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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. 20.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., AUGUST, 1887.

No. 8.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

CEO. E. CROWELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

CROSBY BLOCK, - MAIN STREET,
BRATTLEBORO, VT.

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The Veranda.

SUMMER DAYS.

O summer days! fair summer days!
When through dim woodlands straying,
We heard along the upland ways
The sound of brooklets playing;
When through soft aisles of misty green,
Made sweet and cool with shadows,
Came gleams of yellow blooms between
From distant, sunny meadows.

O summer days! sweet summer days!
When over fields of clover,
We loitered by the sunny ways
Or walked the green paths over;
When by the river's silver sheen,
The lilies red were burning,
Like scarlet flame against the green
That summer winds were turning.

O summer days! lost summer days!
Too soon the purple gloaming
Came down and hid with dreamy haze
The paths where we were roaming;
For in the mists that lingered long
O'er meadow, wood and river,
We stilled the passion of love's song,
And said good by forever.

—Adelaide D. Rollston.

SMALL FRUITS ON THE FARM.

MOST farmers do not live up to their privileges as they might if their minds were not so filled with plans about the wheat, oat and corn fields to the exclusion of what seem trifling and unimportant undertakings. To be sure, the money for which the farmer works, comes mostly from these crops, but there are other things of great value which he ought not to ignore. This is particularly true of small fruits in the garden. Every farmer's family should raise enough of these to last the year around. They can easily do so if they set about it in the right way, and this way is an easy one if they will only read and follow the advice given repeatedly in the American Agriculturist. A great many farmers' wives depend on the meadow for their strawberries, and the pastures for their raspberries and their blackberries. As most of their neighbors do the same, the supply is not often equal to the demand, and a few berries during the season are all that the family gets. With a bed of strawberries in the garden, of good varieties, cultivated properly, there will be enough for use through the season of them, and some to "put up" for winter use. The same with raspberries. And the pleasure nicely canned fruit affords the palate in winter is only excelled by the healthfulness of it. Winter time on the farm generally sees a rather monotonous bill of fare, and without fruit to draw from, the housewife is often puzzled to

know how to secure that variety which she knows will be appreciated. The expense and trouble of cultivating currants, gooseberries and strawberries is small in proportion to the value received.

To stock a small garden with the best varieties requires only a few dollars out-

lay, and the skill necessary to keep them in good condition is within the reach of any one who is interested in the matter. We generally see a few scrubby and neglected currant bushes in the grass along the garden fence, but not in one garden in a dozen do we see much more in the

Special features: Open fire-places in the hall, parlor, and dining-room.

Good space for hat rack in the lower hall.

Wide staircase with platform landing.

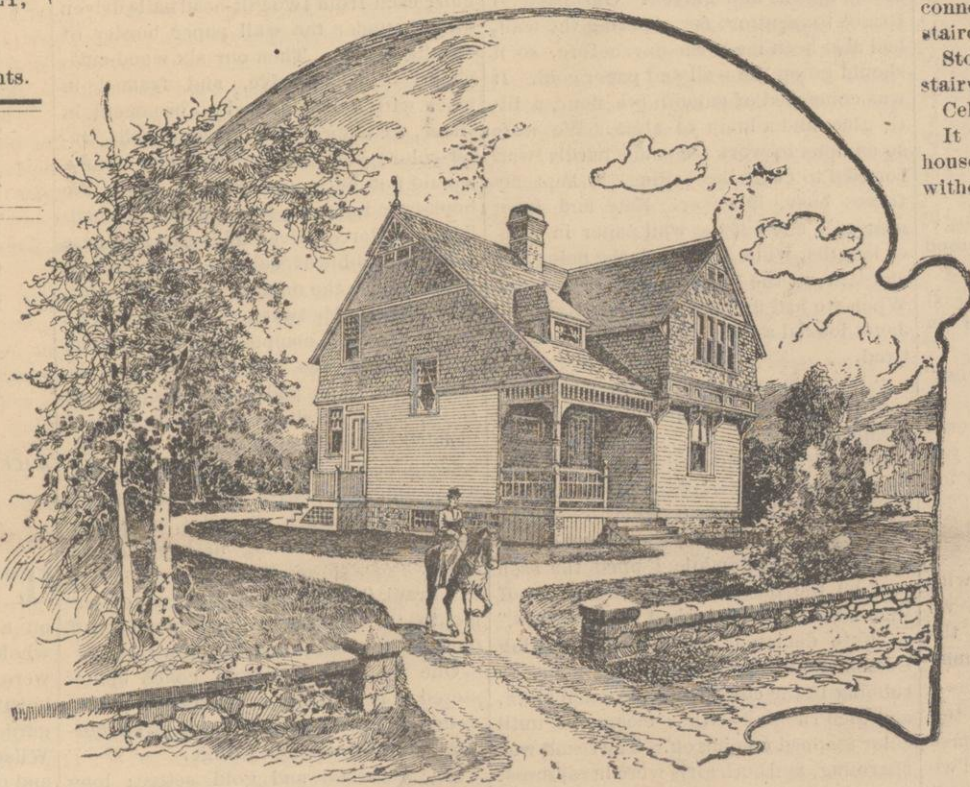
A back stairway is provided by the steps which start from the kitchen and connect with the landing of the main staircase.

Storage space in the attic, to which stairway is provided.

Cellar under the whole house.

It is unwise to attempt to build this house, or, indeed, any modern house, without the working plans and specifications.

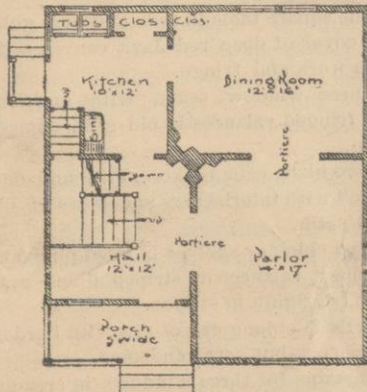
Without them the workmen are very apt, in fact almost certain, to make changes of details that will take away from the unity and beauty of the design. Besides they guard against mistakes and facilitate the progress of the work. For this design the working plans, specifications, estimate and color sheet are furnished by the Co-operative Building Plan Association, Architects, 63 Broadway, New York, for \$25. This entitles the owner to full and constant consultation during the progress of the work.



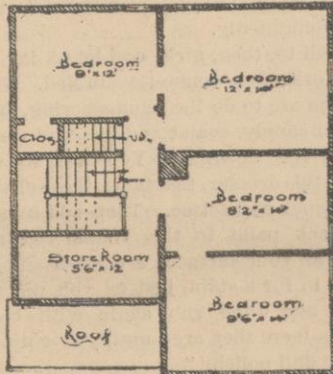
PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

line of small fruits. That men are fond of these fruits, is proved by the avidity with which they dispose of them when placed before them in the shape of pie, shortcake, or eaten with sugar or cream. They seem to forget, or overlook the fact, that the season of enjoying these

luxuries need not be confined to summer. Canned fruits are nearly as good during the winter, if properly put up, as when fresh, and the expense and trouble of putting them up is not great. More money is usually spent for prunes and other dried fruit during the winter in families



FIRST FLOOR.



SECOND FLOOR.

HOMES FOR THE PEOPLE.

Size of structure: Front, 27 ft., 6 in. Side, 30 ft., 6 in.

Size of rooms: See floor plans.

Height of stories: Cellar, 6 ft., 6 in.; first story, 9 ft.; second story, 8 ft.

Materials: Foundation, stone; first story, clapboards; second story, shingles; gables, shingles; roof, shingles.

Cost: \$1,500 to \$1,700 complete, except range.

where fruit is not put up, than it would cost to purchase jars and sugar to prepare a supply at home. The women will take care of the fruit if they only have it to take care of, and will be glad to have the chance to do so. Should more fruit be produced than the family can consume it will meet with a ready sale in the nearest village, and usually brings the grower better returns than if sent to the overstocked markets of a large city. Sell none but the surplus.—Am. Agriculturist.

horticulture. The commercial gardener and fruit grower has all the difficulties common to other pursuits to contend with, besides the many perplexing ones peculiar to his own. The profits of this industry, in its various branches, have been persistently set forth in a false and alluring light by many journals, and especially by traveling salesmen interested in the sale of various horticultural products. We would not attribute any intentional dishonesty to those who have thus bolstered the commercial horticultural movement for years, but hard facts, as they become known, show the error of their position. For one without experience and training to take up any branch of commercial horticulture is almost sure to be a courting of failure. On the other hand, one will seldom or never be disappointed who turns to the garden for recreation, or who seeks there the building up of overstrained nerves, or who would follow out to discovery some of the innumerable secrets of the vegetable world, that are to be found by the earnest and patient observer. It is the place for at least an hour or two every day for women, as a change from household cares, for professional men, editors, merchants, clerks, and all who may be engaged in indoors, and especially sedentary, employments. More or less garden work should be engaged in every day, and by every member of the family wherever it is possible.—Vick's Magazine.

York Pa
Note of, every No. George St

The Drawing Room.

HOW WE DID IT.

"I SUPPOSE you have heard of dear, eccentric Mrs. B., poor old soul, she has left us her cottage and some 'tumble-down' furniture, and we are here on an inspection tour. The cottage inside is irredeemably ugly. Do come up and tell us what to do with it to make it habitable for the summer."

Thus ran a paragraph in one of my morning letters. I determined to go; the expression "irredeemably ugly" fascinated me.

And truly it was ugly! Some of the walls coated with lime, and broken; some with staring yellow and red paper; the woodwork and ceilings a raw white; and the carpets, where there were any, were great sprawling patterns of scrolls, birds and roses. But in compensation there was a lovely garden full of old-fashioned bushes, roses, snowballs, fire bushes, and lilacs; and riotous honeysuckles and trumpet creepers running over roof and porch.

"You are aware of the length of our purse, Frank. Is there any hope?" Inquired Kate with touching meekness.

"Do encourage us, tell us something!" exclaimed Janet impatiently, as I stood silently "taking in the situation."

"I see it all in my 'mind's eye!' It will be—charming!" added I, after an aggravating pause.

"What is it? Can we do it ourselves?" exclaimed Kate brightening.

"Certainly, with my advice," answered I with assumed importance; "but you must promise to rely implicitly on my judgment—and obey orders strictly!"

"Of course we shall!" chimed in both girls with enthusiasm.

"Well, then, we three will do it, with Ned's help. Now, let us see what we have to work with, beginning with the sitting room; it's a bright, nice, sunny location, girls! To commence with:

One broad, old-fashioned settee in tolerably good order. Four rush-bottomed chairs, rather the worse for wear. Two rattan rockers, good shapes, different sizes; pretty fair; can be improved.

One lot of packing-boxes.

One pine table, good, stout, straight, plain, unvarnished legs and top.

One lounge, nothing but the frame available.

Now for the room itself. Four bare walls, broken in places; whitewashed ceilings. Three windows, two low ones facing the west, and one three-sided bay-window with southern exposure; good, smooth floor, and woodwork throughout room dingy white.

"That's a promising inventory truly!" said Kate ruefully.

"Hush, did not I say it should all be charming? I tell you I see it as plainly as Michael Angelo or somebody or other saw the angel in the block of marble, you know."

"I am glad you do," murmured Janet, but half convinced.

"Upon my word you are wonderful," said Kate admiringly, and with full faith in ultimate results.

The next day Kate and I went down to town shopping, leaving practical Janet to superintend Violet, the village house-worker, with her daughter Dinah and her boy Tom; the trio, it was hoped, would scrape walls and clean up generally preparatory to my work of restoration and decorating. The results of our tour arrived on the next afternoon, and Janet stood by in puzzled wonder as the packages were undone, and cans of paint, brushes, rolls of paper, bundles of dry

goods, and a number of small odds and ends were disclosed to view.

I proposed a scheme of color for the sitting-room; it was accepted. We would tint the ceiling a soft cream color, using gilder's whiting, a touch of yellow ochre, and smooth, thin flour paste as a vehicle—an old-fashioned recipe, but not to be despised. We would color the woodwork in Indian red, and stain the floor in a deeper shade of the same color, paper the walls in two shades of soft grayish fawn color or drab. Kate and I had selected the loveliest paper with this ground and a conventional floral design powdered over it in a little deeper shade. As a first step we mended the walls with putty and plaster of Paris—the ceiling had been well brushed and scraped previously—and prepared our cream-color tinting to be ready for use in the morning.

The next day Cousin Ned, our "right-hand man," having arrived, behold us ready for work in dust caps, calico dresses and aprons and gloves! Our paste, I forgot to mention, for papering the wall, had also been made the day before, so it should go on the wall and paper cold. It was composed of smooth rye flour, a little glue, and a lump of alum. We were so anxious to work we could hardly wait for Ned to color the ceiling. I kept my forces busy, however. Kate and Janet measured and cut the wall paper in proper lengths, while I opened the paint can and laid out the brushes and sash tools. When we had finished papering, Kate and Janet looked a little discouraged and very tired.

"Don't worry about those wrinkles," said I, "for when the paper dries they'll disappear."

The girls brightened visibly at this, and declared themselves ready and eager for more work, so I set Janet to painting the surbase and doors, and Kate at the window casings, while I plied the sash tool on the more slender woodwork of the sashes. We "worked like beavers," as Kate declared, and before evening Cousin Ned was staining the floor by rubbing in the color with a woolen cloth, and then rubbing with a clean one until color stopped coming off. The result was charming, and both girls were in raptures, practical Janet even being won over to full belief in my theories.

"Girls," said I next morning, "our operations to-day will include that kitchen dresser. I declare it is quite Eastlakey in its solidity and clear cut outlines; and think how useful those drawers will be for sewing materials and the shelves for books."

"Frank, you're just wonderful," cried Kate delightedly.

"Fall to, then, girls, and let us lay out our work; here comes Cousin Ned. Well, sir, you are to do the sandpapering, here is your supply, coarse and fine, and emery paper for finishing. You are to rub down this dresser, that table, these chairs, the lounge and settee. Then add a trifle of black paint to this Indian red, and when all your surfaces are satin smooth rub it in for a stain, just as you did the floor, and then rub again with clean cloths—here they are—until you get up a good 'dull polish.'"

It took several days to accomplish, but when Kate and I with delicate brushes had laid on lines and tiny fret-work borders in gold on each piece, giving special care to the dresser, there stood as pretty a sitting room set as one could desire.

All the rest of that week our needles flew and the machine buzzed, and we made pillow and cushion covers, curtains and valences, and what not.

For a week after we rested, applying our time to pretty drawn-work, fringe making, etc. The et ceteras proved important; among them were a pretty

painted border for the wall paper, and a square rug, "a la Indien," for the middle of the floor. Old Mrs. B. was fond of sewing carpet balls and having breadths of carpet woven, and these she stuffed away in her store-room, where we discovered enough for half the house. Four of the best breadths we sewed together, then cut two strips lengthwise, raveled the cut edges, and sewed all around for border.

We had "Eastlake on Household Taste," so when we came to upholstering we copied the "ancient sofa at Knole" as near as we could with our decorative settee; we had beautiful gilt-head and figured nails and valances, etc. Then we put up the curtains on pretty stained rods with lance-head finials carved by Ned and gilded by Kate. After that the books were brought out and placed on the open book shelves, formerly the dresser shelves. Then came the pictures, four water-color sketches with broad white margins and plain oak frames; these we hung each from two gilt-head nails driven directly under the wall paper border of dull light blue. Then our six wood-cuts, choice if inexpensive, and framed in black with a trifle of incised ornament in silver, we hung on the opposite wall; water-colors and engravings, you know, should not be hung together. Over the book-case Kate disposed a group of brilliantly colored silver and gilt Japanese fans for a "bit of color," she said, and another over the doorway. Then a pretty wall-pocket between the two west windows; this was composed of two spread out Japanese fans, one in vermilion the other dark blue, and both showing dots and splashes of silver and gilt. Then I insisted on putting in my touch of color, a scrap basket made of an inverted Japanese umbrella, with cord and tassels hanging from each rib point, and hung from center of ceiling in bay window space.

"Frank," said Janet at the end of the month, "let me read you an inventory of our sitting room properties now:

One redwood and gold couch upholstered in ecru linen, with square pillow cushion, decorated with Turkey-red borders, drawn-work and fringe.

One redwood and gold settee; long seat and back cushions, two square pillows, and valances for back rail and bottom; decorations figured gilt-head nails and drawn work.

Four ebony and gold chairs with rush seats in dull yellow. Open book-case in redwood lighted by gold; drawers with gilt handles: shelves ornamented in gold; fret-work borders.

One square table in redwood and gold, and cover of deep red Java canvas with open work and fringe.

Three window seats, with cushions and fringed valances in old gold damask linen.

Two black cane rockers, gilt, and decorated with interlacings and bows of old gold satin.

Two chimney shelves in oiled pine, and chimney valance in striped linen, gray with red figure in stripes.

Artistic oblong carpet rug with border, rag carpet, but very handsome.

Curtains for three windows in creamy, lace-like Congress cloth with cream lace edgings, hung on vermilion lacquered rods with gilt finials."

"Well," said Kate, with a sigh of deep content, "What wonders a little money will accomplish!"

"With thought and ingenuity!" added Janet, the converted.

"And bargains in remnants," said I, "to cap the climax."—Exchange.

—A thoroughly good-natured man, a real friend, is one who is pleased at our good fortune, as well as prompt to seize

every occasion of relieving our distress. —Hazlitt.

—I would rather have a good word than a bad one from any person; but if a critic abuses me from a high place, and it is worth my while, I will appeal.

—Memory is a net. One finds it full of fish when he takes it from the brook, but a dozen miles of water have run through it without sticking.—O. W. Holmes.

The Conservatory.

ONLY THE BREATH OF THE CLOVER.

Only the breath of the clover,
Scenting the soft summer air,
Only the bee's tireless droning,
Gathering sweets everywhere.

Only the cows homeward coming,
Back from the meadows sweet,
Back from the breezy pastures,
Out of the woody retreat.

Weedy and moss-grown the orchard,
Lichened, gnarly and gray,
Patches of brambles and lilacs,
The old road winding away.

Blooming beyond are the birches,
Shielded from sun and the rain,
The birds in the shadowy branches,
Wooling and nesting again.

Nothing is changed, there is nothing,
Added or gone from my view;
The brook dances on through the meadow,
Bedecked with violets blue.

Odors float up from the clover,
Visions of youth fill my brain,
Memories like silver-toned echoes
Bringing the past back again.

All in the same happy picture,
Nature's touch has arranged,
Nothing is fickle in nature,
'Tis only ourselves that are changed.

THE CARNIVAL OF THE FLOWERS; A FANTASY.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

THE flowers were having a holiday. Flora, their queen, had gone away on a brief visit to Olympus, and the whole school of lovely, dainty innocents were out in their gala dresses and most bewitching smiles. I had gone into the garden for my after dinner rest, taking Wilson's Floralia with me. It was sultry and close everywhere else, but here in the shade and greenness there was coolness, silence, peace. I lay down at full length on a rustic seat cushioned by a Turkish rug, and for a long time smoked my cigar and thought. A dreamy stillness seemed to fold its wings over me; I opened the volume I had brought and read:

"All plants have souls; flowers breathe and think, and dream and work, like human beings. They have their pains and sicknesses and die. You say you believe it not, a flower has no more feeling than a sea conch that seems to whisper and throb but yet is senseless. How absurd! Flowers are inanimate, and inanimate things have neither life nor souls. So you think, so you believe. Have you studied the anatomy of the rose, of the violet, of the lily? What do you know then of the physiological life of flowers? Whence got the rose its varied hue, of crimson, yellow, gold? Whence came its perfume sweeter than the incense of Araby the blest? Gaze into a violet's innocent face and dare to utter your skepticism then. Pluck a lily from its stem. See, it bleeds, it seems to shiver in your hands. You can feel the pulsation of its heart. No life! No souls! 'Tis rank infidelity. It is because you fail to see or hear correctly, that you deem the floral gems you pluck so heartlessly are senseless things. With rightly attuned ears you can hear them murmur their sweet speeches to each other, their plaints, their hopes, their joys, their sufferings."

I was conscious of a soft, dreamy stir about me, such a gentle rustling as Diana

might have made stealing over the flowery mead to woo Endymion. Did I dream, or was I waking? I only know I thought I was wide awake. There was motion in a bed of pansies, the heliotrope clusters trembled and nodded, the stately calla that reared one marble cup from its cool, moist leaves was bending earthward with a slow tremulous motion, the glowing scarlet faces of the tulips seemed to gaze at me, a row of double poppies danced in unison with a row of jaunty hollyhocks, and the carnation pinks fluttered their fairy leaves, and there was a deal of whispering and laughter among the staid musk roses. Then came a murmur deep and loud as of many voices, the rustle and the stir concentrated in one spot, and I saw a purple *fleur de lis* step from a bed and shake its hand armed with a dagger as she spoke.

"Our queen is away, and that vain mortal lies there as if he had a right to be present at our council. If 'twas King Louis now, or he who wore me in the lists and triumphed over all foes, brave Bayard of the haughty crest, or she who carried me on her sword blade and won a crown for Charles of Valois, I would be content; but a common mortal, bah!"

A fair pond lily, all pearl and gold and green, looked toward me and then toward Madam *Fleur de lis*, and from its calyx that might have held the gem with which old Doges wedded the sea I heard a voice:

"I was the favorite flower at royal feasts when the Pyramids were young. Kings and princes loved my perfume, and famous queens carried me in their hands. I have rocked on the stormy bosoms of Nitocris and of the brave Greek queen who played such a game with noble Antony; but I live to please mortals. He who lies yonder is as much our master as Bayard or Rameses or Cleopatra ever were."

"That is true," said a voice from the deep blue petals of a double English violet. "What do we owe to the dead even if they were kings and queens and noble knights? This mortal cherishes us, waters us, feeds us."

"Yea, and we bloom and scent the air in thankfulness for his care," murmured an eglantine, glancing at a modest mignonette.

"I owe a dead queen my name," said a rose de la Malmaison, drawing herself up with pride. "I shall not forget Josephine."

"Nor I Marie Antoinette and the gardens of Petite Trianon," echoed a tall, thick leaved camellia, half way down the border. "The Austrian was no common mortal. How royally she died, and when that fair, proud head rolled from the scaffold it was a death blow to the aristocracy of the old regime. There are no queens now."

"Nor lovers either like those of the old time," sighed a forlorn-looking daisy. There were Romeo and Juliet, and King Henry and Fair Rosamond. Where are such lovers now?"

"You forget," replied a mignonette, meekly, but still with a certain pride as though it remembered the time when Abelard placed its ancestor on Heloise's breast, "love always lives. And yesterday there walked in the garden a couple who loved as strongly as the Plantagenet and his fair, or she of the Paraclete and he who made the popedom tremble, and there was no sting to follow. Her heart was as pure as Daphne's was, and in his eyes shone a love as strong and as fervent as the stars. Ah, no; all else may change, but love does not die."

"Bah! what is love that we talk of it?" cried a white jasmine, in a scornful tone. "I have seen love die. Did not the false Clytemnestra murder it with a dagger, and she of Naples with a silken cord!

Love is but vain, beauty fades, and where is love then?"

"There is a higher love than that of the mere senses, so my teachers have taught me," said a tender forget-me-not, lifting her deep blue eyes toward heaven. "Love is not passion; it seeks not self-gratification but the welfare and happiness of the loved one. Love must be founded on virtue, then it is eternal."

"Glory hath a pleasant sound and that is eternal too," said the laurel, with a gentle tremor of its leaves as if they longed to press the brow of another Petrarch. "Love's crown always has thorns with its roses, but glory's diadem causes one to forget the thorns."

"Perhaps Daphne thinks so, but not all," observed a gaudy peony, with a rustle of its glistening petals. "Pray what good is it to be called great or good or beautiful after one is dead? Let me have substantial things while I live, and after that I care not whether the crown be one of thorns or roses."

"There is no romance in you, you coarse, wanton, barbarous thing," cried a splendid daffodil. "I cannot forget the fields of Enna. Proserpine's fingers thrill me yet with their touch, and if I die I shall still live on in Shakespeare's and Milton's brightest lays. It is something to have evoked a noble sentiment or taught a human heart to strive for highest wisdom."

"Or to have made a single creature happier, for happiness is of the gods," assented a buttercup far off from the grass plat. "Glad am I that I have had the privilege to make even a child's heart happy, and I bloom for the peasant as well as for the king."

"Oh, that is well enough for you," sneered a *Pyrus Japonica*. "Doubtless you have cut bread and butter in the cottages of cowherds. I would never soil my fingers so."

"I do not see why it would not be better to be nourished with tender care in a peasant's cottage than to be crushed and scorned by a queen's foot in a palace," said a marigold sarcastically. "You know how Queen Elizabeth stamped the lilies in the dust."

A red rose shivered on its thorn bush above my head, till half its petals fell upon my face. "That was not as bad as 'twas to be made a tyrant's instrument to murder noble guests. You remember how the old Caesar smothered the banqueting senators with rose leaves. We were made for nobler deeds than that, methinks."

"It is worse now than then, for now they are all Cæsars to desecrate us to ignoble usages," groaned a towering sunflower. "I was worshipped once in a far off land, and beautiful maidens, dark but comely, gathered me at morning and set me in golden vessels in glorious temples, as an emblem of the sun; but to-day I am plucked by rude hands, and idle women paint my features on bits of velvet, or embroider my semblance on coarser cloths, and deem the copy better than the model. Forsooth! 'Tis very bitter."

"Well, after all," murmured a hollyhock, with a practical air. "I do not think it wise to look on the dark side of life. Things are well enough as they are. Cherish the pleasant memories and let the unhappy ones alone."

"But if you could not drive the sad away," asked a pensive amaranth. "What then? We cannot all jest and be merry."

"Drink at Lethe's fountain," answered a gay China aster, dancing forward with an airy, easy motion, and for a moment I thought that the whole revelling crowd were coming up to dash petals in my face; but just then there was a great stir, then a sudden silence broken by the stern voice of Flora, who had returned, with her silver wand and crowded cornucopia,

fresh and beautiful as a goddess from Olympus could be.

"What! must you be tattling and giggling if I leave you but an hour? Silence! You have other work to do. The sunshine and the dew are for you, and man's care and woman's love, and the ravages of nature and man's ruthless vanity too. To live is to suffer as well as to enjoy. That is the law of nature and man himself has to submit to the same inexorable fiat. 'Tis ours to do the work allotted to us, and do it well, questioning nothing, caring naught for else but to do the will of Him who created us. Let the man alone; he hath his work too."

And Flora's angry voice hushed all the murmuring petals, and I heard no more. I rubbed my eyes and yawned, my book had fallen to the ground, my cigar was ashes. I had been dreaming.

MY WILD GARDEN: ITS PERENNIALS.

The southern states are so rich in beautiful perennials that although I would like to put every wild flower I find in my garden, still I have not a whole state to plant them in, and must content myself with a choice few.

I could not leave out trailing arbutus, the dainty, shy, woodland beauty, admired everywhere, but not, I believe, very successfully cultivated in gardens. My wild garden is well shaded by large trees. The arbutus was planted in the same soil it grew in, off in a most hermit-like spot, where the brown leaves will cover it in autumn, and after being sure that it was growing, I paid it studied inattention. I think most of its admirers give it too much care, and drown it with water, of which it is not at all fond. I have white, delicate pink, and a deep pink shading to salmon.

Aquilegia or columbine is another early bloomer, the variety growing wild here is rose colored, very pretty and easy to cultivate. The children call the blossoms "candle moulds."

There is a large, wild violet growing in our woods, *viola pedata*, that we used to call "wild pansy" when we as children gathered them. They are lovely little blossoms, light blue, white, or lilac-purple in color, opening wide and flat as pansies do, and having in the center a conspicuous orange brown eye that seems to be always wistfully regarding you. The leaf is deeply toothed and cleft. The plants will do well on the same soil that their tame kinsfolks love.

The wild cypripediums are very curious and handsome and bloom quite early, as also do our tall, native perennial phloxes, but they are too well known to need description. Along the banks of creeks and rivers and upon cool, damp hillsides, there grows a lovely little blossom with flower stalk not more than three inches high, bearing tiny four-petaled blossoms of delicate sky blue color; the throat is soft lemon yellow, the leaflets are abundant, light green, and about the shape of a good-sized period. The flowers are sent up very thickly, and I have seen blue mats of it half a yard square, looking like bits of fallen sky, the blue flowers nodding, and peeping with their bright yellow eyes at the clear water's reflections. I could not make it grow at all until I put it on the north side of my rockery. Its botanical name is *Houstonia cerulea*. We call it "forget-me-not."

One more favorite that I want to tell you of is *mimosa pudica*, the sensitive creeper. It sends out long arms sometimes two yards in length, covered with delicate fern-like leaves which close upon being touched ever so lightly—such a time as I had trying to press some for my herbarium—but leaves and branches

bear nettle-like stings, which do not enhance the pleasure of transplanting it. But the blossoms! Oh, the darling, fragrant little balls! They are delicate pink in color having a delicious fragrance, the little velvety balls about as large as a hazel-nut, powdered with the golden pollen of the stamens, are borne near the ends of the branches, six or eight in a cluster, each branch having as many or more clusters.

I would like to tell you about my lobelias, *cardinalis* and *crinus*, digitalis and asclepias and others that it seems too bad to leave out, but my letter like my garden must have its limit. In my next I will try and tell you something about my native shrubs; the vines and climbers I told you about long ago.

Greenlee, N. C. KATE ELICOTT.

ASTERS.

Next to zinnias in point of merit are asters, which, although not so showy and lasting are very beautiful, especially the French peony-flowered kinds, which are not so stiff and formal looking as the German, but have more the character of a chrysanthemum, with incurved petals and blooms nearly globular in shape, with the centers well filled. To grow these, or any other of the annual asters really well, they must have a good dressing of rotten manure worked into the land before planting, and the next point to insure success is to get good, stocky plants. This may easily be done by sowing the seed thinly under hand-lights about the first week in April, and giving plenty of air during the day as soon as the young plants make their appearance.—London Garden.

LAVENDER WATER.—This perfume was formerly distilled with alcohol from fresh flowers, but it is now prepared by simply digesting the essential oil in spirits, which produces the same results at much less cost. The finest is made with English oil and the common with French.

—Cover house plants with newspapers before sweeping, also give them a little ammonia once a week in the water you put on them.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will any of the California ladies who are familiar with the pepper tree please give directions for its culture? Does it like a shady or sunny location, and would it stand Illinois winters? J. N. G.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the kind sisters please tell me how to treat my tuberose? When shall I remove the tubers, what soil shall I give it, when does it bloom? I keep it out doors part of the time, but it does not seem to do well and has not bloomed. ADDIE ATKINSON. Weldford, Kent Co., N. B.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If M. S. S. will sprinkle her parrot with cold water once or twice a week, it will prevent him eating his feathers. She wants to keep him in a warm place to dry and not let a draft strike him. MRS. B.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I have a lobster cactus which has never bloomed, although last fall a small bud appeared, which after a while fell off. I was told to let the plant rest, and did so through the winter. This spring it looked nearly dead. For fear it would surely die, I have given it both sun and water, which has improved its appearance; but there seems to be little rootlets at all the joints, that is where the new leaves start out from the older ones. Shall I let them remain, and what treatment shall I give it during the summer? What kind of soil does it require, and does transplanting into the garden improve it any? Wish some of THE HOUSEHOLD would kindly inform me, as it is a favorite plant of mine, and in any way I can return the favor, would gladly do so. MRS. LIZZIE H. BAKER.

Some one asked what they could put in a cemetery that would blossom nearly the whole summer. I know of nothing better than single white petunias. They seed themselves, and one can be taken up in the fall, and if it has sunshine in the day time, and put where it will not freeze nights, it will be ready to set out and blossom early in the spring. MRS. F.

The Nursery.

WORDS.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

The robin repeats his two beautiful words,
The meadow-lark whistles his one refrain;
And steadily, over and over again,
The same song swells from a hundred birds.

Bobolink, chickadee, blackbird and jay,
Thrasher and woodpecker, cuckoo and wren,
Each sings its words, or its praise and then
It has nothing further to sing or say.

Into that word, or that sweet little phrase,
All there must be of its life must crowd;
And low and liquid, or hoarse and loud,
It breathes its burden of joy and praise.

A little child sits in his father's door,
Chatting and singing with careless tongue;
A thousand musical words are sung,
And he holds unuttered a thousand more.

Words measure power; and they measure thine;
Greater art thou in thy childish years
Than all the birds of a hundred spheres;
They are brutes only, but they are divine.

Words measure destiny. Power to declare
Infinite ranges of passion and thought
Holds with the infinite only its lot—
Is of eternity only the heir.

Words measure life, and they measure its joys;
Thou hast more joy in thy childish years
Than the birds of a hundred tuneful spheres,
So—sing with the beautiful birds, my boy!

THE EMIGRATION OF THE FAIRIES.

Part III.

BY HELEN HERBERT

ONE day in the following summer, while the court was out on a grand bumble-bee hunt, Queen Tita caught sight of little Ellie coming across the fields toward the wood. She called a page, gave him an order, then after a word to the king, she left the hunt to seek out a pretty glen she loved.

Master Primrose, the page, caught a purple butterfly, and sent it out to meet Ellie and lead her to him. It circled about her head, and then, as she tried to seize it, flew away before her. Then Primrose pushed aside the vines and tall ferns, and showed her a thicket of lovely flowers, a little further on. Then he sent a golden oriole to sing and flutter about her. In this way, she was led on deeper and deeper into the wood, until she reached Queen Tita's pretty dell. She threw herself down under a bush, too much exhausted to notice her surroundings. But after a time, she began to look about her in delighted wonder.

"It is like fairy land," she said aloud. "How I wish I could see a fairy. But I suppose I am not good enough yet."

"You are the best little girl I know," said a sweet, small voice. Ellie looked in every direction, but could not tell whence it came.

"So you would like to see a fairy, would you?" said the small voice.

"Yes, indeed!" cried Ellie. "Are you a fairy? Where are you?"

"Hush, hush, child! Don't scream so, you will deafen me. Speak as I do, then I will tell you where I am."

"I can't. I guess my mouth is too big. But I will do my best," said Ellie almost in a whisper.

"That will do very well," was the gracious reply. "Now look over that bed of violets at your right hand, to the clematis vines just beyond, and see if you can find me."

Ellie did as she was told, but she searched a long time without success. She was guided to the spot at last by a peal of merry laughter, as soft and sweet as a chime of silver lily-bells. Then she saw—but fairies have been described so often that I need not attempt it now. It is enough to say that Ellie was satisfied. She was sure no fairy she ever read of could have surpassed this one. A conver-

sation ensued which was highly satisfactory to both. Queen Tita gave Ellie some good advice, which the little girl promised faithfully to follow, and Ellie settled some questions in regard to the life of mortals which had long puzzled Her Majesty. Then Queen Tita went away, and Ellie fell fast asleep. But Mab woke her and led her home long before the dew fell.

Ellie had been afraid her mother would scold her for her long absence. But as she said nothing, except to caution her against straying so far another time, Ellie found courage to relate her adventure. She was much distressed when she found her marvelous story received no credit whatever.

"You were dreaming," was all her mother would say.

"But I saw her before I went to sleep, and we talked together a long time."

"Don't you know, you foolish child, that there are no fairies? It is only 'make believe,' as you say when you play with your dolls."

"Mamma! Are you sure—quite sure?"

"Quite sure."

"But I thought I saw her. I did, indeed."

"Ellie," said her mother, "I see I have done wrong in letting you read so many fairy stories. I thought they would amuse you and do no harm. But if you are beginning to see fairies—well, this must end it. I shall burn every one of those books at once. It is time you were thinking of something better."

"O mamma!"

"Shall I tell you what your father and I have decided to do for you?"

Ellie was in tears, but at this she looked up with eager interest.

"We have feared that we should not be able to send you to school as we wished to do, but a way has opened. You know your father owns a part of this forest; our Neighbor Armstrong the most of the remainder. Together they have contracted to supply certain wood-yards in the city, and this will give us money for your education."

When Ellie went to the forest for a farewell visit, she sought out the glen where she had seen the fairy, and for a moment she thought she saw her again. She looked closer and then began to laugh.

"Ah, I see," she said, "it is the way the leaves and buds are arranged in just that place. And there is a bit of dandelion down that I took for her cloak. Then I dreamed the rest, for, of course, there are no fairies. Mamma is right. How silly I have been!"

Now Queen Tita had happened to be in the glen when Ellie came, and seeing her, she had thrown off her invisible cloak, and stepped forward, eager to greet her little friend. But she was so overcome by her reception that she shrank back into her clematis bower, and wept, and sobbed, and would not be comforted.

The wood-cutters were soon at work, and it was known throughout the length and breadth of the forest that its hour had come.

The fairies held a hasty and sorrowful consultation, and, as well as they could, arranged for their long journey. They had no choice now. They must go.

"Yes, we must go," sobbed Queen Tita. "And to think that that child whom I so loved and depended on should be the cause!"

"If you recollect, my love," said King Berry, "I told you at the time of our council it was useless to depend on her."

"Did you, indeed? Very well, I depend on her no longer. But I could have taught her much better things than she will learn at boarding school. I know what boarding school means. She will learn to shut herself up out of the sun

and fresh air; to think herself wiser than her parents; to despise every thing old, just because it is old."

"It may not be so bad. She seems good at heart," said the king.

"She has learned to despise us. After that any thing may be expected. But she shall be punished. All the days of her life she shall miss us and mourn for us, even though she may not know it."

"They will all be punished," said the king. "Let them go on spoiling and destroying. The day will come when they will realize their folly—and all too late."

Thus came about the emigration of the fairies. Very soon they began their sorrowful westward march, and the east knew them no more.

When Ellie came home from school, an accomplished young lady, only a patch of her beloved woodland remained. This she visited without delay. The little wood was very pretty. Again Ellie rested beside Queen Tita's clematis bower. It was less secluded now. Ellie could look out through the trees into the open field beyond. And as her eyes wandered over the familiar spot she seemed to miss something. Once every twig and tree, every flower and shrub, the chattering, dancing brook, and fleecy clouds that hung above it, had seemed informed by moving, mysterious, significant life. Now they were dumb and empty.

"Ah!" she said in sudden recollection, "I believe this is the very place where I saw—imagined I saw—the fairy. It is very silly of me, but somehow I wish—I really wish—I could imagine just such things again."

SCRAPS FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

I hope you young folks have been early taught to save every thing that is useful, and amongst other things, the pieces and scraps that you may find in the newspapers that are of interest to you. Then after collecting a number of them, get a book that is of no use, and paste them in, and here will be a beginning or an addition to the little library that every intelligent girl or boy desires to have. Good scrap books can be made out of patent office reports, old law books, or an old geography, if past its better days, will do nicely for the picture books, as one finds such nice ones that are too large for a common-sized book; and what can be nicer than those to entertain the little ones on a stormy day? Only, they should be taught not to destroy, but to take a pride in taking care of the books.

Before pasting, the pieces should be sorted, and every kind put by itself in a little roll or box with a label on, as you will not care to have every thing put in the same book, like a crazy quilt; but have a separate book for pictures, although a few of these scattered through the other books help the looks as well, as a little poetry, either bearing on the subject or something good just for itself.

I have one book filled with bird pieces, prose, poetry and pictures, and when one takes it up in the winter time, ice and snow are forgotten, but we wander by the streams and through the fields, and see the little birds with our "mind's eye" at least. Then if one had a taste for geology, a book of that science could be made, although it would take longer than for some other kinds, but what difference would that make? It would be there, and some day it would get filled, then it would always be a pleasure to you as a book of your own making. Many nice pieces and pictures can be found in the illustrated papers and catalogues, although one should not cut up any thing that it is necessary to save. I well remember when a child teasing my father for *The Rural New Yorker*, but he said they were too good for scrap books, so they were kept

for years up in the garret, and were read and re-read, but whenever an extra one came, there was a scramble for it, then the scissors were used pretty freely.

In preparing your books for the pieces, every other leaf, at the least, must be torn out, but save these leaves as they are just the thing to lay between the other leaves after they have been pasted, as they absorb the moisture. After pasting the pieces in evenly and nicely with no edges sticking over, (have a cloth handy, and as every piece goes in wipe it all over, this smooths it out and takes up any of the paste from the edges,) then let your book lie an hour or two before ironing, then do not have your iron too hot and iron over a dry piece of paper first, until the pasted leaf is nearly dry, then iron on the pieces. After it is dry, put it under some heavy books or any thing else that will press it, as this keeps it from getting too bulgy, although you need not feel badly if it bulges more or less in spite of you. All of mine bulge, and I have nine of them, six finished and three unfinished.

One of the unfinished ones I must tell the girls about, as they may like to make one like it. It is called *The Fancy Work Book*, and that is what it is, and of course contains the pictures where there are any as well as the items regarding any thing that is nice and pretty for the house. You may think *THE HOUSEHOLD* is the paper for that, but that makes a very nice book by itself, when the whole year's numbers are sewed together.

Then another book of mine is *The Literary Book*, and in this are all the pieces and pictures about authors as well as other short interesting items.

The best time for pasting is in the winter, or the cold blustering days of spring, as the beautiful days should be spent as much as possible out of doors. Then do not try to do too much in one day, as an hour at a time is plenty long enough to work at this kind of work, then mother will not be scolding at your keeping the house in a muss. Then tidy up after yourself as you should do whatever you are at, and you will be learning other things besides what your scrap books contain. Of course you have heard, or your father can tell you, about Garfield's scrap books, so that you need not think the work is beneath you. I know an eminent man in his profession, who said he saved all of his scraps, then pasted them in the winter time when he was not busy at his other work. He was a wealthy man, so was well able to buy all the books he wanted, but liked those of his own, as you will when you get to making them.

A. E. BARRETT.

JOHN'S COUNTRY CUSTOMERS.

John Harvey had been a clerk in a country store in Vermont since he was fifteen years old, and he was now twenty. He had been reared and educated by his mother, who was no longer very young when John was born, and consequently entering upon the infirmities of old age when her boy arrived at the years of manhood. Her husband was long since dead.

John was a handsome country lad, active, obliging and courteous. These qualities attracted the attention of a New York merchant who was spending a summer month in Vermont, and he offered him a situation in his store.

Although John's mother knew how more than lonely she would be without her boy, she felt how valuable this chance would prove to him and so gave her consent to his going.

"I know my boy will not forget his mother," she said. "And one thing, my child," she added, "let me impress upon you. You will be surrounded by giddy fellow clerks, many who will look with

contempt upon the humbly clad people who come to buy, and only serve them with reluctance—perhaps with rudeness. Never forget your mother and that the humblest woman may be somebody's dear old mother. And remember, too, what you have many times read in the school reader, that 'Appearances are often deceiving,' and that a well filled purse may lie in the pocket of a rusty coat."

That was the mother's advice and it turned out that John heeded it. The great, iron dry-goods shop in Broadway, with its white facade and its counters inside heaped high with marvelously beautiful fabrics, was indeed a change to John, and the richly and astonishingly dressed women in great contrast to the country dames in sun-bonnets and gingham gowns, that he had been accustomed to serve. But now and then came customers from the country, there was no mistaking them. Their dresses had a home-made look and their bonnets utterly lacking the peculiar audacity of city hats. They preferred their requests in a timid way, as if feeling lost and strange, and uncertain if they had any business in so grand a shop; the clerks snubbed them or were insolent. But to John the country faces were always pleasant, and he was invariably so noticeably kind to rural customers, that his counter very soon became the center of country custom. His fellow-clerks would sing out, when there was an appearance of "country cousins," "Customers for you, Harvey!" or, "Here comes some of Harvey's friends."

But one day a country woman missed the "very obliging clerk," and upon inquiry was told that he had been transferred to the cloak department. Very well! one old lady who had a young girl with her, said she wanted to buy a cloak. So upstairs they went—a quaint looking pair that set the clerks in a giggle, and they silyly winked and blinked at each other as they sent round the password, "Harvey's friends." "Good luck to you, Harvey," laughed one. "Now's your chance to get rid of those last year's beaver sacques. May be they will go as high as ten dollars."

But if the old lady and her niece had been dowager and princess, they could not have been more courteously treated than they were by John. "She's somebody's dear old mother, I'll warrant," he said to himself, and then in a pleasant manner asked her what she would like to see.

"Velvet cloaks!" she replied. John took from the books of the wardrobes cloaks varying in price from \$50 to \$300. The clerks kept up their fun at John's expense, but he did not care. After considerable delay in making up her mind, the old lady said she wanted some furs and would like to see how such and such furs would look over a velvet cloak valued at \$250. John readily gratified her with dressing up a lay figure with the cloak and a \$400 set of furs. After a little his customer said they suited her, and asked how much all would be. John made a feint at counting up the figures, and said \$650. "Very well; I will take them," she said, and drawing a rusty-looking pocket book from her petticoat, proceeded to count out the money. As the bills were mostly fives and tens, they made a noble pile, and as John took them from her hand, he held them purposely so as to exaggerate their appearance and skipped around among the clerks with great gusto.

"Nearly seven hundred dollars from my 'rooral friends,'" he exulted. "No last year's beavers for them, if you please, and the girl is as sweet as the roses and pinks in my mother's garden."

That day's sale gave John Harvey an importance in the eyes of his employers who increased his salary and placed him at the head of the department. Two

years later he wooed and won the girl "sweet as the pinks and roses," who brought him beside her sweetness and beauty a snug little fortune which seemed all the better from having been accumulated where the pinks and roses bloom.

He then returned to Vermont to remain with his mother during her remaining years, not as a clerk in the old country store, but as its owner and proprietor, and which is, to-day, because of its neatness, tasteful ordering and abundant furnishing noted the country round as the "best store in the state." The villagers, too, like John's wife, because of her sweet and simple ways; and it was her aunt—the old lady herself—who told me the story of John's good fortune, which all grew out of well directed politeness to "country-folks."—*Mary Wagner-Fisher in Wide Awake.*

SOME NOTIONS FOR MOTHERS.

BY ROSAMOND E.

"Well, I just did not enjoy my visit there one bit for one of us had to hold baby every minute to keep her out of mischief. There was not even an empty spoon offered her to play with."

So said a young mother to me awhile ago, and it is a fairly good text for the preachment of some notions as to a duty owed to even "other folks' babies." We know very well and have been amused sometimes at seeing how nervous people feel lest other folks' babies do damage to some of their possessions. Our little folks are very unfortunate in always doing their worst when they are most unwelcome, as most mothers can confess, and to mothers I confess I do not care to work harder to get a visit than I do at home. It is a good plan to take along a few favorite toys and a picture book when going where there are no children, then let baby find them for itself in the hand bag and it is tolerably sure to enjoy them and be content. There is one caution in place, right here. If baby is not allowed to touch every thing in the home parlor it will not want to do so away from home, and every mother can provide her child with some half dozen light toys or a picture book as its "go visiting toys," just as it keeps a special dress or apron for state occasions.

Now the other side of the case. It is a small matter and as "more evil is wrought from want of thought than ever from want of heart," a suggestion may be acceptable. In every well regulated house there should be a box or basket into which the housekeeper may toss picture almanacs, a stump of a lead pencil, some large empty spoons not on a string, but a ball of string with them, an empty spool box and a few large odd buttons, bits of bright calico or silk and a split clothes pin or two, or, if she feels generous, half a dozen good clothes pins, some advertising cards and an empty salt bag or even a paper bag or two. Then if a child comes on, the whole lot can be set out without a pang to be used and abused at will; all clean things easily gathered up and tucked away for the next time and not any the worse, if finger marked or broken or torn for the diversion of the next child. If time admits, the clothes pins may be dressed in the calico scraps and make cunning dollies for baby girls. Once a basket is set apart for such a purpose many odds and ends will find their way into it. If you actually have nothing to give a child to amuse it an hour, it is worth a moment's consideration, and a dozen corn cobs will do to begin with right away. A raisin box makes a good stool for a child. If a bit of carpet is neatly tacked over, it adds to its appearance and comfort, or if it has a lid fitted over all the edges it may be used as a

place of deposit for the aforesaid traps as well as for a stool.

How I have always longed to build a house in which one lower room could be set apart for the children where they could have a long low table, for odd papers, and pencils and slates and books, and knives and tools of all sorts in table drawers that should pull out on one side for boys the other side for girls, a drawer for each child and in it all their trash. Shelves around the walls for collections of things children admire and cull from the family refuse, comfortable low chairs and lounges and cushions and places for pet cats and dogs too. I should enjoy it as much as the little folks but cannot realize it as the actual necessities of life come first, and the little folks find room somewhere and grow up and push out into the great world to their life work. We so hope they may never find any place where they can say greater enjoyment is found than at home with their childish plays, best fellow nearest to mamma's chair.

REAL INTEGRITY.

"Shine, sir?"

And a bright, manly-looking lad of nine summers stepped up to a gentleman in the Grand Central depot, New York, and casting his large brown eyes up into his face, asked: "Shine, sir?"

"I want my shoes polished," said the gentleman.

"Then I would be glad to shine them," replied the boy.

"Have I time to catch the Baltimore and Ohio train?"

"No time to lose, sir. I can give you a good job before it pulls out."

"Certain of it?"

"Yes, sir. Shall I?"

"Yes."

And in a pair of seconds the bootblack was down on his knees and placing his box in preparation, was at work.

"Don't let me get left," said the gentleman.

"I won't, sir," replied the boy, as he plied both brushes with rapidity.

"What's your name?"

"Paul Fay."

"Is your father living?"

"No, sir, he is dead—no one but mother, I and the children. The train is going, sir."

The gentleman reached his hand in his pocket, and drawing out a silver half dollar handed it to the boy, who pulled out a lot of change, and began to count out the correct amount. The gentleman moved on toward the train fearing he would get left, and before the little fellow could get to him the train pulled out.

Two years later the same gentleman was called to New York on business. He had forgotten the little bootblack and his forty-five cents change.

As he wandered up the street the second day after his arrival, he was approached by a lad who said:

"Were you ever here before?"

"Yes, bubby," was the reply.

"When?" the boy asked.

"About two years ago."

"Didn't I shine your shoes at the Grand Central depot?"

"Some boy did."

"Well, I am the boy, sir, and I owe you forty-five cents. I tried to get to the train, but I couldn't—honestly I couldn't—and here is your money. I was afraid I would never see you again. I didn't intend to keep your money." And saying this, the boy pulled out a lot of change, and, taking forty-five cents, proffered it to the gentleman.

The letter—written in Atlanta Ga—which relates the above incident with its pleasant sequel, mentions the recent death of Mr. —, one of the most upright and honored citizens of that city. He was

the boy who many years ago blacked the New York gentleman's boots at the "Grand Central"—and returned the "change."

The fact that the New York gentleman was so pleased with little Paul that he adopted him and educated him, only adds a circumstance to the biography of a boy who probably would have grown up a good man without the aid of wealthy friends. One act of simple integrity illustrated his character—and his sacrifice to principle was gain, here and eternal.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE MOTHERS' CHAIR.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I know by experience the trials of a young mother, during the first two years of baby's life, and if any thing I have learned would be of use, will gladly give it. I notice in last two numbers they have been advocating cow's in place of mother's milk. Where necessity compels this to be done it also requires a great deal of care and prudence. The cow should be young, healthy, gentle, the calf as near baby's age as possible. Her food in winter, clover hay, wheat bran, with little corn, pure water very important, salted regularly, say once a week, during summer a good pasture. Sometimes in the fall, when there is much rain, the grass becomes so sappy, that it affects baby; in that case put the cow on dry food. Cleanliness of milk utensils is of great importance. Use a plain glass nursing bottle, with gum nipple, never a tube, a porcelain stew pan in which to scald the milk. The pan, bottle and nipple must be scalded at least twice a day, but hot water will not do the business, it must be boiling. At first use one-half water, gradually reducing it. By the time baby is a year old, pure milk should be given, sweeten with loaf sugar, enough to be pleasant.

Sometimes in very hot weather baby will have a vomiting spell lasting several hours. I know of nothing which will so readily check it as lime water given in milk. Broken bits of ice are also good; remember the lime water should be given only as a medicine, not all summer as some mothers use it. Take a lump of lime as large as a turkey's egg, pour over it a pint of water let it stand until it stops bubbling, then add two more pints, when it becomes clear it is ready for use. Dose, teaspoonful in six teaspoonfuls of milk. I would like to add something in regard to baby's dress, but enough for this time.

SUSAN.

HOME SUNSHINE.

Many a child goes astray, not because there is want of prayer or virtue at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as flowers need sunbeams. Children look little beyond the present moment. If a thing pleases, they are apt to see it. If home is the place where faces are sour and words harsh, and fault finding is ever in the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere. Let every father and mother then try to be happy. Let them talk to their children, especially the little ones, in such a way as to make them happy.

—The Christian is not ruined by living in the world, which he must needs do while he remains in it, but by the world living in him.

—Things are unbearable just until we have them to bear. Their possibility comes with them; for we are not the roots of our own being.

—Gain a little knowledge every day; one fact in a day. How small a thing is one fact—only one. Ten years pass by. Three thousand six hundred and fifty facts are not a small thing.

The Library.

NOT AS I WILL.

Blindfolded and alone I stand,
With unknown thresholds on each hand;
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope;
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid
By some great law unseen and still
Unfathomed purpose to fulfill,
"Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait;
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late;
Too heavy burdens in the load,
And too few helpers on the road;
And joy is weak and grief is strong,
And years and days so long, so long!
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill
By changeless law are ordered still,
"Not as I will."

"Not as I will!" the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat;
"Not as I will," the darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought steals
Like whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.
"Not as I will," because the One
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all His love fulfill—
"Not as we will!"

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

ANCIENT AND MODERN EDUCATION.

IT IS said of Cyrus the Great, king of Persia, and conqueror of Babylon, that when a boy he was taught to use the bow and to speak the truth. In this latter particular his education was superior to that of the Greeks, who were notorious liars. But Cyrus was not brought up in the atmosphere of royalty, among fawning flatterers, and political sycophants. Deserted and disowned at an early age by his parents, he was found by a shepherdess who cared for him as her own child, and while his physical nature expanded in the fresh air and sunshine of outdoor life and exercise, he learned also from his kind protectress such lessons of sterling uprightness, truth and integrity that some writers have doubted whether the hero described by Xenophon combining in one such wisdom and strength, force and gentleness, acuteness and generosity, be not some ideal hero rather than the real Cyrus.

The ancient Spartans trained their children with the single aim of making them good warriors. At an early age the child was placed upon the housetop, and if it cried or showed any sign of fear, it was pronounced good for nothing, and destroyed. (Alas! for the babies of our day, if such were the test of their worth. Not many would be spared.) If the child was brave and fearless it was taken from its mother at the age of seven years and educated by the state at the public expense. Both boys and girls were trained to a life of hardship and endurance. They were taught to look with contempt upon literature, fine arts, philosophy, poetry, and eloquence. They despised the writer and the orator, and took pride in saying as little as possible, and in conveying a great deal of meaning in a very few words. In this respect we should do well to imitate them, and to remember their proverb, "Brevity is the soul of wit." But some long-winded fellow defends himself by saying that as brevity is the soul of wit it is therefore not material. From the concise mode of speech of these ancient Spartans of Laconia we have our word laconic.

The Spartan girls as well as the boys were subjected to a vigorous course of physical training, and contended with each other in running, boxing, and wrestling. They ate at public tables the coarsest food, barley bread, cheese, figs, broth and occasionally meat or fish.

At table children stood respectfully behind their elders and waited till they had finished; but they were allowed to snatch any food within their reach, provided they accomplished the feat dexterously and without disturbing any one, a custom strangely at variance with modern ideas of propriety. Meantime the older ones at table engaged in wise and sensible conversation upon some subject calculated to interest and instruct the poor children waiting and listening behind them.

All household tasks were performed by slaves, and to the slaves also were left the occupations of agriculture, gardening and all of the trades. Spartan men and women considered all labor as degrading. The only aim of the men was to be good warriors—the only aim of the women to be the mothers of good warriors. "The Spartan women rule the men," said a stranger to the wife of Leonidas, the hero of Thermopylæ.

She replied, "The Spartan women alone bring forth men."

The greatest pride and ambition of the Spartan mothers was to have a son or husband who was brave and triumphant in battle. "Return with your shield, or upon your shield," was the farewell of the Spartan mother, which meant never surrender.

Men were not permitted to marry till they were thirty, women might marry at twenty, but no man, not even the king himself, was permitted to reside with, or even to take a meal with his wife. Hence there were no families, no household circles as we have them, no homes.

Husbands and wives treated each other with deferential respect, but all private feeling, all natural affection must be repressed or held in check. Sympathy, tenderness and love would be esteemed as weakness. The individual was nothing; the state every thing. They developed the body, but starved the heart, the mind and the soul, till they became a nation of brutal athletes.

The Athenians, on the contrary, cultivated not only the physical powers but the mind. They have given to the world not only brave men but wise men. They cultivated the fine arts, literature, science, philosophy, and eloquence. The greatest orators, poets, philosophers, warriors and statesmen the world has ever seen, were Athenians. Such men as Demosthenes, Eschylus, Sophocles, Socrates, Miltiades, Aristides and Pericles, were among the brilliant men of ancient Athens. Where can we find more perfect sculpture and architecture than they have given us? As far as mind is above body were they superior to the Spartans.

Their laws, too, were more sensible and practical. For instance, every parent, however rich he might be, was required to have each child learn some useful trade or business, by which, if occasion required, an honest livelihood might be gained. In this respect we should do well to imitate them. Much of the poverty and consequent suffering that we see in our large cities would be at an end if this good law of the Athenian Solon could be enforced here.

Home affections were cultivated. They were warm-hearted, courteous and refined. The would-be æsthetic reformers of the present day hold up for our admiration and imitation the tastefully decorated, delightful homes of ancient Athens and Corinth. Yet the Athenians were far from perfect, given to falsehood, trickery, artifice and cunning, their disregard for their word became even proverbial. In fact, they were what we should call very immoral.

That modern worshipper of beauty, Oscar Wilde, says that art is first, morals second in importance. Most Christian people reverse this order.

The Athenians developed the physical

strength as carefully as the Spartans. They cultivated the mind and the heart, and polished the manners, but they were not good. Aristides the Just, Socrates and a few others were only the exceptions to prove the rule. In general the conscience was wholly neglected. They worshipped a mythical set of deities who were depicted as being as earthly in their tastes, and as low and depraved in their practices as themselves. The spiritual life with them was dormant or wholly undeveloped.

Centuries have passed and we ought to be far in advance of the ancient Greeks in our methods of education. At least, while we imitate their excellencies we may wisely avoid their defects, the very defects that are still too often found in the schools of the present day. Let us develop intellect and muscle as we will, but not to the neglect of the moral and spiritual nature. Let us give our children a knowledge of some useful business; let us teach them the grace of silence, respect and obedience; the beauty of courtesy and politeness; the dignity of labor and independence; let us not confine the girls to household employments, but give them outdoor exercise as well as the boys, that they may become the healthy, vigorous mothers of a brave, strong race; let us cultivate a taste for beauty, that we may make our homes attractive; but, above all, let us teach our children to be good and true, for so only can we fit them for true usefulness here, and in the world to come for life and happiness everlasting.

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

This weird, wild, smooth, rhythmical and imaginative poet was born in Boston, January 19, 1809, at a time when his parents, both of whom were theatrical people, had been filling engagements in that city. The sudden death of both parents, which occurred in Richmond, not as a sequence to, but shortly after the burning of the Richmond theater, left their three orphan children objects of charitable pity, for in those days actors did not receive the princely revenues which the profession affords to-day. Edgar was adopted by John Allan, a rich merchant, and by him given his second name. His benefactor treated him as a son, and Mrs. Allan bestowed a mother's love. He accompanied them everywhere, and was greatly petted in society and admired for the precocity of his intellect.

A liberal allowance of pocket money was made him, which fact probably laid the foundation for his extravagance and habits of loose living in later years. At the age of nine years he had acquired the rudiments of English and Latin, also traveled considerably, having been in Scotland two years.

Professor Clark, long his instructor, thus writes of his boyhood: "He had no love for mathematics, but his poetical compositions were universally acknowledged the best in the school. While the other boys wrote merely mechanical poems, Poe wrote genuine poetry. The boy was a born poet. As a scholar he was ambitious to excel; and although not scrupulously studious, he always acquitted himself well in his class. He was remarkable for self-respect, without haughtiness. In his demeanor towards his playmates he was strictly just and correct, which made him a general favorite with those older than he was. He had a sensitive and tender heart and would do any thing to serve a friend. His nature was entirely free from selfishness, the predominant quality of boyhood. Even in those early days, Poe displayed the germs of that wonderfully rich and splendid imagination which has

placed him in the front rank of the purely imaginative poets of the world. When he was ten years old Mr. Allan came to me with a manuscript volume of verses which he said Edgar had written and which the little fellow wanted to have published. He asked my advice on the subject. I told him Edgar was of a very excitable temperament, that he possessed a great deal of self-esteem, and that it would be very injurious to the boy to allow him to be flattered and talked about as the author of a printed book at his age; that was the first and last I heard of it. He was universally beloved by his school-fellows, was the swiftest runner, best boxer, and most daring swimmer among them."

In his seventeenth year he entered the famous University of Virginia, where he remained some months, acquitting himself well as a scholar; here his generous nature and extravagant tastes not only consumed the liberal allowance made him by his foster parent, but run him deeply in debt. Upon returning from the university, he was distinguished for personal beauty, elegant appearance and lavish style of living. Yet in spite of the time given to society, he kept posted upon the literature of the day, and wrote much both in prose and poetry. Tennyson was his favorite poet by whom he was in turn greatly admired. Tom Moore he considered one of the most singularly fanciful of modern poets. "Fair Inez" had for him a peculiar charm. "The Haunted House" embodied the true and thoroughly artistic poem, "I Wish I Was by that Dim Lake," (an allusion to that ancient haunt of superstition, "Paddy's Purgatory,") was also among his favorites. It was his belief that such an anomaly as a long poem did not exist, the meter always running on long after the muse was silent.

His first volume of poems appeared in 1829. About this time he visited his aunt, Mrs. Maria Clemm, meeting her daughter Virginia, then a lovely child of seven years, who afterward became his idolized wife, and the genius of inspiration for many of his best poems. He was recalled from this visit by the illness of his foster mother who died ere his arrival. The fatherly interest of Mr. Allan still continued, and upon attaining his majority he was allowed to choose a profession. His selection being military life he was admitted to West Point. As might readily be conjectured, he wearied of this in less than six months. Being refused permission to resign, he disobeyed in minor matters and was expelled. His benefactor was much grieved at this, and extended him only the welcome of a friend, instead of his former affectionate greeting. This so incensed the high-spirited youth that he left his childhood's home forever.

He now took up his residence with Mrs. Clemm, contributing about this time to The Baltimore Literary Messenger, some of his best prose stories. After his marriage, he removed to Richmond, and was subsequently connected with, as contributor to and editor of The Southern Literary Messenger, The New York Quarterly Review, and The Broadway Journal, at different intervals until 1847, fortune meanwhile frowning and smiling by turns upon him. In January of this year, his wife, ever a frail creature, fell a victim to consumption, at Fordham, New York. Sadly he mourned her loss, many times wandering half distracted to the mound which covered his treasure.

Perhaps the vein of melancholy which runs through his whole life finds its best solution in his little poem, "Alone."

"From childhood's hour I have not been
As others were—I have not seen
As others saw—I could not bring
My passions from a common spring.
From the same source I had not taken

My sorrows; I could not awaken
My heart to joy at the same tone,
And all I loved, I loved alone.
Then in my childhood—in the dawn
Of a most stormy life was drawn
From every depth of good and ill,
The mystery which binds me still;
From the torrent or the fountain,
From the red cliff of the mountain,
From the sun that round me roll'd
In its autumn tint of gold,
From the lightning in the sky
As it passed me flying by—
From the thunder and the storm,
And the cloud that took the form
(When the rest of heaven was blue)
Of a demon in my view."

He died in Baltimore, Oct. 7, 1849. For many years his remains lay in an obscure and unmarked spot in the grounds of Westminster Presbyterian church, the monumental design selected and executed according to the wish of his relatives, being accidentally defaced before leaving the workshop, was never put in place. In recent years his remains were re-interred near the entrance gate, and a neat column of Italian marble bearing upon one face a bas-relief of the poet, and upon the opposite his name and age, the angles of the frieze ornamented by a wreath of acanthus leaves, the center by a lyre crowned with laurel, has been erected as a tribute to his memory by the teachers and pupils of the public schools in that city. The remains of his beloved Virginia were removed from their original resting-place, two years since, and laid by his side.

Whatever may be said of the follies and frailties of his life, that he possessed peculiar and transcendent genius all will concede. The public renders homage to his memory, although in life his talent was too meagerly appreciated.

M. A. BROWN.

BOOK-MAKING BEFORE THE AGE OF PRINTING.

Of course the Chinese were ahead of Europe. Their chronicles record printing upon silk or cotton in the century before Christ, paper being attributed to the first century after Christ. It is certain that many hundred years ago they had begun to put writing on transfer-paper, lay this face downward on wood or stone, rub off the impression or paste on the transparent paper, cut away the wood or stone, and take an impression in ink which duplicated the original. First, probably, they cut the letters into the block, leaving white letters on black ground, which method, Didot thinks, was known to the Romans and was the process referred to by Pliny; afterward they cut away the block, leaving the letters raised, to print black on white. This last process is attributed to Foong-Taou, Chinese minister of state in the tenth century, who was driven to the invention by the necessity of getting exact copies of his official documents. Indeed, there is detailed tradition of a Chinese Gutenberg, one Pi-Ching, who in 1041 carved cubes of porcelain paste with Chinese characters, afterward baking them, and literally "setting" the porcelain types by help of parallel wires on a plate of iron in a bed of heated resinous cement. These types he hammered or planed even, and pressed close together, so that when the cement hardened they were practically a solid block, which could be taken to pieces again by melting the cement. But Pi-Ching was born out of time, in the wrong country, and to the wrong language.

The Chinese word-alphabet contains at least 80,000, possibly 240,000, characters (the National Printing-office at Paris made types for 43,000), and for the lesser number the Chinese compositor would require a large room to himself, where he could wander among five hundred cases "looking for a sign," while Chinese wood-engravers will cut on pear-wood, or on

the hard waxen composition used for that oldest of existing dailies, the Pekin Gazette, an octavo page of characters for forty or fifty cents—a hundredth part of the cost of coarse work, a thousandth of the cost of the finest work, here. The Chinese printer, without a press, but with a double brush like a canoe paddle, inking the block with one end, and pressing the paper laid on the block with the dry brush at the other end, prints two thousand sheets a day, on one side only, which are then bound into a book by making the fold at the front of the sheet, and stitching through the cut edges at the back. A fair-sized book is sold for eight or ten cents, and there is little inducement for improvement.

Playing-cards, invented probably in Hindostan as a modification of chess, and then engraved on ivory, were made in China and in Hindostan centuries ago, and thence they seem to have made their way into Europe, probably through Saracens or Jews, before 1400.

Meanwhile the business of book-making by copying had had a curious development in two directions. The industry so flourishing in Cicero's Rome had dwindled to nothing by the sixth century. The great libraries had been destroyed. Few could write their names; fewer could read. The Irish monks alone preserved the art of illuminating, and from the island of Iona shed such light as they could throughout Europe. Charlemagne himself could not write, but used a curious monogram to picture his name; he was the more ready, it may be, to permit his English adviser, the monk Alcuin, to require that every monastery should maintain a scriptorium, and every convent or bishop should employ a permanent copyist, "using only Roman letters," for the making of books.

The Church monopolized this art up to the twelfth century, when the ignorance of the inferior clergy, and later the influence of St. Francis d'Assisi, who forbade bible, breviary, and psalter to his order, made way for the lay booksellers who congregated about the great schools of theology like Padua and Paris. But the Church still arrogated superintendence and censorship; the University of Paris required "the stationers, vulgarly called booksellers"—the first name coming from their selling at a station or shop—"to tell the truth, without deceit or lying, touching the price of books," which was fixed by four master booksellers appointed by the University, with four deniers profit when sold to teachers or scholars, or six deniers when sold to the public. Even then the bookseller might not buy a book for sale until it had been exposed five days in the hall of the university, and its purchase declined by teachers and scholars; and he was obliged to loan it for copying, at a small fixed price, to any student giving security. Consequently the university was, later on, compelled to fulminate against base booksellers who, naturally desiring to earn a living, did not uphold the dignity of their profession, but mixed it up with "vile trades," such as "friperies and like haberdashery," as modern booksellers have also been compelled to do.

Vellum became scarce, and the richer buyers disdained paper. This fact promoted the differentiation of bookmaking into two distinct divisions: on the one side the superb missals of the religious orders and the daintily written and bound troubadour books of the courts; on the other, a flood of alphabets, primers, creeds, prayer-books, and crude school-books, wonderfully cheap, from a grosschen-up, made by unprofessional copyists, demanded as the result of the Church schools, the work of such early reformers as Wycliffe and Huss, and the general awakening of Europe. The fraternity of

St. Luke, existing in Paris in 1391, the Company of Stationers, in London, 1405, and book-trade guilds in other cities, show the extent of the industry.—R. R. Bowker, *Harper's Magazine*.

CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the Band send me the words of the poems, "Robert Burns' Address to His Bottle," "Her Cheek was Painted Blue," and the song, "Lottie Lee?" I will gladly repay the favor in any way I can.

ADDIE ATKINSON.

Weldford, Kent Co., N. B.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some member of THE HOUSEHOLD Band please send me Sir John Lubbock's list of the one hundred best books? I will return the favor if possible.

Northfield, Minn.

MRS. B. OGDEN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Would some reader of THE HOUSEHOLD send me the piece entitled "Curfew Must not Ring to-night?" I would repay the favor in some way.

MRS. E. J. HUNTLEY.

Great Barrington, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any one send me a copy of a book entitled "The Senator's Son; or, The Maine Law a Last Refuge." I think it is out of print. To any one who will send me a copy I will willingly pay the first cost of the book.

MRS. CALEB MORGAN.

1613 Broadway, Cleveland, Ohio.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of THE HOUSEHOLD sisters send me the words of the old song called "The Irish Emigrant's Lament?" As nearly as I can remember the first lines are,

"I'm sitting by the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning, long ago,
When first you were my bride."

I will return the favor in any way I can.

MRS. A. M. BLAISDELL.

Lock box 2, South Berwick, Maine.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the sisters send me the answer to "The Gypsy's Warning?" I will return the favor in any way I can.

Babcock, Linn Co., Iowa. MAGGIE BAXTER.

THE REVIEWER.

LIFE AND TIMES OF JESUS, by James Freeman Clarke, is a book that will command the attention of a large class of people. Mr. Clarke says, "The purpose of this book is to reproduce the times in which Jesus appeared, the characters who surrounded him, the opinions, beliefs and prejudices of the Jewish sects and people. After this Jesus himself comes before us, not as we now think of Him, idealized by the reverence and worship of centuries, but as He may have appeared to the people of His own day—a prophet, one full of divine power, yet a man like themselves." This book comprises the results of many years of study of the life of Jesus, and may be considered a brief commentary on the four Gospels. Price, \$1.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: Clapp & Jones.

THE STORY OF METLAKAKTLA, by Henry S. Welcome, tells us of life among the Indians, and the perils encountered by a young man, single-handed among cannibal tribes, his remarkable genius in taming their ferocious spirits, and elevating them to a state of civilization. It also tells how these people have suffered persecution from church and state, driving them to desperation, until now they seek refuge and freedom under the American flag. Price, \$1.50. New York: Saxon & Co., 39 Chambers Street.

THE JOHN SPICER LECTURES. By Mrs. A. M. Diaz. Of all the writers of practical things for boys, no one understands her audience better than Mrs. Diaz. Her William Henry Books hold the first place in juvenile literature for absolute knowledge of boy nature, and for pure, breezy wholesomeness. This new book from her pen introduces Mr. John Spicer—"aged eight and one month"—as lecturer in the Barn Hall course, the only one older being Dick, the superintendent, aged nine. The subjects of the course include

"Christmas Trees," "Knives," "Swapping," "Fourth of July," "Sneaks," "Crying," "Manners," "Money and Boys," and in every one of them, mingled with fun, the author contrives to instill some good, healthy lesson. Price 60 cents. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

WHEN I WAS A BOY IN CHINA. By Yan Phou Lee. The author of this fascinating little book, is a young Chinese gentleman who came to this country several years ago for the purpose of educating himself in the ways and methods of American civilization. He describes in an entertaining manner the peculiarities of child-life in China, the methods of education, the relations existing between parents and children, juvenile amusements, and a variety of other things concerning which the reader will be curious. Although written for the reading of young people, the volume will have deep interest for readers of all ages. Its perusal shows that after all the Chinese boy is very much like the American boy; that he has the same proclivity to fun and mischief, the same likes and dislikes, the same needs, the same passions and affections. Price 60 cents. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

A NAMELESS NOBLEMAN, by Jane G. Austin, is the fifth volume of Ticknor's Paper Series, and is a most delightful novel. The scenes are laid in Paris and Provence, Quebec and New England, with French nobles and Puritan rustics as actors. The book is rich in charming description and dramatic situations, and will hold the reader's interest from the beginning to the end. Price, 50 cents each. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

We have received DRONES' HONEY, by Sophie May, price, \$1.50, and THE OBE-LISK AND ITS VOICES, by Henry B. Carlington, U. S. A., price, 50 cents. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: Clapp & Jones.

THE ATLANTIC for July is filled with its usual list of good articles. Louise Imogen Guiney has a delicious paper on "The Water Ways of Portsmouth," which will be read more than once by those who are familiar with the ins and outs of that most picturesque of New Hampshire towns. Dr. Holmes describes his stay at the Cathedral town of Salisbury, during his "Hundred Days Abroad." Mrs. Oliphant and T. B. Aldrich give us two chapters of "The Second Son," and Mr. Crawford fills his readers with interest in the search of Paul Patoff for his brother. Isbel F. Hapgood, the well-known translator of Russian novels, has an essay on "Count Tolstoi and the Public Censor," which will be widely read and quoted as a deeply interesting account of this great Russian writer. Mr. Horace E. Scudder considers "The Use of American Classics in Schools," which to educators will be the most important article of all. Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson furnishes a story called "Dona Quixote," which has to do with actors and playwrights of the last century. "An Old Kentucky Home," and its inhabitants, are carefully and pleasantly described by Patty B. Semple. Other readable papers are given and the editorial departments are well filled. \$4.00 a year. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ST. NICHOLAS has a strongly patriotic flavor, appropriate to the Fourth of July. Miss Jessie C. Glasier, a new writer, contributes an amusing sketch of negro child-life, called "A Gunpowder Plot," which is capably illustrated by E. W. Kemble. Miss Lillian Dynevor Rice presents "A Fourth of July Record," in bright and clever verse. "Betty's Sunday," charmingly illustrated by R. B. Birch, carries us back to the war of 1812, and tells of a brave little American girl's adventure with the enemy. The installment of "Winning a Commission," too, with its pictures of cadet life at West Point, falls in line with these timely attractions of the number. Frank R. Stockton follows his last month's paper on "King London," with an equally entertaining description of life "In English Country," characteristic scenes of which Alfred Parsons and Harry Fenn show in several delightful drawings. H. H. Boyesen commences a new "Tale of Two Continents," entitled "Fiddle-John's Family," the frontispiece by George Wharton Edwards forming the principal illustration. Alexander Black, an amateur photographer with a professional's experience, gives, in "The Amateur Camera," some useful hints to his fellow amateurs who have not his experience—the sort of advice that is not found in the books. "Juan and Juinita" are conducted by Miss Baylor

DO THEY THINK OF ME AT HOME.

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through another series of adventures, and James Otis tells how the boarders in "Jenny's Boarding-house" recovered from the effects of the fire and made a startling discovery. Charles G. Leland has an article on "Read and Wire Inlaying," there are Jingles by Mrs. Bellows, Margaret Vandegrift and N. P. Babcock, and poems by F. D. Sherman, George Cooper, Henry Tyrrell, Anna M. Pratt, Clara G. Dolliver and others. \$3.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

THE CHURCH MAGAZINE for July opens with an article by Rev. Thomas A. Hyde on "The Heroism of Christ," followed by "A Quaint Corner of London," by Rev. Beverley E. War-

ner. Caroline Frances Little gives us two chapters of her serial, "The Three Vocations," and there is also an interesting story entitled "Cinderella." "Home Rule and Family Worship," by Rev. Gordon M. Bradley, "St. Anselm," by Rev. S. F. Hotchkin, and a most interesting paper on "Some Historic Churches," by H. E. Warner, with other articles of value complete a most excellent number of this magazine. \$2.00 a year, 25 cents a number. Philadelphia: L. R. Hamersley & Co.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

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

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

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

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

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE for July. \$3.00 a year. New York: R. T. Bush & Son, 130 and 132 Pearl Street.

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

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

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for July. New York: W. Jennings Demorest, 15 E. 14th St.

WIDE AWAKE for July. \$2.40 a year. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.

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

THE PANSY for July. \$1.00 a year. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.

OUR LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN for July. \$1.00 a year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

BAByHOOD for July. \$1.50 a year. New York: Babyhood Pub. Co., 5 Beekman St.

THE BOOK BUYER for July. \$1.00 a year. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Dispensary.

WHAT INVALIDS MAY EAT AND DRINK.

AS REGARDS invalids: in very few of even the largest and best houses, so far as my knowledge goes, is such a thing thought of as setting apart one room in the house as a sick room. Such a room as this, I need hardly suggest, ought to be in the quietest part of the house, and well aloft. It ought to be large, well and scientifically ventilated, with as cheerful an outlook as possible, and with as much furniture as necessary and no more. No; this is seldom considered, and so, when some dear one is laid low, he or she is placed in an ordinary bed room, so adorned with drapery and curtains, as to reduce the patient's chances of recovery to a minimum. Again, when some one falls sick, the doctor is always appealed to as to what the food should be. The doctor is, to be sure, the best judge, but every one ought to know a little about invalid dieting. Now, broadly speaking, we divide food for invalids into low diet, middle diet, and full diet.

Low Diet.—This consists of the nutritious teas, such as beef tea, mutton tea, or chicken tea—all of which possess much the same nutritive value; but change is pleasant and wholesome—broth, barley water and thirst allaying drinks.

Middle Diet.—For this we add puddings, eggs, and perhaps biscuits, bread or toast to the low diet.

Full Diet.—By this the physician means a fair and digestible allowance of solid and nutritious food, the plainer the better; chops and steaks, underdone, and not fat; chicken, game, boiled white fish—not the oleaginous sort, such as salmon—eggs, bread, puddings, potatoes (well mashed and in great moderation), but only the lightest of vegetables, such as marrows or cauliflower.

Now, a word or two about more solid food: and first come eggs, first in rank because they contain every thing necessary for nutrition, and are, if properly cooked, generally easy of digestion, but, be it remembered, they cause biliousness even in the healthy, if partaken of too freely.

We have as a good combination, raw eggs beaten well and added to milk, to tea, to beef tea, mutton or chicken tea or to broth.

A raw egg, if it can be swallowed, will often be retained when nothing else could be.

Need I say that eggs for invalids, and everybody else, should be positively and truly new-laid? These are not always easily attainable in towns.

Custard is a delicious form in which to serve eggs.

Poached egg is good, but rather insipid. Omelettes are better, either sweet or savory.

So many kinds of puddings are there that it is difficult to name the best. But in this matter of pudding, if it be ordered by the doctor, I think the patient might as well be consulted. Perhaps he will say tapioca or sago; in either case he has made a very wise choice. Bread and butter pudding, I think, should stand higher than it does, only it is made in such a variety of ways, some good, some bad, and often overdone.

Rice pudding requires some care to make it really tasty and digestible, and on the whole I am not in favor of it.

I should not omit to mention a dish that will be new to thousands of my readers. Nay, then, I will mention two, now that I am about it. Both are most nutritious and delicious, and both hail from

“yont the Tweed.” The first is called “milk broth,” and consists of well washed barley boiled in new milk. The second goes by the name of “milk porridge.” It is made in the same way as ordinary porridge. Let the milk come to the boil, having added a sufficiency of salt, then sprinkle in the oatmeal—a medium kind, not too fine—and keep sprinkling and stirring till thick. It needs no extra boiling. But it must not be eaten too hot, rather the reverse.

Calf's-foot jelly should be made at home; a recipe can be had from any ordinary cookery book.

Fish for invalids should be boiled—gently boiled—and prettily garnished and prettily served; indeed, the more neatly and sweetly a sick person's viands are presented the more he will relish them, and with the greater heart and hope will he eat. Let the linen, then, be like snow; let the silver glitter, and the glasses sparkle; and if you can throw in a flower so much the better.

Meats, such as beef and mutton, should be most tender. Always buy them some days before they are wanted. The cooking ought to be of the best—no unsightly splashes of gravy, nor extra lumps of fat. I have seen the very shape and size of a beefsteak disgust an invalid.

Change is to be studied, and we ring the changes on beef, mutton, fowls, partridges or grouse, or pheasant and pigeons.

The potatoes are better mashed—very well mashed; not a morsel as big as a pea should remain unbruised; then stirred with a little salt and creamy milk until as white as the driven snow.

Refinement should guide the cooking as well as the arrangement of the tray in which the invalid's meal is served.

A word about tea. Do not let it be infused longer than three minutes, then pour it off immediately into a second warm teapot, and so serve.

Among the cooling drinks I may mention arrowroot water, it is so simply made and contains much that is strengthening. Put a tablespoonful in a basin, and drizzle it with cold water into a paste, then pour on boiling water, and stir till you have formed a thinnish starch. It is next diluted with cold water till it is about the consistency of cream, sweetened and flavored if found necessary, and it is ready. But, unless by the doctor's express orders, neither brandy nor sherry should be added.

Barley water is not so much used as it ought to be, owing, perhaps, to its taking more trouble to make, but it is invaluable, nevertheless. Briefly speaking, it is prepared thus: Well wash an ounce of pearl barley, throwing away the water, then add a quart of water and a morsel of lemon peel, and let it simmer, with constant stirring, till thick enough; sugar and the juice of lemons may now be added to taste.

Cream of tartar drink is very cooling. Stir a drachm of the tartar into a pint of boiling water, with a morsel of lemon peel and sugar to taste. It is, of course, taken cold or iced.

I need only remind the reader of whey, lemonade and orgeat. They are too well known to need description.

Of soda water with milk I have only to say, while admitting it is cool and nutritive, that it should only be taken in small quantities at a time, and the effervescence should have partly passed off before it is used, otherwise it is apt to uncomfortably disturb the stomach.—*A Family Doctor in Cassell's Family Magazine.*

—A wash, consisting of one or two drachms of hydrochloric acid in about four ounces of water, has been recommended as a sure cure in case of chapped hands.

HELPS TO HEALTH.

BY AUNT DODE.

Suitable dress is one condition of health. Clothing should be warm, light and comfortable. Woolen stockings should be worn throughout the winter, and such boots as will effectually preserve the feet from dampness. Cloth boots, however thick the soles, are unfit for wet weather, as the ankles are sure to get wet, and they remain a long time damp. By far the most comfortable boots for wet weather are such as are worn by gentlemen. The thickness is a protection both from wet and cold, and they are more readily taken off than those that button or lace. The popular notions of a beautiful foot are extremely erroneous. It is thought desirable the foot should be very narrow and tapering at the toe. Now, this is not the form in which feet are made, consequently, the modern boot is calculated to produce deformity, and an ungraceful carriage is the result.

But the foot is not the only part of the frame that we delight to deform. What shall we say to the tight-lacing system and the tortures endured? Dr. Todd says: “Even Pharaoh only demanded bricks without straw for a short time; but the fashionable lady asks to live without breathing for many years.” At the present day so much has been written against the improper use of corsets that some of the new generation do not wear stays at all. Still many thousands do. Many sudden deaths have occurred solely from tight lacing. But to describe a tithe of these cases would be to fill a volume, and for the present we must content ourselves with admonitions, the more earnest because it is of vital importance to every woman to be perfectly well formed, not only for her own sake, but also as it may greatly affect her offspring.

Another common error in dress is to allow a great weight to rest on the hips. No heavy skirts should be fastened round the waist without a body or strap over the shoulders to throw the weight on them. But, indeed, lightness should be as much studied as warmth in selecting articles of dress. To walk or take other exercise in heavy clothes is to add enormously to the fatigue. Nor must it be forgotten that we catch cold more frequently from exposing our backs than our chests to draughts. The lungs are attached to the spine, and are placed between the shoulders, and, through ignorance of this fact, we protect our chests from cold, but think the shoulders of no consequence. Both parts should be covered with flannel.

The best safeguard is to strengthen the constitution as much as possible. Cool sponging is an almost certain preventive of cold catching. Fresh air is another necessary of life and health. As soon as you rise from bed, you should throw off the whole of the bed clothes, and open windows in order that a thorough draught should air the sheets and bed. In damp weather a fire is better than having the window open too long. The nightdress also should be thoroughly aired after being taken off, never folded up directly as is sometimes done. The same rule applies to linen taken off at night to be put on again in the morning. Every article should be hung up so as to be aired—never folded up. There is no necessity for untidiness if this rule is carried out. The room may look quite as orderly as if every article was folded, and the advantage to the health is incalculable.

—There are three little wicks to the lamp of man's life—brain, blood and breath. Press the brain a little, its light goes out, followed by both the others. Stop the heart a minute, and out go all

of the wicks. Choke the air of the lungs, and presently the fluid ceases to supply the other centres of flame, and all is stagnation, cold and darkness.—*O. W. Holmes.*

DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

A CONSTANT READER OF THE HOUSEHOLD. *Deafness.* I am fully satisfied that by far the greater part of the cases of temporary and variable deafness are attributable to local irritation or inflammation of the mucous surfaces, particularly those of the throat and contiguous surfaces, in sympathy with surrounding parts. I am as well satisfied that all, or most of these, have their origin in stomach derangements, extending up to the membranes of the eye, nose and ears, through the throat. Of course these stomach derangements are mainly caused by the use of improper foods, taken irregularly, at improper times, in improper quantities, etc. Prominent among these unavorable foods are all of the “heaters”—the sweets, the oils, and fats, and the starches—producing too much heat, causing inflammations and fevers, the throat being the more usual seat of this inflammation, extending to the ear, through the tube leading from the throat to the ear. The disease of this tube is a prominent cause of deafness. Such articles as pork, the fat, particularly, lard in all of its combinations in pastry, the excessive use of butter and salt, with all foods difficult of digestion, will tend to aggravate this trouble. My “Health Rules” would aid you very much in managing this matter of food. The “noises in the ear” of which you speak are often caused by obstructions in the ear. For their removal, put a few drops of glycerine in the ear,—the head being in a proper position to retain it for twenty minutes—and, at the expiration of three days' applications, syringe out thoroughly with warm Castile soap suds, till the matters are removed, followed by still another application of the glycerine. I recently had one of these cases, and soon the noises entirely disappeared. It is well to reduce the local heat by gargling cool water, at night wearing a wet bandage around the throat, four thicknesses well covered by dry flannels.

A VICTIM. *Indigestion, etc.* Let me say to you in the first place that constant brain work is suicidal to the owner of a large and active brain, directly and indirectly, through the digestive apparatus, unless there is a corresponding amount of physical effort, to serve as a basis for mental work. The London Lancet says: “Intellectual activity is a preserver rather than a destroyer of nervous health; but this holds true only when the conditions of ordinary hygiene are not outrageously violated.” The individual who proposes to gain time by devoting more hours daily to brain work than are consistent with good digestion, will fall as certainly as the manufacturer would, should he use his cotton in the furnace to keep his machinery in motion! The brain workers are rare who can safely devote more than six or eight hours to hard work, while there are many who cannot exceed five, when the labor is intense! When digestion is impaired that is a warning to desist. And, still more, remember that a natural appetite is the evidence that food is needed, and that it can be digested, without the digestion of which no good can result. I am really glad that your stomach has sufficient power left to throw off food which cannot be digested, since, should it remain, it will be of no service, simply a source of irritation. The fact you vomited badly, “with some blood,” shows that the stomach is sadly inflamed, that it is trying to inform you that it cannot tolerate the food, that if forced down it will be promptly thrown off! That it would not retain the “teaspoonful of fresh milk” was the best of evidence that nothing was needed. Heed no “bidding” save that of the appetite, for that is the safe guide, indicating the real wants of the system. At that time, you should have waited two or three days, if there was no appetite, before eating a thing. If friends say, “But you must eat, or you cannot gain any strength,” simply ask how much strength is gained by vomiting, or what good it will do to eat and then throw up all? Dr. Tanner lived for forty days, others longer, absolutely eating nothing, from which fact we should infer that one will not starve by omitting one or more meals. I repeat let the appetite be true, “though all men are liars,” since it does no good to eat without an appetite. Yes, it is possible to vomit “bile,” though it does not belong in the stomach, only being brought there by derangements of that organ, in which case it is fortunate that the stomach has the power to throw it off. What I have said may answer your question about vomiting, since, when the stomach has a mass of food in it which it cannot dispose of, plain or otherwise, it is safer to vomit it than to have it remain, irritating the stomach. Your great trouble, as I see it, is too much mental labor with too little physical, eating more food than your brain-taxed system will permit, and taking it when the appetite forbids it. For the present, rest or labor physically as many hours as you read or write, taking only the simplest food, that, only when there is a reasonable appetite.

The Dressing Room.

FASHION NOTES FOR THE SEASON.

BY GOSSIP.

THE papers tell us that the city is deserted at this season, and it is true that many of the elegant mansions have only a servant or two as inmates, and that seaside, watering-place and mountain hotels are more completely filled than even the most overloaded omnibus or horse car, still, if you were here in New York, you would see little diminution in the crowds that surge up and down the streets. Neither summer's heat nor winter's cold dulls the edge of avarice, nor lessens the necessity of providing meat, drink and raiment for the body which must be clothed and fed in spite of, or rather in accordance with, the temperature.

The few go, the many stay, and perhaps neither party finds unmixed happiness or woe. In the summer as in the winter, the extremely poor are the ones who suffer most, and on sultry nights, alleys, doorsteps and house tops, are a swarming mass of humanity, as young and old crowd together outside to catch every possible breath of air or chance breeze.

In the shops we miss something of the bustle and turmoil of the spring days. Clerks have unoccupied moments and a listless air, and even that august person, the floor-walker, is a degree less vigilant, and now and then indulges in a yawn like an ordinary mortal.

Before long the light and delicate fabrics exposed on the counters will be rushed off at a bargain to make room for fall goods, and people who like Mrs. Gilpin are "of a frugal mind," should remember that that is an excellent time to purchase for another season.

It may interest our readers to hear something about the costumes of the Hawaiian queen, Kapiolani who recently made a tour of this country, and was received with regal honors in all the large cities. Her Majesty is a pronounced brunette, large and stately, and weighs about two hundred pounds. Her age? A lovely woman is always young, so what use to measure her span by the cold rule of the mathematician.

On the occasion of her call upon President and Mrs. Cleveland, Her Highness was dressed in an elegant black satin cut *en train*, with elaborate trimmings of solid gold braid, her bonnet was black, and in her hand she carried an exquisite fan made of sea gull's down, with center ornament of priceless yellow feathers.

This ceremonious presentation occupied about fifteen minutes when the royal party returned to their hotel. In about an hour and a half from this time Mrs. Cleveland and the ladies of the cabinet returned the call, two hours being the extreme limit of time which can by etiquette elapse before returning the visits of royalty.

At the dinner given in honor of Her Majesty at the White House, she wore white satin stiff with elaborate and intricate embroidery of gold. A sparkling diadem rested on her head, which she holds well up and back, and the red sash of Hawaii encircled her waist.

On the excursion to Mount Vernon Kapiolani was escorted by Senator Sherman. The lady proved a most devoted pilgrim and was much pained on hearing laughter from members of another party while in the room in which Gen. Washington died. On the return trip the Marine Band played the Hawaiian national hymn, and the new steam launch in which Her Majesty was conveyed to the shore

was named after herself, "Kapiolani," which compliment was highly appreciated. On this day, as befitted so solemn an occasion, her costume was black, unrelieved except by the mingling of heliotrope plumes in the trimmings of the close turban which covered her head.

While in Massachusetts, Her Highness visited Wellesley College, where she was welcomed by an address delivered in her native language, and later she assisted in the ceremony of setting a memorial tree, herself throwing in several spadefuls of earth. For several days committees representing the city of Boston entertained the queen in a manner reflecting credit on the Hub, but these entertainments were eclipsed by the royal reception tendered her by Gov. Ames as the representative of the state, which not only honored the one for whom it was given but was the society event of the season. The floral decorations were on the most elaborate scale, and consisted of roses of every size, kind and color, filling every nook, and by their bewildering profusion and exquisite perfume reminding one of the famous vale of Cashmere. There were many rich and magnificent toilets, but that of the honored guest was particularly regal, showing to advantage her stately form. This gown was of creamy white crape cut in a modification of the princess style, with train from the shoulders. The whole front was one mass of embroidery done in white silk and gold thread, while a broad band of the same edged the bottom, under which was a plaiting of silk and rich lace. Her shoes and gloves were of white kid and at her belt was a bouquet of roses. Her hair was, as usual, dressed in a high French twist, and encircled by a "fir" of scarlet and yellow "oh-oh" feathers; a magnificent diamond ring shone outside her glove, a unique necklace of rare shells was about her throat, and a large diamond star on her left breast completed a toilet at once striking, exquisite and royal.

A man thinking to confound a negro minister, asked him to define the difference between a preacher and an exhorter, but the questioned proved himself equal to the occasion and answered: "A preacher he tucks a tex and done stick to it, but a zorter, he, he sorter rambles all round." And lest I be considered of the latter class I will return to my subject.

In the making of thin goods as cashmere, bengaline, surah, etc., velvet and ribbon are more used than the lace so fashionable last season, and it is not unusual to see a panel or even a front breadth formed entirely of loops and ends. As over drapery for white dresses, alternating strips of ribbon and insertion give an excellent effect, and black piece lace for draperies is often covered with strips of velvet or beaded gimp. Black lace over silk still continues in favor, and for full dress toilets the silk bodice is cut low, and without sleeves the lace only covering neck and arms. There is nothing like this to set off the perfection of a complexion, or as a beautifier for one needing such aid. Sometimes the sleeves are omitted and their place supplied by long silk mitts which reach nearly to the shoulder strap. A new thing in these lace dresses is to make them up over silks in Scotch plaids, or other bright colors, combining the same colors in the ribbons of the bows which are freely used.

Costumes of white wool still retain their popularity, and no young lady's wardrobe is complete without at least one of them. One of white flannel designed for morning wear at Saratoga, is so simple, yet elegant and stylish, that I will describe it. This gown was tailor made with no trimming except wide white woolen braid and large oxidized silver buttons. The drapery was edged with

the braid, and the panel had a row of the buttons with simulated buttonholes of a narrower braid. Sleeves plain and long with a little cuff ornamented with braid. The back of the basque was a short position, and the fronts were double with pieces overlapping at the waist line and covering about one-third of the buttons. To be worn with this was a white velvet bonnet, whose only trimming was a large bunch of exquisite blush roses without foliage.

Plain black silk is combined with striped silk or velvet, watered or brocaded silk, while all kinds of passementeries literally load these dresses. The clothes of the present are enormously heavy and require a degree of physical strength to support them. Last month at a fashionable modiste's several costumes were weighed, when it was found that an ordinary woolen street dress weighed not less than twelve pounds, and a black silk reception dress elaborately trimmed with jet weighs from thirty to forty-five pounds. Small, light-looking wraps with jet ornaments weigh from ten pounds to twenty, and a bonnet of beads strung on wires weighs from three to four.

Jet necklaces and dog collars are eminently stylish, and cost from two to ten dollars. But they can easily be fashioned at home by any one possessing a little ingenuity. Make a velvet band to fit over the dress collar and line with something stiff. On this arrange cut beads and bugles in a fancy design, with a picot edge of beads at top and bottom. This collar fastens in the back with a united jet clasp. If you wish a necklace, fashion a network of beads on the front and extending a little more than half-way round. This is done by stringing six or eight beads, according to their size and size of mesh desired, then put on a larger bead, and the same number of smaller ones as at first, and catch the thread to the collar at such a distance as to form a loop. The next time across fasten the thread to the large bead instead of to the collar, and decrease one mesh every time across till a sharp point is formed, and edge with spikes or fringe.

Among the novelties we have handsome, ready-made sets of jet for back, collar, front and sleeves, which can be applied to any costume. Also, braided silk girdles in all colors, with ball and drop ends, which are to be tied around the waist, the bow and ends falling on the left, or, not encircling the waist, are fashioned into an ornament and used on the side as before. There are also superb jet fringes, some of them from nine to fourteen inches deep, and costing from seven to thirteen dollars a yard.

Skirts of walking costumes are worn as long as possible without touching the ground, and there is a growing tendency to lengthen the back breadths of house dresses which we are sorry to see. A coat sleeve cut with a point at the top, which is set between the shoulder seams is odd and rather pretty, and on thin goods we see sleeves full at the top and gathered into a deep cuff at the wrist. Percales, ginghams and sateens, often show this sleeve with the cuff of velvet, and the waist full with velvet yoke and belt, or peasant's bodice. This style should be adopted only by slender or immature forms. The old-time surplice waist is much worn, and looks well when the neck is left open and filled in with soft lace.

An old woolen dress may be easily remodeled and made to look even better than new, by making a plain skirt of velvet or corduroy, and using the old material for waist and drapery. The velvet should be of the same shade or a shade darker than the cloth.

Something new for those who wish to rough it at mountain and seaside, is the

Tuxedo knitted suit. The entire gown is knitted of pure wool in all leading shades, and is warm, light, picturesque and eminently comfortable, with its full, round skirt, blouse waist, collar and sash. For lawn tennis, boating or country strolls it is the acme of perfection. Each suit is accompanied by a cap of round shape, but if more shade is desired a soft felt hat may be substituted.

Seasonable bonnets are made of open-work straw plaits, or of picot and purl edged braid, mingled with an insertion of horse hair braid. These are light, soft and airy, and can be bent to suit the face of the wearer. The trimmings should be of gauze, crepe or ribbon, while if very open the lining should correspond, the whole matching the costume for which it is designed.

Most of the hats are designed to be worn over the face, but the style is not so universally becoming as that which places it farther back. A new fad is to have the floral decorations, and frequently the whole hat, shrouded in delicate gauze or fine net, giving an odd but charming effect.

A plain black, medium sized parasol is always in fashion, though this season there are fewer black ones than usual, if we except those with an over covering of rich lace. Coaching parasols are used with all but the most dressy toilets, and are usually covered with striped, brocaded or changeable silk. The newest parasols are covered with embroidered grenadine and lined with a fine, thin silk, giving a semi-transparent effect particularly charming if the colors are well chosen.

In parasol handles there are the usual carved bone, wood and bamboo, but the handle *par excellence* is of silver, and there are said to have been over six hundred new designs brought out this season by one house alone. Some of these are plated, but the better ones are solid and cost from ten dollars up, adding much to the expense of this always costly luxury. A late design is a shepherd's crook with the owner's name in fac-simile of his handwriting in raised letters on the side.

Fans, those bewitching adjuncts of female coquetry, grow more and more elegant, and nothing can exceed the beauty of those in the form of a lyre composed of three or four long ostrich plumes, fluffy marabouts and an aigrette, with handle of carved coral or malachite. Fans of black gauze or satin, painted or embroidered, with lace or feather tops and sticks of carved ebony or gilt, are very desirable.

The ever useful jacket made in fine all wool cloth, satin-lined throughout, and with or without hood, is suitable for all but dressy wear, and no garment will prove more generally useful.

There is little new to chronicle in the way of wraps, but the distinguishing features are short backs, long fronts and an abundance of bead and lace trimming. The shoulder piece or short dolman sleeve is often made of a different and richer material than the rest of the wrap. Beaded grenadine combined with faille silk gives a fine effect, or the whole garment may be of the same material, and the shoulder pieces completely covered with rows of passementerie, lace or fringe. When the back is very short it is sometimes finished by a large full bow of wide ribbon fastened to the middle by a large jet ornament with drops.

The new ventilating corset is designed particularly for summer wear, and is light and comfortable compared with those ordinarily worn. Corsets were never put on so early nor worn so late in life as now. New York mothers consider eight years the proper time for their daughters to don these instruments of torture, while the grandmother never

gets old enough to leave them off. Indeed, we have no old women now. False hair, artificial teeth, powder, dye, rouge and padding, have proved the elixir of life for the women of to-day.

Waistcoat trimmings of silk crochet work, in heavy, rich designs, and applied over silk of a color different from the dress, are new and stylish.

Among the new colors we have a bluish red called cactus, and the most fashionable dark reds are amaranth and old Bordeaux.

Bathing suits are little changed from last year, and consist of a blouse waist, short skirt and drawers of flannel. Long sleeves are preferred as preventing tan on the arms. The costume is trying at best, and to look well in one a woman must be a Nereid.

In New York we now and then see signs bearing the startling announcement of "Ladies Gilded," but to the initiated this simply means that gilded finger nails are at present stylish among the upper ten. Compressed and wasp-like waists, torturing shoes with high heels in the middle of the foot, a hump like a camel, false hair, hair dyes and bleaches, corsets, plumpers, pads and improvers, rouge, face enamel, painted lips and gilded nails, and yet we are spending millions of dollars to send missionaries to the heathen!

KNITTED SHOULDER CAPE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—As so many of you are perplexed over the directions for knitted shoulder cape in the November number, 1886, I will try to make it plain-er if possible, although I don't think it would have been difficult to understand if it had not been for the error in one place. Where it reads gore it should read yarn. There are no gores about the cape. It is simply knit of two shades of yarn, of any variety you may choose, the same as you would knit the heel of a stocking, and by knitting twice across alike, you change one color wrong side out and one right. The trouble seems to be in getting it right when the new color is put in. I have explained it to all who have sent to me for information, and have knit two capes for sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD BAND, but I have not time to do so this summer, as I live on a fruit ranch in or near Petaluma, and there is so much to be done while the fruit season lasts. By the way I wish you could all see California at this season of the year. It is one vast flower garden.

Now for the directions. Take any kind of yarn you like, of two shades, dark and light. Take two bone or rubber needles, medium size, or a size suitable for the yarn you use. Set it up with the dark shade. I shall say fifty-five stitches as I did before, although you can put as many stitches on the needle as you can knit easily, if you require it deeper. That is deep enough to look well for a short person. I knit one for one of the sisters who is a tall lady, and put on seventy.

Knit across as you would for a heel until you have been across eight times. To do this you will either knit twice on the start or commence by seaming or purling. This is so that the last and eighth time across may be knit. Now take the light yarn and knit across, which makes two knittings, and changes it the other side. Next purl across, knit across, purl, knit, purl, knit, purl, letting the last time be purled or seamed like a heel. Keep the yarn together, instead of breaking it off, and knit in the dark yarn. Knit across again, which changes it as you will see, purl, knit, purl, knit, purl, knit. This is eight times, and your last time is knit.

Now knit in the light and purl, knit, purl, knit, purl, knit, purl, coming out at the same side every time. Proceed in this way until you have twenty-five light

stripes and twenty-six dark ones for a medium sized person. If the lady is large she will have to have it knit to fit her shoulders, say twenty-eight or twenty-nine stripes, or larger if you wish. Remember the length of the piece of knitting is the size around, and the width of it is the depth when finished. Bind off very loosely (to give it room when the stitches are dropped and raveled) in this way:

Bind off three stitches, drop the fourth off the left hand needle, bind off three more, drop the fourth, till you have got them all off. There ought to be three on each side. Commence at the bottom to bind off, so if there is an uneven number it will be at the top, which will be the side your yarn is joined. Take your finger and put it through the stitch and ravel it down to the other end. Do them all in this way, and you will see a great difference in the looks of your cape. Draw it up in the neck the required size, and crochet a place for a ribbon, then a border of shells all round it to suit yourself. Mine are large shells of the dark edged with the light.

Now, I hope it will be plain to the sisters. They are very pretty as all who have seen them will acknowledge. As soon as I saw the mistake in the directions, I sent to have it corrected, but as I have never seen it done, and as so many of the sisters have written to me to know how it was, I thought the best way was to write it over again. If there are any who do not understand yet how to do it, if they will send me a little of the yarn they wish to use, I will knit them a sample with pleasure, because I know they will be pleased with the cape when done.

For summer Shetland floss is very pretty, but for warmth and durability the German wool of any kind is the best. Saxony is also very nice, but is not as open and loose as the other varieties and will require more stitches.

MRS. J. W. CASSIDY.

Petaluma, Sonoma Co., Calif.

WIDE ENGLISH LACE.

Cast on thirty-two stitches.

1. Knit plain.
2. Knit two, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit three.
3. Knit plain—thirty-three stitches.
4. Knit two, over, knit one, narrow, over three times, slip one, narrow, pass the slipped stitch over, knit one, over, slip one, narrow, pass the slipped stitch over, over, knit one, narrow, over three times, slip one, narrow, pass the slipped stitch over, knit one, narrow, over three times, slip one, narrow, pass the slipped stitch over, over, knit one, narrow, over three times, slip one, narrow, pass the slipped stitch over, knit one, over, narrow, knit two.
5. Knit plain, except the loops, make three stitches of the loops by knitting one, purling one, knitting one, knit all the rest plain—thirty-four stitches.
5. Knit one, narrow, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit three, narrow, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit four.
7. Knit plain—thirty-three stitches.
8. Knit one, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit five.
9. Knit plain—thirty-two stitches.
10. Knit one, narrow, over, slip one, narrow, pass the slipped stitch over, over, knit one, narrow, over three times, slip one, narrow, pass the slipped stitch over, knit one, over, slip one, narrow, pass the slipped stitch over, over, knit one, narrow, over three times, slip one, narrow,

pass the slipped stitch over, knit one, over, slip one, narrow, pass the slipped stitch over, over, knit six.

11. Knit same as the fifth row—thirty-one stitches.

12. Knit two, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit four. Commence again at the first row.

ENGLISH LACE INSERTION.

Cast on twenty stitches.

1. Knit plain.
2. Knit three, narrow, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit five.
3. Knit plain.
4. Knit two, narrow, over, knit one, narrow, over three times, slip one, narrow, pass the slipped stitch over, knit one, over, slip one, narrow, pass the slipped stitch over, over, knit six.
5. Knit plain except the loop, make three stitches of the loop, by knitting one, purling one, knitting one, rest plain.
6. Knit four, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit four.
7. Knit plain.
8. Knit five, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit three.
9. Knit plain.
10. Knit six, over, slip one, narrow, pass the slipped stitch over, knit one, narrow, over three times, slip one, narrow, pass the slipped stitch over, knit one, over, narrow, knit two.
11. Knit same as the fifth row.
12. Knit four, narrow, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit four. Commence again at first row.

MRS. W. H. MURRAY.

Roseville, Calif.

CROCHET LACE.

Chain thirty.

1. * Pull the last stitch on your needle out about one-fourth of an inch, thread over, pull through, now insert the needle between the two threads first pulled up and the one you just pulled through, thread over, pull through, you now have two stitches on your needle, thread over, pull through the two stitches, * join with single crochet to the twelfth stitch of foundation chain, repeat between *'s twice, single crochet in eighteenth chain, repeat between *'s twice, single crochet in twenty-fourth chain, you now have five knots, three fastened to the foundation chain and two loose at the top. We will count only those that are loose, for as you proceed you will see that squares are formed only at the top where you turn; it is a triangle. Repeat between *'s twice; turn.
2. Single crochet in first knot, single crochet under two threads following, drawing them up quite tightly as the firmness of the knots improves the appearance of the work, repeat between *'s twice, single crochet in second knot, single crochet under two threads, repeat between *'s twice, single crochet under two threads, single crochet in last stitch of foundation chain; turn.
3. Six chain, repeat between *'s once, single crochet in first knot, single crochet under two threads, repeat between *'s twice, single crochet in next knot, single crochet under two threads, repeat between *'s once, fourteen long stitches (thread over twice) in the triangle at the end, single crochet in twenty-seventh stitch of foundation chain, repeat between *'s once, single crochet in last stitch of foundation chain, repeat between *'s once; turn.
4. Thread over the needle three times, making a still longer stitch in the first

space of the preceding row, chain four insert the needle downward through two threads of the long stitch making a picot, one long stitch between next two stitches, one picot, continue until you have fifteen long stitches and fourteen picots, repeat between *'s once, single crochet in first knot, single crochet under two threads, repeat between *'s twice, single crochet under last two threads, single crochet in last stitch of six chain; this completes one scallop; six chain; turn.

5. Repeat between *'s once, single crochet in first knot, single crochet under two threads, repeat between *'s twice, single crochet in next knot, or rather in the last long stitch in the edge of the scallop, repeat between *'s twice, single crochet in fourth picot; turn.

Continue as directed in first scallop, joining each time in sixth and eighth picots respectively, instead of to foundation chain.

I think this is one of the prettiest patterns I have, and I have tried to make the directions plain.

Mrs. E. Q. Norton, your directions for crochet collar and cuffs make up very prettily, and the "Irish Point Lace," by Priscilla, would make a handsome lambrequin of macrame cord or carpet warp.

New Mexico.

ABBIE.

BABY'S KNITTED SOCKS.

Materials: One spool of knitting silk and four number seventeen or eighteen needles.

For the leg only two of the needles are used, and it is knit back and forth.

1. Cast on seventy stitches and knit across plain.
2. Knit one, over, knit one, * slip one, narrow, bind, knit one, over, knit one, over, knit two; * repeat from * to * until you reach the last two on the needle, when knit one, over, knit one.
3. Seam across.

The second and third rows are repeated until there are twenty-two rows of holes counting lengthwise.

Take off twenty-two stitches on each end, leaving twenty-six on the middle needle. From the right side knit up to the middle needle, then back and forth across this as follows for the top of the foot:

1. Plain.
2. Plain back.
3. Plain.
4. Plain back.
5. Plain.
6. Seam back.
7. Knit one, slip and bind, knit plain to last three stitches, then narrow, knit one.
8. Seam back.

These eight rows are to be repeated six times, giving a corresponding number of ridges and plain spaces.

There should be fourteen stitches left on the needle. Cut the thread, leaving an end long enough to sew up the toe.

Now on the sides of the foot take up nineteen stitches, which added to the twenty-two left on the side needles will make forty-one on each side.

Joining the thread on the right side, knit all around plain and back plain. Do this again, only in starting slip and bind, and at the other end narrow. When coming back bind off the fourteen stitches on the toe.

Now knit each side separately. For the right side, knit across plain, back plain, slip and bind once on third row, back plain. Afterwards slip and bind once every time on the right side, and knit back plain until there are twelve ridges in all. Cut the thread long and join it to the toe end of the other side, which is like the right except it is narrowed at the end of the needle, instead of slipping and binding at the beginning. When the last row is done bind off the

two sides together. Sew up the leg and toe.

I have a tiny last upon which I shape the socks, after dipping them in hot water. A cord and tassel may be run in around the instep, or a narrow ribbon which is tied in front. PICCIOLA.

HONEYCOMB PATTERN.

NUMBER ONE.

Cast on two more than some multiple of seven stitches, *e. g.*, sixteen, twenty-three, fifty-one. Always slip the first stitch of every row.

1. Slip off the first stitch, * slip the next two from the left hand to the right hand needle without knitting, knit one, throw thread over and narrow, knit one, repeat from * until within three stitches of the end of the row, which must end as it begins with slip two, knit one.

2. Slip the first stitch, taking it off as if for purling, * slip the next two in the same way, purl one, throw thread around needle and purl two together, purl one, repeat from * until within three stitches of the end of the row, which should end as it began with slip two, purl one.

3. Like first row.

4. Like second row.

5. Like first row.

6. Knit plain.

7. Purl.

8. Knit plain.

9. Slip one, * throw thread over and narrow, knit one, slip two, knit one, repeat from * until within three stitches of the end of the row, then throw the thread over and narrow, knit one.

10. Slip the first stitch, taking it off as if for purling, * throw thread around needle and purl two together, purl one, slip two, purl one, repeat from * until within three stitches of the end of the row, then throw thread around needle and purl two together, purl one.

11. Like ninth row.

12. Like tenth row.

13. Like ninth row.

14. Knit plain.

15. Purl.

16. Knit plain.

Commence again at first row.

NUMBER TWO.

Cast on some multiple of eight stitches, plus six, *e. g.*, twenty-two, forty-six, etc.

1. Knit two plain, slip two, * six plain, slip two, repeat from * till within two stitches of the end of the row, then knit two plain.

2. Knit two plain, slip two, taking them off as for purling, * purl six, slip two, repeat from * till within two stitches of the end of the row, knit two plain.

3. Like first row.

4. Like second row.

5. Like first row.

6. Like second row.

7. Like first row.

8. Knit plain.

9. Knit two plain, purl all the rest but the last two which should be knit plain.

10. Knit plain.

11. Knit six plain, * slip two, knit six plain, * repeat from * to the end of the row.

12. Knit two plain, purl four, slip two, * purl six, slip two, repeat from * until within six stitches of the end of the row, then purl four, knit two plain.

13. Like eleventh row.

14. Like twelfth row.

15. Like eleventh row.

16. Like twelfth row.

17. Like eleventh row.

18. Knit plain.

19. Like ninth row.

20. Knit plain.

Commence again at first row.

CHEST PROTECTOR.

Use two No. five wooden needles and Angola yarn.

Cast on twenty stitches, and knit one row plain.

Widen one stitch at the beginning of each row for twenty rows. There will then be forty stitches.

Knit the next thirty rows plain.

In the next row knit eighteen stitches and cast on four. Slip the twenty-two stitches remaining on the left hand needle to an extra needle. The four stitches cast on are to form a fly for the opening at the neck.

* Knit the twenty-two stitches on the right hand needle for twenty-four rows. Then bind off three stitches of the fly. Narrow on the edge nearest the fly at the beginning and end of each row for four rows. There will then be fifteen stitches.

Knit these plain for eighteen rows.

On the same edge as before widen one stitch at the beginning and end of each row for four rows. There are now nineteen stitches. *

Break the yarn at the edge of the neck and leave the stitches on the needle.

Knit the twenty-two stitches left on the extra needle according to the directions from * to *.

With the yarn at the edge of the neck cast on six stitches, then knit the nineteen stitches that form the opposite shoulder. There are now forty-four stitches.

Knit these plain for forty-eight rows.

Narrow one stitch at the beginning of each row for twenty rows.

Bind off the remaining twenty-four stitches.

Work one row of single crochet around the neck, add a button and button-hole, and the garment will be ready for use.

FLORENCE BROOKS.

GERMAN LACE.

Cast on fifteen stitches.

(Twist stitch is made by knitting from the back part of the loop. The right needle is put in behind the left needle, and passes through the loop from right to left, much the same as in purling, except that in purling the needle is passed through the front side of the loop.)

1. Knit one, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit ten.

2. Slip one, knit eleven, purl one, knit two.

3. Knit two, over twice, narrow (twist stitch), over twice, narrow (twist stitch); knit nine—seventeen stitches.

4. Slip one, knit ten, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two.

5. Knit two, over twice, narrow (twist stitch), knit one, narrow (twist stitch), over twice, narrow (twist stitch), knit eight—eighteen stitches.

6. Slip one, knit nine, purl one, knit four, purl one, knit two.

7. Knit two, over twice, narrow (twist stitch), knit three, narrow (twist stitch), over twice, narrow (twist stitch) knit seven—nineteen stitches.

8. Slip one, knit eight, purl one, knit six, purl one, knit two—nineteen stitches.

9. Knit two, narrow, over twice, narrow (twist stitch), knit three, narrow (twist stitch), over twice, narrow (twist stitch), knit six—nineteen stitches.

10. Slip one, knit seven, purl one, knit six, purl one, knit one, narrow—eighteen stitches.

11. Knit two, narrow (twist stitch), over twice, narrow (twist stitch), knit three, narrow (twist stitch), over twice, narrow (twist stitch), knit five—eighteen stitches.

12. Slip one, knit six, purl one, knit six, purl one, knit one, narrow—seventeen stitches.

13. Knit two, narrow (twist stitch), over twice, narrow (twist stitch), knit three, narrow (twist stitch), over twice, narrow (twist stitch), knit four.

14. Slip one, knit five, purl one, knit

six, purl one, knit one, narrow—sixteen stitches.

15. Knit two, narrow (twist stitch), over twice, narrow (twist stitch), knit three, narrow (twist stitch), over twice, narrow (twist stitch), knit three—sixteen stitches.

16. Slip one, knit four, purl one, knit six, purl one, knit one, narrow—fifteen stitches.

17. Knit two, narrow (twist stitch), over twice, narrow (twist stitch), knit three, narrow (twist stitch), over twice, narrow (twist stitch), knit two—fifteen stitches.

18. Slip one, knit three, purl one, knit six, purl one, knit one, narrow—fourteen stitches.

19. Knit two, over twice, narrow (twist stitch) knit three, narrow, over twice, narrow (twist stitch), knit three—fifteen stitches.

20. Slip one, knit four, purl one, knit six, purl one, knit two.

21. Knit two, over twice, narrow (twist stitch), knit three, narrow, over twice, narrow (twist stitch), knit four—sixteen stitches.

22. Slip one, knit five, purl one, knit six, purl one, knit two.

23. Knit two, over twice, narrow (twist stitch), knit three, narrow, over twice, narrow (twist stitch) knit five—seventeen stitches.

24. Slip one, knit six, purl one, knit six, purl one, knit two.

25. Knit two, over twice, narrow (twist stitch), knit three, narrow, over twice, narrow (twist stitch), knit six—eighteen stitches.

26. Slip one, knit seven, purl one, knit six, purl one, knit two.

27. Knit two, narrow (twist stitch), over twice, narrow (twist stitch), knit one, narrow, over twice, narrow (twist stitch) knit seven—eighteen stitches.

28. Slip one, knit eight, purl one, knit four, purl one, knit one, narrow—seventeen stitches.

29. Knit two, narrow (twist stitch), over twice, knit three together, over twice, narrow (twist stitch), knit eight—seventeen stitches.

30. Slip one, knit nine, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit one, narrow—sixteen stitches.

31. Knit two, narrow (twist stitch), over twice, narrow (twist stitch), knit ten—sixteen stitches.

32. Slip one, knit eleven, purl one, knit one, narrow—fifteen stitches.

Commence again with first row.

NELLIE MAY.

PILLOW SHAMS.

For one pair of shams take two yards of linen scrim which has coarse, even threads, and two rolls of ribbon one-eighth of an inch wide. Make a broad hem all around each sham. The ornamental part of them is drawn work, a part of which is worked, and the rest has ribbons run in. The work is a sort of old-fashioned hem stitch which we will call fagotting. It consists of a row of threads knotted or tied together in little groups of six threads each. It is very simple and quickly done. Make a row of drawn work six threads wide all round the inner part of the sham twenty threads from the hem. Work this with the threads which you have pulled out. Ten threads inside of this draw another row six threads wide. Weave ribbon through this, leaving five or six inches at each end to tie into a bow in each corner. Ten threads inside of this row, draw twenty threads and work with a double row of fagotting. Ten threads inside of this draw a row of six threads and run in ribbons as before. Ten threads inside of this draw six threads and work with fagotting. There should be two bows of

ribbon in each corner. Line them with silesia to match the ribbon. They can be laundried nicely by removing the ribbon and the lining. KAY EFFE.

AUNT JANE'S LACE

Cast on ten stitches, and knit across plain.

1. Thread around the needle, purl two together, thread over, purl two together, knit four, over, purl two together.

2. Thread around needle, purl two together, knit four, thread over, purl two together, over, purl two together.

3, 5, 7, 9, 11, 13, 15, and 17. Same as first row.

4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18. Same as second row.

19. Thread around needle, purl two together, over, purl two together, knit four, purl two together.

20. Thread around needle, purl two together, knit three together, over, purl two together twice.

21. Thread around needle, purl two together, over, purl two together, knit one, over three times, purl two together.

22. Thread around needle, purl two together, knit one loop, purl one loop, knit one loop, knit one stitch, over, purl two together twice.

Repeat from first row. This is very easy. MRS. WILSON.

BABY'S CAP.

I want to tell you what a pretty little lace bonnet I have just made for my seven months old baby. First, I knit a strip of Normandy insertion, from the pattern in the November, 1886, number, fourteen inches long. Then another strip the same length of Nellie May's Smyrna insertion pattern, in the May, 1886, number, and still another strip the same length, of Normandy lace in the November, 1886, number. Then I took a piece of darned net and cut for a crown piece, letting the top be rounding and the bottom cut off straight. The Normandy lace and insertion, and the Smyrna insertion I sewed together, then the whole around the crown of darned net, letting the Normandy lace form the edge of the bonnet, and with a double frill around the whole, I have as pretty a lace bonnet as could be wished for, and it can be washed and ironed so as to look as good as new. The Normandy is my favorite lace pattern and I use No. 36 cotton. I should think it would be very pretty knit in silk. SUBSCRIBER.

THE WORK TABLE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can some one give directions for making something ornamental out of cat's-tails, also for making flowers out of corn, melon seeds, etc.? FERNETTE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters send a nice pattern for knitting infants' shirts, also for knitting infants' socks or booties? And oblige a new subscriber. BAB.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one tell me how to line a silk quilt? Also how to take the rough coating off of shells? I have tried boiling in lye, but it only partially cleanses them. IDA.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some reader of THE HOUSEHOLD kindly give me directions for knitting slippers? Also the meaning of the word "purl," as is used in making lace? GEORGIE M. EMERY.

Will some of the sisters please give directions for knitting a doll? and oblige, A SUBSCRIBER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some subscriber please send directions for knitting an infant's first shirt, and quantity of Saxony yarn to be used? A YOUNG MOTHER.

Sterling, Col.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would be very glad if some lady would give directions for an afghan for a couch? Something pretty. Also for a bead collar, have seen one that came in little squares, was pointed in front and at the back, but did not know how to make it. ANNA.

The Dining Room.

SUMMER COOKERY.

BY ERNESTINE IRVING.

"IS THERE a way to cook food in summer, and another in winter? Presently two and two will be four, six months in the year, and some other number the other six."

"Pause a moment, my dear! nothing alarming is placed before you. Only as all grown people know, there are certain articles of food adapted to, and eaten in summer, that we lose sight of to some extent at other times. Seasonable dishes, perhaps that will strike Fastidia better."

Now peas are a delicious dish, and there are various methods of preparing them. First, if possible, pick them from your own garden—the flavor will be improved. If not your own, then a neighbor's, and gather them the day they are to be eaten. To city dwellers this of course is an illusion; they must depend upon the market-men, and really a nice article can be procured, with the dew of the morning still fresh. Shelling peas is a trifle tedious. I remember in a large boarding school I once attended, when peas were to serve as next day's dinner, the pupils could be seen in various groups upon the steps of the broad piazzas industriously shelling.

The best rule that I know of, is to boil briskly in clear water with a little salt added. Cook till done, just done, and no longer or they will shrivel. Add a little butter, pepper, and good, sweet cream; if without cream, milk comes next. This is an excellent side dish to eat with meat and scant vegetables. It is also considered quite healthful, and if not eaten in too large quantities, easily digested. This dish also has a convenient quality of extension. If company arrive unexpectedly, add more milk or cream, more butter and perhaps water, and lo! your saucers are all filled.

Some people cook the pods. I never did and cannot speak from experience, but fresh, and crisp and cooked till tender, I see no reason why they should not be good. If I kept summer boarders that seemed as hollow as some I have known I think I should try it.

String beans and peas. Yes, we all know them. When the beans are nearly done add the peas, quantity according to beans.

It is a good way in planting peas to sow them at intervals of two or three weeks, then they will be tender and young all the season. There are many advantages not expressed, in having a kitchen garden of one's own, and this is one. The city dweller is to be pitied, but he has compensations.

Emerson says: Compensations run all along the line of life. What we are cut off from on one side is added to another. And, if the city cannot luxuriate in garden sauce as fresh and nice as the country, the country does not have the privilege of attending historical lectures at the Old South, and many other fine things in literature and art I might mention.

Tomatoes are good eating if one likes them. Quite a popular way of preparing them is to simply slice and stew in sufficient water to cover them or rather more. When done, add salt, pepper, and sugar to taste. Many prefer the latter omitted.

Beans may be cooked in many ways from the earliest string beans to late shell ones in autumn. There is a great deal of nutriment in the bean, and well cooked, it certainly furnishes one of our staples of diet. I am sorry for the man who is not a bean lover.

Green beans like peas, should be fresh to be at their best. Wilted beans are not wholesome. String, and cut into inch pieces, and boil from an hour and a half to two hours, or longer, if not done. Soft water is better than hard, providing it is pure; if hard is used, add a pinch of soda, and salt added to the water improves nearly all vegetables.

Greens are a good side dish; dandelions and mustard perhaps take precedence, but in country orchards and door yards various sorts may be gathered. One little knows how much there is about him till his eyes are open.

Here is a rule for cooking dandelions which will apply to greens in general. They are ripe for use before they blossom. Cut off the leaves, pick over carefully, wash in several waters, put into boiling water, boil one hour, drain well, add salted boiling water, and boil two hours; when done turn into a colander and drain, season with butter and more salt if needed, and cut with a knife; or boil with a piece of salt pork omitting the butter dressing.

Here also is a rule for cooking new potatoes, said to be tested. Wash, scrape, boil ten minutes, turn off water, and add enough more boiling hot, to cover, also add a little salt; cook a few moments, drain, and set again on the stove, add butter, salt, and pepper, and a little thickening made of two tablespoonfuls of flour in about a pint of milk; put on cover, and when the milk has boiled, serve. Or when cooked and drained, put in a skillet with hot drippings, cover, and shake till a nice brown.

Green corn is also an excellent side-dish in late summer and early fall. Here again, is the beauty of one's own garden. Seed can be sown at intervals, so the corn will not all ripen at once, and green corn is one of the many nice vegetables that may be prepared in summer for use in winter. I think as a rule it is better cooked on the cob, as the sweet juices are then preserved, and the real flavor of the corn retained. I have somewhere read, if wheat was queen of the nation, then corn was king. Cut from the cob and mixed with beans, baked or boiled, it is good. This is the succotash of the bake-shops, the good corn-beans of the home.

Summer squash is another nice vegetable. Simply cooked in soft water with a little butter, salt, and pepper dressing, it is excellent. And these plain rules for vegetables, I have given are abundantly more healthful than the constant routine of pastry and meats.

If one does not like vegetables very well, I think with a little perseverance, and attention to ways of cooking he can learn to like most kinds, to his gain and advantage.

TEA.

BY MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

As near as we can ascertain, tea was known and used in China as a beverage as early as 600 A. D., and in Japan somewhere in the early part of the ninth century. It is not supposed to have been known at all to the Greeks or Romans, and to our ancestors not earlier than the seventeenth century although the Portuguese opened a regular tea trade with China in 1577, and the Dutch soon followed, thus introducing tea into Europe.

An English author writes, September 25, 1660: "I did send for a cup of tea—a China drink, of which I had never drank before." In 1667 he writes: "Home, and there find my wife making of tea—a drink which the Potticary recommends as being good for her cold."

In 1664 we find it recorded that the English East India Company sent a present of ten pounds of tea to the queen, and it was received as a gift of great val-

ue. After that it came into use among the English nobility, but only on great occasions; for the price was too great for general use, being from thirty dollars to fifty dollars per pound. The middle and lower classes solaced themselves with a decoction made from various kinds of herbs, particularly sage leaves which were esteemed as being very healthful as well as medicinal. For many years dried sage leaves were shipped to China and exchanged for tea leaves.

It was not until 1823 that specimens of the leaves of a tree found growing wild in Upper Assam were sent to the English East India Company for botanical inspection. Although the samples sent were imperfect they were pronounced tea leaves; and in 1835 some perfect leaves and flowers were again sent. A second examination convinced the inspectors that they were, indeed, samples of the genuine article.

A company was immediately formed to bring the Assam tea under proper cultivation. But, like most new enterprises, at the first trial, mismanagement and ignorance stopped proceedings and caused a temporary failure, and the tea merchants refused to buy this new tea. But repeated trials—a more perfect mode of curing the leaves—at last compelled success, and the Assam tea brought higher prices than the Chinese. Before success had thus crowned their efforts, however, many tons of tea seed were brought to Assam from China, which, after the real merits of the native tree had been fully known, was a source of much regret. The producers and brokers found the true Assam tree gave them a better quality and was more readily cultivated than that of China, and was a much more abundant bearer, and crossing the China with the Assam tea-tree was not at all satisfactory. The teas of China would have been much earlier brought into general use had not the Chinese government interdicted traffic in it. That injunction, however, had been partially removed and their teas had found an entrance into many countries long before the wild trees of Assam had been recognized.

In its wild state, though sometimes found growing bushy, it generally ranks among the trees of the forests, growing fifteen and twenty feet high. As soon as its pleasant and useful qualities were discovered, and it was brought under careful cultivation, it was not allowed to grow so tall, but was cut back when quite young; seldom permitted to grow over six feet, more often as low as three or four. By thus dwarfing the trees the leaves are far more delicate and are much more easily gathered. The leaf is shaped like the myrtle. The blossom is white, somewhat like the wild rose, but smaller and very fragrant. The pod holds two or three white seeds. They are often ground to extract the oil, which is greatly prized.

Many claim that all the varieties of tea are found on the same tree, and the only difference in them arises from climate, the peculiar situation and exposure of the land, the age when the leaves are picked, and the different mode of curing each grade of leaves. Others think there are quite a number of varieties, as among other herbs, grains, and fruit.

John Francis Davis in his work on "China and Its Inhabitants," says: "Specimens brought from the black and green tea countries differ slightly in the leaf—the green tea being a thinner leaf, rather lighter in color and longer in shape than the black tea." But "the Chinese themselves acknowledge that either black or green tea can be prepared from any tea-plant. Examine both kinds after having been expanded in hot water, and it will be observed that the black has more of the stem of the leaf, and often

some of the stalk on which it grew, while the green has been pinched off above the leaf-stem. The black, therefore, contains more of the woody fiber, while the green has only the fleshy part of the leaf itself, a good reason why it should be dearer."

There are other authorities who claim that there are varieties both in the black and the green tea-trees themselves, which difference is not the result of different processes in curing, and more varieties in the black than in the green tea-trees; but we are inclined to the opinion that the soil, the age of the leaf and the manipulation of the leaf when gathered, will account for the peculiar characteristics of each quality.—*Christian Union*.

THE DESSERT.

—Pat—"An' what sort of a wagon is that? Mike—"A donkey cart, to be sure, for me childers to ride in." Pat—"An' where's the donkey you hook to it?" Mike—"Faith, an' I pull it myself."

—A little Buffalo girl was not feeling well and her parents suggested that she might be about to have the chicken-pox, then prevalent. She went to bed laughing at the idea, but early next morning went into her parents' room, looking very serious, and said: "Yes, it is chicken-pox, papa; I found a fedder in the bed."

—"Little boy," said a gentleman, "why do you hold that umbrella over your head? It's not raining." "No." "And the sun is not shining." "No." "Then why do you carry it?" "Cause when it rains father wants it, and when the sun shines mother wants it, and it's only when it's this kind of weather that I can get to use it at all."

—"What do you think of the civil service law?" asked Mrs. Fangle, during an afternoon call on Mrs. Snaggs. "A civil service law! Why, I didn't know there was such a thing." "Yes, indeed, there is." "Well, I'll just let Bridget know it right away. She acts as though there was nothing of the kind in existence, and I won't stand it any longer."

—A little girl, who had been carefully trained by her mother, was being dressed for church Sunday. The gay gown had been put on and the little one surveyed herself with evident satisfaction. "Mamma," she said, "does God see every thing?" "Certainly, dear," said the mother. "Does He see me now?" "Why, yes," replied the astonished matron. "Well, then, he sees a pretty, neat looking little girl, doesn't He, mamma?"

—At a recent fashionable wedding, after the departure of the happy pair, a dear little girl, whose papa and mamma were among the guests, asked, with a child's innocent inquisitiveness: "Why do they throw things at the pretty lady in the carriage?" "For luck, dear," replied one of the bridesmaids. "And why," again asked the child, "doesn't she throw them back?" "Oh," said the young lady, "that would be rude." "No, it wouldn't," persisted the dear little thing, to the delight of her doting parents who stood by; "ma does."

—"Say, mamma," said Tommy, coming in with his cap in his hand, and a winning smile on his face, "there are some boys out here with me, and won't you give me a cooky apiece for them?" "Well, I guess so, my boy." "And say, mamma—" "What is it, Tommy?" "They're awful hungry, and couldn't they have two cookies apiece?" His mother laughed. "Well, yes, my dear, if they are good boys." "Oh, they are, mamma." "Very well, here is the cooky jar. By the way, Tommy, how many boys have you brought?" "Oh, only fourteen, mamma."

The Kitchen.

HOME HINTS.

BY MARY MARTIN.

"KEEP things moving! Pass them along!" These words I read in a paper to-day and I said, "Yea, verily."

Of what use an accumulated pile of cast off clothing? Ten to one not a single garment will ever be needed, and its final settling carpet rags. Besides, such a pile becomes a fine field for moths, and from them spread others, and parts of the house are infested that never would have been, had those garments been utilized for one's own wearing, or given to the needy. Yes, pass them along.

The poor ye have always with you, and if you are poor yourselves, there is almost always some one to be found in closer circumstances—straighter places. I call to mind a certain lady spoken of in terms of high approval and this was the reason given.

"She is far from rich, and sometimes her income is slender, but I like her because she is always trying to help some one poorer than herself."

There is real charity in this; and a little thought on the part of multitudes of house-mothers, how it would help pass the things along, and when you cannot give away, pass in another, and highly effectual manner.

The fire in the kitchen stove! Now haven't I thrown a bomb-shell? Isn't such a mention high heresy in this orthodox paper of prudent, saving ways? And yet, either this must be done many times, or an additional room provided for the constantly increasing accumulation.

Besides old clothing of every kind, there are old boxes, old shoes, old magazines, old papers, and endless things, "without a name," as one lady said to me as she emptied the contents of a bureau drawer at my feet. "There! what am I to do with them?"

Now my good bringing up will not allow me to consign any article to the flames, however much I may wish to, if a particle of good or use clings to saving it; but past use, past giving away, past every thing, why not abolish to mingle with the atmosphere giving place for what may follow.

Look at an article well before you decide upon its destiny, but remember that moth and rust will corrupt, and thieves break through and steal.

A rich woman once refused a poor widow a warm shawl, not because she expected to ever need it, but for the good it had done.

How many people have their attics or lumber-rooms full of rubbish. Yes, that's just the word. If I were there and given control what would I do? With the useless, increase the wood-pile. A comfortable amount of kindling may thus be added to one's stock. Old chairs, old tables, old lounges, broken bedsteads, worn out trunks, all past repair, why not burn them? Yesterday I ruthlessly thrust beneath the stove lid two fans, a box of worn and rusty hair-pins, an old grape box of musty contents, and divers other things of like description.

They had sat around, and sat around, waiting for use. No place or spot appeared where they could be worked in, and grown to "eye-sores," I despatched them.

It is a good plan to have a large box with cover, or a drawer near, into which one may put all old or new they think they may sometimes use, then when an odd chance arrives, or they feel the "spirit," the house will not have to be hunted over for the little piece they thought "right there." It is also well to

have a separate place for all garments or whatever one may give when opportunity occurs. Placed thus, a garment is more likely to be well disposed of, than in the general lot.

I fear from my little article the bachelors of our paper will consider me a terror from which they have gratefully escaped, but I am not wasteful, a spend-thrift, neither do I give every thing to others, or the flames. All this I can substantiate with good proof.

I remember when a child I always refrained throwing away any remnants of dinner remaining in my pail, and thought it a great sin to see other children do so on their way home from school. I believe the restraining influence was in the little couplet my mother early taught me.

"For willful waste makes woeful want
And I may live to say—
'Oh, how I wish I had the bread
That once I threw away.'"

Older grown, I am in the same place now, and have said many times I could live comfortably on what some people waste, and those same people would doubtless tell me with wide-open eyes. "They never burned a thing in their whole lives." No, nor gave the value of a dollar toward an object of charity. Verily they have their reward.

Most all people like plants, house plants, and most every woman can have a few at least. Some have no south window, some no faculty, but perseverance comes off conqueror, and the fish geraniums, sweet-scented geraniums, pelargoniums, ivies, and coleus plants will smile upon one brightly and cheerfully in the morning sun, sending a beam of comfort and beauty.

An inexpensive flower-stand may be made from an old box, size according to number of pots to occupy, and height of window. Cover three sides with Turkey red cotton, laying in side pleats an inch wide, tacking firmly top and bottom. This will stand considerable wear before becoming dingy, and can be easily brushed when the dust gathers among the pleats. If one were pinched for stow-away places the inside could be used. If more room than one end of the box was needed a piece of board neatly covered with red could be laid on and the flower pots would find a stand.

What to use for flower pots is a wide question with different people. While I suppose many plants will grow as well in a cracked pitcher, broken tea pot, or tin can, as in a modest earthen flower pot, I must say I much prefer the latter. Can't you cut off somewhere this side the flower pots? Don't detract from the flower by its surroundings. A really fine gem is worthy a fine setting, but in this as all other matters circumstances must control, and, who does the best his circumstances will admit does the best he can. "Angels can do no more."

While hitting upon useful, saving ways, there is one I fear is sometimes overlooked, it is saving yourself. Yes, that's what I mean. Saving yourself from constant over-work, constant fretting, and an untimely grave. There is no question but that many are hurried to their resting place before their time by a ceaseless wear and tear, that many times might be avoided, and no one knows it better than the house-mothers themselves—their "prophetic bones" tell them 'tis true. And, since economy in the household is the great end and beginning with many housekeepers, why not commence at the bottom strata, and save herself? Says a sensible writer—a woman. "Economy is a great art and the world's salvation, but let judgment be exercised as to which is the false and which the true."

There is no saving grace in the "penny wise and pound foolish" rule. A person who places upon her table and

partakes of food that is beyond an eating condition—"beginning to spoil," because she cannot afford to scrape it out among the waste scraps where it belongs, is acting according to the rule just quoted, laying a foundation for a disordered stomach and comfortable doctor's bill.

A good defining of true economy would seem to be in this fact, putting things to their best use. Not merely time and money but things, all things. When the mother is all tired and weary, she cannot be to her household the wise and pleasant counsellor that rested nerves and muscles produce. Much discord and strife often arises from a hasty word uttered when the jaded system is over-wearied.

I called upon a family a short time since, where one of the daughters exclaimed:

"Don't say a word to mother! she's cross this afternoon."

"Mother," usually an amiable lady, smiled as she replied, "That's what they tell me. Say I'm out of sorts. Perhaps I am. My head aches to-day and I don't feel very well."

"There!" I thought, "the key-note is struck. Very likely she has been doing all day's work for two or three successive days, and now the re-action, the 'tired' has come."

If people are strong, vigorous, and well, they cannot stand every thing—there will come a strain when the snap will be felt if the tug is too hard and too long.

I have said, and say again, for a woman who is housekeeper, nurse, and general seamstress, to work steadily at hard, muscular labor several days in succession is doing too much even though she has one to help. Work and rest, rest and work, that is the better rule in the long run, and one that pays in honest coin. If you are tired enough to drop and there is a big pile of dinner dishes to be washed, drop. The dishes can wait; they will not be needed again till supper time. Rest two or three hours, or do some sitting down work, and with renewed strength you can reduce the pile much easier and quicker, and all before they are needed.

Some housekeepers are exceedingly particular. Every dish must pass through at least three showers of hottest water. If I were a boarder I think I should like this rule, but I would ask the three-water women how a dish that is positively, perfectly clean with one, or we will say two waters, can be any more so if rinsed in sixteen? And yet there are those who devoutly believe, one water clean, two waters cleaner, and so on. And while we are on the dish washing, I will put in a word for the towels, dish towels, "wipers," called by some. Have white ones.

"Why, we always do!"

Yes, I know. But I mean once white always white or to speak a little plainer, keep them clean. It is not to be supposed one woman that reads THE HOUSEHOLD allows her dishes to be wiped with a dirty towel. By no means! But don't let them grow dingy and keep them smelling sweet. Time was when I thought a slight washing in hot water and soap sufficient for the wiper, now I know a good rinsing after in clear cold water is by all means to be recommended and followed, and if three waters come in, in the washing I prefer them for towels.

I once read a scientific article entitled, "Death in a Dishcloth." And good logic was brought to prove. Wholesome truths were hit upon, and well. I believed and have remembered it ever since, and one other fact I shall cling to, white, sweet-smelling dishtowels are a sign of good housekeepers, even if small matters are sometimes mislaid and the dinner dishes sometimes unwashed till supper time, while the mother leisurely rests in her comfortable arm chair, or dozes an hour

upon the lounge. A mother must be more than food and raiment to her family, but she cannot if all her energies are consumed in those two.

Drop the needle and the rolling pin occasionally, even at the expense of a few pies less, or Susie's dress one ruffle. Very swiftly life is passing and Susie's mamma is more than pies or ruffles—save yourself!

I had thought to give a few more hints. One I will mention, namely, sprinkling fine salt under the edge of woolen carpets where moths will sometimes gather. This should be done sparingly, very, or upon a warm summer's day if doors and windows are tightly closed, pickle will be suggested by the smell. This caution is needed, for it is true many good people are upon the principle a little good, more, better.

In the home life, as all know, much encouragement, much hope and patience are needed. If through our magazines and papers we can gather such, it is so much to help on our way. Life is made up of the littles—from these at last develops the grand whole. With much love, patience, and trust, is it not possible to make home and life an influence sweet, far-reaching, fragrant and joyous as a beautiful, restful poem?

ABOUT SMALL ECONOMIES.

In most households there are two steady enemies to small economies. One is the husband and the other the cook; and against these powerful and antagonistic influences the frugal housekeeper has her daily fight. Of the two, the cook is the frankest. She is under no delusion about her opinions, her principles or her practice. She does not hesitate for a moment in saying that one method of administration is laudable and becoming to a lady, and the other is mean, and not to be encouraged by any co-operation. The two are alike in their opinion of desirable results. Both the cook and the husband like the liberal, well-spread table, but they totally disagree about the means of reaching those results. The husband believes in the traditional soup made out of a boot leg; the cook will put up with a soup-bone, but what she likes best is a standing-rib, well boiled down. The first principle in housekeeping he says is vigilant, thorough supervision. He approves of the housekeeper who goes to market, and then, receiving the stores when they come home, sees that the bunch of beets is the one she selected. He likes her to follow this bunch of beets—to know that they are properly cooked, and that nothing is lost in the paring. If the skins can be used in a stew or the water made to sweeten a cake, he would consider that a triumph of housewifery. She ought to know how many beets are needed too for the family, and if any are left, she should follow them from the table to the refrigerator, and thence to the table again. If she has not enough for another dish, she should make a salad or some of the mysterious economical dishes mentioned in cooking school formulas.

To all this the wife theoretically agrees. Whether she personally likes to do it or not, she has faith in some supervision and direction of stores. When she attempts to put her theory into practice, she meets the cook standing like a Greek in her way. She may also take on the courage of the Ionian Isles, but it is an ancient Sparta against modern Athens, and the odds are on the side of the cook.

When it comes to the boot leg question, the husband has a clear idea that this needs to be boiled in water (which is cheap) and then seasoned. The cook makes out the list for seasoning—so much stock, so much cream, so many almonds, and certain other condiments at her fan-

cy. The husband agrees with the cook in believing the soup ought to be good, but they misapprehend each other about the means of making it so. To him the merit of the soup is two-fold. It ought to be excellent and cheap. To her the boot-leg is the disadvantage, and she gallantly brings the larder to the rescue. He looks to the wife to have the soup answer his just demands. The cook looks to her for her resources.

The two are alike in another respect—they believe in the feast, and have no regard for the consequent famine. Nothing so irritates a cook as to have to keep things on hand. What is left from breakfast she wants to use for lunch, and if any thing remains from dinner that cannot be used for breakfast, she wants to put it in the slop-pail, or give it away at the back gate. She hates to have preserves and pickles and canned goods put away as if they were never to be used. She would have plum preserves three times a day if she had her way, and her rule is to empty the jar without regard to the fact that it holds two quarts, and there are but two to eat them. The husband has the same idea. "Why don't you have the strawberries and the watermelon pickled?" he says; and then he adds that he doesn't see the use in putting up things to spoil. They also agree in expecting her to be ready for emergencies, and always have something in the house.

The husband is an enemy to small economies in another direction. He objects to the door-plate on which Thompson is spelled with a "p," and cannot understand a woman's passion for a bargain when she does not need it. It is of no use for her to tell him that it would be best to buy the children's coats in February for next November because they are cheaper at the end of the season than they will be at the beginning. He thinks their coats are good enough, and as far as their outgrowing them by another season, it is best to wait and see. If the wife has a pair of gloves, why on earth should she buy another pair simply because they are on a bargain counter? He grimly smiles when he sees a procession of women filing out of a store that has flamed out an advertisement "great reductions." In his soul he knows that each one of the paper bundles they carry contains something bought because it is cheap, and not because it was needed. In one way he is right, but a woman, when she goes out to buy something she needs, finds it a bargain ready to her hand. A bargain is a thing that happens. It has its own laws and one of them is that it comes at the moment when there is no pressing need for it, and when there is no money idle for investment. It may be wanted next month, and the prophetic soul of the wife comprehends the fact. When the day of need does come, and she pays full market price, she is grieved because she remembers.

No woman could have written that cruel satire that spells Thompson in the most ordinary and natural way. She knows too well that when five dollars has to buy ten dollars' worth that a dollar out of season is the bird in the hand. She knows what it is to have the boot-leg bought for her, and then to have to find the cream and the almonds and the stock. Hers is the fight for the small economies, but it is her husband who wears the judicial crown, and her cook who waves the triumphant palm.—*Exchange.*

THE DINING ROOM TABLE.

A correspondent of this journal entered a protest not long since against keeping the table set from meal to meal on account of the liability there was of one thing and another being laid upon

the table and on the dishes, unless the room was closed except at meal times. And when the table is set in the kitchen, as in the case instanced, and as is done in many families in country homes, it may not be advisable to leave it set at all times. Still, if it can be arranged to have the table a little aside by itself, or, what is better, a screen placed in front of it, the dishes can usually be left on the table without fear of their coming to grief from things being laid upon them.

But to do this it is not necessary that all should be properly placed, though if one cares more for the looks than for the convenience and saving of work this method may not meet with favor, as with the case referred to, where the lady thought it "looked so pretty" to see the table ready set. In our own case, the dining room is used neither for kitchen nor as general sitting room or sewing room; but is between the kitchen and sitting room, and therefore is more or less open and used for various purposes. But we make a practice of removing the dishes and various belongings only when we wish to change the cloth, say two or three times a week; changing thus occasionally from colored to white, as being more agreeable to the eye than the same cloth used day after day in succession. Even then it seems quite a task to remove and replace all the things, while the thought of clearing and re-setting the table entire every meal would seem really a formidable one.

It is different now than in the days of our grandmothers, when a very few dishes served the purpose, to say nothing of the various other table belongings of the present day, even in families of only very moderate pretension to style. To remove and replace the tea things, the castors, the glass ware and silver, with the napkins, table mats, tooth picks and innumerable individual dishes such as pepper and salt, butter plates, crumb saucers, etc., too innumerable to mention.

To compromise the matter, the soiled dishes only need be removed, while the rest may be gathered together in the center of the table; the clean dishes, after being wiped may be placed in piles, the silver together, and then covered, and thus kept from the dilemma of having the hammer laid on one's napkin, or the clothes broom put on one's knife and fork, or tacks on one's tea plate.

Then a little before meal time, it is a small task to arrange all these things to what it is to gather them from the cupboard, china closet, sideboard, or wherever they may have been lodged in the brief time between the various meals of the day. Or, if one leaves the dishes in the draining tray, as we are quite likely to do from one meal to another, they may be placed from there upon the table, and the other things then arranged in due order for the given meal.

The fact is, the work of the day consists in so many little things; so much handling, placing, and replacing of our working tools that unless we manage in some way to reduce this part of our labor to as economical a method as possible, we become the veriest slaves to little nothings, leaving us neither rest or leisure for more needful recreations. And thus where the table can be nearly ready, and things at hand to receive the food when it is time to be dished up; and when the task of clearing away becomes a little less, because we can leave many of our table belongings together on the table, we are ready to bless the one who invented or made it proper form to have our table partly in readiness for the three times siege of every day.

Common custom has made so many little things now a necessity, which were not in former days, that we cannot well set a table as simply as we could even a

few years since, though we may pay only a moderate deference to style or elaboration of dishes. And these little things become a source of enjoyment to a meal, and to be deprived of them would be a felt loss of what use renders our usual table appointments.

One man, as the story goes, on being asked in what consisted a good dinner, replied, "A good appetite, something to eat and a napkin." So to many; the napkin has become a necessity; they have been "brought up," as it were, to use them; though to change them every meal or daily as some families do seems to us needless, and making much needless work. But to change two or three times a week is not a burden to any family.

Then our crumb saucers. A useless appendage, some may say. But once use them for a time, and see how convenient they are for receiving potato skins, meat or fish bones, egg shells, or any thing else we wish to remove from the dinner plate, and at what a loss we are to know what to do with these things are the crumb dishes missing from beside the plate. One dish may perhaps serve for two persons in the home family, and they save the table cloth so much from being soiled that they more than make up the little extra work of using them. The same saucers may serve as sauce plates for tea, and kept on the table after washing from one meal to another.

ONE OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

HOW TO SELECT MEATS.

In selecting beef choose that which has a loose grain, easily yielding to pressure, of a clear red, with whitish fat. If the lean is purplish and the fat yellow, it is poor beef. Beef long kept turns a darker color than fresh killed. Stall fed beef has a lighter color than grass fed.

Ox beef is the best, and next, that of a heifer.

In cold weather it is economical to buy a hind quarter; have it cut up, and what is not wanted immediately pack with snow in a barrel. All meats grow tender by keeping. Do not let meats freeze, if they do, thaw them in cold water, and do not cook it until fully thawed. A piece weighing ten pounds requires ten or twelve hours to thaw.

In selecting veal, take that which is firm and dry, the joints stiff, having the lean a delicate red, the kidney covered with fat, and the fat very white. If you buy the head, see that the eyes are plump and lively, and not dull and sunk in the head. If you buy the legs get those which are not skinned, as the skin is good for jelly or soup.

In choosing mutton, take that which is bright red and close-grained, with firm and white fat. The meat should feel tender and springy on pressure. Notice the vein in the neck of the fore quarter, which should be a fine blue.

In selecting pork, if young, the lean can be easily broken when pinched, and the skin can be indented by nipping with the fingers. The fat also will be white and soft. Thin rind is best.

In selecting hams, run a knife along the bone, and if it comes out clean, the ham is good; but if it comes out smeared, it is spoiled. Good bacon has white fat, and the lean adheres closely to the bone. If the bacon has yellow streaks, it is rusty, and not fit to use.

In selecting poultry, choose those that are full grown, but not old. When young and fresh killed, the skin is thin and tender, the joints not very stiff, and the eyes full and bright. The breastbone shows the age, as it easily yields to pressure if young, and is tough when old. If young, you can with a pin, easily tear the skin. A goose when old, has red and

hairy legs; but when young they are yellow, and have few hairs. The pin feathers are the roots of feathers, which break off and remain in the skin, and always indicate a young bird. When very neatly dressed they are pulled out.

In selecting fish, take those that are firm and thick, having stiff fins and bright scales, the gills bright red, and the eyes full and prominent. When fish are long out of water they grow soft, the fins bend easily, the scales are dim, the gills grow dark, the eyes sink and shrink away. Be sure and have them dressed immediately, sprinkle them with salt, and use them if possible the same day. In warm weather put them on ice, or corning for the next day. Shell-fish can be decided upon only by the smell. Lobsters are not good unless alive, or else boiled before offered for sale. They are black when alive and red when boiled. When to be boiled they are put into boiling water, which is the quickest and least cruel way to end life.

In hot weather, if there is no refrigerator, then wipe meats dry, sprinkle on a little salt and pepper, and hang in the cellar. Or, still better, wrap it, thus prepared in a dry cloth, and cover it with charcoal or ashes. Mutton wrapped in a cloth wet with vinegar, and laid on the ground in a dry cellar, keeps well and improves its tenderness.

Hang meat a day or two after it is killed before coming it.

NEATNESS IN DRESS AT HOME.

The importance of neat and tasteful house dressing can not be overestimated. The matron who appears before the members of her family in a shabby, soiled wrapper, and makes the excuse—if, indeed, she takes the trouble to make one at all—"that it is so much more comfortable," has little idea of the possible consequences of such a course. Could she but realize that her dress is an evil example to her daughters, and one productive of consequences that will reach far beyond her own span of life; that husband and sons cannot fail to draw comparisons between her dress and that of the ladies they meet in other homes, and that these comparisons cannot fail to decrease their respect for her, she might be induced to give more attention to her personal appearance.

Not even the burden of care and constant employment can furnish sufficient excuse for careless personal habits, for few things are more important to the well being of a family. There is an old saying to the effect that an untidy mother has disobedient children; and while neither parents nor children may realize the why or wherefore of it, yet there is always a lack of respect and indifference to the authority of a mother who takes no pride in her personal appearance. And it is not the mother alone upon whose shoulders rests the burden of responsibility for home neatness and order in dress; the father has his duties to look after as well, and should never fail to insist upon the younger members of the family presenting themselves with well-kept hands, clean faces, neatly-brushed hair, and orderly dress, at least at every meal where the family assemble.—*Brooklyn Magazine.*

TO YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

Be satisfied to commence on a small scale. It is too common for young housekeepers to begin where their mothers ended. Buy all that is necessary to work skillfully with; adorn the house with all that will render it comfortable. Do not look at richer homes and covet their costly furniture. If secret dissatisfaction is ready to spring up, go a step further and visit the homes of the suffering poor; be-

hold dark, cheerless apartments, insufficient clothing, and absence of all the comforts and refinements of social life, and then return to your own with a joyful spirit. You will then be prepared to meet your husband with a grateful heart, and be ready to appreciate the toil of self-denial which he has endured in the business world to surround you with the delights of home; and you will co-operate cheerfully with him in so arranging your expenses, that his mind will not be constantly harassed lest his expenditures may encroach upon public payments. Be independent. A young housekeeper never needed greater moral courage than she does now, to resist the arrogance of fashion. Do not let the A's and B's decide what you shall have, neither let them hold the strings of your purse. You know best what you can afford. It matters but little what people think, provided you are true to yourself, to right and duty, and keep your expenses within your means.

OMELETS.

"If it were done, when 'tis done,
Then it were well it were 'eaten' quickly."

In the above couplet I have somewhat twisted the lines of our greatest poet to make them applicable to my subject.

I am never more convinced of the misnomer of "Household Helps" as applied to that department of many newspapers, which is intended to instruct us, than when said department contains some of the current recipes for making of omelets. We are told that they should be "nicely browned," whereas the browning requires a degree of heat which develops to a point of indigestibility the sulphur of the yolk, causing an unpleasant after-taste. Six or eight eggs, too, are commonly prescribed. An omelet of this size, however, requires so much cooking to keep its shape at the table, that it is rendered tough and indigestible. A well-proportioned and well-cooked omelet is one of the most palatable, economical and wholesome dishes for breakfast or luncheon to be found in the whole round of culinary art. It is, at the same time, so quickly prepared, allows of so great a variety of flavors, and is so slightly when placed before a guest, that it is worth a little time and trouble to learn to make it to perfection.

An experience of many years with all sorts of cook books, and modes of making, proves that the perfect omelet should not consist of more than three large eggs, or enough for two persons. This does not refer to the "soufflé," which is a kind of spongy pudding eaten as a part of the dessert at dinner. Bear in mind that the difference between a tender and a tough omelet consists only in the time of cooking. Various books and recipes give the time from five to ten minutes, while it need not and should not exceed one minute.

The materials common to all omelets are fresh eggs and butter, and cream if possible; if not, the richest milk. Even in the city one can generally filch from the daily supply of milk cream enough for this purpose. If the butter is salt it had better be washed in water and pressed dry, as butter much salted is apt to burn in the melting, and thus cause the omelet to stick to the pan. The latter should be of thin wrought iron, about nine inches across the top. Professor Blot taught his pupils that a pan should be kept especially for this purpose, and never washed but simply wiped with a clean cloth. This is not strictly necessary, but it is essential that the pan should be very smooth and clean, and that nothing should have ever burned or adhered to it in cooking. If you do keep a pan especially for omelets, it should be

slightly greased when put away, and when about to use it, warm it gently and wipe with a dry cloth, then rub it well with a bit of muslin dipped in beef dripping, and set it on the fire which must be brisk and clear in order to insure rapidity in cooking.

Put in the pan one ounce of butter cut in bits, and melt it quickly, shaking and turning the pan to prevent it scorching. The instant it is all melted dash in the beaten eggs with a sort of rotary motion so as to distribute it evenly all over the bottom of the pan. If poured all in the center of the pan it is apt to stick at that spot. Grasp the handle of the pan in your left hand, and as the eggs begin to "set," with a broad-bladed knife lift the cooked egg quickly from all parts of the pan, letting the liquid portion follow the knife, but do not let the knife really touch the bottom of the pan.

Now fold the omelet from the sides towards the middle of the pan, being sure that it does not stick in any part: have ready the warm oval omelet dish, invert it on the pan, and with a quick turn of your wrists overturn dish and pan together quickly and the omelet will rest on the plate.

So much for the cooking, and now for the mixing. Beat three eggs and two teaspoonfuls of cream and a very little fine salt (about half a saltspoonful) lightly together until the yolks are well broken. As soon as the froth begins to rise, pass it through a wire sieve to break any bits of hard yolk. This is the plain omelet, the *omelette au naturel* of the French, and is the basis of every kind.

The most popular of all omelets among the French, and one that can be had at every wayside inn, even in the most remote corners of sunny France, is the *omelette aux fines herbes*. It is made by adding to the above a teaspoonful of minced parsley and shallots (young onions) with a very little thyme and sweet marjoram. It is often mixed with the eggs before cooking, but I prefer to sprinkle it over the omelet a few seconds after the process begins, as, if added before the eggs begin to set slightly, the green particles find their way to the bottom of the pan and sometimes cause trouble by sticking. Close allied to this is the "*jardinière*." For this a tablespoonful of minced water-cress and tiny celery plants are used. Any of these herbs may be used alone, the water-cress and parsley omelet being especially appetizing.

A green pea omelet is made by adding two tablespoonfuls of young green peas that have been stewed, drained, seasoned with butter, salt and pepper. Put a circle of them around the omelet after it has been dished. The tender tops of cold, cooked asparagus, cut in dice and heated with a little butter and seasoning and used in a like manner is a most delightful spring breakfast. A mushroom omelet, when it can be made from those freshly gathered in the fields, is something that your guests will not soon forget. Stew a few with a little cream, season, add a bit of butter, and when they are cooked so as to be just moist, spread an omelet that is just ready to fold, with two tablespoonfuls. The mushrooms should stew about ten minutes, and should be cut small before they are put over the fire.

Very finely chopped, lean, tender, boiled ham, makes an excellent variety. Cold tongue, chicken or veal can be used in the same way. If the meat is dry, as such remnants are apt to be, put the quantity intended for the omelet in a little saucepan with a teaspoonful of cream gravy to just moisten it and when hot spread it over the omelet.

A veal kidney makes a most epicurean omelet. One will be enough for two

omelets of three eggs each. You may take the opportunity to lay it aside from your loin of veal. Boil it until tender. This can be done in the stock pot. Chop it into dice, and heat it in a very little gravy, seasoning nicely.

One might almost write a volume on the subject, but for fear of tiring your patience I will only mention three more. Raw tomatoes cut in dice, drained, seasoned slightly, and added to the cooked omelet before turning, is, to my mind, the best tomato omelet that can be made, but thick, stewed tomatoes can be used in the same way, and some pour a sauce of the same over the omelet at the moment of serving.

Lastly for a supper dish try a cheese omelet. An ounce of rich old cheese, grated and sprinkled over at the moment of folding, either with or without minced parsley.—*Exchange*.

GREEN CORN RECIPES.

Corn Pudding.—Grate two dozen ears of green corn, three pints of milk, two crackers, three eggs, two teacups of sugar, a little salt, bake two or three hours; eat with butter and pepper. Very nice.

Corn and Beans.—Green corn cut from the cob and added to the pot of beans and pork is a great improvement.

Corn Oysters.—One-half pint of sweet milk, lump of saleratus size of a pea, three heaping tablespoonfuls of flour, sifted after being measured, one teaspoonful of salt, two well beaten eggs, five good-sized ears of corn.

Corn Soup.—One quart of milk, one pint of grated green corn, the same quantity of water, two tablespoonfuls of butter, heaping tablespoonful of flour, a slice of onion, pepper and salt to taste. Cook the corn in the water for half an hour. Let the milk and onion come to a boil. Mix the butter and flour together and add a few tablespoonfuls of the milk. When perfectly smooth stir into the remainder of the milk and cook eight minutes. Take out the onion, add the corn, season to taste and serve.

Gumbo.—Three fine gray squirrels, skinned and cleaned; joint as you would chickens for fricassee, half a pound fat salt pork, one onion (if liked) sliced, twelve ears of green corn cut from the cob, six large tomatoes, pared and sliced, three tablespoonfuls of butter, rolled in flour, parsley and enough water to cover the squirrels. Put on squirrels, pork (cut up small,) onion and parsley in the water, and bring to a boil. When this has lasted ten minutes put in corn, and stew until squirrels are tender. Then add the tomatoes, cut up thin, and twenty minutes later stir in the butter and flour. Simmer ten minutes, and serve in a large, deep dish.

An Omelet.—Take well filled ears of sweet corn, and, with a linen cloth, remove all the silk between the rows of kernels. Cut the kernels down the center being careful not to loosen them from the cob, and then take out the pulp by pressing downward with a knife. To three tablespoonfuls of the green corn pulp add the well beaten yolks of three eggs and a little salt. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and mix with the corn and the yolks and pour into a hot frying pan with a little butter, cover immediately, and set it where it will cook but not burn. When set, fold over the omelet and serve on a hot dish immediately.—*Exchange*.

—A few drops of ammonia in hard water will not only soften it, but will remove dirt better than soap. It is always a good article to use when bathing the person, and the water in which it is diluted makes an excellent stimulant to house and other plants.

—A most appetizing salad is made by shaving cabbage about as fine as it is possible to shave it, sprinkle white mustard over it, using enough so that there will be a distinct flavor of mustard. An ounce of seed to one small head of cabbage will do; one or two yellow peppers should be cut into very small slices and added; pour cold vinegar over all, add a little salt and sugar, and then let stand for a day or two, so that the cabbage and peppers are really pickled. This may be packed in jars or be put into cans and kept all winter. It is nice with oysters or cold meats.

—Silver that is not in use will not tarnish if rubbed in oatmeal.

—To remove ink spots, dip the spotted part in pure melted tallow, then wash.

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—For several years I have been a reader of THE HOUSEHOLD. Though I have been a silent member so long, I have often felt that I must write my appreciation of its value, and thank the kind sisters for their many useful suggestions. Both fancy work and kitchen chats interest me very much. To young housekeepers like myself the paper is indeed valuable.

In the March number, moss mat directions should have read treble crochet according to most directions. I have always called thread over once double crochet and thoughtlessly wrote it so. I hope the mat will be liked and that she who tries it will report.

Yes, Theresa, I have tried the leather iron holders. I used two layers of leather covered with ticking. I never used it but once, as my hands were almost blistered.

To the sister that wrote about not getting cheap things, I agree as to cretonne and articles that fade, but as to cheese cloth curtains, mine are a success. I could not afford good lace ones, and cheap ones I would not have, so I made some half curtains, or rather deep lambrequins, of six-cent bleached cheese cloth, one and three-fourths yards to each window, using selvedge for top and bottom. About an inch from the bottom, I drew out threads an inch wide, left a space the same width, then drew out another inch. The first year I ran red skirt braid in the open work, used them a year or so, then changed the color of the room to "pale pink and blue," took the braid out and ran in strips of pink and blue silesia fringed. They were very pretty. The next year they did service without any color in the dining room, and now are doing duty in the kitchen. Four years' wear and still good, what more can one ask?

It is hard to find a stopping-place there are so many things to write about. The letters are all so home-like that one feels as though writing to friends as, indeed, we all are. Daisy A.'s beef rolls and creamed eggs are good. But I will not take more space this time. I will add a recipe or two which are excellent.

Omelet.—Six eggs beaten separately, to beaten yolks add pinch of salt and one tablespoonful of flour smoothed in one cup of sweet milk, then beaten whites stirred in lightly, then melt a tablespoonful of butter in a hot skillet, pour egg in, let it stand on the stove until the bottom settles, then put the skillet in the oven, and bake till done (a few minutes if the oven is as hot as it ought to be) and lift on warm plate, keeping right side up.

Doughnuts.—Two cups of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, three beaten eggs, beat well together, one pint of sour cream in which dissolve one teaspoonful of soda, and flour to make soft dough. These are very soft and if kept in a stone

jar will keep moist a long time. Mine do not last very long.

I wonder how many of the sisters are using natural gas for cooking. I have been one of the fortunate in that respect for three years, so much hard, dirty work is saved me. I wish all of you were enjoying the same privilege. MAUD C.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I am a subscriber to your valuable paper since last October, and now I want to ask several questions. Will some one tell me why in spite of careful management linen collars and cuffs will be blistered? My girl came to me this week with a worried face, saying she had spent nearly an hour over one shirt, but the cuffs would come out blistered.

After one has with great care made a batch of sugar or molasses cookies, wishing them soft when baked, it is very annoying to have them as hard as ginger snaps. Will some one of THE HOUSEHOLD Band tell me what she thinks is the cause, also send me a recipe for molasses cookies proved to be good? I am generally very successful in matters of this kind and do not like to give up.

Will some of the members kindly send me directions for knitting an open, pretty lace of from twenty to thirty stitches wide? I am aware I am asking a great deal, but will be happy to reciprocate if I can. Being a new subscriber, I, of course, have missed all that the more fortunate know.

In a late number, Lizzie S. Neill asks for a recipe for oat meal bread. I send mine as bread made by it is always good. The oat meal must be fine. Make a porridge just as you would for the table, when cooled to blood heat put in what yeast you judge will raise it, salt and molasses, knead into bread with white flour, without other wetting, let it rise in the mixing bowl, mould into loaves and let it rise again. Bake in a slower oven than is required for white bread. I have not mentioned quantities because they depend on how much porridge is made. I should use about a quart of water for it. This will make about three loaves. I use half a cup of yeast and the same of molasses.

A New Subscriber asks how to make lemon and vanilla extracts. I make all my own extracts myself, and also essence of Jamaica ginger, which we all know to be better than the best we can buy. To one pint of alcohol put the outside rind of six lemons, cut off very thin, taking care not to get any of the white peel as it is bitter. Shake it up daily. It will be fit for use in four or five weeks.

Vanilla I make by cutting six beans very fine into one pint of alcohol. Vanilla beans are very expensive, yet home-made extract is cheaper and more satisfactory than the commercial.

If Retta will give me her address enclosing a stamp, I will give her full instructions about canning beans, peas, etc., in glass jars. MRS. D. S. CRANE. Barrington, R. I.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Having been a subscriber for three years, may I not come into the Band? THE HOUSEHOLD is such a helpful paper I welcome its coming and sigh when I have finished reading and laid it aside. I would like to give the sisters a recipe that I have long used and know to be excellent.

Mustard Pickles, or Chow-Chow.—You can use any vegetables you like. I take cauliflower, cucumbers and small onions, equal quantities of each. The cauliflower must be cut into small pieces, leaving a little of the blossom unbroken on each one. The cucumbers, unless they are very tiny ones, cut into nice even pieces, add a few small green pepper pods, and let these stay twenty-four hours in cold brine. The onions are to be scalded and

left to soak in a vessel by themselves. Next morning mix all together and drain for an hour through a colander. Now we will suppose you have four quarts of prepared vegetables; put them in a preserving kettle and pour on enough of the best cider vinegar to cover well, and put on the stove to simmer. For this quantity take one-fourth pound of English mustard mixed smooth with water that has been boiled and become lukewarm, add two small tablespoonfuls of cayenne pepper and two ounces of tumeric, which you get for a few cents at the druggist's. Stir in this dressing, and let the vegetables simmer until they are tender, watching and stirring from time to time. Put into wide mouthed bottles and cork while hot. Half a pint of nasturtiums are nice, and may or may not be included. Imported chow-chow has no sugar, but it may be added to please the taste of some of the Johns. MRS. P.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have seen some queries in our paper that I can answer, and so I apply for admission to our charmed circle. I received THE HOUSEHOLD as a wedding present nearly a year ago, and I do not know what I should do without it, there are so many helpful hints that are invaluable to a beginner in the art of house and home keeping.

I fully endorse Ruth's views in her letter in the February number.

Jennie A. K., I think you would shiver if you could see our snow banks here in northern New York.

M. Ettie McL., green cucumbers just from the vine can be put down so as to keep for winter use. This recipe is for two hundred pickles: Two gallons of vinegar, one ounce each of allspice and cloves, two ounces each of mustard seed and alum, six ounces of horseradish and a scant half-pint of salt. Boil all together and pour over the pickles.

Mrs. Clara L. Parish, I think you will like my recipe for coffee cake: One cup each of butter, white sugar, and molasses, one cup of coffee as strong as you have it for the table, one teaspoonful each of soda, cinnamon and nutmeg, cloves to taste and three cups of flour.

Some one asked for pop-overs that will pop. The following is good. One cup each of milk and flour, one egg and one teaspoonful of salt. Mix salt and flour, then the milk a little at a time, then the yolk of the egg, and, lastly, the white of the egg, which has been beaten to a stiff froth. Beat all well together and bake in hot buttered roll pans in a moderate oven.

I append some recipes which John and John's mother pronounce excellent.

Rice Pudding.—Put half a cup of rice in a two-quart pudding dish, with two-thirds of a cup of sugar, a lump of butter the size of a walnut, and a little salt. Fill the dish with milk and bake in a rather slow oven two hours. If properly done the pudding will be creamy and rich. Stir frequently the first hour to prevent a crust forming over the top.

Rolls.—One quart of milk scalded in the steamer and cooled, one-half of a small cup of yeast, one heaping tablespoonful of sugar, a lump of butter the size of an egg, melted, one-half of a small teaspoonful of soda, add enough flour to make a stiff batter, set over night to rise, in the morning add flour to knead and let it rise again. Knead down as many times as it rises during the day, about three o'clock make into biscuit and let it rise until ready to bake for tea.

Suet Pudding.—One cup of suet or one-half cup of butter, one cup of raisins or dried apples chopped fine, one cup each of molasses and sweet milk with one teaspoonful of soda dissolved, one teaspoonful of salt and three cups of flour. Steam three hours. If dried apples are used,

soak them over night and stew in the molasses.

Batter Pudding.—Two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one cup of milk, three small cups of flour, one egg, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and one cup of dried fruit. Steam one hour.

Ginger Snaps.—Bring to a scald one cup of molasses, and stir in one tablespoonful of soda, pour it while foaming over one cup of brown sugar, one egg, and one tablespoonful of ginger, beaten together, then add one tablespoonful of vinegar, and flour enough to roll stirred in as lightly as possible. If kept in the cellar they will be moist and tender as if made with shortening. John prefers them to any other cookies I can make.

Scalloped Onions.—Boil till tender six large onions, afterwards separate them with a spoon, then place a layer of onions and a layer of grated bread crumbs, alternately in a pudding dish, season with pepper and salt to taste, moisten with milk, put bits of butter over the top, and put in the oven to brown.

Corn Oysters.—Grate the corn from the cob, scraping all the milk from it, add three eggs to a dozen ears of corn, a little pepper and salt, and one tablespoonful of flour. Fry in hot lard in a spider.

Scotch Escallops.—Peel and slice potatoes rather thin, and cover the bottom of a dripping pan, sprinkle with pepper and salt, continue in like manner till the pan is full, then put a little butter on top and two or three slices of pork, pour over a generous supply of milk, cover closely and bake in a hot oven one hour.

VERA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been thinking for some time that I ought to write and thank the kind editor of THE HOUSEHOLD for sending me that invaluable paper for a wedding gift, and this morning having just finished my Saturday baking, with the aid of some of the recipes found there, I thought while I had their success fresh in my mind, I would sit down and thank the sisters for sending them.

I wonder if Mr. Crowell appreciates what a boon THE HOUSEHOLD is to a young housekeeper just taken away from the home where she had always been able to ask advice from mother on culinary matters. I have found THE HOUSEHOLD a great help and have appealed to its pages many times during the six months that I have enjoyed its visits, and I feel now as if I should never want to be without it. My husband, who is a physician, says the recipes for "Drinks and Foods for Invalids," given in the March number, is worth the price of a year's subscription.

I tried the rhubarb pie given by Retta in the June number and found it very nice.

Theresa, your frosting without eggs is, I think, better than that made with eggs. I hesitated at first about using it, but I have had excellent success with it.

I would like to ask if any of the sisters can send some recipes using maple sugar, I am very fond of it, and as my home is now in the east where quantities of it are made each season, I would like to know a nice way of using it if there is any.

Will some one please tell me how to make and cook fritters?

I would like to add a few recipes which I know to be good. L. P. asks for angels' food.

Angels' Food.—The whites of eleven eggs, one and one-half cups of granulated sugar, one cup of flour measured after being sifted four times, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Sift the flour and cream of tartar together. Beat the whites to a stiff froth. Sift the sugar into the eggs beating constantly, add the seasoning, lastly the flour, stirring quickly and lightly. Beat until ready to put

the mixture into the oven. Use a pan that has little legs on the top corners, so that when the pan is turned upside down on the table after the baking a current of air will pass over and under it. Bake forty-five minutes in a moderate oven. Do not grease the pan. If it browns too rapidly open the oven door very carefully and put a paper over. This is delicious, and is often used for bride's cake. Do not put in any soda, none is required.

Rice Pudding.—One half cup of rice boiled one hour in a double boiler in one quart of milk. Add four tablespoonfuls of sugar, and just before taking from the stove add the beaten yolks of four eggs. Take from the stove and put the whites which have been beaten stiff with a little sugar over the top and brown slightly in the oven. Set on ice or in a cool place.

Prune Pudding.—Soak one pound of prunes over night, in just enough water to cover them. Stone in the morning and boil in the water they were soaked in, with a small teacup of sugar until a thick paste, beating with a spoon until the skins are broken. Put aside to cool. Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth and add to the prunes. Put in a pudding dish and bake about fifteen minutes, or until brown. Serve cold with cream. MRS. E. C. A.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I feel almost a stranger among you, having taken THE HOUSEHOLD only a year. I have just finished reading the last one. I have gleaned much useful information, and wish to thank the dear sisters for endeavoring to help one another. In the culinary department, bread has always been a failure with me until I received THE HOUSEHOLD. I laughingly told my John if he did not renew my subscription for the coming year, I would make no more bread, but go back to baker's bread. The money was sent that very day, I believe.

I would be very grateful if some kind sister would tell me just how to make good molasses candy. I never get it just right to pull, it is either too hard or too soft. Also how to make chocolate caramels without using molasses.

In closing I will send a recipe for coffee bread, which we are very fond of: One cake of compressed yeast dissolved in two cups of lukewarm milk, before bed time put a little more than a pint of flour into a pan and stir in yeast and milk. In the morning add three-fourths of a cup of butter, one-half cup of sugar, one pint of milk, two eggs, and salt. Mould as for bread. When light roll out as for shortcake, put in square tins, and when light enough to bake cover tops with butter, sifting on sugar and cinnamon. I generally make one tin of biscuit from this dough, and if not wanted after cold, they make very nice rusks. ALPHA.

Menasha, Wis.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—The May number is received and contains so many good things, that I sit right down and pen a few lines of thanks.

Brownie Hart, let's shake hands, figuratively, at least. I do not live in a "flat" but have a cosy little home, in a quiet country village, which home, I am partial enough to think, is about as happy as any one can find, though very far removed from grandeur. Your "Hints on Housework," have expressed much better than I could, my own method, of keeping things neat and tidy, and I often praise myself to myself for managing to get so much time to spend out of doors, among my plants.

To young housekeepers, let me say, if callers should hinder you about your work, teach yourselves not to fret over things, remember it is not care and work, but fret and worry that makes so many of us the "bundle of nerves" we are.

How much better for us to have pleasant, quiet homes than to be over anxious about this, that and the other, and so soon wear ourselves into a state of health from which, perchance, we may never perfectly recover, at least only after long years of suffering.

I will send a recipe for peach pie, which I like very much. Line a deep plate with rich crust, and bake. Then take one-half can of peaches and cut the peaches once, add one cup of sugar, and part of the juice, beat one egg, yolk and white separately, thicken the yolk with granulated sugar and add the white, pour it over the pie and set it in the oven a few minutes to brown, watching closely lest it burn.

I use an oil stove, but have to exercise care lest cake, pies and bread burn rather than too little brown color. I do not know why Brownie Hart's stove should not bake right as well as mine.

BUSY SISTER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I have often thought I would write and thank you for THE HOUSEHOLD and tell you what a delightful companion I have found it to be for the year and a half I have taken it. At the expiration of the first year my John discovered the blue cross, and one evening he said, "I suppose you cannot keep house without THE HOUSEHOLD so I sent for it to-day."

Who is going to be first with the Bill of Fare spoken of in a late number?

L. P. will find the following a good recipe for angel's food: Use the whites of eleven eggs, one and a half tumblers of sifted granulated sugar, one tumbler of sifted flour, one teaspoonful of vanilla, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Sift the flour four times, then add the cream of tartar and sift again, but measure it before putting in the cream of tartar, sift the sugar and measure it; beat the eggs to a stiff froth on a large platter; on the same platter add the sugar lightly, then the flour gently, then the vanilla; do not stop beating until you put it in the pan to bake. Bake forty minutes in a moderate oven, try with a straw and if too soft let it remain a few minutes longer. Do not open the oven until the cake has been in fifteen minutes. Turn the pan upside down to cool, and when cold, take out by loosening around the sides with a knife, and then ice.

icing.—Whites of two eggs, two tea-cups of granulated sugar, boil the sugar until clear, with just enough water to moisten it. Having beaten the eggs to a stiff froth, pour boiling syrup very slowly over them. Dissolve one-half teaspoonful of citric acid in a small tablespoonful of water, and put enough in to make a pleasant tart—add a little essence of lemon. The pan for the cake should have feet, but I have used a common cake pan with good success. The tumbler for measuring must hold two and one-fourth gills.

I have never seen the recipe for Raisin Layer Cake in THE HOUSEHOLD, so will give mine. It is excellent, and never fails. One-third cup of butter, one cup of sugar, yolks of three eggs, white of one egg, one-half cup of water, two cups of flour (after it is sifted) two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in jelly cake pans.

Filling for Cake.—One coffee cup of raisins chopped very fine, whites of two eggs beaten very stiff. Make syrup of two-thirds of a teacup of sugar with three tablespoonfuls of water. Boil five minutes, pour over the eggs slowly, add raisins.

Would L. P. please report what success she has with the Angel's Food?

In frying doughnuts one must have nice sweet lard, the fat must be of the proper heat. When hot enough, it will cease to

bubble and be perfectly still, try with a bit of batter, and if of the right heat the dough will rise in a few seconds to the top and occasion a bubbling in the fat. They are done through when of a nice brown. When one side is done give a little tilt with the fork and they will turn.

H.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—A lovely spring morning, the air blowing gently from the south is balmy and fresh, sweet with the odor of pine and juniper. A blue misty haze hangs over the Mogollon mountains, while below, the valleys lie peaceful and quiet in the morning sunshine, the new green grass making a rich carpeting, a delight to the eyes and delicious to the palate of the beast. In the branch near by among the bright verdure of the willows flutter a number of merry sparrows, and in some bushes a few yards from the house chatter a pair of brilliant blue jays, doubtless discussing the expediency of building a home in that very bush. If they decide in the affirmative, I shall be obliging and each week hang my dishtowels elsewhere. Cunning birds are the blue jays with their saucy ways, but harsh, discordant voices. Think it nothing to fly on to the porch and peck at the meat hanging there, all the while watching you with their bright black eyes.

Just opposite the house, about a hundred yards distant, on a rocky knoll, frisk dozens of chipmunks. It is a delight to watch them, they seem to be rejoicing that warm weather has come; probably the winter's store is nearly exhausted and they are anxious to lay in another supply. Some are very busy carrying bits of food, others with pieces of paper and wool; and some are playing, chasing each other up and down the mountain, over great boulders, through bushes, down around by the pump, nearly to the house, now back again. We think it must be the children wasting so much time. Occasionally we see a large one sitting erect with hands crossed in front on the highest rock to be found, as if surveying the surrounding country, and at such times I watch the Johns of the ranch closely. They are apt to wander to the gun rack, and the target gun sometimes comes down. "Too nice a shot to miss," they say, but they miss a great many when I am around. We will not eat them, they live too much like prairie dogs, still they do no harm, and I will not, when I can prevent it, allow them killed simply to gratify a love for a "good shot."

Our deer and antelope are fast disappearing from that very reason. Shot down because they chance to be a nice mark, and left where they are killed, furnishing food for lions and wolves. This part of the territory has long been known for its abundance of game, really a hunter's paradise. And hunting expeditions from the surrounding towns come here every year, and slaughter every thing that comes in their way; perhaps, if they need them, taking the hams of the deer or antelope and leaving the rest, often all. Still a great many, usually those who are not so abundantly blessed in this world's goods, just getting a start in the "west country," kill the game for sustenance, laying up a supply in the fall for the winter, which saves them killing their sheep or cattle, and, too, the meat of the deer and antelope is very nice either fresh or dried, and the wild turkeys we have found as juicy and delicious as any tame ones we ever ate.

Letters have reached me bearing only the address I gave in my first letter to THE HOUSEHOLD, and I was very much surprised, but pleased to get them. Some came direct, others found their way to the territory capitol, was sent from there to the Inquiry Division at St. Louis, there marked "No such post office in state named," and banished to the dead letter office and after all that, found their way to this spot, bearing their message of friendly cheer and kindly words of sympathy for my (as they seem to think) lonely life.

This ranch is isolated but not nearly so much as those surrounding it, as we are upon a well traveled public road, and there is most always some one about. 'Tis true we miss some things sadly, some things we can find no substitute for, we miss the dear home faces, we miss church and social privileges, but we will not sigh in discontent, but console ourselves that it will not always be so, perhaps that very fact, together with the novelty of the situation, and I trust a good slice of contentment, helps us bear our lot so well. At any rate we are never entirely dejected. And again my husband is usually at home; when it is necessary for him to go to the camps to carry provisions to the herders, see that the sheep are all right, none lost, etc., I generally go, as horseback riding is something I never tire of, often riding twenty miles at a time.

When he is compelled to go alone and no one here, if I grow tired of reading, writing or work, I don my bonnet and gloves and low heeled walking shoes, and climb the mountain in front of my home. It is very steep and fearfully rocky, but all the more of an appetizer, and the

air is so pure and fresh that one seems to drink in a draught of health with every breath. When the ascent is completed I seat myself on the highest point to "blow" awhile and look about me. From this eminence the prospect is grand. Even this if nothing else would repay one for the trouble of climbing. For miles and miles one can see.

To the southward stretches a blue line of mountains covered with gigantic pines, known to us as the Blue Ridge, but really a part of the Mogollon mountains. This side of the Blue Ridge is a great forest of pines, which look a deep blue from here. To the west is another range of mountains all covered with pine and cedar, looking dark and somber. While to the east is an apparently level stretch of country, but I well know it is filled with deep canons and lonely glens.

A far off sixty miles to the north can be seen the San Francisco Peak sixteen thousand feet high, its top covered with snow glistening white in the April sunshine. And nestled at its foot though I cannot see it, is a lovely little village, now enjoying a "boom." It hopes to be soon designated as a city. That same little town feels quite proud in having the first and only church on that line of railroad between Albuquerque, N. M., and Los Angeles, Cal. You may think we need missionaries in Arizona. I entirely agree with you. You may think it still more when I tell you that W., our nearest trading point, is a town of about six or seven hundred inhabitants and about six years old, and the first sermon ever heard there was delivered less than three months ago. Now they have preaching every other Sunday. W. has a superfluity of saloons that (seemingly) necessary curse to every new western town. But with all these drawbacks, W. has some excellent people, people of education and refinement, and we have made some very pleasant acquaintances there, still, I much prefer living on the ranch to any town I have seen in Arizona.

But I am wandering. I do not watch the scenery any longer than I am rested, but gather myself up and walk about, for this mountain is a source of great interest and pleasure to me. Here are the ruins of an old "dugout" village, supposed to have been inhabited by the extinct race of Aztecs or Mound Builders. Supposed I say, because it is a counterpart of ruins scattered over this Territory, none of which the oldest tribe of Indians have any record, and these ruins are counterparts of others found in various parts of the United States, concerning which men of science and literature tell us, were built and inhabited by a now extinct race.

And as I wander about, stepping from one pile of rocks to another, I am lost in reverie, wondering who these strange people were, whence they came and whither they went, for the closest search, the most careful study, has so far failed to elicit any thing concerning their origin or extinction.

The scholar who has made the ruins of Arizona his study, claim that they were farther advanced in civilization than any present race of Indians, and that is plainly shown by the implements they have left. They were an agricultural people and must have been an industrious race. In some parts of the territory there are irrigating canals which were much larger and have carried the water farther than any used in modern times. It is also claimed that they followed the business of mining, that some of the gulches have been washed for gold hundreds of years ago.

And it is an accepted fact, based on conclusions drawn from the manner in which their houses were built, fortifications, and compatible with other evidences, that they were a people constantly harassed by foes and habitually engaged in war. And the supposition is that they were killed by the Apache Indians. But if such was the case, the present generation of that tribe say that they have had no such tradition handed down to them, but that is of no consequence as they keep no records, and as far back as we have any history of the Apaches, they have lived by robbery and murder, "their hand was against every man, and every man's hand was against them."

Other theories have been presented as the probable cause of the extinction, but nothing appears so plausible as the first. Yet it is mostly all conjecture, as the devastation was so complete, nothing was left to tell the story, and our imagination runs free.

On this mountain I am speaking of, can be found broom metates or corn grinders, and the first, smoothly worn pieces of stone, with which the grain was cracked. And scattered promiscuously around are broken bits of pottery, highly glazed and each piece showing rude decoration, not in imitation of flowers or birds, but straight lines, spots and curves, such was the artistic taste of that obscure race. On the large rocks on the mountain side are various hieroglyphics. On one is the representation of a snake, on another a lizard and on a third is plainly seen a man with bow and arrow in the act of shooting a deer, and there are other things too indistinct to make out, and again there are signs or symbols I hardly know what to call them. One is a circle, encircling curious looking marks. Another looks something like a

cross. Still the opinion is that these people were sun worshippers. In different parts of the territory there are other hieroglyphics. Some of these I am told, are impressions of strange animals, not found here in the present day.

On this mountain we occasionally find an arrow point, never a perfectly whole one, but very pretty what there is of it. They are made of flint, agate and obsidian rock. I have found several small, odd looking shells, with a couple of holes bored in one end. These I am told, were earrings, and it looks very reasonable. There have been stone hammers and hatchets found on this hill, but we have not been so fortunate.

On the side of the mountain, in the washes, places that heavy rains and snows have made, one will sometimes find a human bone, an arm bone or piece of skull, and once we found the leg bone of a child, all bleached as white as the driven snow. Whether these are the bones of an ancient Aztec or of a modern Apache is not definitely known. A number of years ago a company of Mexican soldiers under command of General Chanez, (also a Mexican, and for whom this pass was named,) had a fierce and bloody fight with the Apaches. The former came off victorious much to the detriment of the latter, but as the Apaches are cremationists, it is supposed they had taken their dead off after the fight was over, and burned them, and this supposition is father to the thought, that these are the bones of Aztecs. But it hardly seems possible that they belonged to a people, which it is assumed was extinguished so many hundreds of years ago.

Patrick Hamilton of our territory, who has written an interesting book on the "Resources of Arizona," says in conclusion to his remarks on these ancient ruins, that, "perhaps the key to unlock the barred and bolted chambers of prehistoric American history may yet be found in the ruins of Arizona." We sincerely hope so.

I desire to thank A. E. Barrett for her interesting and instructive article on cabinets. How I should love to take a peep at hers.

The April number was bubbling over with good things, and excellent recipes, but I have only space to mention that yeast sent by J. L. M. It is splendid.

Another thought occurs and I must crowd it in. I hope some one will answer very soon the question asked by Mrs. Clara L. Parrish, why her raisins sink to the bottom of the cake? Mine do the same way, no matter how carefully I seed them, I always roll them in flour, still they will persist on being low-riided enough to seek and find the bottom.

SALOME.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—In the March number of THE HOUSEHOLD, you published a letter I wrote about "How to Make Rugs." The first of March the letters from the sisters began to pour in from all over the United States, and such nice letters I wish I could have answered every one, but there were so many if I had tried to answer them all I am afraid the cats would have died of old age and the kittens have become old cats before I had finished them all. When I commenced I thought I had an abundance of paper for patterns, but that was soon exhausted and the whole house ransacked for more. Then I appealed to our storekeepers for aid. They gave me all the elegant brown paper, such as they use in meat markets north, they could spare. Then envelopes were not to be bought in the place in sufficient quantity, so newspaper wrappers had to be used instead, but I think I shall survive without loss of life or limb. I had no idea what an amount of business I was getting into. Our postmaster tells me he thinks I have got into quite a cat-astrophe, and I had better write for a dog pattern to drive the cats off.

I would like very much to write about a beautiful quilt an old lady near us has made, and will sometime if any of the sisters would like to know about it. The old lady I speak of, made one for a fair, which sold for fifty dollars.

I have had quite a number of letters asking me to write something about Florida. I do not know what particulars any one would like to know about the state. We have lived here eleven years and would not change our home for one in any place we have ever lived in. It is truly "the poor man's country." Any one with a small capital and a reasonable amount of energy, will soon render himself independent. The climate is very enjoyable, going to neither extreme of heat or cold, and is also very healthful. In summer the thermometer rarely goes above 92° in the shade, that is considered very hot, and the nights are always cool and pleasant. Insects such as sand flies and mosquitoes in the summer months are troublesome at times. Sometimes for three or four days mosquitoes will be bad, then they will disappear for a long time. Sand flies can always be driven away by a little smoke. It is very common for persons here to say, "Oh, we are not troubled with insects, but some one else (mentioning a neighbor) has them very badly." My experience is, they are troublesome at times all over the state.

Oranges are the principal crop around us. Any one who owns a good bearing orange grove is rich. He need work no more. But it takes time and labor to start a grove and bring it into bearing. People have come here from the north

since we have lived here, who expected to find the roads lined with orange groves, and thought they would have nothing to do but walk along, pick oranges and eat their fill. A neighbor when we came here had a five-acre grove just beginning to bear a little. Three years ago he was offered twenty-five thousand dollars for it and refused it. The air is filled with the fragrance of the orange blossoms and roses. Strawberries and mulberries are in their prime. The weather is like June weather at the north.

The soil of the hammocks is very rich and for years will raise crops without enrichment, while the poorest sand land responds readily to a small quantity of fertilizer. The great drawback to the east coast of Florida has been want of transportation, but the first of March a railroad was completed from Blue Springs on the St. Johns river to New Smyrna. It is a broad gauge road, one of the best in the state. Every one is jubilant over "our railroad," and who can wonder at it?

Thanking the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD for their kind letters, I will close. I am sincerely yours,
MRS. M. B. ROLFE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I have been an invalid, and have learned something of economy in strength as well as means, and as I swing in my hammock at eight o'clock mornings, I wonder if my neighbors think and say, "There's a shiftless housekeeper." To you, who have strength to "do up your work in the morning," as it should be, it seems shiftless, but let me tell you I keep no help, saving the wages \$2.50 or \$3 per week, besides the board which together with the wages of a servant amount to at least \$5 per week, to say nothing of the annoyance of servants and the wear and breakage, which with your own careful usage last much longer. I heard a lady say not long since, "I cannot afford to hire my washings done even; I can better do them than do my mending. I find with injudicious rubbing my clothes are worn out and come to mending in a surprisingly short length of time."

Now, my sisters, take my advice; as soon as the breakfast table is cleared, while your beds are airing, and while the children want a little petting and a mother's smiles in the morning, free from the care and hurry and confusion which too many mothers feel because they think to be good, exemplary housekeepers the work must be done up in the morning early, as soon as it can possibly be rushed through, and this makes the little ones fretful all day. Just take them out on the piazza or tent house, wherever you have your hammock, read or tell them a story, watch the little treasures skipping about their play before you finish your morning work.

Another thing, a breakfast of boiled eggs, toast and a cup of chocolate is good enough for any one, costs but little labor and time to prepare, and allows you an extra half hour of the sweetest rest, saving the time many of you expend on an elaborate breakfast which is not half so healthful and twice as expensive. Two hundred and fifty dollars a year of saving, put in the bank, and you have an income of fifteen dollars a year. This, remember, while you are swinging in your hammock, still goes on, and if you chance to see a nice picture or any other little luxury you would like to indulge in, you can say to yourself, "I can afford this, for with my management I shall not feel it." And when your sisters, who keep help say, "How can she afford that?" Just say to them, "I afford it with what I save by doing my work without servants, and doing it as I can." And you will feel much more independent than those of your sisters who keep help. I do not mean to speak disparagingly of good servant girls by any means, for I have had experience with them and have had good, faithful girls too, but when not a positive necessity, I enjoy my home and its comforts best when sole mistress of it.
P. D. M.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

GRAHAM BREAD.—Five cups of graham flour, four cups of wheat flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one small cup of sugar, one cup of yeast and enough warm water added to make one quart of wetting. Sift the graham flour and wheat flour together, add the salt and sugar and then the wetting. Knead well and thoroughly using wheat flour to dust the moulding board. Let it rise over night. Mould into two loaves in the morning and when risen in the pans, bake. Graham flour needs thorough kneading and thorough baking. An hour is none too long for the baking, and mine generally requires from ten to fifteen minutes more. When the loaves are taken from the oven, I rub the tops with butter, using a small brush I keep for the purpose, set them on the moulding board with one end of each loaf raised against the rolling pin, and cover with a table cloth until cold. This gives a sweet, tender crust. The bread is better the day after it is baked, though I sometimes cut it for supper the day I bake it. This is good graham bread, and I have known persons who disliked the ordinary graham bread to eat this with a relish. Children are fond of it, and it has a satisfying flavor which makes white bread seem tasteless in comparison. Living remote from markets I

use home-made potato yeast, but any other will do as well if used in proper proportion. Through all the kneading I use wheat flour for dusting hands and board. Sifting the graham flour removes the coarse bran which is so objectionable to some stomachs, without injuring the flavor or good qualities of the bread.

GRAHAM GEMS.—One quart composed of two-thirds graham and one-third wheat flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and a dessert-spoonful of sugar. Sift these together removing the bran, and add one pint of sour milk into which you have beaten one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little hot water, and bake in iron gem pans which have been previously heated and greased. I put mine on the front of the stove to heat before I begin mixing the batter. This makes two dozen gems. They are very nice for breakfast or for supper, and any that are left over to get cold are made as good as new by steaming. If the milk is very thick, a little more may be required, as the batter should be just thin enough to "snap" like cake dough.
L. S. LORD.
Winchester, N. H.

BOILED FROSTING.—One cup of granulated sugar and five tablespoonfuls of milk, boil four or five minutes, then stir till cold and put on a cool cake. I think this very nice. Will some of the sisters please try it and report?

PORK CAKE.—One pound of fat salt pork chopped fine, one and one-half cups of boiling water poured over the pork, two pounds of raisins, currants and citron, two cups of sugar, eight cups of flour, one tablespoonful of soda, and cloves and cinnamon to taste.

COFFEE CAKE.—One cup each of sugar, butter, molasses and coffee, one egg, five cups of flour, one pound of raisins, one spoonful of soda and spice to suit taste.
C. C. G.

WHITE CAKE.—One and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup each of butter and corn-starch, one and one-half cups of flour, one-half cup of sweet milk, the whites of six eggs, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, flavor with one teaspoonful of lemon and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. I often vary this by using two whole eggs and the whites of two making a very rich color.

FLANNEL CAKES.—Cut dry, light bread in pieces, put over it enough sour milk to cover it, let it stand over night, in the morning wash it well, and to every quart of bread add one egg well beaten, a teaspoonful of soda, a pinch of salt and flour to make a moderately thin batter; bake on a griddle.
E.
Ohio.

SPONGE CAKE.—Take three eggs, beat the whites and yolks separately and a long time, one cup of sugar, stir the yolks and sugar together, and pour on this four tablespoonfuls of boiling water, one cup of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, sifted together, lastly add the whites of the eggs, and season to taste.
Clark's Green, Pa. MRS. B. E. WHEELER.

TO PREPARE MACARONI.—I wish some one who is as fond of olive oil as I am would try my way of cooking macaroni. Boil it in water till tender, then drain off the water, roll some crackers fine, put in the frying pan with a piece of butter size of an egg, and stir till a light brown, then turn your macaroni in and stir till well mixed, take the raw yolk of one egg and beat it well, then add one scant teaspoonful of ground mustard, and stir till smooth, then add olive oil, a little at a time, and stir constantly. Some like more oil, some not so much, but I generally use about three tablespoonfuls, and lastly add one-half teaspoonful of vinegar and stir well. Use this mayonnaise on the macaroni. Salt the macaroni after you put it in the cracker.
MATTAGUEGUAT.

READY-MADE MUSTARD.—Boil one quart of vinegar, dissolve in it three ounces of salt, pour it upon two ounces of scraped horseradish in an earthen jar, cover the jar closely, let it stand twenty-four hours, strain, and by degrees mix in one pound of the best mustard, put it in a wide mouthed bottle and cork it closely. Whenever a little is taken out for use, cork the bottle immediately. This is a preparation of mustard which we have used for the last two years and we pronounce it excellent.
M. W. B.

PIE PLANT PIE.—For each pie stir together one cup of chopped pie plant, one cup of dry sugar and one rolled cracker.

LEMON EXTRACT.—I have made nice lemon extract, by slicing lemon peel into a glass fruit jar and covering it with alcohol.
D. R. S.
Stowe, Vt.

TOMATO SOUP.—One quart of tomatoes, one onion, two ounces of flour, four ounces of butter, two tablespoonfuls each of sugar and salt, one-third of a teaspoonful of cayenne pep-

per, three pints of water and one-half pint of milk. Boil the tomatoes and onion in the water for three-quarters of an hour, rub the sugar, butter, flour, pepper and salt to a thin cream and add to the tomatoes. Boil ten minutes. Boil milk separately and put in last. Boil up once and serve with toasted bread, if desired.
A FRIEND.

JENNY LIND CAKE.—*Light Part.*—One-half cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three eggs, one cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and one teaspoonful of soda. Bake in two tins.

Dark Part.—One cup of chopped raisins, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, and one teaspoonful each of cloves and cinnamon, take a little of the light part and put with the dark, and bake in one tin. When all are done, put the dark cake between the two white ones, moistening with cold water or the white of an egg, and put them together while warm.
C. E. W.
Biddeford, Me.

GINGER CAKE.—One cup of brown sugar, one cup of cold water, one-half cup of butter, one cup of molasses, one heaping teaspoonful of soda, one quart of sifted flour, and one heaping teaspoonful of ginger. A little salt must be added unless salt butter is used. Bake well in a quick oven. By steaming two hours this recipe will answer for a pudding. Serve with sweet sauce.
AUNT MAB.

RICE PUDDING.—One teacup of rice, one pint each of milk and water, or one quart of milk, one cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of salt, one-third of a nutmeg and a piece of butter the size of an egg. In mixing reserve one cup of milk, not to be added until the pudding has been in the oven from one-half to three-quarters of an hour. First, mix all the ingredients together in a buttered earthen pudding pot, let it stand on the back of the stove until ready to bake, so as to let the rice swell, and bake about two hours. Do not stir after you add the rest of the milk. If it is baked properly it should have whey on the top like an Indian pudding. Use dark molasses. Serve hot with butter and milk. This is very nice.

GINGERBREAD.—One cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of salt, one cup of sour milk, one heaping teaspoonful of soda, one-half cup of beef drippings or lard, one heaping tablespoonful of ginger, and flour to thicken.

WAFFLES.—Three cups of milk, one great spoonful of butter, one egg, three cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. If you use sour milk omit the cream of tartar.

FRUIT PUDDING.—One cup each of molasses and milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two eggs, three cups of flour, one-half cup of butter or cup of suet, one cup each of raisins, currants, and citron, one-quarter of a nutmeg, one teaspoonful of salt, one great spoonful of rose water, steam steady three hours, and serve with hot and cold sauce.

Cold Sauce.—The white of one egg, one cup of sugar, powdered is best, a piece of butter the size of an egg, beat thoroughly for fifteen minutes, grate a little nutmeg on the top when ready for the table, and set away to get cold before using.

Hot Sauce.—Put some water on to boil, thicken with flour, add sugar, butter, salt and vinegar to taste, and the last thing before serving beat in a little cold sauce, as it makes it frothy. Be sure and not get it too thick with flour. This sauce should not be made only in time to serve. Please report success with the above recipes.

Isabel, in the April number, I tried your recipe for chocolate creams with splendid success.
Boston, Mass. BEATRICE.

CHOCOLATE CREAM CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup each of butter and milk, two eggs, one and one-half cups of flour and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in two layers.

Cream.—Two cups of granulated sugar, three-fourths of a cup of milk, and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Place over the stove until it comes to a boil, then boil fifteen minutes. Beat until stiff, and spread on the cake. Melt two squares of chocolate and spread on the cream.
MRS. W. C. R.

MOUNTAIN DEW PUDDING.—One pint of milk, one-half cup of sugar, yolks of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of grated cocoanut, one-half cup of rolled cracker, and one teaspoonful of lemon extract; bake one-half hour.

Frosting.—Whites of two eggs and one-half cup of sugar.

EGG SAUCE.—One cup of sugar beaten with one egg, pour over this till foamy one-half cup of boiling milk stirring rapidly.
E. Saugus, Mass. MRS. EMILIE E. WILLEY.

MUSTARD RELISH.—Take one tablespoonful each of mustard and flour, one teaspoonful of black pepper and salt, and two tea-

spoonfuls of sugar. Moisten all with good vinegar. Have on the stove one pint of vinegar to come to a boil, then pour in the mixed ingredients. Let it boil and keep stirring, then pour it into a wide-mouthed bottle. When cool it's ready for use.

CORN PONE.—Two quarts of sweet milk, eight teacupfuls of corn meal, four teacupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, and one teacupful of molasses; mix and bake three hours in a slow oven.
MRS. M. CUMMOCK.
Meadow Creek, Montana.

CORN CAKE.—One pint of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, a little salt and ginger to suit taste, one-half cup of sugar, and meal enough to make a thin batter. A NEW SISTER.

SUGAR COOKIES.—Three cups of sugar, one cup each of butter and sweet milk, three eggs and two teaspoonfuls of soda, sprinkle with sugar and bake in a moderately quick oven.

COFFEE CAKE.—One cup each of strong coffee, sugar, molasses, sho' tening, raisins, and currants, one teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and soda, and a little nutmeg. Stir stiff enough to keep the raisins from falling.

BUTTERMILK CAKE.—One cup of buttermilk, one large cup of sugar, two-thirds cup of shortening, two eggs, and one teaspoonful of soda. Flavor to taste. By putting in mixed spices it makes a good spice cake, and I sometimes put in a cup of raisins.
COM.

DATE PIE.—One pound of dates, one quart of milk and three eggs. Season the same as for squash pie. It needs no sweetening. Put the dates in the milk and heat till they are soft enough to sift. This makes two good sized pies. Use one crust the same as for squash.
BETSEY BOBBITS.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can some one give a good way to use dry sponge cake?
Ohio. E.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to inquire through THE HOUSEHOLD if there is any way of stiffening dark navy blue, or black cambric dresses besides starching with common starch?
SARAH.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I should like to ask if any member of the Band can tell me what I shall do for my leather chair? It has a large stain which I think is oil. Also to ask why some of the more experienced ones do not contribute to the Mother's Chair, giving advice to us young mothers? With heartfelt thanks in appreciation of your excellent paper.
DOROTHEA.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please tell me how to make a filling for a large crack in a cooking stove, and where the ingredients may be found?
FERNETTE.

Tryphosa, When I make pie plant pie, I stew the plant quickly, with just enough water to prevent its scorching, and no sugar. This is the best preventative I know of its running over, and it certainly does not affect its excellence, as I can call upon my husband to testify.
Newark, N. J. ESTELLE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the sisters give me explicit directions for small fountain to be used in an aquarium eighteen by thirty-six inches? Can a fountain for that use be constructed by an amateur, and what would be the cost? The aquarium holds five good sized pailfuls.
LILLIE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If A. L. will take some good, strong vinegar and put in enough gun powder to make it about as thick as cream, and frequently apply it or hold the afflicted parts in it she will find it a sure cure for tetter or salt rheum.
JOSEPHINE S.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send directions for starching shirts in cold starch, mixed with borax and beeswax, giving exact quantity of each?
EVELYN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will you please ask Helen Herbert or Emily Hayes to write us a chapter on papering and painting, what kind of paper to use for parlor, sitting room, etc., (small rooms,) what color to paint parlor and hall of house to cost about \$2,500? I would also like to ask Aunt Dode or some one else to write directions more plainly for calla lily mats. This will no doubt interest others as well as myself.
SUBSCRIBER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters be kind enough to tell me how to black a hand satchel of tan colored alligator skin?
Providence, Fla. MRS. E. CARLETON.

The Parlor.

MIDSUMMER.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Around this lovely valley rise
The purple hills of Paradise;
Oh, softly on yon bank of haze
Her rosy face the summer lays!
Becalmed along the summer sky
The argosies of cloudland lie,
Whose shores, with many a shining rift,
Far off their pearl-white peaks uplift.

Through all the long midsummer day
The meadow sides are sweet with hay;
I seek the coolest sheltered seat
Just where the field and forest meet—
Where grow the pine trees, tall and bland,
The ancient oaks austere and grand,
And fringing roots and pebbles fret
The ripples of the rivulet.

I watch the mowers as they go
Through the tall grass, a white-sleeved row;
With even strokes their scythes they swing,
In tune their merry whetstones ring;
Behind the nimble youngsters run
And toss the thick swaths in the sun;
The cattle graze—while warm and still
Slope the broad pastures, basks the hill;
And bright when summer breezes break
The green wheat crinkles like a lake.

The butterfly and the bumble-bee
Come to the pleasant woods with me;
Quickly before me runs the quail,
The chickens skulk behind the rail.
High up the lone wood-pigeon sits;
And the wood-pecker pecks and flits,
Sweet woodland music sinks and swells,
The brooklet rings its tinkling bells.

The swarming insects drone and hum,
The partridge beats its throbbing drum,
The squirrel leaps along the boughs,
And chatters in his leafy house;
The oriole flashes by—and look,
Into the mirror of the brook
Where the vain bluebird trims his coat,
Two tiny feathers fall and float.

As silently, as tenderly,
The dawn of peace descends on me;
Oh, this is peace—I have no need,
Of friends to talk, of book to read;
A dear companion here abides,
Close to my thrilling heart he hides;
The holy silence in his voice,
I lie, and listen, and rejoice.

A TRIP TO LOUISIANA.

BY EVA M. BARKER.

A RIDE of forty hours from Milwaukee to New Orleans, in the latter part of March unfolds a marvelous panorama to our view. We left home in a furious snow storm, which covered the ground, including last November's snow banks, still flanking every sidewalk in the city, with six inches of fresh snow. The storm was still raging at Chicago, where there was at least nine inches of snow on the ground. As we approached Cairo in the morning the snow gradually disappeared, and a few thin calves were searching among the old grass for freshly started tufts. As we went on the grass grew rapidly; fields of winter wheat of a startling hue of vivid green spread out at the right and left—growing like magic in a few hours from a slight suggestion of color to a waving mass of this intensified, almost forgotten green.

The peach trees budded and bloomed through Kentucky and Tennessee, in the midst of this lovely setting. Even the most dilapidated hovels were made bright and cheery with the charming pink and white blossoms.

Mississippi was passed in the dark, but made itself felt by its soft air and pleasant, woody smells. In the early morning light the pine woods of Louisiana stretched forth their hospitable and fragrant boughs to welcome us, a delicate tracery of foliage waved in the breeze, the sweetest of crimson glowed here and there amid the blue expanse of *fleur-de-lis*, whose forefathers came over with the earliest French emigrants, and like them have become acclimatized to this region in their descendants. Trees known to Wisconsin in June leaved out while we gazed upon them, while other deciduous

trees and shrubs, unknown to us at any season, attracted our attention. Magnolias budded and bloomed in the space of a few miles. Ferns unrolled their fronds and grew tall before our eyes. Birds flitted about the bushes. Blue jays tapped on the tree trunks. Owls went to cover with a parting hoot. Buzzards sailed overhead hardly distinguishable from hawks. Little wrens twittered "Pretty, pretty, pretty," and were answered by "Sweet, sweet, sweet," by their mates. The red bird raises its two or three notes, the "Caw, caw," of the blackbird is heard, and suddenly the melody of the mocking bird bursts upon the ear. Humming birds whiz among the honeysuckles and jasmines; roses run wild along the wayside, moss hangs drooping from the trees, or draping the bare branches of those whose life it has absorbed. Palms spread their fans in the hot sun, mock strawberries blossomed, set their fruit and ripened while we looked. Each kind of leaf came from its bud, and grew, and grew to its full size in the strangest way. But how long have we stood here thinking of the things we have seen and heard by the way?

The sun came out hot, actually hot, as we left our sleeper and took a street car to the hotel in New Orleans. We went to a French hotel and restaurant combined, to get a bit of the real old French living and cooking, in its pristine and quaint perfection, because in all our rambles, that we had never tried. We do not take our home way of living with us, but rather gain all the new experience possible in our journeys. The house is on Royal street. The entrance was scarcely inviting. It was a choice between going through the large restaurant itself, or through a rough, white sanded hall way running around the restaurant, and roaming in a loose way up and down stairs, in and out of balconies, or out on galleries, and back in through hall ways at different heights and angles. The room assigned us was a large one containing three canopied beds, one large and two single ones, probably because our party consisted of three, as the little-sweet-girl has never yet been left at home.

Adapting ourselves to the time-honored customs of the house, we had our early coffee in our room, our breakfast from nine to eleven, and our dinner somewhere between four and seven. Every thing was beautifully brown, and the fish particularly good. We had very firm, thick steaks of red snapper and trout, or any other fish which followed the soup, but the fish chowder was best of all. It seemed to contain a variety of ingredients and to be good all through. We could distinguish various kinds of fish, shrimps, mushrooms, and a mixture of flavors among which sassafras root and red pepper predominated. Indeed, there was a slight suggestion of red pepper in many of the dishes. The best of tenderloin steaks were set before us. The tenderest and sweetest roasts of beef came on, sufficiently rare to satisfy the little-sweet-girl who really prefers her beef raw. Snipes on toast were a delicate morsel. Green peas, string beans, new potatoes of all varieties of preparation, radishes, and other vegetables were well served and delicious. Omelets flavored with cheese, with ground sassafras root, (I forget its usual cognomen,) with parsley, with mushrooms, with a dozen other things, each different if not better than the last, made their appearance in due course. The strawberries and cream, the creams of all shades and flavors were delicious, as was the coffee-au-lait and the black coffee. Our better half pronounced the cigar placed before him with the toothpicks—the waiter's special perquisites at each meal—to fairly well repre-

sent its equivalent quarter. We stayed at this house a little over two days, and thought our experience of French living not dearly bought for the sixteen dollars paid for it.

During the two days of our stay in the city, we visited the usual points of interest. We rode out in the dummy cars twelve miles to West End, not formally open till April 15th, that the little-sweet-girl could have her run in the labyrinth of sweet star jasmine and honeysuckles. We heard her advise a little chap, too short to be seen, whom she found inside, loudly lamenting his lost condition, to go on up over the bridge, and then run straight to the other end of the labyrinth and he would find his way out.

"I get back here every time," said he.

"But you don't go over the bridge."

We soon saw him running to overtake his party down at the end of the pleasant walk.

We went five miles out in another direction to Carrollton, to see the river high up above the town. Only the Horticultural Hall of all the exposition buildings remains standing here on their old site.

We went through the French market, almost the chief curiosity of this quaint old city; visited the old French church; rested in Jackson Park; went through the post office and custom house; went to the river to see some ocean steamers and sail vessels; and stayed for an hour to see the darkies unload a river boat loaded with cotton from Kentucky. A string of trucks, with its complement of two darkies to each, went up a narrow gang plank, and came down a wide unloader, each with its cotton bale, a negro in front and one hanging to the rear by an iron hook, with legs flying high in the air as they came down the steep plane and gained the level dock. One set of rather stumpy old darkies always came down in a promiscuous heap of cotton, truck, legs and arms, scrambling amid the roars of the bystanders, to get out of the way of their immediate followers, only to go through the same performance when their turn came again.

We went out on Esplanade street, on St. Charles, on Camp street and on Rampart. We called on old friends of the exposition time, and in fact did more in the space of time at our disposal than a perfectly well man, and not one sent into this climate for his health's sake, could reasonably be expected to accomplish with his family, and yet this convalescent gained strength through it all, in this soft, warm, fragrant atmosphere, and especially now that we have reached our objective point, fifty miles out of New Orleans, in the pine woods of Louisiana, on the hospitable sugar plantation of our friends, feels already half cured. We expect our convalescent to grow robust and strong here, before many weeks, and able to take up his work again with a strong right arm.

This sugar plantation in the piney woods might well be called a plantation of roses. A hundred varieties grow into trees and bushes and vines, running over the wide galleries, straying away from their high trellises over trees in their vicinity. The Cherokee rose makes a gorgeous appearance in full bloom. It is a single rose, very white and very large, against its background of glossy green leaves, on strong-growing stems, running around the edge of the blackberry patch, and hanging in festoons over it, holding with its strong arms on to the trees, one after another, many of the branches at least one hundred feet away from their roots. It is necessary to take scissors or knife to cut off a bouquet of it, the thorns are so strong and fierce. And this great expanse of rose bush is covered throughout its height, length and breadth with a mass of bloom in a finished or un-

finished condition. Cherokee branches filled with roses decorated the long parlor where the Christmas tree stood, and the Cherokee roses have done their share towards making this plantation a fairy land ever since that time.

The Confederate rose is equally a wonder, though in a different way. There are not two roses alike on the bush. One is a clear, rich, dark red, another, very light in color; one will have a dark center and light edge, and some of the most charming ones have the center light; some have one-half light or dark, and others have each petal shaded and varied with occasionally a white stripe in each. Each flower is different from its neighbor, and each bud an enigma as to what it will unfold.

A round bed of scarlet amaryllis is in bloom, each stalk with four or five buds and lilies. It is the same variety now blooming in so many yards in New Orleans, with six cherry scarlet petals with a clear white stripe in the center, and fragrant. Seeing the amaryllis growing and blooming freely out of doors is one of the marvels of this land in the eyes of a northerner.

The China tree is covered with a delicate tracery of lilac and white flowers, which vie with the honeysuckles and climbing roses in perfuming the west end of the front gallery, while sixty feet away, at its east end, a white star jasmine and dark monthly rose shade the fifteen feet of width, and fill the air with sweetness. Around and between climb the chromatella and other lovely climbers.

The Dream of Gold is one of the most exquisite of the yellow roses, but where all are so lovely it is difficult to particularize. Nothing can be more beautiful than some of the white roses, or the white ones with a creamy tint in the center, and a suggestion of pink on the outer petals. Some are most exquisite in bud, others in the half open globule, and others again in the perfection of the expanded flower.

Yesterday we filled all our available boxes and cans, with the most lovely buds we could gather to send to our frozen friends at the north in memory or Easter near at hand. We send something sweet, if only a spray of yellow jasmine, in each letter to friends. Can any thing be a fitter exponent of the sunshiny south where the thermometer indicates at this moment 82° in the shade, while letters and papers from Milwaukee show their temperature to be seven above zero, with snow storms every other day.

TEACHERS AND THE TEMPERANCE REFORM.

BY IDA BELL VAN AUKEN.

There is a vast army of children under instruction in the Sunday and secular schools of our land. Take first the 6,820,835 scholars enrolled in the Sunday schools. What a grand review to see these millions in line! From week to week these children are instructed concerning Jesus, and truths emanating from the bible. It thrills one's heart to think of this moral army, and what its influence will be twenty years hence.

It is only one hundred and six years since Robert Raikes conceived the idea of the first Sunday school. He saw with sorrow the wickedness and Sabbath desecration rife among the factory hands in Gloucester. His heart yearned to lift up the children to a higher moral plane, and so he thought of a new plan. Would not teaching the bible benefit them morally and physically? As an experiment Robert Raikes secured a room, and hired four teachers at a shilling a Sunday to teach the children who came from miserable homes, and had never heard "Remember

the Sabbath day to keep it holy," nor that "cleanliness is next to godliness."

The experiment proved successful. The Sundays were more quiet, and a marked moral improvement was visible among the children who attended the Sunday school.

Did Robert Raikes dream that from such a beginning would spring the strongest daughter of the church? Did he imagine that Sunday schools would ever outnumber the churches in Christendom, and that across the sea in America, which in his day was an unexplored wilderness, Sunday schools would spring up until six millions of children raised their voices in songs of praise?

And now in this latter day another moral reform has awakened into being—the temperance cause—a reform just as truly under divine guidance as was the Sunday school.

In 1840, originated the Washingtonian temperance movement. Three men met one evening at an inn, in Baltimore, to drink and carouse. They became conscience-stricken, talked the matter over, and decided to sign a total abstinence pledge, and endeavor to save others from the slavery of strong drink. They entered with spirit into the work, and thus was inaugurated the first popular temperance movement in the United States.

Those three men threw into the social sea, a little pebble, total abstinence, and the waves set in motion have been widening ever since, until at the present time there are estimated to be twelve millions of total abstinence people, men, women and children, scattered throughout the world. Did those three men dream that they were beginning a reform which would agitate society as no question has ever agitated it, shaking civilized governments to their very foundation?

It was only in 1847 that the first temperance society was organized in New York state, by the Reverends Clark and Armstrong, in Moreau, Saratoga County. It consisted of forty-seven members, and a member was fined twenty-five cents if he broke his pledge.

Look at the thoroughly organized temperance effort of our state to-day. If the reform has made such gigantic strides in forty years, what may we not expect in the next forty years?

It is difficult for us to accept that

"The mills of God grind slowly yet they grind exceeding small,
Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds he all."

We feel that we cannot wait until the reform becomes a reality. We want a law to go into effect to-morrow, prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drink, but history teaches that all moral reforms grind out slowly, in God's own time, therefore we must wait, looking about us meanwhile for wisest methods of feeding "the mills of God."

The teachers in our Sunday schools hold an important position in regard to the temperance question. If the 933,283 Sunday school teachers in the United States would use their prerogative to teach total abstinence, a new impetus would be felt in the reform.

The Sunday school is often the only place where children receive moral instruction, nay, many come from godless homes, and the Sunday school teacher is the only medium through which they may receive ideas of an upright life, and the higher Christian virtues.

Patriotism is one of the highest of virtues. Once arouse in a child's mind hatred for intoxicating liquor, and the germs of patriotism have taken root, for with the knowledge of self-preservation from alcohol comes the wish to save others, and then to rid the whole land of the curse. Would it be out of place for a Sunday school teacher to teach patriotism

along side with love to God? The infant classes of to-day hold the voters of twenty years hence. Why not teach them early that the ballot is a divine gift, and can be used as a lever to lift humanity nearer God? Earliest influences are the strongest influences, therefore, teachers of infant classes need to be especially enthusiastic on total abstinence. If a child at twelve years of age has been taught to loathe the intoxicating cup, the chances are, he will not become a drunkard.

The teachers of infant classes in every Sunday school of our state ought to be approached by the W. C. T. U., and urged to teach temperance at every opportunity, and also to paint the evils of alcohol in such vivid color that an indelible impression will be made upon the infantile minds.

If Sunday school teachers need to be earnest in this reform, how much more should the superintendents be, and yet too often we find both officers and teachers indifferent. One case comes to mind, a superintendent of sixteen years' standing. He is lukewarm on temperance. The subject is quietly ignored. A lady has started a Loyal Legion, but meets almost insurmountable difficulties. The Sunday school scholars do not attend, and the superintendent's son, a lad of ten years, will not come because he does not "want to sign the pledge." What an opportunity that superintendent has lost in sixteen years!

Another very different case comes to mind, a superintendent who has served twenty six consecutive years in one school and during that time has at every opportunity pressed home the beauties and benefits of a total abstinence life. Some of the good people call temperance his "hobby," but a strong sentiment has been created by his steady enthusiasm. We need just such superintendents who never shrink from avowing their loyalty to temperance. We want men and women with the "temperance hobby." The people with one idea are the people who have ever made reforms realities.

Temperance work in the Sunday school ought to be carried on in a steady, general way, by pastor, superintendent and teacher. It may not be best in every case to organize the school into a temperance society, lest there might be friction with other organized efforts. Take, for example, the mission bands which exist in nearly every Sunday school of our land. Their motto is "The world for Jesus," but how can our own land become a land for Jesus when King Alcohol defended by millions of subjects contests a place of honor with Christ?

The seven millions of Sunday school children should be taught that fighting King Alcohol is genuine home mission work which directly affects the cause of Christ.

Close the saloons, and the millions which frequent them will drift under religious influences. Our churches and Sunday schools will be overflowing, for the saloon is an evil magnet drawing a man from God and all good influences.

But there is one phase of this latter day reform which differs from the one inaugurated by Robert Raikes. The Sunday school was a religious movement, although Robert Raikes aimed to better the physical condition of the poor children of Gloucester. The temperance reform has a distinctly mammon side. We might say that the liquor traffic is the devil's bank. The consumer of alcoholic liquor voluntarily pays his earnings into this bank, and his certificate of deposit is—a ruined body and a lost soul. Prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drink will overthrow this mighty banking system.

Take, for example, the deposits in the

state of New Jersey alone. There are, according to the report of the saloon men themselves, seven thousand liquor dealers in the state. Allowing them each an annual income of five thousand dollars, the sum total expended annually in the state of New Jersey, is thirty-five millions of dollars. On account of the money side of this latter day reform, the agitators meet greater obstacles than the founders of Sunday schools a century ago. Not only must money be met with money, but political intrigue with political intrigue, for the liquor traffic has entrenched itself behind the polls.

Last March at town meeting in P. twelve men came in one wagon and voted for license. It was carried! Did we see a similar load of temperance men drive up to the polls? No. Thus we see how the alcoholic evil has fastened its fangs upon society and the body politic, mocking and grinning at us from behind the bulwarks of the polls, and its vast capital. This is why we find fighting for total abstinence a hand to hand encounter. If we gain an inch to day we may lose it to-morrow. What sustains our faith? What hope have we? Our hope is in God and in the education of the children.

Such an impression ought to be written upon the moral nature of the Sunday school scholars of to-day, that when they grow up they will scale the impregnable heights held by the enemy and batter down the liquor traffic by the only effectual weapon—the ballot. There is no alternative. The temperance reform will have to enter the arena of politics if it would meet the enemy on its own ground and with its own weapon.

Having considered the relation of the Sunday school teacher to the reform, let us now look at the position of teacher in secular schools. Here is another great field of possibility. The last report of the commissioner of education gives the number of pupils enrolled in the public schools of the United States, as 10,738,192, with a corps of 271,927 teachers. Think of the waves of influence set in motion if this army of teachers were pronounced in favor of temperance! It is but truth to say that these teachers represent the highest moral and cultured part of our population. There are 101,307 male teachers and it is the exception to find one who uses intoxicating drink or tobacco. Instruction concerning the physiological effects of alcohol, now obligatory in several states, has brought the subject before the teachers.

In rural communities where temperance principles generally prevail, teachers could do much to further the reform. Every country school ought to be organized into a Loyal Legion. The meetings could be held bi-weekly, Friday, after school. The children are there, and the room is ready, all that is wanting is an earnest leader who is willing to devote a short time to temperance instruction, song, anecdote and story. The organization can be carried on with little labor under such conditions. Very few teachers would do this; either they are physically unable to take any added burden, or they are passive to the temperance cause. "Where there's a will there's a way," and one case comes to mind where a Loyal Legion numbering one hundred and forty members is carried on according to the plan above, in a union school. The president is one of the primary teachers, a young lady rather frail but possessing great executive ability and zeal. She is assisted by the ladies of the village.

Not long since from deep in the earth a rock was taken upon which was traced the delicate leaves of a fern. Perhaps a million years ago that little fern gave up its life, and by the process of petrifica-

tion its frail beauty in every line and curve is preserved to-day.

The teacher's influence upon the child's mind is something like that little fern. The infant mind is easily impressed and the teacher who holds up to his primary class the evils of profanity, intoxicating drink, and tobacco, may find in eternity that his teaching influenced the eternal destiny of his pupil.

It may be that the lines of influence engraven upon the moral nature of a child are more indistinct than the delicate fern upon the rock. The petrified fern is destructible. It may be ground to powder and flung to the four winds of heaven, but moral influences good or bad are eternal. Would that there were more teachers like the young lady mentioned above! Such a temperance school could not be formed in many city or village schools on account of the law prohibiting religious teaching. Take, for example, the schools in a city in Wisconsin. They are superior in many respects to eastern schools. Perfect system and method prevails from the high school to the district school, but the bible is prohibited, and temperance as related to hygiene receives but very little attention. The reason why the teachers are bound to keep silence is, that the foreign element of the population prevails. A primary teacher said three-fourths of her pupils were foreigners. If she taught temperance she would lose her place. A little girl was pointed out who often came to school stupefied by strong drink. Her father was a German saloon keeper, and this brings us up to the question of immigration, another staggering problem that temperance workers have to meet.

This year the influx of foreigners upon our shores is startling. Since January first over 100,000 immigrants have landed at Castle Garden. Fully eighty per cent. settle in the west. They come with wrong ideas of our government, and find it impossible to reconcile our laws with their ideas of a free Sabbath and free rum. The children of these immigrants must be reached, and who has a chance like the teacher in the secular school? The children of the immigrant attend school. They become Americanized—their parents never. We cannot expect to convert the beer-loving foreigner to temperance ideas, but his children ought to be taught total abstinence. The parents are jealous of our Sunday schools and temperance legions, preferring to attend churches of their own language, therefore the only medium for temperance teaching is the public school.

Seeing how wide is the field for temperance instruction let the W. C. T. U. push on the reform until ten millions of children wear the badge—"Tremble King Alcohol, I shall grow up."

A LOST DAY.

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Records for thee no worthy action done."

"One day spent well and agreeably to your precepts
is better than an eternity of error.—Yonge's Cicero—
(Tusculum Disp., Book V., Div. 2.)

"Philip—Madam, a day may sink or save a realm.
Mary—A day may save a heart from breaking, too."
—Tennyson—Queen Mary.

A day! How little it seems to us. Yet every day, nay, every hour possesses an infinite value. We are all familiar with the anecdote of the Roman Emperor Titus, who exclaimed in sorrow one evening, "I have lost a day!" The circumstance has been alluded to by Pope, Young and other English poets, as being greatly to his credit. We are not apt to throw away that which we esteem precious. But how best to use this priceless gift of time seems ever the great question concerning which there are so many and diverse opinions.

Ninety-nine persons out of a hundred will say, with truth perhaps, "I am very

busy, I hardly have a moment to myself. This is a busy world. Every day seems brim full of employments that seem to us so pressing, so all engrossing that we find little time for the rest and quiet meditation so essential to physical health and spiritual growth.

We do not realize that some of our must-be's might be only may-be's, and that some of the may-be's will soon be must-be's. We do not realize that some of the seemingly important trifles and details that fill our hours and exhaust our strength, might have been left out, while some of the little things we have left out of the day, will by and by assume an importance not to be overestimated.

"Mary, come here," the mother says to her little four-year-old daughter, who is playing with dolls in the corner of the room.

No answer. The patient mother calls gently again and repeats the invitation. "Mamma, don't talk to me now, I'm busy," she answers without looking up, thus imitating in an amusing way the words and manners of her elders.

Is it not just as absurd and more wicked for us, poor mortals, to delude ourselves with the idea that we are too busy to attend when our Heavenly Father calls us—too busy to listen to hear whether he is calling or not—too busy to do our part for the uplifting of humanity, the advancement of every righteous cause, and the coming of Christ's kingdom in our own hearts.

Every day brings us one day nearer death. Is it also bringing us one day nearer heaven? There is no standstill in life, be it physical, mental, or spiritual. If we are not growing we are dying. If we are not gaining we are losing. If we are not advancing we are retreating.

The devout Neapolitan preacher, Lawrence Scutari, in his excellent little book, "The Spiritual Combat," says: "Let every day be spent as if it were the last; have nothing at heart but the will of God, and ever dread that rigorous account He will demand of you for every single moment. One word more, though you have dispatched much business, and taken a great deal of pains, yet look upon the day as lost to you, and all your labor unprofitable, unless you have gained many victories over your passions and your own will; unless you have gratefully acknowledged the benefits received from God, particularly His dying on the cross for you; unless you have received as blessings whatever chastisements that Father of infinite mercy has inflicted as a means of expiating your manifold crimes."

One day! What is it in a life time? It seems almost nothing to the many people who fill its hours with petty trifles, who even try to "kill time." But the time will surely come for each one of us when one day more will be all that remains to us of life. Who knows how soon?

The last words of Queen Elizabeth of England were, "All my possessions for a moment of time." What was it to her then that she had in her wardrobe hundreds of the most elegant and elaborate dresses ever worn by woman, while she still lacked the robe of Christ's righteousness? What was it to her then that she had in this world been at the highest pinnacle of wealth, fashion, power and pride—all ended now forever—and before her an eternity of—what?

It has been said by an eminent divine who had stood at many death beds, Father Faber, that among the chief causes of unhappy death beds are selfishness, worldliness, and waste of time.

There are so many ways of wasting time that we do not suspect. Sometimes very busy people waste a great deal of time, and again, as a French philosopher has said, "the time best employed is

often that in which we do nothing," or rather in which we seem to do nothing, but are really laying in stores of brain, muscle and nerve forces for future use, gathering strength in quiet and retirement to do more by and by.

How much precious time is wasted in dawdling, gossiping, dreaming and procrastinating.

"Oh, what a glorious record
The angels might have kept,
Had I done instead of dreaming,
Had I warred instead of wept."

Time spent in cultivating the love and confidence of our children and the members of our own households is never wasted; time spent in ministering to the poor, the sick and the afflicted, is never wasted; time spent in earnest prayer and religious meditation is never wasted nor shall we at the door of eternity ever regret the time thus spent; but, alas, how many ways there are in which we may and do squander our precious time. They are too numerous to enumerate. Formal calls, when the conversation runs only on useless subjects, the weather, servants, fashions, or worse, the failings of our neighbors; elaborate stitching, embroidery and trimming of clothing for ourselves or children, which tends only to foster vanity, impede healthful motion and free exercise, and waste money; elaborate dishes designed only to please the palate, but which we know will tax the digestive organs, and use the strength that might be employed in something more elevating. These are only a few of the ways in which we may waste our days.

It is not a waste of time to keep ourselves and all our belongings always neat and tidy. It is a great saving of time to have a place for every thing and every thing in its place. It is a saving of time, too, to take a little time to think and to pray in the early morning and in the evening; and to lay a plan over night for next day's work. It is a great saving of time to have a time for every thing and every thing in its time. This is one of the great secrets of the steady progress of children at school. This habit of method learned in early life carried into our maturer years will insure the best results. To do things at the right time is really no trifling matter. "Any time is no time," says the proverb, but it is sometimes worse than no time.

It is a very common mistake to suppose that if women do their duty at home they will have no time for any thing else. As well might it be said that if a man attends to his farm, his store or his office properly, he has no time for outside work, no time to vote, no time to be married, no time to go to church, no time for politics or religion, no time for his duties as a father, as a husband, or as a citizen. "Charity begins at home," but it does not end there, and woman as well as man owes duties not only to God, to her family and to herself, but to the community as a citizen, and to all whom she can influence or benefit. There are so many new avenues of usefulness now open to woman! Not only home work, which is always first and best, but unions for benevolent purposes, missions, industries, charities and reforms, in which so much good is accomplished by women. Let us not fail to do our part in these efforts for the uplifting of our race. Let us say with an unknown writer in the Dublin University Magazine:

"I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do."

When the late lamented Helen Hunt Jackson (H. H.) was on her death bed, she expressed regret at having wasted so

much time in her earlier years, in frivolity and worldliness, but expressed satisfaction and pleasure in thinking of the books she had written in behalf of our poor, ill-used American Indians. These books, "A Century of Dishonor," and "Ramona," she considered the best work of her life.

Let us each endeavor to so fill our days as we shall wish we had done when we come to render our account, that we may not, when it is too late, bitterly regret time lost forever.

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

GLIMPSES OF JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

BY MRS. A. A. MORGAN.

Until within a few decades our knowledge of Japan and its strange people has been very meager. It has a history reaching far back into the past ages; but its existence was unknown to the ancient geographers. During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the Portuguese had held infrequent relations with them, but the severe restrictions imposed, together with the cruel code of laws rigidly enforced, engendered such ill feelings that bitter dissensions arose and all communication was shut off. For more than two centuries following, their ports were like a sealed book to all the world. All approaches within their precincts were zealously guarded and firmly repulsed, and every attempt for a closer acquaintance was looked upon with jealousy and suspicion. Only by slow and persistent efforts have we been able to establish any relations with them. About thirty years ago the government of the United States, succeeded in completing arrangements that opened their ports for commercial intercourse. Other nations soon fitted out expeditions, and friendly conditions were conceded to them; thus virtually breaking up the Rip Van Winkle nap in which they had for so long a time indulged.

We read that in 1831 a small Japanese junk was driven towards our coast. After being buffeted about for some time by the winds and storms, it finally drifted ashore; the parties were rescued and kindly cared for. This circumstance afforded a plausible excuse for venturing within their forbidden domains, and measures were promptly taken to carry them back; a ship was accordingly fitted out for that purpose. On arriving at the Bay of Yeddo the Japanese authorities, having discovered that the ship was unarmed, opened a heavy fire upon them, and drove them away. Another attempt was made to land them on a neighboring island, but they were obliged to retreat under a heavy bombardment, and return with their exiled guests to China.

Recently meeting with a friend who had just returned from Yokohama, a pleasant hour was passed in listening to a descriptive account of the habits and unique ways of the Japanese. Many articles were shown me in curious workmanship and strange designs; beautiful vases in patterns exceedingly odd; boxes of tortoise shell and knick-knacks in wonderful variety. We examined with unwonted interest an embroidered shawl of small size, wrought by a man skilled in the art of needlework; indeed, a large part of the embroidery is done by men. The shawl was intended as a gift to an invalid mother, whose thoughts were ever reaching out to her loved son so far away; wishing to expedite its completion as much as possible, he visited the place each day to note the work as it matured beneath the artisan's skillful hand.

I looked over a large collection of colored photographs brought from Yokohama, and from Tokio, the eastern capital, eighteen miles distant, which gave me an

insight into their every-day lives that was most interesting. Prominent in all the landscape views, was the lofty cone of Fusi-Yama, the "sacred mountain of Japan." It is only during two of the summer months that this extinct volcano is sufficiently free from snow to allow of ascent; and even then it is attended with so many difficulties and hardships, that places have been excavated in the earth at stated intervals along the way, where rest and refuge may be obtained. The men of Japan make the journey to the summit a religious pilgrimage; but it is said the women are only accorded the privilege every sixtieth year. This "matchless mountain" is held in great veneration. It is usually delineated upon their lacquered ware and outlined upon their fans. The streets of Yokohama in the European quarters are wide and pleasant, the buildings not dissimilar to those in our own cities. The post office and city hall are imposing edifices, and many of the private dwellings very beautiful and attractive, in marked contrast to the low, one-storied houses in the native districts, quaint and foreign as are the most of them.

Among all these numerous pictures, the entire absence of any representation of domestic animals is strikingly noticeable. A lady who made a prolonged stay in Japan as a missionary some ten years ago, tells us in a book she has written since her return, that the native grasses are so very coarse it is impossible for animals to thrive upon it, and "no sheep, cows, nor goats were raised in all the land." Even the horses are of small size and are not used to any great extent. Men are largely employed as a means of transportation, often bearing heavy burdens. Many of the novel "turnouts" in vogue among the different classes, are hauled about by men, or borne upon their shoulders. The most common mode of conveyance among ladies of wealth is the jin-ri-ki-sha, a light, two-wheeled vehicle drawn by a man. The top is invariably thrown back, and presents a most pleasing spectacle when occupied by a couple of the young "native beauties" dressed in their bright attire. When not in use, long lines of these carriages may be seen on either side of the street, with the shafts resting upon the ground, or perchance before the gaily decorated theater and private residences, the "coolies" indolently awaiting the arrival of their lady patrons. Ladies of ordinary rank are usually attended by one man servant, but if connected with a family of higher degree she is escorted by two; one of them carries a large parasol, shielding her from the sun's too ardent rays, while the other ministers to her pleasure and comfort by fanning her ladyship. Not only do the ladies ride about the city in these jinrikishas, but they are frequently carried out into the country forty miles or more, the "coolies" being able to travel six and seven miles an hour; this vocation, however, induces heart trouble, and these men are short-lived.

The young, unmarried women wear more ornaments in their hair than do the married ladies; these consist of long, fancy hairpins, often very costly, and assuming most unconscionable proportions. The manner in which some of the ladies arrange their hair is decidedly novel, to say the least. Oils, pomades, and preparations of a mucilaginous nature are used, and the hair is carefully twisted, sometimes in knots and long loops, and often over pads of extraordinary size. A hair dresser is usually employed, and this fixative keeps the hair so well in place: it needs to be arranged only once a week. Another mark of distinction, which to us is far less pleasing, is the strange fancy they have of discoloring their teeth. They chew a nut called the "beetle nut,"

which stains the teeth intensely black. The color holds good for about six weeks, when it is again renewed by the same process. The girls are very fond of their dolls, taking them wherever they go, even to church; and do not give up playing with them until they are sixteen years old, at which age the young women are usually given in marriage, thus early assuming the more important and responsible duties of life. It is the prevailing custom among all classes to carry a fan, and the young Japs are early taught its use; indeed, it plays quite an important part in conversation, expressing in many little playful ways the sentiments of the heart.

In one of these pictures we see a whole family wending their way to religious observances. The wife precedes the other members and in her arms is a small child. She is closely followed by her mother, her sister, and a young daughter who carries in her hand a spray of pretty flowers. They are attended by a man-servant who has in charge a wooden image of strange device. The last of this interesting group is the husband, bearing across his shoulders and in his hands the most valuable treasures of his household, the family idols.

Japan has many temples scattered throughout the country, many of them large and magnificent, often embowered in the midst of beautiful groves, where, with verdure crowned, the bamboo waves its nutant plumes, and nature is radiant with beauty. The approach to these temples is usually by a long flight of steps. The faithful and the devout kneel and offer a brief prayer upon each one as they ascend. The picture representing the statue consecrated to Dalwoods, or the "Great Boodh," from whom the Buddhist religion is said to have originated, claimed most earnest attention. The chosen spot for this colossal image is in a deep, secluded wood, reached by a long, circuitous path leading up towards the mountains, and terminating at this wonderful construction of art and genius. The figure is of bronze, seated, with folded hands and downcast eyes, the entire height from its base being sixty five feet. The interior is utilized for a sanctuary. It is entered by a staircase which descends to the foundation, where the pious devotees betake themselves for prayer and devotion. The altar is lighted by means of an opening in the folds of the god's bronze mantle. Other photographs were closely examined, but let this conclude the picture scanning.

The Japanese have opened their beautiful country and given to the world some glimpses of their quaint customs and incomparable peculiarities. Surely it will ever be a pleasure to learn more of our foreign friends, who dwell upon the "islands of the rising sun."—Banner.

THE BLESSING OF A PLEASANT BIRTHPLACE.

BY A. P. REED.

Sauntering leisurely along the other day, viewing fine houses and their surroundings, the thought came to me, that it ought to be a blessing to a person, to be born in one of these places. And I wondered how it would seem to be born and bred amid such lovely and beautiful things. I wondered if there would not be an additional charm to childhood in such places, arising from the enhanced beauty of nature.

To him who emanates from the more lowly walks of life the thought has much of interest, growing out of a curiosity to realize its fullness. I believe in the beneficial effects of the beautiful in nature on the young. I believe such things add a sweetness to childhood, a sweetness especially perhaps to its memories, that is

never quite obtained from any other source, and which imparts a healthful tone to the mind that is hard to induce from any other source. I believe all this. And yet the cold fact remains that childhood is often found to have no particular charm in after years for many of those who are born and bred in the most beautiful of spots. I say this is frequently the case. It is not always so. The instances where it is not so are enough to prove the efficacy of nature's work under the proper conditions.

But what is the matter with the large class of cases where beautiful birthplaces fail of their proper effect on the young mind? Truly it is not the fault of nature who furnishes these beautiful places. No, I think in these cases the outward conditions are spoiled by the inward conditions, in other words, by defective management inside these homes.

In beautifying the homes of our land by use of nature's forces, there is apt to be much of the "true inwardness" of the old home lost, for with beauty of home we often find people growing "tony," and it is too often the case that aristocratic tendencies with their defective home life are associated with a betterment of the external home. Children grown under an aristocracy, know but little of the poetry of life, and its power to sweeten the memories, but are haughty, and come up sensible of one idea, viz., that they are "better than other folks," which means better than the masses who have humble, yet more true homes.

This being the history of many of the fine appearing homes, we have naturally come to associate these beautiful residences with more or less of unhappiness internally and to feel that we, the inhabitants of the more lowly home are happier than they, our lofty neighbors, which thought is a fertile source of self congratulation. We found our ideas on more or less of fact, a lamentable fact, and one that there is no need of. Let him who beautifies home so continue its inward conditions that the child within its walls shall get the full benefit of its beautiful surroundings, as shown in acute perceptions of the poetical, and fine sensibilities arising from development of the creative faculties, all of which comes largely from the ornamental. Comeliness in nature finds its counterpart in human nature, other things being equal. The beautiful in nature has naturally more charms for some than for others, but all are affected in some degree by it in childhood. From the brook that runs through the picturesque meadow, from the mossy dell, from the grassy green hillside, from the cheerful door-yard or lawn beneath the benignant shade of beautiful trees, childhood gathers its romance, and impressions that seem sweeter and sweeter with the increase of years, and that are never lost or left behind in the business of later life, serving rather to sweeten labor. These, all these, and more, are factors in the molding of character that should both by improvement and proper culture, be made the most of to sweeten life.

The young mind most always catches the "inspiration of the hour," whatever it may be, and the statement of the priest who said that, give him the management of all the children up to fifteen years of age and he would soon have the world solid for Romanism, bears more credit to the fact that the tree inclines as the twig is bent, than to any virtues of his doctrines.

Yes, beautify the home for the children's sake if for no other reason, and at the same time retain in all its freshness the old loves and familiarities within doors. Drive out the cold, coarse part of nature, or subdue and soften it, and so combine the beauties of nature with cul-

ture, and nurture, that the sweetness in nature shall permanently sweeten the child's nature.

MECHANICAL RECREATIONS.

The purpose of this article is to show that mechanical employments furnish the most healthful and delightful recreations for such as are not constantly employed in them.

The purpose of recreation is as the term implies to re-create or renew the exhausted energies of mind and body. Perfect rest, such as is secured by good, sound, refreshing sleep, is of all the means by which this is accomplished, the most powerful.

It is true food is the fuel by which the human engine runs and does work, but the analogy between a machine constructed of lifeless material and the animal economy ceases when we consider anything beyond the mechanical power of muscular movement derived from the consumption of food.

The human machine includes within itself a directing power which wearies and wears, and cannot be continuously employed in a single direction without fatigue. The wise Solomon saw that much study is a weariness to the flesh. And modern physiologists have not failed to see that undue manual labor impoverishes and enfeebles the mind.

The will concentrated long upon compelling the muscles to perform a certain routine of movement, finds itself at length powerless to command. It must then cease exertion entirely as in sleep, or it must exert itself in some new direction. This is what is commonly called recreation, that is, an occupation which affords an agreeable contrast to that which has caused fatigue.

We think it is indisputable that any employment which exacts moderate muscular activity, at the same time interesting the mind by employing its powers upon such topics as do not arouse the animal passions, while they moderately engage the higher mental powers, has in it all the elements of healthy recreation. In our opinion nothing whatever so combines these elements and furnishes so cheaply the needed relief to professional men and hard students as some mechanical occupation, in which originality of design may be united with manual skill in execution.

In such recreation the entire tendency is to gratefully relieve the mind, gently exercise and invigorate the body, and build out and cultivate powers which cannot be developed to the moral hurt of the individual, but greatly increase his intellectual stature.

In such occupations the mind wearied with business cares, or by much study, may revel in refreshing beauties of form, color and motion, and find the highest of all pleasures in the contemplation of the relation of simple causes to complex effects.

A man who has in this way attained to even moderate skill, may find his lathe a magical instrument by which he can clothe the rudest materials with forms of beauty, and gratify to the utmost that wonderful combination of faculties by which man most asserts his superiority over the brutes.

Imagination here finds, if not so wide a scope as in poetry, or the fine arts, sufficient to give it ample employ, and to banish from the mind all evil thinking and day dreaming, which to the young mind is always hurtful and sometimes fatal.

On this latter account we recommend most earnestly mechanical recreation for the young. Let the boys build wind-mills and miniature dams. They soil their clothes, but how much better soiled garments than soiled minds. They may out

their fingers with the tools you permit them to employ, but you will find such wounds heal in less time than the foul ulcers of moral corruption.

Every man who can afford it should supply his boys with tools and a room where they may be used and cared for. A boy takes to tools as naturally as to green apples, or surreptitious and forbidden amusements; and ten to one if he has a chance to develop his mechanical tastes and gratify them to their full extent, his tendencies to vicious courses will remain undeveloped. Such a result is enough to compensate for all the expense and trouble the indulgence we recommend would entail; while the chances that the early development of his constructive faculties may in this mechanical age be the means by which he may ultimately climb to fame and fortune are not small.—*Scientific American*.

RAIN IN THE GARRET.

It is an old garret, with big, brown rafters; and the boards between them are stained darkly with the rain storms of fifty years. And as the sportive April shower quickens its flood, it seems as if its torrents would come dashing through the shingles, upon you and upon your play. But it will not; for you know that the old roof is strong; and that it has kept you from the rain, and from the cold; you know that the hardest storms of winter will only make a little oozing leak, that trickles down the brown stains—like tears.

You love that old garret roof! and you nestle down under its slope with a sense of its protecting power that no castle walls can give to your maturer years. Aye, your heart clings in boyhood to the roof-tree of the old family garret, with a grateful affection and an earnest confidence, that the after years—whatever may be their success or their honors—can never recreate. Under the roof-tree of his home, the boy feels safe; and where in the whole realm of life with its bitter temptations, will he feel safe again?

But this you do not know. It seems only a grand old place; and it is capital fun to search in its corners, and drag out some bit of furniture, with a leg broken, and lay a cushion across it, and fix your reins upon the lion's claws of the feet, and then—gallop away. And you offer sister Nelly a chance, if she will be good, and throw out every patronizing word to little Charlie, who is mounted upon a much poorer horse—to wit, a decrepit nursery chair—as he of right should be, since he is three years your junior.

—Jealousy, says Arthur Helps, the well-known English essayist, is at once the meanest and the most unaccountable of vices. What belongs to us we shall have inevitably, and what we want and have not we shall never win by unreason. If we are lovely we shall be loved; and if we are unlovely we shall not be loved, no matter whether any other takes our place or not. Jealousy of the wealth, the social importance, or the happiness of others is alike unaccountable and absurd. Your own house is not lowlier because your neighbor's is four stories high and brown stone. If he should fail, and have to give up his carriage, it would crowd the horse-cars a little more, and by no means provide you with chaise or buggy. What is it in human nature that makes our poor fare seem poorer because our neighbor is eating roast duck and drinking champagne? To envy the love bestowed upon another is equally idle. Hearts keep their accounts, usually, with very tolerable fairness. We shall receive that of which we are worthy, no more—and what is our own by virtue of our desert no fate can take away.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Messrs. I. L. Cragin & Co., of Philadelphia, Pa., who are the manufacturers and sole proprietors of the world renowned Dobbins' Electric Soap, having had their attention called to the frequent letters in THE HOUSEHOLD regarding their soap, authorize us to say that they will send a sample by mail to any lady desiring to test its merits for herself, upon receipt of 15 cents to pay postage. They make no charge for the soap, the money exactly pays the postage. We would like to have all who test the soap write us their honest opinion of it for publication in THE HOUSEHOLD.

IN PRESS.

SHORT HINTS ON SOCIAL ETIQUET, compiled from the latest and best works on the subject, by Aunt Matilda. 54 pp. Printed on finest paper. Handsome Lithographed covers in six colors. Price 40 cents. I. L. CRAGIN & Co., publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.

We have advanced orders for a very large edition of this beautiful book, but have reserved the first edition to use as gifts among the thousands of good friends we have among THE HOUSEHOLD. Over ten years have elapsed since Aunt Matilda first wrote to you all through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD, of the merits of Dobbins' Electric Soap, and over a hundred and twenty issues of THE HOUSEHOLD have since that time each contained at least a column of bona-fide letters from ladies of your number, telling of the merits of this soap. Every letter has been unsolicited by us, and we have known nothing of them until we read them in THE HOUSEHOLD. This kind acknowledgement on your part, through all these years, has cheered and encouraged us, and we feel that we ought to make some return. We have retained from sale copies of "Short Hints," sufficient to give one to each subscriber of THE HOUSEHOLD, and will send postage paid and free of charge, one to each lady sending us her full address, together with fifteen complete outside wrappers of Dobbins' Electric soap, and the declaration that she is a subscriber to THE HOUSEHOLD. To all others the price of the book is 40 cents, which may be sent us in postage stamps.

I. L. CRAGIN & Co.

THE HOUSEHOLD:—I received a package of Dobbins' Electric Soap, gave it a good trial. We are nine in a family, had two weeks' washing and some extra pieces. It is the best of all the soaps or washing fluids I have ever used, it almost does the work itself, and it also makes the clothes nice and white and I did not have to use any extra soap for colored clothes. It is the best soap for colored clothes I ever saw. I washed some stockings colored with Diamond dye. It did not even color the water. With ordinary soap the color will wash out. I have been making my own soap, but I will always use Dobbins' Electric if it all proves as good as the sample.

Linton, O. ELIZABETH MCARTHE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—We have tested a good many kinds of soap, but find none of them equal to Dobbins' Electric. Wash day is now robbed of its terrors, and we no longer dread it as of yore. I have taken pains to recommend it among my friends, especially to those who consider soft soap and a good boiling absolutely necessary in washing clothes, and then the steam is very disagreeable, to say the least, every housekeeper knows that. I should be very glad to avail myself of the offer of I. L. Cragin & Co., by sending wrappers for their premiums. I have taken THE HOUSEHOLD for six years and think it a gem.

JENNIE E. VICKERY.

Hillsboro Upper Village, N. H.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap, and it gave entire satisfaction, best I ever tried. Yours respectfully.

MRS. L. W. EVANS.

Collamer, Chester Co., Pa.

PERSONALITIES.

We are in constant receipt of hundreds of letters for publication in this column, thanking those who have sent poems, etc., also letters stating difficulties of complying with exchanges published. We are very glad to publish requests for poems, also the exchanges as promptly and impartially as possible, but we cannot undertake to publish any correspondence relating to such matters, not from any unwillingness to oblige our subscribers, but from the lack of space which such an abundance of letters would require.—ED.

We are receiving so many requests for cards for "postal card albums" to be published in this column that we would suggest to those desiring such, to consider whether they are prepared to undertake the task of writing and sending 70,000 cards! We are willing to insert as promptly as possible, all requests from actual subscribers giving their full name and address, but feel it our duty to give a friendly hint of the possible consequences.

Will any of the sisters living in towns of over 700 inhabitants in Washington Territory send their address to me? ABBIE H. COOK. Ames, Iowa.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If Mrs. L. M., Washington Territory, in June HOUSEHOLD, will send me her address, I will gladly send her a sample of "Handsome Crochet Edging."

Walla Walla, W. T. MRS. A. J. NEWTON.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Euleika, Indian Territory, send her address to me?

MRS. F. F. SIMES.

351 Washington St., New Haven, Conn.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will A. E. Barrett, in March number, please send me her address?

MRS. C. H. BARRETT.

Lock Box 1, Winchester, N. H.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

Some fifty years ago, in the old stage coach times, in the old Bay State, a mail stage was going from one of the eastern towns to another with several passengers on the top, and the usual quota of hand trunks and valises. One of the passengers, a lad in appearance, seemed concerned about a certain valise which was disposed to slide down to the edge of the coach top, and be in danger by the jolting, of being thrown off. After pulling it back several times, a gray-haired passenger near him spoke up:

"Young man, is that your valise?"

"No, sir."

"Well, sir, you seem to take a good deal of interest in it."

"I was afraid it might fall off."

"What is that to you; you will get no thanks for it?"

This was all that was said. The young man did not touch it again. It did not make so much difference as by that time they were near the station, and with the change of horses, the valise and owner also changed coaches.

It was a lesson to the young man never to be forgotten, and influenced his whole future life.

Occasionally we meet with individuals who show their supreme selfishness in living for self alone, but they are the exception. They live their day and are soon forgotten. The world is none the better for their living in it. They planted no tree, because they might never receive the thanks of the weary traveler resting under its shade; or of the hungry child, enjoying its fruit. It is pleasant to notice among those who have received relief from days and years of pain and torture, how their very countenances shine with love and kindly feeling, as they recount to other afflicted ones the grand remedial agent which produced a cure, or afforded so much relief.

The following is one of the thousands of testimonies given in this way.

"QUENEMO, KAN., December 2, 1886.

"GENTLEMEN:—About eight years have now elapsed since your Compound Oxygen performed such wonders for my wife and son, and more than four years since I gave you the testimonials you had published concerning the efficacy of your treatment; and at this distant day I am yet receiving inquiries from all parts of the United States, and some from Canada, to learn if I really do exist, and if the Compound Oxygen really did what I

said it did, or whether I was a myth, and my name used by you to deceive the people.

My son, too, whose life was saved by the use of Compound Oxygen Treatment, is now well, and performing great mental labor as a writer and speaker. Outside of my own family, many very critical cases have been cured or greatly benefited, that space will not permit me to particularize. I write this to answer the many inquiries I have received as to the permanency of the cures, etc., many having conceived the idea that, like many quack nostrums, it might afford temporary relief only. But I can cheerfully say that permanency of cure is one of its chief virtues. By publishing this I have no doubt it will greatly enlighten the public on this point, and save me the answering so many letters on the subject. I am, most respectfully, H. P. VROOMAN."

Any one desiring to know more about this wonderful remedy, can readily be gratified without cost, by sending to Drs. Starkey & Palen, No. 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, for a Brochure. An interesting book of 200 pages, entitled Compound Oxygen, its Mode of Action and Results, which is sent free by mail.

Many bodily ills result from habitual constipation, and a fine constitution may be weakened and ruined by simple neglect. There is no medicine, for regulating the bowels and restoring a natural action to the digestive organs, equal to Ayer's Pills.

"See here," said a fault-finding husband; "we must have things arranged in this house so that we shall know where everything is kept." "With all my heart," sweetly answered his wife; "and let us begin with your late hours, my love. I should like very much to know where they are kept."

What makes the breath so fragrant, pure?

What makes the rosy gums endure?

What makes the teeth so pearly white?

What makes the mouth a dear delight?

'Tis SOZODONT, that precious boon

Which none can use too late, too soon.

It is Never Too Late

to cleanse the teeth and render the breath odoriferous with Fragrant SOZODONT, but it is best to use this wonderful Vegetable Elixir before the teeth begin to fail, and the breath to lose its freshness.

—The French loaf comes the nearest to being a veritable staff of life.

Ayer's Ague Cure never fails to neutralize the poisons of malaria, and eradicate them from the system. This preparation is purely vegetable, contains no harmful ingredients, and, if taken according to directions, is warranted to cure fever and ague. Try it.

He hadn't heard of it. She (emerging from the theatre)—"How absurd it is for any one to say that Bacon wrote 'The Taming of the Shrew.'" He—"Why, of course it is. I didn't know that Daly's authorship had been questioned."

Consumption Can be Cured!

Not by any secret remedy, but by proper, healthful exercise, and the judicious use of Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites, which contains the healing and strength-giving virtues of these two valuable specifics in their fullest form. Prescribed by Physicians. Take no other.

—A little girl was trying to tell her mother how beautifully a certain lady could trill in singing, and said: "O mamma, you ought to hear her gargle! She does it so sweetly."

Ayer's Hair Vigor is cleanly, agreeable, beneficial and safe. It is the most elegant and the most economical of toilet preparations. By its use ladies can produce an abundant growth of hair, causing it to become natural in color, lustre and texture.

A MOTHER'S BLESSING

is an infant food which can be relied on to agree with her little one, and to prevent those dangerous bowel disorders so often prevalent. Lactated Food is such an article, and where once used is always relied on. Sold in three sizes.

Horace Greeley once wrote that the only true method for extracting dirt from clothes was by using the air to force the suds through the fibres. In our invention we have this principle simplified by means of valves to force the water through the clothes, THEREBY SAVING ALL RUBBING AND POUNDING. Send 5 stamps to FREDONIA WASHER CO., FREDONIA, N. Y., for particulars. Agents wanted everywhere.

—Those who toil and spin—The bicycle riders.

Mark Your Clothes. The Independent says, "Pay son's is unquestionably the best indelible ink in the world." All druggists keep it.

Ayer's Ague Cure is an antidote for malaria and all malarial diseases whether generated by swamp or sewer. Neither quinine, arsenic, nor any other injurious drug enters into the composition of this remedy. Warranted to cure fever and ague.

JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE is not a soap, but a Washing Compound—a great invention for saving toil and expense without injury to the texture, color or hands. Pearline is the champion of all compounds for washing in hard or soft, hot or cold water, and without soap, soda or other preparations. In the families of miners, machinists, plumbers, painters, printers, farmers and laborers, Pearline is a blessing. It is equally efficacious in washing dishes, clothes or begrimed hands.

Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Horstford's

ACID PHOSPHATE,

—LIQUID—

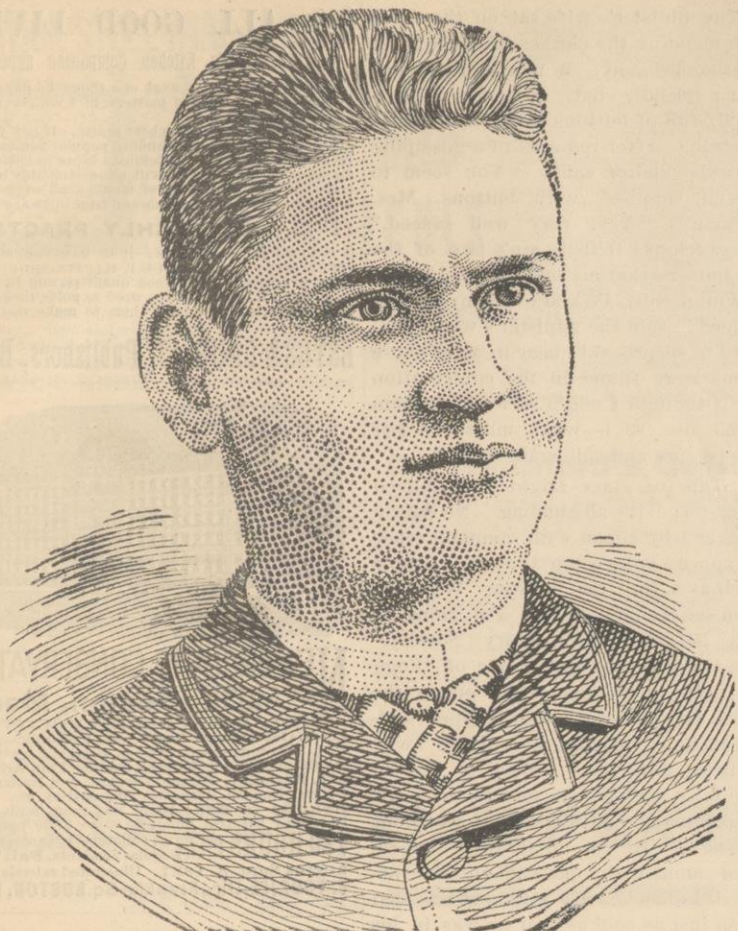
A preparation of the phosphates that is readily assimilated by the system.

Especially recommended for Dyspepsia, Mental and Physical Exhaustion, Indigestion, Headache, Nervousness, Wakefulness, Impaired Vitality, etc.

Prescribed and endorsed by Physicians of all schools. It combines well with such stimulants as are necessary to take. It makes a delicious drink with water and sugar only. For sale by all druggists. Pamphlet free.

Rumford Chemical Works, - Providence, R. I.

Beware of Imitations.



W. J. McDonald

In returning thanks to you for my miraculous cure of eczema or salt rheum, I deem it advisable to give you a detailed account of my case, and as there is, and always will be a prejudice against advertised remedies, you have my consent to publish this testimonial, and all inquiries, by letter or in person, I will cheerfully answer. I do this that people who go on year after year paying out large sums of money to incompetent physicians and receive no cure, or even relief, or end in filling a premature grave, as was nearly my case, may be induced to make trial of the wonderful CUTICURA REMEDIES.

At the age of three months a rash made its appearance on my face. A physician was called, he said teething was the cause, he prescribed some cooling medicine, but the sores spread to my ears and head. Another M. D. was called. He professed to know all about the case, called it "King's Evil," and prescribed gunpowder, brimstone and lard mixed into a salve, but the disease continued. They could not do anything with it. Another prescribed borax water and flour; another, linseed poultices. None of them did me any good at all, but made me worse. The disease continued unabated; it spread to my arms and legs, till I was laid up entirely, and from continual sitting on the floor on a pillow, my limbs contracted so that I lost all control of them, and was utterly helpless. My mother would have to lift me out and into bed. I could get around the house on my hands and feet, but I could not get my clothes on at all, and had to wear a sort of dressing gown. My hair had all matted down or fallen off, and my head, face and ears were one scab, and I had to have a towel on my head all the time in the summer to keep the flies off. My parents consulted a prominent physician and surgeon here in Chicago (the other physicians before mentioned were of Dundas and Hamilton, Canada), he said he could do nothing for me, that the chances were that I would grow out of it, or that it would strike inwardly and kill me in time. He wanted to cut the sinews of my legs so that I could walk, but I would not let him, for if I did get better I would have no control of them.

The disease continued in this manner until I was seventeen years old, and one day in January, 1879, in the Chicago Tribune, I read an account of your medicines. They described my case so exactly that I thought, as a last resort, to give them a trial.

When I first applied the CUTICURA, I was all raw and bleeding from scratching myself, but when I applied it I went asleep almost immediately, something I had not done for years, the effect was so soothing.

The first morning after using it my flesh (I had no skin only on the end of my nose) was a pink color. Next day it was kind of white, and I could place my hands on the sores without it being painful. In about two weeks I could stand straight, but not walk. I was so weak, but my sores were nearly well, then I commenced the use of the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, and in three days I was worse than ever. I was one mass of pimples from the top of my head to the soles of my feet; to say they were painful would not do justice to the case. In from two to four days they burst and left a small scale, which dropped off and left the spot pure and the skin white, and as near as I can judge I was cured in about six to eight weeks, and up to this date (i. e. from January, 1879, to January, 1887) I have not been sick in any way, or have had the least signs of the disease reappearing on me. I have an excellent appetite, have the very best of health. My limbs are straight, supple, and strong. I have been exposed to all sorts of weather without the least signs of the disease yet. The only difference I find in myself is that my skin is finer, softer, and not so liable to get chapped as is other persons.

No doubt many persons will not believe this almost improbable story, many will think it grossly exaggerated. I don't blame them a bit if they do, but to satisfy themselves, they can call or write to me and find out if what I have written above is true or not. There are many persons who can testify to the wonderful cure I have received by your CUTICURA REMEDIES. Gentlemen, let me again thank you for my cure. 3782 Dearborn St., W. J. McDONALD. CHICAGO, ILL., Jan. 30, 1887.

Nothing is known to science at all comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvellous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.

These pills were a wonderful discovery. No others like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of disease. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of a box of pills. Find out about them and you will always be thankful. One pill a dose. Illustrated pamphlet free. Sold everywhere or sent by mail for 25c. in stamps. Dr. I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 C.H. St., Boston.

BUY THE ACME. - See Advertisement.

J. A. Titus & Co., Brattleboro, Vt.

—He (at dinner)—“May I assist you to the cheese, Miss Vassar?” Miss Vassar (just graduated)—“Thanks, no! I am very comfortable where I am! But you may assist the cheese to me, if you will!”

—A little girl was sitting at a table opposite a gentleman with a waxed moustache. After gazing at him for several moments she exclaimed, “My kitty has got whiskers, too.”

OUR EXCHANGE COLUMN.

Our friends will please take notice that this is not an advertising column. Those who want money or stamps for their goods come under the head of advertisers. This column is simply for exchanges.

We are in receipt of so many exchanges of much greater length than we can insert and taking more time to condense than we can often give, that we ask those ladies sending exchanges to write them within the required limits. Four lines, averaging 28 words, being all we can allow to each item. We wish to caution ladies sending packages, against carelessness in sending full address with each. Many complaints are received by us which would be unnecessary if the address of the sender were given on the package sent even when accompanied by a letter.

Minnie C. Dean, North Bergen, N. Y., will exchange hand painting on fabric, decorated pipes, perfume sachets, and choice plants, for fancy or useful articles, books or minerals.

J. W. Foss, Dover, N. H., will exchange fine violin outfit, for Worcester's or Webster's unabridged dictionary, late edition, or offers. Write first.

Mrs. F. B. Jacobs, Winslow, Ariz., will exchange Moqui Indian mugs, rudely decorated, also specimens and stereoscopic views, for bound books, large sea shells, coral or any marine curiosities.

Mrs. Maggie W. Manley, Franklin, Morgan Co., Ill., will exchange Hall's Journal of Health in good condition, for shells, pampas plumes or any thing of equal value.

Mrs. S. E. Fisk, 351 Washington St., New Haven, Conn., will exchange sea shells or specimens from the Judge's Cove, for cabinet specimens.

Mrs. Geo. G. Andrews, Hudson, N. H., has HOUSEHOLDS to exchange for books. Write first.

Mrs. W. A. Somers, Passumpsic, Vt., will exchange one vol. of Youth's Companion, '82, for silk, satin, velvet, plush or brocade scraps for crazy patchwork. Write first.

Mrs. Annie Turner, Sewaren, N. J., will exchange Blaine's "Twenty Years of Congress," or history of "Union and Middlesex Counties," for Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. Write first.

Mrs. F. E. Sale, box 579, Iowa City, Ia., will exchange stamped pillow shams, for five yards of gingham or ten yards of calico, to a limited number.

Helen G. Aldrich, Elmira, Grant Co., Dak., will exchange Atlantic Monthly for 1887, for Harper's Magazine, same year. Magazines to be sent as soon as read.

Mrs. S. L. Birney, San Luis Obispo, Cal., will exchange sea curiosities of all kinds, for corals, fossils and mineral specimens.

Mrs. De Winton, 26th and Howard Sts., San Francisco, Cal., will exchange sheet music, including "Mendelssohn's Wedding March," and "Tannhauser" by Wagner, for other pieces, or any thing useful.

Mrs. S. P. Battles, Bourneville, Mass., will exchange "Book of Directions for French Raised Work," for hardy or tender bulbs not in her collection. Write first.

Mrs. Mary A. Bagly, Central Falls, R. I., will exchange "Ladies' Manual of Fancy Work and Stitches for Crazy Patchwork," for chrysanthemums or ten weeks stock. Write first.

Mrs. Simmons, 747 Marshall St., Milwaukee, Wis., will exchange patterns of infant's long or short clothes, for specimens, silk scraps, shells, or any thing useful. Write first.

Mrs. W. P. Meyer, Cathwood, S. C., will exchange Moore's Irish Melodies, new, worth \$2.50, for silk, satin, velvet, and plush pieces for patchwork. Write first.

Mrs. Frank Downs, Southampton, N. Y., will exchange five large bulbs of amaryllis Johnsonii, for other plants. Would like a wax plant, hoyo carnosa, and other vines.

Mrs. J. C. Meins, The Dalles, Wasco Co., Ore., will exchange twelve new copies, "Life of Blaine and Logan," for other books of equal value. Write first.

Mary M. Aldrich, Elmira, Grant Co., Dak., will exchange the Atlantic Monthly, for 1887, for Harper's Magazine, same year, to be sent as soon as read.

C. J. Thompson, Waldron, Ind., will exchange one year of Frank Leslie's Popular Science Monthly, and Virginia and trumpet creepers, for shells and cabinet specimens. Write first.

Mrs. F. B. Richards, South Lyndeboro, N. H., will exchange mica, silex and granites, also false topaz, for tremolite, prase or other mineral specimens.

Lina M. Bond, Denison, Iowa, will exchange a magic lantern, almost new, also the Chautauquan for four years, for cabinet specimens. Write first.

Abby F. Wilson, box 503, Peabody, Mass., will exchange gloxinia bulbs, for Godley's or Peterson's Magazines, '86, or Eva Nile's, Jennie June's, Parker's, or Ingall's fancy work books.

Mrs. J. J. Swift, La Grange, Tenn., will exchange white passifloras, perennial phlox, 15 varieties chrysanthemums, titium superbum and panicum bulbs, for other bulbs and plants. Write first.

Mrs. J. P. Lawton, James Island P. O., S. C., will exchange antediluvian shark teeth suitable for cabinet curiosities, for fancy work or flowers. Write first.

Mrs. L. L. Tagert, Pascagoula, Miss., will exchange one year of Peterson's Magazine, '82, complete, (except steel engravings), for games or any thing nice for youths.

E. Tompkins, Aurelia, Iowa, will exchange pair of cream velvet plaques 7x9, (hand painted) and scraps for crazy quilt, for any kind of agate or fine specimens.

Requests for exchanges will be published as promptly as possible, but we have a large number on hand, and the space is limited, so there will necessarily be some delay.

We are constantly receiving requests for exchanges signed with fictitious names or initials, and sometimes with no signature except number of post office box or street. We cannot publish such requests, nor those not from actual subscribers.

We cannot undertake to forward correspondence. We publish these requests, but the parties interested must do the exchanging.

—A good-natured newspaper chap was at a rustic picnic and rashly spoke to a young lady without the formality of an introduction. He happened to see a great fat caterpillar crawling on her lace collar, and jumping toward her said: "Madam, permit me to—" But the young lady waved him off with an imperious and insulting gesture and said, "How dare you speak to me without an introduction? You are certainly no gentleman, sir." Here the caterpillar overbalanced itself and fell down into her neck. "Youch! Oh! Help! Take it off. Oh, please do take it off, somebody!" screamed the fair one. The newspaper chap was the only "somebody" around and he said: "I couldn't think of it, madam, I haven't been introduced to the caterpillar."

May Yet Beat the Standard Oil Company.

The growth of the Moxie Nerve Food business is something prodigious. It is predicted by eminent physicians that as it fills a place medicine cannot reach, it will be the largest business in the country. In Milwaukee, they gave the Food to a Mrs. Mary E. Cook, living at 378 Van Buren Street, who had been nearly helpless for years, from being overtasked with work. Her weight went from 115 lbs. to 165 lbs. in a few weeks, and she fully recovered. It created so much interest, the medical men hardly knew what to think of it, as all that system could do had been tried. If the Company would only reduce the price to 30 cents a bottle, everybody could use it. It really gives great powers of endurance.

—“Ma, can I go over to Sallie's house and play a little while?” asks four-year-old Mamie. “Yes, dear; I don't care if you do.” “Thank you, ma,” was the demure reply, “I've been.”

GOOD HEALTH BY GOOD FOOD.

The advertisement of The Health Food Company has appeared in the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD for many years. The products of the Company have been used from year to year by the Editor, by many of the regular contributors, and by a goodly array of its readers. One and all have testified to the usefulness of these improved Foods in health, and to their great value in sickness. Hundreds of mothers have announced their satisfaction at the welcome discovery that in the many perfect cereal products of this Company, some palatable and attractive nutriment could always be found, so prepared as to be easily digested by the feeblest infant or invalid. The work of The Health Food Co. is founded upon a genuine and scientific food-philosophy, and recognizes the fact that foods must differ in different conditions, and that no single food can supply a universal want. The entertaining and instructive pamphlets of the Company should be carefully read by all, and may be obtained without cost by addressing The Health Food Company, 74 4th Ave., New York, or its agents in the principal cities of the country.

Arsenic and quinine are dangerous drugs to accumulate in one's system, and it is to be hoped that these poisons, as a remedy for ague, have had their day. Ayer's Ague Cure is a sure antidote for the ague, is perfectly safe to take, and is warranted to cure.

Dr. Swett's Root Beer Packages

Not only makes a very agreeable drink, but is highly medicinal, acting mildly and beneficially on the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. Composed of Life of Man, Sarsaparilla, Wintergreen, Hops, Juniper, etc. I select from among many letters received: "It is the best medicine we have ever used. I can highly recommend it to any one in poor health. It has done my wife more good than anything she ever tried." A package to make 5 gallons, 25 cents, by mail 6 cents extra, 4 packages \$1.00, prepaid. Prepared at the N. E. Fottan Depot, 245 Washington St., Boston. Geo. W. Swett, M. D., Proprietor.

Table Lamp. Burns Like Gas. No Chimney, No Smoke.

In the saving of chimneys this Lamp soon pays for itself. Send for sample at agent's price, \$2.25, and try these Lamps. Sells for \$5 at sight. Common kerosene oil is used, giving a large and brilliant white light. Send Postal Note or Money Order to

NEW IDEAL LAMP CO., Hartford, Conn.

THE FAMOUS CUSTOM MADE PLYMOUTH ROCK \$3 PANTS.

(Coats and Vests cut to order at proportionate prices.)

DO YOU WEAR PANTS

If you do, you may save lots of money, and at same time get a good fit, by sending 6c. (and mentioning this paper) for a full line of samples of cloth, linen tape-measure and self-measurement blanks, with full particulars. Satisfaction guaranteed. PLYMOUTH ROCK PANTS CO., 18 Summer Street, Boston.

THE ANATOMY OF THE HAIR.

There is much more in health of hair than most people imagine. Simply speaking, on the one hand, the hair cannot be in health if the body be not so; and, on the other, an unhealthy scalp may positively produce grievous bodily ailments; at least, I believe so; and I would adduce only one proof of this. Think you not, then, that if the skin of the head be not wholesome, and every duct, whether sebaceous or perspiratory, acting well, headaches may occur, or a dull and hot feeling of the brain? You can conceive this to be true readily enough. Well, the brain acts, for good or for evil, constantly upon the stomach and organs of digestion, and on these latter depends the whole economy of the system, and the proper nutrition of bone, muscle, and nerve as well.

Remember when I say "hair" I do not mean only the visible portion of that appendage, but its roots as well, and the glands that lubricate the whole.

It would take much more space than I have at my command at present to describe the anatomy and growth of the hair. I may, however, state briefly a few facts concerning it.

1. Each hair, then, grows from the bottom of a minute sac or depression in the three layers of the skin—a kind of bottle-shaped cavity.

2. Each hair is composed of three layers, corresponding to those of the skin, first an outer, made up of scales or cells, arranged like the tiles on a house, the free ends being turned toward the point of the hair, so that the hair is, as all know, more easily smoothed one way than another. Secondly, a middle layer, called the cortical portion, and this is the chief substance of the hair, and it is this which splits in some ailments. Lastly and internally is the pith, not present in all hairs, though it probably ought to be. This pith consists simply of rows of large cells that line the cortical portion.

3. The color of the hair depends upon a pigment which is found in the middle or cortical layer. This pigment is found, both fluid and solid in the cells, and the intensity of color, say of black and brown hair, depends upon the amount of this pigment more than its actual color.

4. The bottle-shaped depression from the bottom of which the hair grows is called the hair-sac, and its depth corresponds with the length of the hair which is to grow therefrom; sometimes, therefore, the sac of a short hair will be only through the outer skin layer, while that of a long hair will be quite deep. The axis of each sac is at an acute angle; thus the hair is enabled to lie flat. If it were perpendicular, the hair would stand up. That it does so under great fear or excitement we all know. This is caused by a nervous tightening up of the skin. It is constantly seen on the backs of dogs and cats when they are enraged.

5. The hair grows from—is set on to, I might say—a little cone called the *matrix*, and this cone is fed from the blood, and in its turn feeds the hair and enables it to grow.

6. The natural gloss of the hair depends upon a secretion which is poured into the sac from two little glands called sebaceous, which secrete an oily juice. Washing the hair with hard alkaline soap entirely destroys this secretion and cannot but injure the hair.—*Cassell's Magazine*.

—Kind words cost no more than unkind ones.

—Conscience is the voice of the soul; the passions are the voice of the body.

—Contentment is a good thing until it reaches the point where it sits in the shade and lets the weeds grow.

THE WITCH'S FATE.

A CRUEL PREJUDICE OF OLD TIMES MORE THAN EQUALLED NOW.

Not many decades ago in this country, the people were excited over witchcraft. Persons suspected were thrown into the water; if not witches, they would drown; if they were witches, they would swim ashore, and would be put to death! In any event, they were doomed!

Not many years ago if a person were taken sick with advanced disorder of the kidneys, the physician would pronounce the disease Bright's disease, and when so declared, he regarded his responsibility at an end, for medical authority admitted that the disease was incurable.

When the physician found a patient thus afflicted, he would say, "Oh, a slight attack of the kidneys; will be all right in a little while." He knew to the contrary. But if he could keep his patient on his hands for a few months he knew he would derive a great revenue from his case, and then when the disease had progressed to a certain stage, he would state the facts and retire, exonerated from all blame.

But the error of supposing the disease incurable, has swayed the public mind, long after the fact has ceased to be. But public opinion, has been educated to the true status of the case by those who have discounted the incurability theory, and the public recognizes and testifies to the fact that Warner's safe cure is a specific for this disease. This has been shown with thousands of testimonials.

Upon referring to them in our files we find that \$5,000 reward will be given to any one who can prove that so far as the manufacturers know they are not genuine, and that hundreds of thousands similar in character could be published, if it were necessary.

This condition of things is very amusing to the journalist, who looks upon all sides of every question. Proof should be accepted by all, but prejudice fights proof for many years. It seems strange that when a proprietary medicine is doing the good that Warner's safe cure is that the physicians do not publicly endorse it. Many of them, we are told, privately prescribe it.

A few years ago, as stated, when a man had Bright's disease, the doctor boldly announced it, because he thought it relieved him of responsibility.

To day when prominent people are dying (and hundreds of thousands of common people die of the same disease,) we are told that doctors disguise the fact that it is Bright's disease of the kidneys, and say that they die of paralysis, of apoplexy, of pneumonia, of consumption, of general debility, of rheumatism, of heart disease, of blood poisoning, or some other of the names of the direct effects of kidney disease. They are not the real disease itself.

We sometimes wonder if they avoid stating the real cause of disease for fear they will drive the public into patronage of the only scientific proprietary specific for kidney diseases and the thousand and one diseases that originate in inactive kidneys.

We do not believe every advertisement we read. Some people perhaps may regard this article as an advertisement and will not believe it, but we are candid enough to say that we believe the parties above mentioned have stated their case and proved it, and under such circumstances the public is unwise if it is longer influenced by adverse prejudice.

—"I should like to box your ears," said the Chicago girl to an audacious Detroit, and then added reflectively, "If I could get a box big enough."

—The minister's wife sat on the front porch mending the clothes of one of her numerous progeny. A neighbor stepped in for a friendly chat. A large work basket half full of buttons sat on the floor of the porch. After remarks of a gossiping nature the visitor said: "You seem to be well supplied with buttons, Mrs. Goodman." "Yes, very well indeed." "My gracious! if there ain't two of the same buttons that my husband had on his last winter suit. I'd know 'em anywhere." "Indeed!" said the minister's wife calmly; "I'm surprised to hear it, as all these buttons were found in the contribution box. I thought I might as well put them to some use, so I—what, must you go? Well, be sure and call again soon."

—"Talk of stage fright!" exclaimed Fenderson; "it's all humbug. No reason whatever why a man with common sense can't appear before ten thousand people as well as before one person. Wait until you see me next week. I'm going to recite before our Literary Society." When the entertainment came off, Fogg was there. Fenderson came on to the stage in an excited manner, stopped suddenly at the footlights and blazed away something like this: "Back to thy fugitive false punishment, and to thy weed add springs, lest with a skip of worpions I pursue—" He got no further, but returned amidst the plaudits of the delighted audience. He still persists that he was just as cool as ever he was in his life. If he hadn't got confused, he says, he'd got along all right.

WASTE EMBROIDERY SILK.

Factory Ends at half price; one ounce in a box—all good silk and good colors. Sent by mail on receipt of 40 cents. 100 Crazy Stitches in each package. Latest and best book on Art Needlework, only 10 cents. Send postal note or stamps to THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG SPOOL SILK CO., 480 Broadway, N. Y., or 621 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

For the names and addresses of 10 ladies interested in Art Needlework, we will send one book free.

ONE OUNCE IN EACH BOX

THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG SILK CO.

WOOD'S LADIES' BLACKING

Restores original luster and finish to the shoe. Only Dressing that will produce a Polish without shrinking, cracking, or hardening the leather. Each Bottle contains double the quantity of other dressings. Gold Medal received at New Orleans for superiority over all others. Your Shoe Dealer has it. Manufactured by GEO. H. WOOD & CO., BOSTON.

CLUB ORDERS

We have made a specialty since 1877 of giving as PREMIUMS to those who GET UP CLUBS or purchase TEA and COFFEE in large quantities, DINNER and TEA SETS, GOLD-BAND SETS, SILVER-WARE, &c. Teas of all kinds from 30 cents to 75 cents per pound. We do a very large Tea and Coffee business, besides sending out from 60 to 90 CLUB ORDERS each day. SILVER-PLATED CASTERS as Premiums, with \$5, \$7, and \$10 orders. WHITE TEA SETS with \$10 orders. DECORATED TEA SETS with \$11 orders. GOLD-BAND or MOSS-ROSE SETS of 44 pieces, or DINNER SETS of 118 pieces, with \$20 orders, and a HOST of other Premiums. We carry the largest stock, and do the largest TEA and COFFEE business, in Boston. Send postal (and mention this paper) for our large illustrated price and premium list, of 96 pages, containing also CASH PRICES for our premiums, at LESS than Wholesale Prices. As to our reliability, we are pleased to refer to the publishers of this paper.

GREAT LONDON TEA CO.,
301 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

POZZONI'S MEDICATED COMPLEXION POWDER.

Imparts a brilliant transparency to the skin. Removes all pimples, freckles and discolorations. For sale by all first-class druggists, or mailed for 50 cts. in stamps by J. A. POZZONI, St. Louis, Mo.

FARMS Homes, Timber, Mineral Lands for sale on time, address Tenn. Land Exchange, Nashville, Tenn. CHEAP

TO ALL GOOD LIVERS

Miss Parloa's Kitchen Companion appeals.

It is an entirely new work of a thousand pages by the authority on household matters, in 1 vol., crown 8 vo., cloth, \$2.50.

This book merits the highest praise. It has not been hastily written to meet a sudden popular demand, but is rather the result of conscientious labor in leisure hours for several years, and it will unquestionably be a welcome visitor in thousands of families all over the land in which Miss Parloa's name and fame alike are familiar.

IT IS THOROUGHLY PRACTICAL;

It is PERFECTLY RELIABLE; it is MARVELOUSLY COMPREHENSIVE; it is COPIOUSLY ILLUSTRATED; it is, in short, overflowing with good qualities, and is just the book that all housekeepers need to guide them in their daily duties, and to enable them to make their homes happy.

ESTES & LAURIA, Publishers, Boston.



NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC Boston, Mass.

THE LARGEST and BEST EQUIPPED in the WORLD—100 Instructors, 2188 Students last year. Thorough instruction in Vocal and Instrumental Music, Piano and Organ Tuning, Fine Arts, Oratory, Literature, French, German, and Italian Languages, English Branches, Gymnastics, etc. Tuition, \$5 to \$25; board and room with Steam Heat and Electric Light, \$5.00 to \$7.50 per week. 180 HOURS per term, collateral advantages FREE to all Regular Students. Fall Term begins Sept. 8, 1887. Illustrated calendar, free. E. TOURJEE, Dir., Franklin Sq. BOSTON, MASS.

S. T. TAYLOR'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FASHION REPORT.

S. T. Taylor's Illustrated Monthly Fashion Report appears about the Twentieth of every month, in advance. It contains a large number of wood-cuts, representing the Leading Styles in Ladies' Toilettes, Hats, Bonnets, etc., that are to be worn in Paris during the following months; besides this, an article on Fashions prepared for us with the greatest care by our agents in Paris; and many hints and information invaluable to the professional dress-maker, as well as to the private lady who appreciates elegance and correct style of dress.

Single Copy, 6c. Yearly Subscription, 50c.

S. T. TAYLOR, Publisher,
930 Broadway, N. Y.

KIDDER'S DIGESTYLIN

—FOR—
Indigestion and Dyspepsia.

A POTENT REMEDY FOR
Indigestion, Acute and Chronic Dyspepsia, Chronic and Acute Gastro-Intestinal Catarrh, Vomiting in Pregnancy, Cholera Infantum, and in convalescence from Acute Diseases.

Over 5,000 physicians have sent us the most flattering opinions upon Digestylin as a remedy for all diseases arising from improper digestion.

For 30 years we have manufactured the Digestive Ferments expressly for PHYSICIANS' use, and for the past year DIGESTYLIN has been by them extensively prescribed, and to-day it stands without a rival as a digestive agent. It is not a secret remedy, but a scientific preparation, the formula of which is plainly printed on each bottle. Its great DIGESTIVE POWER is created by a careful and proper treatment of the ferments in manufacture. It is very agreeable to the taste and acceptable to the most delicate stomach. For the reliability of our statements we would respectfully refer to all Wholesale and Retail Druggists and PHYSICIANS generally. Price \$1.00. Sold by Druggists, or

WM. F. KIDDER & CO.,
MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS,
83 John St., N. Y.

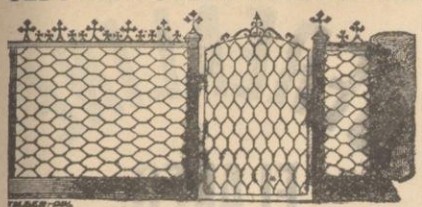
LADIES' ENAMEL

Enamel your Ranges twice a year, tops once a week and you have the finest-polished stove in the world. For sale by all Grocers and Stove Dealers.

MONEY AND PLENTY OF IT! \$10 every day. Don't wait. Send 2c. stamp for outfit at once. J. R. SLOANE & CO., Hartford, Ct.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (108 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

SEDGWICK STEEL WIRE FENCE.



The best Farm, Garden, Poultry Yard, Lawn, School Lot, Park and Cemetery Fences and Gates. Perfect Automatic Gate. Cheapest and Neatest Iron Fences. Iron and wire Summer Houses, Lawn Furniture, and other wire work. Best Wire Stretcher and Plier. Ask dealers in hardware, or address, SEDGWICK BROS., RICHMOND, IND.

Dining Room Notes,

By Emily Hayes,

is a practical little cook book compiled largely from the series of papers published in THE HOUSEHOLD during the past five years under this familiar title, with the addition of many new and excellent recipes. The book is in pamphlet form, containing over 200 pages. Price 40 cents in currency or postal note. Don't send stamps. Sent postpaid, on receipt of price. Address, EMILY HAYES, Lock Box 267, - Brattleboro, Vt.

NERVOUS HEAD-ACHES.

AGENTS WANTED.

HILL BRUSH CO., Reading, Mass.

Dr. Hanaford's Card.

MOTHER AND CHILD, giving, in plain language, the treatment of both. Price \$1.00.
HOME GIRLS, treating of the physical and mental training, 20 cents.
ANTI-FAT AND ANTI-LEAN, 25 cents.
GOOD DIGESTION, or the DYSPYPTIC'S FRIEND, 25 cents.
STOMACH REGULATOR AND LIVER INVIGORATOR. Intended for Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Indigestion, Nausea, Torpidity of the Liver, and all derangements of that organ. Price 40 cents (stamps) for enough to last one month; \$1.00 for three packages, three months.
GOOD BREAD AND HOW TO MAKE IT, with HEALTH RULES, 15 cents.
Patients will receive advice and medicine for six weeks, by giving a clear description of symptoms, for \$3. All sent by mail.
Dr. J. H. HANAFORD, Reading, Mass.

All Scalp Diseases, Premature grayness of the hair, Rheumatism and Neuralgia positively cured by Hill's Genuine Magnetic Brush, Improved.

Remember—Hill's are the only genuine Therapeutic Brushes ever offered to the public. These are made upon honor and have always done all and just what is claimed they will do. They are protected by three good patents. Have been in use about seven years. Many thousands have been sold and gone to every quarter of the globe and no failure under proper use is known to us. We make the \$1.00 and \$1.50 more powerful than ever before, but the \$3.00 Improved Brush is of greater power as it contains more magnets. We mail any one and all our appliances, with a treatise upon the hair by Dr. Belcher, on receipt of price by M. O. or registered letter. Address,

HENRY L. ALBEE & CO.,

30 & 36 Washington St., Boston.

Manufacturers of

FOLDING BEDS, MATTRESSES, PILLOWS, CHURCH CUSHIONS, ETC.

All goods warranted as represented.

I have long traded at the above house with perfect satisfaction. J. H. HANAFORD.

GAME OF STATES.

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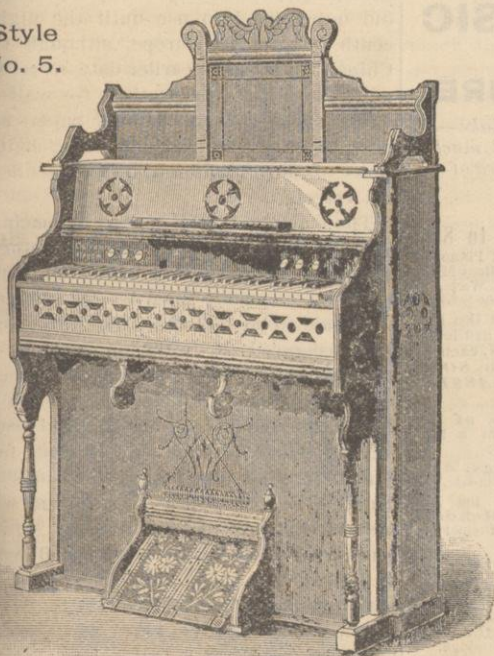
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BRATTLEBORO, VT., AUGUST 1887.

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We **CANNOT CHANGE THE DIRECTION** of a paper unless informed of the office at which it is now received, as well as the one to which it is to be sent.

PERSONS ACTING AS OUR AGENTS are not authorized to take subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD at less than the published price—\$1.10 per year, including the postage.

MONEY MAY BE SENT AT OUR RISK by money order, (either P. O. or express) or in a U. S. registered letter or by a cashier's check payable in New York or Boston. Don't send personal checks on local banks.

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

UNITED STATES POSTAGE STAMPS, 1's and 2's, will be received in payment for any sum less than one dollar but **DO NOT** send full subscriptions in that way. It is just as easy and as safe to send bank bills in a letter as their value in stamps, and they are worth a great deal more to us.

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

CORRESPONDENTS will please be a little more particular (some of them a good deal more) in writing proper names. A little care in this respect would prevent many annoying mistakes and the trouble of writing letters of inquiry. Names and places so familiar to the writers that it seems to them that everybody must recognize them at a glance are oftentimes serious puzzles to strangers unless plainly written.

CANADIAN STAMPS are of no use to us, neither can we credit full price for mutilated coin. Revenue and proprietary stamps are not postage stamps and we have no use for them. And will all our readers, every one, if you must send the ten cents in stamps, oblige us by sending 1's and 2's, and put them into the letters loosely? Do not attempt to fasten them even slightly, as many are spoiled by so doing. Seal the envelope well, and they can't get away.

LIFE MEMBERSHIP.—Many of our friends have expressed a desire to subscribe for more than one year at a time, so as to be sure of the regular visits of THE HOUSEHOLD without the trouble of renewing every year, and some have wished to become Life Members of the Band. To accommodate all such we will send THE HOUSEHOLD two years for \$2.00, six years for \$5.00, and to those who wish to become Life Members, the payment of \$10.00 at one time will entitle them or their heirs to receive THE HOUSEHOLD as long as it shall be published.

LADIES PLEASE BEAR IN MIND, when sending recipes or other matter for publication with your subscriptions or other business, to keep the contributions so distinct from the business part of your letters that they can be readily separated. Unless this is done it obliges us to re-write all that is designed for publication or put it all together among our business letters and wait for a more convenient season to look it over. So please write all contributions ENTIRELY separate from any business and they will stand a much better chance of being seasonably used.

TO CARELESS CORRESPONDENTS.—It would save us considerable time and no little annoyance, besides aiding us to give prompt and satisfactory attention to the requests of our correspondents, if they would in every case sign their names to their letters—which many fail to do—and also give post office address including the state. Especially is this desirable when subscriptions are sent, or any matter pertaining to business is enclosed. We desire to be prompt and correct in our dealing with our friends, but they often make it extremely difficult for us by omitting these most essential portions of their communications.

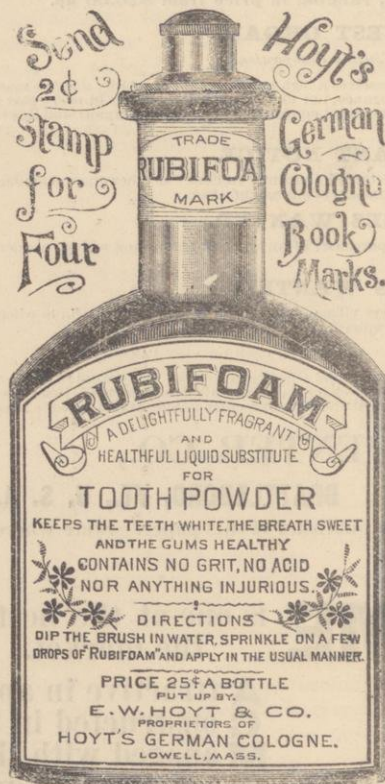
AN ESTLY COTTAGE ORGAN FREE to any subscriber of THE HOUSEHOLD, who will send its value in subscriptions, as offered by us, is certainly a most unusual offer and we are not surprised that it should attract the attention of very many of our readers, for in what other way could a first class organ be so easily obtained for the family, church, hall, or lodge room as by procuring the value of the instrument in subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD? We have already sent out many of these organs literally "from Maine to California," and in every instance so far as we have learned, they have given the most perfect satisfaction. Reader, do you want one?

AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense and risk of remitting it. The amount of the premium to be deducted depends upon the number of subscribers obtained, but can be readily ascertained by a reference to Nos. 74 and 89 of the Pre-

mium List on another page. It will be seen that from 25 to 40 cents is allowed for each new yearly subscriber according to the size of the club. In case the club cannot be completed at once the names and money may be sent as convenient and the premium deducted from the last list. Always send money in drafts or post office orders, when convenient, otherwise by express.

A TRIAL TRIP.—In order to give every housekeeper in the land an opportunity of becoming acquainted with THE HOUSEHOLD we have decided to send it on trial THREE MONTHS—postage paid—for 100 CENTS, to any one not already a subscriber. This offer affords an excellent chance for the working ladies of America to receive for three months a publication especially devoted to their interests, at a price which will barely pay us for postage and the trouble of mailing. We trust our friends who believe THE HOUSEHOLD is doing good, and who are willing to aid in extending its influence, will see to it that everybody is made acquainted with this offer. This trial trip will be especially an aid to our agents in affording each one an opportunity of putting THE HOUSEHOLD into every family in his county at a trifling cost, where it will be read and examined at leisure, which will be the very best means of swelling their lists of permanent subscribers. We make this offer for a few weeks only, so get on board while there is room.

OUR WEDDING PRESENT of a free copy of THE HOUSEHOLD for one year to every bride, has proved a very acceptable gift in many thousands of homes during the past few years, and we will continue the offer for 1887. This offer amounts practically to a year's subscription to THE HOUSEHOLD to every newly married couple in the United States and Canada, the only conditions being that the parties (or their friends) apply for the present within one year from the date of their marriage—enclosing ten cents for postage, and such evidence as will amount to a reasonable proof that they are entitled to the magazine under this offer. Be sure and observe these conditions fully, and don't forget either the postage or the proof. Nearly every bride can send a copy of some newspaper giving notice of her marriage, or the notice itself clipped in such a way as to show the date of the paper, or a statement from the clergyman or justice who performed the ceremony, or from the town clerk or postmaster acquainted with the facts, or some other reasonable evidence. But do not send us "names of parents" or other witnesses who are strangers to us, nor "refer" us to anybody—we have no time to hunt up the evidence—the party making the application must do that. Marriage certificates, or other evidence, will be returned to the senders, if desired, and additional postage is enclosed for the purpose. Do not send money or stamps in papers—it is unlawful and extremely unsafe.



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WILBUR'S BAKING CHOCOLATE, CARACAS CHOCOLATE, BREAKFAST COCOA,
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it is a Perfect Nutrient in either chronic or acute cases. Weak stomachs always retain and relish it. Physicians and mothers concede its superiority. The most palatable, nourishing and economical of Foods.

150 MEALS for an Infant for \$1.00.

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Valuable circulars and pamphlets, sent free.

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To the mother of any baby born this year we will send on application a Cabinet Photo. of the "Sweetest, fattest, healthiest baby in the country." It is a beautiful picture, and will do any mother's heart good. It shows the good effects of using Lactated Food as a substitute for mother's milk. Much valuable information for the mother given. Give date of birth.

Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

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Complete. The most stylish, perfect fitting garments to be had. Infant's Outfit, 12 patterns, 50 cts.

First short clothes, 12 patterns, 50c., with directions. One garment free with each set.

New England Pattern Co., 2, Rutland, Vt.

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FOR

SUMMER LEISURE

In the Cottage by the Sea—the Lake—the Mountain—restful hours pass much more pleasantly with a mixture of Music and Song.

TAKE WITH YOU THERE

The Good Old Songs we used to Sing. Paper, \$1.00. Bds. \$1.25. 115 Songs, Full Piano accompaniment. Sing them in "The Bright, Rosy Morning," the "Stilly Night," "On the Ocean Wave," or by the "Ingle Side." Not a poor song in the book.

The best of piano music is found in the new PIANO CLASSICS, or of easier grades in YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLASSICS, each \$1. First-class songs will be seen in SONG CLASSICS, \$1, and in SONG CLASSICS FOR LOW VOICES, \$1.

Gems of Strauss \$2 and also Gems of the Dance, \$2, contain a large quantity of the most brilliant music extant.

War Songs 50 cts., and College Songs, 50 cts., should be on hand for "jolly music."

The Life of Franz Liszt \$1.25, and the New Life of Mendelssohn, \$1.50, are the newest of books of Musical Literature. Send for Lists.

Any book mailed promptly for retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., BOSTON.

Send to JOHN C. HAYNES & CO., Boston, (branch house of O. Ditson & Co.) for grand illustrated Catalogue of all Musical Instruments, Strings and Trimmings.

BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA

Delicious, Nourishing, Absolutely Pure. Costing less than one cent a cup.

LADY AGENTS WANTED—10,000 at once; entirely new undergarment; outfit free, conditionally. Agents average \$10 to \$20 daily—so can you.

All about it FREE. Mrs. H. F. LITTLE, 37 Lakeside Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

PENSIONS, Officer's pay, bounty procured; deserters relieved. 21 years' practice. Success or no fee. Write for circulars and new laws.

A. W. McCORMICK & SON, Washington, D. C., & Cincinnati, O.

THE HOUSEHOLD BADGE.

THE simplest and most complete design for the use of THE HOUSEHOLD Band; being a fac-simile of THE HOUSEHOLD.

Made of white metal oxidized, \$1.02 each. Of solid gold, \$3.50 each. Order from

MARJORIE MARCH, Lock Box 76, Philadelphia, Pa.

CEREALINE FLAKES.

The Food of Foods.

USE "Cerealine Flakes" in pie paste and save half the butter or lard usually needed for shortening. By careful test such a pie crust is as much more digestible than ordinary pie crust as 100 is greater than 77.

CEREALINE MFG CO., COLUMBUS, IND.

HISTORY OF WALL PAPER.

The printing of various textiles with dye colors and mordants is probably one of the most ancient of the arts and they were certainly used in Europe as early as the thirteenth century. But wall paper did not come into use until the eighteenth century in Europe, although the Chinese at a much earlier date were familiar with paper decorations for walls.

The earliest European wall papers appear to have been in flock, being imitations of fine old Florentine and Genoese cut velvets.

The making of wall papers by machinery was an invention of the last century, and up to that time they were made only by hand in small, square pieces, which were said to be naturally difficult to hang, and disfigured the walls on account of the numerous joints. Samples, however, of walls of this kind are still shown in New York, made about one hundred years ago, in which the squares have been fastened together into lengths previous to hanging. Wall paper at this time was also costly, and on that account slowly succeeded the older styles of mural decoration, such as wood panelling, tapestry, stamped leather and painted cloth.

About one hundred years ago a manufacturer published a little book, giving many details of his methods and reduced copies of his designs. The latter were not the flowing designs now so much in use, but were chiefly pictures, being landscapes, architectural scenes, or statues, treated as panels. They were all printed in oil, with wooden blocks worked with a rolling press, apparently an invention of his own. The designs were in the worst possible taste, but were offered as a great improvement on the Chinese wall papers, which he states were then in fashion.

Professional art writers, who are too often more acquainted with the theory of art than practical application, remarks Beck's Journal of Decorative Art, usually, when speaking of wall papers, describe those made by machinery, as being defective, having a blurred appearance, due to the too rapid printing of colors. In regard to this objection, it should be known that the art of printing wall papers by machinery has made rapid strides. Indeed, such perfection has been achieved that there are probably few persons beside those engaged in the business, wholesale and retail, who can distinguish those made by hand from those manufactured by machinery. The present improved wall-paper printing machines now print a design in twelve or more colors, with ev-

every revolution of the print roller, with perfect registration and arrangement of colors. The perfecting of these machines has been, without doubt, a matter of gradual development, but still the individual effort of Mr. Beck in this direction is fully recognized by those acquainted with the history of this art. His thorough appreciation of the harmonies of color, and full regard for technical necessities produce the richest and most beautiful effects at a comparatively small cost.

THE PORCUPINE IN THE BERLIN ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN

The class of rodents includes mostly harmless animals, such as the dormouse, the beaver, mouse, and the hare, and none of them except the family of the porcupine are armed with weapons of attack or defence. All the members of this subclass are armed with longer or shorter pointed quills, and to these lance-bearing rodents the Canadian porcupine (*erethizon dorsatum*) belongs. This animal is about two and one-half feet long, and its body is covered with thick, dark brown hair, from which project quills which are three or four inches long. Its head is short and thick. Its long and strong claws, of which it has four on its fore feet and five on the hind ones, are of the utmost importance to the animal in gaining its food. Its tail is a weapon to be dreaded. It is about seven inches long, is flattened, and is provided with bristles underneath, and spines on top. Woe to him who comes near this weapon! Quick as lightning the animal strikes laterally with it, and is sure to hit his real or imaginary foe.

The quills will penetrate the thickest covering, and remain in the skin of the person attacked. If this porcupine cannot use its tail to advantage, it rolls itself into a ball like a hedge-hog and presents a wall of spears to its attacker, and in this position it seems really unconquerable. A dog which has risked an attack, turns back after the first bite terrified and howling, for the spines stick fast in his mouth. A naturalist found a lynx which had suffered severely from such a combat. It was nearly dead, its head being very much inflamed and its mouth full of quills.

The same observer states that dogs, wolves, and even the cougar die from similar wounds. If a hunting dog comes in contact with a porcupine it is sure to be badly hurt, and therefore porcupines are heartily disliked by hunters.

The *erethizon dorsatum* lives in the woods of North America, spending most of its time on trees, which it climbs with wonderful ease. Its food is the bark of trees, and it will entirely strip young branches, especially of elms and poplars, so that the woods inhabited by this animal look, as a certain naturalist says, "as if a fire had raged in them." Indians eat its flesh, and use the quills for decorating belts, hunting bags, etc. In captivity, the Canada porcupine soon becomes tame and accustomed to its keeper; but as soon as occasion offers will escape to the trees.—*Illustrated Zeitung*.

ABOUT SHOES.

Never try to wear a shoe too small, or that does not fit when you first put it on. There is no longer any necessity of "breaking in a shoe."

"Science" has removed all necessity for physical endurance in this direction. Having procured a comfortable fit, keep it so by proper care.

Never let your shoe get hard or dry. Don't let it run down at the heel or side. Never wear into the welt or insole. A shoe repaired in time will retain its shape

and comfort, and is true economy. Never put your wet shoes by the fire to dry, but dry them gradually and slowly. Never dry a wet shoe without first applying some oil and grease—castor oil or tallow is the best. The steam generated in a wet boot or shoe will surely scald it and cause it to crack.

Don't use too much force in polishing, a gentle brushing with a soft brush is better than the vigorous work of the boot-black. When the brushing makes your foot feel warm, stop until your shoe cools off.

Don't allow a thick crust of blacking on your shoes. Wash them off occasionally and apply a little castor oil; you can polish it over in an hour or two.

Never try on or handle a patent leather shoe when cold—always thoroughly warm it before bending the leather. A patent leather shoe put on in a warm room can be worn out in the cold weather without injury.

Never put a good pair of shoes in rubbers—use an old pair for this and withdraw the rubbers as soon as you enter a house.

There is no part of a gentleman's or lady's outfit that requires more care than the foot wear, and, as a rule, none receive less.

A PERSIAN STORY.

There was once a prince who, being much displeased with one of his nobles, determined to punish him. The prince commanded that he should be shut up in a high tower. Into this tower there was only one entrance, which was walled up immediately after the nobleman had been placed there. Thus all hope of escape seemed to be cut off, and the unhappy man was left to perish. Inside the tower was a long winding staircase, by which the prisoner reached the top. While looking down from there, he observed his wife, who had come, indulging a faint hope that she might be able, by some means or other to aid her husband in escaping from his place of confinement. On inquiring if she could be of any service to him, he replied: "Oh, yes, go and procure a black beetle, a little grease, a skein of silk, a skein of twine, and a long rope."

The poor wife hastened to obtain what her dear husband asked for—wondering no doubt at the strangeness of his request. She soon returned, furnished with the things. Her husband then directed her to put the grease on the beetle's head, to fasten the silk to its hind leg, the twine to the silk, and the rope to the twine, and then to place the beetle on the wall of the tower. On being set at liberty on the wall, the beetle smelling the grease on its head and not being able to discover where it was, crept up to the tower in search of it, till it arrived at the top. The nobleman caught it, and taking the silk from its hind leg, carefully drew it up. When he came to the end of the silk he found the twine, and next he came to the rope. Fastening this to a crook, he let himself down, and made his escape.

THE NEXT BEST THING.

A man and woman were loudly disputing in a doorway on Gratiot street, when Detective Boberitz happened along and asked what was the trouble.

"It's just this," replied the farmer. "She's my wife. We live out here about seven miles, and she's had the toothache for three days and nights. We drove in this morning to have the tooth pulled, and now she wants to back out."

"But it has stopped aching," protested the wife.

"Yes, but it will begin again as soon as we get home."

"No, it won't."

"But we can't drive fourteen miles and lose half a day for nothing."

"You might have your tints taken," suggested the detective. "That will be the next thing to having a tooth pulled."

"I'll agree to that," promptly replied the wife. "I'm willing to suffer, but it's no use to pull a tooth unless it aches."

"Well, we'll do that then," observed the husband, "and I'm much obliged to you, stranger, for the suggestion. There is a place right over there, and I guess we can be performed on, and get home in time for dinner."

AS SPOKEN BY BOYS.

If people were to write our language as carelessly as many speak it the result would be something strange. The clipping of familiar words, and particularly the huddling of as many together in a bunch as we can find breath to speak, make a curious language, as this will show. Specimens of boys' conversation like the following may be called short hand talking:

"Warejegolast night?"
 "Hadder skate."
 "Jerfind the ice hard'n good?"
 "Yes, hard'nough."
 "Jer goerlone?"
 "No, Bill'n Joe wenterlong."
 "Howlate jer stay?"
 "Pastate."
 "Lemmeknow wen yer goin', woncher? I wanter go'nshower howto skate."
 "H—m! Ficoodn't skate better'n you, I'd sell out'n quit."
 "Well, we'll tryerace 'nseefyercan."
Youth's Companion.

NO F'S OR K'S.

[From The Rocky Mountain Cyclone.]

We begin the publication of the Roccay Mountain Cyclone with some phew diphthongies in the way. The type phounders phrom whom we bought our outphit phor this printing-ophphice phailed to supply us with any ephs or cays, and it will be phour or phive weex bephore we can get any. The mistaque was not phound out until a day or two ago. We have ordered the missing letters, and will have to get along without them till they come. We don't lique the loox ov this variety of spelling any better than our readers, but mistax will happen in the best regulated phamilies, and iph the ph's and c's and x's and q's hold out, we shall ceep (sound the c hard) the Cyclone whirling aphter a phashion till the sorts arrive. It is no joque to us—it's a serious aphphair.

TIME FOR A CHANGE.

"And you say you were not discharged from your last place?" said Mrs. Crimsonbeak, questioning a candidate for the office of cook.

"No, mum. I left, mum."

"How long were you in your last place?"

"Five years, mum."

"And why did you leave?"

"I was gettin' too fat, mum."

"Well?"

"Oh, sure, I couldn't wear the missus' dresses any more and I had to stay home from the balls. I thought, mum, it was time to make a change."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A REGULAR JEWEL OF A HOUSE.

House hunter—"I thought you said this house was a perfect gem."

Agent—"Indeed, it is, madam."

"Why, the ceilings have no height at all."

"That's so they'll be easy to keep clean, madam."

"And the windows are dreadfully small."

"To keep the sun from fading the carpets, madam."

"And there is no bath room."

"That's to save soap, madam."

—Hidden virtue is often despised, inasmuch as nothing extols it in our eyes.

—Nature is frank and will allow no man to abuse himself without giving him a hint of it.

—Minds of moderate calibre are too apt to ignore every thing that does not come within their own range.

—Life is before you—not earthly life alone, but life, a thread running interminably through the warp of eternity.

—"Waiter, can you bring me a nice young chicken, smothered in onions?"

"No, sah; we doesn't kill 'em dat way, sah. We cuts off d'er heads."

—"Doctor," said the friend, stopping him on the street, "what do you take for a heavy cold?" "A fee," replied the doctor softly, and so passed on.

—Nephew—"Delighted to see you looking so well, uncle! And pray how is my dear good aunt and the charming little cousins, and—" Uncle—"That'll do—that'll do—sha'n't lend you anything this time."

—"Why, Franky," exclaimed a mother at the summer boarding house. "I never knew you to ask for a second piece of pie at home." "I knew 'twant no use," said Franky, as he proceeded with his pie-eating.

—Nat and Carlie had never seen a snake before, and this morning they came running into the house very much excited. "O, mamma! mamma!" cried Nat, "There's a tail runnin' along out in the garden without anysin' on it."

—She was admiring a big Newfoundland at the dog show, and throwing her arms around his neck, said: "You dear old fellow, I love you!" A youth who heard her, remarked: "How I wish I was a dog." The answer came from the same sweet lips: "Never mind, dear, you'll grow."

THE LADDER OF FAME.—In climbing the ladder of fame, my son, you must not look for unmixed pleasure; the man just above you will be continually treading on your fingers, but then you have the satisfaction of stepping on the fingers of the fellow just beneath you. It is only he who is at the foot of the ladder whose state is wholly unblest.

—A maiden lady living in a city in Massachusetts tells a funny story concerning herself. She is very absent-minded, also somewhat eccentric, and at times she is at a loss to recall names. Not long ago she entered a store and made several purchases, requesting that the articles be sent to her house. "What is the name please?" inquired the salesman. The lady thought a minute and then said: "Well, I declare, I can't think of my name; but I'm an old maid and I live at the corner of — and — streets. Send the things there."

—Pining for their natural food.—The latest fashionable freak in floriculture is the cultivation of the Scotch thistle. A Newport florist has a parterre of this picturesque plant which is greatly admired. The other day a New York dude at Newport took a Boston dude to see this parterre of thistles, and the two stood for a while in an attitude of genuine admiration. Finally the Boston dude said: "Aw, there's something so cheerful and—aw—fagwag about these thistles; somethin'—aw—quite appetizing about them, don't you know?" "Weally, so there is," said the New York dude; "and bah Jove, how cleverly you expwess it."

HOME-MADE TOOLS.

Usually there are many days during winter, when very little outside work can be done on the farm. This time can be well employed in making serviceable farm tools. There are many of these that the farmers can make for themselves. A good sled should be on every farm. For hauling fodder or manure, there is nothing more convenient. It should be made reasonably stout, but not too heavy. A field roller is nearly always needed in the spring, and one can be very readily made out of a good sized log by any farmer who will take the time to do the work carefully. A marker is almost a necessity for farmers who do not use a check-rower. I find a small one very convenient. It is made double, the runners eighteen inches apart on one side and twelve inches on the other. Three inches are high enough for the runners, and six inches sufficiently long. Bolt to an inch plank, rounding the bottom of the runners so that they will sink into the soil to the right depth. With a garden line one can mark off rows straight, and save considerable time in planting and cultivating. A wagon jack to use in greasing the axles will save enough in less than a year to pay for making, and if properly cared for, will last a life-time. Hay racks should be made stout, but at the same time as light as possible; at best they are inconvenient to handle. A pair of trusses are always useful, and every farmer should make at least one pair. Five or six feet is long enough, and two feet plenty high. Like other such implements, they should be strong, but at the same time as light as possible, so that they will not be too much of a load to carry around. One can make a good stout rake for gathering up corn stalks. It can also be used to considerable advantage in raking up weeds or small trash in clearing up land. It should be at least six feet long, and eighteen inches high, with a strong tongue, and good handle to lift it up when necessary. If you have trees to set out in the spring, take a board three or four feet long, six inches wide, and one thick; bore a good sized hole in each end, and cut a notch on one side, midway between the ends, make two pegs to fill the holes, and you have an arrangement that will aid you materially in setting your trees in a straight line. Three good stout stakes made sharp at one end, and about six feet long will be found very convenient in making or repairing fences, running straight furrows, or in marking off land. All of these an ordinary farmer can make stout and serviceable. They may not be as well finished as if purchased in town, but will answer for practical use fully as well.—*N. J. Shepherd, in Prairie Farmer.*

HAPPINESS AND HEALTH.

Healthy people are usually happy, and happiness is essential to health. Happiness, like every thing else, is partly a matter of habit. People form habits of being cross, surly, irritable, and disagreeable, and think there is no other way. They give themselves up to miserable emotions when they should be practicing their positive virtues. Sidney Smith found the following scrap in a newspaper, given as a recipe for happiness, and read it every morning, and found it a good promoter of happiness:

"When you rise in the morning, form the resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done; a left-off garment to the one who needs it; a kind word to the sorrowful; an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles light as air in themselves—will do at least for the twenty-four hours. And if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently

and happily down the stream of time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum look at the result. If you send one person, only one, happily through each day, that is 365 in the course of the year, and suppose you live forty years only after you commence that course of medicine, you have made 14,600 beings happy, at all events for a time."

—Wickedness may prosper for a while, but in the long run he that sets all knaves at work, will pay them.

—It rather astonished the corner druggist when a little fellow came in, quite out of breath, and asked for "ten cents' worth of nitro-glycerine. Mother wants it to put on her hands."

—"Now, isn't he an angel?" said the fond mother, as she seated the little one in his chair at the table for the first time. "A sort of destroying angel," remarked the cynical father, as he saw a costly dish go spinning to the floor with a crash.

—It went. Mistress—"Didn't the alarm clock go off?" Bridget—"It must have wint off, mum, for I can't foint it this mornin'." Mistress—"Why, what did you do with it?" Bridget—"I jist laid it on the shed in the back yard, mum, so that it wouldn't annoy me."

—"That makes the third time you've trod on my foot," said a man in a crowded hall, speaking to a fellow who stood just in front of him. "Are you certain it's three times?" replied the fellow looking around. "Yes, I am." "Well," said the aggressor, "you seem to be better in arithmetic than I am, and I reckon you'd better keep on with the count."

—A Journalistic Brain.—Editor—"What! you don't want to go to school?" Chip of old Block—"No, I don't; it's nicer to play." "But you said only yesterday, my son, that you wanted to be a great editor like your pa." "Yes, sir; I learned to write last season." "So because you can write now, you think it unnecessary to learn any more, eh? But you know you can't spell. You miss every other word, and you have not yet begun on grammar." "Yes, sir." "Very well. Now what would you do if you became an editor and your writings should come out in the paper all crowded with mistakes?" "Blame it on the printer."

—If any thing in the world will make a man feel badly, except pinching his fingers in the crack of a door, it is a quarrel. No man fails to think less of himself after than he did before; it degrades him in the eyes of others, and what is worse, tends to blunt his sensibilities, and increases his irritability. The truth is, that the more peaceably and quietly we get on, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the better course is, if a man cheats you, to quit dealing with him; if he slanders you, take care to live down his slanders. Let such persons alone, for there is nothing better than this way of dealing with those who injure you.—*Hilton.*

—Only one stop. Between Tuscaloosa and Akron, Alabama, the train came to a sudden halt in the woods. Then one of the passengers got off and started back over the track at a leisurely pace, and pretty soon the train slowly followed him. Several people were quite anxious to know what was going on, and inquiries flew thick and fast. The conductor finally came into the car and a woman asked—"Conductor, is any thing up?" "Yes'm." "Are we going backwards?" "We are." "What has happened?" "A boy in the next car lost his hat." "And we are stopping just for the hat?" "Yes'm; but don't let your handkerchief blow out of the window. We are half an hour behind time now, and can't stop again this forenoon."

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37	Six Table Forks, medium,	4.00	9
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For style, comfort, health and durability has no equal. Gives the latest Parisian fashion. Warranted to always regain its shape after pressure, no matter in what position the wearer may sit or recline. Avoid inferior imitations. See that each Bustle is stamped Improved "Lotta." Send for price-list
COLUMBIA RUBBER CO., Sole Mfr's, Boston, Mass.
For sale by all the leading dry goods houses.

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25 CENTS PACKAGE Makes Five Gallons of a delicious, sparkling temperance beverage. Strengthens and purifies the blood. Its purity and delicacy commend it to all. Sold by druggists and storekeepers everywhere.

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100 Agents to sell 100,000 Acme Sewing Machines this year. The handsomest and best machine in the market. Address
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For 50c. I will send 10 patterns for a baby's new style Health Wardrobe, or 12 patterns first short clothes, Health Garments, at same price. Full directions for each pattern, also kind and amount of material required for each.
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Miss Marjorie March, Lock Box 76, Philadelphia, Pa., makes purchases for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children with discrimination and taste. Orders from all parts of the country promptly executed. Send stamp for circular. Miss March takes pleasure in referring by permission to a few of her numerous patrons:
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Despair no longer. A certain cure, quick, painless and at home. No lost sleep, detention from business. Absolutely no danger. Quick freedom certain. DR. KANE, of the De Quincey Hospital, absolutely cures or refunds the money. Testimonials from 300 doctors and 1000 patients. Parties are by mail. **DR. H. H. KANE, 174 Fulton Street, New York**

BACK-ACHE TEA

If you are tired, weak, nervous, exhausted, have Pain in Back or Sides, Liver, Stomach or Kidney trouble, the Tea gives quick relief (either sex). As a Female and Nervine Tonic and for the changing Period of Life, it has proved par excellence. All sufferers speedily and permanently cured. One package 30c. 2 for 50c., sample 10c. Sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. Address **THORNTON AND LUNG INSTITUTE, 376 & 378 Pearl Street, Buffalo, N. Y.**

PILES.

Instant relief. Final cure and never returns. No indelicacy. Neither knife, purge, salve or suppository. Liver, kidney and all bowel troubles—especially constipation—cured like magic. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy free, by addressing: **J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., N. Y.**

LORD & THOMAS, NEWSPAPER

Advertising, 45 to 49 Randolph St., Chicago, keep this paper on file and are authorized to make contracts with **ADVERTISERS.**

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Monthly Circulation, 70,000 Copies.
ADVERTISING RATES.

Unobjectionable advertisements only will be inserted in THE HOUSEHOLD at 75 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion—14 lines making one inch. By the year \$7.50 per line.

The following are the rates for one-half inch or more:

	1 m.	2 m.	3 m.	4 m.	5 m.	1 yr.
Half inch,	\$4.50	\$8.00	\$12.00	\$15.50	\$23.00	\$45.00
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Two "	15.50	30.00	43.00	56.00	80.00	150.00
Three "	23.00	43.00	62.50	80.00	120.00	225.00
Four "	30.00	56.00	80.00	105.00	150.00	300.00
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Less than one-half inch at line rates.

Special positions twenty-five per cent. additional.

Reading notices \$1.00 per line nonpareil measure—12 lines to the inch.

Advertisements to appear in any particular issue must reach us by the 5th of the preceding month.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1887, by Geo. E. Crowell, at the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

A BLUE CROSS before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed. When you send in the subscription please mention the month you wish it to commence and thereby oblige us very much.

Our readers are earnestly requested to mention THE HOUSEHOLD when writing to any person advertising in this magazine. It will be a favor to us and no disadvantage to them.

CLEVELAND'S SUPERIOR BAKING POWDER, DOES NOT CONTAIN LIME, AMMONIA, OR ALUM.

Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder, manufactured by Cleveland Brothers, Albany, N. Y., is absolutely pure and wholesome. It is made only of strictly pure Grape Cream of Tartar, Bicarbonate of Soda, and a small portion of wheat flour, and does not contain Ammonia, Alum, Lime, or any adulteration whatever.

The Cream of Tartar is refined by a new process which frees it entirely from lime and every impurity, and is obtained in the pure crystals and ground in their own factory; the Bicarbonate of Soda is prepared expressly for them; and to ensure uniform and absolute purity of their baking powder all the ingredients are subjected to searching chemical analyses and none used unless proved to be perfectly pure.

In confirmation of the above the able and reliable chemists of the New York Produce Exchange report as follows:

"We are analyzing all the Cream of Tartar used in the manufacture of Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder, and we hereby certify that it is practically chemically pure—testing as high as 99.95 per cent. and not less than 99.50 per cent."

From a hygienic point of view we regard Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder as the ideal baking powder, composed as it is of pure Grape Cream of Tartar and pure Bicarbonate of Soda.

STILLWELL & GLADDING,
Chemists to the N. Y. Produce Exchange.
New York, Nov. 25, 1884.

CUSTOM MADE PANTS \$3.

Vests to Match for \$2.25.
Also, FULL SUITS at Popular Prices.

Send 6 cts. for Samples of Cloths, rules for Self-measurement, and other particulars, showing how we can make to measure, a pair of The Celebrated Bay State Pants, For \$3. We give excellent value for the money. Satisfaction guaranteed. Reference: American Express Co., Boston. Address: Mass. BAY STATE PANTS CO., 32 Hawley St., Boston

"GET THE BEST."

After having used the "Welcome Soap" for years, let me say to the sisters of the "Band" that I am perfectly satisfied with it. I never see any ill effects upon the clothes or my hands. A trial will insure its continued use according to my experience.

Mrs. Dr. J. H. HANAFORD.

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall-st., N. Y.

DON'T

Allow your Clothing, Paint, or Woodwork, washed in the old rubbing, twisting, wrecking way. Join that large army of sensible, economical people, who from experience have learned that James Pyle's Pearline, used as directed on each package, saves time, labor, rubbing, wear and tear.

Your Clothes are worn out more by washing than wearing. It is to your advantage to try Pearline.

JAMES PYLE, New York.
Sold Everywhere.

EVERY HOME



and every one who owns a lamp should have a

GEM
Lamp Burner Support

an entirely new thing, patented June 14, 1887. One of the most useful and handy little inventions of the day, and one which every tidy housekeeper will appreciate. By using it all the difficulties hitherto experienced in filling lamps are overcome, as it holds the burner in just the right position for convenience, conveys the oil from the wick back into the reservoir, leaves both hands free to manage the oil can, and saves spilling oil or soiling the hands or other articles. Fits any lamp.

Unquestionably one of the best little things to sell on the market to-day. Just the thing for ladies, boys and girls to sell.

Sample and terms to agents, by mail, for only 12 cts. Address:

J. F. WHITE,
Brattleboro, Vt.

Refer by permission to Editor of THE HOUSEHOLD.

LEPAGE'S THE ONLY GENUINE LIQUID GLUE

UNEQUALLED for CEMENTING wood, glass, china, paper, leather, &c. Always ready for use. Pronounced strongest glue known. (IS MADE BY THE AWARDED TWO GOLD MEDALS. Russia Cement Co., Sample sent on request)

LADIES! ATTENTION

Ten Sets, etc., given away to ladies who act as agents for us. Send for Premium List and full particulars.

ATLANTIC TEA CO., Fitchburg, Mass.

HOW TO MAKE Old furniture and the varnished wood work in your house look like new. Send 25 cents to The Bridgeport Wood Finishing Co., New Milford, Conn., for a bottle of Easton's Polish, delivered free to any part of the United States



In this age of adulteration there are few things more difficult to obtain of a pure quality than soap. Unfortunately the mischief by inferior soaps is done before their dangerous nature is discovered. The IVORY SOAP is 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ pure, so may be relied upon as entirely safe to use.

A WORD OF WARNING.

There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory'"; they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

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"A wandering minstrel round I stray
To help the race as best I may,
Through summer, winter, fall and spring,
Still 'NATURE'S REMEDY' I sing.
No better agent can be found
To keep the Constitution sound.
It came to cure, it came to stay,

It grows in favor day by day.
Before it INDIGESTION flies,
Beneath it CONSTIPATION dies;
While kindred ailments keep aloof
From systems rendered BILIOUS proof.
Then well may people speak in praise
Of TARRANT'S SELTZER all their days."

Tarrant's Effervescent Seltzer Aperient.

Approved and prescribed by leading physicians as the most efficient and agreeable Aperient. Is used with the best effects in Bilious and Febrile Disorders, Constipation, Sick Headache, Torpidity of the Liver and Dyspepsia.

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REPUTABLE DRUGGISTS
EVERYWHERE.