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# THE HOUSEHOLD

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

ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 8.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., JANUARY, 1875.

No. 1.

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## THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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CROSBY BLOCK, - - MAIN STREET,  
BRATTLEBORO, VT.

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### FATHER IS COMING.

All the day long in the cornfield so weary  
Father has toiled in the heat of the sun :  
Now the great bell from the farmyard rings cheery,  
Telling the time of his labor is done.  
  
Lay the white cloth for his coming, dear mother,  
Set down his chair where he likes it to be,  
Close by his side you shall stand, little brother,  
Baby shall sit like a queen on his knee.  
  
From the hard hand that has labored so truly,  
Toiling and straining that we might have bread,  
We'll take the sickle that did its work duly,  
Leave it at night with the spade in the shed.  
  
We'll hang around him with smiles and caresses,  
Make him forget as we climb on his chair,  
Toils that have wearied and care that oppresses,  
All but his home and his little ones there.

### ORNAMENTING COUNTRY HOMES.

#### Number One.

HERE is, says Mr. Cleveland, no mistake that is more frequently committed by inexperienced persons, in the effort to give an attractive appearance to a country home, than that of over-ornamenting, either by a too conspicuous use of natural or artificial objects intended solely for ornament, or by a want of keeping between the general character of the place itself, and the style of its decorations. We do not now allude to grounds and buildings of such extent and pretensions as would come under the head of villa residences—though the same principle applies to them, and is, perhaps, as frequently transgressed in their case, as in those of more modest character—but to simple country homes, with no aspirations to architectural elegance, and whose grounds comprise but a limited area.

To illustrate our meaning, we will suppose the common case of a house such as we have named, standing fifty or a hundred feet back, with a front of two hundred feet on the road or street. It is by no means uncommon to see an attempt to adorn the space

in front, by mounds of earth surrounded by flower beds, and perhaps surmounted by vases or miniature statues of wood or plaster. Sometimes a fountain is attempted, with considerable display of marble or painted iron, in the form of basins or emblematic figures, and a stream of water that would hardly do credit to a respectable syringe.

Now it is always preferable to see even such attempts at decoration as these, than to observe an utter neglect of all effort at giving an attractive appearance; for in the first case it is obvious that we have some kind of love of the beautiful to work upon, which may be rightly directed by instruction and cultivation; whereas the man who can rest contented with slovenly looking grounds, has no motive power within to guide him to better results. It is to the former class, therefore, that we address ourselves; and we wish to show them why it is that the system of adornment we have described, is not in good taste, and can never create the impression upon the mind of the beholder which is intended. In the first place, it is incongruous and out of keeping with the general character of the house and grounds.

Vases and statues of costly material and workmanship are the proper and fitting ornaments of elaborately dressed grounds pertaining to palaces and mansions of great architectural elegance. Fountains are also only appropriate in such grounds, and are never ornamental unless there is such an abundant flow of water as to constitute the chief source of interest to which the architectural adornments bear the same relation that the frame does to the picture. The effect upon the mind on seeing a plain country house adorned with such objects is precisely the same as is experienced on seeing a man in plain working dress, bedizened with gilt chains and sham jewelry.

There is nothing objectionable in the plain dress, and indeed to the great majority of men it is more becoming than a conspicuous display of costly clothing—but the attempt to relieve its plainness by the use of cheap imitations of such ornaments as are only appropriate to full dress, serves only to excite ridicule and contempt. The first rule, therefore, to be observed in the effort to render a simple country home attractive is to adhere strictly to consistency of style throughout. Next to this we should say, avoid the introduction of objects for the express and obvious purpose of looking pretty. The effort will to a certainty defeat the intention. The end must be attained incidentally.

Even flowers, if planted in improper places—obtruded upon the public eye with the obvious intention of attracting the attention of the casual passer, instead of ministering to the enjoyment of the inmates, are deprived in a great degree of the charm which attends them when it is apparent that their culture is the result of an innate love of their attractive power.

#### A BIT OF ROCK WORK.

There is many a shady nook and corner in the vicinity of country homes which might be beautified with very little expense—northern exposures, where the sun seldom shines, and which are left bleak and bare because grass and flowers refuse to grow. Any time harness the old horse and start for the woods to hunt up suitable material for what our English friends term “a pleasing bit of rock-work.” An unusually rough stone, all over angles and uncouth projections, is a prize; let such form a load to begin with. Next collect a supply of the unctuous leaf mould which has laid buried beneath its covering for many years, until it has become as dark and firm as the most fastidious plant can require. These things, with the addition of some good sharp sand from the creek’s margin, supply the groundwork for the structure.

In arranging the stones upon the heap of soil do not attempt any mathematical precision; endeavor to imitate some shelving mass of rock, such as may be found in nature; the wilder and more irregular in outline, the more effective and appropriate it will prove. With the advent of spring, repair to the woods, and, wherever the little curling fronds of the ferns are just peeping above the leaves, with the aid of a strong trowel, carefully pry out a good ball of earth, roots and all, and transfer them to their artificial home.

There are also many other pretty and modest native plants which will thrive luxuriantly amid such surroundings; watch for these during summer and mark them so that when the dormant season arrives they may be removed with safety. An occasional trailing vine, clambering over and festooning the surrounding shrubs, will add a dainty grace to the hitherto unattractive corner.—*Exchange.*

—A neat door-yard, like a tidy pantry, is not to be had by periodical cleaning scrapes alone. A deal of fine filling goes to the make up of an ear full of harmony or an eye full of order. Care and thought in regard to neatness must be put on as a garment.



#### VISITORS AND VISITING.

##### BY AUNT LEISURELY.

MY DEAR NIECE ZILLAH:—I think nothing is more refreshing for a toilworn house-wife than a cheerful visit to congenial friends, particularly in a family where mirth is one of the household fairies; it gives her a new train of thoughts, cheers her spirits and consequently benefits her health, and in many cases if taken in place of medicine would be far more beneficial.

Very few mothers can leave home entirely free from care, but if they leave with the knowledge that all avenues of danger as far as human foresight can go, are closed to the little ones, that all that is possible for the comfort of the family during their absence has been attended to, then if a little anxiety about home and its interests is mingled with the enjoyment, still the visit does good; and they may console themselves with the thought that they will have something to interest the home circle on their return.

I heard of a lady once who went to church leaving a child just beginning to walk, in charge of her little daughter aged about ten; during service she could think of nothing else but the danger her little one was in from a tub of rain-water in the yard; her anxiety became so unbearable she felt she must go home; when she arrived there all was safe, the children were playing happily, had not been in the yard during her absence; very much relieved she went to her room to lay aside her wrappings her little daughter following her, they were gone but a few moments but on their return they found the little one had fallen in the tub and life was extinct.

The lady who told me of it said she thought it was a punishment for her want of trust in Providence, but, (and I hope I am not speaking irreverently when I say it,) I think it was the natural result of carelessness in leaving such a fruitful source of danger around, whether she was at home or abroad.

And now in regard to your last question, “Aunty should I have wine?” Aunty says, no! most emphatically.

You are an older sister, dear Zillah, you have a family of brothers and sisters growing up around you who look to you for advice and example, you are in a measure responsible for the training they receive; be careful,

dear niece, you do not through want unworthy. "Because," said she, her of a little seasonable thought send meek, sad eyes filling with tears, them out in the world with the germs "my husband, poor fellow, has nothing but sorrow to look forward to in the next world, I must do what little I can to make him happy in this."

Had a thunderbolt fallen at their feet they could not have been more awed, her husband looked as one awakened from a deep sleep; this then was the key to her actions in all the years she had been his wife, in all her loving counsels, her supplications, no feeling of self had entered; not for herself had she striven to hide him from the gaze and censure of others, she had borne neglect and loneliness, night after night without a word of complaint when he in his wild orgies was selling his birthright for a mess of pottage.

I know of a lady who in her youth became affianced to a young man to all appearances worthy of her; his family manufactured a great deal of blackberry, grape and currant wine; considering it perfectly harmless they used it as a beverage, but alas! it created an appetite for something stronger even if of itself it were not an evil; he touched no other stimulant at that time; she was deeply attached to him, and though she may have had some forebodings of misery in store for her, she married him.

They moved in the best society, he was witty and intellectual and considered an acquisition to every entertainment he graced by his presence. As time passed on he was what might be termed a moderate drinker; no common liquors passed his lips, but at the convivial clubs where he spent many of his evenings, champagne and other costly wines flowed freely. His wife was a devoted Christian, no harsh word greeted him when at a late hour, redolent with cigars and liquor he sought his home. But even this, bad as it was, was not to last; no one can describe the horror that beset her when she realized her destiny was linked with a drunkard. Hope utterly deserted her for she felt for him there was no stopping place this side of the grave.

One night when at a late hour he was holding high carnival with his boon companions, the subject was mooted of how their respective wives would receive them when they sought their homes; three of them said theirs would upbraid, another, that his would be sullen and not speak at all; but they were so used to being received so they did not mind it, but the subject of this little sketch remarked that he believed that if all four of them were to go to his home with him, that his wife at his request would rise at that unseasonable hour and prepare supper for them. Wages were taken upon it and off they started.

His wife could not endure the servants should see him in such a condition and true to his prophecy, she quietly rose, descended to the basement and got them a good warm supper. Although heartily ashamed of themselves they enjoyed the appetizing meal in a gentlemanly manner, and on preparing to depart, one of them while thanking the pale faced wife for her kind hospitality could not refrain from telling her how the visit came to be made, and while he deeply appreciated her kindness he could not understand the motive that prompted her to do it so patiently for objects so

rubbed off with dry woolen cloths.

No doubt, after a while, our sensible American housewives will, like their trans-Atlantic sisters, discard the dusty carpet from all but a few rooms, and fashion will replace the elegant Axminster by the no less expensive inlaid floors of various woods and patterns now winning their way into popular favor.

In summer the plants may be set out of doors when they will make a rapid and luxuriant growth. When so treated, however, they should be brought into the house, if designed for indoor decoration, early in the autumn, before it is cold enough for fires. When brought into the house the leaves should be carefully washed with weak soapsuds, and all unsightly branches and torn leaves removed. Place first in a cool room, and gradually accustom it to the warmer temperature of the living room.

When placed where they are to stand, the vines may be gracefully arranged and fastened to the wood-work by small strings and bits of tape, or to the curtain by pieces of green worsted braid. The dark green foliage is a fine contrast to the whiteness of the delicate lace curtains.

A very pretty effect can be obtained by immersing cuttings of the Ivy in small vials of water and fastening them to the backs of picture frames, training the vines around the frames and giving them a border of "living green." With a number of these vials quite a luxuriant growth can be imitated, but care must be taken to keep the vials filled with water. Occasionally a few bits of charcoal may be added to sweeten and purify.

The directions for propagating the Ivy, from slips or cuttings are very simple. "Take a young, tender branchlet, cut about three inches in length and insert half an inch of its stem in wet sand, or soil, under a ball glass or tumbler. Keep the soil well moistened, and yet warm, by placing it in the sunshine for fully a week. Then loosen the sand, withdraw the stem, and if rootlets have started, pot immediately in a pot of good garden earth, mixed with one-third of its quantity of sand. Press the soil firmly about this young plant, to the same height as the sand reached before, cover with the ball glass again, and set in the shade for a week, then set the glass aside and bring to the sunshine. It should be watered frequently, but only just enough to keep from wilting."

As nature spreads with gloomy hand  
Her pall of slumber o'er the land  
To give us life anew,  
So smiling spring, with genial rain  
And balmy breath, brings in her train  
Each flower now lost from view.

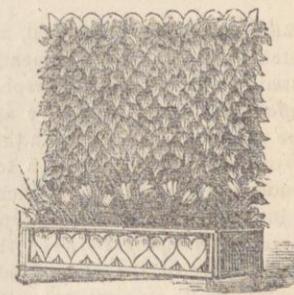
—Evening Post.

#### THE IVY.

THE IVY is one of the most popular plants in cultivation and in some of its varieties finds a place in nearly every collection. The reasons for this universal popularity are two fold and appeal alike to our love for the beautiful and our love of ease, both strong incentives which combined become irresistible. For while the Ivy is unequalled for a decorative plant, "throwing an atmosphere of grace and beauty around every object subject to its transforming and beautifying influence," it is the easiest to cultivate of any indoor plant, and, to use the language of Mr. Vick, "will bear more hardships and bad usage than any other plant we are acquainted with."

It grows readily from cuttings, accommodates itself to wonderful extremes of heat and cold, harbors no vermin, suffers no rust nor blight to mar its beauty, and will thrive for a long time, with ordinary care, without change of soil or position. Its greatest, and we might almost say, only drawback is that it is not perfectly hardy in our northern climate, though it is very rarely injured by freezing if care is taken to thaw it out in cold water instead of exposure to the sun or artificial heat.

The Ivy requires a rich, strong soil to enable it to put forth its most vigorous efforts, at the same time all stimulating manures should be avoided. Slips root readily, taken off at any leaf joint, and placed either in earth or water; in the latter they will soon transfer to pots.



Our engraving shows one of the many ways in which this beautiful vine can be trained—indeed it is capable of being fashioned into any conceivable shape, always retaining its beauty and gracefulness.

There are many species of the Ivy in cultivation the most common being the *Hedera helix*, known as the English Ivy, of which there are many varieties. Besides this there are the Irish, or Giant Ivy, with leaves somewhat larger than the others; the German Ivy, which is not, however, properly of this family, the Coliseum Ivy, the Golden, Silver Edge, and many others. The list of varieties exceeds fifty in number, some producing large leaves

of thick texture, others white or golden berries and still others of deeply colored or richly variegated leaves.

INSECTS ON HOUSE PLANTS.

A few simple directions about the pests that live only to destroy the beautiful will probably, says the *Independent*, be of some use to amateur window-gardeners. The insects most common in our conservatories and windows are the *Aphis*, the *Thrip*, the *Scalebug*, and the so-called *Red Spider*.

*The Aphis*.—There is generally some specific cause for its presence, that can be removed and the creature will depart of itself. Among these causes is a too humid atmosphere, leading to a diseased growth. Secondly, a sudden condition of the roots, from lack of thorough drainage. Repot the plant, cut away rotten roots, throw in for drainage a good handful of pot-sherds and charcoal, and give your plants moderate sunshine, and the *Aphis* will not be likely to return. The fact is, one purpose that these insects subserve is to perform scavenger work. They always attack diseased plants with most avidity, transforming the carbonic acid into insect vitality; or, rather, they devour what is poisoning the air by generating carbonic acid gas. Cure the plant and you will rarely have to cure the *Aphis*. But, if you do, the specific is tobacco smoke, and that is effective. But amateurs frequently are not aware that the smoke that kills the parent does not kill the incipient offspring. It is necessary to smoke moderately again on the second or third day.

*The Scalebug*.—This generally attacks plants that can be washed with carbolic soap-suds. Two washings with a bit of sponge will eradicate them. I have just gone over a *Liriodendron* twenty-five feet long, washing both sides of each leaf. Some trouble, but it will pay. It is equally easy to wash the *Oleander*, the *Ficus elastica*, and most of the plants likely to be infested. But if a *Geranium* or other plant that can be renewed is badly assailed, burn it up at once and get rid of colonization. It is a good thing to wash the pots in such case with soap-suds or scald them thoroughly. Some plants can be cleansed by submerging them in very hot water, for a moment. Repeat the bath on the next day. To do this, invert the pot with your hand placed over it, and the plant stalk slipped between your fingers.

*The Red Spider*.—This is incomparably the most troublesome and destructive of all we have to deal with. My remedy is a few or frequent syringings of carbolic soap-suds. The lady who has a few pet plants can set them on the ground and sprinkle them thoroughly by using a broom-duster. Both sides of the leaves should be thoroughly wet. Roses and many other plants can be entirely cleared by setting them out in a heavy shower. It is well to lay a *Fuchsia* or similar plant on its side in the grass and let the rain get free access to the leaves.

The *Red Spider* often ruins a housewife's pets when she cannot detect the them. If they would retain their color, The insect is no larger than the point of a pin. It is seldom red, but they lose, even

and not a spider, but it spins a web. I have a superb *Marshal Neil* that needs a shower about once a month, but I hope to get the last descendant of the family killed very soon. *Aphis* like moist atmosphere. *Red Spiders* thrive in the dry.

*The Thrip* can generally be eradicated by carbolic soap-suds. They are not common in house or window collections.

Let any lady or amateur follow these directions, and not try to keep a thoroughly diseased, infested plant among healthy, clean ones, and they will have little trouble. Remember at the same time that diseased plants are productive of disease to human beings; while thoroughly healthy plants, performing their normal functions, are as good as a family doctor.

—A writer in the London Garden says that a fine effect is obtained by his method of training petunias. He takes hazel rods, about two feet long, bends them like croquet hoops, and drives both ends into the bed, at suitable intervals all over it. On these he trains his petunias, which blossom more abundantly than usual under this treatment. Petunias have been successfully treated as if they were sweet pea vines, and trained on a slanting trellis. The trailing habit of this plant, especially late in the season, is not always sufficiently considered.

when dried with care, most of their color. In Europe, the grasses are grown extensively and dyed of various colors, and in this condition we import them, and many varieties are a little jealous of this *Dolly*; she is really elegant, especially the *Stipa* seems to occupy quite a space in the *pennata*. Even without this they will be found very useful. Cut about the time of flowering, tie up in little bunches and dry in the shade.—*Vick's Floral Guide*.

“BEAUTY BELL'S” EXPERIENCE.

MR. CROWELL.—Dear Sir:—Will you please reserve a corner in *THE HOUSEHOLD* for a feathered “biped” who wishes to say a few words to the lady readers of that paper? Do I hear you say yes? thanking you for the favor, I make my bow as gracefully as I can, and open my little mouth to the public. I chanced the other day to hear my mistress reading an article from the October number of *THE HOUSEHOLD*, which greatly interested me. Now I want to tell you all, how differently I am treated from those of my companions spoken of in that paper.

Firstly, my mistress believes that “cleanliness is next to godliness,” consequently my cage is cleaned every day—instead of once a week and longer—and it takes only a few moments for my mistress to do it; she folds a newspaper several times and cuts it to

alized how large a place I filled in her affections; but through the sudden appearance of my master, I was spared the terrible reality. I sometimes get import them, and many varieties are a little jealous of this *Dolly*; she is really elegant, especially the *Stipa* seems to occupy quite a space in the *pennata*. Even without this they will be found very useful. Cut about the time of flowering, tie up in little bunches and dry in the shade.—*Vick's Floral Guide*.

Springfield, Mass.

FRESH-BLOWN FLOWERS IN WINTER.

The following directions are endorsed by the Manufacturer and Builder:—Choose some of the most powerful buds of the flowers you would preserve—such as are latest in blowing and ready to open; cut them off with a pair of scissors, leaving to each, if possible, a piece of the stem three inches long. Cover the stem immediately with sealing-wax; and when the buds are a little shrunk and wrinkled, wrap each of them separately in a piece of paper, perfectly clean and dry, and put them in a dry box, or drawer, and they will keep without corrupting. In winter or any other time, when you would have the flowers bloom, take the buds at night and cut off the end of the stem sealed with wax, and put them into water into which a little niter or salt has been diffused, and the next day you will have the pleasure of seeing the buds open and expand themselves and the flowers display their most lovely colors and breathe their agreeable odors.

ROOTING CUTTINGS OF CARNATIONS.

An amateur from Des Moines, Iowa, having complained of ill success in rooting cuttings of carnations or pinks, though successful with fuchsias, geraniums, coleus, and begonias, he is advised as follows by The Agriculturist:

“The varieties he succeeds with we all find to root quicker than the carnation or pink, but not more surely if the proper conditions be observed. These conditions are, that the plant

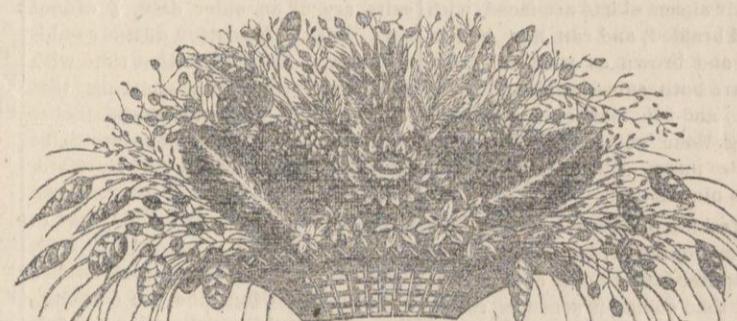
the size of the drawer; then she strews gravel over it; every day one, or two leaves are removed, my perches cleaned, and a fresh supply of gravel scattered over the clean paper, and so continued until the several folds are used. I never have to ask for a bath, for I have fresh water in my fountain, and bath-tub, every day, and during the warm weather twice a day; I do not always bathe when fresh water is before me, but I enjoy dipping my head in, it seems so refreshing in a hot day.

Now, I will tell you what I have to eat. Canary seed and occasionally a little rape seed, cracker, chickweed, lettuce, plantain-rods, cabbage, peppergrass, and sometimes a little sweet apple. I tell you, it was a lucky day for me when my mistress selected me from a thousand of my German companions; I have lived with her for years, have heard her say that she had raised a great many birds and has had the care of one or more for twenty-five years; and what is more wonderful she has never lost one from over kindness. I

almost forgot to tell you that I am out of doors most of the time during the summer and I still live. The nearest I ever came of being killed from “over kindness,” was when “Dolly Dut-ton” tried to “nab” me—I almost re-

—To keep wreaths and crosses fresh, put them on a piece of board, place the board in a tub of water and they will keep fresh for several days.

L. A. M.



BASKET OF EVERLASTING FLOWERS AND ORNAMENTAL GRASSES.

EVERLASTING FLOWERS.

The Everlasting, or eternal Flowers, as they are sometimes called, have of late attracted a good deal of attention in all parts of the world, and are becoming generally cultivated. The plants do not appear very important when the garden is gay with scores of Flora's choicest gems; but in the winter, when you desire to decorate home, or church, or school room for Christmas or New Year festivities, or for the celebration of Annie's birthday, or Charlie's return from school, they are

an invaluable treasure. These flowers lessen the regret we all feel when the season of blossoms is over, and we can no more walk in the garden and feast on its beauties. They retain both form and color for years, and make excellent bouquets, wreaths, and every other desirable winter ornament. The flowers should generally be picked as soon as they expand, or thoroughly wet. Roses and many other plants can be entirely cleared by bunches, and so that the stems will dry straight. If the bunches are too large they will mildew.

Those who grow Everlasting Flowers for winter decoration will need a few of the grasses to work up with the Red Spider often ruins a housewife's pets when she cannot detect the them. If they would retain their color, The insect is no larger than the point of a pin. It is seldom red, but they lose, even



## THE FASHIONS.

THE present season does not present any very striking changes, in the dress of the fashionable world; though there are several novel features introduced in the mode and materials for trimming both dresses and bonnets.

Sacques are also worn longer than formerly, and are not so universally made in the Dolman style as they were last winter, though of course those who have them will wear them, and a few new cloaks are made with flowing sleeves, but they are not as deep and pointed as the regular Dolman; and most of the new styles have the large coat sleeve, which is certainly more comfortable and convenient.

There is a great variety in cloak materials from the richest velvet and seal skin, to ladies' cloth and serge; one of the prettiest and most novel fabrics is silk matelasse, which we described in our last number, and which is so rich and heavy, that, like velvet and plush, it requires no trimming. A pretty pattern is styled the French sacque, and has a seam down the center of the back, and extends some inches below the waist.

Costumes do not vary much from those of the past season, plain, dark colors being universally adopted for street wear, and the styles of trimming showing as wide a range both in materials and designs as ever; indeed there seems to be a constantly increasing supply in the styles of garniture. Ball fringe is one of the prettiest and most fashionable trimmings for merinos, cashmeres, serges, etc., etc. Yak lace is also a pretty, as well as inexpensive, edging for overskirts and basques, and has the advantage of being very durable, and adapted to a variety of garments, so the lace worn on this winter's costume, can be transferred to next spring's jacket, or the summer's cashmere cape.

Of course, flounces, plaitings, folds and shurred trimmings are put on in every conceivable style, one cannot well get out of the fashion in this feature of dress and has only to consult one's own taste, and perhaps time as well, for it requires a greater amount of labor to arrange these trimmings, in the profusion that they are often seen, than perhaps many of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD have in their power to perform, but to such we are happy to give the assurance, that a small quantity of trimming is just as stylish as a larger quantity and in most cases more becoming and desirable.

Shawl are seen in beautiful, soft fabrics of all wool, and mostly in the quiet colors of grey and brown, with shaded borders, in green, blue, purple, etc. These are very effective, and much more ladylike in appearance than the gay stripes so much in vogue during the past seasons.

The season for white skirts is over long ago, but as we have made no

mention of the variety of warm and desirable skirts which are displayed by dealers in great variety, we take the present opportunity for calling attention to the felt skirts which are made up, raffled, stamped, plain and faced. The facings are usually from five to nine inches wide, and are of silk, velvet, satin, matelasse, etc. The Boulevard skirt is shown in a variety of colors, and has but one seam, is stamped or faced, and as it is composed of all wool, is both light and warm, and pretty and stylish enough to make them desirable. They can be purchased for from two to ten dollars.

Cheaper skirts can be had in all sorts of materials from flannel down to striped cotton, made up neatly and trimmed with ruchings and ruffles or with narrow braid put on by a machine.

A more expensive material, which is both thick and warm, is composed of cotton, wool and silk, and is woven with an overshot of silk, which produces a frosted appearance and is very handsome, it comes in blue, black, grey and brown and is also called matelasse—probably from being woven in the same manner as the silk goods first called by that name.

Moreen skirts are again coming in favor and as they are stiff enough to preclude the use of crinoline, they are very desirable at the present time, and they always look fresh and glossy, and even retain their watered appearance although they have been drenched.

Mohair alpaca skirts are faced with silk and braided, and can now be had in grey and brown as well as black. These are both substantial and comfortable, and are inexpensive enough to bring them within the reach of a moderate purse. They range from three to nine dollars.

This fashion of colored under skirts has been adopted within the memory of the writer, and is one evidence of the fact that common sense is ruling much more in this matter of fashion, than it did formerly. The warm, dark skirts, the thick walking boots, the unpopularity of tight laoing, the high necked, and long sleeved dresses for infants and children, and last, but not least, the short walking skirt, which by all means let us determinedly retain, are all decided improvements in the dress of the present generation.

There is not much to add to our last month's notices of hats and bonnets. Felt and velvet are the materials of which they are usually made, and the felt hats are very jaunty in style and are trimmed with bands of velvet, and the upturned brim is fastened with a bird, ostrich's tips, etc. These are pretty for fresh young faces.

In the trimming of more elaborate bonnets and hats, a greater variety—if possible—than ever is seen, the prevailing feature being the deep cardinal red color which is so deep as to be almost a maroon. This is used in loops of velvet, in roses, feathers, etc., etc., and when arranged with black velvet has a very rich appearance.

Collars and frills for the neck have become very numerous, and if the neck is dressed with standing frills and collars coming close around the neck, and having a great amount of fullness, one cannot fail of being in fashion.

## IMPROVEMENTS IN DRESS.

BY FANNY M. STEELE.

Earnest women all over the country, as well as physicians, have for years been convinced of the evils of the prevailing dress for women, and doubtless hundreds have experimented in home practice with more or less successful improvement; thereby increasing the number of those who will eagerly hail any substantial plan or improvement that promises permanent reform. The enthusiasm that attended the exhibition of new garments for under wear in Boston, last June, and the great interest evinced at the meetings lately held in Chicago, at which Mrs. Flint's patented articles were shown, prove how ripe the times are for the acceptance of a better way.

Lest the descriptions which follow should seem to be encroachments upon the rights of the patented articles, from which in form they differ decidedly, it will be necessary to detail the history of my connection with this proposed plan for improvement.

In the winter of 1855 or 1856, having need to supply greater warmth with less weight to my own clothing, I procured cotton-flannel, and cutting a basque with old-fashioned tight sleeves, having pleats at the elbow, I sewed upon its lower edge a pair of cotton-flannel drawers, thus making a "chemiloon," as they are now called in Boston. Whether the Scotch union suits are of an older date, I cannot say. But the invention of this combination was original at that time with me. Ten years later, hearing that union suits of knitted material (being vest and drawers in one) were to be had, I procured them in Hartford, Conn., and wore them in common with scores of others. This was in the winter of 1865. In August, 1869, I invented and described in Butterick's Metropolitan Magazine the combination of habit shirt, chemise and underskirt in one garment, which I now call chemijupe; also the combination of a balmoral skirt with an upper part intended to supersede a corset; which I now call a body coat. These suggestions toward an improved costume were published in the following year by the Boston Woman's Journal. An address, describing the following costume and freely giving it to the use of American women, was prepared by me, and presented to the proper committee to be read at the late meeting of the Woman's Congress in Chicago. I have not yet learned why it was crowded out. But, reading that certain garments were presented with the injunction that no imitation, either for sale or private use, would be allowed, I hope to reach some who were disappointed on that occasion; especially as at that time I was unable to reach them. It would be a very desirable thing if in every town there could be a manufacturing establishment where we could supply ourselves at once; but even then, there are hundreds to whom this change must come gradually, to those who must make their own garments, as well as to those who must make useful the material already on hand. To them, in the absence of published patterns, I propose to give some very practical hints; assuming that all well-informed persons have

long been convinced that woman's dress should be made looser around the waist to make it physiological, and be hung from the shoulders. Also that the fewer garments worn consistently with sufficient warmth the better.

To commence with the wants of a family in which there are daughters from the ages of five to fifteen. The younger ones can be supplied at most markets with knitted union suits, upon which mothers generally put buttons at the hips that hold an elastic ribbon, which is fastened by another button to the stockings supporting them. If such suits cannot be had in ladies' sizes, they may be made by joining the ordinary ladies' vest to a pair of drawers of the same quality, cutting off the vest at the waist line, cutting it open in front, and sewing it to the drawers after the band of the drawers has been ripped off. After this seam is finished and faced, put upon it eight buttons, to which may be attached the band of a pair of cotton drawers, if it is desired, the band of the drawers being made as large as the knitted garment is at that point—from three to six inches larger than the measure round the body of the wearer. This is a chemiloon—or an union suit—whether it is bought of knitted material or made at home of flannel, or cut after the patterns sold by health institutions and made of flannel, cotton cloth, cambric or linen.

One or more such suits may be worn as one is robust or feeble, there being no way in which warmth can be so effectually and so economically applied.

If made of cambric or linen for hot weather, cut after the patterns to be had at Our Home, Dansville, Livingston county, N. Y., adding collar and cuffs to neck and sleeves, they will be found to be complete, dressing the person from neck to heels in one simple, convenient, secure garment.

Some young ladies might choose to wear such cambric chemiloons over knitted or flannel ones in winter, thus obviating the necessity of buttoning on to the under one the band of cotton drawers.

Others might prefer the knitted and flannel chemiloon, with added cotton drawers, and over it a chemi-jupe, which is a garment looking very much like a yoked night gown, only made short enough to be an underskirt and trimmed like one. The yoke should be shorter behind than we should think pretty for a night dress, as short on the shoulders as the present style prescribes for the outside dress, and fitted perfectly to the neck and wrists—whether it have a linen collar sewed on at the neck or a collar band to which a collar band can be buttoned or pinned. It may also have here a muslin ruffle or lace. At the wrist it may have wristbands as the sleeves of men's shirts have, with buttons to fasten cuffs, or linen cuffs, or ruffles of lace may be sewed on. If the yoke is a pointed one, and it is ornamented with fine tucks or insertion down its front edge, it may be displayed by dresses having pointed necks. It is better that this garment should be open down the front to the trimming on the bottom and buttoned all the way up as the nicest night-gowns are,

being easier to iron and more durable. It has been found convenient to buy a muslin tucked skirt of sufficient length, to take out of it the gored front breadth, to hem the selvedge edges of the side breadths, putting buttons on one side and button holes on the other, and then adding this to the yoke. The front gored breadth in some cases will cut both sleeves, which may be shirt-sleeves or coat-sleeves.

We will assume, then, that the young lady has flannels, thick or thin, from head to foot, stocking suspenders, muslin drawers, and a general combining collar and cuffs, chemise and underskirt—which we call chemijupe, from two French words meaning shirt and petticoat.

The next garment we propose for her will be like a loose-fitting basque with a balmoral skirt sewed on the lower edge of the basque. We call it

a body coat because it clothes the trunk of the body. It is convenient to buy a flounced balmoral skirt and some material to match it, from which may be cut a half-fitting basque, after any of the published patterns. Of course, there will be no use for the sleeves, collar, revers or cuffs that belong to such patterns. Let this basque be made with very ample armholes, as large as those of a gentleman's vest, and be as short on the shoulders. It may be close in the neck, pointed in front, or made double-breasted for consumptives. It should be lined with twilled muslin or silk to be firm and warm, or it may be lined with light material and quilted with one thickness of wadding, or it may be made of cashmere or cloth and prettily embroidered; the trimming of the upper part always harmonizing and matching the flounces at the bottom, which seem desirable to help sustain the drapery of the dress skirt, thus in a measure obviating the need of a hoop skirt. It should be buttoned up from neck to flounce in front, and have at the waist line six or eight buttons, upon which may be buttoned the band of the dress skirt, the buttons, of course, matching those down the front, and may be as pretty as is consistent with their shape, which should have holes instead of eyes.

It is convenient to make this garment of a silk dress that has been discarded for outside wear, either for certain shabbiness or because its color is too pronounced for the present unobtrusive styles. The waist and sleeves may be thrown aside. The overskirt will provide material for the basque part. The skirt, with its flounces, shortened, will do for the lower part, only the skirt should be lined, and, for the necessary warmth, should be made somewhat narrower, wadded and quilted between and under the flounces. These additions will allow one to wear no other skirt except the dress-skirt.

For summer this body-coat may be made of pique, flounced and trimmed with Hamburg edging, of white moireen. Almost any one would have ingenuity enough to adopt such materials as would suit their own needs, taste and purse.

This scheme for underwear will involve but little change in present modes for outer dress. Tight basque waists or tight polonaises will of

course be discarded, and loose-fronted or partially-belted polonaises worn on the upper skirt may be worn with a half-fitting sacque.

The prevalence of sleeveless jackets of a different color or darker hue than the rest of the dress, offers at this time the possibility of a change without much sacrifice of material, rendering many dresses available that without such an addition would not be.

These changes are so radical (and they must be to be a permanent improvement) that it will be difficult to effect them immediately, but with a little determination they can be brought about gradually, and we are convinced that if as much attention is given to beautifying them as we give to present forms, they will be found to be as attractive, while they are in other respects immeasurably superior.

We hope they will be universally adopted, confident that if once accepted they will always be retained. Sincerely hoping the foregoing suggestions will prove a blessing to her American sisters, they are freely offered for their use.

#### INDIA AND OTHER SHAWLS.

For centuries, no article of adornment has been so admired and sought for by fair and cultivated women as an India shawl. To obtain one of these beautiful garments has often been a dream, cherished through a score of years and even a lifetime, only to be disappointed at last, because of the immense sums of money required to purchase it.

We judge that most of our readers know the cause of this. A real "India" shawl owes its distinction from, and superiority to, all others, to the fact that it is made upon hand looms, in small detached pieces that are afterwards sewed together to form a perfect pattern. The sewing is always so neatly done, that it cannot be discerned upon the right side, even upon the closest inspection.

In past times the prices asked for these shawls have been enormous. Even the coarsest goods could not be purchased for less than five hundred dollars, and the finest have cost as high as five thousand, and even more. Of course, these extravagant valuations were not warranted by the cost of the manufacture of the shawls,—though their being made by hand would naturally cause them to be of greater value than if made by machinery—nor even the added cost of their transportation from the East,—this last having been much greater formerly than now. But the cost of India shawls depended upon outside circumstances mainly.

In the first place the state of the market was to be taken into consideration, and the demand for different patterns. And it has frequently happened that the caprice of fashion has caused a most unreasonable advance in values, an addition of hundreds and even thousands of dollars having been often made, because of the introduction of a single stripe, white or black, producing a new, and perhaps striking effect. Added to this, these shawls have had a sentimental value because of the favor which they have

received from fair and gentle women of all ages, dating back to the time when they were cherished possessions to royalty alone. Thus the India shawl becomes historical, and is invested with a beauty and mystery, that seems to savor of immortality; and this ancient prestige placed an impassable gulf between it and the "mushroom" creations of the steam-power looms of to-day, similar to that which separates the modern "mushroom" civilization, with its crude and illy-assimilated combinations, from the crystallized and highly-polished societies of the past. And when to these speculative and sentimental considerations the intrinsic value of the garment is added, the fineness and softness of its texture, and the brilliancy and durability of its colors, so that the highest degree of beauty is secured, as well as warmth and protection, there is little wonder that the "India" should always have been accounted the very queen of shawls, and that, rather than be denied its possession, wealth would yield up silver and gold without stint.

For the past two or three years, however, there has been a steady downward tendency in these high rates, which has culminated this season, in a reduction of more than one-half upon the net price of India shawls. Mr. A. T. Stewart has taken the initiative, it is said, in doing away with these fictitious values, and other dealers, of course, follow his example. Thus these much prized shawls are brought within the reach of a large class of persons, who have often hitherto wished, though, as they knew vainly, for them. By these we do not mean vulgar, showy persons, but refined and cultivated women of limited means, who prize genuine articles for their intrinsic worth, rather than for any considerations of display. Such women will be delighted, as well as surprised, to know that a striped India shawl, of the lower grades, to be sure, and coarse, but warm and comfortable as a wrap, and unmistakably the shawl of a lady, can now be purchased for from twenty-five to forty dollars, while shawls that a few years ago would have cost two thousand dollars, now sell as low as seven hundred. This amazing reduction has already immensely increased the popular demand for the shawls, so that while a few years since it was a rare thing to send an India shawl farther west than Chicago, now they are carried by the caseful to Denver, and other towns of the Rocky Mountains.

It may also be said that there is more sale for shawls of every description this season than has been known for some years. And this has been the cause of the introduction of several new designs in the cheaper goods. Among these a new kind of camel's hair shawl may be mentioned. This, under the name of the "Himalayan" is much in favor for traveling shawls, for gentlemen as well as ladies. This style is of soft, fine texture, fur finished, light yet warm, and in the dark and neutral tints now in favor. The "velvet" shawl, as it is called, having a soft velvet finish, is very popular, being handsome as well as warm. This is also a favorite, from the fact that some of the striped designs are

reversible in twelve different patterns by skill in folding.

Plaids in woolen shawls seem to have as steady a sale as ever, but the bright patterns have given place to an invisible check or stripe, upon gray or brown shaded grounds, much more elegant and *distingué* than the more striking patterns and colors.—*Fire-side Friend.*

#### A SENSIBLE FASHION.

We all know that Fashion is a very tyrannical mistress, leading to a thousand unnecessary expenditures, a great deal of labor, and to the loss of much valuable time, and of health. But just now she really is trying to bring about a much needed and excellent reform in woman's dress, and I am anxious that all women, especially young women and mothers should in this instance give heed to her words and follow her directions. The idea is, that woman's way of dressing the body so much more warmly than the neck, arms, and legs, is unhealthy, and often leads to sudden death from so called heart disease and apoplexy. That in consequence of the neck, arms and legs not being sufficiently clothed, the blood rushes to the heart, lungs, and brain causing a rupture of the blood vessels in those organs. This theory has just been clearly stated in the December number of THE HOUSEHOLD, in an excellent article called "The Physiology of Clothing," and I hope every reader of THE HOUSEHOLD has studied that article. I wish every woman in the land would study it and act upon it.

Now it is just here that Madam Fashion steps in and lays down the law and bids us all heed her words, and we may be pretty sure that people will take heed to Fashion, whether they study physiology or not. Fashion says: Let the under flannels reach from the throat, to the wrists and the ankles. The new merino under garments are now woven entire, instead of being in jackets and drawers. Then over this wear a garment of cotton-flannel or of wool flannel as you please, made like children's trowser night gowns, and reaching from the throat to the wrists and the ankles. Over these two garments, wear a chemiloon; this is a newly fashioned garment made of white shirting cotton and covers the entire body from neck, to wrists and ankles. There is a shop, number 25 Winter Street, Boston, where these chemiloons are sold, or the patterns for them. They are in a measure fitted to the form, but they are also very loose, and without any belt. They are not very unlike the trowser night gowns, only each garment must of course be a little larger than that worn under it, so as to go on easily, and feel comfortable. Over this garment wear one skirt, made with a yoke and buttoned to the chemiloon below the waist. Then the gown or outer dress as usual. The whole person is now warmly and equally clothed, and the blood can circulate freely, for there are no bindings, bands or tightenings of any kind. If this style of dress can be made to prevail we will all thank Madam Fashion.

COMMON SENSE.



## THE BOYS.

BY MRS. JULIA A. CARNEY.

There come the boys! Oh dear, the noise!  
The whole house feels the racket;  
Behold the knee of Christie's pants,  
And weep o'er Bertie's jacket!

But never mind, if eyes keep bright,  
And limbs grow straight and limber;  
We'd rather lose the tree's whole bark  
Than find unsound the timber.

Now hear the tops and marbles roll!  
The floor—Oh, we bestride them!  
And I must watch the banisters,  
For I know the boys who ride them!

Look well as you descend the stairs,  
I often find them haunted  
By ghostly toys that make no noise  
Just when their noise is wanted.

The very chairs are tied in pairs  
And made to prance and caper;  
What swords are whittled out of sticks;  
What brave hats made of paper!

The dinner bell peals loud and well,  
To tell the milkman's coming;  
And then the rush of "steam-car trains"  
Sets all our ears a-humming.

How oft I say, "What shall I do  
To keep these children quiet?"  
If I could find a good receipt,  
I certainly should try it.

But what to do with these wild boys  
And all their sin and clatter,  
Is really quite a grave affair—  
No laughing, trifling matter.

"Boys will be boys"—but not for long;  
Ah, could we bear about us  
This thought—How very soon our boys  
Will learn to do without us,

How soon but tall, deep-voiced men  
Will gravely call us "Mother,"  
Or we be stretching empty hands  
From this world to the other,

More gently should we chide the noise,  
And when night quells the racket,  
Stitch in but loving thoughts and prayers  
While mending pants and jacket!

## A QUIET HOUSE.

DEAR me!" sighed Mr. Turmoyle, as a burst of shrill, childish laughter sounded from the nursery down the hall stairs and into the sitting room where he was making out some accounts. "I wish those children would be quiet! Ain't it most bedtime, Tillie?"

"They are probably undressing," Mrs. Turmoyle replied quietly. "I'll go and see if they are ready for bed."

"Do keep them quiet until they are!"

There was an interval of profound silence, and in about half an hour the mother returned.

"They are all asleep now," she said. "Tom had dressed the kitten in Bessie's doll's clothes."

The accounts finished, Mr. Turmoyle leaned back in his chair.

"I wish you had some management with those children, Tillie," he said, "I went over to Stone's on business, last evening, and you would not have known there was a child in the house. And Stone has five while we have only three."

"Perhaps they were abed."

"They were all in the next room," was the triumphant reply. "Stone is proud of them and well he may be.

There is Willie, just the age of our Tom, studying Latin, instead of dressing kittens in doll's clothes, and Amy, who will not be four years old for three months, reads well and knows the multiplication table through. Look at our savages!"

"They are getting along well at school, dear. I think Mark is too young yet to study. The others did not go to school till they were five."

"And Tom just manages to write a decent letter at twelve, while Willie is at Latin grammar. And as for manners, why Tom will make more noise, alone, than Stone's five children, all together."

Mrs. Turmoyle, being a woman of sense, did not continue the argument, but mentally resolved to see Mrs. Stone the next day, and talk with her about the wonderful secret of having five children and a quiet house.

"I am sure I can't do it!" the gentle, loving mother thought, with a sigh.

Seated the next morning, in close conversation, the ladies presented a contrast as marked as the atmosphere of their own houses. The tiny, blue-eyed woman, who had no heart to suppress Tom's merry whistle, or Bessie's silvery laugh, had left a home where constant care only secured cleanliness, and where childish disorder was manifest everywhere but in the best parlor. She looked at the tall, dark-haired woman opposite her, noted the exquisite morning dress, faced with light silk, spotless and unrumpled, and thought, regretfully, of the marks of ten chubby fingers upon her own printed there when her boy baby, her darling Mark, had just succeeded in forcing a piece of his sweetest candy into mamma's mouth. She noted the dainty order of the sitting room, where every chair stood primly in its appointed place, and not even a thread rested upon the carpet, and remembered Mark's stable for his "spress cart" and horses under the lounge, and Bessie keeping house on the lower shelf of the book case.

Visions haunted her also, of snippings of paper, bits of string, and odds and ends of doll's finery, upon the table.

Drifting from one scrap of matronly talk to another, the ladies came naturally to the care and management of children, and Mrs. Turmoyle complimented her neighbor upon the appearance of her house and the proficiency of her little ones.

"I cannot understand how you accomplish it," she said frankly.

"By system," was the reply. "The education of my children begins, I may say, in their cradles. As soon as they can walk, they have their own proper place in the room, and are trained to perfect silence when older persons are present."

Mrs. Turmoyle thought of the noisy chorus of shouts, the eager recital of the day's pleasures or accidents, that greeted papa, aunts or uncles in her own nursery, and wondered if Tom, Bessie and Mark would be trained to sit quiet in one place for hours at a time.

"At two years of age I teach my children their letters, and after that they are sent to school. All of them

were entered at three years of age at a private school, and five at a public

one. In the intervals of school hours my boys have geographical puzzles, spelling games and problems, and my girls are taught sewing."

"But when do they play?"

"Their games and puzzles are sufficient amusement for the boys, and I allow the girls to cut and fit clothing for a large wax doll."

"But do they not have any hours for running, balls, kites, and other out-door play?"

"I disapprove entirely of out-door play. It ruins clothing, and makes children rude. They have out-door exercise in a long walk to and from school."

As she spoke, the hall door opened quietly and a fall of footsteps crossed the hall to the sitting-room. Five children, three girls and two boys, came in with languid footsteps, and pale faces, from which all childishness seemed stricken. Spotlessly clean, with shiny hair and polished boots, they followed in orderly fashion the lead of the eldest, who stood before his mother, waiting for permission to speak.

"Well, my son?" she said quietly.

"There is no school this afternoon. The senior class is to be examined," he said wearily.

"No school! Very well, I will set you some sums after dinner, and find you some words to study in the dictionary."

Silently the five sat down until the visitor departed, uncomfortably conscious of ten weary eyes, and five pallid, pinched faces.

Crossing her own doorway, Mrs. Turmoyle was greeted by a merry duet.

"No school! No school!"

Then the tenor solo.

"Won't you make some bobs for my kite, mamma? There's a splendid wind!"

Followed by a sweet soprano.

"And oh, mamma, you promised the first holiday you would trim my doll's bonnet."

"I 'ant a kite, too!" struck in Mark.

"Oh, let me get my breath!" cried the little woman. "Where's your hat, Tom?"

"Oh, I forgot," Tom said sweeping it off with a profound bow. "Here, take this chair. And let me take your bonnet and sacque up stairs. You are tired. Never mind the bobs if you are very tired."

"I'll help make them," said Bessie, "and I'll go watch Tom, mamma, if you don't feel like making the bonnet."

"We'll see after dinner," said Mrs. Turmoyle, looking from one round, rosy face to the other, marking the sturdy limbs and dancing eyes. To be sure, the hair of all three must be reduced from a state of rebellion before they were presentable at table, and soap and water were pleasant suggestions in the maternal eyes.

There was perfect health and happiness, if the voices were shrill and the boots noisy.

"I've been to see Mrs. Stone," she said, when, washed and combed, her children gathered around her to wait for papa and dinner, "and I wondered if I could ever make my children as quiet and orderly as her's are."

"Willie Stone is a milksop!" said Tom, contemptuously, "always crying

because his head aches. He can't play anything, and daren't move for fear of spoiling his clothes. Wouldn't play foot-ball for fear he would get dust on his boots. There's a nice boy for you! He might as well be a girl at once."

"And, mother, the teacher had to write a note to Mrs. Stone the day John Gray spilled the ink on Maud's apron. She was so afraid to go home, it was awful. She said her mother would whip her, and keep her upon bread and water for a whole day. Mrs. Lee told her to say it wasn't her fault, but she said her mother would not believe her."

"Dinner! and here comes papa!" cried Tom.

Mr. Turmoyle came in with a very grave face. He made no comment on the boisterous announcement of the holiday, but stooped to kiss the rosy faces with unwonted tenderness. After dinner he sent the children to the nursery, and said to his wife, who had anxiously watched his clouded face,

"Tillie, I met Dr. Holmes on my way home, and he tells me that there have been three cases of scarlet fever from the school. It is raging fearfully he says."

Mrs. Turmoyle turned very pale.

"In the school?" she murmured.

"Well, among the scholars."

There was little more to say, but the heart of each parent sent up a petition to a kind and Heavenly Father, to keep the plague from their door.

Yet it came. A week later Mark sickened, and in three days more all three were down. Tenderest nursing, loving care and unexpected docility of patients, brought the little Turmoyles safely out upon the road of health again.

The most nauseous medicines were swallowed if "mamma" coaxed, and the most stringent stillness was observed, when papa was discovered to have tears in his eyes at Bessie's crib.

The day the children assembled in the sitting room for the first tea drinking was a gala-day, but papa was observed to have a sad face.

"While we are thankful, dear children," he said, "for our blessings, let us not forget to sympathize with the sorrows of others. Willie and Maud Stone were buried to-day, and Amy will be deaf for life. The others are still very ill."

At bed-time, when the children slept the sleep of convalescence, Mr. Turmoyle came to the nursery, where his little blue-eyed wife was laying out the morning clothing.

"Tillie," he said, drawing the little woman close in his strong arms, "I had a long talk with Dr. Holmes today, and I cannot rest till I thank you for our unbroken nursery to-night. Next to God you have saved the children."

"I am sure you never spared yourself in nursing," said Mrs. Turmoyle.

"The nursing was the smallest part of it. Dr. Holmes says it was not the scarlet fever that killed Stone's children, but their mother's 'system.' The fever found over-taxed brains, bodies weakened by want of exercise, tempers made sullen by a deprivation of all childish pleasure. They were nursed by 'system'; no allowance made for suffering or weakness; and

the two that are gone but precede the two now dangerously ill. If they recover from the fever, they will never reach maturity unless their mother sees her error. 'You may thank your wife's management for your own children,' the Doctor said to me; 'there was something to build on in the sturdy frames of those young savages.'

Mrs. Stone could see no fault in her system, though two little graves attested its weakness. Her children, recovering from the fever, found no relaxation of home rule, and listless, pale and dull eyed, went back to the old routine.

Four years passed away, and Tom left home for boarding school, a gentlemanly boy of sixteen, well up in his studies, and in perfect health. Driving home from the station, after starting him upon his journey, Mr. and Mrs. Turmoyle passed Mr. Stone's handsome house, prim and spotless, the garden a miracle of order, and no signs of busy little feet on walk or border.

"Poor Stone!" said Mr. Turmoyle, "he frets sadly for Amy."

"It was hard to lose her the last of the five," said Mrs. Turmoyle, "and she was such a patient child, after she had lost her hearing."

"Too patient. There will be no need now of any system in training. Five children, all under the sod! Oh, Tillie! Thank God we have not such a home as the one we have just passed. Thank God for merry voices, clear laughter, noisy feet, and even the crying of our baby May. May he guard and bless our little ones, and give them good health, good principles, and happiness, rather than give us the doubtful blessing of a quiet home."

#### EARNEST WORDS WITH PARENTS.

##### Number Sixteen.

##### RELIGIOUS TRAINING.

The vast importance of religious training for our children, must not, for a moment be lost sight of. I urge this point, not only in view of the personal relations of their children to society, but in view of their own duty and happiness in their eternal relations to God.

It is conceded by all that morality is an indispensable element in individual, or national character. But without religion, there could be no morality. Religion takes every principle and rule of morals under its peremptory sanction, and every pure precept which has ever been inculcated, either by infidels or Christians, has had one common origin—the inspired Word of God.

Infidelity is an element of national decay. The state could hope to gain no strength, in the future, from an army of children educated exclusively under its influence. Such a training could not fit them for the duties of citizenship, in a Christian community, and under laws founded upon Christian principles.

The elements of a noble manhood, which develop and inspire Christian patriotism, are not inborn. Benevo-

lence, love of truth, sobriety and industry, spring not from inclination or habit, but result from the teachings and regenerating power of the Gospel. Our youth must be educated under its influence, and inspired with its spirit, if we may hope for the prosperity and perpetuity of the Republic.

The religious training of their children is the first duty of parents, and they must take this work into their own hands. So said the inspired penman when giving the Decalogue to the Jews: "And these words which I command thee this day, shall be in thy heart. And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shall talk of them when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up."

And a still higher authority enjoins upon parents the same great duty.

"Suffer little children to come unto me," said our Saviour. This injunction is addressed directly to all fathers and mothers to whose care have been committed "little children." Now is the time when they are to be instructed in divine things, and when they are to be suffered and directed to come to Jesus the great Teacher and Guide of sinful men. Their minds are just opening to understand the visible and invisible things which are revealed; their hearts are now tender and susceptible of durable impressions, and their growing life, is waiting as it were, to be directed by the living hand of the mother, into the path of duty, peace and usefulness.

The personal welfare of our children recurs for our consideration.

A life of virtue and piety stands opposed to a life of vice and crime. The former is a life of happiness; the latter of misery. The one leads to honor and usefulness; the other to disgrace and ruin. And no right-minded parent can be indifferent as to which of these paths his children tread. Vital interests are involved in this question when contemplated only from a worldly stand-point; and when we admit the doctrine of a future and endless life, of which the present is but an introduction, and for which it is a preparation, the subject assumes a fearful importance.

The duty of parents in obedience to the divine injunction, to teach the great truth of Christianity diligently unto their children, now becomes imperative and imposing.

And what truths of Christianity are so important for our children to understand? I answer, first of all, that great truth in subordination to which all the moral precepts of the Decalogues are proclaimed; viz.: that there is one and only one Great First Cause, who is the source of all human obligations, and the only object of human worship. This is the foundation of all revealed truth. Without it, human life is a desert, shut in, on every side, by an impenetrable horizon. Without this truth, man knows nothing of his origin, and nothing of his end.

Let parents, therefore, teach this to their children, with all the accompanying precepts, so well calculated to regulate human conduct and inspire human hopes.

EXPERIENCE.

#### THANK YOU.

"Mother," said a little girl, "I gave a poor beggar child a drink of water and a slice of bread, and she said 'Thank you' to me so beautifully, and it made me so glad, I shall never forget it."

Now children can do a great many things worth a "thank you." Kind offices are everywhere and at all times needed; for there are always sick ones, sorrowful ones, poor ones, besides dear ones, to make happy by kindness; and it goes further towards making home happy than almost anything else. Kind offices are within everybody's reach, like air and sunshine.

#### THE PUZZLER.

We will send a copy of THE HOUSEHOLD for one year to the one who first sends full and correct answers to The Puzzler for any month.

#### ANSWERS:

1. Our truest steps are human still, To walk unswerving were divine.
2. Persevere. 3. Thomas Hood.
4. R I N G      5. E A S E  
I R O N      A W A Y  
N O R A      S A X E  
G N A T      E Y E S
6.      H  
P A N  
T O W E R  
L E T T U C E  
H A W T H O R N E  
O T T O M A N  
B E R Y L  
O N E  
E

7. Some murmur when their sky is clear and wholly bright to view, If one small speck of dark appear in their great heaven of blue; And some with thankful love are filled if but one streak of light, One ray of God's good mercy gild the darkness of their night.

#### ENIGMA.

1. I am composed of 53 letters. My 4, 16, 20 is an insect.
2. My 23, 14, 15, 17, 6, 16, 8 is an interesting exercise.

My 17, 9, 8 is a domestic animal. My 10, 2, 6, 3, 7, 17 we love. My 11, 12, 2, 23, 6, 1 is dreadful. My 8, 6, 16, 1 is intellect.

My 13, 4, 28, 2, 6, 15, 8, 22, is what young people often contemplate.

My 18, 6, 20, 20, 3, 7 is what young men often get.

My 19, 2, 17, 22, 23 is what every young lady should possess.

My whole is the name of a song.

#### CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

2. My first is in apple but not in plum.

My second is in flute but not in drum.

My third is in food but not in diet.

My fourth is in rattle but not in quiet.

My fifth is in wren and also in dove.

My sixth is in friendship but not in love.

My seventh is in temple but not in house.

My eighth is in weasel and also in mouse.

My ninth is in novel but not in old.

My tenth is in folding but not in fold.

My eleventh is in valley but not in plain.

My twelfth is in snowdrop but not in rain.

My thirteenth is in mother but not in papa.

My fourteenth is in grandson but not in mama.

My whole is the name of a poet.

#### ANAGRAM.

3. Owh esetw ti llw eb nl tath lafubitue nida,  
Os refe mrfe lal rwsosro npa anpi;  
Hiwt snogs no oru ispl dan ltwh sprah ni uor nhdas,  
Ot etme noe teohran ignaa.

#### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

4. A species of antelope; a boiled meat, (French); government; pertaining to angels; a man's name; a girl's name; a residence. The initials and finals form the name of a President of the U. S.

#### SQUARE WORDS.

5. Part of a ship; a man's name; a measure; a plant.
6. Desire; not written; a covering; a girl's name.

#### DIAMOND PUZZLE.

7. A consonant; to be at rest; a division of land; a boy's name; title of a Roman magistrate; a household utensil; a consonant. E. A. K.

#### ARITHMOREM.

8. W J H ) G I S T G ( O I A  
R W G

OW I T  
O O W W

J W I G  
J O I R

J T O

#### ACROSTIC.

The initials of the following names, arranged in the given order, will spell the name of a man of whom honorable mention is made in the New Testament.

9. My first, in a time of persecution, sheltered and fed a hundred of God's servants.

My second, was the name of a valiant military captain.

My third, was one who fell asleep during preaching and fell out of the window.

My fourth was he, who cast stones and dust at a certain king.

My fifth, was one of the Prophets.

My sixth, was one of the Apostles.

My seventh, was a woman, who proved the efficacy of earnest prayer.

My eighth, would be some be called a fugitive slave.

My ninth, was one of the twelve Patriarchs.

My tenth, was a soldier slain by the treachery of his king.

My eleventh, was the name of a woman whose beauty caused her great inconvenience.

#### DECAPITATIONS.

10. Behead a distance and leave a number.

11. Behead a color and leave a useful fluid.

12. Behead part of a vessel and leave ancient.

13. Behead a small gravel and leave to take a part.

14. Behead veracity and leave a girl's name.

15. Behead a space of time and leave a pronoun. Roscoe F.



## DRINK AT MEALS.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

IT is generally conceded that we should take but little liquid with our meals, since nature has provided all necessary means of moistening our food. It is estimated that the fine salivary glands of the mouth will ordinarily supply from twelve to sixteen ounces of the saliva at each meal, certainly enough to moisten all of the food needed. Indeed, we cannot reasonably suppose that any mistake was made in this regard by the Creator, but must suppose that like the brutes, when unable to get drink, even though dry food is taken, human beings do not really need any liquids with which to moisten food, either in the mouth or the stomach. If we add the two or three pounds of the saliva per day to about four pounds of gastric juice, the daily supply of the stomach for each day, to say nothing of the pancreatic juice it might seem that no artificial supply is really needed, that is, to be taken with our meals. Indeed it is probable that we might not suffer should we take no drinks with our meals, and far less than is ordinarily taken at other times. Of course the excess passes off very readily in the form of perspiration, etc., doing but little harm it may be, and yet, really doing no good, in no respect improving the health. The more we drink, of necessity, the more we may perspire, while the fact that we are so constituted that such excess may pass off and not prove positively injurious to us to any alarming extent, should not encourage us to indulge in excesses which cannot under any circumstances prove favorable to our health.

But what is excess? The true answer may not be easily given. It is probably, however, that we create most of our thirst by the use of the irritants, such as salt and the spices in general, producing an inflammation in the throat, which is easily mistaken for a true thirst. Such a thirst, produced artificially, an accidental condition, cannot represent the real wants of the system. Natural thirst is that which fairly indicates the true condition of the body, the waste of its liquids caused by excessive labors, or any exercise which causes perspiration, the escape of such liquids. Like hunger—which is the measure of the exhaustion of the system, marking the waste and indicating the absolute necessity for a renewal, repairs—a natural thirst shows to what extent the waste of the liquids has proceeded—in reality a call for a fresh supply.

That waste is dependent upon the amount of violent exercise and the degree of activity of the pores of the skin, ever active, or should be ever active, in carrying off the waste and worn out particles of our ever decaying bodies. Both hunger and thirst, therefore, the true, not the artificial, must ever indicate the extent to which the body is exhausted or demolished

by its labors, both physical and mental, and mark, as on a dial the real wants for new materials with which to re-construct its wasted tissues. But since we are creatures of habit, it is more than probable that most of our thirst, at least, if not our hunger, is artificial, the result of the use—unnatural as it is—of so many of the excitants, the irritants, the stimulants and the narcotics, creating a diseased action, satisfied or gratified by the use of drinks. (They are indeed fortunate who use only pure water for this purpose, instead of the fiery, life-consuming drinks of the saloons, so many of which are “vile compounds” of some of the most deadly poisons of the drug-stores.)

The fact that strong tea enables one to dispense with the usual amount of sleep is a strong argument against its use, since it must effect this by such an irritation of the nervous system, such a general unrest of the whole system that its natural repose cannot be secured, a kind of “whipping post” by which overtasked and drowsy powers are made to postpone their urgent calls for rest and recuperation.

If such means prove availng at such times, it is evident that the irritations of such strong decoctions cannot be avoided on other occasions. (But, gentle reader, do you say with others, you doctors will not let us have what we can enjoy? That is a mistake, we do not make these harmful, but simply give the warning, telling you what will injure you. Remember, also, that the wholesome articles, aside from unnatural habits, will really afford you the most gustatory pleasure. One has said that “the greatest epicure is the temperate man.”) Again, strong coffee is well known to derange the stomach and impair the action of the liver, producing “billiousness,” a very natural result of, at least, the abuse of the use of coffee. That both tea and coffee may have their medicinal uses is admitted and that they may be taken, especially plain black tea, in moderation, not strong, with no material disadvantage, is not denied, and yet it is manifest that nature’s drink is pure water, for general use, not easily improved. If these artificial drinks had been intended for general use by the whole world it would be reasonable to infer that, like wheat, they might be produced in all climates intended for the residence of man.

I have favored the plain black tea, though there is really but one species of the tea plant. The black or the ripe tea, that from the well developed plant, is far safer than the green or unripe leaf and, also, that made poisonous by peculiar methods of curing. It is quite certain that dealers in tea like those in other articles, have learned the process of adulterating their goods, using poisons in their nefarious business.

But while water is manifestly the natural drink for man and beast, it must be admitted that, in our weakness, there are some who cannot safely take cold water with their meals, or indeed, any cold drink, in consequence of the absence of the usual vitality in the system. In such there is not sufficient warmth and vigor to supply the needful heat of the

stomach during the digestive process, at least when this heat is so often reduced by the frequent drinking of any cold drinks, all of which chill the stomach and impair its action; while the young and strong may be generally able to keep up this warmth, it must be admitted that there are those who cannot safely chill the stomach at this time. But it is not necessary that such should use harmful drinks, since “crust coffee,” etc., and even hot water and milk and many other simple drinks will meet this necessity as well as strong tea and coffee. Yet we may drink too much of even these plain and simple articles, more than the stomach really demands—so far reducing the juices connected with digestion as to impair that process. But a prominent objection and perhaps the most important is that of taking drinks as a substitute for chewing our food, really “washing it down,” less than half masticated—less than half insalivated—allowing the saliva to remain in glands unused.

In fine use as little as possible with the meals, a little more at the close, if really needed, and a moderate quantity of water, not too cold, on an empty stomach to cool the feverishness caused by digestion.

## WAITING AT TABLE.

Waiting at table is an art in which there are various degrees of excellence, but in which, like other arts, no degree of excellence is to be attained without training. When we say that silence, and what we may for want of a better name, call imperceptibility, are among the chief requisites of waiting, or, in other words, that waiting should be done so as to attract the least possible amount of the diner’s attention, and conceal from him as effectually as possible that his wants are being supplied by any physical agency, we pass the severest condemnation on the kind of waiting which some years ago was common in American hotels, and which thousands of simple folk, who never saw any other, were accustomed to look on as a fine and indeed awe-inspiring manner of serving food—we mean that in which a large force of negroes or Irishmen took their places, with a loud racket, in lines behind the guests’ chairs, each with two dishes poised aloft in his hands, and, at a signal given by the head waiter, brought them down on the table with what a drill-sergeant would call “a smart rattle,” the diners all the while sitting in something uneasy and watchful suspense.

This was a thoroughly barbarous ceremony, but it was in all respects worthy of meals to which people were summoned by a gong, an instrument which should never be used to call men or women to any repast not composed of human flesh. Its sound should be always and properly reserved for cannibal feasts, and should be answered only at the double-quick and with cries of savage joy. It has, we are glad to say, gone out of use everywhere, except on steamboats and in the remoter regions of the West, where the hotel guests wait for their dinners in a compact mass at the locked door, and, as soon as it is opened, cast themselves on their food

in a rush, like a pack of hounds. Even hotel waiting has now had generally a fair amount of silence infused into it. The evolutions of the waiters are not made a prominent feature of the dinner, and the guests are left to inform themselves of its readiness, as civilized men and women in our day should be, by their watches.—*Nation.*

## THE DESSERT.

—There is nothing more calculated to weaken a boy’s moral character than to get his fish-hook fastened on rubbish in the river.

—An autograph letter of George Washington was sold in Boston lately for twenty-five dollars. The young man who wrote it got but seventy-five cents. There is very little justice in this world.

—“You can get your boots blacked inside there,” said a hotel clerk to a guest, pointing to the porter’s room. “I don’t want my boots blacked inside,” responded the stranger, in a tone of astonishment.

—A New York state Quaker was found in a patch of grass, behind a fence, looking at a circus procession, and he turned it off by asking, “Friend, hast thee seen the kingbolt of my wagon around here?”

—They have turned up an ancient grasshopper in Missouri, measuring four inches in length, an inch across the back, and having hind legs three and one-half inches in length. It is supposed to be the grasshopper mentioned by the preacher as likely to “become a burden.”

—A little girl being sent to the store to purchase some dye stuff, and forgetting the name of the article, said to the clerk, “John, what do folks dye with?” “Die with? Why, cholera, sometimes,” replied John. “Well, I believe that’s the name; I want three cents’ worth.”

—“What is the size of this place?” gravely asked a New Yorker of the conductor, just after the brakeman had sung out, O-pe-li-ka, at a southern station, where not a house was visible among the pines except a rambling shell called an “eating saloon.” “It’s about as big as New York,” was the ready answer, “but it isn’t built up yet.”

An irrepressible boy of five years, who was always compelled to keep quiet on Sunday, having grown inex-pressibly weary toward the close of a Sabbath day, frankly and honestly approached his excellent but rather over-strict father, and gravely said: “Pa, let’s have a little spiritual fun.” This was too much not only for the gravity, but also for the strictness of the father, and for once he “let nater caper” till bed time.

—Dean Ramsey tells a story of a Scotch beadle, who had taken a fancy to the manse housemaid. At a loss for an opportunity to declare himself, one day—a Sunday—when his duties were ended, he looked sheepish, and said, “Mary, wad ye tak a turn, Mary?” He led her to the church-yard, and pointing with his finger, got out, “My fowk lie there, Mary; wad ye like to lie there?” The grave hint was taken, and she became his wife, but does not yet lie there.



## VACCINATED.

(Dsgustibus non disputandum.)

What a vile abomination

Is this awful vaccination!

Half the arms of half creation

Must be sacrificed and sore,

Mine is itching, swelling, aching,

Tortures new forever making,

And I wonder—"Is it taking?"

And I murmur "What a bore!"

Not a word or sign of pity

Can I find in all the city,

Every fool who would be witty

Makes remarks about my arm.

Some, with hearts than icebergs colder,

In their malice growing bolder,

Seize me roughly by the shoulder,

Just to laugh at my alarm.

Every mortal is my foeman;

Sympathy I win from no man;

But with courage truly Roman,

Bear my misery alone.

Every one who cometh nigh me

Finds some way to tease and try me;

Poking, rubbing, jostling by me,

Wondering how cross I've grown.

Shade of Jenner, long departed,

Had your arm so ached and smarted,

Less severe and softer hearted

You'd have been in life below.

Had you known this pain distressing

Which the world is all confessing,

You'd have left some milder blessing

With a little less of woe.

Life becomes but void and frightful;

Horrid visions fill my night full;

Even small-pox seems delightful,

Matched against this little sore.

Would that I were dead or dying,

Passed beyond this torture trying,

To some home of angels hiesing

Where they vaccinate no more.

—F. W. Clarke.

## POPULAR ERRORS.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

WHILE it is manifestly true that many if not most of our physical ills are directly or indirectly referable to derangements of the organs of digestion, made dependent on what we eat and drink, the error of treating rich and concentrated food is one wide spread, and disastrous in its tendencies. By many it is supposed that the richer our food the more strength will be received from it, to say the least an absurd inference. Nature loves simples, and, to a certain extent, rejects compounds. The organs of digestion seem adapted to simple and substantial foods, and often rebel, as manifested in vomiting, ejecting a foreign or irritating substance, when such food is taken by those whose digestion is impaired, a very fortunate arrangement indeed. In nature we rarely find concentration. The element of sweet, for example, is not usually found as we use it in the form of sugar; it is first concentrated and often used in larger quantities,—especially in the hot season, a heater, as it is—than the real wants of the system will justify. Still another form of this fuel—of course needed in limited supplies as a means of promoting the warmth and fatness of the body—is the fats and oils, rarely existing in as concentrated a form as we use them, but mingled with the lean muscle. While it is freely admitted that this element, this fuel is an absolute necessity, it is still

claimed that in most communities especially at the West, it is employed in quantities to derange and overpower the organs of digestion. These two elements with the spices, the irritants, and stimulants, constitute principally what we call the richness of food. It is presumed that no one will be so fool-hardy as to suppose that these condiments contain any appreciable amount of nourishment, any valuable elements which the system can really appropriate, any health and strength materials. Their action is far more mechanical than chemical. They goad, irritate and whip the organs of digestion into activity, over-work, to be succeeded by inactivity and exhaustion. If this is doubted, apply some of these, as pepper, mustard, etc., to the outer surface for only a few minutes, or to the sensitive coats of the tongue—resembling those of the stomach—and we may infer what is their necessary action on the inner surfaces of the stomach and bowels, though that action is not as readily apparent as on the outer surfaces, for good reasons.

Now let it be borne in mind that the excess of this pure element and the presence of these irritants, containing no nourishment must impair and weaken the digestive organs so that they cannot appropriate the nourishment contained in good food only in part. It is one thing to take a sufficient amount of food, and quite another to take it under proper circumstances and to have the stomach in a condition to be benefited by such food.

By some, when the stomach has been overtired by excess, only a small part of the nourishment of the food is really used; the rest passes undigested or remains to irritate and produce disease.

It can not be reasonably doubted that bread, good honest bread contains more real nourishment, more to be appropriated by the system under ordinary circumstances, than the richest of cake, while plain beef or mutton, fish, etc., will nourish the laborer far better than a highly spiced and concentrated meat pie, by a quaint writer defined as "something dry and indigestible at the top, something moist and indigestible at the bottom, with untold horrors between." When such articles—by some regarded as nutritious—are eaten, the weak stomach more especially, as if controlled by intelligence, seems to become discouraged and utterly refuses to attempt to dispose of such "vile compounds," of course remaining undigested till the turbulence of the fermentive process in some way expels the intruder, giving rise to symptoms as diverse as the circumstances of the victims, called by such names as the following; acidity, dizziness, paleness, goneness, heart burn, load at the stomach, nightmare, sinking, bad dreams, an excessive appetite or fitful and irritated with a loss of it, fretfulness, listlessness and a thousand other similar sensations.

The unfavorable results of such abuse of the stomach, such overtaxing are two fold, first, the fact that it cannot do its work well and of course, cannot make good blood, blood from which bone, muscle, nerve, etc., can be made, and also from the fact that

the fermentation and subsequent rotting of the undigested food produces a mass of corruption—a necessary result of continuous labor, no rest for the poor stomach—a part of which is taken up by the absorbents and carried into the blood vessels to irritate and weaken the lungs and contaminate the whole system. Such causes must produce their legitimate results, and those results we call by the significant name of dyspepsia, a peculiar appendage of civilized life, for which we should be ashamed.

Still another phase of this error is the fact that so many suppose that fineness is an important element of our food. Hence it is absurdly supposed that fine flour bread is more nourishing than the coarser. In speaking of the flour, or meal made from the whole wheat, Dr. Hall says; "This contains the bran; bread made of this contains very important elements not found in white flour, and gives more strength than it does; strength to bones and teeth and brain." We need not quote any better authority than Dr. H. and the late Dr. John C. Warren, though a very large member of our best medical writers induce the same idea, while no one, so far as the writer knows, of established reputation opposes the general idea.

It may also be remarked that this coarse food not only contains more of the elements of nourishment needed by the body, more especially to build up the brain, nerves, muscles, and bones, but that the bran, or the red part just beneath the hull, is the natural stimulus of the organs of digestion and that its use will do much to remove that wide-spread evil known as constipation of the bowels, the direct or indirect cause of much disease and suffering.

## A RECIPE FOR GOOD DIGESTION.

Dr. Bellows remarks, in his new work, "How to be Sick."

Nothing is better understood than that there is connection between cheerfulness and good digestion; and the trite expression, "to laugh and get fat," undoubtedly has its origin in observation, if not in philosophy. What an astonishing amount and variety of food can be disposed of and perfectly digested, at one sitting of cheerful and happy, not to say jolly and merry, old friends, and that without alcohol, or other unnatural stimulus to help digestion. I venture to say more than three times as much as the same individuals could eat and digest in the same time if each took his meals by himself.

And this one fact is worth more than all else I can write to show the dependence of the digestive powers on the state of the mind, and to prove that he must be lean and haggard who, keeping his mind constantly on his business, bolts his meals in silence and solitude, even in the presence of his family. I commend it to the careful consideration of uncomfortable mortals who never properly digest their food, and whose bones are too poorly clothed with flesh, and too poorly protected even to allow them quiet rest, and who, therefore, envy "fat, sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights."

## MEDICINAL PROPERTIES OF CELERY.

I have known many men and women too, who, from various causes had become so much affected with nervousness that when they stretched out their hands they shook like aspen leaves on windy days—and by a daily moderate use of the blanched foot stalks of celery leaves as a salad they became as strong and steady in limbs as other people.

I have known others so very nervous that the least annoyance put them in a state of agitation, and they were almost in constant perplexity and fear, who were also effectually cured by a daily moderate use of blanched celery as a salad at meal times. I have known others cured by using celery for palpitation of the heart. Everybody engaged in labor weakening to the nerves, should use celery daily in season, and onions in its stead when not in season.—Cor. Prac. Farmer.

## TOOTHACHE.

For the benefit of those who may need a little consolation, we publish the following from a correspondent of an exchange:

"If any one of our readers suffer from toothache, or neuralgic affections, arising from teeth in any state of decay, they may experience relief, instantaneous and permanent, by saturating a small bit of clean cotton or wool with a strong solution of ammonia, and applying it immediately to the affected tooth. The pleasing contrast instantaneously produces, in some case, a fit of laughter, although a moment before extreme suffering and anguish prevailed. I have used the remedy for over one year, and have obtained sufficient proof to warrant publication."

## AFTER-DINNER NAPS.

Many persons are in the habit of sleeping for half an hour or an hour immediately after dinner. Ten minutes sleep before dinner is worth more than an hour after. It rests and refreshes and prepares the system for vigorous digestion. If sleep is taken after dinner it should be in the sitting posture, as the horizontal position is unfavorable to healthful digestion. Let those who need rest and sleep during the day take it before dinner instead of after, and they will soon find that they will feel better and that their digestion will be improved thereby.

—Here is a hint for housekeepers, and a very important one. Merely covering up a bed with blankets and counterpanes will no more protect it from dampness or keep it dry than a pane of glass will keep out light. The atmospheric moisture will penetrate all woven fabrics. Hence, the importance of keeping the beds in spare rooms regularly aired. Many a dear friend or welcome visitor has been sent to an untimely grave or afflicted for life with disease, by being put into a bed which had been permitted to stand unoccupied. Keep the spare beds, when not in use, free from all covering but a light spread.



## BETWEEN THE LEAVES.

BY MRS. S. M. DAMON.

Between the time-worn leaves I found a gem,  
Not such as flash from diadem;  
Upon no beating breast its beauty ever shone,  
Within the heart it shed its light alone.

Between the leaves a treasure of rare worth,  
I found; it had no labored birth  
In golden mine, no home in loom or mart:  
Priceless it proved, it soothed an aching heart.

A soft but wandering glare flashed on my sight  
From out the leaves; no blessed beacon light  
Seizing its radiant help far out to sea  
Illumes the gloom more than this did for me.

Between the leaves I found a thought  
Glorious, far blessed peace it brought,  
It stilled the troubled waters of my soul;  
No longer was I subject to their strong control.

Time honored leaves, though soiled and stained,  
Replete with promise rich, with hope continual.  
Through you the places waste are made to bloom  
Less rough and drear the pathway to the tomb.

You make the chalice drank with bitter tears,  
Turn into sweetest draught; no soul appears  
Who read these leaves with heart and soul aright  
Can darkly grope through sorrow's night.

## HOW CHROMOS ARE MADE.

HERE'S no excuse for bare, gloomy walls now-a-days. Every cottage, and almost every shanty can afford some lively, bright colored picture, that will comfort and brighten the lives lived out there.

Thanks to a wonderful way of making pictures, you can buy as pretty a picture for five dollars as you could a few years ago for five hundred. In fact, you can buy a copy of the five hundred dollar picture so exact and perfect that you can't tell the difference, and even an artist has to look sharp.

The works I speak of are chromos, and the reason they are cheap is just because of one little circumstance—that grease and water won't mix. It seems rather funny that a simple thing like that should be the cause of such a wonderful effect, but I'll tell you how it is.

What makes an oil painting expensive is, that the artist spends years in learning to paint, and then weeks and months on each picture. Every line and dot and shade is the work of his fine brush, and there are two or three coats of paint over every part of the picture. The chromo is very different. It is not painted, but printed from stone plates. The first thing, in making one, is to prepare as many of these plates as there are colors and shades of color in the picture. The stone is of a peculiar kind, which likes, or absorbs, both grease and water. It is sawed into plates, and polished by rubbing with sand and water. Still they are not smooth enough. The sand is washed off, and they are again polished with fine pumice stone, till you can see your face in them. They are then examined with a microscope, to see that there are no tiny holes, for one would spoil the picture.

When perfectly smooth, they are set up slanting, in frames, and the artist goes to work. On the first stone he draws, with a sharp pencil or a

sort of chalk, every part of the picture that is to be of one color.

Suppose he wants to make a picture of a girl with brown hair and eyes, red cheeks and lips, and blue dress. He will need four stones. On the first he will draw with his pencil, every part that is to be flesh color, face and hands, being careful not to touch a finger to the polished stone, for the least finger mark would injure it.

On the second stone he would draw the red lips and cheeks; on the third the brown eyes and hair, and on the fourth the blue dress.

The chalk pencil is greasy, you know, and so every line of the picture is drawn in grease on the four stones.

Now comes a man who washes off the stones. The water soaks in everywhere except where the grease lines are—water can't soak into grease.

The next man takes a sponge and coolly washes out the chalk lines, so that the stones look entirely clean; but though he washed off the chalk, the grease, which soaked into the stone, is still there as firmly as ever.

The next man pours gum water over it, to stop up the pores of the stone. It does this nicely except where the sturdy little grease marks are, and there it can't get in.

Now comes the coloring: over the first stone is run a roller covered with flesh colored paint. Oil paint is greasy, of course, so where the gum-water is, the paint won't stick, but on every line of grease it leaves its mark. Over the second stone goes a roller of red paint, leaving a pair of red lips and cheeks on the stone. Over the third a brown roller, to color the eyes and the hair; and over the fourth a blue roller, for the dress.

Now all that needs to be done is to print on the same sheet of paper an impression from each of these stones. The first stone prints in oil paint, a fair complexion and a pair of hands; the second a pair of lips; and so on through the whole four.

Imagine how careful they must be to have them match each other. If they did not, the girl's eyes might be planted in the middle of her cheeks, in a very unpleasant way; or her hair an inch or two above her head, as though she had been scalped by an Indian.

Most pictures have more than four tints. Not only every color but every shade has a separate stone. Ordinary pictures have from fifteen to twenty-five stones employed, yet the lines are all soft, and the colors shade into each other like the original painting.

Our best chromos even imitate the threads of the canvass, so that one must look on the wrong side to see if it be oil painting or chromo.

For those who don't care to look on the wrong side of things they are just as beautiful as the expensive original.

## GOOD BYE.

The American Educational Monthly has an article upon the phrase "Good bye," which gives a very different interpretation from the one generally received. It says:

Instead of being a corruption of *God by with you* (*b' w' ye*), as Webster's Unabridged Dictionary teaches, or a corruption of any other expression,

*good bye* consists as plainly and truly of two honest, hearty, and well-meaning Saxon words as its kindred expression *good morning* or *good night*. The word *bye*, as a noun, has long since gone into disuse in English except in two or three phrases. As a synonym of *way* or *journey*, it is no longer in general use. And yet it is as such that it appears in the expression *good bye*.

*As good morning, good evening, good night* are but contractions of the phrases, "a good morning to you," "a good evening to you," so *good bye* is but a contraction of "a good bye (journey) to you" for which we still say, "a pleasant journey to you;" and nothing but the fact of the obsolescence of the word *bye* in this sense would have ever suggested any other origin or meaning for the expression. The idea of God being with the one addressed, therefore, it will be seen, does not inhere in *good bye* any more than in *good morning, good evening, good night*, etc. Yet, in using these expressions, a devout mind may connect it with them all.

—One of the most pleasant and noblest duties of the head of the family is to furnish its members with good reading. Let good reading go into a home, and the very atmosphere of that home gradually but surely changes. The boys begin to grow ambitious, to talk about men, places, books, the past, and the future. The girls begin to feel a new life opening before them in knowledge, duty, and love. They see new fields of usefulness and pleasure; and so the family changes, and out from its number will grow intelligent men and women to fill honorable places, and be useful members of society.

## THE REVIEWER.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY. The December number closes the thirty-fourth volume of this excellent magazine. It contains the following table of contents: *Cadenabbia*, by H. W. Longfellow; *Visit of the Wrens*, by Paul H. Hayne; *Land and Sea*, by Hiram Rich; *A Foregone Conclusion*, by W. D. Howells; *About a Barrel of Lard*, by Ajax T. Lamon; *A Rebel's Recollections*, by George Cary Eggleston, (The End, and After;) *Contrast between English Scenery and Our Own*, by E. S. Nadal; *Old Trees*, by J. S. Barry; *Marta's Vineyard*, by N. S. Shaler; *Some Results from my Spiritual Studies*, by Robert Dale Owen; *The Righteousness of Money-Making*, by Edward Atkinson; *Wafer-Color Painting*, by Henry S. Mackintosh, and Editorial criticism on The Drama; Mr. Aldrich's Poetry, by Edgar Fawcett, and reviews of American and German Literature, with criticism on new Music, and interesting papers on Education.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. The December number, completing the fourteenth volume of this delightful monthly, is here, bearing upon the face of it unmistakable indications of constant and confident improvement, and a growing success. "The New Hyperion," by Edward Strahan, illustrated, which will be completed in the January number, is continued, and in it are some rare bits of drollery, and toward the close some hints at art criticism that will probably arouse comment.

"The Tourist's Paradise," by Charles Dimitry, is a charming description of the vicinity of Menlone, in the Maritime Alps Region, with numerous suggestions regarding the customs of the people, and is very richly illustrated. "Physical Effects of Emotion on the Heart," by H. C. Wood, Jr., M. D., is a short paper containing much rare and valuable information on a subject of universal interest. "Hung and Unhung, a tale of the Old Brick Church of St. Stephen's," by Robert Wilson, is an odd, weird story, in which

tragedy and comedy are strongly blended. Mr. T. Adolphus Trollope gives some recollections of his intercourse with that singular genius, Charles Lever. The poems of the number, "Mystery," by Charlotte F. Bates; "Reverie," by Emma Lazarus; and "Farewell," by James Maurice Thompson, are all delightful reading. Our Monthly Gossip is full of happy selections. The book criticisms are able and discriminating as usual, and with this number the fourteenth volume reaches its completion, with every indication of future prosperity.

We have received PETERSON'S JOURNAL for December, and can truly say that this new enterprise opens in the most promising manner. This number contains twelve first-class stories, all published complete, many of them written by authors of high ability and reputation. To all those desiring a first-class magazine, a large majority of whose pages are devoted to the publication of the best fiction of the day, we can recommend this. The publishers, formerly connected for many years with the Saturday Evening Post and The Lady's Friend, will, in the management of this new periodical, have the benefit of a long and varied experience. The mechanical getting up of the magazine is unexceptionable; the paper being excellent, and the cover decidedly handsome and novel in appearance. Terms: \$3.00 a Year, in Advance. H. Peterson & Co., 920 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER. A characteristic feature of Harper's Magazine is the expansive development of the subjects, treated in its illustrated articles. To give examples would be to recite the contents of volumes. Thus, in its articles of travel, instead of moving rapidly over a large extent of country, takes up some subject full of interest—as in its recent articles on Newport, Marblehead, and Portsmouth—and leaves no important feature untouched. We have a striking instance of this method in the opening article of the December number—the first part of a magnificently illustrated paper on St. Augustine, from the pen of Constance Fenimore Woolson. It is evidently the result of patient study; but the author has looked upon the old city with fresh eyes, and has invented a new style of treatment, weaving the threads of romance with those of travel. Her story is embellished with twenty-five bright illustrations of scenery and character. Miss Woolson also contributes a Florida poem, "Pine Barrens." Professor Simon Newcomb contributes a popular article, amply illustrated, on the "Coming Transit of Venus." An illustrated poem, by Miss M. C. Pike, entitled "The Ballad of Breakneck," narrates in strong verse a very touching legend of the Hudson. Three excellent short stories are given: "A Character Mask," by Justin McCarthy; "On the Circuit," by Fannie Hodgson Burnett; and "The Survival of the Fittest," by the Rev. William M. Baker, the author of "Mose Evans." An eloquent and instructive paper on the "Genesis of the New England Churches," is contributed by Eugene Lawrence, apropos of the recent publication of Dr. Bacon's book with that title. The Editorial Departments are as comprehensive and attractive as usual.

THE AMERICAN NATURALIST, for November, is received. It contains the conclusion of Prof. Lowering's admirable address before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, at Hartford, occupying twenty pages. This is followed by Dr. Augustus Weissmann's second paper on The Metamorphosis of Flies; and then comes an article on English Sparrows, by Thomas G. Gentry, in which he takes issue with Dr. Brewer as to his views in regard to the habits and utility of these birds. The Reviews and Book Notices present interesting articles on The Geology of the Lower Amazonas, by Prof. Hartt of Cornell University, with a sketch map and attractive illustrative pictures of the Ereira-Monte-Alegre District and the Table-topped hills; the topographical maps of Wheeler's Expedition, and other recent publications. The briefer Natural History Notes contain many interesting and instructive facts and comments relative to Botany, Zoology, Geology, Anthropology, and Microscopy, some of which are quite curious. The Naturalist is printed at the Salem Press office, under the auspices of Peabody Academy of Science—A. S. Packard, Jr., and F. W. Putnam, editors; R. H. Ward, Troy, associate editor. Subscription price \$4 a year in advance; single numbers 35 cents.

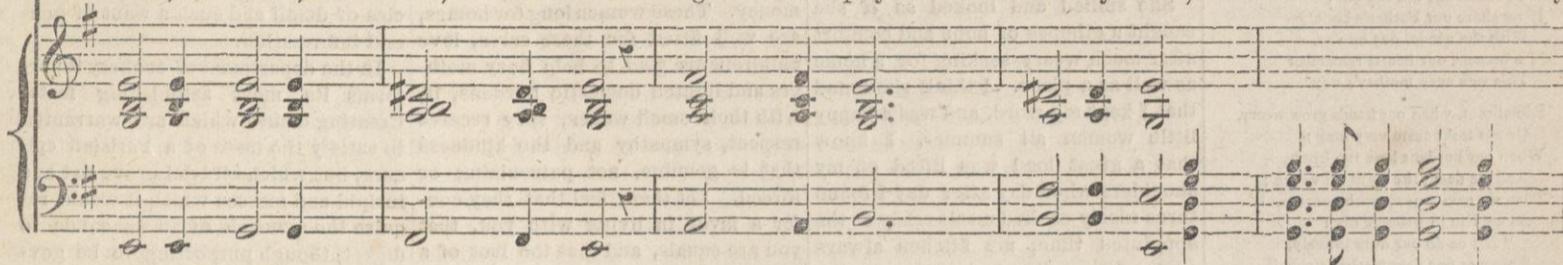
Words by Rev. E. PHINNEY.

## AUTUMN LEAVES.

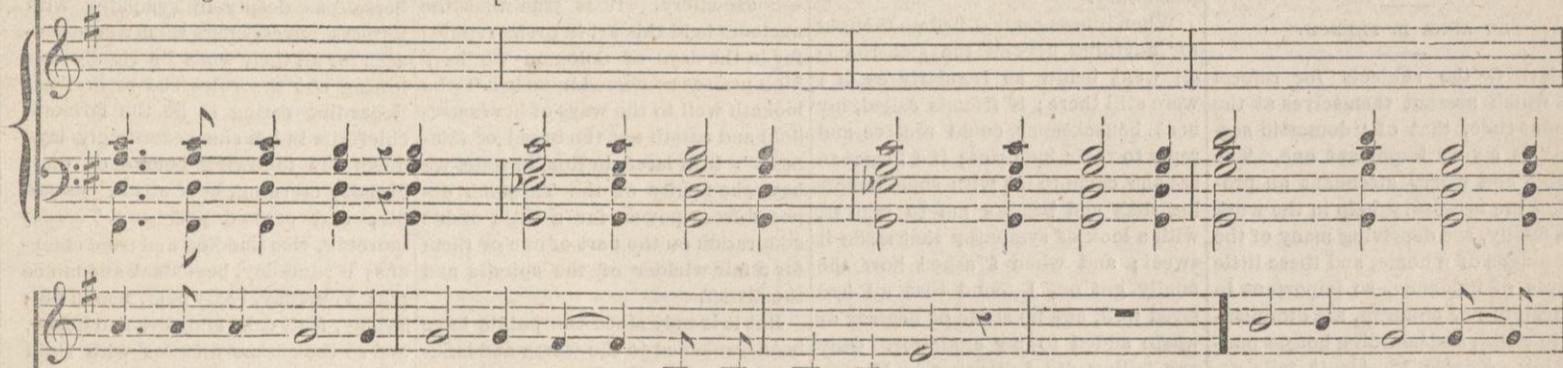
Music by WILBUR BUZZELL.

*Con Espressione.*

1. All night long has the pit i less rain Beaten the leaves from the autumn trees, And they lie on my heart as they  
 2. Once I gathered you, bright autumn leaves, Pressed you, caressed you, and loved you well, And I love you no less, tho' I  
 3. Death! ah, leaves, do you dread it as I, Beau - ti - ful leaves, lying there in your bed; Do you shudder and shrink at the  
 4. Oh, fair, bright and most beau - ti - ful leaves Tinted with russet and brown and gold, Do those beauti - ful smiles really  
 5. Leaves, dear leaves, fare - well, fare - well! Bright is the hope you have stirr'd in my breast, And the thrill that it sends thro' my

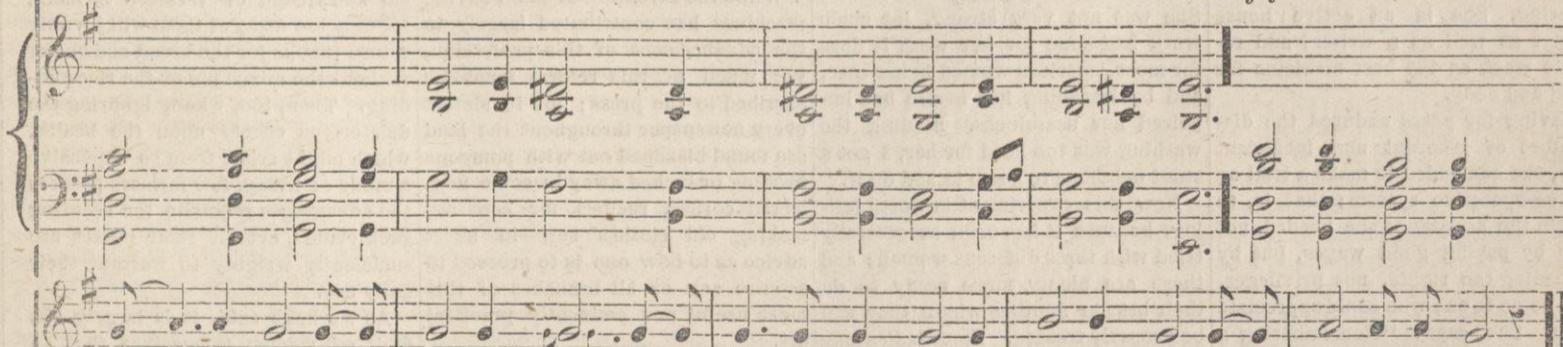
*Omit 7 measures for the 2nd, 4th & 5th verses.*

lie on the ground, While low, weird wails, like the sobs of the seas, Are borne to my ears on  
 gath - er you not; For the [ OMIT. ] thought of the grave, The dark night long, while the clouds o - ver - head, Pressed back to your heart the  
 come from your heart? Is [ OMIT. ] chill - ing life blood Is [ OMIT. ]

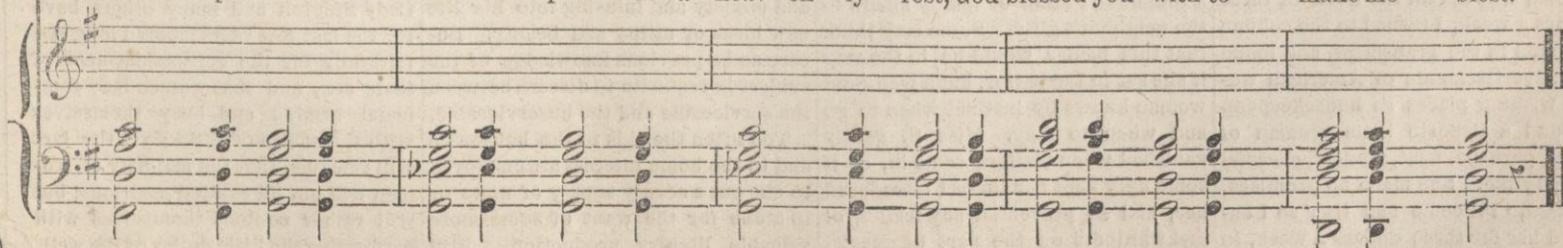


ev - er - y breeze That fans the bed of the dy - ing leaves.  
 shiv - er - ing dread, That thrills and chills me at the thought of "dead."

2. winds and rains, if you  
 4. faith so strong, or  
 5. joy that nev - er can



ask them, will tell, That I am dying and this is my knell, They ring with yours on their fu - ner - al bell.  
 cour - age so bold, You shrink not at crumbling back in - to mould, In hope to gain new life for the old.  
 be.... expressed. I think 'tis part of a heav - en - ly rest, God blessed you with to make me blest.





## MOTHER'S WAY.

BY NANNIE A. HEPWORTH.

Within our little cottage,  
As the shadows gently fall,  
While the sunlight touches softly  
One sweet face upon the wall,  
Do we gather close together,  
And in hushed and tender tone  
Ask each other's full forgiveness  
For the wrong that each has done.  
Should you wonder why this custom  
At the ending of the day,  
Eye and voice would quickly answer,  
"It was once our mother's way!"

If our home be bright and cheery,  
If it hold a welcome true,  
Opening wide its door of greeting  
To the many, not the few;  
If we share our Father's bounty  
With the needy, day by day,  
'Tis because our hearts remember  
This was ever mother's way.

Sometimes, when our hands grow weary,  
Or our tasks seem very long;  
When our burdens look too heavy,  
And we deem the right all wrong;  
Then we gain a new, fresh courage,  
As we rise to proudly say:  
"Let us do our duty bravely,  
This was our dear mother's way."

Thus we keep her memory precious,  
While we never cease to pray  
That, at last, when lengthening shadows  
Mark the evening of life's day,  
They may find us waiting calmly,  
To go home our mother's way!

—Hearth and Home.

## DOMESTIC SERVICE.

BY ANNA B. FRENCH.

AMONG the subjects for reform which present themselves at the present time, that of "domestic service" is a very important one. The trouble and worry attendant on procuring the necessary help in the work of a family, are depriving many of the advantages of a home, and these little centres of influence, so important in the training of children, are diminishing in cities, and boarding houses multiplying. Louisa M. Alcott tells us, in the Boston Transcript, that she has solved the "servant girl problem," and her experience is well worth considering. She is an active house keeper as well as a writer; and regards work as the best medicine for mind and body.

Having for years endured the discomfort of ignorant and inefficient help, she concluded to make a trial on the co-operative system; that is, to obtain the assistance she needed, not only by paying good wages, but by conceding the rights, not privileges, of a home to one who could appreciate them. She says: "Remembering a happy experience of other years, when we answered the advertisement of a housekeeper and got an excellent woman, who did all the work for three dollars a week, I turned to the column of wants in the Transcript, and found five advertisements of American women wishing places as housekeepers. I found a delicate little woman of thirty, perhaps, neat, modest, cheerful and ladylike. She made no promises, but said, 'I'll come and try,' so I engaged her for three dollars a week, to

take entire charge of the kitchen department. She came; and with her coming peace fell upon a perturbed family. A peace that lasted unbroken for four months, in spite of much company, dangerous illness in the house, and many unforeseen incidents. My little Miss S. was one of the family, for in the beginning I said to her, 'I want some one to work with me as my sisters used to do; there is no mistress or maid about it, and the favor is as much on your side as mine; work is a part of my religion, and there is no degradation in it, and so you are as much a lady to me, cooking my dinner in the kitchen, as any friend who sits in the parlor. Eat with us, talk with us, work with us; and when the daily tasks are done, rest with us, read our books, sit in our parlor, and enjoy all we can offer you in return for your faithful and intelligent services.'

She smiled and looked as if she caught a glimpse of hope and comfort after much weary seeking for a home as well as a place. I think she found that I kept my word, and was a happy little woman all summer. I know that a great load was lifted off my shoulders when day after day I found three nicely cooked meals ready at the appointed time, my kitchen always neat, with no flies in uncovered milk, no dish towels under the stove, no silver in the sink, or the table looking as if set by a hurricane. She did the marketing, also, and the monthly bills showed a surprising difference, for no spoilt messes went to the pigs; timely care kept things in order, and good judgment made economy a pleasant possibility.

When illness came, I had no thought for anything beyond the sick-room; all went below as regularly as if I were still there; if friends called, my neat housekeeper could receive and reply to their inquiries; if I forgot to eat she came to me with some tempting dish and begged me to take it, with a look of sympathy that made it sweet; and when I asked how the family got on, I found that all had fared well, and no sense of neglect or waste added to my anxieties. Only one failing did I discover in Miss S. (I always gave her name as she gave me mine, and returned the respect she paid me as scrupulously as I could.) She was not very strong, for much work had done for her what it does for most American women in her case, and by lessening her health had impaired her usefulness. Finding the washing was too hard for her, I got a stout neighbor to come in and do it.\*

Now this experiment is worth telling, because it has been successfully tried with three different women; and there are plenty more ready to do their best in families where they can be properly treated. Some ladies may object to having a stranger at the table, yet it is better to have a lady there than an ear at the key hole, and a tongue to gossip of family affairs to the neighbor's girls. Some may think that this helper would be in the way if she sat in the parlor, but a well-bred woman knows by instinct when to go and when to stay. Miss S. gently vanished when visitors came in, or if some duty kept her there I introduced her, and so prevented any feeling of awkwardness on the part of guests,

or that sense of exclusion which is so hard to a social or sensitive woman.

Miss S. always sat in the dining-room which in the evening was lighted, the folding-doors left open, and the music or chat of the parlor as free to her as to us. It was pleasant to me to see the neat, pretty woman sitting there, enjoying the books, brightening at a friendly word, ready to lend a hand wherever needed, and so happy in the atmosphere of freedom which made labor light, and life less sad and solitary for her.

In a large and fashionable family this may not be possible, and I leave such to their own splendors and worries. But in that great class of families where small incomes make economy necessary, help of this sort is most needed and may easily be found if the heads of the family are willing to pay for it in something besides money. These women long for homes, are well fitted for these cares, love children, are glad to help busy mothers and lighten domestic burdens, if, with their small wages, they receive respect, sympathy and the kindness that is genuine, not patronizing or forced. Let them feel that they confer a favor in living with you, that you are equals, and that the fact of a few dollars a week does not build up a wall between two women who need each other."

## NEWSPAPER "HOUSEWIFERY."

With the growing esteem for woman in this century, has come a corresponding recognition of her profession—housewifery. It is true that the ancients held this art in great repute; for in the days of Solomon we have high praises conferred upon her "who looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness." Still later, in Roman time, we have the family of the Tarquins deposed from power for a little undue admiration on the part of one of them for a fair wielder of the spindle and the distaff.

But it is only since the public have been awakened to the worth and influence of woman's work, that housewifery has received that attention which it so justly merits.

While the invention of labor saving machines has contributed largely to the advancement of this profession, yet much of this reform must be ascribed to the press; for in almost every newspaper throughout the land are found blazoned out with pompous heading or tucked away in some neglected corner, recipes for cooking, making old clothes new—in short advice as to how one is to proceed to acquire any or all branches of this most useful and eminently practical art.

To many a weary, discouraged housekeeper have these proved a godsend, lightening her burden of toil and anxiety and infusing into her life new ideas of utility and beauty. But care and a previous knowledge of the subject is requisite to discern between the serviceable and the unserviceable.

Too often the aids to the housewife and to the home interest are employed to eke out a scanty supply of news or to atone for the want of some more valuable literary production. Still

oftener is it the case that the writer has beheld the bread pan and kneading board only in fancy, and the tempting sirloin, "done to a russet brown," only carved and ready for eating.

Every subject of note has been discussed, at some time, by writers of little or no knowledge of its requirements. Housewifery has proved to be no exception to this rule; indeed we might say that it has been strikingly unfortunate in this particular. This may be owing partly to the decidedly uncritical manner with which such articles are read by the majority of women and partly to the fact that many editors consider the department of secondary importance and thus content themselves with writers of slender attainments; but, be it as it may, it is true that the public press gives attention to no sphere of knowledge in which it shows such inaccuracies of detail and such a want of general information.

In the department of cookery it performs its most astonishing feats. Creating dishes which are warranted to satisfy the taste of a Parisian epicure, but which on trial prove flat and insipid and messes which it would require the stomach of an anaconda to digest, though purporting to be governed by the strictest rules of hygiene.

To show the absurdity of many of the so-called articles on housekeeping, I will quote a few taken from some of our leading journals.

*Delicate Cake.*—Two cups of butter, one of sugar, a teaspoonful of saleratus, and flour to the taste.

Another writer, after expressing herself as deeply in sympathy with farmers' wives, offers them a sure panacea for all their woes by rigidly following out the rules she prescribes. Regarding eating to be the farmers' chief aim in life she accordingly lays down the following course of diet. Monday morning, beef steak, custard pie, and canned peaches; Tuesday morning, rice pudding and fried chickens; Wednesday, beef steak and mince pie; Thursday, roast beef, lemon pie; Friday, fruit cake and pork and beans, and so the author dictates with rigid exactness, the various articles for each meal during the week, fully convincing us at the close that she has no practical knowledge of Western farmers, for only too many of them will joyfully return thanks for the bread and butter without the mince pie or the rice pudding.

While the invention of labor saving machines has contributed largely to the advancement of this profession, yet much of this reform must be ascribed to the press; for in almost every newspaper throughout the land are found blazoned out with pompous heading or tucked away in some neglected corner, recipes for cooking, making old clothes new—in short advice as to how one is to proceed to acquire any or all branches of this most useful and eminently practical art.

As we have said, it is largely the fault of women themselves that so much arrant nonsense is published. This should be avoided, for notwithstanding Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and many others have for the last few years labored long and faithfully for the enfranchisement of their sex, and that women may command armies and busy themselves with the affairs of State; yet the fact still remains, that the majority of women will not fill exalted positions, but will rather content themselves with performing the little duties of life well,

finding their greatest joy in the happiness of their husband and children.

The profession of such women is housewifery, and to become proficient in it is one of their great aims in life. Men now have at their disposal the most prolific sources of information, upon every subject relating to their particular branches of industry.

Why shall not woman raise her profession above all others in the land, by the wise opportunity which shall be afforded her for enlarging her knowledge of its uses and powers?—*Western Farmer.*

#### ECONOMY IN LABOR.

There is an old saying, that "a penny saved is two-pence earned." Now, if this is so why is not the rule good in labor, one hour saved is worth two of hard labor, and one hour saved is worth two of hard work? I think it is, for we save with it all the wear and tear of our minds and bodies, and our energies are fresh for other work. Many housekeepers toil ceaselessly from morn till night, when a little saving of labor would give them some hours of rest.

Some say that every room that is occupied must be swept every day; but I think this is in many cases worse than useless.

In bedrooms, if the occupants are careful and the one that makes the beds does not drop the feathers and straws, the operation of sweeping would certainly be fruitless if performed every day. In the sitting-room, if there are children it is usually necessary to perform that task every day, and sometimes a number of times; but where there are no children, with a little caution in regard to keeping bits of paper, dribblets of cloth, etc., from falling to the floor, we may be saved the inevitable dust that follows sweeping a floor at least every other day. There are a great many items that really seem ridiculous in detail that all help to preserve order and neatness.

We all agree that neatness in table-linen is very desirable, as well as all other table appointments. When the

crumbs are scraped from the plates on the cloth, then the knives, forks and spoons all gathered in a promiscuous heap and also laid on the cloth regardless of their condition, the cloth is finally removed, is folded up hap-hazard and laid down anywhere; thus, for want of system, giving extra labor at the expense of cleanliness.

The silver-ware should all be carefully removed in a dish or a small waster; then the cutlery in another dish; then scrape the plates into the slop-pail; gather the dishes together carefully that none of their contents are spilled; fold the napkins in the original creases formed by ironing; shake the table-cloth and fold that, that is, preserving the folds, which makes it keep its fresh appearance much longer, and is as easy to perform as the careless way some have of folding it. Then lay it away out of reach of flies, dust, etc.

In one's wearing apparel, too, much labor in washing and ironing can be saved by wearing a large apron, which is much easier to wash than a dress. It can also be easily removed, so that a lady can keep neatly and nicely

dressed while at work. I make my larger aprons to reach nearly to the bottom of my dress, good and wide enough to button around at the lower part. This keeps my skirts from swinging into and against things, and is very convenient. Of course they have bibs.

One very bad habit indulged in by many people is grasping the door instead of the door knob to close it when passing through. This soils the paint, necessitating frequent washing, which of course wears off the paint; and what looks worse than a bare spot around the door-handle? I guess nothing but a dirty one.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

#### LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I should, perhaps, be sorry that any word of mine had stirred up Leonidas to "torment" the "Martyr" if I had not a strong conviction that she enjoyed these home talks with her criticizing lord. I have failed to discover in all her reports anything vicious, unreasonable or hard in "Leonidas." I rather like him, and devoutly wish that all husbands were as kind and considerate and sympathizing as the sociable companion of the "Martyr."

I understand perfectly well, dear Martyr, your aim in writing those articles, and was glad you were showing up the inconsistencies and martyrdom of the "period;" and my expression of sympathy and regret was for the many real martyrs, or slaves, who are so encumbered with serving this modern tyrant, "Style," that they cannot find time to write out even their grievances, much less to help other burden-bearers.

There are a great many who seem to grow restive under the yoke of bondage—many who see the inconsistencies of fashion, and are really alarmed about the result of all the extravagance now displayed in society; but their position and surroundings seem to demand that they conform to general customs.

Society in general rushes on, heedless and thoughtless, in any direction the fickle goddess points her finger, just as long as money can be procured to pay the bills, or until credit fails. And the few whose consciences are awakened, and whose judgments are convinced that so much extravagance is a waste of time and money and ruinous to health and real happiness, does not protest against this headlong race to destruction for fear of being called singular, shabby, antique, etc.

How then can we ever have any reform?

Is it not time that some of the leading members of society, those who are "looked up to" by the masses, should think of the matter seriously and sign a new Declaration of Independence? Just so long as the rich and popular adopt extravagant, ridiculous and unhealthy styles, just so long the poor will try to imitate them. And as long as ladies will buy elaborately trimmed garments, just so long they will be made to sell. "But," says one, "so much superfluity in dress makes employment for the poor seamstress."

Very true, but look here! Suppose one of our fashionable ladies should buy cloth enough to make a plain, neat dress, and save the expense of buying as much more to cut up into ruffles, flutings, etc. Then if she should pay full price for making a stylish suit, to the dressmaker for making the neat, modest, comfortable dress, suitable for a christian to wear, would they not both gain in the operation? Of course they would; and the lady might, with the money saved, clothe some poor unfortunate child and so lay up a treasure in heaven. Alas! I fear too many exhaust their brains and their means in filling their wardrobes with fine clothes and their houses with costly treasures and needless toys, and surfeit themselves with unhealthy luxuries while their treasure in heaven is pitifully small. A large portion of the females who want to dress in the latest style are not able to hire their clothes made, or to buy them ready made. So in addition to all their daily toil to insure their bread and butter, they devote the time when they ought to rest, to ruffling, fluting, priming, puckering, and trying, with all the ingenuity they can bring into action, to make themselves look as flashy as possible, and grow pale and prematurely old in consequence.

I felt the other day while reading the September No. of THE HOUSEHOLD like cheering Henry Ward Beecher. Whether he is saint or sinner I am glad he wrote that protest against being forbidden by "good manners" the privilege of using his saucer to cool his coffee, and his knife to eat with. It is bad enough to be dictated by fashion in our dress, our dwelling, our walk and conversation—for mercy's sake, do let us eat and drink in peace! Why, in the name of common sense, does gentility require people to do everything in the hardest and most unnatural way? They must drink hot coffee and scald their mouths rather than drink from a saucer; and "chase their food around their plates" with a fork, catching a dainty morsel occasionally rather than use a knife in the good old sensible manner.

They must eat pie for dinner after eating meat, vegetables, pudding, etc., when they don't need it, but must not eat it at supper after dry bread and butter, when it would really taste good. Style requires girls to wear high heeled boots, at the risk of becoming cripples, and load their heads with weights which must require much skill and strength to keep them well balanced!

It requires them to wear hideous looking humps on their backs and to walk in a manner which must be very injurious to the spine! Poor silly boys will make themselves sick as death learning to smoke cigars, because the disgusting habit is fashionable! and so on to the end of the chapter.

Now if the leaders in society would only change some of the styles and make them more consistent, what a blessing it would be to the community; because, forsooth, the common people of this boasted land of liberty have not independence enough to live out what their own common sense and judgment teaches them is right, unless they are led on by the "upper ten."

O dear! we are so afraid of being

called "peculiar!" Well I have just read in a blessed book that was my mother's, that Jesus Christ "gave himself for us that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people zealous of good works." It seems Christ's people are "peculiar," and their society is good enough, and grand enough for me. "For they are of a royal line, all children of the King." Perhaps I have written more upon this subject than the Editor will be thankful for, so I will leave it, and close my epistle after assuring our dear sister Dorr that I have no wish to modify my assertion at all. She has been punctual so long, and provided so many good dishes for our monthly feasts, that should she be absent once, twice, or thrice, we should think her will was good to greet us, but circumstances prevented; and should believe her true and faithful still.

OLIVE OLDSTYLE.

#### A VOICE FROM THE WEST.

For nearly three years I have been receiving regular visits of THE HOUSEHOLD, which are always anxiously looked for and thankfully received.

I have noticed that your columns are seldom supplied with contributions from the "Golden State." Recently, however, the pen of Elisa E. Anthony has furnished us with some excellent articles.

I have been interested and very much profited by very many pieces that have appeared in THE HOUSEHOLD, so that I scarce know which to speak of.

I have been much interested in reading the advice given to Maud. Will she write again and let us know what she has concluded to do? I think if she would continue to teach she would like it better. Those of us who have taught school considerable know that the greatest trouble we experienced was in the first one or two terms. But what else could we expect? Can we expect our first endeavors in any occupation to be perfect? Certainly not! It is "practice that makes perfect" in teaching as well as anything else. Then there are only from six to eight hours spent in the schoolroom during the day and for only five days a week, so that considerable time may be devoted to writing outside of school hours.

Mag has an excellent article, in the October number, I believe, on Teaching versus Housekeeping. I think as she does that many girls are capable to teach that are not able to do any hard work. Teaching does not require so much physical strength as more active labor does; consequently it is better suited to those who have weak constitutions; that is if they do not allow themselves to be worried by the restless, playful nature of children. We are sent into this world to accomplish some object, and has not Dora Nickerson said that, "The sooner we demonstrate the fact that we are worth standing room in some of the world's corners, the sooner will we behold the solution of life's great problem, 'What are we here for?'" If we are unable to demonstrate it in one way we must try another until we find some way by which we may ac-

complish our object. But as I have already written more than I intended, I will bring these rambling remarks to a close.

IZA ONTARIO.

DEAR SISTERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD BAND:—Will you bear with me to-night, while like Marah, I come to you for sympathy and advice? My heart is very sad to-night! though I cannot complain of unkindness or neglect, on the part of my husband; on the other hand I do not doubt his love for myself or our children; we have a pleasant home, and all that we need to make life pleasant, but there is one thing which is a source of great trouble to me—he keeps late hours. Not always; sometimes for months he will be home every evening early; then, perhaps, for weeks he will be out two or three nights during the week, until eleven, twelve, and from that until four o'clock in the morning. And never yet has he given me the most remote idea of where he has been, or who has been his company.

Tell me, if any sister has had like experience, what can I do to break up this habit? I have tried coaxing, scolding, have begged, wept and prayed him to desist, and while I have found him perfectly truthful, in all other matters, he has repeatedly promised me it should not occur again, and perhaps that very night it would be repeated. It may seem to some that I look upon this as a matter of greater magnitude than I need; while this

may be true, yet I believe many women have walked through life beside drunken husbands—than which I think there could be no greater trial—and have not suffered as I have done. It seems that every true principle of my nature rises up in revolt; and I have felt during the long, tedious hours of his absence—for I never sleep when he is away—that my brain would go wild.

Pity me, dear sisters, and you who have no such trial bless God for it.

MARGARET.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD.—*Dear Sir:*—Is there a spare corner in THE HOUSEHOLD for me? I would so like to put in a few words of thanks to Christabel.

The September number, in which was her article on the Bright and Business Side of Authorship, quite recently fell into my hands, and I am very much interested in the question of authorship for Maud. Though of course I should add, not as much as I am in the decision of the question for myself. I too, am "just turned of nineteen" and like Maud "love to write, and am going to write." For several years I have struggled between this earnest desire, and the fear of criticism, rejection, and being laughed at for imagining I have talent. But since Christabel's kind words of encouragement I have determined to enter the unknown field, and if I am defeated, it shall not be for want of trying. Christabel is right. "It is not wholly a personal matter, for I know that my pen answers for many in thanking her for the Bright Side. It is not that I am compelled to depend upon the critical decision of my life work, as I have other cares and

duties, but in the leisure moments, my pleasantest recreation is in writing, and Christabel may feel assured that her words have not been in vain, since they have inspired one girl to "improve the talents perhaps God has given her." IDA A. A.

DEAR EDITOR:—A Christmas greeting to you, and to all the many readers of THE HOUSEHOLD. I cannot thank you enough for the paper, which comes like a blessing to me from under the shadow of those grand old mountains, where my childhood's days were spent. I welcome it month by month as a voice from the old home; so you see it is doubly prized by me, and as often as I have read the earnest hearts, in the interest of our common cause, just so often have I longed to reach out and clasp your hands, and thank you, one and all, for the good work you have done, wishing a "God speed" toward that which may be yours in the future.

And now, dear Olive Oldstyle, will you welcome this real Mara, even if not thy Marah of affliction, whose voice has so long been silent, but from whom we have all been longing to hear once more?

Are we not of one sisterhood? Indeed, I believe our joys and griefs, our temptations and trials tend to unite us, very closely, and we love to think of each other as "of one family."

We welcome Maud again. I am sure if we knew each other, we should enjoy a "long talk." I would like to tell her some of my laughable experiences in teaching, for it sometimes has a funny, if not an exactly sunny side.

I want to thank Anna Holyoke for her Criterions. How true all she says! Oh, if we could only cherish a truer charity toward the world around us! would it not be better for our having lived in it? Does not charity mean love, and does not Christ say unto each of us, "love thy neighbor as thyself?"

But I must not weary you. That our next HOUSEHOLD may be among our choicest Christmas gifts is the wish of Malden, Mass.

MARA.

SISTER ALICE:—I have read with interest and sympathy your wish for advice how to overcome that discontented disposition and longing for gay company. I am not Mrs. Dorr, but still am a mother and would advise as a mother who has two married daughters of her own.

I do not think you have done wrong to state "your grievances"—think it would be better far, for all the young mothers to seek counsel and then act upon it. It is evident, I think, that your wants are three fold. The first is a good servant girl. You have "four grown persons besides your two young children to do for," and a babe two months old: no wonder your "back aches, your head and heart ache, and you are so tired." You are evidently an overworked couple, and do yourselves great injustice. I have been a housekeeper twenty-nine years and can truly say it is my experience that no money is so well spent as that paid to a good servant. You can regulate your household expenses so that

the cost of living will be very little more with a servant than without one.

Better pay a servant than a doctor, though perhaps you need both just now. By keeping a servant you will not be obliged to labor till you are too tired to speak, or put on a clean dress in the evening, so be the better prepared to brush off the cares that have gathered upon your husband's brow during the day.

No one grows old so fast as an overworked mother; your husband or any one else must upon a moment of reflection see this; a mother who has a young babe is by recent illness unfitted for any labor, then the care of a baby night and day is very tiresome, you cannot sleep regularly or soundly so your recovery is consequently very slow and without health you cannot have good spirits.

"You have not been to church with your husband only about five times in seven years." I don't wonder you feel sad about it, the more so if you are a true and loving wife. But while your husband is trying to many money

you must not "let the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches" prevent you from doing your duty. If there is a church within your reach go to it, do not be too importunate that your husband shall accompany you, it is much better to lead than to drive in the way of duty. In attending church you will gain friends, society. Such society as is proper for you to enjoy, and best for you to have, and be instructed in righteousness and true holiness; thus you will become qualified to be the comfort and support spiritually of your husband and children.

You, my dear sister were married at seventeen, too young by far to know or even think what the cares and responsibilities of life would be; the buoyancy of youth and health and just emerging into womanhood made you the happiest of all. Society was all aglow with beauty to your young and inexperienced heart; you did only just get a glimpse of it and then married. If you had seen more of it you might have discovered that everybody you met were masked, that is, they appeared different from what they really were; and now if you could enter the same society again it would not be the same to you; your position is changed, you are a wife and mother, you must accept the duties of your station and fulfill them faithfully; in so doing you will in a little while find that your husband and children and other near relatives are all just the best society because you can trust them.

In the meantime if you could change your place of residence, so that you could see more passing and have good neighbors it would be a great benefit to you and your children, but the next best thing is good reading take a good religious paper, and secular paper too, they will help you, help you to thank God sometimes that you have not been exposed to the dangers of society. A young inexperienced nature like yours needs a mother's guiding hand more perhaps now than ever before; to show you that the feelings of uneasiness and longing for gay company is common to every young person of

your temperament, and yet your naturally happy disposition is a great blessing if rightly managed. If you believed that your kind Heavenly Father in order to lead you and your family to purer, better things, was now depriving you of society, would you not be contented? Would you not cheerfully say "Thy will be done?" Now then what is best for you to do? The first thing is to think the subject all over. You will see at once that you need a good servant girl, then you need a firm unwavering determination to live not for pleasure but for duty. Your first duty is to take good care of yourself physically, morally and mentally, you owe this to your children; the more care you take of yourself the more you will be able to do for them, and your husband; then you will so far preserve your good looks and keep well informed of the events of the day that when your husband gets rich and ready to "go round with you," he won't be ashamed of you.

The next best thing to make you contented, is to take into consideration your present blessings, you have a kind husband, a good father to your children. How many homes are desolate by the death of the father; the more you think of it the more you will see that you are highly favored, think of Mrs. Milton; she is only one of thousands whose private life with their husbands never meet the public gaze. Thus my dear sister Allie, I have tried to show you something of your wants, now accept your station gladly and bravely, leaning upon the great heart that holds the world upon his breast. Thus you will become established in Christian character and true wifely and motherly dignity, an ornament to your day and generation.

SISTER GRACE.

#### HOW TO COOK SARATOGA POTATOES.

They can be prepared to perfection in any kitchen by the use of very simple apparatus, consisting of a sharp blade set slanting into a wooden trough, with a narrow slit in the bottom, two wire screens or sieves, and a common spider. Select eight large potatoes, pare them and slice very thin with the cutting machine, soak them in cold water for two hours, and stir common table salt into the water, one tea-spoonful to a quart, and allow them to remain in the brine half an hour longer. Pour them upon the screen to drain, and put on a spider, with a pound of clear lard, over a brisk fire. Wipe the sliced potatoes dry on a towel, wait until the lard is smoking hot, and pour a large plateful into the spider. The result is like a small sea in a white squall, and now the cook shows the artistic soul, which every votary of that noblest of arts must possess to be worthy of the name. Patient and calm, with steady and incessant motion of the skimmer she prevents adhesion of any too affectionate slices, and watches carefully for the tender blush of brownness to appear. Slowly it creeps and deepens until it rivals the hue of the fragrant Havana. Haste then takes the place of caution, lest any martyrs burn for the perfection

of the others; and they must be quickly spread upon another sieve to drain until dry and greasless enough for the fairest fingers, then served hot, to melt away like a kiss on sweet lips, with a dying crackle like the fallen leaves of autumn.—*Ex.*

## HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

**BUTTER MAKING.**—I will give Mrs. P. my mode of butter-making. First, set the milk in a thoroughly lighted and ventilated room with the temperature at 70°. Skim as soon as the milk begins to turn sour, but never let it stand over forty-eight hours without skimming even if it is not sour. Every time you add new cream to your jar stir the whole thoroughly. The temperature of the cream for churning, I have in the summer 60° and in winter 65°; it will come quicker to have the cream warmer, but the butter is not so solid and will not keep as well; when it is well gathered, I draw off the butter-milk and wash the butter in good pure water taking care not to have it too cold as it will cause the butter to crumble. I draw off the water and wash in another and so continue to do until the water looks clear. For every pound of butter, I then add one ounce of salt, sifted through a small wire sieve kept for the purpose; it requires some experience to know just how much to work the salt in; if not worked enough there will appear white streaks after the butter has stood a day or two, and if worked too much it will be oily. In order to have a good flavor the milk, and cream should be as far removed as possible from the scent of the kitchen. Cream should never be kept over a week and in warm weather not so long.

**TO WEAVE HAIR.**—Take a smooth board one and one-half feet long and six or eight inches wide. Near one end drive three shingle nails in a row, the nails being one-half of an inch apart and the row running parallel with the end of the board. At the other end, opposite the middle nail, drive one nail; wax three pieces of linen thread, tie them together at one end and about a quarter of an inch from this knot, tie the other, now slip it over the nail that stands alone, then tie one to each of the three nails, drawing the thread considerably tight. Take the board in your lap the three nails toward the right hand. Next, take a bunch of hair, both the ends evened, the size of a knitting needle, wet that end and put it under the thread nearest you, over the middle thread and under the last, then bring it back on the left side, reversing the order, now push it up close against the knot. Proceed in this way until the strip is of the required length. After it is dry it can be pushed together more closely. It has been suggested that twist is superior to linen for durability.

To remove dents from a brass kettle, set the bruise on soft snow and with a hammer pound gently on it until the part recovers its proper shape. Some patience is required to remove bad bruises.

Barnville Homestead, Vt. MAGGIE.

**GRAHAM BISCUIT.**—*Mr. Crowell:*—M. E. N. wishes a recipe for light graham biscuit; I send one we have used successfully. To about three quarts of good graham flour, use one quart of sweet milk and half a pint of yeast; a little salt if there is none in the yeast. If milk is scarce use one-third water; stir into a thick batter with a knife or spoon and let it rise over night; in the morning work in a little white flour, roll it out and spread a little butter on and roll up with the hands, then roll out again and cut into biscuits. Let them rise a short time before baking. We have never measured the quantities used and don't think it necessary, but don't get it too stiff or the crust will be hard. Graham flour requires more yeast than white. If M. E. N. has a hot closet attached to her stove, to put the biscuits in both before and after baking, it will help them. The crust should be perfectly soft; if the flour is good it will be. Please give a good trial and report success.

We use cracked wheat very frequently considering it a healthful as well as a palatable dish. We cook it by simply boiling in water from one to three hours, according to the quantity used and the fineness of the wheat.

Sometimes it is cracked finer than others. Stir it often to keep it from burning or sticking. If you don't allow it to stick at first it can be put on the back part of the stove, after it has boiled some time, and left without stirring quite awhile; cover closely to keep most of the steam in. As we can't get cream we eat it with milk and sugar and like it very much. I usually use an iron kettle to cook it in and add water whenever it gets too stiff.

I echo the request of Mrs. S. N. C. in regard to the cultivation of flowers, and give thanks to THE HOUSEHOLD for benefit received from reading its columns.

Salt Lake, Utah. D. M. S.

**BOILED ICING.**—*Editor Household:*—I send a receipt for boiled icing which I have tried and found good. Boil one pound of white sugar in half a teacupful of water, till nearly candy; cool and pour over the well beaten whites of three eggs and beat well.

Indianapolis, Ind. C. B. R.

**MARBLE CAKE.**—*Dear Household:*—Enclosed are a few recipes that we have tried and found to be excellent:

**Light Part.**—Whites of three eggs, one-half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one-third of a cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour, one-third teaspoonful of soda, two-thirds tea-spoonful of cream of tartar; flavoring and salt.

**Dark Part.**—Yolks of three eggs, one-third of a cup of butter, one cup of molasses, two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, fruit, spice and salt. Bake in one loaf one and one-half hours. Drop into your pan a spoonful of one and then the other.

**CORN STARCH CAKE.**—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of corn starch, one cup of sweet milk, three eggs, three cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and one-half teaspoonful of soda. Bake in two loaves.

**YEAST.**—Take six small potatoes, wash clean, and slice without paring, boil in two quarts of water with a handful of hops, boil till the potatoes are soft, then rub all through a sieve. Pour into a stone jar in which you have put two cups of flour, then enough cold water to make luke warm; add one-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of salt and one-half cup of old yeast. This will make about a gallon.

Will some one please tell me what will remove iron stains from a straw matting. Also where in Boston I can get muslin paper.

Belmont, Mass. M. B.

**MR. CROWELL:**—I have been a reader of your very excellent paper for almost five years, that I am not a subscriber is no fault of mine; a friend that lives just across the street takes THE HOUSEHOLD, and we never take the same papers or magazines, so we can exchange, for by so doing we secure a greater variety of reading. I have told her several times that I will take THE HOUSEHOLD whenever she gets tired of it, but she says that she would not keep house without it. I think your "Chromos" are the best out.

I thank C. N. for her directions for hair receiver and bead basket; I don't think we could ask for plainer. I wish the sisters could be convinced of the importance when they send recipes, of telling how the articles are mixed together; I think success depends one-half on the proportion of the ingredients and half in putting them together. I send what I call two good, complete recipes; I would be pleased if you would print them so that some of the sisters could try them.

**COOKIES.**—Into one quart of flour, mix two tablespoonfuls of rising powder, one pint of sugar; then one cup of butter, and mix with three eggs well beaten; flavor with lemon, roll thin and bake quickly.

**MARBLE CAKE.**—*White Part.*—Two cups of white sugar, one cup of butter, beat well together, then stir in one-half cup of milk, into three cups of flour, mix three small teaspoonfuls of baking powder; beat well the whites of seven eggs and now stir them and the flour in to the rest.

*Dark Part.*—Three cups of brown sugar, one cup of butter, beat together, one cup of sweet milk, then beat the yolks of seven eggs and stir them in, then put in three cups of flour, in which you have mixed three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two tablespoon-

fuls of cinnamon, one of flour, one of allspice and one of nutmeg; put in a layer of white and one of dark till the pan is full. This makes two large cakes.

Franklin, Ind. SARAH C.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Will some one tell me how to make fish balls? I want the whole process. I would also like to know how to make feather flowers; in return should any one wish it, I will tell what little I know about worsted flowers.

MAGGIE.

**EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:**—I wish to inquire of your many correspondents regarding the habits and proper culture of the clematis vine. Does it blossom the same year the seeds are sown? Is it a hardy vine, enduring the cold winters without protection, or must we sow seeds every year? The seedman's catalogues give very little information about it.

I notice in the May number of THE HOUSEHOLD C. F. S. wishes a recipe for coloring carpet-rags brown. I have one that we always use which is cheap and durable. To six pounds of goods, take two pounds of gambier and two ounces of blue vitriol dissolved in hot water; heat to a boil, put in the goods and keep hot for six hours, lifting them occasionally to air. In a separate water dissolve two ounces bichromate of potash and bring to a boil or use boiling water which is just as good. Dip in the goods from the gambier dye and work around till they are a good color; wash in soap suds and dry. Use a brass kettle for the gambier and a tub will do for the other.

I have recipes for coloring blue, green and canary color on cotton which I will send if any one cares for them.

MRS. L. C.

\* Will Christabel send her name and address to Mrs. V. J. Wickham, Morris, Grundy Co., Ill.?

Will some one tell me how to keep dried beef in summer?

MRS. V. J. W.

If Mrs. L. S. will dissolve a pinch of sugar with her stove blacking I think she will be pleased with the result.

H. D. W.

I cannot give the "philosophical reason" why eggs are more wholesome boiled for twenty minutes than five—my author is Mrs. Croly. Perhaps Dr. Hanaford can solve the problem for M. E.

L. M. B.

*Oil Regions of Pennsylvania.*

MR. G. E. CROWELL.—*Dear Sir:*—This is my first year as a subscriber to your paper I like it much and already feel myself indebted to you and your correspondent who so kindly furnished the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD with her article on Household Pests; I wish to give my heart-felt thanks, and believe if the subject was put to vote she would feel more than paid. I have sometimes thought my experience with roaches would be really amusing, I will only say that I never heard of a roach until I had been a housekeeper two years, was young and in perfect health, and had lived all my life in a section of this great country where cleanliness I believe was considered of more value than any other virtue, consequently I thought a housekeeper who could not keep the house free from all kinds of "pests" did not deserve to have a house to live in. I must confess now that the roaches were too numerous for me; every poison I read of I bought for some time, I tried to starve them out—could succeed only in keeping them respectfully thinned out—until read THE HOUSEHOLD I had firmly resolved in my own mind, that during the most intense cold of next winter to turn off the water, open the windows, and board for about two weeks; thanks, now I shall not be compelled to try any other remedy, paris green and borax has made a complete cure.

If you would be pleased to receive a number of good recipes for making cake I will send you one for cocoanut and loaf cake that I think excellent.

SISTER GRACE.

Will some member of THE HOUSEHOLD please tell how to curl feathers? I have often tried by taking a knife or shears, but to no avail.

E. S. S.

Moline, Illinois.

If E. S. will make a strong solution of saleratus, and cover a chisel, or stick similarly shaped, with flannel, and rub the spots on the window panes repeatedly with the solution, I think she will be satisfied with the result.

MRS. E. L. R.

I wish you would insert in some early issue the explicit directions for crystallizing grasses, vines, etc., with alum; and also for bleaching ferns, grainheads, leaves, etc.

Please include a prime recipe for polish or dressing to renew the color of leather and morocco.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—In the last number of your useful paper, Lillie wishes to know how to can tomatoes and says she has trouble in keeping them. I never had any spoil and always considered them one of the easiest fruits to keep. I skin and stew them two hours to get rid of the water in them, as it takes up so much room in the cans; too long cooking gives a bitter flavor to the seeds. I then can them up, boiling hot as I would any other fruit, and set away in a cool cellar. I take care that there are no bubbles of air left in the can before sealing.

I never put down cucumbers in salt, but prepare enough for the years use, in vinegar, in the fall. I put them in a weak brine when I pick them and let stand two or three days, then drain and put some weak scalding vinegar over them. I generally use the vinegar my pickles were in the year before. After standing two more days, drain off and pack closely in a jar with a few pieces of horseradish root, small, green peppers and small onions, if preferred, scattered through the jar among the pickles, also, a little ground mustard; pour over all sufficient strong cider vinegar, scalding hot, to cover them. Cover the jar closely and set down cellar. Cider vinegar should always be used for pickles and the horseradish helps to preserve the vinegar and prevent the mould from forming on the top.

A lover of flowers, from Mount Lion, Illinois, wishes to know if there is really a sweet mignonette. There certainly is for I have it come up yearly in the garden, when once sown it self sows like weeds. I first obtained the seed of Mr. Vick, the variety was "reseda odorata," and I have often smelled the fragrance forty feet away very plainly, I know it will grow and send forth its rich perfume in very poor, stony, Vermont soil and perhaps the soil of Illinois may be too rich for it. If it is the usual black loam I have seen there, I would advise trying a mixture of sand with it, about half and half.

I find the greatest satisfaction in raising petunias for winter blooming in the house, for they grow so easily, and blossom so continually, and will bear to be crowded more closely than geraniums or other stiff branching plants. I sow seed for winter use in July, or else take cuttings from plants that have blossomed. I prefer the last method as I am sure then what the colors are. Petunias are much inclined to sport and often there will be a great difference in flowers growing on the same stalk, which greatly adds to the interest in growing them. I would like to give more directions for their culture but dare not, lest the length of my letter already may consign it to the waste paper basket.

Thanks to Mrs. Gregory for the recipe for boiled icing.

ONE OF THE HOUSEHOLD BAND.

Will some one please tell me how to clean piano keys, as mine are yellow would like to know if they can be made white.

MRS. JAS. A. GRAYSON.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will you tell Marie we tried her corn bread, given in the March number, page 63, and did not succeed very well, the taste was good, but it was wet and soggy. We only used half the quantity of molasses, but added a teaspoonful of salt; we heated the milk and poured it over the corn meal to scald, because Mrs. Stowe says "in all cases scald corn meal before using it." I wish she would tell us exactly how to mix it. I never could succeed with corn bread.

J. I. M.



## FRIENDSHIP.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

"Oh, what is friendship but a name  
A charm that lulls to sleep;  
A shade that follows wealth or fame,  
But leaves the wretch to weep?"

Goldsmith.

Oh, tell me, what is friendship? Is it the same as  
love?  
A rare and rapturous sympathy all other joys  
above?  
Is friend the same as neighbor whom as ourselves  
we ought  
To love and aid with kindness, as our blest Master  
taught?

Is it what fleeting love is—an airy, shadowy thing  
Existing but in fancy and ever on the wing?  
Or is it like the mountains bringing peace with  
power and might,  
Up-pointing, calm, unchanging in darkness or in  
light?

'Tis like the harp or lute string: the older it is  
grown.  
The oftener you use it, the purer is its tone.  
Yet strain it not too roughly, and guard from every  
chill;

Lest broken once, its music no more thy soul may  
thrill.  
Like flowers in early spring-time, our friends come  
thick and fast,  
But like withered leaves in autumn, they fly before  
the blast;

As flowers in a child's first garden, that burst forth  
first so fair,  
Too quickly left neglected, wither for want of care.  
So, alas! with friends too often. And some death  
takes to sleep:

Ah! 'tis easy here to find friends, but 'tis hard in-  
deed to keep.

Weeds may spring up and flourish if they but touch  
the earth,

But rare flowers we must cherish or they are noth-  
ing worth.  
(And yet 'tis wrong to say so, for wild flowers won-  
drous fair,  
Spring ever round our pathway, and we give them  
not a care;

Ah! where find richer fragrance, or such tints of  
radiant dye?  
We might have them for the stooping, but we  
careless pass them by.)

That friendship is ideal which but on fancy feeds,  
But friendship to be real must show itself by deeds.  
I mean not gifts, nor favors, nor sacrifices rare,  
But sympathy, and forethought, and watchful, ten-  
der care.

True friendship joys with our joys; our sorrows  
are its own,  
It shows itself unchanging in every look and tone,  
It sees the faults and foibles perhaps we never  
knew

Were ours before, and tells us with gentle words  
and true,

'Tis faithful as the magnet, 'tis steadfast as the  
hills,  
Inspiring as the breezes, and pure as mountain  
rills,  
Unselfish, all confiding, unswerving, tender, true,  
Oh! tell me, will you take it if such be mine for  
you?

## WIDOW GREY'S CHRISTMAS.

BY MAY MYRTLE.

DECLARE, Miss Grey, ye's did  
enough; ye'll wear yerself all  
out a fussin' with this tree; it's purty  
now, as can be, so ye's jest go right  
ter bid or ye wont be abil ter see the  
comp'ny ter-morrer."

"Yes, in a minute, Biddy; but is'n't  
this dressing gown lovely?" replied  
little Mrs. Grey deftly arranging a  
beautiful dressing robe among the  
green branches of the Christmas tree.  
"There, isn't that the best place to  
hang it?"

"O, it's elegant, marm!" exclaimed  
the admiring Hibernian, as stepping  
back and placing a hand on each capa-  
cious hip, she lifted her head to the  
right and the left, to ascertain if dis-  
tance lent any new enchantment.

"It's fortunate Norman was invited  
out this evening, so as to give us a  
chance to fix it. I wouldn't have him  
get it till morning for anything in the  
world."

"Nur I naither; by me sowl, marm,  
wont the b'ye be proud of it, though!  
an' wont he look foine in it just the  
delicate color an' rich crimson train-  
ings'll be so becomin' ter his foine  
complexion an' swate, dark eyes an'  
hair. Och, blissed Saint Peter! don't  
I wish meself wor an only son with  
sich a swate dotin' mither. Ye'll spile  
the b'ye, marm; ye'll kale him with  
koindness."

"Oh, no, Biddy, he's a good boy;  
he has been a very dutiful son to his  
widowed mother. You don't find  
many young men brought up in the  
city who have kept so steady and free  
from bad habits."

"That's thrue, marm, indade it is.  
Jist look at Jamie Blake, now, how  
he's a carryin' on. He'll break his  
poor mither's heart, an' shure he will,  
now. Ah! but Normy's the b'ye! the  
Saints protict him, now go ter bid,  
Miss Grey; shure an' I'll lock the door,  
marm, an' put the kay in me pocket."

"Mrs. Grey retired to her bed, but  
sleep came very slowly to her eyelids.  
She lay thinking, thinking for a long  
time, and what telegraphy can follow  
the footsteps of thought as it speeds  
back over the lapse of years, catching  
up incident after incident, year after  
year, in a moment's time, linking the  
past with the future, even as one day.  
Again, the cherub babe is in her arms,  
the soft peachy cheek lies on her  
breast, and a pair of pink, dimpled  
feet, like dainty roses nestle in her  
lap. Again the noisy, rollicksome  
school-boy with books and slate  
trudges grandly off to school, fighting  
little life battles all the way along,  
sometimes conquering, often con-  
quered, but always bringing his  
troubles to the home refuge, mother's  
lap, at last. On and still on the  
mother follows, and the manly youth  
stands by her side, aye, towers above  
her; and as she leans upon his strong  
arm how wistfully she scans the dear  
face, lest, perchance, some evil be  
lurking there from which even a  
mother's watchful love and guidance  
cannot save. Now he has reached  
manhood, and with a firm step, and  
dauntless eye still walks lovingly by  
her side, though jovial, generous com-  
panions jostle him on every side; the  
social club-room door stands invitingly  
open, the elegant billiard hall, and  
festive bar-room with its glittering  
glass and gaudy wines, all combine to  
allure, to fascinate, to conquer. Can  
he see and not sin? can he share and  
not suffer? can he pass this gilded  
"Rubicon" unharmed?"

A step upon the stair! hark! is it  
Norman? 'Tis a faltering, unsteady,  
shuffling step; no, it is not Norman,  
my Norman! it cannot be. But, hist!  
the mother listens; a deadly fear  
creeps over her; a nameless terror.  
The step reaches the hall above; it  
enters Norman's room; something

falls heavily to the floor—a groan, as  
of one sick nigh unto death.

With whitening face, shaking limbs  
and an agony of soul, the mother fol-  
lows up the steps, which seem of in-  
terminable length, whispering in hol-  
low whispers: "It cannot be him! no,  
it cannot be him!" She reaches the  
door, 'tis locked! "Norman," she calls  
in desperation.

"Go—go 'way, mother!" comes in  
thick, mandolin tones. "I'm little  
sick, er sick jes now, mother—I'll be  
all right in mornin'—yes all right 'n  
mornin', mother."

The poor woman sinks down upon  
the floor a shivering white heap in the  
darkness, while the "blackness of  
darkness" is upon her soul. She feels  
like a guilty thing shut out from his  
presence, her only one; and he sick,  
suffering and debased. Debased!  
how the thought wrings blood from  
her heart. Sometime, someway,  
somewhere, alas! she has not guarded  
and guided aright, and the enemy, like  
a thief in the night, has stolen in and  
defaced her brightest treasure. "Go  
'way, mother,—'ll be all right 'n mornin',"  
like a death knell keeps ringing  
in her ears, while the joyous Christ-  
mas rolls away as a bright dream of  
the distant past, and with it the beau-  
tiful tree changed to a skeleton robed  
in a dressing gown, whose fair color  
is fast turning to ashes, and its crim-  
son trimmings to blood.

"Och, shure, Normy, an' ye's can-  
not go in the parlor now, darlint; go  
an' wake yer mither with a swate  
Christmas kiss, that's a good b'ye.  
She slapes wonderful this mornin' the  
blissid soul, she got so tired yesterday  
a fussin' with the cakes an' things."

"But, Biddy," whispered Norman,  
"hav'n't you got a Christmas tree in  
there? Be good, now, and tell me,  
for I've got something for mother."

"The blessed Saints! what a b'ye!  
Jist give it ter me, darlint, I'll fix it,  
an' ye go an' wake up yer mither."

Norman softly opened the door of  
his mother's room; the sun was shin-  
ing full upon the sleeper, and creep-  
ing stealthily to the bedside, he started  
suddenly back at sight of the tears  
upon her cheek. Her sleep was  
troubled and her breathing broken by  
sighs and moans.

"Poor little mother," said Norman,  
under his breath, "you will never  
cease to mourn for dear father."

"Don't, Normy! don't send me  
away!" she pleaded, "let me in, oh,  
let me in, Normy!"

"Lor', she's dhramin', the poor  
sowl!" exclaimed Biddy, coming in.  
"Don't be scared, Normy, but jist  
wake her up with a kiss, now." With  
a troubled face Norman bent over and  
kissed the wet cheek. "Mother,  
Merry Christmas to you, little  
mother."

While Biddy put in, in jolly Hiber-  
nian, "yis, Merry Christmas ter ye's,  
Miss Grey! The top of the mornin',  
ter ye! an' will be iver be afther wak-  
in', I don no."

Mrs. Grey started wildly, glaring  
strangely at one, then the other; then  
fixing her troubled gaze on her won-  
dering son, asked excitedly:

"Norman—Norman, did you—did  
you—"

"No, mother, I did not;" broke in  
Norman beginning to smile.

"Was you—was—"

"No, no, mother, I wasn't, positive-  
ly," patting her playfully upon the  
cheek, while Biddy, hardly able to  
contain herself, stood a few paces be-  
hind Norman, going through all sorts  
and signs of free masonry to attract  
her mistress' attention; pointing her  
big red finger towards the parlor, then  
at Norman, shaking her head and lift-  
ing her eyebrows till her forehead  
looked like a small brown wash-board,  
slapping her pocket triumphantly  
with her brawny hand, then planting  
one on each of her fat sides burst into  
an uncontrollable fit of laughter which  
proved too much for even Mrs. Grey's  
serious, tear-stained face and all three  
joined in a hearty laugh, while Norman  
"cut a pigeon's wing" out of the  
room followed by Biddy in a jolly  
Irish jig.

"Oh, I'm so glad it was only a  
dream!" said Mrs. Grey with a great  
sigh of relief, as she watched them  
out of the room.

## SUCCESS.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

"Let them that would build castles in the air  
Vault thither, without step or stair.  
Instead of feet to climb, take wings to fly,  
And think their turrets top the sky,  
But let me lay all my foundations deep,  
And learn, before I run, to creep.  
Who digs through rocks to lay his ground-work  
low.

May in good time build high, and sure, though  
slow." Christopher Harvey.

"Build up heroic lives, and all  
Be like a sheathen sabre,  
Ready to flash out at God's call,  
O chivalry of labor!  
Triumph and toil are twins, and aye,  
Joy suns the cloud of sorrow;  
And 'tis the martyrdom to-day  
Brings victory to-morrow."

Gerald Massey.

A large class of people seem to be  
always looking through the wrong  
end of the telescope; and everything  
seems to them too small and insignifi-  
cant to be worth their attention. "I  
can so easily do this or that," they say,  
"to-morrow or any day," and that is  
never. And so days and years slip by,  
and life for them has been a failure.

Another class of people fail in life  
simply from placing a wrong estimate  
upon the time, talents and resources  
at their disposal. One hour to them  
seems half a day, at least one would  
conclude so from the amount of work  
they plan doing in an hour. It seems  
as if they made all their calculations  
with magnifying glasses on. Their  
schemes are as varied and beautiful as  
the many colored soap-bubbles with  
which children delight to amuse them-  
selves; and too often, alas! prove as  
airy and ephemeral.

The successful man never scorns  
trifles. He is willing to make small  
beginnings; to begin at the lowest  
round, if need be, and work his way  
up. He believes

"Heaven is not reached at a single bound,  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies;  
And we mount to the summit round by round."

He may begin with a little thing, but  
whatever it be he is sure to do it, and  
do it well.

The successful man never, Micaw-  
ber like, spends time "waiting for  
something to turn up." He never  
waits "till the river runs by." A few

years ago a young man of good address and education entered his name at one of the hotels in Louisville, Kentucky, whither he had gone "to seek his fortune." A week passed in fruitless efforts to find any position or opening such as to be desired; at the end of which time our hero purchased a coarse shirt and a pair of overalls, and going down to one of the wharves began work unloading cotton, at a few cents a bale. It was not very encouraging, but the best he could do at the time; and there he persevered till something better offered, and so on, and to-day he is one of the wealthiest men in Louisville.

The successful man never puts things off till the last moment possible. He takes time to think and plan his work beforehand and then begins at once, and goes steadily forward, step by step, one thing at a time, slowly but surely, never going to the extreme of his strength, time or money, but always leaving a small reserved force ready for an emergency. Have you ever seen a large field of waving grain ripe and ready for the sickle? What an undertaking to cut it all! But in the early morning a man goes forth and begins to swing his sickle. A little arm full, and then another falls, but it seems nothing. You go about your various occupations but from time to time as you look out there you see him, always slowly, quietly, swinging his sickle, and by and by you look out and it is all cut; and then before long it is all gathered into the barns. Again you look forth and see men digging. Spadeful by spadeful, slowly the earth is thrown up, and then with much care and strength, slowly stones are drawn and laid one by one, and by and by you see there a grand and lofty building that may last for centuries. So the greatest and most successful lives are built up slowly, quietly, patiently, by untiring industry and perseverance.

We lose a great deal by attempting too many things at once. In these days nobody expects to learn everything, to read everything, to see everything or to do everything. As Hamerton says in his "Intellectual Life" "The whole secret lies in one word—Selection." The art of life is to choose well; to learn those things best worth our knowing; to read those things most useful to us; to see those things that will leave most beautiful pictures in our memory; and to do those things best worth our doing; those things that we can do best, and that will do most good. Better know a few things that can be put to some use, than to know a great deal that is of no value to anybody. He who knows most is not always wisest. The busiest and most active do not always accomplish most. Better do a few good things than many foolish ones. The best artist does not make the greatest number of strokes, but he makes every stroke tell. He makes no useless movements.

One of the most learned men in this country has become such by resolving in early life to devote one hour a day to study. He left school when quite young and learned a trade; but though punctual and regular in his business habits, and attentive to social and re-

ligious duties, he has for more than fifty years resolutely adhered to this determination, and given one hour a day to study. Now see the result. The savans of Europe are proud of his friendship, and go to him as authority in that branch of botanical knowledge which he has made his specialty. He understands several languages, and the scholars of the world are glad to read his writings. He is not famous nor widely known beyond a small circle of learned men. He did not seek fame, but knowledge, and he has what he sought. His neighbor beginning life with equal talents and advantages, spends his spare hour in reading the daily paper; and here again comes selection, for he has not time to read all. He chooses to read the daily record of crime and political intrigue. For fifty years he reads of the petty trifles of the hour; or worse of crafty politicians, of murders, robberies, forgeries and other crimes too revolting to think of; and what is the result? An excellent writer says: "Just as the berry upon which the cochineal feeds, lends a scarlet tinge to its blood and muscles, and very bones, so the thoughts that one habitually entertains will inevitably assert themselves by and by in the voice, the gesture, the act, the entire carriage and conduct." As weeds choke out flowers, so a mass of idle trash poured daily into the mind chokes out good thoughts and hinders the growth of good deeds.

We cannot attain all the prizes of life. We may have some of them; and we may have all that is best worth having if we seek it earnestly and resolutely and with a single eye. To know how to live well and successfully is to choose well and hold fast to your choice. Look upon life as a whole. Orient yourself. See where you stand. Take an inventory of the time, talents and resources at your command; and then see how you can make the most of them and what is the best thing you can do under the circumstances "for the greatest good of the greatest number." If you have not what you like, learn to like what you can have. "If the people you have to deal with are not what you like, make the most of them as they are." "A good workman never complains of his tools."

If our circumstances may be improved by any efforts of our own, then indeed we may be dissatisfied, but if they are beyond our control, and ordered of God, then let us make the most of them and rest content, remembering that what in our eyes seems most adverse often proves our greatest blessing.

"Ah!" you say, "it is vain for one to talk of success. All this may do for the young, but my life is half gone and I have accomplished nothing. Every plan, every prospect I have ever made has failed. My life is fast ebbing out. What is there left for me but failure? If I had but done this or that; if I had but pursued another course it might have been otherwise."

"No chains so unworthy to hold thee  
As those of a vain regret."

When on the plains of Marengo one of Napoleon's generals came to him saying: "We have lost the battle! the enemy are cutting us to pieces!"

Napoleon took out his watch and said: "We have lost the battle, but it is early, only four o'clock, we have time yet to win another;" and issuing his orders with his accustomed rapidity, in a few hours more he had gained one of the most brilliant victories the world has ever known; a victory which placed a crown upon his head.

He who conquers only when circumstances favor, is not the greatest general, but he who conquers in spite of circumstances, who makes difficulties but the stairs over which he may mount to a higher and more glorious success. Then

"Rise! for the day is passing,  
And you lie dreaming on;  
The others have buckled their armor  
And forth to the fight are gone;  
A place in the ranks awaits you,  
Each man has some part to play;  
The Past and Future are looking  
In the face of the stern to-day."

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Number Fifty.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

A letter came to me a few weeks ago, from one of our HOUSEHOLD Band who gave me no name by which to address him. But he spoke of himself as a "Struggling young printer;" and if he reads these lines, as he doubtless will, he will know that I thank him for his letter, and that I thank God, if He, in His infinite love and wisdom, has so supplemented any feeble words of mine that they have carried gifts of help, or strength, or healing, to any human soul. And now, standing on the verge of the New Year, what can we do—we who for seven changeable years have met each other monthly at this HOUSEHOLD fireside—we who have shared one another's joys and sorrows, and tried, as best we might, to help each other—what can we do but clasp hands once again in a yet firmer clasp, and renew our vows of love and service?

What shall we talk about at this our first meeting for the Year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and seventy-five? If we could but speak to-day some one word that should be through the next twelve months a power for good, an "open sesame" to the hopes and aspirations of all our hearts! That is too much to expect. But as I look in your faces, you who have come up hither from the north, and the south, and the east, and the west, I know that many among you are yearning over womanhood—its hindrances, its limitations, and, perhaps, over its follies and shortcomings. What if we were to close the door, we women, and have a little quiet talk just among ourselves, and about our own affairs? No reporter shall come in, and the very youngest and shyest of us may speak frankly, as sisters, face to face.

We hear a great deal said, many of us, and those of us who do not hear, read a great deal, about the elevation of women. It is the one prolific theme of our latter day saints, the stock in trade of one half of the itinerant "reformers" who talk to us from platform and pulpit,—something must be done for woman! She must be elevated, raised in the social scale, legislated to a higher plane of thought and action!

Very good. Heaven knows there is

not one of us who does not wish this might be done. But can it be? That's the question. Must not all true, lasting elevation, come from within, and not from without? Must not the motive power, the lifting force, be inherent in the thing raised, rather than a mere extraneous, outside influence, in order to be enduring? A boy sends up a kite. It ascends beautifully, gracefully, mounting higher and higher until it is but a speck in the blue ether. No bird seems more buoyant, more full of exultant life. You half expect to hear it sing. But the string breaks, or a rough wind tears it from the hand that holds it, and the poor, bewildered thing reels wildly, topples over, and falls down, down, headlong to the ground.

So a balloon rises majestically, soaring away like a thing of life. It seems fair as a dream as you see it at last, a great, round pearl against the sapphire sky. As long as the gas holds out, and the aerial navigator keeps his wits about him, and all is serene in those upper regions, it is well. But let some sudden catastrophe overtake it, let there be a rent in the silken sides of the huge structure, let there happen any one of certain numberless contingencies, and swift destruction follows.

To be sure you may raise a huge pile of stones, heaping one upon another, till it rivals the Pyramids. But it has no life; it does nothing; it merely stands there through the ages in dumb protest, silent as the Sphynx—and as useless.

Friends, there can be no elevation of woman worth working for, worth hoping for, save that which has its spring from within. It must have its foundation in character. She must elevate herself. No legislation will do it, no opening of closed doors will do it, without her own earnest, hearty co-operation. The right of admission to Harvard and Yale will not do it; nor the right to cast a ballot; nor even the granting of her righteous claim to stand side by side with her brother in the matter of wages, and for an equal amount of work, equally well done, to receive equal pay. You cannot give a woman, any more than you can a man, anything that of itself shall make her great, or wise, or noble. She must be great, she must think wisely, she must do nobly, or those who would help her are as impotent as is the boy when his kite-string breaks, and his toy sways madly in mid-air. No extraneous influence, no outside power, can make us more than we are, any more than it can make a giant out of a pygmy.

If we dwarf ourselves, sisters; if we belittle ourselves and our mission; if we allow ourselves to be swallowed up in trifles, no matter what those trifles are, we have no right to "lay the flattering unction to our souls," that if circumstances were different, we should be different. If we fritter away our lives now, be sure we should fritter them away if a hundred ballot boxes stood at our elbows. The stream cannot rise higher than its fountain head. As our souls are, so will our lives be.

Is that a hard saying? Some of you lift tearful eyes to mine, looking out of worn and weary faces, and you

answer: "Our souls are compelled to feed on husks. The veriest trifles are their daily bread, and we cannot order our lives."

Which is true, in a certain sense, of every woman under the sun. Even Victoria does as she must, not always as she would. Yet, in another sense, it is not true. It is certain that as we can be "in the world and yet not of it," so can we, by sheer force of will, compel the trifles, the pettinesses, of our daily lives to be our slaves and not our masters.

It does not matter so much what the trifles are. We come up hither from all ranks and conditions of life, the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, the fashionable and unfashionable, all meeting upon this one ground—the ground of our common womanhood. And it would not be strange if we sometimes misunderstood each other, each magnifying the cares and responsibilities of her own peculiar lot. Some of you have hands hardened by a life-time of labor, and forms that have been robbed of their grace by years of persistent toil. It is hard for you, I know, as you look upon the dainty robes, the costly jewels, the fair, white hands of women who sit near you,—it is hard for you to feel that you may have trifled away your life, that you may have sold your birthright for a mess of pottage, just as truly as they have theirs. For, O my sisters! the life is more than meat and the body than raiment; and to be wholly absorbed in material things, no matter what they are, must lower the standard of womanhood and desile its white garments.

How do we fret ourselves over little things; how do we worry our poor, tired souls, that very often are hungrily crying out like starved children, about little matters that are no more than the small dust of the balance! The saving of a penny here and a penny there, the making of a little more butter than one's neighbors, the concoction of intricate dishes for which no one is the better or the happier, a little dust on the window sill, a fly speck on the wall, the width of a hem, the fit of a garment, the number of folds on ones overskirt, the "style" of one's housekeeping, the precise angle at which one's hat should be turned up, and the precise width of the ribbon which trims it, the attention we receive from this one and that one, and the last new fashionable wrinkle, whatever it may be—over matters like these we fret, and fidget, and wear ourselves out, growing old before our time.

Does it pay? Let us ask ourselves that question to-day, with the New Year so full of hope and promise waiting to hear our answer—does it pay?

Do not misunderstand me. We are here in a practical world. We have bodies as well as souls. We must eat, drink, sleep, and be clothed. It is right and proper that we should be interested in what is going on about us, that we should look well to the ways of our households, that we should make the most of our social advantages, and that we should desire to dress in accordance with the prevailing mode, in so far as it is decent and reasonable. It is not the doing of these things that is to be deprec-

ated, but such total absorption in them as makes a woman, no matter what her position in life may be, a mere slave to material things.

Whether she does her own work or hires it done; whether she wears silks and velvets, or delaine and calico; whether she lives in a brown stone front, or in a cottage on the prairie; whether she is Lady Patroness of a Charity ball, or the chief manager of the donation party in an isolated country village; if the petty details of daily living absorb all her time, and all her thoughts, and all the rich possibilities of her nature, she is beggarizing herself in the midst of plenty, and squandering the life that was given her for higher uses.

So in all our talk, and in all our thoughts, regarding the elevation, the advancement, of woman, let us remember that she is herself, to a great degree, the ruler of her own destiny. We may say that she should have this right and that right; that this and that privilege should be granted her; that she should boldly claim this and that vantage ground, from which she has been excluded by custom, if not by law. For myself, I hope and pray for the day when every good woman shall have all the "rights" she wants, and every bad one shall have all she can use without detriment to herself or others!

But it still remains true that we women cannot be *lifted* to a higher plane of life, and thought, and action. We must step up, or if need be, climb up, unrepelled by the roughness of the way, or the steepness of the ascent. And at last it may be, sisters, that we shall be able to stand where the air will be so clear and pure, where our vision will reach so far beyond the light of moon, or star, that we shall forget all about our rights; and the memory of our wrongs shall be lost in the "peace that passeth understanding."

#### PAPERS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Number Twenty.

RETROSPECTIVE.

Four years since, when this series of "Papers for THE HOUSEHOLD" was commenced, the whim took the writer to come impersonally before the great band of readers, it seeming we could thus work more at our ease and pleasure than in any other way. At the same time wishing to work in some recognized manner, we commenced our cogitations under the general head of "Papers," and since

have become somewhat of a fixture in THE HOUSEHOLD. That we have made some friends, we venture to think evident from the many kindly words that have reached us; and that we have failed to do justice to the ideal under which we commenced the series, can be apparent to no one so clearly as to ourselves. The foremost idea which we had in entering upon the work, was to attempt to stimulate and help the wives, sisters, mothers and daughters in their homes, without, in any way, arguing for their "rights" in the public and political arena of life. For our ideal of woman's elevation is, that it is to come more from within than from without; and de-

pends far more upon herself and her endeavors in the common, every day paths of life, than to any outside and useless women we take it for rights, by suffrage or otherwise, that granted that our HOUSEHOLD readers are more likely to be among those to whom life is no play day, than to be-

long to the effeminate and pleasure seeking women of the world. And for this reason we fain would, if possible, have helped, even one young girl to see how she may make her life, though it be a toilsome one, not destitute of higher, brighter charms. We know that we have before touched upon this theme, and perhaps wearied some among our readers, who for years have followed our talks with them. But for all that, may we not be pardoned this little review, and this, our almost first personal reference for the sake of an opening word with the multitude of new friends which we expect and hope to greet at the commencement of the New Year? For to them as well as to our well tried friends, we take the liberty as one of the HOUSEHOLD staff, of extending a hearty welcome and wishing each and all a prosperous and happy New Year. And each one we hope may find in THE HOUSEHOLD for the coming year, something of interest and value from one and another, of

its writers; hints, and helps in practical things, words of hope and cheer, with much to stimulate in home culture, home adornment, and home's truest, most sacred happiness. For the world is built of homes, and each household is a part of the whole; it is from our homes that go forth the powers that move the nation, and womankind is in a certain sense, the power behind the throne, whose influence extends, in ever widening circles—if so she uses her gifts—to all the departments of life. Who can tell how vast may be the influence of a mother, sister, or friend on the youth growing up into manhood? Who can tell how cultivated and growing womanhood, with the heart in the right place, may operate upon the higher, better life of those entering the arena of the more outer world than they seek to enter. For often woman works through those she loves and interests herself in, quite as much as by special endeavors of her own.

Where are our Debbie Millers of four years ago? Some of them are in the ripeness of young womanhood now, and others, as matrons, have gone to homes of their own to further work out their mission, whatever that may be. And have our words helped a single one of these, that she has girls staid matrons, and would have taken a higher, deeper significance of life, and have those to the mothers, and sisters, and in behalf of their brother-boys, in any way been for good or for otherwise? Without egotism, we stop and ask ourselves the questions, as standing on the brink of the New Year, we find our pen gliding into our next year's ink-stand, and then, pondering with the query whether or not we shall go on, or whether we forbear. What we may say, if we extend the series, will be left to each month as it passes to decide, as has in the past been done. For though we commenced with a main idea, and in a measure confined

ourselves to it for a little time, we have, in these years by no means re-

stricted ourselves to that, but written on various topics which came up from time to time. And not only in this column, have we been given perfect liberty of expression, but have wandered at our pleasure, into the different apartments of THE HOUSEHOLD, and in one form and another, over one signature and another—sometimes none—have made acquaintance with the members of almost every department, and received kindly words and pleasant greetings in each. We found our set "Papers" too staid, and perhaps too didactic in form for all occasions and sometimes wished to tell a story or have a free and easy chat elsewhere, and thus have come to be at home in all the rooms of THE HOUSEHOLD. And can it be but a true affection has grown up in our heart for this vast band of readers, whom we have met so often from year to year? That we have, as it were, looked into many of their homes and feel that we know not a few of the inmates, as well as many of the contributors, with us, to these pages. For friendly words from one and another, which have from time to time been extended to our contributors, the writer offers hearty thanks, whether or not so much has before been expressed, as this is our almost first personal word, and offered now that we come nearer in heart to our readers. No one, except the initiated know how pleasant to the writer, is but a word of cheer, and no one else understands with what distrust the conscientious pen scatters its wayside seed, content to leave it, not knowing whether it may bear fruit or be fated to wither worthless away.

## HOW TO GET THE MONEY.

BY WINNIE WILDWOOD.

In the humble home of the day laborer, the frugal farmer and industrious mechanic, if no other, how often does the question "How shall we get the money?" intrude itself with unwelcome vehemence, but how often unanswered.

Particularly is it so in the early winter, with the demand for shoes, for stockings, for dresses, for cloaks, hats and gloves, tippets, furs and mittens; for books and periodicals with which to cheat the long, dull winter of its gloom, for the coming holiday presents, and the thousand and one wants that spring up so inevitably in the most economical homes. We all know how it is, but we do not always know how to supply the demand, and there's where the rub comes in.

Said Mr. Brown to his young wife one evening as he rolled up his little pile of bills and closed his account book, his eyes gazing blankly at the stove opposite, "I thought we had been prudent and economical and industrious, as anybody could be, but now the winter is just upon us and I haven't over fifty dollars to pay for provisions and coal and clothing, to say nothing about the rent. If I could get work we could get along comfortably but the shops are shutting down and cutting down so I don't see how they suppose a poor man can live. Brewer told Janes to-day, they should nurses' bills would swallow up the

month. I don't know, I'm sure, what we're going to do."

"O, I know that times look hard," replied his energetic little wife, "but where there's a will, there's a way."

"You talk as though I didn't want to do anything," he exclaimed indignantly, "you don't understand how hard times are going to be, Mary. How can a man work when there's no work to be done? I'd like to know."

"O, there'll be some work to be done of course," answered his hopeful wife. "The world isn't going to stand still entirely, I don't believe. Now look here, there are only four of us and we are all able to do something. Fred, you know, will be nine in a few days and Bennie is seven. Both can do a great many chores to save time and I can do something to help you. I'm glad I've got my sewing-machine. Will, I mean to do wonders. I know just what luck I should have trying to sew for the shops though, they pay next to nothing. I'll tell you what I mean to do, now; you know cousin All and his brother Jack always buy their shirts ready made; now I have

looked them over thoroughly, and I know that somebody must make a great profit on them, but it wasn't the poor woman that made them, of course not. The middle men eat up the profits of everything and their profits go to pay the rents of their splendid marble fronts. Now I mean to make shirts—get some cloth and make up three or four to begin with and Fred and I can sell 'em I guess. I don't know why it isn't just as respectable to sell shirts as books and pictures, and I think they'll meet a greater demand; men must have shirts if they go without books. Then that's not all I can do. I can make pants and boys' suits; you know I've had a pretty good apprenticeship in that branch of business.

These ready made suits are very expensive and now that the hard times are coming on a great many people will be glad to hire them made if they know they can save something and have their work well done. Yes, I mean to begin to-morrow and I shall ask all my friends to advertise my plans and my work. So, by careful economy and a great deal of perseverance we shall get along nicely, see if we don't. If we cannot do one thing we must try to do another, and we may better off for it in the end.

I have often thought that the reason women succeed so poorly in earning money is that they work singly and alone. They do not avail themselves of combinations as men of all classes do. How they league together, farmers, mechanics, traders and manufacturers; even the brewers have conventions and combine to promote the interests of members. Why couldn't the women of a village form an industrial association make up a lot of garments and once a month hold a fair to sell them? So we might benefit both the maker and buyer by saving the profits to them which are swallowed up by the middle men."

"You are quite eloquent on the subject," answered the husband from whose brow the clouds of trouble had not yet lifted. "But you would make yourself sick and doctors' bills and Brewer told Janes to-day, they should nurses' bills would swallow up the cut down twenty per cent the first of profits faster than the middle men.

Then when you are sick you know there's nobody to look after the boys or take care of our clothes. I've

heard you say a thousand times that to be careless of one's health is the worst kind of carelessness. Over-

work and excitement prepare the way for little colds, and several little colds amount to an aggravated large one, while bronchial disease, asthma, lung fever, consumption and congestion of the lungs follow in their wake. Remember Raymond's wife, Mary, and don't try to do too much. The loss of a good mother can't be made up to her children and I hope you won't forget to be careful of your health both for our sakes and your own."

"O, I intend to be very careful of my health, William, of course, thanks for your kind consideration; but I really think I can do something and be all the better and happier for it. I don't intend that my new work shall swallow up everything else. I mean to have my evenings for rest just the same as now, so I think I shall not overwork myself."

"Well, just as you choose," replied the husband still doubtful of the proposed project. "I hope times may not be so hard after all, but business does seem pretty dull now." And dull the winter continued to be. Shops and mills shut down or worked on short time, while business men everywhere were troubled and perplexed about the future. Manufacturers were storing their goods and bankers were demanding most exorbitant interests. Every day added to the list of old and honorable names dishonored; but Mrs. Brown true to her pronounced intentions commenced operations at once. Master Fred was taken into the council and allowed to consider himself of immense importance to the concern. "You see," said he to his brother Frank, who was almost eighteen months his junior, "that I'm the local and traveling agent for this establishment." After school hours, or any hour on Saturday he might be seen dressed with a deal of extra care, his hair parted precisely and his shoes blacked to the last degree of brightness, walking with an air of great importance through the principle streets. One day he had leave to begin in real earnest. "Now," said he, "I must have a book to write down my orders in, and a satchel to carry my pamphlets in, as uncle Rogers has." With these necessary equipments he started off in right good earnest. Cautioned by his prudent mother he did not expect that every man he met would profess himself nearly shirtless and under the greatest obligations to the enterprising youth and his mother for coming so timely yet unexpectedly to his relief. One, two, three, four, five, six calls and not a sale yet! "Well, mother says if I can sell one shirt a day, it will be as many as she can make," said he to reassure himself and revive his fainting courage. So he persevered, learning through disappointments one of the most important lessons of life. And though I cannot truthfully record that his manly, gentlemanly deportment enlisted the interest of a wealthy broker in his behalf, thus insuring his certain success in life and a competence to his family

—though no such masterly stroke of

good luck awaited him—yet he was successful.

He did find purchasers for all his merchandise and the family knew no want that winter. The wife and mother, true to her promise, maintained the even balance of work and rest. And when the spring-time came with its floral treasures and singing birds, there were songs of thanksgiving and gladness in the mechanic's pretty home and new hopes springing up in the happy hearts there.

## "PUTTING THINGS AWAY."

## FOR MEN TO READ.

Do women ever think how much time they spend in picking up and putting away? Of course we do not mean to intimate that it is wasted, or that all this labor is done unnecessarily. Women have a vast amount of such work to perform, and few men realize its extent, or its necessity until some accident or circumstances brings it home to them.

A married man said once, that he never realized the amount of work done in bringing things out and putting them away, until he happened to sit idly, watching the operation of setting the table—"getting tea," as it was called, at a neighbor's house, washing the dishes and clearing them away. It struck him, for the first time, how much real labor had to be done in lifting and carrying between table and pantry and he determined to lessen such labor in his house, as much as possible, by constructing a kitchen in his house with every facility and convenience. He thought, with a sort of consternation, if one "tea" requires that amount of labor, what must the work of a house for a lifetime amount to? A very pretty problem which we should like to have answered.

It is a fact, however, that "putting things away" becomes a sort of mania with some neat housewives, and not only gives them a vast amount of trouble, but sours their temper, and is a source of annoyance to every member of the family. From a habit probably of being upon one spot all the time, eternally seeing and doing the same things, it becomes a sort of mania, and is in fact, a symptom of disease. We think a good plan, in such a case, would be, for the husband to insist on his wife taking a journey, making a visit home, or spending a couple of weeks at a watering place. The change of scene, the breaking up of the monotony of her life would do her a world of good. Her ideas would become enlarged; her thoughts travel out of their accustomed routine and when she returned she would take up life less as a burden, and more as a basket of flowers, from which it is possible to extract beauty and fragrance.

—The cultivation of the moral nature in man is the grand means for the improvement of society.

—If you cannot be a great river, bearing great vessels of blessings to the world, you can be a little spring by the dusty wayside of life, singing merrily all day and all night, and giving a cup of cold water to every weary, thirsty one who passes by.



## IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

If I should die to-night,  
My friends would look upon my quiet face,  
Before they laid it in its resting place,  
And deem that death had left it almost fair;  
And laying snow-white flowers against my hair,  
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,  
And fold my hands with lingering caress—  
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night,  
My friends would call to mind with loving thought,  
Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought,  
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said,  
Errands on which the willing feet had sped;  
The memory of my selfishness and pride,  
My hasty words, would all be put aside:  
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night!

If I should die to-night,  
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,  
Recalling other days remorsefully;  
The eyes that chilled me with averted glance,  
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,  
And soften in the old familiar way,  
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay?  
So I might rest forgiven of all to-night!

O, friends! I pray to-night,  
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow:  
The way is lonely, let me feel them now,  
Think gently of me, I am travel-worn,  
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn,  
Forgive, O, hearts estranged, forgive I plead!  
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need  
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

## "THINKING OF HOME."

BY C. DORA NICKERSON.

HE (never mind who) came trilling it up the stairs in a low, soft voice, half to herself, half to the memories the words called up.

"Thinking of home, the dear old home,  
Thinking of home and mother."

Her voice died in the distance as she climbed the next flight, and the other words were lost to me. I had been sitting with my pen, idly gazing out upon a busy street in Chicago, and looking over the heads of the countless passers-by vaguely wondering upon what theme to write. The sweet voice floating dreamily up the stairs, and down toward my door has set my idle pen in motion.

Lives there the child, youth, maiden, man, or woman, who does not at some time think of home, "the dear old home and mother?" The dirtiest, raggedest street vagabond who has found a nook to rest his frowsy head in, ever remembers that dirty nook which was to him a home. In the years that go by, there will come hours when visions of the spot where his childhood was passed will crowd before him. All of life's happy hours are driven amid the sorrow, saddened ones like golden wedges in the unyielding ebony of life, and tug as we may, manhood and womanhood years will never manufacture sufficient strength to pull the glistening remembrances from the black surrounding surface.

There is not a man living but can recall some hours at home—some reminiscences that are pleasing, tho' they may be mingled with sad ones, for there was never yet a joyless childhood. A wise Creator never planned one; hence, the impossibility. And with these thoughts, come thoughts for you, mothers.

When the little curly heads cluster round your table, or chubby hands nestle in yours, do the blue or the black eyes look into yours so clearly that they call up sharp questionings as to the way in which you are doing your duty by them now? When the smooth faces shall have become bearded; when the chubby hands are thin and brown, hardened and horny with toil, when the eager eyes are dimming with life's long-looking; when the restless feet drag wearily over the stony way, when the busy brain is planning no more for living and loving this side the shadowy gate, can the long-gathering, richly garnished, choice kept memories of youth and childhood help to fill the blanks for them in the waiting passage to the thither side?

Can they look back to hours at your knee, around your table, by your side, in kitchen, parlor, and chamber, when you dropped blessed seed into their loving hearts which has ripened with the in-coming years, to make glad the heart of the Reaper for the Kingdom?

Why do you look so wonderingly at me, young mother? What? "Childhood's teachings no seed for the harvest of age?" Mistaken woman! you, young mother, are set in the nursery garden of the Lord. To you He entrusts the care of living souls; upon you He must call in the years which are to come if He keeps you at the outer gate.

Oh mothers, mothers! you are responsible for so much, so much! So many Cains wander up and down with branded foreheads; so many Arnolds—traitors to God, to self, and birth-bought duties; so many Magdalens wandering up and down the broad highways of vice and sin; so many, oh, so many life-waifs waiting in the by-paths of life!

And, mothers, upon you, your teachings, your influence, your precepts any your example mainly depends the future of the olive blossoms at your fireside. If they can look back upon loving words, judicious counsel, patient continuance and conscientious labor for them, they have sure waymarks to guide them to lives of usefulness and honor: but alas for the child who has no home and mother worth remembering! Alas, for the child whose mother has pushed him through an unloving childhood and left no tender impress upon heart and brain? Alas, for him who can recall no loving memories of a home hallored by a faithful mother! Sad, indeed, the barren waste of years which treasures no sweet love-tokens of a dearly loved home! Sad the wail awaiting your ears, mother! Sad the fearful heart-reckoning and soul-filling for the future!

Childhood is the plastic clay; in your hands, faithful God-fearing mother, should it be moulded into life statues fit for the critical eye of the watching Father to o'erlook. The first twelve years of life throw more telling weights into the life-balances than the last thirty of the allotted three score. These first years determine the weight of life-issues; the last, but throw in this or that to keep the sides even or uneven, as the case may be; they determine but little beyond dead avordupois facts. Men

and women are selected, weighed, wrapped and labelled for the alternating, uncertain market of life before the first score of years has gone, and woe to the parent who can supinely trust to chance weighers and buyers, after his or her own God-given opportunities have passed!

Ah, trill on little girl! I know your home and your mother, and I know too, that she, with her painstaking womanhood and motherhood, has furnished you with a sure pass upon the life-train which runs only upon the roads of safety, sobriety and honor. May no untoward accident alarm or detain you, little girl. May God bless and preserve you, little homesick one, and give us more such noble mothers as is yours.

## GOLDEN GRAINS.

It is not just as we take it  
This mystical world of our's,  
Life's field will yield as we make it  
A harvest of thorns or of flowers.

—Men of means are often the meanest men.

—The most corrective punishment is kindness.

—Riches got by deceit cheat no man so much as the getter.

—They that do nothing are on the way to do worse than nothing.

—That is the best part of beauty which a picture cannot express.

—The real use of talking is almost lost to the world by the excessive custom of lying.

—Oliver Goldsmith once remarked that true merit consisted not in a man's falling but in rising as often as he falls.

—If you fall into any great misfortune, disengage yourself as well as you can. Creep through those bushes which have the fewest briars.

—A good man is the embalming of the virtuous to an eternity of love and gratitude among posterity.

—The habit of being always employed is a great safeguard through life, as well as essential to the culture of every virtue.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE FOR 1875. After its successful career of over thirty years *The Living Age* seems more vigorous and prosperous than ever before. Always the chief, it is now (since its absorption of "Every Saturday") the only eclectic weekly of the country. What distinguishes it is the fact that it presents inexpensively, considering its *three and a quarter thousand large pages* of reading matter a year, with freshness, owing to the frequency of its issue, and with a satisfactory completeness attempted by no other publication whatever, the ablest essays and reviews, the best serial and short stories, the finest sketches and poems, and the most valuable biographical, historical, scientific and political information from the entire body of foreign periodical literature.

Represented in its pages are such distinguished authors as Prof. Max Muller, Prof. Tyndall, Dr. W. B. Carpenter, Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Prof. Huxley, Frances Power Cobbe, Richard A. Proctor, Matthew Arnold, The Duke of Argyll, Charles Kingsley, Arthur Helps, James Anthony Froude, Mrs. Muloch, Anthony Trollope, Mrs. Oliphant, Miss Thackeray, Wm. Black, Geo. MacDonald, Jean Ingelow, Eremann-Chatran, Ivan Turgeneff, Tennyson, Browning, and many others.

In the multiplicity of quarterlies, monthlies and weeklies, *The Living Age* is an invaluable economizer of time, labor, and money. It is pronounced "the best of the eclectic," and, all things considered, the cheapest; and has become almost a necessity to every person or family desiring a satisfactory compendium of the noteworthy in the literary world. In no other known way, certainly, can so much of the best work of the best minds of the age be obtained so conveniently, or with so little money, as through this most comprehensive of periodicals.

The subscription price is \$8 a year, which is cheap for the amount of reading furnished; or for those desiring the cream of both home and foreign literature, the publishers make a still cheaper offer, viz.: to send (*postage prepaid on both periodicals*) *The Living Age* and either one of the American \$4 monthlies, or weeklies, a year for \$10.50. With *The Living Age* and one or other of our leading American monthlies, a subscriber will, at remarkably small cost, be in possession of the best which the current literature of the world affords.

## TRUE CHARITY.

A widow poor, Dame Gray by name,  
The subject of my tale shall be.  
Her husband dead long years ago,  
She lived alone down by the sea.  
No children e'er had blessed her home:

No friend had she in all that place;

No kindly hand was e'er outstretched

To aid her tottering footstep's pace.

Too proud to beg, in truth was she,  
Even though the wolf was at her door,  
Her palsied hands, her feeble eye,  
Were broken reeds and nothing more.

The nimble fingers that had once

So deft and neat the needle plied,

Had lost their art of "Auld Lang Syne,"

She could not sew though hard she tried.

Yet life was sweet to this poor dame,  
As in the days when she was blest  
With love and all that makes life dear,  
Ere her good John had gone to rest.

To earn her bread she fain must work,

But what was there that she could do?

The only thing—alas! poor dame!

Was washing clothes, 'twas hard she knew.

Kind-hearted friends there were who would

Have gladly shared with her their store,

But charity she would not have:

Pay for her work, but nothing more.

These gladly gave her clothes to wash,

Till she had work from all around.

But soon the toll day after day,

Of rubbing clothes too hard she found.

Her strength was all her stock in trade,

And that once gone, she would indeed

Be in a strait, could no kind hand

Her labors lighten in her need.

Just at this time a lady rare,

The judge's wife, good Mrs. Mott.

Called on our dame to see if aught

That she could do would ease her lot.

Now Mrs. Mott's chief aim in life

Was helping those who needed aid,

The poor in her their best friend had,

And many a home she'd happy made.

She found Dame Gray still at her work,

Bending intently o'er her tub,

Rubbing away as if for life,

And groaning sore with every rub.

"Dear, dear!" said she, "this will not do.

How long think you that you will have

Sufficient strength to earn your bread,

If thus you waste it like a slave?"

"Not long I fear," said old Dame Gray,

"For even now the fact I prove,

But still there is no other mode

By which the dirt I may remove.

"Not with such soap as that you use,

I grant to you," said Mrs. Mott.

"That is no aid in washing clothes;

You do the work that it should do."

"I know, good friend, the soap is poor,"

Replied Dame Gray, "but then, you know

That better I cannot afford,

Beyond its price I dare not go."

"Not so, my dear," said Mrs. Mott,

"You can't afford such trash to buy;

The rich, perhaps, may think it cheap,

Who have more cash than you or I.

But you have nought to throw away,

The best is none too good for you;

It cheaper is, though higher priced:

Take my advice you'll find it true.

The soap I use, though costing more

Than this brown soap, much cheaper is,

Because a bar will last as long

As five or six of such as this.

And what is worth far more to you

Than any paltry dime or two—

Your health and strength—these both demand

Economy—keep that in view.

Dobbins's Electric Soap I use,

No soap can ever it excel;

It is so pure. It does its work

Like magic, too, so quick and well.

Here is a box for you to try;

Follow the rules around each bar,

And you will find, as I have said,

Your health and strength both better far."

Dame Gray of course expressed her thanks

And took the soap of Mrs. Mott;

And not a week elapsed, before

A treasure rare she found she'd got.

Some years have passed away since then.

And old Dame Gray is growing young;

But still she uses Dobbins's Soap—

Its praise is ever on her tongue.

Tis meet a moral should adorn

This homely verse of old Dame Gray:

So here it is—"Use Dobbins's Soap;

Get it at once, without delay."

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

We wish to have our readers bear in mind the crushed wheat manufactured by Messrs. F. E. Smith & Co., Brooklyn, N. Y., of which frequent mention has been made in these columns. Having used this article for several months it has become with us well nigh indispensable. As a breakfast dish, fresh from the boiler, it is delicious, and for a lunch, cold or otherwise, it is unrivaled. We hope its use will continue to increase.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED.

SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP, SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS, SCHENCK'S SEAWEED TONIC, Are the only medicines that will cure Pulmonary Consumption. Frequently medicines that stop a cough will occasion the death of the patient; they lock up the liver, stop the circulation of the blood, hemorrhage follows, and in fact, they clog the action of the very organs that caused the cough. Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia are the causes of two-thirds of the cases of Consumption. Many persons complain of a dull pain in the side, constipation, coated tongue, pain in the shoulder-blade, feelings of drowsiness and restlessness, the food lying heavily on the stomach, accompanied with acidity and belching up of wind. These symptoms usually originate from a disordered condition of the stomach or a torpid liver. Persons so affected, if they take one or two heavy colds, and if the cough in these cases be suddenly checked, will find the stomach and liver clogged, remaining torpid and inactive, and almost before they are aware the lungs are a mass of sores, and ulcerated, the result of which is death. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup is an expectorant which does not contain opium or anything calculated to check a cough suddenly. Schenck's Seaweed Tonic dissolves the food, mixes with the gastric juices of the stomach, aids digestion and creates a ravenous appetite. When the bowels are constipated, skin sallow, or the symptoms otherwise of a bilious tendency, Schenck's Mandrake Pills are required. These medicines are prepared only by J. H. SCHENCK & SON,

N. E. cor. 6th & Arch Sts., Phila. And for sale by all druggists and dealers.

Dr. Schenck will be at the QUINCY HOUSE, BOSTON, on the following WEDNESDAYS: October 7th and 21st, November 4th and 18th, and December 2nd, 16th and 30th.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION of Boston, is a thoroughly wide awake paper, having among its contributors such writers as J. T. TROWBRIDGE, EDWARD EGLESTON, Rev. W. M. BAKER, Dr. I. I. HAYES, GEORGE M. TOWLE, LOUISA M. ALCOTT, REBECCA HARDING DAVIS, RUTH CHESTERFIELD, LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON. No writers more attractive in the country, and no publication for young people more enterprising and useful.

Mr. J. J. H. Gregory of Marblehead, Mass., has his annual advertisement in our columns. He was the original introducer of some of the best vegetables now found on every table. He comes this season with a new squash, and a number of tempting specialties, some of which are finely illustrated from engravings taken from photographs. The fact that so many of his varieties of seed are of his own growing, is a golden fact for farmers and gardeners.

UNIVERSAL COMMENDATION.—Webster's Unabridged Dictionary receives the universal commendation of the press, the clergy and literary men of the day. It is an indispensable article in the family, school and office.

According to the experience of those who for years have been in the habit of purchasing groceries in large quantities it is much the most economical way; especially is this the case with those goods which improve with age, of which class soap is a notable representative. Bear in mind then that the American Peerless Soap improves with age and that no family should be without a box instead of buying it from "hand to mouth," as is too often done.

One of the most striking illustrations of the progress of our nation is to be found in comparison of its newspapers of to-day with those of twenty-five or thirty years ago. Take, for instance The New York Tribune whose daily edition contains eight, ten and often twelve large pages of closely printed news from every section of the world, the numberless lines of telegraph placing its editorial sanctum in direct and almost hourly communication with nearly the whole habitable globe—contrast this mammoth sheet with the small and puny folio which first saw the light barely a quarter of a century ago! Call to mind its poor, dingy birthplace as you look on the magnificent building now being erected for its use! Can it be wondered at that we ask ourselves in bewildering doubt if the next generation will witness as great progress in journalistic life?

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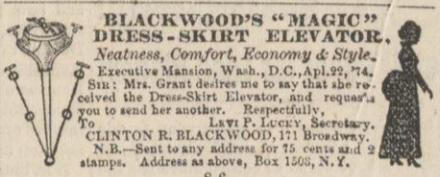
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| 18  | Rosewood Work Box,                               | 2.50   | 5     |
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| 25  | One doz. Teaspoons, (silver plated,)             | 3.50   | 8     |
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| 28  | Six Dining Forks, (silver plated,)               | 4.00   | 9     |
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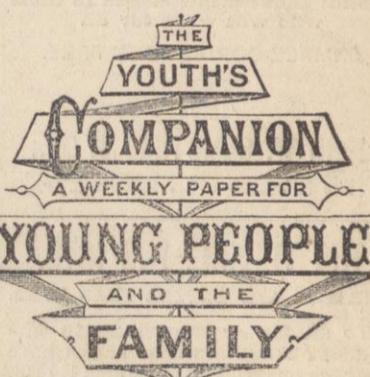
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