! Long asaught of life I cher-ish,

p 2nd Voice.

Ev-er honor'd ev - er dear-est! Where I first, O sacred earth! Look'd on her who gave me birth, Nurse of all our
 To my heart a dai - ly heaven. How,ah! how methinks I see Childhood's day again with thee; Where untouched by
 Till its last fond pulses per - ish, Joys that all to thee belong Still shall be my duteous song; Nurse of all our

pat-riot band, Guardian Moth-er! Par- ent land!
 care I roved, Home of all my best beloved!
 kin-dred band, Guardian Mother! Parent land!

THE MUSICAL RECORD. \$1.00 a year, 10 cents a number. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

The first of a unique series of humorous stories by "Ivory Black" will appear in the May CENTURY. These stories are about artists, and the names of the characters are adapted from the pigments with which painters are familiar. The name of the first story in the series is "Rose Madder."

E. S. Brooks is at work upon an important historical serial for WIDE AWAKE. The scene is laid in Knickerbocker, New York.

THE VOICE, an international review of the

reading and speaking voice. \$1.00 a year, 10 cents a number. Albany, N. Y.: Edgar S. Werner.

Hezekiah Butterworth, editor of the Youth's Companion, is the author of an admirable series of sketches entitled "GREAT COMPOSERS." D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers.

Messrs. Cassell & Company, 739 and 741 Broadway, New York, have in press for immediate publication, THE UNITED STATES ART DIRECTORY AND YEAR BOOK (Second Year), being a Chronicle of Events in the Art World, and a Guide for all interested in the Progress of Art in America. Compiled by Mr. S. R. Koehler.

Oscar Fay Adams, who published recently a "Handbook of English Authors," has prepared a similar "HANDBOOK OF AMERICAN AUTHORS," which will be published shortly by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The well known firm of architects, Palliser, Palliser & Co., of Bridgeport, Conn., are doing valuable service in their frequent publication of copiously illustrated works on building and architecture, which are not only moderate in price, but in accordance with a constantly improving, popular, artistic taste, and the new and original work on every description of modern architectural detail entitled PALLISER'S USEFUL DETAILS, published at \$3, perhaps meets more extensive

and actual demands for practical designs than any work ever issued on the subject of building, giving as it does every description of American constructive detail, of a good character, in large and endless variety of such features as must be wrought into the small houses, stables, shops, etc., in whose construction nine-tenths of the mechanics and a large proportion of the architects of this country find occupation. "Useful" Details they are properly cailed, and consist of forty plates—size of each 20x26 inches.

We have received a catalogue of NEW, RARE, AND BEAUTIFUL ROSES, Shrubs, and Small Fruits, for 1884, from Wm. B. Reed, Chambersburg, Penn.

May. *The Dis...*
 TRAINING SCHOOLS
 BY L. M. LOVELL
 SINCE the publication
 number of Ten H...
 article entitled "The N...
 "I have received
 all parts of the country
 formation in regard to
 in consequence of these
 speak of these schools
 before taking up the g...
 In the first place it
 give the names and loca...
 spital institutions. The
 Connection Training
 Hospital, New Haven,
 Training School, Cork C...
 ago, Boston City H...
 School; Brooklyn Train...
 Philadelphia, New York,
 455 Sixth St.; Training
 Hospital, W. 13th St.;
 of the Women's Hospital,
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The Dispensary.

TRAINING SCHOOLS FOR NURSES.

BY I. A. LOVELAND, M. D.

SINCE the publication in the February number of THE HOUSEHOLD, of the article entitled "The Nurse and her Education," I have received many letters from all parts of the country, eliciting more information in regard to training schools. In consequence of these letters I am led to speak of these schools more in detail, before taking up the general subject of nursing.

In the first place it may be useful to give the names and locations of the principal institutions. They are as follows:

Connecticut Training School, State Hospital, New Haven, Conn.; Illinois Training School, Cook Co. Hospital, Chicago; Boston City Hospital Training School; Brooklyn Training School, 257 Adelphi St.; New York Training School, 3143 26th St.; Training School of N. Y. Hospital, W. 15th St.; Training School of the Woman's Hospital, Philadelphia; Washington Training School, Washington, D. C., and the Mary Fletcher Hospital Training School, Burlington, Vt.

Some of my correspondents desire an opinion as to the best school. This is a difficult matter to decide. The school connected with the Boston City Hospital occupies a high position among similar institutions.

Its executive officer is Dr. G. H. M. Rowe, the able and accomplished superintendent of the hospital, and one who is working with untiring energy for the education and practical training of nurses. Miss Linda Richards has charge of the details of the school, and is a lady well fitted for the important place. The entire nursing in the hospital, which had last year a daily average of two hundred and eighty-six patients, was performed by pupils of the training school. The course covers two years, and is being constantly improved. Among the subjects of practical instruction are the dressing of blisters, burns, sores and wounds; the preparation and applying of fomentations, poultices and minor dressings; the best method of applying friction to the body and extremities; the management of helpless patients in bed, in moving, changing bed and body linen, giving baths, keeping patients warm or cool, prevention and dressing of bedsores, managing position, and feeding; making of bandages, and bandaging; making of beds and changing sheets, etc., with patients in bed; cooking, preparing and serving food and delicacies to the sick. The pupils are instructed as to the best methods of warming and ventilating the sick-room, and the proper care of it. They are to observe the effect of diet, stimulants and medicine on the patient, and to accurately note the condition of his respiration, pulse, expectoration, skin, secretions, mental state, etc. The importance of attention to detail is forcibly impressed on the student, and the reason of every step made plain.

The pupils at the N. Y. Training School not only have the advantage of Bellevue Hospital, which is the largest in the country, but the additional benefit in the second year of occasionally going to nurse in private families.

All the schools, with one exception, are similar in their main features. The Mary Fletcher Hospital Training School is in session but four weeks in the year, this during the month of May. Attendance on two sessions is required for graduation. Between the terms of school, the pupil is expected to be engaged in nursing either in private families or at a public institution. Instruction is given by

lectures, of which forty were delivered at the last session, recitations, demonstrations, and practical teaching at the bedside. A tuition fee of ten dollars a term is charged, and the pupil can obtain board at from three to five dollars a week. Those who do not desire to become professional nurses, but who would like to know more about the care of the sick, can avail themselves of the lectures and other means of instruction for a session or two, on payment of the usual tuition. This school has special claim on those who cannot for any reason be absent from home or kindred for the time required to complete the course in other schools.

Pupils receive a salary of from eight to ten dollars a month the first year, in all the schools, that at Burlington excepted. The salary is increased the second year. This sum is allowed them for clothing, books and incidental expenses, and is not to be considered as wages; the education they there receive being an equivalent for the services rendered.

In many of the schools there is what is called the probationary month. During this time the pupil's aptitude for her work is demonstrated, or the reverse shown. If the former, she is taken as a pupil by signing an agreement to remain in the school and obey its rules until the course is completed. However suitable a candidate may be, if there are no vacancies in the nursing force she will not be admitted. Should the doors of any school be closed against you on this account, make application to other schools.

No one should think of entering a training school who is not in the full enjoyment of health. The vocation is a laborious one, requiring for its successful prosecution the expenditure of a vast amount of vital force, which tends to sap the constitution. Only the strong and vigorous can hope to succeed.

Gilsum, N. H.

HEALTH AND MUSCLE.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

Two prominent factors in the production of muscular power, vigor and endurance, are action and rest, while mental and moral purity and strength are far more largely dependent on physical stamina than is usually supposed. And if it is true that the man of intellectual power is one who has muscle and physical stamina, as the basis, a muscle foundation on which to rear the mental superstructure, it is plain that sound health may have a similar basis. What is health? In the first place, it is claimed that health is as natural to the human body—aside from violations of law—as growth is to the plant, flowing is to the river, and development to the organs of the body. It is as natural for these organs to perform their functions in harmony, by their individual action, resulting in health, if no law is violated, as it is for a watch to run, when in perfect order, keeping time. Health and time-keeping, alike, are but natural and legitimate results of the appropriate conditions. It is as true that the human body—when all of the conditions are favorable, when in "perfect order," as the Creator made it—will evolve health, as that the watch, in the same good order, will fairly mark the march of time. The one was as certainly made to give health, as the other was to "keep time." The relations of the different parts of the watch are no more intimate, no more dependent each upon the other, than are the different organs of the body. If there is undue friction in but a single wheel, if but a single cog is wanting in another in the watch, its time-keeping qualities are impaired, but no more so than health is reduced by debility or derangement of any one organ

of the body. If the stomach—in consequence of poor food, or an inability to utilize food, in consequence of debility or derangement—fails to furnish supplies or to nourish, the wheels of the vitalized machine will move but imperfectly, causing friction—a want of health.

Appropriate action, therefore, of all of the organs of the body, succeeded by a period of rest and recuperation, is the indispensable condition of health. Rest is as imperative as activity, even the heart and lungs, once supposed to labor unceasingly, do secure a brief rest—what they need.

The muscles are the special instruments of this activity, and hence, are to health what the foundation is to the superstructure. If the mother, therefore, would have the daughter healthy, vigorous, able in the future to assume the duties of maternity, give that child the "liberty of the yard," as she does her boys; let her "romp," if need be, though there is no advantage in mere rudeness. Let not her muscles be confined by tight bands, corsets or belts, but let her be free and natural, so developing her muscles and lungs that the mechanism of this "wonderful frame" may not become useless.

If the student would prove the fact that mental labors are not necessarily unfavorable to health, let him perform one hour's muscle labor for every two of study. If he would have good digestion, let him invigorate the digestive organs by muscle effort in the air and sun! Let him adapt his muscle food to his muscle labor, and take a still greater relative supply of brain-food, remembering that excessive mental toils rob the stomach of vital force. Nervous prostration—often but another name for indigestion—is cured more readily, therefore, by feeding the brain and nerves more on simple and appropriate food, by rest of the brain, and greater relative muscle effort, than by medication. That form of dyspepsia, also, which results from a diversion of the vital forces from the muscles—those of the stomach included—to the brain, in consequence of toils, is cured more easily than by other means, by the use of such food as can be easily digested, taken in moderate quantities, no more than the stomach can dispose of, with more brain food, in addition to more muscle labor, to restore the blood to the whole system, instead of allowing the brain to be overstocked.

More muscle development is the want of the age.

TEMPORARY RELIEF FOR NEURALGIA.

1. A New Hampshire gentleman says: "Take two large tablespoonfuls of cologne, and two teaspoonfuls of fine salt; mix them together in a small bottle; every time you have any acute affection of the facial nerves, or neuralgia, simply breathe the fumes into your nose from the bottle and you will be immediately relieved."

2. Prepare horse-radish by grating and mixing with vinegar, the same as for the table, and apply to the temple when the face or head is affected; or to the wrist when the pain is in the arm or shoulder.—*Home and Health.*

DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

L. C. M. Catarrh, etc. First, I will say that "tonsils removed by the knife" will return, each enlargement, after the removal, being in a shorter time than the one preceding, so that there is not much inducement to resort to surgery when they are enlarged. A "cure for the catarrh," while the causes still remain in full force, as

well as for the enlarged tonsils—nearly the same—is no easier than the prevention of a wet soil, when it is exposed to a drenching rain. Neither of these can be more easily cured, permanently, by medicine alone, than can hunger. We must have regard to the causes, removing them as far as possible, when the effect is removed with the causes.

Treatment, however, may be adopted, after the causes are removed, to hasten the cure. Among the causes are checked perspiration, by a want of due regard to the condition of the skin, exposure to unfavorable weather, taking colds, and improper diet. The great Dr. J. C. Warren once said, "If catarrh is curable, cold water bathing will cure it," a statement, it may be, which he would modify, if carefully questioned, though it has much truth. While some, in advanced life, or very feeble, may not bear the bath, there are none who would not be benefited by the daily use of the flesh brush, or its use morning and night, changing all of the clothing at night. This brushing has a cleansing effect, a tonic effect, equalizing the circulation of the blood, a matter of great importance. If a cold (closed pores) prevents the escape of the waste matter of the body, producing an irritation of the mucous surfaces, the throat, etc., it is manifest that this friction of the skin, stimulating the pores, will aid in the cure. This is manifest, particularly, when we know that more than one-half of our foods and drinks naturally pass off through the 7,000,000 pores. Again, the free use of the "heaters," the oils, sweets, and starches, well represented by butter or lard, sugar, fine flour or rice, respectively, must produce catarrh, particularly when the users are not active in the open air. For this reason, pastry is a prominent cause, the most aggravated forms appearing, in my observations, where this is used in excess. All of the "heaters" produce inflammatory action, when used in excess, this excess, as it seems, being reflected on the mucous surfaces, particularly the nasal passages and throat. These effects are much aggravated by the use of the spices—some of which will blister if applied to the arm—and the free use of salt and vinegar, on account of their irritating effects. I know nothing of your personal habits, but dare to predict that a disuse of these objectionable articles, particularly pork and pastry, with great care of the skin, by the use of the flesh brush, securing an abundance of air and sunlight, added to a plain diet, will remove the catarrh in less than six months.

MRS. J. B. S. "Is the pie plant wholesome?" No, I cannot so regard it as it is usually employed. While it is conceded that an unpleasant taste is good evidence against any food presented, if nearly or quite universal, while we do not suppose that we are required to eat what is loathsome to all—like tobacco, till a false habit is formed—this article may be suspected. I am not aware that any of the brutes ever eat it, nor do I suppose that any human being would choose it in its natural state. To be tolerated, it must be considerably modified, its disagreeable features disguised by cooking and sugar. Its acridity and acidity are due to the presence of a virulent poison, oxalic acid. Various experiments have been made, all calculated to discourage the use of this plant. I will now refer only to those of a member of the Michigan board of health, Dr. J. H. Kellogg. He made some examination, after it had been used two or three times a week, finding abundant evidence of injurious effects. He then ordered the plant discontinued for a time, after which it was used for a single meal, as a sauce. I quote from his report: "Oxalate of lime (a combination of the oxalic acid with lime) were found in abundance in almost every case. This experiment proves that the oxalic acid found in this plant is a substance which cannot be used as food, and must be eliminated. It is well known that calculi (sometimes called "stones") are sometimes formed from oxalate of lime crystals in the bladder, and that the presence of this abnormal element in the urine is often associated with grave disorders of the general system. These facts seem to be sufficient to condemn the use of this article of food."

MRS. HILL. Your question in regard to "cheap tins for fruits" involves some very important principles. If we remember that these fruits contain acids capable of corroding and dissolving many of the metals, such as the brass, copper and lead dishes used in the past more especially, though still used in some localities, we see the necessity for due care in this matter. If these fruits remain in such vessels for any considerable time, it is certain that harm may result. If fruits are kept in brass or copper, as in the past, the metal is corroded, an oxide is formed, and the family are liable to eat verdigris, or a violent poison. Iron, real tin, glass and porcelain, are not objectionable so far as poisons are concerned, but the "cheap tins" and all cheap articles, if made so by the use of cheap materials, are liable to be objectionable. It is well known that arsenic and lead, both active poisons, are used in the manufacture of cheap tin, since the true tin costs about ten times as much as arsenic, from which fact it is to be presumed that the unscrupulous will use the cheaper article, if the public demands cheap wares.

1. Make a chain of nineteen stitches, take up all the stitches for tricot (afghan) crochet and work back.

2. Take up nine, work back, chain two.

3. Take up the chain, the nine stitches under, and two more, of the first row, work all back, finish with two chain.

4. Take up the two chain, the thirteen stitches of last row, and two more, work all back, finish with two chain.

5. Take up the two chain, the seventeen of last row, and two more, work back, end with two chain.

6. Work the two chain, the twenty-one of last row, and the two last, work all off, then work eighteen plain rows. When these are finished, you shape the work again to correspond with the first few rows, thus:

Take up all but the last two stitches, work back all but the last two at the right hand side of the work, take up the stitches, leaving two more unraised, (these are the two of the last row,) leave two at the right hand side as well. Work in this manner until you only raise nine stitches, work these off, then take up all those left at the left hand side of the work and work all back, one more row plain and fasten off.

For the border you crochet fifteen rows of one hundred and two stitches. Each row is in looped crochet. After these fifteen rows work six rows of double crochet. Always take the back of the stitch to rib it. This last row is crocheted to the edge of the crown, one stitch in each of the crown. At the corners, work in two of the head into one of the border, to make it the right shape.

Take up the edge of the border again and work fifteen rows of double crochet, and sew it down in the inside of looped work. The hat is finished with a cord and pompon balls of the wool.

These balls are made over a wire. You crochet each loop over a wire, taking it up as though it were a chain stitch. The work must be done very tightly. You make these balls seventy stitches each, draw them up very tightly, and sew the heading together, around this wind some wool, then take three strands of wool, and crochet the cord very closely, fasten the ends firmly to the tops of the balls, fasten this on the hat as a loop.

N. Bergen, N. Y. MINNIE DEAN.

WATCH CASE AND CALLA MAT.

Take a round corset lacing and crochet a round of zephyr, any color, (keeping the cord so the zephyr will cover it at every stitch,) as large as a watch, then another just the same, crochet both together, leave open at the top, and finish with cord and balls. I think she will be pleased with the result.

H. E. M., when I crochet my baby's shirts, I get Saxony and crochet them single crochet stitch. That is the easiest. I cut a pattern just right size, and crochet by that. For a border for neck and sleeves, crochet one row long crochet and one of shells, and put ribbon through the long crochet. If you can crochet, you can crochet one without any trouble, from directions.

I have a calla lily mat, I think, such as Mrs. S. F. Willis asks for. It requires one and one-fourth skeins of green Germantown, one skein of white zephyr, and some yellow zephyr. Commence with green. Crochet in loose double crochet seven times round. This makes the center of the mat. Then make a chain of ten stitches, crochet back in chain without putting the thread over. This makes the center of the leaves. Crochet in loose double crochet three times around the mat and chains. You will need to narrow between the chains or it will be too full. At the end of the chain

put in stitches so it will lie flat. Then crochet once around without putting the thread over. Now for the lilies, take the white, make one stitch, make three in that, crochet back and forth, each time putting three stitches in center stitch until the outside edges measure three inches. Crochet this single crochet. Sew the outside edges together. Take the yellow, double it four times, make a chain of ten and fasten inside of the lily. Make six leaves, and fasten a lily between each leaf in the fullness. Now run a green string in the last row you crocheted before beginning the leaves, draw up and crochet a scallop to stand up around whatever you set in it. I have a globe of goldfish for mine. I hope you will try this and report. They are very handsome and easily made.

I don't read any thing about the sisters making Kensington. I think if you don't, you lose the nicest fancy work there is.

Will some one send patterns of crocheted edgings? and oblige,

GENEVIA.

OAK LEAF EDGING.

Cast on nine stitches.

1. Knit across plain.

2. Slip the first, knit the second, thread over twice and seam the next two together, thread down, knit one plain, thread up twice and knit two together, thread up twice, knit two together.

3. Slip the first, knit the loop and seam the loop, thread down, knit one plain, knit the loop and seam the loop, thread down, knit one plain, thread up twice, seam the next two together, thread down, knit the next two plain.

4. Slip the first, knit the second, thread up twice, seam the next two together, thread down, knit three plain, thread up twice, knit two together, thread up twice, knit two together.

5. Slip the first, knit the loop, seam the loop, thread down, knit one plain, knit the loop, seam the loop, knit three plain, thread up twice, seam two together, thread down, knit two plain.

6. Slip the first, knit the second, thread up twice, seam two together, thread down, knit five plain, thread up twice, knit two together, thread up twice, knit two together.

7. Slip the first, knit the loop, seam the loop, thread down, knit one plain, knit the loop, seam the loop, knit five plain, thread up twice, seam the next two together, thread down, knit two plain.

8. Slip the first, knit the second, thread up twice, seam two together, thread down, knit the remainder plain.

9. Bind off six, knit four plain, thread up twice, seam two together, thread down, knit two plain, which completes the scallop.

MRS. A. R. GATES.
643 East Fifth St., South Boston, Mass.

CRAZY STITCH.

In a late number, C. J. D. asked for a description of crazy stitch, which is as follows:

First, make a chain of stitches as long as desired for the article to be crocheted. Then throw the thread over the needle, take up the third nearest stitch to the needle, throw the thread over the needle, and pull it through the loop, throw it over again and pull it through the nearest two loops on the needle, and crochet the remaining two loops off the same way. This completes the double stitch. Make two more double stitches in the same loop. Then take up the third loop in the chain, counting from the loop holding the three double stitches, and throw the thread over the needle, then pull the thread through it and the loop on the needle at once, to fasten down the shell thus made.

Then make a chain of three stitches, throw the thread over the needle, pass the needle through the loop holding the last stitch, and make three double stitches in this loop, make the single or fastening stitch in the third stitch in the chain from this stitch.

Then make a chain of three stitches, and proceed all along the chain in making the chain of three stitches, the shell of three double stitches, and the single fastening stitch, in order as described.

When at the end of the chain, make a chain of three stitches, then turn the work, and take up the third stitch in the shell of three double stitches last made, and pull the thread through to make the fastening stitch described.

Then make a chain of three stitches, throw the thread over the needle, and pass the needle in the nearest hole formed by the chain of three stitches in the first row, make three double stitches in this hole, then make a single stitch in the third stitch in the next shell, then a chain of three stitches, then three double stitches in the next hole formed by a chain of stitches, and so on to the end of the row. At the end of the row take up the last stitch in the shell remaining, making a single stitch here.

Then make a chain of three stitches, turn the work and proceed all through the line and all through the work as described for the other rows.

ORA A. HUSSEY.
Box 87, Lancaster, Mass.

SIMPLE CROCHET EDGE.

Make a chain of twenty-five stitches.

1. Miss three, work one treble into each of the next three loops, then * three chain, miss three, three trebles, repeat from * twice. At the end make three chain and work a single crochet into the last stitch. Make three chain, and turn.

2. Work twelve trebles into the first three chain, (these form the first scallop.) Then * three chain, miss three, and work three trebles under the next chain of three; repeat from star twice. At the end, three chain, miss three, one treble into the last stitch. Make three chain, and turn.

3. Three trebles under the first three chain, * three chain, miss three, three trebles under the next three chain; repeat from * twice. At the close, three chain, one single under the same three chain that the last three trebles have been worked under. Make three chain and turn.

The second and third rows are repeated till the edging is long enough.

If a narrower edging of the same pattern is desired, make a chain of nineteen stitches and proceed as above, repeating only once. A still narrower edging may be made by a chain of thirteen stitches, working as before, but without any repetition. By leaving off the scallop a very pretty insertion is made.

KEZIAH BUTTERWORTH.

A NEW WAY OF IVORYTYPING.

From Aunt Rachel's article in the March HOUSEHOLD, I infer that many of those interested in her directions for ivorytyping are having difficulty with the starching and rubbing down part of the business.

I know exactly how real the difficulties are, for I have long labored with them myself and only occasionally conquered them. If I succeeded in getting the starch out properly without breaking the glass, the chances were strongly against getting the picture rubbed down to the exact degree necessary for preserving the expression and at the same time leaving the picture sufficiently transparent.

I have lately learned a new way which obviates both of these difficulties and does away with the paraffine. I am so delighted to find the new way a success that I should like others to share my delight. Remove the picture from the card by soaking in warm water exactly as in the other directions. Then with the fingers wash all the gum from the back. Place it between blotters, or in some other way, dry it. Then over the back, again using the fingers, rub castor oil. Rub on until it seems tolerably well oiled. Then lay the picture face downward and leave it for a few hours, or until it has become perfectly transparent. Take it up and wipe it carefully, removing all remaining oil. It is now ready to mount upon the glass. For this purpose there is a special compound sold; but I found mucilage to answer the purpose admirably. Put on as thin a coat of it as possible and press quickly on the glass, being very careful that no mucilage is left between the picture and the glass. Dry it and rub a little more oil over the back of the picture. Wipe again with a soft cloth and the picture is ready for painting. This is done in the same manner as in the other method.

HADDON.

CORAL LACE.

Cast on forty stitches, knit once across plain.

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

The second, fourth, and other even rows are purled.

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

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

7. Knit six, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, over, knit one, over, knit one, over, knit two, narrow, knit two, narrow, knit one, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow.

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

11. Knit four, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, over, knit five, over, narrow twice, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow.

J. R.

KNITTED EDGING.

Cast on eleven stitches.

1. Slip one, knit one, then make one and knit two together three times, make one, knit one, make one, knit two together.

2. Slip one, purl eight, knit one, make one, knit two together.

3. Slip one, knit one, make one, slip one, knit two together, pass the slipped stitch over, knit one, make one, knit two together, make one, knit three, make one, knit one.

4. Slip one, purl nine, knit one, make one, knit two together.

5. Slip one, knit one, make one, slip one, knit two together, pass the slipped stitch over, make one, knit two together, make one, knit one, slip one, knit two together, pass the slipped stitch over, knit one, make one, knit one.

6. Slip one, purl eight, knit one, make one, knit two together.

7. Slip one, knit one, make one and knit two together twice, make one, slip one, knit three together, pass the slipped stitch over, make one, knit two.

8. Slip one, purl seven, knit one, make one, knit two together, which leaves eleven stitches for the next pattern.

MRS. J. E. R.

SHELL LACE.

Cast on ten stitches.

1. Knit six, purl two stitches together, thread over, knit one, thread over twice, purl one.

2. Thread over twice, purl two together, knit nine plain.

3. Knit five, thread over, purl two together, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit one, thread over twice, purl two together.

4. Thread over twice, purl two together, thread over twice, purl two together, knit eight.

5. Knit four, thread over, purl two together, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit one, thread over twice and purl two together, thread over twice, purl two together.

6. Thread over twice, purl two together, thread over twice, purl two together, thread over twice, purl two together, knit seven.

7. Knit three, thread over, purl two together, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit one, thread over twice and purl two together three times.

8. Thread over twice and purl together four times, knit six.

9. Knit two, thread over, purl two together, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit one, thread over twice and purl two together four times.

10. Thread over twice and purl two together five times, knit five.

11. Knit one, thread over, purl two together, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit one, thread over twice and purl two together five times.

12. Thread over twice and purl two together six times, knit four.

13. Knit three, thread over twice, purl three stitches together, purl two together, thread over twice and purl two together four times.

14. Thread over twice and purl two together five times, knit four.

15. Knit four, thread over twice, purl two together, purl two together, thread over twice and purl two together three times.

16. Thread over twice and purl two together four times, knit five.

17. Knit five, thread over twice, purl two together, purl two, thread over twice and purl two together two times.

18. Thread over twice and purl two together three times, knit six.

19. Knit six, thread over twice, purl two together, purl two, thread over twice and purl two together.

20. Thread over twice and purl two together two times, knit seven.

21. Knit seven, thread over twice and purl two together, purl two.

22. Thread over twice and purl two together, knit eight. M. M. TURNER.

Holden, Mass.

A NOVEL SCRAB BAG.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—For the benefit of some who dislike, as I did, to throw away old straw hats with plenty of good straw in them, let me tell what I did with

one once, the property of a little boy. It was first carefully ripped and the stitches removed, and then washed by gentle rubbing with an old tooth brush, soap and warm water. While yet damp, a strand was wound round and round my oat meal boiler, a flower pot would answer as well, the rows being held in place by pins every little ways. The ends were sewed in place, and the whole thing allowed to dry. I now threaded a large needle with maroon colored dress braid, and drew it under and over the straw till the beginning was reached, and the work resembled a red and white basket. The pins must not be removed only as they are in your way when putting in the braid, or the straw will suddenly lose its place, and cause considerable annoyance. Now you can carefully slip your work down and off. With maroon Germantown, crochet a hollow mat in treble stitch and sew to the bottom with its edges inside. Take one of the spools button-hole twist comes on, cover with the Germantown by sewing over and over the edge, through the hole, with a double strand. Fasten to the center of this a small tassel of the worsted, then fasten the spool to the center of the mat. Crochet a row of scallops around the top, sew in a cord to hang it up by, and your scrap bag is done.

The good straw not yet being all used, I cut an oval from some coffee sacking, or burlap as we call it, bound it carefully with red, then basted the straw carefully while damp round and round, beginning at the outside edge. Do not crowd the edges of the straw too closely, or your work will show a decided tendency toward the convex. Now stitch on each edge of each strand, press carefully, and you have a pretty table mat, which is easily cleaned when soiled.

WOLVERINE.

TWO BED TICKS.

From two discarded feather ticks I have just made the following articles:

1. Shoe bag, twenty-four inches square, containing six pockets, and hung on the inside of a closet door by four loops of tape.

2. Two large square pillows, stuffed with hay, and covered with old muslin, and used to pin lace pillow shams on.

3. Apron, two yards wide, long as dress, large pocket on the right side. Used for washing, or when working in the garden.

4. Clothes bag for soiled linen.

5. Clothes-pin apron, eighteen inches long, with deep pocket the width of apron, lower corners rounding. To be worn while hanging out or taking in the wash.

6. Three pieces over a yard long and one yard wide, to be used as foundations for rugs.

7. Slipper case, three sides covered with the ticking, the front with chintz.

8. Four holders for kitchen use.

ELLERSLIE.

USEFUL HINTS.

TO BRONZE FEATHERS.—Fashion has introduced gilt and bronzed feathers. To make these, the process is very simple. Dip the feather in weak gum water, and press nearly dry between cloths. It is then dipped into bronze or gilt powder, left to dry, and then the loose powder is shaken off on a paper, and collected for further use. Cover all parts that are to remain plain with paper. Almost innumerable effects may be produced by the different colored feathers, and gilt, silver, bronze, and copper powders. Flowers are often improved by touching them in places with bronze.

TO CURL FEATHERS.—First steam them over the tea kettle spout, then lightly shake them in front of a fire, and if old feathers they will curl up as good as new.

PAPER BAROMETERS.—These were first introduced from Paris, and can be made by soaking the paper in a solution of chloride of cobalt. It then becomes hygroscopic. If it is now exposed in a current of air it will change from blue to pink, according as the air becomes moist, regaining their blue tint as the moisture decreases.

MONTANA MAY.

SHELL PATTERN FOR MITTENS.

Miss S. R. V. McCurdy and May ask how to knit shell work, such as is now so much kn't in mittens.

Cast on sixty stitches for an ordinary sized mitten made of Saxony yarn, or any number divisible by ten.

1. Knit one, thread over, knit one, thread over, and continue to knit one and put the thread over until you have knit nine, then purl the tenth, then knit one, thread over, purling the tenth, and so on around.

2. Slip one, knit one, slip the first stitch over the second, and knit thirteen, knit two together, purl one, slip one, knit one, slip first stitch over second stitch, knit thirteen, knit two together, purl one, and continue to slip and bind after purled stitch and narrow before purled stitch, each time around, until you have the same number of stitches you had to start with, or nine between the purled stitches, then begin at the first row again.

I hope you will find no trouble with the above directions. L. M. WELLS.

Iowa Falls, Ia.

CRYSTALLIZED GRASSES.

Here are my directions for crystallizing grasses which I think you will find more explicit than any that have been published and the colored crystals are something new:

The grasses must be thoroughly dry, formed in the desired shape and fastened firmly before being put in the bath. The long feathery grasses are best. Dissolve one pound of the best alum pounded fine in a quart of water, over a slow fire, but do not let it boil. Suspend the bouquet by a string, on a stick laid across a deep jar, into which the solution is to be poured. When the solution is milk warm pour it over the grasses, cover it up, and set it away for twenty-four hours. Then take them out carefully, and hang in the sun for several hours until all the water has drained away, then set them away, and do not move them for three or four days, when they will be entirely dry.

For blue crystals, use a saturated solution of sulphate of copper, for yellow, use the yellow prussiate of potash, and for ruby, use the red prussiate of potash. It is best to keep these bouquets under glass, or their beauty will soon fade.

MINNIE.

BALL PINCUSHION.

Materials, one ounce of single zephyr, clouded or two colors, some pieces of coarse twine and Canton flannel, and a darning needle.

Cut six pieces of Canton flannel, oval-shaped, tapering to a point at each end; four inches by one and one-half inches is a good size. Sew together as for a ball cover, leaving a small opening. Stuff the ball with any suitable material; old woolen rags cut in tiny pieces make good filling. When very solid sew the opening, and fasten one end of the twine to the end of the ball, and wrap it firmly around on the seams only, and fasten crossings and ends. Now thread the darning needle with zephyr, secure it on

one end, and run the needle under one piece of twine. Draw the zephyr through and run the needle under the same twine again, then under the next twine, then the next, and keep turning the ball and working around, till the Canton flannel ball is completely covered with zephyr. Finish with cords and balls or tassels to suspend by. Cords of zephyr twisted and trebled, not doubled are very pretty.

Hesper, Kan. MRS. ANNIE L. W.

CIRCULAR RUG.

Cast on any number of stitches that can be divided by three. Knit down the entire length of the needle, then knit back and leave the last three stitches, turn your work and knit back to the end; knit down, leaving six stitches, turn your work and knit back to the end; knit down again and leave nine, and so on until you leave all but three, then change the color of your rags or yarn, whichever you use, and knit down, and then commence at the first again. Do this sixteen times, then join the two ends, and you will find you have a perfect circle.

ELLA MAY.

FENCE ROW INSERTION.

Cast on fourteen stitches and knit every other row plain. The loops in the over twice must be dropped.

1. Knit plain.
2. Knit three, over twice, narrow, knit one, over twice, narrow, knit six.
4. Knit four, over twice, narrow, knit one, over twice, narrow, knit five.

6. Knit five, over twice, narrow, knit one, over twice, narrow, knit four.
8. Knit six, over twice, narrow, knit one, over twice, narrow, knit three.

10. Knit seven, over twice, narrow, knit one, over twice, narrow, knit two.

Now knit two rows plain, after which begin at the beginning. S. W.

THE WORK TABLE.

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

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters please give directions for crocheting a pop-corn tidy? E. S. B.

Will some one of the sisters of the Band please tell me how to make a knotted tidy out of tidy cotton? MRS. G.

Omaha, Neb.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Please ask some of the sisters to send directions for knitting leggings that look like those we buy, also what kind of yarn to use and size of needles. Y.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some sister please give directions for babies' socks that lace up? M. D. C.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please give plain directions for crocheting or knitting a hood for a little girl of four years, stating what kind of yarn to be used and how much will be required? MRS. W.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of your readers kindly send me a design for patchwork that will take in a great variety of prints, and yet be effective? I already have the "log cabin" pattern, and those of the "diamond," the "triangle," and the "tumbler" "charm" quilts.

Warwick, Mass. MRS. E. R. TYLER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Can any one tell me what a crumb cloth is made of, and what size are they and what do they cost? A. P.

Can any of the sisters give directions for knitting a fichu of fine linen thread? I have seen some very beautiful ones and am anxious to make one for myself. Also, for knitting collars for children. Will some one give some hints for making dresses or suits for my little boy four years old? ELLA.

The Dining Room.

DINING ROOM NOTES.

Number Thirty-eight.

I HAVE had many requests for a "bill of fare," since Mrs. Howard gave us her excellent article in the February "Dining Room," and among them one which may perhaps interest other young and inexperienced housekeepers who are to entertain friends for the first time in their new homes.

"I am expecting a lady friend to visit me for a week or ten days in May," writes a young reader of our *Household*, "and I should be very glad if you would tell me what to get for the 'breakfasts, dinners and suppers,' while she is here. I can get on very comfortably, thanks to our paper, on all ordinary occasions, but have never 'played hostess' excepting at a little tea party which was a slight ordeal in comparison."

To all such I would say: Don't try to do too much, don't entertain your guests so untiringly that you and they will be "so relieved" when the visit is over. Give yourself all the time you can to enjoy your friend's society, and do not let her see that you are anxious and worried about her entertainment.

It is a most difficult thing to tell any one what to eat for ten days, taking into consideration the fact that "folks is different" and that no two families like the same varieties of food. But if we were to have a lady friend stay with us for a week this May, she would find the following bill of fare:

SATURDAY, MAY 3.—*Breakfast*.—Granulated oat mush with cream and maple sugar, stewed potatoes, omelet, crude gluten muffins, toasted bread, stewed apples, coffee.

Dinner.—Leg of lamb, roasted, baked sweet potatoes, mashed potatoes, asparagus, stewed onions, (slice and boil until tender, then drain and add milk to just cover them, mix flour—a tablespoonful to a pint of milk—to a smooth paste with a little milk, and stir in gently, add butter in the same proportion, and salt and white pepper to taste. Simmer till it thickens, stirring gently, and serve as soon as possible,) boiled rice with apple, egg sauce, tea, milk.

Tea.—Cold bread, (white and gluten,) butter, canned pears, oat flour blanc mange with whipped cream, sponge cake, cocoa shells, milk.

SUNDAY.—*Breakfast*.—Coarse granulated wheat mush with cream and sugar, baked potatoes, roast lamb sliced and warmed in milk gravy, corn muffins, toast, sliced oranges, coffee.

Dinner.—Cold roast lamb, mashed potatoes, celery, canned corn, canned currants, or tomatoes, custard pudding, oranges, tea, milk.

Tea.—Bread and butter, canned peaches, gluten wafers, cake, Italian cream, cocoa shells, milk.

MONDAY.—*Breakfast*.—Gluten mush with cream and sugar, "C. B. D." flour breakfast cake, potato croquettes, hashed lamb, baked or canned apples, toasted bread, coffee.

Dinner.—A cold and rainy day, so we make a potato soup as follows: Peel and slice three or four onions, and peel eight medium sized potatoes—two or three more if they are small—put them in a sauce pan with three pints of water and a teaspoonful of salt and boil steadily for an hour. Take out the potatoes and mash them fine, stir in a teaspoonful of flour, and a tablespoonful of butter, and return to the kettle. Boil half an hour, add more salt if necessary, and a pint of hot milk. Let it come just to the boiling

point, and send to the table immediately. This is very simple, but at the same time is very nice, and will be found a capital substitute for an oyster stew in winter when your "Johns" come home to supper cold and hungry. The seasoning can be varied to suit one's taste at pleasure. So, for this cold, drizzly May day, our dinner consists of: Potato soup, broiled beefsteak, mashed potatoes, canned succotash, asparagus, lemon pie, boiled rice, tea, milk.

Tea.—Gluten bread, Sally Lunn, stewed prunes, sliced oranges, oat flour blanc mange with whipped cream, (a favorite dish with all of us,) cream cookies, chocolate, milk.

TUESDAY.—*Breakfast*.—Brain food mush with cream and maple syrup, purified gluten muffins, croquettes made from the cold rice and steak left from yesterday's dinner, stewed prunes, coffee.

Dinner.—Roast beef, baked onions, (boil until tender, drain and cut in halves, or leave whole if preferred, put into a dish which they will fill, pour over them half a cupful of milk, half cream if you have it, sprinkle with salt and cover the top with cracker crumbs—or dredge with flour—cut a tablespoonful of butter in small pieces and put over the top, and put into a quick oven until browned,) mashed potatoes, macaroni, canned tomatoes, orange shortcake, tea, milk.

Tea.—Cream toast, cold bread and butter, baked apples cored and sweetened, stewed prunes, cake, warm gluten gingerbread, cocoa shells, milk.

WEDNESDAY.—*Breakfast*.—Oat meal mush, with cream and sugar, gluten muffins, baked potatoes, mutton chops, stewed apples or prunes, cold or toasted bread, coffee.

Dinner.—Beef stew, (recipe in April Notes,) boiled rice or macaroni, dried lima beans boiled and seasoned like fresh beans, tapioca pudding, oranges sliced, tea, milk.

Tea.—Rice griddle cakes, toasted bread, canned peaches, coarse granulated wheat blanc mange, with cream and sugar, molasses cookies, cocoa shells, milk.

THURSDAY.—*Breakfast*.—Brain food mush with cream and sugar, brown bread, (made from pearlized corn meal and granulated oats,) baked potatoes, fried fish, lettuce with lemon and sugar, toasted bread, coffee.

Dinner.—Hashed beef with tomato, mutton chops, mashed potato, canned corn, asparagus, warm baking powder biscuit, canned quince, tea, milk.

Tea.—Muffins, cold bread and butter, soft custard, with chocolate frosting, canned pineapple, cream cookies, cocoa shells, milk.

FRIDAY.—*Breakfast*.—Coarse granulated wheat mush with cream and sugar, meat shortcake, omelet, brown bread—warmed by piling slices on a plate, covering with a bowl and placing in the oven till heated through—stewed or canned apples, coffee.

Dinner.—Baked halibut, (a slice about two inches thick and weighing from two to five pounds, according to size of family, wipe with a wet towel, then dry, rub with salt and place it on a grate in a small dripping pan. Warm a little butter, just enough to soften and spread over it, and put it in a quick oven. When it begins to brown, dredge with flour or powdered cracker, and when brown, turn and butter and flour the other side. Cook it about twenty minutes to each pound,) mashed potatoes, cranberry sauce or canned currants, macaroni or rice, boiled beets, stewed parsnips, cracker pudding with cream sauce, tea, milk.

Tea.—Cold bread, (white and whole wheat or gluten,) butter, canned berries, cream cakes, molasses cookies, cocoa shells, milk.

SATURDAY.—*Breakfast*.—Brewis,

(made from corn and oat bread,) muffins, rice croquettes, halibut left from yesterday's dinner, warmed in the oven in a buttered pan, bananas, coffee.

Dinner.—Broiled beefsteak, baked potatoes, carrots and parsnips boiled till tender, cut in quarters lengthwise, or in thick slices, and browned lightly in a buttered saucepan, currant jelly, sago and apple or peach pudding with whipped cream, tea, milk.

Tea.—Warm baking powder biscuit, cold bread and butter, canned pears, cookies, gluten sponge cake, cocoa shells, milk.

SUNDAY.—*Breakfast*.—Granulated barley mush with cream and sugar, corn muffins, toasted bread, beefsteak left from yesterday hashed with tomato, baked potatoes, stewed apples or prunes, coffee.

Dinner.—Roast chicken (?) (prepared ready for the oven on Saturday and therefore little trouble,) mashed potatoes, asparagus with egg sauce, boiled rice, currant or cranberry jelly, tapioca cream, strawberries or bananas, tea, milk.

Tea.—Cold bread (white and gluten) and butter, canned pears, cake, oat flour blanc mange with whipped cream, cocoa shells, milk.

The above will not be found out of the ordinary line in any way, our aim being to give ourselves as much of a variety as possible within the range of the most wholesome foods. Tea is mentioned at each dinner, but is not used by all members of the family, although it is the best time in the day to use it. We always prepare it at night and morning when we have visitors, however, who are never expected or obliged to agree with us in our notions as to what should or should not be eaten, endeavoring to provide whatever we find they may like best, not a difficult task if we use a little observation.

EMILY HAYES.

RELATION OF FOOD TO BRAIN WORK.

Turgot could not work well till after he had dined copiously, but many men cannot think after a substantial meal; and here, in spite of the example set by Scott and Goethe, let me observe that nothing interferes so much with brain work as overeating. The intellectual man requires nourishment of the best possible quality, but the quantity ought always to be well within the capacity of his digestive powers.

The truth appears to be, that while the intellectual life makes very large demands upon nutrition—for cerebral activity cannot go forward without constant supplies of force, which must come ultimately from what we have eaten—this kind of life, being sedentary, is unfavorable to the work of digestion. The importance of scientific cookery can hardly be exaggerated. Intellectual labor is, in its origin, as dependent upon the art of cookery as the dissemination of its results is dependent upon paper making and printing.

This is one of those matters which people cannot be brought to consider seriously; but cookery in its perfection—the great science of preparing food in the way best suited to our use—is really the most important of all sciences, and the mother of the arts. A scientific cook will keep you in regular health, when an ignorant one will offer you the alternative of starving or indigestion.—*Hamerton*.

Punctuality at meal time is due from every member of the family; the chance laggard, even in childhood, owes an apology and should be taught to make it. Courtesy demands that no one should leave the table until all have finished without saying to the hostess, "Please excuse me," and childhood is no exception. Every one should feel the necessity

of making themselves fit for the table, and of bringing cheerful faces, and the very best that is in them to it. If disagreeable topics must be discussed, meal time is not a suitable hour or the table the proper place for such discussions, and no one should feel any more at liberty to say an unkind or thoughtless word than he would to adulterate the food or withhold it altogether. At the every-day table no matter how humble it may be, cleanliness, order, mutual respect and good breeding mark the truly refined.

THE DESSERT.

"Oh, for a better half!" said the sorrowing widower when he found a counterfeit fifty-cent piece among his change.

An Irish guide told Dr. James Johnson, who wished for a reason why Echo was always of the feminine gender, that "May be, it was because she always had the last word."

"Don't go too much on show, my son," remarked Mrs. Yeast to her boy. "The drum major of a band to be sure is very attractive, but he doesn't furnish any of the music."

Jones asked his wife "Why is a husband like dough?" He expected she would give it up, and he was going to tell her because a woman needs him; but she said because he was hard to get off her hands.

Class in history.—Teacher: "Who was the first man?" First boy: "George Washington." Teacher: "Next." Second boy: "Adam." First boy (indignantly): "I didn't know you meant foreigners."

Rising young sculptor (to country uncle)—" * * * Now, for instance, uncle, in this rough block of marble I can behold a form of exquisite beauty!" Country uncle—"Well, Gawge, ain't there danger of you spilin' i in cuttin' it out?"

A country editor, who hadn't received a letter before for ten days, happened to get two the same day recently, whereupon he wrote a half column editorial on the great increase of business in the postal department consequent upon the reduction to two cents.

The hair of a girl employed in an eastern cotton mill was caught in the machinery, torn off her head and ground into bits. But the girl didn't mind it much. She kept right on at her work, simply remarking that it only cost \$4 anyhow. This is one of the advantages of art over nature.

Mrs. Malloy: "Shure, Mrs. McGinnis, an' it's rather poorly yer looking this morning." Mrs. McGinnis: "Indade, thin, Malloy, and it's good raison I'm having to look poorly. Here's the postman just been to the doore to tell me there's a dead letter waiting for me at the post office; an' I can't for the life of me think who it is that's dead."

"Bread!" exclaimed a Vassar College girl. "Bread! Well, I should say I could make bread. We studied that in our first year. You see, the yeast ferments, and the gas thus formed permeates everywhere and transforms the plastic material into a clearly obvious atomic structure, and then—" "But what is the plastic material you speak of?" "Oh! that is commonly called the sponge."

"But how do you make the sponge?" "Why, you don't make it; the cook always attends to that. Then we test the sponge with the thermometer and hydrometer, and a lot of other instruments, the names of which I don't remember, and then hand it back to the cook, and I don't know what she does with it then, but when it comes on the table it is just splendid."

The Kitchen.

WHAT CAN WOMAN DO?

BY ERNESTINE IRVING.

THE days of early spring-time were passed. March with its blustering cold, and, anon, days of sunshine betokening warmer ones in store had come and gone.

"Loud roars the wind,
And winter's hold seems firm and strong!
But hark! the bluebird's cheerful song
Says flowers and spring are close behind."

The days are growing longer; the sun leaves his bed (where is it?) betimes, and hastens on his daily course, the robin and lark early upon the wing twitter their morning song and soar away, away. In field and wood the flowers are springing, even now on sunny slopes, the dead leaves may be pulled away and the arbutus flowers—lovely pink and white May flowers found so abundant in Plymouth woods by the weary, heartsick, homesick pilgrims—found already bursting forth; the whistle of the plow-boy may be heard as he merrily turns the fresh green sod. Already he begins to realize the force of Dr. Franklin's maxim, (one of them,) "He who by the plow would thrive, himself must either hold or drive," and sturdily, steadily, keeps to his course.

All nature voices and echoes that one word, "upward." Seed time and harvest fail not, and soon the plain, the hill-side, the valley, the forest, will pulse and vibrate with nature's motto, and a "bank of spring flowers," be literally spread before us. If nature with the wild wind for her broom, and dripping, dripping rain for her cleaning cloth, is making extensive preparations for later time beauty, it seems perfectly consistent and altogether fitting that the prudent housewives, imprudent also, if there be such, should set about thoroughly renovating the domain over which they preside. As almost everybody in the realm of THE HOUSEHOLD is interested at this spring-time season in house cleaning, it occurred to us to give a bit of experience in the line, and, as the gentlemen (excuse us brethren) are not supposed to understand the merits of a national system like house cleaning, they—such as consider the paper worthy their attention—can pass this article by.

Mrs. Prudence Thriftyhand had a good deal of a job on hand, and what was more, being a widow, and not overburdened with the "wherewith" of this world, was obliged to depend on herself.

The question of papering was uppermost just now. It had been considerably discussed at the village sewing meeting, for a number of ladies had this same worthy business to do or have done.

Mrs. Dowell, whose husband was a ship captain and who consequently dressed in foreign silks and India shawls, announced that "a paper hanger from the city would be out to do hers," but, New England woman that she was, added, "I shall oversee him," which she did, for when the city workman arrived, expecting to quite overaw the country lady, he found her no "clay in the hands of the potter." He had his match, and found the little woman had "a mind of her own entirely," as he afterwards expressed it, but his work was done well—otherwise I'm afraid he might not have collected his pay—and Mrs. Thriftyhand had the benefit of carefully viewing proceedings as he papered a front hall, for this was upon the program.

Mrs. Smartfoot had her cleaning, papering, painting and "settling" all done before the April days were ended. Her work was done thoroughly, too, no sham work where she presided, and her days,

and I might say nights, were filled with honest, swift hand labor. Sometimes her children thought—though never expressed the thought—they wished their mother was a little, just a little more like the Easytop children's mother, but then, the Easytop children were sometimes late at school because their mother didn't get the breakfast in season, while their record was clean.

Mrs. Smartfoot said, "she had more strength to clean in April than in May, especially to paper. While Mrs. Low-heart said she hadn't much strength or courage either to bother with paper, the paper-eaters made such havoc in it. Whereupon little Miss Bird in the cheeriest of voices replied, "Why, Mrs. Low-heart, don't let that trouble you longer. A bit of alum, perhaps two cents' worth, in your starch or paper glue, will exterminate the little pests when they appear. You know they are called remarkably smart people in Maine?"

"Yes, I know," broke in Mrs. Smartfoot whose home had been there.

"Well, I spent one year of my life there, and among other valuable things gained this was one," and so Mrs. Thriftyhand added a few ideas to her already well-remembered stock, and set about her business beginning with that front hall, with alum in her starch.

The short strips were put on nicely. Her paper wasn't expensive but appropriate in design and color. It was also a tough paper which was of particular advantage when the long strips were reached. For around the stairway the side-ceiling extended from the top ceiling of the upper hall to the ground floor, and when the long, wet strips were held up the weight would have broken them if it had been otherwise. Jas' how to manage this staircase was a mystery to Mrs. Thriftyhand, although she never for a moment doubted but that she should accomplish it. The stairs had a turn near the foot, and several quite broad stairs; upon one of these she placed a barrel with a solid head, upon this a stout box, then, with paper in hand she ascended after the lower portion had been carefully put on. Even then she could not reach the upper wall, but with the aid of a slender little woman who was boarding, or making her home with her for the time, she completed the business. The slender little woman could do nothing, or next to nothing in the skillful and arduous work of papering, but make an occasional suggestion, and rest a stick, or smooth rod on the balustrade railing for the wet upper portion to rest upon while Mrs. Thriftyhand descended from her bold height, and from the floor of the upper hall by hard reaching and much perseverance, got the long pieces on admirably without even the "handy man" of the place. Rosella herself couldn't have done better. Free from wrinkles and well matched, it was.

It was a matter of great satisfaction when resting from her labors to view her well done work. A bright border of red, sort of a vine pattern was put around afterwards. But before this was done, before the paper was put on, the top ceiling was whitewashed. After its completion it was almost snowy white, really beautiful to look upon, and it was a dark, soiled wall quite unpromising to begin with. When Mrs. Wisear and Mrs. Savup were admiring it, Mrs. Thriftyhand generously gave her recipe for the whitewash.

First wash the wall with strong soda water, and if there be very smoky places go over twice. Then add scalded milk to dry whiting, mixing stiff; to this turn water, warm is better than cold, to the consistency of paint and apply to the wall. It will fill the scaly places and crevices beautifully and leave a clean white

that will repay the labor. If a color is desired, it may be had by mixing dry paint with water and adding. Moreover it may be done by a non-professional as well as professional, if strength and energy are possessed by the worker. All depends on these last named qualities, and the entire business of house cleaning from beginning to end depends largely on energy as its underlying strata; when a person has this executive ability, much may be accomplished though weak in body.

Mrs. Savup thought she should use such a mixture at once, and Mrs. Wisear that she should put it in her scrap-book of treasured recipes on reaching home.

In her work that spring Mrs. Thriftyhand found her window-sashes were considerably the worse for wear and decided to paint them. Remembering a goodly paint-bill she settled the year before for plain painting, she decided to try her own hand and skill.

She procured a window-sash brush of a neighbor who assured her women could do a great deal; a great deal more than they thought for, and although she had failed most woefully in the sash business she doubted not she would succeed, telling her a stiff paste-board placed in the corner of the window would aid. She found she was right and when her sashes were nicely painted, two coats where needed, with never a speck on the glass, she was really proud of herself, and the little boarder felt that some one ought to notice it in the papers. But this wasn't all she did. Soft coats of a beautiful pink—just tinted—were laid on the wood-work of her parlor chamber, and a lovely paper of similar hue, peachy background covered with silvered leaves, on the walls. It was too pretty for anything and not expensive at all. Mrs. Thriftyhand did the work, both painting and papering and taking it by degrees, a little at a time, it didn't tire her so very much.

The floor she took in hand next, and painted a stripe or border about one-half yard wide all around the room of an olive green shade, it being a contrasting color with the pink. For the remaining portion she bought a straw matting, green and straw, checked. Such floors are very pretty and easily gotten up. Mrs. Thriftyhand paid her debts, but sometimes carpets and nicer articles of furniture were omitted in her cosy home; for as I stated in the beginning the wherewith wasn't very plentiful with her. A brown border dark or light with a brown checked matting is very pretty.

She remembered once having spent several days in a family where ancient pieces of furniture were combined with modern. It gave her one or two ideas in regard to this room. Away in her garret was a chair, more than a hundred years old, straight-backed and flagged-bottom. This she brought forth and painted a shiny black, bought some cretonne and made a cushion, nailing a ball fringe around the edge with brass-head nails. An old-fashioned, three-legged light-stand she also brought forth, painted this black, with a line of gilt, done by a professional where needed, and placed in the room for a bible stand; these with the heavier articles of furniture already there made suitable and sufficient furnishings, all but curtains. These were made of plain bleached muslin with a broad hem at the bottom, on the edge of which she sewed some lace about four inches wide knit by her own hands years before, I think in her girlhood or early womanhood days, when she was teaching school.

She surveyed her room with much pleasure and satisfaction, when the little boarder suggested that in such a pretty room some lambrequins ought to be put up. So Mrs. Thriftyhand made some of

pink silesia with a covering of cheese cloth trimmed with cheap lace. They were very pretty and really gave the chamber a more stylish air. Not much by way of garniture in pictures were seen. A motto, "He giveth His beloved sleep," framed prettily, hung over the mantel-shelf, and one or two other suggestive pictures were upon the walls, but not enough to tire one or cause one to wish cheap decorations were more costly.

Thus Mrs. Thriftyhand by her own exertions and planning arranged her pretty room, and as she closed the door it was with a well satisfied feeling that that was over, but a close observer might have detected a little sigh as she descended the stairs. The immediate cause of the sigh was her cellar. Not exactly from garret to basement was her house cleaning marshalled, but from chamber to cellar her proposed route ran. She told the little boarder she couldn't possibly pass it by longer for already noxious gases were escaping which might materially injure their health. She said people little knew or thought of the fearful consequences endangered by neglect of cellars and their contents. Sometimes when one stepped into the front hall of a house beautifully and elegantly furnished, a sensitive nose could detect at once "imps below," and by and by if the members of the family were down with fever it was no wonder—the cause was patent.

A little more time given to tracing cause from effect, a little more careful study as to the reason why, would immeasurably benefit the race, and, woman, why not do it? Surely the American woman with her splendid brain power, her quick intelligence, and wise intuitions is equal to a little closer inquiry, a little deeper investigation. The American woman is one of the levers of the world. Will she stand idle and be reckoned superfluous, or, in the majesty of her beautiful power will she rise to redeem the race, and when the harvest is gathered, return with her sheaves? Just here—right in the midst of cleaning the cellar, we wish to insert two little lines from a short and beautiful poem.

"Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shall know."

Mrs. Thriftyhand took hold in her usual energetic way, that told neither the cellar nor what was within would get the better of her. All the barrels containing vegetables, decaying or otherwise, were removed, and a thorough lime-wash over head and around the sides was given. Lime washing was a great cleanser to Mrs. Thriftyhand's mind and she used it freely. The windows were removed and faithfully cleaned without and within. One or two panes were broken slightly. Mrs. Thriftyhand thought it rather extravagant to procure whole panes, and having heard the minister's wife say at a sewing meeting, her husband, the Rev. Mr. Sewell, prepared a cement whereby they patched broken glass, she told the little boarder she would walk down to the Corners where the parsonage was situated and make inquiries.

The little boarder, ever bright and cheery, told her it was the very thing she needed, a walk in the lovely May sunshine, she had been working all the morning in the dingy cellar which was quite long enough for one time. She acted upon her advice and really had such a delightful call upon the minister and his wife, picked up other ideas besides being instructed about the cement, that she came home refreshed and strengthened—quite ready for continuing operations on the morrow, and she advises all housekeepers when engaged in the house cleaning business not to keep about it too long without a little "let up," if no more than a call upon their nearest neighbor.

One gains ever so much sometimes by resting and exchanging or comparing ideas.

The cellar was a back-achy job, but was finally completed. But for days thereafter when the weather was pleasant, the windows were removed and the dry air and fresh breeze allowed to circulate freely. I can vouch for that cellar!

Do not propose to take you all through Mrs. Thriftyhand's domain as you might protest, but let me add a word about her quilts and bedding—feather-beds, (heirlooms of course, and she had several,) and mattresses. She just shook them, and aired them, and sunned them—not a little, but a good deal. Have you ever realized what a freshener, strengthener, purifier and beautifier the sweet, pure air is, and the strong, bright sunlight? Mrs. Thriftyhand in her spring cleaning didn't forget nor lose sight of this fact, and her beds came in for a full share.

If one has an old feather-bed they expect to furnish with a new tick, an easy way to wash the feathers is to hang it out through a hard rain-storm and then expose to the strong rays of the sun. This process is fine for the feathers, and the tick, if old and past repair or use, is not taken into account. Don't neglect the bedding when the annual resurrecting comes on.

Mrs. Thriftyhand accomplished much, and wrought some wonders during the four weeks allotted to the work, also the little boarder, by way of renovating splashes, toilet mats, and pin-cushions. I should like to tell of some of her maneuvers only this article is growing long.

But what I started to say was, that what Mrs. Prudence Thriftyhand accomplished, however striking or wonderful, any woman, every woman, putting her shoulder to the wheel with perseverance, courage and energy, may easily and successfully accomplish.

WOMAN'S WORK.

Part I.

BY HELEN HERBERT.

This much vexed question of "woman's work" has often suggested itself to me as a fertile subject of discussion with the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD. It was brought still more forcibly to my mind by a letter in the January number written by a young man, who says that from his earliest boyhood he has been taught not to despise household work, and that he can cook, wash, iron, sweep, make beds, etc., with the best of us. He advises parents to so train their boys that they may be able to relieve the frail mothers, sisters or wives of a few of the household burdens which so weigh them down and make them old before their time.

Most mothers would be glad to begin such training at once; but alone and unaided the mother can accomplish little toward the desired end. Her interest and efforts are of first importance; but no marked success may be expected unless these are supplemented by two other essentials—the father's influence and example, and a solid substratum of good-sense, perseverance, and kindly feeling in the boy's own character, which may fortify him against the chaffing he is likely to meet with from idle and thoughtless companions—never, I am sure, from those old enough and wise enough to have given the matter one serious thought. If the mother's efforts have not these auxiliaries the boy is most likely to consider it all "only mother's nagging," which he looks eagerly forward to shaking off as soon as possible, with all other home work and restrictions.

When the master of the household is helpful and considerate, thoughtful of

his wife's comfort, indulgent with his daughters, the boys usually fall into the same ways of thought and action; if the contrary, he is still imitated, even though it be unconsciously. I know there are notable exceptions to this rule, and that a husband's unkindness often has the effect of making a son more tender. I am only speaking of the usual boyish inclination to take the father as a model in all things.

I know a little fellow who before he could say a dozen words distinctly, insisted, contrary to fact, that his name was the same as his father's. On the occasion of a trifling disagreement between father and mother, he advised the former to "Frow mamma to giggles (pigs), do down 'treet and det anover." He is too affectionate, however, to remain long in this murderous mood, and was so moved by the sight of mamma's distress at the idea that he concluded it best to "No frow mamma giggles; 'twould be a tremendous shock—shock." And so it would.

He is now three years old, and is in the seventh heaven of delight this winter through the possession of an overcoat with breast-pockets to keep his hands warm, like his father's, and a pair of rubber boots which Santa Claus brought. And he says, with a lordly air, that when he is a man he shall chew tobacco.

The father's influence being so great, let him see that the boys are trained to helpful ways in the house, and the mother's burdens will be materially lightened. Farmers, even if they have half a dozen boys, are apt to think they need all to help about the chores and field-work. Yet I think, in most cases, one or two might be detailed to help in the house with profit to all concerned.

Not far from us lives a farmer who has three sons, but no daughters. The mother is a delicate woman, and these boys have been taught to help her, especially the second in age, the others being needed about the farm work, and less often spared to the house. He has practiced "woman's work" to such good purpose that his mother declares she would rather have him to help her than any girl. I certainly have never heard the shadow of a suggestion that any person thought less of him for these domestic labors. He is a manly, sturdy, young fellow, and vexes the souls of brawny laborers when, after challenging them to a race binding wheat, husking corn, or whatever the work may be, he "lights out," as he calls it, finishes the "stint" in short order, and then turns back, smiling, to help his breathless and disgusted competitors bring up their arrears.

I confess I cannot understand why any person should think it in any way detrimental to young men to be versed in all the domestic arts. Circumstances often arise when they would find such knowledge convenient—when a practical understanding of some very simple matters might save themselves and others a world of discomfort, if nothing worse. Yet they shrink and hesitate—they must not do "woman's work." No! Their dignity (?) must be maintained, no matter what suffering this particular mode of maintaining it may bring to themselves and their nearest and dearest.

But, to come back to first principles, I should like to ask—what is woman's work? The wiseacre answers, solemnly: "Woman's sphere is in her own home." True! a woman's noblest, sweetest, most enduring and far-reaching work is done in the home. A high responsibility rests upon her there. She is, or should be, her husband's thoughtful friend, comforter, counselor, and in certain respects, care-taker. She is, or should be, her children's glory, guide, guardian and con-

cious kindness and hospitality. Yet can she be this and all it includes—can she faithfully discharge her highest, most important duties if time, strength, thought, are kept bound and strained in that routine of mechanical occupations which for centuries has been insisted on as peculiarly woman's work?

When it is necessary, every true woman is willing to do, if she can, just this work—to personally care for the comfort and well-being of her household; and she considers such efforts an honor to her, not menial nor degrading. But—in nine cases out of ten it is not necessary, and the woman's higher home sphere is carelessly, almost wantonly, sacrificed to the lower. Who does not know many a woman so busy caring for the material needs of her children that she has no time to think that their spiritual and mental requirements may be quite as pressing. Who has not seen such children growing up into coarse, unlovely, mentally unkempt, even vicious manhood and womanhood, and wondered why this should be—

"Their mother was such a nice woman!" What chance had she, poor soul! to make her children nice also? What more could she do? She kept in her sphere; her life was usefully spent doing "woman's work."

Is all this woman's work—even a poor woman's work? The man does not think it necessary to do his own tailoring, shoe his own horses, make his own chairs and tables—in short to practice half a dozen trades at once, because he is poor. Yet something very like this is expected of most women in the life and work of an ordinary American household. How often we hear men say to women who have purposed attempting work ever so little beyond that set down as especially within their sphere: "Better stay at home; that is safest and easiest. Help your mother, keep house for your brother—you will find plenty of woman's work to do." The last clause granted; but, putting aside the fact which, however, cannot be ignored, that thousands of women have no homes to stay in, and must find work outside, is housework—for this, combined with sewing, is what these men always mean by "woman's work"—is housework "safest and easiest" for all women? Think of what housework consists. Take washing-day with its heavy tubs and boilers to be lifted, water to be pumped or drawn from deep cisterns, pails and kettles filled and carried, the weary rubbing and wringing, hour after hour, the "hanging out," perhaps in wind and cold. Then follows hour after hour of bending over an ironing table with heated brain and aching spine; floors, windows, porches and out-houses must be scrubbed and kept tidy; and with all this is mingled the hurry and worry lest baking, meals, and all minor points of housekeeping may not be properly and seasonably attended to. When it is remembered that all this—and more—must be gone over each week, it may, perhaps, seem small wonder that we should say that if ease be an essential characteristic of woman's work, the heavier parts of housework can not justly come under that head, though they have always been put there.

I have known women who never in their lives possessed sufficient bodily strength to lift a pail full of water, or to close their fingers firmly about a mop and wring it dry; yet who, if they might be released from this heavy work, and the toiling and straining in their cases inseparable from it, could occupy themselves busily and profitably all day with work suited to their capacity. But the toiling and straining must go on. If the housekeeper cannot carry the pail full of water, she carries it half full, and goes twice instead of once; if she cannot wring the

mop with one vigorous twist, a succession of weak squeezes are made to answer. And so steadily on, day after day, and year after year, until the inevitable collapse overtakes her; then, it may be, the husband at last discovers that it would have been "money in his pocket" if he had granted release from hard labor before outraged nature took it—and revenge at the same time.

I hope I am not misunderstood. I should be the last to ask that women be set free from all duties and responsibilities, petted, dressed, and kept like useless dolls. Every woman's life should be filled with work of interest and value to herself and others. I only stipulate that this work should be suited to her strength, physical and mental, and, as far as possible, to her individual bias and prepossessions, and that men, while preaching "woman's sphere" and the "shelter and elevating influences of home," should not in that home heap upon her weak shoulders burdens too great to be borne.

Many a sweet woman will tell you it is a pleasure to her to minister to those she loves. Yet it does not follow that her husband has any moral right to demand that she should, all the days of their married life, serve him as his valet. Even if men feel that they cannot so infringe upon their proper dignity as to lend a helping hand about "woman's work," what a boon it would be to tired wives and daughters if they would but wait upon themselves, (or is that woman's work?) too? It seems usually made so; if, instead of saying every week, or, may be, two or three times a week: "Wife, where are my clean clothes?" a man would go himself to the drawer where they are always kept, and where he knows they are always kept, and lay them out without waiting for her to do it, and if, when the umbrella, the lap-robe or some extra garment is wanted from the store-room up-stairs, he would fetch it himself, instead of waiting while wife or daughter scurries up and down in breathless haste, lest the return may be greeted with a, "Well, I didn't suppose you'd got to wait to make an umbrella," or similar pleasantry. It may be after he had gone up and down on such errands some dozens of times he might fancy it a good idea to build a store-room below stairs.

I once heard of a man whose wife fell ill at a time when help could not well be procured, and it became necessary for him to take certain parts of the housework upon himself, notably the scrubbing of the kitchen floor. When leisure came once more, the first thing he did was to send for a carpenter and have that floor cared for, broken places mended, knots cut off, inequalities smoothed away, etc. His wife had vainly besought him for years to do that very thing. Not until experience had taught him how those rough places held the dirt, increased the friction, and so the work, could he look upon it as a matter of any consequence.

"Women are always havin' aches," said Deacon Emmons.

True—and very annoying. Yet what in four cases out of five is the cause of these "aches" but the "woman's work," for which alone, contend the wiseacres, she is fitted?

A CHAPTER ON SWEETS.

About the time when sugar making in the maple grove draws near, the crystallized sweetness of the sugar-cane is already stored by the southern planter. The two products, though so similar are yet arrived at by the most dissimilar process and conditions, one produced mid the snow and ice of a northern winter or spring (?) the other maturing under the genial rays of a southern sun,

storing cells of sweetness, that become more and more tempting as the season advances until the entire cane from top to root is one ready receptacle of pure nectar.

The principal part of the crop of cane in Florida is manufactured in the four or five weeks preceding Christmas, and this is as much of a gala time to those interested, as is the maple sugar making, on the old farm, though in both cases there is actual hard work as well as fun and enjoyment, where, however, the crop of cane to be made up is not too large—and we will take for our illustration the average farmer who plants for his own use principally—the work is mostly light, and really considered one of the most healthful of employments, especially “tending the kettles.” The kettles in common use are huge iron cauldrons holding from fifty to seventy-five gallons each, these are placed in a furnace built of clay with a capacious fire-place and chimney, fat lightwood being the fuel used, and requiring good vent for its smoke and soot; over the furnace is erected a shed usually adjoining the sugar-house. Here, over the bubbling, steaming kettles, long-handled skimmer in hand, may be found in succession the adult members of the family, skimming, keeping up the fire, watching the boiling mass, till it is converted into the thick, amber syrup or continuing evaporation till the crystals of sugar are formed, needing only to be dripped of their enveloping bath of sweetness, which in the form of molasses is stored away with “the other good things.” To drip the sugar, it is placed in a barrel with the staves slightly loosened from the bottom, which is also perforated, this placed over some convenient vessel for the molasses to drip into, the sugar becomes dry and light.

The quality of both sugar and syrup varies greatly, the hammock lands yielding the heavier syrups, though rather higher colored; pine lands producing the finest, lightest sugars. Much depends on the manner of preparation. Great care, and strict cleanliness are necessary to insure a good article of either sugar or syrup. The cane is in growth a luxuriant tropical-looking plant, and when stripped of its leaves and piled high on the cart for removal to the mill, the polished stalks, some a golden yellow, other varieties of a purplish tinge, still others nearly white, present a most pleasing picture to the eye. The mill consists of two corrugated iron rollers moved by horse power, between which rollers are thrust the stalks to issue mere lengths of crushed fibre called “bogass.” From between and around the rollers flows the juice in a steady stream. The juice thus expressed is one of the standard beverages at a sugar boiling, every new comer, no matter how often he come, or how lately he has been there, goes at once to “take a drink of juice.” Chewing the cane is also a favorite manner of securing the juice—prevailing mainly, however, among the juveniles, for the very good reason, probably, that their elders lack oftentimes the main requisite, viz.: a strong set of molars.

Negroes are proverbially fond of sweets, and I remember on first coming to the state hearing a darky give the highest praise to the scope of country between Jacksonville and St. Augustine. “Why,” said he, “you can chaw cane all the way from heah to Jacksonville and sugar bilin’s they has them regular.”

True it is that nearly every “one horse” farmer does make up his supply of sweetening from his little cane patch, well fertilized by cow-penning. The cow-pen is here a peculiar institution and a very valuable adjunct to the farmer on pine lands. The cattle when taken up from the ran-

ge in the spring are “corralled” as the western phrase goes, or “penned” as they say here. And during the day while the cows are out feeding in the woods, the calves remain in the enclosure as a reminder to their dams of the necessity of returning. When, as at night, they come up, they are subjected to a double milking, the calf contending on one side, with the vigorous pulls and hauls of the more or less irate personage on the other, who does succeed finally in getting some milk from each of the most gentle cows. Though as it is not an unusual thing to have from thirty to fifty sucklers in a cow-pen, the aggregate of milk is not quite sufficient for butter and clabber to take a prominent place in the *cuisine*. The cattle are during the season transferred from one pen to another until as fall approaches and the grass becomes more scant the entire bunch is turned out to winter themselves.

This season of the year, there are many dishes of the more substantial sort as well as desserts, of which the fresh syrup or molasses forms a most appetizing part, as sweet potato pones, custards and spiced potatoes, recipes for which have lately appeared in our paper.

A most unique dessert, and on the word of the friend who invented it, a very delightful one, is made by paring six oranges, carefully removing the white skin, slice into a pudding dish, and over a layer of the orange sprinkle sugar to taste, then a layer of ginger snaps, another layer of oranges, and so alternating till the pan is nearly filled, then to one cup of fresh molasses add three well beaten eggs, (reserving the whites of two for a meringue to be spread over the top, just before taking from the oven,) one tablespoonful of butter, one-half cup of water, and flavor with nutmeg and a few drops of lemon essence, bake with moderate heat until the custard is firm, add the meringue as directed, and you have a simple, inexpensive pudding, inexpensive at least with us, in the land of flowers and oranges.

A very fine orange pie is made by grating the peel of one fresh orange to the juice and pulp of two large ones, add one cup of sugar, the beaten yolks of three eggs, mix one cup of milk to the whites beaten to a stiff froth, put all together and bake in pastry.

Ginger bread loaf is in great demand for the children’s lunch basket, and we bake them frequently for that purpose. One cup of butter, one cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of cold water, one tablespoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little boiling water, flour to make a stiff batter; melt the butter slightly, warm the molasses, spice and sugar, and beat well together, then put in the water, soda, and flour, stir very hard and bake in three small loaves. Brush them over with syrup while hot, and eat fresh.

For the very best molasses candy take one cup of molasses, one-half cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of vinegar, boil ten minutes.

I will give a method for preserving eggs which is really invaluable and is very little trouble. To one pint of salt and one pint of fresh lime, add four gallons of boiling water, when cold put in stone jars, then with a dish let down your fresh eggs into the liquid tipping the dish after it fills so they will roll out without cracking the shell, for if the egg is cracked it will spoil. Put the eggs in whenever you have them fresh, and keep them covered in a cool place.

The season for fresh tomatoes is near at hand for we Floridians and I subjoin a novel way of preparing that edible. We call it curried tomato. Grate an apple and chop an onion of equal size, fry

them in a little butter until tender, add a teaspoonful of good curry powder mixed with a little gravy—milk will do—simmer for a few minutes, and spread the tomatoes, first cut and fried or baked, with the mixture, serve with boiled rice. This curry mixture can be varied in many ways, and is procured of any first-class grocer.

AMETHYST.

Riverside, Fla.

THE STEAMER AND SOME OF ITS USES.

BY A. B.

Among the many excellent suggestions in the culinary art, which from time to time have appeared in the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD, comparatively few have called for the use of the kitchen steamer. Our charitable and reformatory institutions appear to better understand the advantages and healthfulness of the system of cooking by steam, than do many of our private families. A common steamer may be found in nearly every household in our land, but unfortunately in many families it is scarcely ever used.

When wanted for some recipe which calls for steaming, it may be looked for upon the top pantry shelf doing service as a receptacle for garden seeds, or for odds and ends of parcels containing spices, or perhaps herbs. Sisters, bring down this indispensable utensil from its lurking place, and put it where it may be used for its legitimate purpose every day.

For instance if you have a loaf of bread that is no longer fresh, cut it in slices and steam it, and to our taste it is as good as new. In cooking what is termed a boiled dinner, consisting perhaps of corned beef or ham, if the vegetables which usually accompany such a dinner are steamed they are far more healthful, than if dropped into a liquor overflowing with grease. Cabbage, turnips and potatoes may be steamed together without injuring their flavor, but if other vegetables than these are called for, we would

suggest that they be cooked in a kettle by themselves, seasoning with a little salt. All kinds of squashes are much nicer steamed, than boiled or baked. A loaf of brown bread, if first steamed for several hours, and then finished in the oven, is much superior to a loaf baked in the usual way. And the same may be said of a card of gingerbread. Have any of the sisters ever tried it? Use any recipe you please, providing it is a good one, but be careful that you do not overknead it, as all kinds of molasses cake should

be left soft, and should be made of New Orleans molasses. We usually stir the ingredients together, and when stiff enough to handle, roll out and place on a tin which fits the steamer, and steam until nearly done, after which we slightly crust it over in a moderate oven. Those who are fond of light, moist gingerbread will, we think, be pleased with the result.

As we write for the benefit of the young and inexperienced housekeepers, we will suggest a way by which they may meet a not uncommon difficulty, namely: unexpected company about dinner time. There are times in the best regulated households when one may be without pie in the house or the materials for a quick pudding, without detracting from their record as a good housekeeper. The way to meet this emergency is to place your steamer over a kettle of boiling water, and if you are so fortunate as to have part of a loaf of fruit cake in the larder, or indeed any other kind of loaf cake, cut some pretty thick slices and steam a quarter of an hour, and your dessert for dinner is nearly ready. In the meantime make a pudding sauce of a small piece of butter, a cup of sugar, one large tablespoonful of flour, and a half-pint of boiling water,

stir together and boil up once, and serve.

Although we cannot conscientiously endorse the general use of rich and indigestible puddings, yet we will give a recipe for one, which, if not all consumed at one meal, will remain good for a month in cold weather, and may be re-steamed as many times as you please, and will grow better each time it is steamed over. One cup of chopped suet, one cup of chopped raisins, one cup of milk, either sweet or sour, half a cup of molasses, half a cup of brown sugar, one heaping teaspoonful each of soda, dissolved, and salt, and one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, and nutmeg. Thicken with flour as stiff as can be conveniently stirred with a spoon, and turn into a two-quart basin and steam three hours. Do not keep lifting the cover to see how matters are progressing, but take the result on trust, as every time you lift the cover it has a tendency to cause the pudding to fall. Do not let the water cease to boil and all will be right, if your pudding has been compounded on correct principles.

If an extra nice sauce for the pudding is desired, take the juice and grated rind of one lemon, a cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of corn-starch, butter half the size of an egg, and half a pint of boiling water, boil up together for three minutes, turn into a dish, and add one beaten egg, stirring it well together.

We will give one more recipe for a pudding which is so plain that it may be eaten with impunity by those of weak digestive powers. To a pint of rich, fresh buttermilk, add two tablespoonfuls of cream, one teaspoonful of dissolved soda, a pinch of salt, and flour enough to make a very stiff batter. Turn into a well buttered basin part of the mixture, then add some bits of jelly, then some more of batter, then jelly, placing it evenly over the surface, and lastly covering and finishing with the batter. Steam two hours, or until it bursts open on top.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

What the mothers of to-day need, is independence and common-sense. In these days of fashion many a woman wears out because she is desirous her children shall have as many tucks, flounces, plaits and frills as her neighbors’ children. Or she heats her blood, until she is tired and cross over a cooking-range, that she may prepare food to equal or excel her near neighbor. She, may be, belongs to that unfortunate class whose better half judges her from the amount of labor which she performs.

“My wife is the smartest woman in town; she will do more work than a man any day.”

Have you not heard such remarks?

Beware, husband, nature will have her revenge, and if you want that “smart” woman to care for you in your old age, save her strength, stop the overworking of those strained nerves, unless you desire to have another fill her place.

Mothers, dress your children according to your means and ability. If your friend’s two years old Susie is “so sweet and pretty in her embroidered white dresses,” don’t try to excel, but let your two years old Flossie wear her warm, dark woolen dresses, and her health will be cared for, and she will become a more sensible woman than Susie, whose mother’s aim is for her baby to be admired. I do not discard fashion when properly used. Copy that happy medium which calls for no remarks.

If you cannot dress as your neighbor without working far into the small hours of morning, wearing out brain and body, for your husband’s sake, for your children’s sake, make your dress with less bands and shirrings, and save your strength. “As you commence, so you

you must go on," is an old saying. Make yourself a slave to fashion for a child, and assuredly, by the time she is sixteen, your bones will ache and your spirit quake over the endless work of her wardrobe.

If a person visits you for the amount of food he gets, let him stay at home before you worry yourself to almost desperation, neglect your babies, and many other duties, preparing "company fare." Let him content himself with such as would constitute the repast of your ordinary family. If your husband constantly praises you for the amount of work you master, take his praise kindly, but don't try to accomplish more than you are bodily able for the sake of obtaining his praise. Save your strength for the future, when you will be of more value to him than his praise is to you now.

If your neighbor does think you slow, lazy, be independent, and if you are wearied from your morning's labors, lie down for a half hour's nap—if the dinner dishes do remain unwashed and the floor unbrushed, for awhile. Refreshed by your rest those dishes will disappear rapidly, other chores be accomplished, and it will be a bright, cheerful face which greets the boys and girls on their return from school, and father from his day's labor. In caring for yourself, your health and strength, you are caring for all the members of the family.

Can another fill the place you will leave vacant, if you work yourself to death? Will another love your children as you do? Then mothers, in reason's name and common sense, dress your girls more plainly, cook less company dinners, save your strength, and take work easily, whether John praises you or not. God will honor your motive and you will feel richly repaid for your watchfulness and care for your own health as the years go by.

G. I. DIGHT.

HOW TO LOOSEN A TIGHT SCREW.

An exchange says one of the simplest and readiest methods of loosening a rusted screw is to simply apply heat to the head of the screw. A small bar or rod of iron, flat at the end, if reddened in the fire and applied for a couple or three minutes to the head of the rusted screw, will, as soon as it heats the screw, render its withdrawal as easy by the screw-driver as if it was a recently inserted screw. As there is a kitchen poker in every house, that instrument, if heated at its extremity and applied for a few minutes to the head of the screw or screws, will do the work of loosening, and an ordinary screw-driver will do the rest, without causing the least damage, trouble or vexation of spirit. In all work above the common kind, where it is necessary to use screws, especially in hinge work and mountings, fancy fastenings and appliances affixed to joinery or furniture work, we would advise the oiling of screws or the dipping their points in grease before driving them. This will render them more easy to drive and also to withdraw, and it will undoubtedly retard for a long time the action of rusting.

CHURN OFTEN—The American Dairyman says there is one point that should be deeply impressed upon the dairyman's mind, and that is, if he wants to make a first-class article of butter he must churn often. Never let the cream get over three days old, no matter how cold it may be kept. If cold, it will get old, flat and frinky. If sour, the whey will eat up the best butter globules. Churn as often as you can.

—Housekeepers know how quickly lemons lose their freshness and rot. A simple, inexpensive remedy is to place them in a jar filled with water, to be re-

newed every day or two. By this means this fruit can be kept fresh and sound for several weeks.—*Ex.*

—Butter should be kept in dry, cool cellars in summer, and in winter in an out house or out doors.

—Keep bread and cake in a tin box, well covered; it will keep fresh longer than in any other way.

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—As that season so important to HOUSEHOLD readers is approaching in which house cleaning is performed, a short chapter on that subject might be appreciated. To begin with, a room must be viewed as we would a landscape or a picture, in an artistic sense, neither need we confine the furnishings to one or even two colors. Shades that harmonize have a better effect, for instance, all the darker crimsons combine beautifully with yellow browns or even buffs.

Husbands that consider it too much of an undertaking and expense to give the house over to the painter and paper-hanger would scarcely object to buying a can or two of prepared paint which can be got now in all colors. A very good plan is to buy an intermediate shade and lighten it for the better rooms with white lead and darken it with drop-black umber or whatever is required to give the desired effect for the working part of the house. Before dismantling the rooms a certain quantity of tools and material are required, namely, a glue pot, a bottle each of furniture, stove-pipe and dammar varnish, tacks of different sizes, little ornamental nails brass and silver headed, a few escutcheon pins for putting up ornamental cards and other things, assorted screws, putty, spirits of turpentine, a small can each of black and white paint, your tinted paints, boiled oil, brushes, etc.

Any practical, sensible woman can paint a room. Clean all soiled spots about the knobs of the doors, etc., then with a small piece of zinc or tin to keep the paint off the wall, a large brush for the doors and base, and a smaller one for the window sash, it is easily done, besides being so much more satisfactory in appearance than paint that is washed and re-washed each year. The locks on the doors being brushed over with stove-pipe varnish after your door is painted gives it the appearance of new. If one has a package of bronze powder and wishes to make a gold stripe on their blinds as I did on mine it is quite an easy matter. Lay strips of glass or any straight edge on the blind leaving an open space as wide as you wish your stripe to be. With a small brush apply yellow ochre mixed with fatty oil, when nearly dry brush carefully with bronze powder. A very pretty finish for the top of your wall paper is to cut a strip two or three inches wide according to the width of your border, of plain paper, crimson if it harmonizes, put it just low enough down on the paper to have the border cover the upper edge. The lower edge must be cut very straight.

I could write on almost indefinitely but if our good editor finds I have such a gift of continuance he will exclude me altogether, and as this is my first effort, and I am anxious to be one of the working sisters, not a drone in THE HOUSEHOLD Band, I will close. ST. CLAIR.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—To Luella Williams who asks for some hints about managing, I would say that I am too modest to give advice, being scarcely an older housekeeper than she, but I will give her some account of my daily life, with a willing pen.

To begin with, I have the best husband in the world, and for a partial, but not adequate description of him, I refer her to Estelle's letter, in a late number. She wrote it as applying to her husband, but it certainly applies to mine. Well, then, having a husband who lays fires always, (I never do,) brings in coal, wood and water, sweeps, and who is always sweet-tempered, half the battle is won. I am aware that he is an exception, and am deeply grateful.

I am not remarkably strong so I cannot sweep, but I have a carpet sweeper that keeps my rooms looking nice, and when they require a thorough cleaning, I dust and cover every thing in the forenoon, then when my John comes to dinner he flourishes the broom in a manner that might be truly alarming to a stranger. But then, no harm is done, and he is convinced that he saves at least a week of my life every time he sweeps. By the time dinner is out of the way and he has departed, every thing can be wiped free from dust, and in an hour my little house looks as fresh as a pink.

We "arise and shine" at six o'clock, Sundays excepted. My breakfast is prepared the night before, so by half past six it is on the table, and at seven I am alone. I generally feel as if I could conquer an army at that time, but in lieu of that I fly around and get my house in perfect order, dust every thing, (the dust in this country is terrific,) and by nine o'clock I am ready for good hard work at the piano.

When I have baking to do, I am a little longer in the kitchen, but my bread is out of the oven as soon as it can bake after breakfast, and my method is the perfection of a dozen different ones that I have tried. I am sure that she will like it as it preserves the sweetness of the flour, and there is very little work in the process. Use what proportions of ingredients you are accustomed to, but this is the method: About eight o'clock in the evening, make your batter with blood warm water. I use baker's yeast. Add sufficient flour to knead into a firm, elastic dough; this will be easy as the water was warm. Cover closely and place where it will keep warm all night. This is absolutely essential to the welfare of the bread. Right after breakfast put the light, spongy dough on your bread board, chop with the chopping knife five minutes, or even less, mould into loaves, and in a few minutes bake, and if you don't think it the nicest, sweetest bread you ever ate, your experience will differ from mine.

One reason my work is quickly and easily done, is that I have a place for every thing, and when it is used every thing is put in its place. I know that is an old story, but I am sure it is a wonderful simplifier of work. For a number of years I had the pleasure (?) of being a member of a family whose ideas of order were nowhere. Nothing could be found when wanted, and although there was a vast deal of "clearing out" from one room into another, the house was forever in that delightful state that indicated a close communion with whirlwinds. It taught me a lesson. So if every thing in my house is not immaculately clean at all times, it is in its own appointed place, and things look ship-shape, and that is a condition very pleasing to a man's eye.

My washing is done out of the house, excepting towels, handkerchiefs and napkins, which I put in a bag, and once in two or three weeks I wash them. Then

I count them carefully, as my washerwoman would kindly do if I sent them to her, and my husband pays me for them. The money I earn in that and various other little ways, goes into a bank, very tiny but important, and which has a destiny in life.

I fear what I have written does not give many ideas about managing, and, to tell the truth, I don't manage much, the work gets done and that in time.

Hurrah for Connecticut Boy! My husband is a Connecticut boy, too, and he is very like the writer so named. Can it be the climate or the mothers?

I cannot thank the ladies too much for the many kind suggestions and delicious recipes, and I look with a lofty pity on a woman who is not fortunate enough to take THE HOUSEHOLD. It seems to me that any one who can write such a comical, cheerful, try-to-be-doleful letter as Katie Didn't, does not need much comforting. And as for not accomplishing any thing, judging by a little experience with younger sisters, it is something to get two live boys off to "dream land."

Here are two recipes that some one may make use of, but for the first one needs to have two strong arms to beat it the required length of time:

Whipped Apple Cream.—Beat the white of one egg and one cup of granulated sugar together, then add the pulpy part of three sour baked apples, beat till you can invert the dish without spilling the contents, and it will take a long half hour, flavor with lemon juice, and put where it will become cold.

Chicken Croquettes.—Mince cold chicken very fine, and season to taste. Put a saucépan on the fire with a small onion chopped fine, and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Move the pan till the mixture browns, then stir in a tablespoonful of flour and half a pint of soup, or milk, or water. Boil two or three minutes, when quite hot stir in the chicken, and add the yolks of two eggs. After a few moments pour out to cool. When cold mould into shape, roll in egg and bread crumbs, and fry in boiling lard. Turn into a colander or sieve to drain, and serve hot.

That is given as an old cook gave it to me, and it makes a delicious dish. Turkey or veal may be used in place of chicken, and the onion may be omitted.

York State Girl, I think your ideas are splendid, and two of my dresses shall always be preserved intact, my graduating dress and my wedding dress.

And I say, too, let us have a society pin. For us who live so far west and who travel so much, it would be charming to meet HOUSEHOLD friends.

But dinner calls, and so with a hasty "howdee" and "good by" to all the Band,

HONOLULU.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—This is the fourth year I have taken THE HOUSEHOLD, and I find it a help in many ways. I enjoy reading the spicy letters, there seems to be something in them for all, and a letter now and then from "one of the Johns" gives it variety, but it is a noticeable fact that the same one rarely, if ever, writes twice. I suppose they only write to see what the ladies will say in reply, and they usually soon find out.

Several have asked for a sure moth preventive. I have used corrosive sublimate for years, and find it a sure remedy if applied twice a year around the edge of your floors. Take a large feather for the cracks. It is a deadly poison, and must be used as such.

Carrie, green grapes are very nice preserved, if you take them before the seeds harden. They make nice, clear jelly, also.

E. S. C., I have a snake cactus which blossomed when about two years old. I use a small pot for it, and water sparingly. Have very sandy soil.

I have a handsome rubra begonia that has been in constant bloom for about eighteen months, and is just handsome now. It is greatly admired.

I have a sitting room stove and a range with considerable nickel plate on them, which I have used four and five years respectively. I always clean the nickel with whatever I have to clean silver with, and they keep almost like new.

I have tried many recipes from THE HOUSEHOLD, and usually find them excellent. Emily Hayes' little spice cakes and Sally Lunn, in the January number, are excellent.

I tried coffee cakes, by Hortense, in the February number, to-day. We pronounce them very nice.

Will Emily Hayes please send recipe for baking powder biscuit, stating just how much of each article she uses? I have always had plenty of good cream until within the past year, and I sometimes fail in having good biscuit with baking powder. Will she also please give her way of making graham bread?

Justus, Pa.

F. E. B.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—During the first month of my married life I was surprised one day to receive a copy of THE HOUSEHOLD, which I, however, soon learned was to arrive regularly through the year as a wedding present from its editor. Of course, I was pleased with the gift, for who that reads its choice pages, does not find them as interesting as instructive? THE HOUSEHOLD was not entirely new to me, for it had been read and prized in my mother's family for several years. Each copy, after being read, was carefully filed away for future consultation, and often now may be seen on the paper table, on stormy days and winter evenings, a pile of these back numbers which have been brought out to be re-read, showing that the paper has more than a passing interest for its readers. The index published at the close of each volume makes this preservation of numbers quite serviceable.

I have often thought to write just a few words in reply to some questions of THE HOUSEHOLD Band, but have never before done so. I would like this time to say to Carrie, who asks in a late number if any use can be made of unripe grapes, by all means make cactup of them. I know of no cactup superior to it. Prepare it the same as tomato, only add more sugar, as, to quote from the fox in the fable, they are "sour grapes." One can judge by the taste when enough sugar has been added. I will also endorse her directions for making summer drink. I have often made the same and we think it very nice. We call it "Cream Beer."

In a late number, Mrs. J. Lyons asks how to clean nickel plated fixtures on stoves. Stove dealers have recommended whiting to me, and I have used it with good success on my range.

I enjoy every department of our valuable paper, and have got many serviceable hints from it. I am much interested in The Dressing Room, in which there are many practical directions for necessary and fancy work. I have tried successfully several of its neat patterns of knit edging.

As I have no special claim to space in the letter writer's columns, and others of more skillful pen will naturally look with disfavor on my usurpation of room for their wiser words, I close with wishes of continued prosperity for THE HOUSEHOLD, and the army of the sisterhood who welcome with pleasure its seventy thousand copies.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will you allow a new sister to drop in to listen to the "kitchen chat?" Though neither young nor newly married, I am not very old at housekeeping, and my object in becoming a subscriber was to learn rather than to teach, but hearing a sister mention

"holders," in a late number, I will tell my plan, or rather what material I make them of. I use old, soft felt, any old hat, tops of overshoes, etc., and if dark colored, or if the dye comes out, I cover with cotton. This is the best for keeping the heat from the hands, though I have found quilted coat linings good, but I prefer the felt.

To the sister who gave the recipe for rhubarb pie, in the May number, 1883, I would say it is very nice indeed. I was a guest where the mistress had made one from the recipe, and I was telling the head of the house that he was about to be added to the long list of husbands who were martyrs to THE HOUSEHOLD recipes, when, after disposing of a piece of the pie, he replied, "Well, if they all taste as good as this one, I don't object to being made a martyr of, bring along all the samples you like." An invalid friend of mine was also very much pleased with it. Canned rhubarb is very suitable to make that way.

To the sister, Mayflower, who asked for an open-faced watch pattern, I would advise taking a pattern which will hold the watch, and out of the front cut a round the size of the face, and bind or button-hole around. I will send a pattern of mine if she will write; it might not be the right size, but it could be altered.

In conclusion, I would express my delight in every single department of THE HOUSEHOLD, it is worth a good deal to the prudent housewife to teach ways of economy, which I consider it every mother's duty to practice and teach her family.

E. H. M.

Box 134, Bowmanville, Ont.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

LADIES OF THE BAND:—I rise to second the motion of Sister Guthrie's. Let's have the pin, by all means. I think it would be very serviceable and pretty, besides acting as a friend, introducing us one to the other. While traveling last summer through New York state, it was quite vexatious to sit still in the train, or on the steamer, and watch people, while my husband could pick up friends among the passengers, through the mystic signs of the society to which he belongs. Most likely I had friends of the Band about me, but there was no way of knowing. Women seem to be afraid of each other, and where men would manage to make conversation in a short time, we will sit and stare at each other for hours, unless a "mutual friend" is by to introduce us. Why not have such a friend, in the shape of a pin or badge?

The men seem to want what privileges we possess, even to a part of this, our paper, so let us take one of theirs, and when they wear their Masonic and Odd Fellows' or a thousand other pins and badges, we will put on our HOUSEHOLD pin, and be content. I hope others will say their say, but "them's the sentiments" of

Maplewood, Mass.

MAPLEWOOD.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I have been a reader of THE HOUSEHOLD for several years. The first paper we received after we commenced housekeeping was THE HOUSEHOLD, and we are not going to be without it hereafter.

The long-time controversy in regard to the reality or non-reality of Rosamond E., has now been transferred to the question, shall the men have any say in our paper? The style and title of the paper say it is for the household and as I consider myself one of this household, it seems to me right and fair that if I wish and can say any thing interesting and profitable, I should have an equal chance with the sisters. I take a great interest in "our wives' work," and if for nothing else, would like a little space to persuade and advise the "Johns" how to lighten the labors of their faithful helpmeets. I will mention two things right here so that if this letter ever sees the light it will not have been written in vain.

First, buy a carpet sweeper. (I am neither a manufacturer or agent for them.) You will save

enough in brooms in a year or two to pay for it and vastly more in your wife's strength and nerves. Next buy an oil stove. We heat water for washing, bake, boil, in fact, use it for any thing that you do a cook stove, while the saving in fuel in this country, (southern Nebraska,) will pay for the stove in eight months. These are only two of the many labor and health saving inventions for the household, but if we are given room, perhaps "we men" can mention,

and I hope in many instances be the means of conveying to a tired wife and mother some one of the many labor-saving inventions for the household.

W.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD SISTERS:—Here I come again, without waterproof and umbrella, though it is raining, raining as though it would never stop. Just the day Longfellow describes as

"Dark, and cold, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary.
The vine still clings to the moulder wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary."

The very time for a cosy chat with the sisters—not even a suggestion of dreariness within. We are glad to welcome such days bringing with them an assurance of uninterrupted hours.

Saluting you as sisters, reminds me of meeting a quiet little body at the seashore last summer. We sat on the broad, cool veranda enjoying the delicious sea breeze with knitting in hand. Of course the work was examined and commented on, woman fashion, and this naturally led to THE HOUSEHOLD which I found this little lady subscribed to. I exclaimed, "Oh, then you are one of the sisters!" As she replied, "I suppose so," there was such a quiet, amused smile at my enthusiasm that had I had a shell like a turtle I should have tucked my head in at once. I recovered, however, and found that this little wife of a reverend could quote extracts from our paper, showing herself an appreciative reader.

Sisters, do you ever in y'ur journeying find yourselves wondering if you are traveling with any of the Band? I often say to myself, "Who knows but this is Emily Hayes, Rosamond E., Rena Ross, Helen Herbert, Hans Dorcomb, or, or, or all of the contributors?" Hazel Wylde I know to a certainty, who she is and where she lives, so I never fail to wondering in that direction.

I was glad to hear from Rosamond E. again. If I am the sister to whom she offered her sympathy on the cake question I tender her my heartfelt thanks for I've been sorely tried on that point, but as Rena Ross has it my cake don't have that "irretrievable sinking" now, though to quote from her again, "I don't like to boast too much."

The question of allowing those husbands of ours to write a letter now and then seems to be much agitated. For my part, I would like to see what they would write. If they take too much room or become too sentimental, we have only to say, scat! What a scampering there would be with such a chorus shouting, scat! scat! I laugh even now as I see the flapping of innumerable coat tails as the owners make their exit. Rick allows that the sisters cannot object to such a letter as Connecticut Boy wrote. He is a good boy, and within a stone's throw of my windows, I can count three more good boys, and I dare say could I get a closer peep into my neighbors' homes, I would find many more. Several times have I seen a young man hanging out clothes for his mother just "as handy as a woman." Last week, good-natured, kind-hearted Joe was hanging out clothes for his wife, and later in the day was taking down and folding the same with a neatness and precision scarcely equalled by his wife. A little to my right, a fun-loving neighbor will wring and hang out the clothes, though he allows he would rather they would wear out with dirt. From the samples all about me I am inclined to think the helpless husbands are in the minority, or that Connecticut boys have been most thoroughly drilled in housework.

I want to tell the flower-loving sisters how beautifully my plants are growing this winter. In the summer I took tin cans and punched holes in one end. After priming them over I painted them with vermillion. When ready to transfer my slips I put shells or small stones in the cans and filled with good earth. I find these cans are warmer and retain the moisture longer, beside looking prettier from the windows. I have not been without some blossoms since November though I expect the full glory in February or March. My coleuses are doing remarkably well and another winter, if I live, I intend to have a greater variety, for I have brilliancy of color without waiting for blossoms. I must tell you how prettily they served me at a children's tea party this winter. I wanted a pretty centerpiece for my table, so taking my coleus and bright-leaved geraniums I arranged a pyramid on the table, I covered the earth with feathered pine letting it fall over and around the pots. The bright red showing here and there through the pine and green leaves was very effective. I took my brightest cover and prettiest dishes for the table and made two fruit pieces of apples, pears and oranges. As the children gathered around the table, with their sweet, rosebud faces, the picture was complete.

I was much interested in Helen Herbert's November letter, her thoughts were so in unison with my own on the subject of housework. Were I to advise from my own experience I would say that a woman would derive more health and happiness from general housework, than from a close application in stores, shops or offices.

I have often wished that I could give the sisters some helpful hints but there are so many given room, perhaps "we men" can mention,

I would merely say that we have very nice puddings made of cake which has become too dry for the table. I proceed in the same way as I would with a bread pudding.

I am afraid I am growing too lengthy and as I want to come again some rainy day, I will wish you a good morning and a happy New Year.

LUCY BEL.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD BAND:—I am coming in to have a social chat right and left, for I am interested in you all, and in every department of this paper. For just so long as our Johns and Ichabods persist in eating three square meals a day; in thrusting their elbows through their coat sleeves, their toes through their stockings, women cannot claim immunity from the duties attendant.

But, I cannot entertain you with pleasant reminiscences of days spent in the far away picturesque and beautiful places, for life with me the past season has been one unbroken work-day. I would not have you think, however, because I did not sail "over the sea," that I have been shut out from the glory of earth, from the things that excite our wonder and admiration, for that place must be desolate indeed where one could find nothing to admire.

I have enjoyed your pen pictures descriptive of the things "just out of reach," and will frankly admit that it would be pleasant could I follow you in the flesh as I have done in the spirit. But since that cannot be, I accept the alternative with all the grace I can command. I can be contented, and even happy with the blessings that lie within my reach. I believe we may be happy with a little, if we let wisdom govern our wishes, and I question if there is any life so barren, but has in it precious fragments that need but the touch of a thankful heart to convert them into the things that contribute to our happiness.

It was with a feeling of real pleasure that I read the letter from Connecticut Boy in the January HOUSEHOLD. But the emotion was mingled with regret to think there was not enough of him to "go round." For the sentiment he expresses with such gusto, is an honor to any young gentleman. And, dear young lady, let me whisper a secret into your ear. It is just these great-souled, kindly disposed boys, that feel it an honor instead of a disgrace to help mother, that make the best husbands, the kindest fathers, and consequently the happiest homes. The wife of such a man would have no desire to mount the rostrum to agitate the question of woman's rights, or wrongs; neither would she have occasion to use the following rebuke:

"Husband, husband, cease your strife,
Nor longer idly rave, sir;
Tho' I'm your wedded wife,
Yet I am not your slave, sir."

But instead she might quote from Shakespeare:

He "is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold."

Connecticut Boy has the right idea of what constitutes the true gentleman; and he touches a vital point when he says, the parents are to blame as well as the boys. And who can dispute the truth of the assertion? John Q. Adams said: "All that I am my mother made me." Dear mothers of the Band, to get the full meaning of this quotation, let us put it into the mouths of our own boys, for our ears alone. Now, as these words are brought home to us, do they bring a feeling of pleasure or pain? Are our sons a credit to our teachings, or do they make us acquainted with sorrow? If the latter be true of them, for how much are we responsible, or wherein have we failed in our duty? Mothers of little ones will do well to ponder these questions, for it is in the natures of our babies that we must sow rich seeds that shall blossom in their manhood, and bear fruit when they grow old. It is a mistaken idea that we must wait until a child is three or four years old before we begin to teach him obedience, that first principle from which all other things evolve; the foundation stone of every noble nature.

Now the question comes to me as I write, are there not other sensible, right-minded boys, familiar with dough and dishwater, that are not ashamed to own it? Then, sisters, why not invite them to the front? Is it not a little selfish to monopolize THE HOUSEHOLD and shut out our boys and our husbands? It has been said that woman is by nature magnanimous. Now let us exercise our prerogative and verify the saying by opening the door of THE HOUSEHOLD to "John" and "Ichabod" junior and senior. Cowley says that woman is "only one of nature's agreeable blunders." Well, should we admit the gentlemen, time alone will prove whether in trying to imitate nature, we, too, shall make an agreeable, or a disagreeable blunder.

And now I want a turn at the wheel that is to grind that grist that Charity Snow has brought to "THE HOUSEHOLD mill," even though I do not believe the united forces of the Band can ever make "pure meal" of it. In the first place there is no solid substance beneath the husk, only a little gas that like a toy balloon keeps the shell round and plump so long as you handle it carefully, but use it roughly, or puncture it ever

so lightly, and presto! how suddenly the thing will collapse. From my earliest remembrance, up to the appearance of that "obnoxious sentiment," I have been taught, and firmly believed it was wrong to judge people by their dress; and in turn I have tried to inculcate the same principles into the minds of my children, and it is not an easy matter to lay aside the precepts of fifty years, and adopt those of a questionable order. Have we a new regime in the code of morals? If so, I have not advanced with the spirit of the times for I fall utterly to find any thing of real worth in the sentiment referred to above.

To make the decoration of our body the chief aim of existence, would be ignoble, whether we arrayed ourselves in cheap or costly garments;

but a certain degree of pride in our personal appearance is commendable so long as we keep

within the confines of prudence and reason, and

when we lose all incentive to the things that in

a measure regulate our social status, and be-

come careless and indifferent to the opinion of

others, we lose one of the strongest props to re-

spectability. I attended a wedding a short time

ago, it is an occasion where one usually wears

the best their wardrobe affords, and as I looked

round upon the company assembled, Charity's

grist was brought forcibly to mind. There were

ladies present dressed in plain cashmeres; la-

dies dressed in brocaded silks and velvets; but

I don't believe there was a lady present, but

when she dressed for the occasion, did so with

the desire of appearing well. Being well ac-

quainted with all present, and knowing that as

far as intelligence and social standing entitles

one to respect, those wearing the cheaper ma-

terial, were the equals of the more elaborately

dressed, I was puzzled to know how this text

could apply to the one, more than to the other,

unless there is truth in the old saying that "fine

feathers make fine birds."

Across the room it would be hard to tell the

costly fabric, from that of lesser value. Under

the circumstances how are we to ascertain who

are most worthy of our friendship and esteem?

For we do not care to associate with people that

are not respectable, and it would be a little em-

barassing to step up to Mrs. A, B, and C, and

say, "Madam, how much did your dress cost

per yard, and how many yards did it take to

fashion the garment?" "Is your collar real lace

or only imitation?"

Sisters of the Band, whether we are "rolling in

wealth," or forced by circumstances to wear the

cheapest fabrics, we do not want such a low-

lived standard by which to weigh our friends

and acquaintances. And only an abject mind in-

capable of crediting to another virtues they do

not themselves possess, would make the price of

our garments the criterion of any moral worth.

FAITH FRIENDLY.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

DELICIOUS RICE PUDDINGS.—Boil four tablespoonfuls of rice until done and dry, then add one quart of milk, a pinch of salt, and a piece of butter the size of a walnut, put on the range to boil, beat the yolks of four eggs with eight tablespoonfuls of sugar, pour the milk and rice when boiling over the eggs and sugar, then pour all into the pan and let it come to a boil, stirring all the time to keep from curdling. Then beat the whites of the eggs light with sugar and spread on top, and put in the oven to brown. I use a farina kettle for this. Please try and report.

If Lizzie will fry out a thin slice of bacon for her (German) potato salad instead of butter, she will find it a great improvement.

Will you please tell me how to get rid of roaches?

E. J. G.

BAKED CUSTARD.—Here is a recipe for custard so near perfection I will give it. Scald the milk, and to each pint of milk add two eggs, beaten, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and a little salt, and flavor to taste. Pour in an earthen pudding mould, set in a pan of water, and bake slowly until done. It is creamy and delicious.

SPONGE CAKE.—One cup of sugar and three tablespoonfuls of cold water boiled together until clear, three eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately and then just stirred together, after which stir in boiling syrup. Add one cup of flour and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Do not grease your tin but rub it with paper. Bake about thirty minutes. When you take it from the oven, turn the tin over, letting the corners rest on something that will allow the air to circulate under.

HAM CAKES.—Take cold bits of ham, chop fine, and to one teacup of chopped ham add two teacups of bread crumbs, two eggs, pepper, salt, and enough milk to moisten quite wet. Put them in small spoonfuls in a spider. When cooked on one side turn over. Don't let them bake too long. They should be moist when done, not dry and hard.

CREAM OF TARTAR BISCUIT.—A Friend, in a late number, asks how to make cream of tartar biscuits. To one quart of flour add one level teaspoonful of salt, one level teaspoonful of so-

da, and two level teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar; mix thoroughly. Add one-fourth cup of butter, mix soft with equal parts of sweet milk and water, handle quickly, and bake in a hot oven twenty minutes.

BAKING POWDER.—I will give my recipe for baking powder which is preferable to cream of tartar and soda. Five ounces of tauric acid, eight ounces of baking soda, and one pound of corn starch; mix, and put through a sieve five times. Box tight. Only open one box at a time. This quantity will fill three pound baking powder boxes. I have used no other for two years. Use the same as other baking powder.

Will some of the sisters tell me how to color old gold for carpet rags, also, how to make vanilla extract?

LUNETTE.

SAGO PUDDING.—In a late number Mrs. E. W. R. asks for a recipe for cooking sago, I send mine which I think is splendid. To three pints of water take one cup of sago, one cup of sugar, and one-half cup of raisins. First put the water on, and let it get warm, then add the sago, then sugar, then raisins. When it is done, it will be clear and thick like jelly; then take it off, flavor with vanilla, put in a dish, and set away to cool; to be served with nice cream. I hope she will find this satisfactory.

VERONICA.

LEMON PIE.—One large lemon, take only the juice, two-thirds cup of sugar, one cup of cold water, the yolks of four and the whites of two eggs; beat lemon, sugar and eggs together until light before adding water. Fill a deep plate with nice crust, turn in the mixture, grate a little nutmeg on top, and bake in a moderate oven. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth with two tablespoonfuls of white sugar and when the pie is done spread over the top and return to the oven to brown. Let the frosting cook thoroughly and be well browned, or it will cling when the pie is cut.

ANOTHER.—If one wishes a cheaper lemon pie, omit two eggs, and use only the yolks of these, and substitute a cup of boiling water, for the cold, and add a tablespoonful of corn starch, then add the frosting as with the other. John thinks my lemon pie about "the thing."

JEDIDAH PRATT.

HAM RELISH.—Cut small slices of cold ham and fry in their own fat. Lift them out on a warm dish, and keep covered while you prepare the gravy or sauce, which is made thus: Two teaspoonfuls of made mustard, either German or French, a generous pinch of pepper, one teaspoonful of white sugar, one-half cup of vinegar, and one-half teaspoonful of corn starch. Mix well and add to the gravy left in the pan, boil up once or twice, pour over the ham and send covered to the table while hot.

St. Paul, Minn. MRS. H. M. NORTON.

NICE COOKIES.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, five cups of flour, a teaspoonful of seleratus dissolved in four tablespoonfuls of milk and one egg. Flavor to taste. Bake in a quick oven.

MICHIGAN.

CORN STARCH PUDDING.—Stir into a quart of boiling milk two heaping tablespoonfuls of corn starch, after being dissolved in a little milk, and stir constantly for three minutes. Have ready two well beaten eggs, stir in and remove from the stove. Turn the mixture into small cups, and when cold turn the pudding upside down into saucers.

Sauce.—To make a sauce for the pudding, grate one lemon and squeeze out the juice, add to this a cup of sugar, a cup of boiling water and a piece of butter half the size of an egg, and when it comes to the boiling point thicken with a little corn starch dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of cold water. Fill each saucer nearly full with the sauce, and send it to the table. Good either hot or cold.

A. B.

Meridian, N. Y.

BEWITCHED BEEF.—Two pounds of rump beef, chopped fine, one cup of milk, one cup of bread crumbs, a piece of butter the size of an egg, one tablespoonful of salt, and one teaspoonful of pepper. Mix thoroughly with the hands, make into a loaf, and bake one and one-fourth hours.

LIQUID BLUING.—One ounce of pulverized Prussian blue, one-half ounce of oxalic acid, and one quart of soft water. Mix thoroughly. One spoonful is sufficient for a family of half a dozen.

MRS. N. B. HAND.

CREAM SALMON.—Take out the contents of a pint can, remove all bits of skin and bone, drain off the fluid, and mince the fish fine. For a white sauce, boil a pint of milk, thicken with two tablespoonfuls of corn starch, and add two tablespoonfuls of butter with salt and pepper to one's liking. Prepare one pint of finely powdered bread crumbs. Put a thin layer of

crumbs in the bottom of a pudding dish, then a layer of fish, then a layer of white sauce. Repeat these layers for the whole, ending with the crumbs. Then bake in the oven till the top crumbs are a handsome brown. This is a delicious dish for breakfast or tea, and is served as a fish course for dinners. Try it, it will well repay you.

SALMON CROQUETTES.—Mince the fish, removing bits of skin and bone. Mix it thoroughly with an equal quantity of boiled rice, adding a little melted butter, and pepper and salt to taste. Mold into pear-shaped forms, or like little pyramids, and roll them in yolk of egg, beaten, then in powdered crackers. Fry in hot fat like doughnuts. They are readily digestible as the egg prevents the entrance of much fat.

DRESSING FOR SALMON.—Two raw eggs, beat them enough to break them well, put a little cayenne pepper, a little sugar, a little butter, one-half spoonful of mustard, and one-half cup of vinegar. Put it on the stove and boil until it thickens. Have an Irish potato boiled till just done, mash up with a fork until light and mix the dressing with it. Remove the salmon carefully from the can, taking care to break the pieces as little as possible. Lay in your dish and pour the dressing over it.

KATRINA.

RYE AND INDIAN BREAD.—One quart of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda or seleratus, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-half teacup of molasses, five level teacups of Indian meal, three of rye flour, or wheat will do. Steam three hours and bake one.

MRS. M.

ROLL JELLY CAKE.—Eva A. asks for a recipe for making roll jelly cake. I give mine which we think very nice. Three eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add beaten yolks, sugar, salt, and soda, dissolved in three teaspoonfuls of sweet milk, then the flour with cream of tartar. Bake in a large square pan in a quick oven. Have ready a towel upon which turn the cake when done. Spread evenly with jelly, roll up quickly, and keep in the towel until cool.

ANNIE.

Rockland, Me.

GRAHAM BREAD.—Here is an excellent recipe for graham bread, and much easier to make than most kinds: Two cups of sour milk, one heaping teaspoonful of soda, one-half cup of sugar, a piece of shortening the size of a walnut, a little salt, and four cups of graham flour; mix quickly, put into a bread pan, let rise until light, then bake. Please report success.

A. M. K., I have made candles from your recipe many times with good success, and I think them much nicer than most that we buy.

A. L. R.

TO WARM OVER COLD MEATS.—A Young Housekeeper asks how to warm over cold meats of any kind in some nice way. Take your meat and cut it up rather fine, then take some hard or old bread, and fix it the same as dressing for chicken, then mix the meat and bread together, pour a little water over it, and put it in the oven and bake. Be careful and not let it get too dry. I think cold chicken fixed in this way is splendid.

COOKIES.—Old Subscriber wants to know what the catch is about making cookies. Let me give you a good recipe which never fails. Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, four eggs, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little hot water.

AWKWARD.

Mallet Creek, Ohio.

H. M. F. would like recipes for different soups. I send these which I know are excellent:

NOODLE SOUP.—For a family of four or five, take one egg, well beaten, add a pinch of salt, and one-fourth teaspoonful of baking powder, then add flour until stiff enough to roll out as thin as you can without tearing it, then let it dry, turning it over occasionally. When dry cut into small strips, lay them one on the other, then cut as fine as you can. About fifteen minutes before wishing to serve the soup, drop the noodles in while the soup is boiling, and when done set it one side, and then it is ready for the table.

MILK SOUP.—Take more milk than water, let it get to boiling, add salt to suit the taste. Take the yolk of an egg, one-fourth teaspoonful of baking powder, add flour enough, and mix it all together by rubbing it, and there will be little lumps. When the soup is boiling, drop them in, stirring it at the same time, and you will find, if you like milk, that you have as nice a soup as any one wants.

POTATO SOUP.—Take four or five large potatoes, boil until done, rub them through a colander, save the water they were boiled in, and put the potatoes back into the water. If there

is not water enough for soup, add more to it, let

it come to a boil, take a little corn starch and cold water and stir into it when boiling, season with pepper and salt, and add a little butter, and it is ready for the table.

C. A.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD.—Please may I step into the kitchen and ask a few questions? We have a good coal stove which has been used for some years until the ashes have begun to sift through between the sheet iron and wrought iron, where the stove was put together, and a practical tinker has failed to improve it. Can some one tell me what I can do to remedy the defect?

Canton, Mass.

MRS. JOHN BEMIS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.—Can any one tell me how to whiten sea coral?

EMMIE B. WHITNEY.

Fayette Miss.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.—Will some of the sisters of the Band please tell me how to put a gloss on to shirts, collars and cuffs, as they have when done at the laundry?

EMMA POWERS.

I do not think any one can tell how much concentrated lye will take to hull corn. Make the lye strong enough to turn a white cob a deep yellow, by holding it in the lye a minute or two.

MRS. DELIA B. CRIPPEN.

Can one of the sisters please tell me what will take a grease spot out of a wine colored silk, and not change the color?

C. A. F.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.—If L. H. will scorch the shells of eggs (yolks and whites having been removed) and place them on her shelves, the black ants will disappear. If not altogether at first trial, if she perseveres, they will certainly leave her.

Vallejo.

In one of Emily Hayes' papers mention was made of staining floors. Will she please give me directions for staining a pine floor dark olive?

NATALIE.

Will Natalie please send us her full address?

Will some one please tell me how to fry oysters in batter as we get them at hotels?

Scottsville, N. Y. MRS. L. M. SLOCUM.

Will some member of the Band kindly tell me how to make wall paper adhere to an iron fire board?

The Parlor.

WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN.

Summer and winter are one to me,
And the day is bright, be it storm or shine;
For far away, o'er a sunny sea,
Sails a treasure-vessel, and all is mine.
I see the ripples that fall away,
As she cleaves the azure waves before;
And nearer, nearer, day by day,
Draws the happy hour when she comes to shore.
"But what if she never comes?" you say,
"If you never the honor, the treasure, gain?"
It has made me happier day by day,
It has eased full many an aching pain,
It has kept the spirit from envy free,
Has dulled the ear to the world's rude din.
Oh! best of blessings it's been to me,
To look for the hour when my ship comes in.

—Edward S. Rand.

MARY: A STUDY.

BY HILDA.

MARY DOUGLAS was the daughter of a New England farmer, who, beginning life with little, had slowly added acre to acre until he had a comfortable property. She was the youngest of numerous children, most of whom died in infancy and early childhood.

Mr. Douglas was an intelligent man and loved reading, and during noonings in summer, and long evenings in winter, managed to keep himself well informed. Mrs. Douglas was, if any thing, his mental superior. At their marriage, she certainly had a much better education than he, but it is only a woman's work that is never done, and in constantly trying to get it done, in "ever climbing up the climbing wave," she had long ago eschewed all reading but the bible, and felt almost guilty of wasting time in reading that.

This was stony soil for two gentle, imaginative, poetry-loving children to grow out of, as Mrs. Douglas' last born were. The son, a fair, frail boy, fed on books from childhood. Not all his father's sternness, nor his mother's sickly fault-finding, could break him of his inordinate, as they considered it, love of reading. He worked on the farm because he was obliged to work, but while at school and at every spare moment out of school, he applied himself to his studies. When he was twenty-one and free, he entered an academy, and graduated in two years, supporting himself by teaching, then entered college, opposed, of course, by his father, where he staid six months, then came home and died with quick consumption. The grief at his death—for there was grief, the greatest his parents ever felt. They had grown proud of him, he was so intelligent, and he was so kind and uncomplaining that without knowing it their hearts were knit about him—had to be put aside for other trouble.

Douglas' oldest son, after roving about the world, to no purpose, for years, had finally drifted to one of the southern states, where he had died a year before of yellow fever, and now his wife had followed him, leaving three half-grown boys alone in the world. Their grandfather sent for them, and then set about the business of paying his son's debts in various places, which he did with a grim satisfaction in his honesty as contrasted with that of his son. To do this he was obliged to mortgage his farm, and then came the struggle to pay off the mortgage.

It was, perhaps, well for Mary that she had no time to grieve for her brother. There had been the closest sympathy between these two. She had read the books he read, and followed him in all his studies, as far as she could while doing the housework and taking care of her feeble mother. She had denied herself in many ways, thinking of him and his future.

Her hard, bare life had been softened and brightened because he was a part of it, and when this all ceased it was well for her, work and care were her unrelenting masters.

And so the years went on. The boys, her nephews, grew to manhood. They were all ordinarily intelligent, rather coarse, imperative young men, but they were all farmers, much to their grandfather's satisfaction, and so when they married rosy-cheeked girls of the neighborhood and began life for themselves their grandfather gave each of them a certain number of acres, and his very best good will. Mary wondered dumbly at the time, why, since she had served her father so long, he could not give her a portion, too. What little money came into her hands was through the extra exertions that women on a farm often make.

Why is it that a man will give his sons and daughters when they marry, a part of his property, "a good setting out," as the phrase is, while an unmarried daughter, an old maid, must wait until he is dead for her inheritance! Has she not her father's home—and home is a thing to be thankful for—and enough to eat and wear? Yes, but she is by no means mistress of that home. She is most generally a servant to all its other inmates. The creative faculty of the feminine mind, which finds exercise where a woman has a home of her own, and results, or is ever striving for, the symmetrical whole which constitutes a home, is restricted and dwarfed in her. She may be the most profitable child the parents have, but she must be content with food and raiment and the existing state of things.

Mary was now thirty. Whatever youthful vigor she once had, was failing her, and untimely gray was creeping into her hair. Like most women, she had a love of a pleasant home, of beautiful things about her, and early had dreams of transforming their dreary rooms, with their bare floors, and whitewashed walls, and ugly, uncomfortable furniture, into something happier, but received such strenuous opposition that she restricted herself to her own room, and here the only beauty was books, a few good pictures, and blooming plants. Moreover, she had learned that the best love of beauty, the truest refinement, does not consist in luxurious living, in beautiful apparel, in surroundings of perfect taste, however good these may be, but rather in adorning the soul with all the graces self-denial imparts. Of social life she had almost none. Confined at home with her manifold household duties, and the care of her parents, now grown old and feeble, she found little opportunity of mingling even with neighbors, to say nothing of more extended intercourse with the world, consequently she had few guests.

Lovers she had never had. It could not have been because she was unlovely, for her gentleness and patience were endearing, but very shy when a girl, very quiet when a woman, plain and sober in her dress, she never attracted the attention of men.

Mary's days passed now with less tumult and friction, but not less care. There was much to do for her father and mother who were slowly but surely nearing the end of their journey. Her lesson of patience was almost over, and what a discipline it was! It was virtually the laying down of her life. "She must love, not claiming love," she must be silent, and patient, and cheerful, where there was not much silence, and patience, and cheerfulness.

Her tender conscience and her compassionate heart revealed to her how various causes and influences had shaped and distorted her parents, and made them what they were, influences that began before

they were born, or their fathers before them. Holmes says that people are wont to say when a man dies, the doctor should have been called in sooner, whereas the doctor should have been called in generations ago. So in the case of moral infirmity the Great Physician should have been called in generations ago. It is only a long line of religious culture in father and son, mother and daughter, that can finally bring forth a symmetrical, consistent Christian character. Meanwhile, the Lord is very merciful and patient, or our sins, inherited and acquired, would destroy us.

Mary's father was the first to die. He had been for some time growing more and more silent, but his daughter could see it was a gentle silence, and he showed a gratitude for what was done for him, touching in one who had so repressed all tender feelings. He was sick but a short time, and in a few words, as was his habit, expressed his satisfaction at the prospect of a better world, and quietly passed away. Her mother lingered some months longer, with a clinging dependence upon Mary.

People said when Mary's last remaining parent died that now she was free, now she would have a chance to live. Her father had left her in very comfortable circumstances. But she had lived a lonely life until loneliness had become a part of her being. She could no more rid herself of it than she could change the shape of her face or the color of her eyes. Her friends visited her, and insisted upon her visiting them. Gently giving up her own will, as was her wont, she went into society, but was so ill at ease, so unhappy, that gradually she fell back into her old retired life.

But it was not the old life. She could excite in herself no interest in any thing. Work fell listless from her hands. Once she had thought that woman happy who had a home of her own to fashion as she pleased. Did she attempt to reform some room of the old house, the work was soon abandoned unfinished. The cultivation of flowers, that panacea of the griefs of so many women, had lost all charm for her. Books lay unopened, or shut voluntarily in her lap as her eyes closed to all outward things. She longed constantly to have her father and mother back again, tormented herself with fears that she had not done her duty by them, and charged herself with the unhappiness of their declining years. She was in a most unhealthful state of mind and body, for it was partly physical, the overworked nerves were reacting now.

She might have sunk into insanity had she not at this period entered upon a new experience. George Marshall had come to her, and without warning had asked her to be his wife. It came about in this wise: The two families, her father's and his, were neighbors, not near ones, but the children had attended the same school. George when a boy had always admired Mary, but never broke through that reserve that seemed to surround her like a wall. As he grew into manhood his father died, leaving the care of his mother and sisters upon him. He devoted himself to them for years. Now his mother had died, and his sisters married, and nothing in the world was more natural than that these two, George Marshall and Mary Douglas should come together.

When he asked her to marry him her astonishment was great, and her answer was "No." What had she to do with love and marrying? But he would not be denied. He came again and again until she could no longer resist his pleading, and she gave him her heart without reserve. Then she came very near happiness. To be taken care of, was an experience, new, and sweet enough to have

satisfied her, but to be kindly and lovingly spoken to, was like water to lips dry with thirst, and food to one starving. Her face wore a new look; it was scarcely less sad, but there was a radiance upon it unseen there before, and her voice when she spoke to this new friend of hers, was sweet and low as if this flower of her love was so rare and delicate a thing, so akin to spirit and foreign to flesh that she must not breathe harshly upon it lest it vanish to heaven while she was yet on earth.

This, when she was in his presence, when her lover had gone her old fears came back, her doubts of herself. Could she make him happy? When she had left this house in which she had always lived, and gone to his home in the close relationship of wife, would he love her as he did now? Was not his love born of pity for her lonely condition, and could it last? Not that he was unfaithful, but that she was unworthy, and so she wearied herself with fears. "It is too late, too late," she would say to herself, "I can never be happy in this world."

Perhaps it was too late; she had been too many years distorted in the mold of sorrow to lend herself easily to the shape of happiness, and so God who never does any thing wrong, however cruel he may sometimes appear to be, put an end to it all, the short intervals of joy and the long hours of gloom, the hope and the despair. One day she was attacked with bleeding at the lungs, which prostrated her. She had seen her brother stricken in the same way, and had seen him die. She made no struggle for life. She took the remedies the physician prescribed, she accepted the care provided for her, but made no resistance to her fate, and, indeed, it was soon evident that all efforts to restore her health were useless.

Between herself and George Marshall there passed not one word as to the result; she knew and he knew that she must die. He would sit by her side for hours, read to her, talk with her, do every small service that he could, and carefully hide his pain.

As Mary lay peacefully waiting for her summons, she went back and lived over again her childhood with her brother. It seemed now to her one unbroken season of happiness. Her later years had brought so much greater suffering that the griefs of her bare, neglected childhood grew small and were forgotten, and only the sweet companionship of her brother and the incidents of it, stood out prominently in her memory; their long rambles out of doors into the woods in the early spring time, where they gathered many flowers and violets and handfuls of the partridge berry, with its long green vine and lovely red berries. In the summer there was hunting after birds' nests, and acquaintance made with toads, and, I am sorry to say, bumble bees' nests robbed; but how delicious was the honey they squeezed from its brown cells into the palms of their hands. Then as they grew older, they read books together, books that were bought after much planning and saving of money, through the afternoons of rainy days and the long winter evenings, sitting side by side reading the same page, her brother, with a mind a little quicker of comprehension, always reaching the bottom of the page first, and waiting for her—she remembered it all, she lived it all over again. Her latter years were as if they had never been, the present was a dream, this love that had come to her so late and so unexpectedly, was like the pleasant recollection of a dream, and only the far past and the future were real to her.

"The life of the Christian runs into eternity," so this purified spirit every day leaned a little way out of the casement of its house of clay and stretched toward

heaven. There was her Saviour, He who had long been to her the shadow of a great rock in a weary land; there was her brother, she should be by his side once more in a communion of spirit that could never be broken. O the joy of reunion in that world of life that is endless, life indeed over which the shadow of death can never hang more.

It was a chilly day in the latter part of April that she died. Last year's dead leaves, let loose by the melting of the snow, more thin and faded than when they fell, mere ghosts of leaves, were flitting about, rising in clouds from corners and hollows, and whirled onward by the fitful breeze. As the cheerless day neared its close the clouds broke away and the sun shone out brightly. Mary had been lying with her eyes closed, but as the bright sunset rays filled the room, she opened them, gazed for a moment at the rosy light in the west, then let them linger upon the various objects in the room, her books and pictures, and such inanimate things as we sometimes find ourselves attached to when about to part from them, and then closed them forever.

A DISCIPLE OF ART.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

It was evident that they were very poor. The house in which they lived, though large and commodious, was sadly in need of repair; the fences were broken, the gates off their hinges, and the grounds an intricate tangle of flowering shrubs, brashwood, and weeds.

But neither old Mrs. Graydon nor her pretty granddaughter ever complained. They made the best of what they had, and disguised as far as possible the fact that they had woefully descended of late years in the scale of prosperity.

Mrs. Graydon was very old, and for several years past, had not ventured beyond the threshold of her own room. On Lettice, therefore, devolved the responsibility of the housekeeping, and the troublesome elucidation of the problem of ways and means. She was ably seconded, however, by old Margery, a faithful servant, who had spent two decades in the service of the Graydons, and who thought her young mistress the fairest and sweetest of womankind.

Lettice, having no money to spend in decking herself out in the fashions of the day, contented herself with wearing the gowns she found in the old cedar chest in the garret, and when Frank Chauncey first saw her he likened her in his mind to some demure Puritan maiden, so soberly was she attired in white and drab.

He was attracted at once by her sweet face, and determined to know her. He found it very easy to make her acquaintance, for owing to the secluded life she had led, she was as guileless as a dove, and saw nothing out of the way in the desire of a stranger to examine the sketch upon which she was engaged.

She was sitting in the weedy, old-fashioned garden under a locust tree, with her box of water colors beside her, when, on chancing to look up, she saw a young man leaning over the low wall which separated Mrs. Graydon's garden from that of her neighbor, Mrs. Poe.

"Will you let me see what you are doing," asked Frank, coolly.

"Certainly," answered Lettice, blushing with pleasure, for, poor child! no one save old Margery had ever before shown any interest in her work.

Frank jumped over the wall in a trice and took a seat beside her. The sketch was crude in the extreme; but he managed to say several pleasant things about it without feeling himself much of a hypocrite. He wanted to say more when he

saw how pleased she looked, but his conscience wouldn't let him.

From talking of the sketch they wandered to other subjects, and Lettice found out that Frank was visiting Mrs. Poe, who was his great-aunt, and that he was a lawyer in the city. And, Frank discovered that Lettice was by far the prettiest, dearest little girl he had ever met.

"They are as proud as Lucifer," said Mrs. Poe, when her nephew asked her about her neighbors at dinner that day. "Mrs. Graydon is descended from some great king, I believe, and she looks like it, with her thick white hair and Roman nose. But they are dreadfully poor, in spite of their ancestry. They plead Mrs. Graydon's ill health as an excuse for never receiving visitors; but it's my private opinion that they've sold all their parlor furniture in order to buy food. Lettice is a pretty child, but she dresses in a most outlandish manner, and she never goes anywhere. Whenever I look out of my window I see her in the garden, painting. I should think it would pall on her. It's a pity she can't profit by such industry. She hasn't a decent gown to her back."

But in spite of the fact that Lettice was so poor and lonely, Frank vaulted over the garden wall every day—often several times a day—and lounging on the grass at Lettice's feet, listening to her low, sweet voice and merry laughter, he had no thought for her gown.

Lettice wasn't always merry. There was a look of care on her face sometimes, and Frank shrewdly suspected it was due to the low state of the family finances. He was a generous young fellow, and he wished he could offer her a little out of his abundance; but of course such a thing was out of the question. But one day a bright idea came to him.

"Miss Lettice," he said, taking up one of her little sketches, "why don't you dispose of some of these? You are really selfish to keep them all to yourself, and surely you must have covered every wall in your house by this time."

Lettice's face grew red and then pale; her eyes lighted up.

"Oh, Mr. Chauncey," she cried, with a little catching of her breath, "if I only could dispose of them! I have thought of it a hundred times since you praised my work so highly, but did not know what steps to take. But then after all," her face clouding a little, "who would want them?"

"A great many people," said Frank, in his most business like tone. "Suppose you let me take a few with me the next time I run up to the city. I may be able to do something for you. It won't do any harm to try, any way."

"I don't like to give you so much trouble."

"No trouble at all. I think I know a fellow who'll take them."

Lettice looked radiant, and all the rest of the day she was so happy that old Margery glanced at her suspiciously more than once, wondering if the young man who spent so much time in the garden had had aught to do with her mood.

Margery took almost a mother's interest in Lettice, and had puzzled her brains many and many an hour over the young girl's future. She had not been blind to Frank Chauncey's attentions, and thought she saw in them a possible solution to the problem which troubled her so much, and so had wisely forbore to mention the young man's frequent calls to her mistress, who would have put an immediate stop to them.

Frank went to the city a few days after his talk with Lettice, carrying with him three of her best sketches. On his return he handed her a roll of bills.

"You see, you young disciple of art, that my advice was sound," he said.

"Fifteen dollars for three sketches!" exclaimed Lettice. "Oh Mr. Chauncey, it seems too good to be true."

"You don't think I let them go too cheap, then?"

"No, no, indeed. It is more than I expected. But didn't you have any trouble with them?"

"Not the least. They went off to the first man who looked at them," answered Frank, pulling his moustache.

"How delightful!" cried Lettice "who was he?"

"A man on River street," answered Frank, hesitating just a little. "And he is anxious for more if you are willing to sell them at that price."

"The supply will be equal to the demand," laughed Lettice. "I only hope he won't try to jem me down when he sees how anxious I am to sell."

"I don't think there is any danger of that," said Frank, "he's a pretty clever sort of a fellow."

"Do you know him well?"

"Oh, yes, intimately," said Frank.

"Then of course he will do what is right. But I have heard grandma say that picture dealers were regular sharpers. She sold some of ours—once," said Lettice, hesitatingly, and with an air of having said rather more than she had at first intended.

"Some are pretty sharp, that's a fact," said Frank, "but you need not worry. I will see that your interests are protected."

"But I can't let you take any more trouble for me, Mr. Chauncey. I will send the sketches to this man direct, if you will give me his address."

"And so deprive me of the pleasure of being your man of business," said Frank. "No, no, I won't consent to that. After I am gone, you can send them to me, and I will attend to their sale."

"Some day you may be proud of being my man of business," laughed Lettice. "Who knows but I may become famous."

Little comforts of every sort began to creep into the old mansion, and with great pride Lettice informed her grandmother whence they came. And she worked literally night and day until Frank put a stop to it.

"I won't sell another picture for you unless you work more moderately," he said, one day, when he ran down from the city to see her and found her pale and weary. "You look like a little ghost, and you're growing round shoudered."

"But grandma needs so many things," pleaded Lettice. "She grows weaker every day."

"You are growing weaker, too, and I can't have it," said Frank. "You must rest."

"I will," said Lettice; "let me finish this one sketch, and I won't paint another for a month."

But before the sketch was finished the motive power for Lettice's industry ceased, for her poor old grandmother was found dead in her bed, and no longer needed costly wines and delicacies.

As soon as Frank heard of Lettice's bereavement, he hastened to her. The funeral was over, and he found her sitting in the old garden alone, her tears falling fast over her black dress. She gave a faint cry when she saw Frank, and ran right into the arms he opened to receive her. And when she was at length quiet he told her that she must marry him at once. "You can't stay here with only old Margery," he said. "That is out of the question. I have a big house, and it needs a mistress."

"But, Frank, I—I am afraid you are asking me to marry you because you are sorry for me," faltered the poor child, "and there is no need for me to be a burden on any one. You mustn't forget that

I'm a disciple of art," with a faint smile, "and I can support myself."

"Don't talk nonsense," said Frank, kissing her. I made up my mind six months ago to win you for my wife. And as to your supporting yourself—that's humbug."

"But I could, Frank. I thought it over yesterday. I could earn enough for all my wants. Why, I've earned over one hundred dollars already."

For some reason which he did not explain, Frank blushed.

"You're the smartest little girl in the United States," he said, after a short pause, "but all the same, you're to marry me at the earliest possible moment."

And married they were, a month later.

Frank took his bride on a short wedding trip, and then brought her to the city in which her future home was to be. As they drove away from the depot, Lettice leaped out of the carriage window, and looked eagerly around.

"Are we anywhere in the vicinity of River street, Frank?" she asked.

"Yes dear, my office is on River street, you know."

"I didn't know. But I thought—well, you know, Frank, the dealer lives on River street. You told me so, once."

"The dealer!" and Frank started.

"Yes, the man who buys my pictures. Can't we drive by his place? It would be such a satisfaction to me, and I might see something of mine in the window."

"Don't let's think of it to-day," said Frank. I want to get you home. Think how anxious Margery is to see you."

"Very well. Just as you think best, of course," said Lettice; but she looked disappointed.

Housekeeping with Frank and Margery in the pleasant, old-fashioned house which had belonged to Frank's parents, seemed like a dream to Lettice at first; but after the novelty wore off she found time hang rather heavily on her hands.

"I'll really have to take up my painting again, Margery, for lack of something else to do," she said one day, when she had been married about a month.

"Let's clear up that garret first," said Margery. "I went up and looked in there yesterday, and you never saw such a place for litter. And you'd best hang up the pictures as is up there, first, before makin' any more."

"Pictures!" repeated Lettice. "Are there pictures up there, Margery? I'll run up and look at them."

When Margery, armed with dust-pan and broom, went up to the garret a few minutes later, she met her little mistress coming down. Her face was pale, and she was crying; but she refused to answer any questions, and, rushing into her bedroom like a whirlwind, closed and locked the door.

There she remained for the rest of the day, in spite of Margery's persistent pleadings that she would come out, and she refused to open the door to admit the waiter of luncheon the old servant had prepared.

When Frank came home, however, the door was unlocked, and Lettice was lying on the sofa with her face hidden in the wretched cushion.

"What's the matter, Lettice?" asked the young husband, greatly concerned.

"Oh, Frank, how could you do it?" and Lettice raised a reproachful, tear-stained face to his gaze. "It was a cruel, cruel deception."

A guilty conscience needs no accuser. For one instant Frank looked bewildered, the next instant his face grew scarlet.

"I suppose you've been up garret," he said.

Lettice was silent; but her lips quivered, and her eyes filled with fresh tears.

"Now darling, you know I didn't mean to be cruel. I wanted to help you, and

there was no other way. Please forgive me," and he tried to kiss the quivering lips.

But Lettice pushed him away. "I never can forgive you," she said.

"Now, Lettice, that is unkind. I acted for the best. The market is flooded with such sketches all the time, and of course it would have been folly for me to try to dispose of yours to a regular picture dealer. But I didn't tell any fibs. I did sell them—to myself. I was very glad to buy all you could paint."

"I ought to have seen through the trick," said Lettice, "and when I think how I talked of becoming famous, and the sharpness of dealers—"

"You weren't mistaken there," interrupted Frank, "the dealer was sharp, you see. But if you'll only forgive him he'll frame every one of those blessed sketches and hang them in the parlor."

"I'll forgive you on one condition," said Lettice.

"Consider it granted," said Frank.

"That you burn every one of them this night."

"I couldn't," said Frank, "the wanton sacrifice of such works of art would be too harrowing. My brain would turn if I attempted such a thing."

"Frank, you are simply horrid," said Lettice, smiling through her tears, "cruel, deceitful—"

"You took me for better or worse," he interrupted.

"So I did. Well, I suppose I am obliged to forgive you."

"Certainly," said Frank, as he kissed her, "and I don't think, after all, that you feel the obligation much of a cross."

HOW SHE FOUND HER MISSION.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

Part I.

"Be good, fair maid, and let who will be clever; Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long, And so make life, death, and the vast forever One grand, sweet song."

The birds sang sweetly overhead, the light breezes gently swayed the apple boughs and sent down a shower of white blossoms which fairly covered the half-reclining form of Lura Miles, who gently shook them off as she idly let the book slip between her fingers, from which she had just read aloud, the above verse.

"Do noble deeds." Yes, that is just what I would like to do if I could," soliloquized Lura, "but how is a body going to do any thing very noble, when one has no particular accomplishment, and no means of learning any except what one can pick up at a district school, and staying at home doing house work, that is what I should like to know!" And Lura leaned back against the old apple tree, turned her eyes upward and watched the fleecy clouds as they sailed across the blue heavens.

"Now, if I knew enough to write some pretty verses about those clouds, for instance, or if my fingers were not so stiff but that I could 'execute nicely' (as Miss Bennett says) so there might be some prospect of my ever becoming a famous musician! Or, if such a thing would happen, as that somebody would fall into the river and I could be the one to rescue them from a watery grave. Or—or—oh dear! there never will any thing happen in this dull, sleepy place! Of all the stupid places in this world, I do believe Greendale is the very worst."

Lura Miles was the only and almost idolized child of plain-hearted, hard-working farmer Miles, and his wife, a physically delicate, but well educated, and high-spirited woman. They had spared no pains, as far as their means would allow, in educating their darling daughter. All the advantages of which Greendale could boast, had been trans-

ferred to Lura as rapidly as she was capable of profiting by them, until she was looked up to by the simple villagers as a very accomplished and lovable young lady who would grace any position.

Lovable she certainly was; beautiful she was not, although she possessed a sweet and interesting face, which, combined with a graceful and winning manner, gave to her a charm which won all hearts. She possessed in a good degree her father's rare, good sense, which generally called her down from the heights where she frequently soared when the mother-part of her nature asserted itself, as had been the case this morning when my story opens.

But as Lura slowly wended her way across the shady orchard, through the old bar-way and on toward the house, she little dreamed what great thing (to her) was about to happen in prosy, sleepy, old Greendale.

Mrs. Miles' sister Felicia was a maiden lady of wealth. Naturally talented, warm-hearted and attractive, she had endeared herself to a wealthy old couple, with whom she had boarded years previous when teaching school. Mr. and Mrs. Peterson gave her a home and treated her in every respect like an own daughter. When Mr. Peterson died he left her a legacy of several thousand dollars, and she promised him that she would care for and live with his wife as long as the old lady needed her.

Aunt Felicia's annual visits at the "Miles Farm" were always looked forward to with delight; not only that each member of the family enjoyed her society, but also from the fact that, out of her generosity, she always left some substantial token of her affection for the loved ones, which would serve to brighten and make more comfortable the old farmhouse, in a way that Mr. Miles' limited income would not allow of.

As Lura entered the door, she heard her mother's voice from the pantry calling:

"Lura! Lura!"

"Yes, mother, I'm coming," she answered, as she hurried along to the pantry.

"I wish you would frost this pudding, Lura, I have so much to do, and I am afraid it will not get cool enough for dinner if it is not done now."

"Why, yes, mother, I'll do it! I do wish you would let me help you more, you look so uncomfortable from being over that hot stove so long. I am sure I could bake more if you would let me try."

"Yes, my dear!" returned her mother. "But you tire so easily, and I do not wish you to over-tax your strength while you are growing, it will be soon enough for you to drudge when you are obliged to."

Thus did this loving mother (like many others) bear the "heat and burden" herself, that her darling child might be spared all uncomfortableness. Ah! did she never think that if spared all trials and burdens now, it would be all the harder for her to take them up, by and by, untrained?

Lura frosted the pudding, and as she passed out into the kitchen, her father drove into the yard in the market wagon, with which he had been to the city of M—, near by, to carry a load of potatoes, left over from last year's supply.

"Any mail, father?" inquired Lura, going to the door and running down the path to meet him, as she saw him put his hand in his pocket. He drew out a letter which he handed her, and she ran into the house, exclaiming:

"O, mother! mother! a letter from Aunt Felicia, come quick, while I read it."

But as she spoke, she hastily tore open the envelope, and not waiting for her

mother's appearance, quickly glanced over the contents. As Mrs. Miles entered the sitting room, Lura exclaimed:

"O, mother, just think! Aunt Felicia proposes my going to the young ladies' college in P—, for a year certain, and she will pay my tuition. Isn't it good news? Just what I have always wished for. I can go, can't I, mother? O, do say yes, quick!"

Just then her father appeared in the door-way. "What's all the noise about?" he asked.

"You tell him, mother," said Lura, as she sank down in her father's arms completely overcome with joy and excitement, while her mother took up the letter and quietly read it aloud.

"WILLOW HALL, June 8, 18—.

DEAR SISTER AND FAMILY:—On account of the failing health of Mrs. Peterson, I shall not be able to visit you this month as I had anticipated. As therefore, I cannot talk with you, I will communicate by letter my plans in regard to Lura. She has long desired to attend a college for young ladies, and I have for several months past been thinking of proposing to you this plan, viz.: That Lura should go to the college in P— and be examined to enter as a 'special,' that is, to take no regular course, but three or four studies, such as will prove most useful to her in her position. She will, by this means, receive the training so beneficial to all young ladies: intercourse with refined and educated people, an interchange of ideas with girls of her own age, and in every way advantages which she could not possibly receive in Greendale.

If she passes the examination, I will pay her tuition for one year, at the end of which time we can better tell whether it will be best to send her another or not. The examination takes place at P— college June 28 and 29. I would advise Lura to brush up a little in grammar before she attempts it.

My health is very good at the present time. Hoping this will find you all well and happy, I will close with much love. Your sister and aunt, FELICIA."

Perfect silence for a moment followed the reading of the letter, when Mr. Miles spoke.

"Well, Lura, do you think you can pass the examination?"

"I am willing to try, father, and if I study real hard, I think I can," she answered.

Farmer Miles and his wife were pleased to think that, at last, their daughter was to receive that training they had always desired for her, but had felt so keenly was beyond their power to bestow, owing to their limited income. Thus it was decided that she should try for the examination. She immediately began to prepare herself by studying with zeal all that afternoon. And in like manner most of the days were passed until the long-looked-for day dawned when she was to start for P—.

She rode off in high glee, gaily kissing her hand to her mother as she passed through the gate. Her father helped her aboard the train at Greendale station, and not until he had left her and she found herself surrounded by strangers, being rapidly borne forward toward P—, did she realize that, for the first time in her life, her parents were powerless to help her. Her success at P— entirely depended upon her own exertions.

MY SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

Fifth Paper.

After passing a few days very delightfully with our kind and hospitable friends in Faribault, we set our faces homewards regretting that we were unable at this time to accept the pressing and kind in-

vitations tendered to us from friends, readers of THE HOUSEHOLD, in Iowa and Kansas to visit them before going home.

The first day's journey homeward was as far east as the Mississippi river, upon the eastern bank of which we passed a second comfortable night, at Prairie du Chien.

The scenery in northeastern Iowa, on the way to North McGregor, Iowa, is very bold and romantic. The last few miles were through a very wild and picturesque region of country, and the rays of the setting sun lighting up the woods, rocks, streams and bluffs invested every thing with a peculiar charm. But as I have lost the notes taken by the way here, I must leave much to the reader's imagination.

Prairie du Chien, meaning in French, field-of-the-dog, is one of the old French settlements. It undoubtedly received its name from the numerous prairie dogs formerly found in the vicinity, really a species of wolf.

Here is a Roman Catholic college and convent. All along the Mississippi river from mouth to source, and all along the St. Lawrence, are found traces of the zeal of the old French Catholic missionaries. The large, comfortable hotel by the station was built twenty-seven years ago by the railroad company, at a time when most of the surrounding country was in a wild state, and very thinly settled.

Traces of a recent cyclone were frequently visible on the return journey, especially in Minnesota and Wisconsin, trees blown down, fields submerged. Some of the names of the stations passed in Wisconsin on the second day were very suggestive, Boscobel. Probably corrupted from the French, *bosquet belle* (beautiful woods.) Blue River, (the Wisconsin river.) Lone Rock, Avoca, reminding one of Moore's ballad,

"There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet, As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet; Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart. Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best. Where the storms that we feel in this cold world shall cease,

And our hearts like thy waters be mingled in peace."

Spring Green. Between this station and the next, Helena, we cross the Wisconsin river for the second time. The river looks not unlike the Connecticut. Among other stations after this are Black Earth, Cross Plains, and at Madison the capital of the state, we stop twenty minutes for refreshments. Fine water

view as we go on to the next station, Milton. Here is a pretty little park near the station, an Episcopal church, handsome windows of stained glass. Whitewater, Palmyra. This place is famous for its "Mammoth spring," the largest of the numerous medicinal springs in the state of Wisconsin. It would appear that this is not the only one as there are several springs, viz.: Chalybeate, magnesia, sulphur and iron springs whose waters are said to cure so long a catalogue of diseases that it seems a wonder that the inhabitants do not live forever. Palmyra boasts a fine sanitarium for the cure of all chronic diseases.

Another famous summer resort and medicinal spring is at Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, where the spring water has received the lively name of Vita water. This water contains salt, soda, lime, magnesia, iron, and some other things, but considerably more of lime and of magnesia than of any other substances.

Arriving at Milwaukee at half-past three, P. M., we find ourselves too late for the day-boat across lake Michigan, so engage a state room on the handsome iron clad boat, Wisconsin, which leaves for Grand Haven, on the opposite side of the lake at half-past eight. This is called

May.

the palace steamer line. The boats are built of iron, expressly for this route, in water-tight compartments. As lake Michigan is more subject to dangerous storms than any of the other lakes it is very necessary to have a strong, water-tight boat. Just before I arrived in Milwaukee a lady came into the car at a way station and took a seat with me. Being of the free and social disposition so characteristic of western people, she asked me some questions and finding I was going to cross Lake Michigan expressed much concern and horror.

"Nothing" said she, "would induce me to go that way."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Oh, it is so apt to be stormy, Lake Michigan is the worst of all the lakes. I went that way once and that was enough for me. And now, too, when we have just been having such dreadful storms! I should dread it."

This little conversation was not calculated to fill my mind with pleasing anticipations, but as I had purchased my ticket by this route I commended myself to Providence and dismissed all useless anxiety, endeavoring to obey the command, "Be careful (unduly anxious) for nothing." "Casting all your care upon Him for He careth for you."

Five hours would intervene between my arrival in Milwaukee and the departure of the boat, but being exceedingly weary with the day's journey in the slow accommodation train, I decided to pass it upon the boat instead of trying to see the beauties of Milwaukee, which is said to be one of the finest cities of the west. I had with me an abundant and excellent luncheon provided by my generous Minnesota friends, but thought a cup of tea would refresh me. Before I had asked for it, however, one of the courteous employees on the boat, thinking perhaps, I looked tired, asked if I would have supper, or if I needed any thing. I declined supper but asked for a cup of tea, and in a few minutes a cup of excellent and fragrant tea was brought to my state room on a tray with sugar and milk. It was very refreshing. On offering to pay for it what was my surprise at the rejoinder:

"Oh, we never charge any thing for a cup of tea. Won't you take more?"

No charge for state rooms either. Certainly this generosity is a great contrast to the extortion practiced so universally upon travelers in the east. The day had been warm and somewhat tedious. It was a relief to be free from the noise and cinders of the cars, upon the cool, quiet water.

Standing upon the deck as we left Milwaukee we had a good view of the city with its many substantial stores and fine buildings. The lamps were just lighted, and as we receded from the city and the buildings grew dim and hardly to be distinguished in the distance, large, bright fires were very conspicuous in the gathering darkness. A lady by my side told me that they were large furnaces for melting iron used in manufacturing purposes.

Contrary to the cheerful prognostications of my late fellow traveler in the cars, the night was calm and pleasant, with no wind to disturb the waves, and scarcely a sound except the steady ploughing of the wheels through the water at the rate of about ten miles an hour. Weary with the day's travel I fell asleep almost as soon as I lay down, and when I awoke it was broad daylight, and we were near Grand Haven.

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

A DAY IN SIAM.

BANGKOK, SIAM, Feb. 5, 18—

Six days ago at noon we anchored off Bangkok Bar. The above sentence may

give you some idea of the Siamese scenery—Siamese towns as viewed from ship. In fact, we might about as well have anchored in the middle of the broad Pacific. We were forty-five miles from Bangkok and not in sight of land. A pilot boarded us and after kindly informing us that we could not possibly cross the bar offered a passage in his launch at five dollars a head. He furthermore told us that no room could be had for love or money in the city. But one hotel exists and it was reserved for the officers of a German war vessel, which was expected at the Bar momentarily. Nevertheless, nearly a dozen of us took passage with the pilot for the trip up the river Meinam, the mother of waters. The banks are low and covered with palms, cocoanut trees and thick underbrush—all a vivid green. The river is crooked in the extreme.

At 10 P. M., we came alongside the wharf at Bangkok. The hotel at which we stop is at the water's edge. We came in, got something to eat and here we are yet. The program for our first day in Bangkok was to turn out early and see something of the place before it would be hot. It is 78° at day break here. I have no doubt some of our superfluous heat would be very agreeable to you in the states. It is scorching and the pole star, instead of the highly respectable point which he occupies in the eastern states, is quite at horizon here. Everybody in the east wears a piece of flannel around the abdomen in order to guard against changes of heat and chill. We laughed when advised to adopt the custom. But one of the men being taken with a queer cold and, not acute, pain in the stomach, and being informed that was the way cholera first made its appearance, he with the rest of us went into flannel. On going to our room we found we had a large one, with walls of thin clapboards, unplastered. Mosquito netting made (apparently) of sheeting surrounded the bed.

We did turn out early, that is, we started off at six o'clock the next morning in our gondolas, Bangkok being the Venice of the east, gondolas are used to a great extent. The Public Gardens came first. The grounds are immensely large, and of course contain all manner of tropical plants and many rare animals.

The plant that attracted most attention was the famous Victoria Regia. It is a species of water lily. The flower is white and of great size, and the leaves are flat; they have an edge all around, a couple of inches high and are from four to seven feet in diameter. It is stated that they will sustain a weight of many hundred pounds. Of animals the white pea-fowl was the oddest.

We next went to see the great Buhddha temple, "Wat po." I wish you could have an idea of this building. A large number of different buildings are in the enclosure and make part of the temple. The entire exterior surface of all the buildings is made of plaster stuck full of porcelain of different colors. In detail the thing is cheap. In effect it is a success. These porcelain pieces are of all sizes and every shape. Hundreds, nay, thousands of small saucers stuck in innumerable teacups are seen, and immense numbers of large colored plates. After climbing a staircase as steep as a ladder, some one hundred feet, we had a noble view of the city.

In the afternoon of our first day we took in the palace and royal grounds, private chapel and royal museum.

Siamese architecture differs essentially from both Chinese and Japanese, and it is needless to say, bears no resemblance to any thing we have at home. As already stated, the principal feature seems to be a free use of mortar stuck full of porcelain of bright colors. The king's palace

has this peculiarity to a great extent, and his chapel was a splendid sample of what could be done in that line. The interior of the chapel had a brightly polished floor made of bricks of brass. Many images were there but the emerald statue which occupied the first place in it was of most importance.

The museum was in a dismantled condition on account of the large exposition in process of preparation. But several magnificent stuffed tigers, giraffes, lions, bears, etc., were there; several examples of Siamese silver work and a half dozen elephant tusks, larger than you would think they could grow. One pair were six or eight inches in diameter at butt and at least six feet high. There were also two immense elephant howdahs.

All our days we had heard of the celebrated white elephant of Siam. To-day we visited in his mansion, the white elephant. An animal who sleeps under a canopy, has gilded posts to be tied to and has a title as long as that of a prime minister. What will you think of our disappointment, when told that the noble brute whom we expected to find a lovely creamy white, is—a dirty red. The thing is easily understood when one learns that the Siamese word translated white don't mean white at all, but is a name for a special color given to these animals in contradistinction to the elephant generally. We saw other royal elephants and then visited the war elephants. One of these was a monster and had to hold his head away up when he walked, and even then the tusks dragged on the ground.

As there was still an hour and a half before the dinner hour, we went to see the sleeping Buhddha. One large building contains this image. It is lying at full length and is one hundred and fifty feet long. It is gilded over, and as many parts of the gilding had fallen off we managed to secure some pieces as a memento of the visit.

After looking at this immense image, we went to our hotel. On arriving at this place we found that the expected officers had arrived, and our baggage was piled together ready for us to take our departure. Two were allowed to stay at the hotel. The remainder of the party was taken in by the consul and some friends. So ended our first day in Siam.

THE PHILADELPHIA SILK EXHIBITION.

BY ELIZABETH TAYLOR.

Perhaps the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD who were interested last year in reading about silk culture, will like to hear about the exhibition which the Women's Silk Culture Association is expecting to open in Philadelphia on April 21st.

They have secured Horticultural hall for the purpose. Their plan is to show mulberry trees grown in pots expressly for the exhibition, the tiny gray eggs, or "grains," as they are called, also the thread-like worms as they are first hatched, and so on through all their stages of feeding, moulting and spinning, until the soft and pretty cocoons are ready for the process of reeling.

Then they hope to add a machinery department, and they are promised all the various steam, hand and automatic reels, beginning with the simple old-fashioned hand reel of China, and rising to the perfected result of French and American ingenuity and skill.

Silk is to be woven in the exhibition building, so that any one can follow the whole curious and interesting subject from the little egg to the finished dress.

The interest in sericulture seems to be spreading over the country with a gratifying steadiness, though less rapidly, while he is away."

than it would if the old prejudice against it were not so hard to overcome. Last summer 45,000 pounds of cocoons were raised in the United States, representing \$45,000 in the hands of American country women, many of whom, perhaps, would otherwise have had hardly a dollar of their own. These 45,000 pounds of cocoons, however, are but a very small proportion of the amount used by the looms of the country. Philadelphia alone has seventy-four silk manufacturing establishments which turned out in 1882, goods amounting in value to \$6,694,600. Does not this statement make it plain that there must be a market for all the cocoons that the farmers' wives and daughters can raise?

A school teacher in San Jose, California, raised during last season's vacation ninety pounds of cocoons, which is equivalent to saying that she added \$90.00 to her income by a light and pleasant occupation during the time that she was resting from the severer strain of her intellectual work. Would making shirts, or sewing on the machine, or taking boarders, have in the six weeks netted her the same amount, or have furnished her with either easy or pleasant occupation?

It would perhaps be well for our agricultural colleges and district schools to consider the statement made by Mrs. Lucas, the president of the Woman's Silk Culture Association that, "in France silk culture is made a part of the national educational system for girls."

Why should not our district school houses be surrounded by groves of mulberry trees, that under their grateful shade, the little girls might be initiated into a pursuit at once healthful and entertaining, from which in their womanhood they could emancipate themselves, in a degree, from the fetters of the sewing machine?

King James the First, having worn some garments made from silk raised in Virginia, and finding it in no way inferior to that brought from Europe, issued an order, compelling every land owner in that colony to plant at least ten mulberry trees to every one hundred acres of land. From those trees Virginia children are to-day feeding the worms of this new venture in silk industry.

ODD MINUTES.

BY MRS. S. E. DAWES.

"I am sorry I kept you waiting so long in this cold parlor, Ada," said Mrs. Alice Emery, as she cordially greeted her morning visitor, "but baby must needs upset a basin of water all over him, and I had to change all his clothes or take the risk of his getting cold."

"Your absence needs no apology, Alice, it is I who ought to excuse myself to you for calling so early. While sitting here, I've been feasting my eyes upon the pretty ornaments all about me, which I presume are your handiwork."

"Why, yes, I really couldn't afford to buy any thing of the kind ready made."

"How do you find time for such things? With three children to sew for and take care of, it is past my finding out where you get the time. My two children are both old enough now to go to school, and I ought to accomplish something more than the routine of homely, everyday work. I have taste, I think, I'm sure I want to see pretty things about my house, and I have the material for half a dozen fancy articles now, but I have never touched them yet. Do please tell me the secret of your success in such matters."

"With pleasure, Ada, if you'll step out into the sitting room where my mending basket is. Baby will be home from his ride soon, and I must improve the time while he is away."

"Speaking of getting time to work upon fancy articles, or engaging in any thing that is not the necessary work of the family, makes me think of an old saying of my grandma's, 'Take care of the minutes,' she used to say, 'and the hours will take care of themselves.' I never should accomplish any thing in the way of extra work, if I waited till I had an hour of absolute leisure. Every little article of ornament you see about my house, I have done in odd minutes."

"I really don't understand, Alice, what you mean by odd minutes."

"Well, dear, I'll try to explain as best I can. You know as I only have a small girl to help take care of the baby, and assist about the housework, I have to do a great deal myself. I have tried to reduce the matter to a system as far as possible, that is, I have certain times to do certain kinds of work. I prefer to do the sweeping myself, and I make it easy by doing only one room at a time. After I have swept it, I generally employ the few minutes while the dust is settling, in reading some favorite book. I couldn't tell you how many books I have read through in this way, or how much such diversion rests me."

"Dear me, Alice, I have to sit down to a regular afternoon or evening with a book in order to accomplish any reading."

"It isn't necessary, if you will only try my plan. I always arrange to have a number of different kinds of work begun, and when I have a few spare minutes I catch up whichever I can do to the best advantage. Oftentimes my husband will be ten or fifteen minutes late at breakfast or dinner; while waiting at such times, I crocheted a set of table mats, the ones you were admiring so much the other day."

"But, Alice, didn't it take a long time to do them?"

"Yes, it was quite a while before I finished the last of the set, but then I didn't miss the time I spent on them at all. If I run into my nearest neighbor's for an informal call, I generally take something with me to work upon while we are chatting. That silk afghan on the parlor lounge was made entirely that way. When Mrs. Loring, who lives next door, was confined to the house all last winter with rheumatism I used to run in almost every day to cheer her up what I could, and as she loved to see me working on the pretty silks, I generally took a square of the afghan to work upon. After a while, the last one was made, and in due time they were put together."

"Well, Alice, if this is the way you do all this fancy work, I must say I am amazed. I thought, of course, you devoted long consecutive days to it in order to do so much."

"No, indeed, I couldn't afford so much time."

"But are you never ill? How can any one work incessantly all the time?"

"Of course I spend idle time, one must rest you know, in order to keep in good health. Having different kinds of work to do, though, gives an agreeable rest. I finished the week's stocking darning some five minutes ago, and I spent them in resting and chatting with you. Now I'm going to take a few stitches on this sunflower pen wiper. I cut it out the other day and tucked it into one part of my work basket, ready for just such a time as this. I intend it for a birthday present to my husband, next month, and I expect to find odd minutes enough before then in which to finish it."

"I see it all now, how much one can really accomplish in this way. Now while I have been sitting here I might have been crocheting, knitting, or doing some bit of fancy sewing, the time for which I have been sighing for so dolefully. You

have made a convert, Alice, and I'm going home to see if I can follow your example. I suppose the pen wiper will be laid aside for something else, when I leave."

"Well, yes, I suppose it will have to be for I see Mary is coming with the baby, and after he is settled for a nap I shall have to see about dinner. I have the pen wiper begun, however, and when a thing is started the chances are that it will be finished some time."

"I owe you a debt of gratitude, Alice, for your morning's lesson, and I only hope I may make as good use of my odd minutes as you have done."

SOME NOTIONS.

BY ROSAMOND E.

It pays after all to have some unpleasant experiences, they help us to enjoy what is pleasant with a gusto. After an unusually hard week or two of work, worry and wretchedness generally, a day or two spent in visiting, sight-seeing, and merry converse with old and tried friends is a foretaste almost of the joys to come.

Mothers, we do not visit our old friends as we should, we give up our schoolmates—or many do—and content ourselves with a handful of neighbors or any new friends who may be nearest. New friends one should be ever gaining but not losing the old ones. My greatest delight is in the society of true friends, mostly by correspondence. Five of these are friendships formed in earliest childhood, seven are school-mates, five are early HOUSEHOLD friends, known only by correspondence and some lately formed friendships are with women strong for right and all that is good and true. From such one gains so much, yet how prone many of us are to prefer the mere outer show and society manner to the sterling worth of plainer women. Do we not take time to think what our friendships are doing for us—what we are doing for our friends?

Indifferently we "like" (how tame,) every one we are thrown with. Yes, I am an advocate of this sort of feeling for every one, and of a desire to get strength and sympathy, and give it too, from every creature with whom we are thrown; a pleasant word costs nothing, a bit of our own experience may help our neighbor over a rough place in her way, will we be so selfish as to withhold it? Do we find our friend dull and nervous? Can we not cheer her, amuse, tell some laughable incident, or express a genuine sympathy if need be, and offer a Christian's hope for the most gloomy day of any life?

My notion is, that in every-day contact with our humblest neighbor, we may by very small effort, soon trained to a habit, impart some information, do some little service and receive the comfort ourselves in seeing them helped. The fact that it is "more blessed to give than to receive," applies to spiritual as well as temporal things. We have hungered for such gifts of sympathy and strength from conquering souls. Can we not receive it when we do share our own with those who are weaker even than we?

Another subject for our letter-writers. Can we not spend some time each day in thinking how to better economize time, to the end that we may have some time that we may devote to our own devices? The plaint of most housekeepers is, "I have not time." Let our HOUSEHOLD exert an influence in every home it visits so that the mothers may take time to keep themselves bright, and to rest, if but by a change of occupation. The best woman I know, the loveliest mother, and most kindly neighbor, is one who always takes a nap, who makes finest fancy work

and a great deal of it, yet is a thorough housekeeper and worker, one who once told me she had no preference between preparing tea and milking eight cows. She always has time for "whatsoever" her hands find to do.

Well do I know what it is to have forty things to do, but one can be done at one time so there is no use to attempt it, unless it is one task for fingers and one for brain, and it is often a good plan for us to just put away all tasks not absolutely necessary and take time to do some visiting, or reading, or fancy work. One can go back to the real labor so renewed that it seems much easier.

In discussing this subject let it be taken into consideration that most women have some available help, if no servant, at least children old enough to do many little chores. If they do not have help, if overburdened, it is a sure lack of proper sense of self-preservation which is the first law of nature.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

Not unfrequently one and another, of THE HOUSEHOLD readers come to us in a depressed mood, so wearied, so overburdened that the heart fain would find expression in words, thus, as it were, invoking the sympathy of others. We look upon life's battle field (which may mainly be within our own home) and feel ourselves so unequal to the task before us, that we falter and tremble as we grope about for strength and light to meet the cares, anxieties, labors and perplexities of another day. There have been times when we felt more strong, hopeful, and courageous, but the continued pressure of untoward circumstances causes "the grasshopper to be a burden," and our faltering hearts ask of ourselves: "How shall another day, with this oppressed feeling be borne?"

For such of our readers as come thus to us, or for such as know the reality of bending under burdens too heavy to be borne of ourselves, and sometimes it even seems our God could not help us, these lines by Marianne Farmingham, whose poems go deep into the heart, may be acceptable. And so I copy them, speaking, as they do this evening, to my own overburdened, anxious soul.

"Of all Thy promises, O Christ,
This sometimes seems the best—
'Come to Me ye that labor,
And I will give you rest.'
We get so tired, we cannot care
For many things. We creep
Like weary children near to Thee,
And only pray to sleep.
We have been strong to dare and do,
We have gone forth to work among
Thy busy servants, Lord;
Oh, pleasant were the merry songs
We sang with sweet accord!
But night comes after the long day,
And we by care oppressed,
Come to Thee, Master, in the dark,
And ask for leave to rest.
Oh, Jesus, Thou wast weary too,
And Thou wilt understand,
Why the unfinished tasks are put
From out our nerveless hand.
We thank Thee for Thy patient love
That gives to us its best;
We turn from all the world beside
And come to Thee for rest."

Happy are we, if we have learned in the days when more than now,

"We have been strong to dare and do," of this Saviour on whom we would now seek to rest. For in our weakness, weariness, and soul-anguish we can but creep to Him and there seek rest. We may battle against giving way to our feelings, and to our weariness; but there come times, to every tired soul, when it can no longer battle for the least victory; when it must seek for rest. Jesus knows, and

only in Him can true rest be found. Even with all his patient love we falter and are near undone. Yet He will give to us His best.

U. U.

THE FIRST PAPER MONEY.

You daily see bank notes, and you frequently hear of banks. A bank is an establishment for receiving and taking care of money, and paying it out again as it is wanted. One man, or two or three men, establish an office for this kind of business; and as gold and silver and copper are heavy and unwieldy substances to pay large sums with, bills or notes are issued, of different value, bearing the name of the bankers or keepers of banks; thus notes worth one dollar, twenty dollars, five hundred dollars, pass current, or for coin; and trade and commerce are more easily carried forward.

The first bank was instituted at Venice in 1157, which city at that time and long afterwards was a place of great commercial activity. The next establishment of the kind was opened, in 1407, at Genoa, another city of Italy, famous for its riches and trade. Bank notes were contrived long after banks had been in operation. Banks were the invention of the Italians; paper money originated in Spain. A nobleman called the count de Tendilla was the first to think of it, and it was in the year 1484, just four hundred years ago. One of the Spanish chroniclers thus tells the story:

"It happened that this Catholic cavalier at one time was destitute of gold and silver, wherewith to pay the wages of his troops; and the soldiers murmured greatly, seeing that they had not the means of purchasing necessaries from the people of the town. In this dilemma, what does this most sagacious commander? He takes a number of little morsels of paper, on which he inscribes various sums, large and small, according to the nature of the case, and signs them with his own hand and name. These did he give to the soldiery, in earnest of their pay. How! you will say, are soldiers to be paid with scrips of paper? Even so, I answer, and well paid too, as I will presently make manifest; for the good count issued a proclamation, ordering the inhabitants of Alhama to take these morsels of paper for the full amount thereon inscribed, promising to redeem them at a future time with silver and gold, and threatening severe punishment to all who should refuse. The people having full confidence in his word, and trusting that he would be as willing to perform the one promise as he was certainly able to perform the other, took those curious morsels of paper without hesitation or demur. Thus, by a subtle and most miraculous kind of alchemy, did this Catholic cavalier turn worthless paper into precious gold, and make his late impoverished garrison abound in money!"

The sagacious count, like a noble knight, redeemed his promise; and his miracle, as it appeared to the ancient chronicler, is the first instance on record of paper money, which has since inundated the civilized world with unbounded opulence.

F. M. C.

—A correspondent who used to live close to the residence of the late Tom Moore, sends us the following anecdote: Once, driving home from Chippenham, from Devizes, I gave an old lady a lift in the trap; and in conversation I asked her if she saw much of Tom Moore in her village when he was alive. "Tom Moore, sir? Tom Moore?" said she. "Oh, you mean Mr. Moore. Mrs. Moore were a very kind lady, but Mr. Moore used to write all sorts of verses about the moon, and such like things. He were no account."—*Exchange*.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Messrs. I. L. Cragin & Co., of Philadelphia, Pa., who are the manufacturers and sole proprietors of the world renowned Dobbins' Electric Soap, having had their attention called to the frequent letters in THE HOUSEHOLD regarding their soap, authorize us to say that they will send a sample by mail to any lady desiring to test its merits for herself, upon receipt of 15 cents to pay postage. They make no charge for the soap, the money exactly pays the postage. We would like to have all who test the soap write us their *honest opinion* of it for publication in THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR MR. CROWELL:—I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap from its first introduction to the public and have also tried almost every other kind of soap I have heard of, but have always kept Dobbins' in the house as the standard soap, and *always shall*, for it is *every way* the nicest. You are at liberty to use my name in connection with the soap whenever you think best. And as I have also been a subscriber to THE HOUSEHOLD from its starting point, I have thought several times of giving in my testimony in regard to it. My neighbors think my clothes *extra white* so I explained to them the cause, but said they, "The price is what I object to," so I gave them some to try and told them to wash their dirtiest pieces with it, also to try some fine laces, etc., and report to me the result. They did so, and the consequence was, I secured Mr. Cragin seven new customers. They said they never would have tried it if I had not insisted upon it, for they did not even care to send for a sample bar. I told them they were very unjust in not being willing to give it a trial, for I know what it is, and so am willing to try all others, feeling confident no other can come up to it. But I must close, hoping you will help Mr. Cragin to outshine all other soap makers, so that even the poorest may think it the cheapest, simply because it is the best.

MRS. L. C. WOODBURY.

Spencer, Mass.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I find Dobbins' Soap excellent and just the kind of soap every woman ought to use. It saves time, labor, and washes clean, and makes the clothes look as if they *were* washed, and I don't get half so tired as when I used other soap.

MRS. MINNIE STUPP.

167 2d St., New York city.

MR. CROWELL:—As my housekeeper, the Rev'd sister, did try Dobbins' Electric Soap, she was surprised at the nice effects of it. 1. As saving labor and time. 2. As cleansing thoroughly all dirt. 3. As having no bad smelling odor at all. 4. As a liniment for the hands.

REV. M. G. SMITS.

Kilbourn City, Wis.

MR. CROWELL:—I take this opportunity of telling you that my mother and I have used Dobbins' Soap for seven or eight years and have been the means of getting others to use it, and our grocers to handle it, and I can honestly say that as a labor saving agent it is the greatest "washing machine" ever invented.

FLORENCE ESPY.

Fort Madison, Ia.

MR. CROWELL:—As our grocer did not keep Dobbins' Electric Soap we have sent to Boston for our soap, buying a box at a time from Messrs. C. D. Cobb & Bros., of that city. I have given away a number of bars to friends, and I think all like it and buy it. I never have any mulled flannels since we have used this soap, and those that were mulled soon grew soft, and the mull gradually left them. As the manufacturers of the soap give music to those who use the soap, I have sent a lot of wrappers to Philadelphia, so as to avail myself of their liberality.

MARY A. STODDARD.

Concord, Mass.

PERSONALITIES.

We are in constant receipt of hundreds of letters for publication in this column, thanking those who have sent poems, etc., also letters stating difficulties of complying with exchanges published. We are very glad to publish requests for poems, also the exchanges, as promptly and impartially as possible, but we cannot undertake to publish any correspondence relating to such matters, not from any unwillingness to oblige our subscribers, but from the lack of space which such an abundance of letters would require.—ED.

We are receiving so many requests for cards for "postal card albums" to be published in this column that we would suggest to those desiring such, to consider whether they are prepared to undertake the task of writing and sending 60,000 cards! We are willing to insert as promptly as possible, all requests from *actual subscribers* giving their *full name and address*, but feel it our duty to give a friendly hint of the possible consequences.

Will the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD please send me their postal card autographs and verse for my collection? I will return the favor, if desired. MRS. A. G. COLMAN.

N. Solon, Cuyahoga Co., Ohio.

Will the members of THE HOUSEHOLD please send their postal autographs to me?

MRS. CLARENCE F. COBB.

Box 47, East Stoughton, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Would you be kind enough to say for me, I would like to correspond with some person that paints on satin, etc., also some one who understands Kensington work perfectly.

MRS. SADIE HOFFMAN.

Box 30, Espy, Columbia Co., Pa.

Can any of the sisters furnish me with the January and February numbers of 1883, of Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, in good condition? I lack those two numbers, from having a complete set. I will pay cash or exchange with any one that can supply me with these two numbers. Write first.

MRS. G. R. WHEELER.

Terrace, Minn.

MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE'S TRIP TO EUROPE.

As one of the clearest thinkers on the various social problems of the day, and as a lecturer of rare attractiveness and ability, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore has long been widely known both in this country and in England. Among women who have taken the platform for the discussion of questions particularly affecting their sex, Mrs. Livermore is without doubt the ablest representative, and the most convincing in her arguments and illustrations. A few years ago her health became so much impaired that she was forced to retire from the lecture field. But the interregnum in her work was not of long duration, and her wide circle of friends and admirers soon welcomed her back again. How, and by what means she was restored to health is related in the following deeply interesting letter:

"MELROSE, MASS., FEB. 1st, 1884.

"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia. Dear Sirs:—I am entirely willing to make a statement of the benefit I have received from the Compound Oxygen Treatment, and that you should make such use of it as you please.

"Four years ago this spring, at the end of a very severe and exhausting winter's work, I found myself utterly broken down in health. My superb constitution had hitherto carried me triumphantly through every task I had imposed on myself, and had been equal to every phase of protracted labor that had fallen to my lot. But I was now completely prostrated, with no power of recuperation. I could sleep but two or three hours of the twenty-four, and then only in a semi-sitting position, because of a difficulty of breathing—suffered excruciatingly from sciatica and neuralgia of the stomach—experienced the torment of indigestion, and the train of ills that follow, and was harassed by optical illusions which were a source of great discomfort, although I knew them to be illusions. My mental depression was as severe as my physical prostration. I believed the hopeless invalidism, which I had most dreaded, had come to me, and my chief aim was to hide myself from the friends and acquaintances who were afflicted on my account.

"My physician recommended a trip to Europe, and my husband accompanied me thither. The change brought only palliation of my troubles, but no radical improvement. While in England some American acquaintances told us of the Compound Oxygen Treatment, and they were enthusiastic in their praise of it as the surest remedial agent in cases like mine. They emphasized their statements by narrations of complete cures which had been wrought by it, of which they

were personally cognizant.

"My husband immediately ordered from London the materials for a Home Treatment of two months. I used it for a month, punctiliously obeying the directions sent for its use before I began to rally. Then my return to good health was rapid, and since then I have enjoyed almost uninterrupted perfect health, and almost youthful vigor. I resumed work immediately, and have assiduously followed the most laborious vocation ever since, although long past the time of life when it is considered safe to toil severely and unremittingly.

"I have never discontinued the use of the Treatment since I began it. There have been few days in the last three and a half years when I have omitted it. I understand and accept the rationale of the Treatment, and depend on it for vigor and strength, as I do on food. I have recommended it to scores of people suffering from nervous prostration, and chronic ailments—some of whom are rejoicing in restoration to health, while others, lacking persistence in the use of the Compound Oxygen, have not been benefited; for patience and persistence in its use are essential, if one would be cured of chronic illnesses, or lifted from a depth of physical depression.

"Yours truly, MARY A. LIVERMORE."

In another letter to Drs. Starkey & Palen, Mrs. Livermore says: "I have always and everywhere proclaimed the excellence of the Compound Oxygen Treatment, and have persuaded a great many people to use it. *I could not live without it, unless I abandoned all my work, and simply existed, and I would rather die than do that.*"

Any information in regard to this remarkable treatment will be promptly furnished by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard street, Philadelphia. If you write for their Treatise on Compound Oxygen they will mail it to your address.

OUR EXCHANGE COLUMN.

Our friends will please take notice that this is not an *advertising* column. Those who want money or stamps for their goods come under the head of advertisers. This column is simply for *exchanges*.

Mrs. W. A. Gates, 338 Dorchester St., South Boston, Mass., will exchange THE HOUSEHOLD from 1878 to 1883 and other magazines for reading of same value. Write first.

Mrs. A. E. Grover, 19 Parris Street, Portland, Me., will exchange macrame tidy for one vol. of THE HOUSEHOLD or knitted strips for rug of colored worsteds. Write first.

Mrs. O. P. Cash, McMinnville, Oregon, will exchange Chimney Corner for '84, as read, *Fasquelle's French Course*, or prints, for *Seaside*, or magazines, or any good books. Write first.

Mrs. M. A. Wallen, S. Middleboro, Mass., will exchange pieces of print for samples of rick rack, feather edge trimming, and designs in *Kenington* for corners of table cover, etc.

Mrs. J. K. Fisk, 429 Shawmut Ave., Boston, Mass., will exchange the past four years' HOUSEHOLDS, for tidies, toilet mats, or any thing useful or ornamental. Write first.

Mrs. May Littlefield, Whitinsville, Mass., will exchange pieces of print for HOUSEHOLDS for November, 1882, and September, 1883.

Mrs. Anabel C. Andrews, Hudson, N. H., will exchange a handsome crocheted shawl and large silver ladle, both new, for other articles of equal value. Write first.

Mrs. Chas. E. Fisher, S. Deerfield, Mass., will exchange patterns for dress, cloak, cape, and underclothing for girl of seven years, for any thing useful.

Mrs. H. O. Stevens, Lawrence, Kan., will paint pieces of satin sent her, or exchange samples of crochet edging for pieces of silk, satin, velvet, or plush for crazy patchwork.

Mrs. E. W. Hale, box 138, Wethersfield, Conn., will exchange *Floral Cabinet* (1883), gladiolus bulbs and a horse hair watch chain for something useful or ornamental.

Mrs. H. N. Collins, East Killingly, Conn., will exchange Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazines, for 1881, also, tuberose, gladiolus and sweet peas for any thing useful or ornamental.

Mrs. B. Taylor, Lincoln, Sussex, Co., Del., has point lace butterfly to exchange for something useful or ornamental.

Mrs. Edwin Hurlburt, Pittsfield, Mass., will exchange sea mosses, shells, and cabinet specimens for minerals.

Mrs. E. Winslow, Walpole, Mass., has a nice pattern of a large rag doll to exchange for square of letter H patchwork. Will send sample square.

We call especial attention to the patterns issued by the Combination Pattern Co., advertised in another column.

A housekeeper asks: "What is the simplest way to keep jelly from moulding on top?" Shut a small boy up in the pantry for a few minutes.

Form and Feature,

Unless associated with good teeth, are shorn of half the attractions they may otherwise possess. Bearing this fact in mind, use SOZODONT, which will prevent your teeth from losing their whiteness, and will render them spotless if speckled and discolored. The tint and hardness of coral are imparted to the gums by this incomparable preservative and beautifying agent, and the breath is rendered fragrant as honeysuckle by its use. It is safe, besides being effective. Sold by druggists.

The annual statement of the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company of Boston is worthy the attention of all seeking life insurance.

All who are troubled with Nervous Headaches, Scalp Disease, Rheumatism, Nervous Prostration, and General Debility, are invited to read the advertisement of the Hill Brush Co. in another column.

Every household is liable to be visited by sudden sickness. Often it occurs in the night, distant from the doctor, nothing in the house to give relief, the patient is sure to get worse. A box of Ayer's Pills, in such an emergency, would arrest disorders which if not taken in season, may become deadly.



ESTABLISHED 1817.

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WILTONS,
BRUSSELS,
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And every grade and variety of Foreign and Domestic Carpetings, Oil Cloths, Mattings, or Oriental Rugs, for sale at

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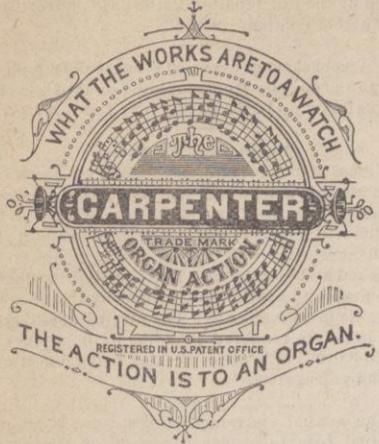
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PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

Positively cure SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Skin Diseases (ONE PILL A DOSE). For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. "I find them a valuable Cathartic and Liver Pill."—Dr. T. M. Palmer, Monticello, Fla. "In my practice I use no other."—J. Dennison, M.D., DeWitt, Iowa. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Valuable information FREE. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

ESTABLISHED 1850. INCORPORATED 1883.



None genuine except they bear the above trade mark.

The Carpenter Organs, Brattleboro, Vt.

Removed from Worcester, Mass.

These beautiful instruments contain

The Celebrated Carpenter Organ Action,

which is a guarantee of their superior excellence. Before buying an Organ send for our large new Catalogue of latest styles, free to all applicants. In towns where we have no agent we will sell direct to parties desiring an organ for their own use, at reduced prices.

AN HONEST ORGAN.

"The Carpenter Organs have won for themselves a high reputation for durability, and fine musical qualities. An organ may be fine in appearance, but unless it is built honestly in every part it will prove unsatisfactory. Mr. Carpenter makes most emphatically an *honest* organ; and this is, we think, the secret of their popularity."—*Youth's Companion*.

WARRANT.

Each Organ containing the Carpenter Organ Action is warranted to be made in the most skillful manner, of the best and most perfectly prepared material, and to be, according to its size, capacity, and style, the best instrument possible. Each purchaser may have, if he desires, a written *guaranty* for eight years.

Address

E. P. CARPENTER & CO.,
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We refer by permission to publisher of *The Household*.

HEALTH FOODS.

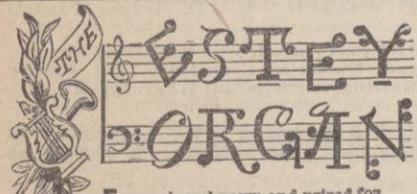
Send your address on postal card, and we will send you valuable pamphlets. Our products are known and enjoyed by many of the regular writers for *The Household*. Good Mr. Crowell, the editor, is one of our best customers. Dr. Hanford, Emily Hayes, and others, say that they find strength, health and comfort in our Foods. Professor R. H. Thurston of the Stevens Institute of Technology, who has been greatly benefited by them, has taken the trouble to secure analyses of all the wheat-products, from his colleague, Prof. Leedes, State Analyst for New Jersey, and the result is given below.

STEVENS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, Hoboken, N. J., May 23, 1882.

At the request of my colleague, Prof. Robert H. Thurston, I have thoroughly examined the various food substances prepared from wheat by the Health Food Co. The examination was both microscope and chemical. Finding, after the most careful trial, that no trustworthy determinations of the relative percentages of the starch, gluten, etc., could be made by the aid of the microscope, I submitted all these food substances to chemical analysis as the only accurate test. The result has been to show that the relative percentage of the albuminoids (gluten, albumen, etc.) as compared with the starch, is greater in these food-substances, than it is in ordinary commercial wheat flour. In some of them the relative percentage of albuminoids is very much greater than in ordinary flour, whether European or American.

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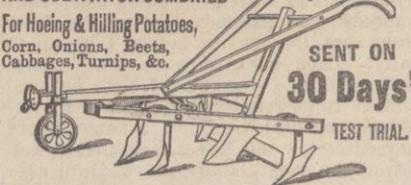
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BRATTLEBORO, VT., MAY, 1884.

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OUR JANUARY EDITION for this year is exhausted and we can no longer send that number to our subscribers.

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

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RESPONDENTS will please be a little more particular (some of them a good deal more) in writing proper names. A little care in this respect would prevent many annoying mistakes and the trouble of writing letters of inquiry. Names and places so familiar to the writers that it seems to them that everybody must recognize them at a glance are oftentimes serious puzzles to strangers unless plainly written.

CANADIAN STAMPS are of no use to us, neither can we credit full price for mutilated coin. Revenue and proprietary stamps are *not postage stamps* and we have no use for them. And will all our readers, *every one*, if you must send the ten cents in stamps, oblige us by sending 1's and 2's, and put them into the letters *loosely*. Do not attempt to fasten them even slightly, as many are spoiled by so doing. Seal the envelope well, and they can't get away.

LIFE MEMBERS.—Many of our friends have expressed a desire to subscribe for more than one year at a time, so as to be sure of the regular visits of THE HOUSEHOLD without the trouble of renewing every year, and some have wished to become Life Members of the Band. To accommodate all such we will send THE HOUSEHOLD two years for \$2.00, six years for \$5.70, and to those who wish to become Life Members, the payment of \$10.00 at one time will entitle them or their heirs to receive THE HOUSEHOLD as long as it shall be published.

LADIES PLEASE BEAR IN MIND, when sending recipes or other matter for publication with your subscriptions or other business, to keep the contributions so distinct from the business part of your letters that they can be readily separated. Unless this is done it obliges us to re-write all that is designed for publication or put it all together among our business letters and wait for a more convenient season to look it over. So please write all contributions ENTIRELY separate from any business and they will stand a much better chance of being seasonably used.

TO CARELESS CORRESPONDENTS.—It would save us considerable time and no little annoyance, besides aiding us to give prompt and satisfactory attention to the requests of our correspondents, if they would in every case sign their names to their letters—which many fail to do—and also give post-office address including the state. Especially is this desirable when subscriptions are sent, or any matter pertaining to business is enclosed. We desire to be prompt and correct in our dealing with our friends, but they often make it extremely difficult for us by omitting these most essential portions of their communications.

AN ESTATE COTTAGE ORGAN FREE to any subscriber of THE HOUSEHOLD, who will send its value in subscriptions, as offered by us, is certainly a most unusual offer, and we are not surprised that it should attract the attention of very many of our readers, for in what other way could a first class organ be so easily obtained for the family, church, hall, or lodge room as by procuring the value of the instrument in subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD? We have already sent out many of these organs, literally "from Maine to California," and in every instance so far as we have learned, they have given the most perfect satisfaction. Reader, do you want one of these instruments? We have one ready for you.

AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense and risk of remailing it. The amount of the premium to be deducted depends upon the number of subscribers obtained, but can be

readily ascertained by a reference to Nos. 74 and 89 of the Premium List on another page. It will be seen that from 25 to 40 cents is allowed for each new yearly subscriber, according to the size of the club. In case the club cannot be completed at once the names and money may be sent as convenient, and the premium deducted from the last list. Always send money in drafts or post office orders, when convenient, otherwise by express.

OUR WEDDING PRESENT of a free copy of THE HOUSEHOLD for one year to every bride, has proved a very acceptable gift in many thousands of homes during the past few years, and we will continue the offer for 1884.

This offer amounts practically to a year's subscription to THE HOUSEHOLD to every newly married couple in the United States and Canada, the only conditions being that the parties (or their friends) apply for the present within one year from the date of their marriage—enclosing ten cents for postage, and such evidence as will amount to a reasonable proof that they are entitled to the magazine under this offer. Be sure and observe these conditions fully, and don't forget either the postage or the proof.

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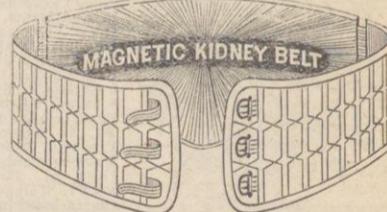
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In order to secure new customers, we will send 100 Choice Embossed Pictures, 4 German Doll's Heads, 1 Elegant Birthday Card, 8 Imported Chromos, 25 Pretty Album and Reward Cards, 1 Album of 75 Colored Transfer Pictures, 100 Selections for Autograph Albums, 10 Odd Games, 6 new style red Napkins, 1 Pack Puzzle Cards. All the above goods for 25c. in stamps. CHENEY & CO., Waltham, Mass.

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A clergyman, after suffering a number of years from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, after trying every known remedy without success, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Dr. J. A. Lawrence, 250 Schermerhorn St., Brooklyn New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

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The sunken eye, the pallid complexion, the disfiguring eruptions on the face, indicate that there is something wrong going on within. Expel the lurking foe to health. Ayer's Sarsaparilla was devised for that purpose; and does it.

Doubtless, many of the sisters remember how very glad they were when they left the home nest for one of their own building, of a pair of mother's flat irons, worn smooth by years of constant use, and how quickly the flat-irons were purchased of people who for any reason wished to dispose of household goods long in use, but the time has come, when in this, at least, the old has ceased to be better than the new. We are sure no one after having once used Mrs. Pott's sad-irons, would care for the old kind, however smooth they might be. These irons are nickel plated, and consequently have a beautifully polished surface, and being pointed at both ends, are much more convenient to use than the old style. Then the handles which are of black walnut, are movable, rendering the use of a holder unnecessary, and burned hands unheard of. They come in sets of two irons and a polisher which is perfection itself. No housekeeper need ever lose time and temper over shirt fronts, soiled and lusterless, if once provided with a set of these irons. We have had them in constant use for years, and can recommend them highly to all the seventy thousand and their friends.

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PATCHWORK. 100 pieces, no two alike. 6 inches square for 50 cents or 1004 inches square for 25 cents. PRINT CO., North Haven, Ct.

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Dr. E. C. Neal has had a life long experience in hospitals. He writes: Portland, Me., May 29, 1882

I have examined Mr. Mansfield's formula for "CAPILLARIS" and freely state that I regard it as a very valuable compound, and know of nothing now before the public surpassing it. It contains nothing injurious. I use it myself and recommend it to my patients and the public.

E. C. NEAL, M. D., Recently of Portland, now Manager Deering Hospital.

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Your hair dressing, "CAPILLARIS," for the ladies' toilet, is so very much superior to any other hair dressing I have ever used, I feel that I ought to recommend it to the ladies and public generally. Yours most respectfully, HELEN D. HIGGINS, MISS M. G. ROGERS.

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Plain and Brocade Silks, Satins, and Velvets in new designs, large pieces and all bright colors. Packages containing 50 squares, \$1.00; 25 squares, 50 cts.; or ten sample squares, 25 cts. Each dollar package contains a sampler with a large variety of fancy stitches.

H. H. WILLMONT,
P. O. box 1180, Boston, Mass.

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CRAZY QUILTS—50 elegant pieces & 5 fancy stitches 50c., 25 pieces & 5 stitches 25c. (silver preferred.)

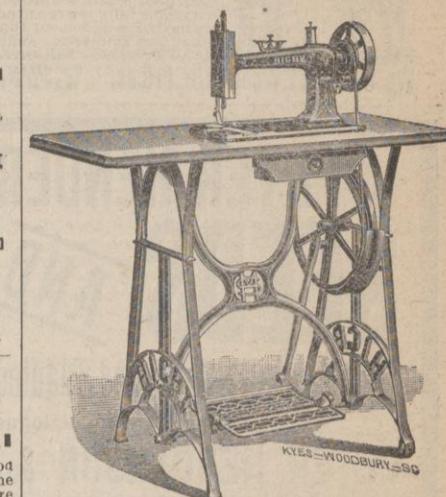
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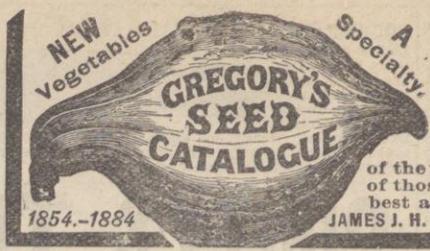
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9	Package Flower Seeds,	1 00	3
10	Half Chromo, Autumn Leaves, or May Flowers,	1 00	3
11	Butter Knife,	1 00	3
12	Turkey Morocco Pocket Book,	1 00	3
13	One vol. Household,	1 10	4
14	Fruit Knife,	1 25	4
15	Pair Tablespoons,	1 50	5
16	Call Bell,	1 75	5
17	Carving Knife and Fork,	1 75	5
18	One pair Napkin Rings,	2 00	5
19	Six Scotch Plaid Napkin Rings,	2 00	5
20	Six Teaspoons,	2 25	5
21	Rosewood Writing Desk,	2 25	

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Monthly Circulation, 70,000 Copies.
ADVERTISING RATES.

Unobjectionable advertisements only will be inserted in THE HOUSEHOLD at 50 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion—14 lines making one inch. By the year \$5.00 per line.

The following are the rates for one-half inch or more:

	1 m.	2 m.	3 m.	4 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
Half inch,	\$3.25	\$6.00	\$9.00	\$12.00	\$17.50	\$32.00
One "	6.00	12.00	17.50	23.00	32.00	60.00
Two "	12.00	23.00	32.00	42.00	60.00	115.00
Three "	17.50	32.00	47.00	60.00	30.00	170.00
Four "	23.00	42.00	60.00	80.00	115.00	225.00
Six "	32.00	60.00	90.00	115.00	170.00	320.00
Nine "	47.00	90.00	135.00	170.00	250.00	470.00
One column,	60.00	115.00	170.00	225.00	320.00	600.00

Less than one-half inch at line rates.

Special positions twenty-five per cent. additional.

Reading notices 75 cents per line nonpareil measure—12 lines to the inch.

Advertisements to appear in any particular issue must reach us by the 5th of the preceding month.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1884, by Geo. E. Crockett, at the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

A BLUE CROSS before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed. When you send in the subscription please mention the month you wish it to commence and thereby oblige us very much.

Our readers are earnestly requested to mention THE HOUSEHOLD when writing to any person advertising in this magazine. It will be a favor to us and no disadvantage to them.

The Best Baking Powder.

The best baking powder is made from pure Cream of Tartar, Bicarbonate of Soda, and a small quantity of flour or starch. Frequently other ingredients are used, and serve a purpose in reducing the cost and increasing the profits of the manufacturer.

We give the Government Chemist's analyses of two of the leading baking powders:

I have examined samples of "Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder," manufactured at Albany, N. Y., and "Royal Baking Powder," both purchased by myself in this city, and I find they contain: "Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder."

Cream of Tartar
Bicarbonate of Soda
Flour

Available carbonic acid gas 12.61 per cent., equivalent to 118.2 cubic inches of gas per oz. of Powder.

Royal Baking Powder.

Cream of Tartar
Bicarbonate of Soda
Carbonate of Ammonia
Tartaric Acid
Starch

Available carbonic acid gas 12.40 per cent., equivalent to 116.2 cubic inches of gas per oz. of Powder.

Ammonia gas 0.43 per cent., equivalent to 10.4 cubic inches per oz. of Powder.

Note.—The Tartaric Acid was doubtless introduced as free acid, but subsequently combined with ammonia, and exists in the Powder as a Tartrate of Ammonia.

E. G. LOVE, Ph. D.

NEW YORK, JAN'Y 17TH, 1881.

The above analyses indicate a preference for "Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder," and our opinion is that it is the better preparation. — *Hall's Journal of Health.*

On receipt of 60 cents we will forward to any address, postage paid, a pound can.

CLEVELAND BROTHERS, Albany, N. Y.

NEW USES FOR DIAMOND DYES.

It is quite wonderful how many uses the Diamond Dyes are adapted to. Every one knows that they excel all other Dyes for coloring any article of wool, silk, or cotton. Many are using them to make ink, laundry bluing, etc. Recently the proprietors have issued under the title of American Art, full directions for using the Dye Colors in various kinds of art work, coloring photographs, engravings, etc. They also send directions for making Ladies' Shoe Dressing, Kalsomine for walls, Stains for wood, etc. Write at once, mentioning THE HOUSEHOLD, and enclose ten cents for a beautifully colored cabinet photograph as sample. Address,

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

BIG PAY to sell our Rubber Printing Stamps. Samples free, TAYLOR BROS. & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

JAMES PYLE'S

PEARLINE
THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR
WASHING AND BLEACHING

IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER.

SAVES LABOR, TIME and SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction.

No family, rich or poor should be without it.

Sold by all Grocers. BEWARE of imitations well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of

JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.

Sands' Triple Motion White Mountain
Ice Cream Freezers.

The only Freezer in the world having three distinct motions inside the can, thereby, of course, producing finer, smoother cream than any other Freezer on the market. Machinery easily adjusted and operated. Tubs water proof. Over 300,000 in use. Send for catalogue and price list. Mention "The Household."

WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZER CO.,
NASHUA, N. H.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

BALES
Health Preserving
CORSETS

The only perfect fitting Corset approved by the wearer and her physician.

The only Corset made that can be returned by its purchaser after three weeks wear, if not found

PERFECTLY SATISFACTORY

in every respect, and its price refunded by seller. Made in a variety of styles and prices.

Sold by first-class dealers everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations. None genuine unless it has Bales name on the box.

CHICAGO CORSET CO., Chicago, Ill.

AND
FOY, HARMON & CO., New Haven, Conn.

EUROPE!!

Cook's Grand Excursions leave New York in April, May and June 1884. Passage Tickets by all Atlantic Steamers. Special facilities for securing good berths. Tourist Tickets for individual travelers in Europe, by all routes at reduced rates.

Cook's Excursionist, with Maps and full particulars, by mail 10 cents. Address

THOS. COOK & SON, 261 Broadway, N. Y.



IMPROVED ELASTIC TRUSS.

The only Truss worn with ease night and day that will effect a radical cure cheaper than any other. Send for Circular.

IMPROVED ELASTIC TRUSS CO., only office 822 & 824, Broadway, cor. 12th st., New York

PURE
FLAVORING EXTRACTS
EXCEL ALL OTHERS.

THOS. WOOD & CO., BOSTON



PRISCILLA, spinning long ago, sighs as she thinks how soon her linen Will lose its glossy luster when, the wash, it once or twice has been in. She does not know that in the soap the evil lies that makes her suffer, Its great excess of alkali, which cuts the fiber, makes it rougher.

Our modern maidens need not sigh, since IVORY SOAP has been invented, Containing no free alkali—by which this ruin is prevented. For linen washed with IVORY SOAP in snowy beauty'll ne'er diminish, But always, while it lasts, preserve its pristine gloss and lustrous finish.

Professor Silliman, of Yale College, says: "The Ivory Soap can not injure the most delicate fabric."

If your grocer does not keep the Ivory Soap, send six two-cent stamps, to pay postage, to Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, and they will send you, free, a large cake of Ivory Soap. (Please mention this paper.)

MELLIN'S



TRADE MARK.

FOOD

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS. The only perfect substitute for Mother's Milk. The most nourishing diet for invalids and nursing mothers. Keeps in all climates. Recommended by physicians. Sold by druggists. Send for Book on Care of Infants.

DOLIBER, GOODALE & CO., 41 and 42 Central Wharf, Boston, Mass.

50 AGENTS wanted to sell our new and improved Ladies' and Misses' Braces, Skirt and Hose Supporters, etc. We manufacture a large line of goods that sell rapidly, and are wanted in every family. A complete line of samples free. Profits 100 per cent. Send at once for price list and terms to agents.

R. S. WILLARD & CO., Swanton, Vt.

Ladies, Look. 10 patterns Infants' Wardrobe, 50 cts.; 10 patterns First Short Clothes, 50c. Full directions with each set. Spring styles sent. Postage paid. Stamps taken.

Address COMBINATION PATTERN CO., Poultney, Vermont.

A LADY of good taste and judgment will purchase and forward any article of Ladies' Wearing Apparel, &c., at city prices. Satisfaction guaranteed. Samples Dress Goods, 2 stamps. Correspondence invited. Address Mrs. N. M. KENDALL, Purchasing Agency, 5 Pemberton Sq., Room 7, Boston, Mass.

Silks for Patchwork

In endless variety of beautiful styles. 50-cent and \$1.00 packages.

W. F. SPEAR, North Adams, Mass.

THREE OF THE WONDERS OF THE SEA FOR 17 CTS.

Horse Shoe Fish, Star Fish, and Fiddling Crab, perfectly prepared and mounted, sent post-paid upon receipt of 17 cents. Address H. E. THOMPSON, 3 Eden St., Worcester, Mass.

SILK AND SATIN PIECES

FOR PATCHWORK. Samples with Sprays of Flowers stamped on them. Also Book of Patterns and Instructions for PATCHWORK, containing 40 Point Russe and Snow Flake Stitches. All for 17 two-cent stamps.

J. F. INGALLS, LYNN, MASS.

FOLDING FURNITURE

For Tourists, Picnics, Camp Meetings, Military Officers and Household Use.

Agents Wanted

in every town to sell these goods. They are first class in every respect. Cot No. 14 and Chair No. 11 special. Liberal terms will be given. Send for Illustrated Circular. Address

J. B. JACOBS, Manufacturer, BRATTLEBORO, VT.

[Successor to Nash & Jacobs.]

BARRETT'S DYE HOUSE.

ESTABLISHED 1804.

The oldest Dyeing Establishment in the Country. Ladies and Gentlemen's Garments Dyed and Cleansed Whole.

DYEING AND CLEANSING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Orders by Mail or Express.

52 Temple Place, Boston.

NOTE—We have no connection with any other Barrett's Dye House.

Pillow Sham Holders and Lifters.

No large pillows. Shams will last a year without washing. Price reduced. Sent anywhere in U. S. for \$1.00.

A. R. HUSSEY, 116 Tremont Street, BOSTON, MASS.

SILK REMNANTS!

Having secured a bankrupt stock of Silks, we will send to any address for 50 cents and two 2-cent stamps an elegant assortment of fancy Silks, no two pieces alike, new, clean and fresh goods, and best assortment for the money ever offered. Just the thing for silk quilts, tides and crazy patchwork. Large package for \$1.00. Send at once before the stock is all sold. Address C. H. WATSON & CO., 40 Howard St., Boston, Mass.

RELICS FROM THE "ROCKIES."

For \$5.00 six handsome specimens of mineral, crystals and conglomerates will be sent prepay to any address. MRS. I. E. CLARK, Kelley, Socorro Co., New Mexico.

100 Import'd Scrap Pictures, verses, mottoes, &c. 10c or 50 Cards, blank, 10c. Scrap Book Co., Nassau, N. Y.