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THE
HOUSEHOLD
IN J. MICHARD'S FOUN.
ESTABLISHED
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OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

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No. 10.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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

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The Veranda.**AUTUMN.**

BY JAS. M. STEWART.

The summer flowers have bloomed and gone,
The autumn days have come,
The gathered sheaves on field and lawn
Proclaim the harvest-home.

The plains, of late so gayly dressed
In all that joy may bring,
Now bare and browning o'er, will rest
Till comes reviving spring.

How pass the hastening hours away,
The time of toil how soon;
How gentle is the close of day,
How fair the rising moon.

The lowing herd, from vales remote,
Are gathering at the gate;
The insect pipes his plaintive note,
Impatient for his mate.

Sweet autumn time—the golden mean,
With milder airs and showers;
All nature in a mood serene,
Smiles through the peaceful hours.

O soul! how rich thine ample share.
In all that love has given,
The harvest of a Father's care,
With autumn sheaves in heaven.

ORNAMENTAL TREES.

THE judicious and tasteful planting of fruit and ornamental trees enhances the value of real estate more than an equal amount of money invested in any other way. It is not necessary to have a large extent of idle land in lawn or door-yard, or expensive drives and fancy walks, in order to give a country place an attractive appearance. A plain, neat yard, with a few trees and shrubs well selected and judiciously planted about the grounds, and properly kept, would often change the appearance of many a place from a neglected wilderness to that of a thrifty, comfortable home. It is not desirable to have an elaborate design to produce the best effects in small places.

Plant a few shade-trees near the house, about ten feet from it, on the south and west sides, to screen it from midday and afternoon sun. These should be rapid growers, as silver maple, or Carolina or balsam poplar. If these trees are planted about ten or fifteen feet from the house, they will give a very appreciable shade in three or four years, but they are not the most ornamental or desirable for permanent trees. Rapid growth is their recommendation, and they will be too close to the house to remain many years; therefore, plant some finer varieties about twenty-five or thirty feet off. For this, there are nothing better than sugar maple, Norway maple, horse chestnut, Eu-

ropean chestnut, ash, magnolia acuminata, red colchicum maple, sweet gum, willow, leaf oak and mossy cup oak. These trees should stand about thirty or forty feet part, in order to have room to develop into perfect specimens; but it is often better to plant at half these distances, or plant some cheaper, rapid-growing trees between them, in order to shade the place quicker, and then cut out alternate trees in a few years. There should be a vacant space directly in front of the house, affording an unobstructed view from the street or road. The trees which are necessary for shade on the front side should be trimmed up as they increase in size, so that there will be a view from the second story windows under the lower branches or between them.

Evergreen trees produce an effect in ornamental planting not to be obtained by any other means, and every large lawn should have an evergreen belt or hedge on one side at least. In exposed situations, a screen of large evergreens is of great value in protecting houses and out-buildings from cold northern winds. It is astonishing what a modifying influence a belt of tall evergreens, standing on the north and west side of buildings, will have in blustering, windy weather. The best varieties for this purpose are Norway spruce, hemlock, spruce, silver fir, white pine, Scotch pine, American arbor vitæ. It is not always essential that they should be planted in a straight row; it is sometimes preferable to plant in a curved or irregular line, or in a succession, or in clumps, so as to give the effect of a continuous background without the formal stiffness of a hedge-row. As a general rule, evergreens do not appear to the best advantage in straight rows. They look better when grouped in clumps or dotted about in a rather promiscuous manner. The larger varieties should not be planted any nearer to the verge of a carriage drive than fourteen feet. When planted in clumps they are often set fifteen feet apart, with three or five trees of one variety together. At this distance they will attain their perfection in about fifteen years, and will then commence to deteriorate as the branches grow together. After the large shade trees and evergreens are planted there will be a number of smaller evergreens and flowering shrubs needed for "filling in" the blank spaces. They should be planted in clumps of from three to ten or twelve, with an occasional single specimen in the smaller nooks.

The following are a few of the most desirable evergreens: Siberian, Hovey's Golden, Tom Thumb, and George Peabody arbor vitæ. The last is a new golden variety of singular beauty, the hardiest and most distinct golden arbor vitæ yet introduced. Irish, Swedish pyramidal junipers grow tall and slender, occupying but little room. The dwarf white pine is one of the prettiest small evergreens. It forms a compact, symmetrical bush, three or four feet high, and about equal diameter, presenting a dense

mass of silvery green foliage. *Abies orientalis*, or eastern spruce, from the shores of the Black Sea, is a very handsome evergreen, of moderate size and very dense, compact habit. It is one of the neatest and most symmetrical of the spruce family, and appropriate for almost any situation.

Weeping trees are at present a fashionable feature in landscape gardening. The following are a few of the most desirable varieties: Weeping beech, cut-leaf weeping birch, and common weeping willow grow tall and form large trees. The Camperdown weeping elm and Kilmarnock weeping willow are dwarf trees, and never grow any higher than the point where grafted. *Abies invera*, or weeping spruce, is the best weeping evergreen, and it is a very unique and effective tree in a lawn.—*Southern Paper*.

—Nearly all good farmers have now abandoned the practice of cutting the top stalks of their corn, but cut up at the root. The best time to do this is when the kernels have passed out of the milky state and are well glazed. Do not wait for the corn to get hard enough to grind, or for the stalks and husks to turn yellow. If cut at the proper time and uninjured by frost, the grain will ripen in the shock as perfectly as it would standing in the field; and some even say that the weight of the corn will be greater to the shelled bushel, which they claim to be an indication of its containing greater nutritive qualities. This may not have been well proven yet, but the fact that the corn fodder will be far superior if cured in this way is well established. Cattle will eat it as readily as they would the best early cut hay, and it is worth at least one half and possibly two-thirds the price of good hay for cattle feeding. This is too important a part of the corn crop to be wasted, as it too often is, by late cutting and subsequent careless management. Have the harvesters bind in neat bundles before putting in the shock, and require the huskers to rebind each bundle after husking, for convenience in the handling to put in the mow and to take out again when wanted. It requires but little time, which is more than saved in the ease of handling afterward.

—Grass seed may be sown with the grain this month, but if the land is made sufficiently rich it gives a better crop when sowed alone. The grain chokes it out, and often so shades the land that the tender grass roots are burned out by the hot sun when the shade of the grain is removed. Farmers often remark that "the field had a good stand of grass when the grain was cut, but it seems to have died out from some cause." The danger from this is not so great where the grain is cut early for fodder, as the sun's rays have not become so powerful then, or it may be saved by an opportune shower or a few cloudy days to harden it, but the better way is not to run this risk.

The Drawing Room.**SHOPPING IN SEVILLE.**

THE road lay along Las Delicias, the favorite drive of the Sevillians, tropical gardens and clusters of palms and cypresses on one hand, on the other, a belt of oaks and elms edging the river and a long line of schooners and sloops moored to the shore. One after another the salient features of Seville came into view; the queenly Giralda, an immense castellated structure, which looks like a mediaeval fortress, but is only the tobacco factory made famous by Merimee's story and Bizet's opera of Carmen; the Torre d'Oro, an octagonal tower, with three crenelated stories of diminishing size, said to take its name from the golden hoards of the New World which were unladed and deposited there; the vast amphitheatre of the bull-ring; and at length the bridge. In crossing it I had a lovely view, bathed in limpid light, of the river, curving away above and below, fringed with masts and sails and flags; the city and its towers, on one side; on the other, a narrow white suburb scattering into the verdant, sunny plain, walled in by a range of purple hills. I found the gypsy quarter very different from the huddle of picturesque squalor which I had expected. It is more like a neat village, the houses being white, and low, like cottages. The few shop doors and windows are given up to the gay appurtenances of the Andalusian horsemen, and to coarse pottery of the most beautiful antique eastern forms. Before one of the saddlers' shops stood a drove of patient-faced donkeys. Their driver, in black velveteen, with a crimson sash round his waist, a crimson handkerchief knotted about his head and falling upon his shoulder, his peaked hat in the hand that rested on the back of a pet mare, was bargaining for a pair of purple and orange saddle-bags. My errand was for earthenware and I entered a small shop where great bulging oil-jars of dark shining green, with a deep projecting rim and three curved handles, stood in rows; the walls were lined with shelves bearing dark red terra-cotta water-cruses, with taper necks and trefoil lips, others of a delicious cream color, covered with a graceful incised design, and others delicately beaded over with a raised pattern; some had one arm akimbo, or a long, eccentric spout. There were flat flasks and oval dishes boldly decorated in majolica colors with bull-fights or scenes from peasant life, and kitchen platters big enough to hold a sirloin, with the designs and colors of old Moorish tiles; there were tiles, too, of such novel and bewitching hues and patterns that every thing of the sort to be seen in France or England is vulgar by comparison. I lost my head over this display, and recklessly ordered big pieces by the pair and smaller ones by the dozen. My imagination showed me the steps of a familiar coun-

Mr. Tate Fisher Knobell
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try-house, thousands of miles away, flanked with the great green jars holding oleanders and pomegranate shrubs, and an old mahogany sideboard adorned with the ivory-tinted water-coolers, and the hearts of aesthetic friends made glad by small reproductions of the more exquisite shapes. The gypsy merchant, only a degree more brown, stately, and silent than the ordinary Andalusian, betrayed no emotion at my prodigality, although I am persuaded that he had never made such a sale before, for the bill amounted to several hundred *reals*, which, reduced to *pesetas* was just twelve dollars. The purchases were to be safely packed in a strong box, sent down the river to Cadiz, and shipped for America. The next day, doubting his promptness, I made a second expedition to the Triana to see if he had been as good as his word. Sure enough, there in a little grass-grown yard were three cases, about as large and as strong as common tea chests. A horrible vision of rough stevedores, and custom-house officers not a whit less sly and sharp than gypsies, rose to my mind, and I said that there must be but one box, and that a strong one, as these would hardly hold together to reach the river. The master of the shop lighted a cigarita and began to discuss the matter, his part of the argument consisting in almost total silence. Presently his wife joined us; then an old man who was smoking in the shop; then an old woman; then they called the carpenter. At last there were seven persons, sitting on doorsteps or slowly pacing about the packing-cases, as if measuring them for a carpet. It was pronounced impossible to make larger or thicker boxes, and that if made they could not be lifted by mortal men. My kind artist friend, who played interpreter with a patience that exasperated me, represented that grand pianos and colossal statues are packed in single boxes and sent round the world; but the Spaniards paid no attention to any thing that we said. Monosyllabic objections, insuperable obstacles expressed in a single word, were their only answers. For three quarters of an hour the debate was carried on, until I finally broke off negotiations, declaring the Portland vase itself was not worth so many words. The Spaniard imperturbably professed himself ready to refund the money and forfeit the value of the cases, which were on the bill, but not to make another box. I had not brought the bill with me, and asked him to refer to his books for the amount. There were no books, no slate, no memoranda of any sort. He promised to call at the Fonda de Madrid that evening, see the bill, and repay the amount. I departed, skeptical, but preferring to lose the money rather than more time; but that evening the grave shopkeeper presented himself, the transaction was annulled, and he repiled to my renewed regrets at losing the pottery by saying he must lose his cases. An English friend, who was standing by, said that he would take the big green jars, which could be shipped direct to London. The shopkeeper answered that to transport those jars and nothing more the boxes must be made smaller which would not be worth his while; and wishing us good evening with the utmost courtesy, he returned contented to his unsold wares. Some friends who have lived long in Spain witnessed this scene, and found nothing extraordinary in it; they said that most Spaniards would rather starve than work, and that even the industrious would rather lose much money than take a little trouble. It is hard to reconcile their laziness in these matters with their activity in others, and I was constantly struck by similar inconsistencies and contradictions in their conduct. In the hotels they pretend to have a fixed price for rooms and fare, which

includes every thing except the first morning meal, (coffee, milk, or chocolate, and a roll,) which is the same everywhere, service and lights. The sum is always high, and often extortionate; my only attempt at beating it down effected a reduction of fifteen *pesetas*, or three dollars a day, a third of the amount first mentioned. But at the end of a week, instead of the foolscap sheets of the usual English or Continental hotel-bill, doubling or trebling the expected expense, the traveler receives a single page, in which it is easy to decipher the few details, and on which no unstipulated extras or omitted items are added at the last instant. There is the same inconsistency between their ferocity at the bull-fights and cock-fights and the kindly relations which exist between them and their domestic animals. Another is between the inordinate pride of birth of their nobility and the inconceivable democracy of manners to be observed in public places, where gentle and simple mix together. Another is in the arrogant, unprovoked assumption of equality of the lower classes toward purchasers, employers, and all persons occupying what is generally called a superior position, and their stately urbanity and politeness; the cab-drivers bow to each other from their boxes with profound and graceful salutations worthy of Louis XIV.'s courtiers.—*August Atlantic.*

ECCENTRIC PEOPLE.

Half the people who are called eccentric deserve to have a much worse epithet applied to them. Here and there a man or woman is found whose oddities of opinion and erratic conduct are genuine, and the outcome of some real inborn twist in their mental and moral disposition. Such persons are generally tolerable, and sometimes very likable, their idiosyncrasies serving as a gentle entertainment rather than an annoyance to us. We feel that they are quite unaware of their own queerness, which is the result of a native incapacity to comprehend the ordinary conventions of society. But there are other people whose eccentricities are not, or ought not, to be endured. They are not innocently ignorant, but willfully disregardful of a reign of law in the social world. The world's judgments are no doubt superficial, and therefore very commonly defective or false; but the world's conventions—that is, its rules tacitly agreed on for the preservation of the order and decency of social intercourse—are on the whole respectable and to be observed. But the unendurable "eccentric" prides himself upon being a law to himself in these matters. He likes to know that his acquaintances are saying of him, "Oh, that is Mr. B's way, you know. He is not like other people; he always does and says just what he pleases." And the notable fact is that so many persons are imposed on by this absurd affectation that they will let certain behavior pass for independence and originality, which is nothing but simple rudeness, the expression of egotism and ill-breeding.—*July Atlantic.*

FROZEN KINDNESS.

The world is full of kindness that never was spoken, and that is not much better than no kindness at all. The fuel in the stove makes the room warm, but there are great piles of fallen trees lying on rocks and on tops of hills where nobody can get them; these do not make anybody warm. You might freeze to death for want of wood in plain sight of these fallen trees, if you had no means of getting the wood home and making a fire of it. Just so in a family; love is what makes the parents and children, the

brothers and sisters happy. But if they take care never to say a word about it; if they keep it a profound secret as if it were a crime, they will not be much happier than if there was not any love among them; the house will seem cold even in summer, and if you live there you will envy the dog, when any one calls him poor fellow.—*Dr. Holland.*

—The great underlying basis of all true dignity of human attainments, all true character, ever has been and ever must be, the abiding and ever active idea of moral obligation. This must be the germ from which all worthy motives emanate.

The Conservatory.

TIME TO GO.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

They know the time to go!
The fairy clocks strike their inaudible hour
In field and woodland, and each punctual flower
Bows at the signal an obedient head
And hastens to bed.

The pale anemone
Glides on her way with scarcely a good night;
The violets tie their purple night caps tight;
Hand clasped in hand, the dancing columbines,
In blithesome lines,

Drop their last courtesies,
Flit from the scene, and couch them for their rest;
The meadow lily folds her scarlet vest
Fair and serene,

And hides it 'neath the grasses lengthening green,
Her sister lily floats
On the blue pond and raises golden eyes
To court the golden splendor of the skies,
The sudden signal comes, and down she goes
To find repose

In the cool depths below.
A little later and the asters bine
Desert in crowds, a brave and cheery crew;
While golden rod, still wide awake and gay,
Turns him away,

Furls his bright parasol,
And, like a little hero, meets his fate.
The gentians, very proud to sit up late,
Next follow. Every fern is tucked and set
'Neath coverlet,

Downy and soft and warm.
No little seedling voice is heard to grieve,
Or make complaints the folding woods beneath;
No lingerer dares to stay, for well they know
The time to go.

Teach us your patience, brave,
Dear flowers, till we shall dare to part like you,
Willing God's will, sure that His clock strikes true,
That His sweet day augurs a sweeter morrow
With smiles, not sorrow.

AMONG MY FLOWERS.

BY MRS. M. D. WELLCOME.

IS THERE any thing that will so engage the attention and make us insensible to the lapse of time as a stroll around the garden? How many, many times I run out for a whiff of fresh air among the flowers, not meaning to stay more than a few minutes and an hour later finds me still there pulling up intrusive weeds, trimming a plant of decayed leaves and faded blossoms, pruning a refractory branch or tying up a bending stalk. Often have I gone out with the full purpose of limiting myself to one hour and stayed three. It is so delightful to be in the open air when cloudy and cool, and we always find plenty to do when we mean to have the border tidy, for weeds are rapid growers and if we exterminate them one day, others start into growth the next, so that we can aptly say when in the garden:

"Here is no rest, is no rest."

Yet in spite of the toil and the backache, the culture of flowers has its compensations. It is delightful, health inspiring labor as well as a joy to watch the development of the tiny seedling into the vigorous plant, and the unfolding of the bud into a blossom fair. It was the acme of blessing, the placing of the new-

ly created pair in a garden and their employment to care for it. One thing is sure, they did not have to pull up chickweed and "pusley" nor kill striped bugs, potato bugs and caterpillars.

Do you suppose that Eve pricked her fair fingers with thorns when she gathered roses? I did hurt mine—though not very fair—sadly the other day. If you had seen me work, you would have been astonished, and cried out perhaps at the destruction. I cut back tea, moss, hybrid and polyantha roses, and not satisfied with that I cut off their leaves. Not all of them to be sure, but the greater part of the old ones on the large bushes and several of the ever blooming I stripped entirely. What has been the result? That wholesale slaughter was a week ago; to-day I saw to my joy, new shoots had started forth from roots and stalks some of which were three and six inches in length already. Every large bush and every tiny plant showed this new development of life, and it is from the new wood we get our roses. The time I chose for this severe pruning was soon after the first harvest of blossoms had ended. The ever blooming and the hardy hybrids had yielded abundantly for several weeks and had exhausted themselves; only here and there a bud on a few teas. The polyanthas had bloomed themselves almost to death. I have heretofore been too cautious, too sparing in pruning, and it was with trembling that I made such thorough work of it now, but the good effect is already apparent. I have buried many of the cuttings in a retired and much shaded part of my garden hoping that some at least will strike root. I did not separate the small branches from the main branch but buried that and let the tops appear partially above ground. The soil is moist most of the time and favorable to their growth. They are looking green to-day.

I am always pleased to see a new shoot springing up from the root, it grows so rapidly and puts forth numerous buds so quickly. A neglected rose bush is not a pleasing sight; dead wood, decayed and insect bitten leaves, ripening seed pods, how distasteful. I know it is not pleasant work to remove all this unsightliness from among the thorns, but the sight of the well-trimmed bushes with their spick and span new foliage amply repays even if there were no second harvest of blooms.

Several plants I have not heretofore cultured are in bud, and some also but little known in this country. I will describe a few.

Hyacinthus candidans has developed a large bud on a strong stalk. I planted the bulb the very last of April. It is not properly called a hyacinth. Galtonia is said to be its true name. It was introduced into England from south Africa about twelve years ago, and has been very popular there. The foliage is iris-like and grows strongly to a height of two or more feet. From the center there rises a large stalk nearly a yard in height, on the upper part of which for about one-fourth of the length, the bell-shaped flowers are borne on pedicels two or three inches long, from eighteen to twenty-five in number, white and waxy. The flowers are an inch and a half in length and little less than an inch wide. An English writer in The Garden says that it makes a very effective pot plant and can be forced into bloom out of its natural season which is in July and August, that is may be grown singly but is more effective when several bulbs are planted in a large pot. Any good soil suits them. Planted out in clumps alternating with gladioli they are very striking. "As they seed freely and the seed ripens in ordinary summers, it is easy to raise a few hundreds of bulbs in this way. We sow the seeds thinly in the open ground

in April and leave the young plants undisturbed all the summer. In November the bulbs are lifted and stored the same as dahlias." As the plant is perfectly hardy after the first year, when the bulbs are well matured, they can be left out safely. They bloom usually the second year from seed. This plant has only to be known to become popular. A blooming bulb can be purchased for twenty-five cents.

Streptosolen Jamesoni is still less known than the galtonia. It was cultivated in various gardens in England thirty-five years ago and figured in several botanical works under the name of *brocchia Jamesoni*. It was, however, lost soon after its introduction and we have no account of its re-appearance until about two years ago in England, and it was first offered in this country last spring. The plant is a low, compact shrub; the leaves which are of a rich, deep green, are covered with a downy pubescence. The flowers are borne in dense racemes on the ends of the branches, thirty or forty of them, and are on first opening pale yellow, afterwards changing to cinnamon red. They are treated the same as bouvardias and are propagated easily from cuttings.

Mortbretia crocosmiaeflora, another novelty, came to me with the other and has grown in the open ground to a fine large plant, and has now one spike bearing four gladioli-shaped clusters of buds, thirteen on three stems and eighteen on the largest. From several of these a bit of color is peeping, rich orange red. Another stalk has started and two spikes of buds are revealed on this. The foliage strikingly resembles the gladiolus, but radiates like the spars of an open fan. It grows to a height of two or three feet, and quite three feet across the foliage. It is a hybrid produced by crossing *mortbretia pottsii* with *crocosmia aurea*.

I have the loveliest ivy-leaved geraniums I ever saw. *La rosiere*, so large and double, and such a rich, satiny rose with silvery shading, is handsome as a rose. *De Brazza*, also double and rosy pink, has a deeper shade in the center. *Jeanne d'Arc*, is the purest white, very large and full. I have quite a variety of the ivy geraniums single and double, and with their thick leaves zoned and scalloped, are very attractive.

Cinnastris.—I will in conclusion say

something respecting these beautiful early spring bloomers in response to Anna E. Seed should be sown in August, in a soil composed of a mixture of light, sandy

loam, well decomposed leaf mold and silver sand, equal parts. Sift through a wire sieve. First put in the boxes or pans something for drainage two inches or more deep. It is well to lay over this, moss such as the florists use in packing, to keep the soil from running among the cracks or whatever you have for drainage.

Then put in the coarse soil from the siftings and over this an inch or more of the fine. Press the soil evenly, water with tepid water through a fine sprinkler and sow the seed carefully on the surface, then remove the pots or pans to a dark place or put a damp, soft flannel over the top and never allow the surface to get dry. When the first leaf appears, bring gradually to the light but not to the sun.

In five or six weeks prick out the seedlings into the same kind of mold, keep them secluded a few days and then bring them into the light and give them plenty of air, but do not expose to a direct draught. Keep moist but not drenched. When they begin to crowd each other pot off singly into three-inch pots, and when these are filled with roots, shift into larger and make the compost a little stronger by adding more loam in which a little well-rotted manure has been mixed. They are very subject to the green fly. For spring blooming, seed should be sown

not later than August. But for summer and autumn they may be started later.

Some one in the July number said she had dried off her hyacinths and asks what she shall do to have them bloom again. I fear she will fail to restore them. After blooming, the bulbs should be kept growing several weeks, and then water should be withheld that the foliage may decay. They must be kept in earth, and may be stored in the cellar where they will be kept cool and shaded. When wanted to start for winter blooming, pot them in rich, but sandy soil, water and keep in the dark till roots are well developed, then bring to the light. Bulbs that have bloomed in glasses are worthless.

Yarmouth, Me.

VARIOUS PLANTS.

The past seven months (January to August) I have spent on Long Island, surrounded by flowers of every hue and variety; but during that time I did not see a copy of THE HOUSEHOLD, so, upon my arrival home, I immediately looked up the "back numbers" to read, with interest, the contents of The Conservatory. I have found therein so many questions to answer and observations to make, that I am quite sure the above caption is the only suitable one for this article, for herein will be found a variety.

I am particularly interested in the articles on wild flowers; and as I recognize a few of those described in Mina B. Spear's article she may be interested to learn their correct names.

The Iowa tiger lily she speaks of must be the beautiful little *Lilium Philadelphicum*; and the blue fringed gentian is *gentian crinita*, while the similar plant, with blue buds which she never saw open, can be none other than the closed blue gentian, *G. Andrewsii*. *Schrankia uncinata* is the botanical name of the sensitive brier which is doubtless the sensitive rose to which she refers. The soap weed, or sword grass, is a species of *yucca*, probably *yucca filamentosa*, so named from the filaments or thread-like fibres depending from the edges of the leaves, and popularly known as bear's thread or Adam's needle. The true soap weed is *Y. angustifolia*, a smaller growing species, found in Colorado.

Let us have letters from others descriptive of the flowers nature has so lavishly distributed throughout the length and breadth of our land.

Mrs. Wellcome in speaking of the *helianthus multiflorus plena*, says it is a hardy perennial, and so the catalogue states, but this is a mistake. It is a perennial but not a hardy one, and should be taken up and wintered the same as a dahlia.

Mrs. George L. Hutchinson, the treatment recommended by Mrs. G. W. Flanders is the correct one for fairy lily, *amaryllis Treatea*, or more properly speaking *zephyranthes Treatea*.

I think the "Abbildung lilies" mentioned by Anna E. are the same, or *Z. Atamasco*, a very similar species, but with wider leaves and more preferable every way.

L. G. B., if your vine bears tubers, on long, string-like roots, it is the ground nut, *apios tuberosa*.

Helen Belden, your bulb is a tuberose, a member of the amaryllis family; the type (*polyanthes tuberosa*) is single and a native of Ceylon. There are three varieties in general cultivation, the common double, the *Excelsior Pearl* and the "new variegated." The two first named after once blooming are worthless, except for the purpose of raising other bulbs, as the same bulb blooms but once. Bulbs raised from the old one will bloom the third year provided they have made a sufficient growth. The bulbs must be taken up in

the fall, thoroughly dried and kept in a warm, dry place. The leaves of the new variegated sort are bordered with white, the flowers are white, single and powerfully fragrant, while, unlike the others, the same bulb blooms year after year.

Michigan, the *agapanthus umbellatus* is a south African tuberous plant, bearing a large umbel of beautiful blue flowers. It would be easily mistaken for an amaryllis but it belongs to the lily family, and blooms in July or August. They should be potted in good soil, in a rather large pot, and allowed a good growth during the summer. At the approach of winter let the soil become partially dry, and set away in the cellar to rest until spring. As soon as they have made sufficient growth they will bloom.

Mrs. G. Y., hyacinths are not fit to flower in the house the second season. Plant them out in the ground, where they will bloom after a fashion, and procure fresh bulbs for the house.

WALTER N. PIKE.

AUTUMN FLOWERS.

Our foliage in October is so brilliant and gorgeous that we are apt to overlook the flowers. The tints of maple leaves and the sumac eclipse the aster and petunia, and all the glory of our flower beds and borders grow dim in comparison with the turning of the leaves overhead. At this late day too many eyes may tire of the floral beauties which have feasted them since June, and turn for relief to grove and forest.

But to my eye there is a special charm in autumn flowers. They may not fill the air with the perfume of roses, and such as the dahlia and marigold exhale no fragrance from their brilliant depths. Yet they often outshine the sweet smelling blossoms that have preceded them, and make up in coloring what they lack in perfume. Moreover, after such a dry summer as we have experienced, the freshness and luxuriance of our autumn plants and vines is especially welcome and grateful. Certain favorites that we had barely kept alive through August, have since leaved out and flowered with unexpected vigor and fullness, and at the date of this writing even verbenas and geraniums are flourishing out-doors as though they were to be a joy forever. Of course this floral display in the open air is soon to be terminated—it is like the sudden flitting of a dying ember. We can hardly hope for its continuance through another week, unless special protection is given at night, and it certainly does pay to shield the choicest of our autumn flowers from the frost—not by at once hurrying them from the open bed to the contracted pot, but by covering them as they are with sheet or newspaper at sundown, and removing it when sunshine returns. It costs but little to furnish this nightly protection, and certainly it is much more satisfactory to the plants themselves than the risk and disturbance of being uprooted from their summer beds prematurely. By and by there will be no alternative but potting them, to save their life, and it will not be difficult to determine when that limit is imposed by the frost-king. During these passing days, however, we may just as well enjoy our flower beds and mounds, as sacrifice them to fear of frost. And those varieties in particular claim this care which were only intended for outdoor blossoming. The annuals appeal to us to prolong as late as possible their period of bloom, by nightly protection, that they will repay ten-fold. Their life is brief at the longest—their flowering is but as a dream when one awaketh. Root and stalk are alike perishable and crumble with the season's decay. Every reader may readily distinguish the favor-

ite annuals whose glory is about expiring, and leaving behind seeds to renew it another year. Perennials may lend beauty and perfume to our homes and hearths while all is desolation and dreariness without, but the short-lived annual finishes its errand of mercy for us where it stands with its mates of the garden. We may cherish it there day by day, but must give it up at last to the destroyer, who spares not whatsoever is lovely or of good report.

I sometimes wonder that these farewell flowers of the year do not wear a more somber look. Then again, they seem most fitly attired just as they are. We may invest them with sad thoughts and melancholy forebodings, but they smile on just the same. Every day loosens their hold on life, and every hour some signal is displayed of the dying year, but they beam on as though they were to live forever. Chill winds blow, that banish bloom from the cheek of beauty and warn all of the approaching cold term, but these brave flowers still look up to us with smiles even when saying good-bye, and seem in every bright petal to teach us sunny hope and trust.—Er.

—A succession of flowers may be had in any bed or on a border by removing plants as soon as they are done blooming, and filling their places with other species or younger plants of the same species. Some of the early-blooming phloxes, as *phlox amara* and *P. pilosa*, make a most pleasing clump or border for a month or so. As soon as they begin to fail, the roots can be removed to some corner of the garden where they will live in seclusion until the next spring, and plants of *phlox Drummondii*, verbenas, dianthus, or other plants put in their places. There are a number of small, showy species which can be transplanted when about to flower, or even when in flower.

—It should be a practice to cut the fruit stalks of flowering plants as soon as the flowers fall. It is an exhaustive process to the plant to bear fruit. Such plants as snapdragons, Chinese pinks and other biennials that flower the first year from seed, can generally be made to flower the second year if not allowed to fruit. Care should also be exercised in regard to the plants from which seed is to be selected. The best and strongest plants mature the best and strongest seeds. Any particular color or form can be perpetuated in many cases by a judicious selection of seed.

—One of the most common mistakes in setting window plants out of doors in summer is the selection of a too sunny location. Most pot plants need shade. Fuchsias, begonias, etc., should be placed upon the veranda, or under the shade of a tree, or other protected spot.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Will some of the Band please tell me what to do for my canary? He keeps picking at and biting one of his feet, till it is red and swollen. He sings, and in every way seems as well as usual, except that.

A SISTER.

I have a *crassula* plant four years old which has never blossomed. A slip taken off in the spring had two clusters of blossoms when eighteen months old. It was treated the same as cactus, had manure water some. My achania has specks like granulated sugar on the leaves, are they natural to the plant or are they insects? Who will tell me?

M.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.—Will Mrs. Flanders, or Mrs. Wellcome please tell me how to make *trigridia conchiflora* bloom? Mine is three years old without a bud. I am quite a florist but cannot find what to do with them. Also, why does not my *amaryllis treatea* form some new bulbs? It blossoms but no little ones form. Also, how to cultivate roses in the house in winter? I have Isabella Sprout, Dr. Berthod, and Sanguinea, and I wish them to bloom well this winter. Also how to make *xanthemum* everlastings do well, and how to keep the black ants from spoiling my pompon dahlia buds?

CLYTIE.

Winchenden, Mass.

The Nursery.

PLAY YOU DO NOT MIND IT.

Some youthful housekeepers one day
Were getting supper in a way
That was delightful, really;
The grass a velvet carpet made
Beneath the glowing maples' shade;
No room so charming nearly.
Then Flossy brought a napkin red;
"Twill make a lovely cloth," she said.
But when she came to try it,
Alas! 'twas not quite large enough
To hide the table, slightly rough,
'Twas useless to deny it.
The rueful looks of blank dismay
Began to chase the smiles away,
So meagre did they find it.
Till outspoke sunny little Nell:
"We'll leave it so, 'tis just as well,
And play we do not mind it.
The joyous smiles returned once more.
Too soon the dainty feast was o'er,
And shadows gathered thickly;
A star shone silvery in the west,
Warning each merry little guest
To seek the home fold quickly.
The lesson is as plain as day;
A cloud may rise above your way,
The sunshine is behind it;
When things go wrong and others frown,
Just put all vain repriming down
And play you do not mind it.

—Congregationalist.

HOW DON RAN AWAY.

BY ANSTICE BELL.

M R. JEFFRIES often remarked that "Don had not much to complain of," and that was the opinion of most of his friends. I feel sure that you would have thought the same, if you could have seen him and his surroundings as he sat on the porch of the large, old-fashioned house.

The porch was a bower of green vines, and the yard was full of flowers and shrubbery. Don had on a clean suit of buff, and Addie had that morning tied a fresh blue necktie round his neck. Altogether he was a very fine-looking little fellow as he sat under the vines and looked down the long road.

There was a wistful look in his brown eyes as he watched the little clouds of dust chase each other down the dusty turnpike. Don had nothing to do, and as a natural consequence he felt discontented. He had had one long nap, and really could not sleep any more. Teddie and Alice were at school, and Addie was too busy to play with him—and he certainly felt very dismal.

Just then the paper carrier came along on his daily round. Don was generally at the gate eagerly waiting for the paper, but to-day he sat still on the porch.

"Come, get your paper, Don," called the carrier.

Don walked slowly down, he wasn't going to hurry for anybody—not he. Instead of carrying the paper into the house, he laid it on the porch, and threw himself down beside it.

"There isn't any fun in living," he thought to himself. "Teddie was real mean, he wouldn't let me go to school."

Poor Don! every thing was wrong that day. Some days there were chickens to chase out of the flower beds, but to-day they were all fastened in their yard; even the cat had gone off on a mousing expedition. Just then Addie called out of the window, "Bring me that paper, Don."

Doing even that small service made him feel better, and he remembered that there was a mole's burrow in the garden that he had long intended to dig up. So he went there and dug till he was tired, but the mole was out calling, so Don gave that up, and wandered back to his old post on the porch.

Presently Mr. Miller's Jack stopped at the gate. "Don't you want to take a walk, Don?" he asked.

"Yes, I do," answered Don, "but Addie said I was not to go out of the yard, besides, I can't open the gate, I've tried."

"Pshaw!" sneered Jack, "if you wanted to, you could get under the fence or over it. Fore I'd be a molly-coddle like you—can't stir without somebody with you."

"Yes, I can," retorted Don stoutly, and he squeezed through a small gap in the fence, and walked off with big Jack, feeling very fine. He could think of nothing in his foolish little heart, but of all his hard treatment at home, and here was Jack could do just as he pleased—well, he was never going home again, that was a sure thing.

They stopped at Murphy's and persuaded Hector to join them. Soon after they met Bruce Collie and a stranger, so there was quite a company. They walked across the country till Don's small legs were tired, and he was glad when they stopped to rest in a grove. By that time it was afternoon, and as they rested on the soft pine needles and talked of their plans, Don found out that Jack had organized this "frolic," as he called it, for the purpose of stealing one of Farmer Bartram's sheep as soon as night came.

Now Don had never read dime novels nor bad story papers, and though he had foolishly run away he never dreamed of stealing, and he told the others what he thought of them in strong language, at which they were very angry, and it was only by fast running that he escaped severe injury, or perhaps death, at their hands.

Poor Don! he was ready to drop before he dared to stop running and look about him. He was on a strange road, hungry, and thirsty, and alone. Just ahead there stood a pretty cottage, covered with roses. A little boy about as big as Teddie was playing in the yard, while the boy's mother sat sewing on the porch.

"I'd like to live here," thought Don, "there is a boy to play with and a nice woman."

So he pushed the gate open and went in, feeling rather bashful to be sure, but certain of a welcome.

"Hi! go out of this," shouted the boy. What do you mean? Hi! Hi!" And he commenced to throw stones at poor Don, who ran crying down the road, for some of the stones hit him, and hurt him very much.

At last he came to a barn, and creeping in threw himself down on the hay and spent the night there. But the hay was hard, and every now and then he awoke and thought of the soft, warm bed at home, and of how Addie always put him to bed, and tucked him in when the nights were cool. He was hungry, too, and thought of the good bread and milk and the beefsteak at home.

O, home was not such a bad place after all, and in the morning he started for it and never stopped till he came in sight of the tall red chimneys. By that time he was opposite Mr. Brice's house, where he often went with Addie to see her very best friend, Miss Grace.

"They know me," he thought, "and were always very kind. Why the children always gave me rusk and sponge cake. I am too tired to go any further, I will go in there and get something to eat."

So he went boldly up to the front door, but he could not make them hear, then he went round to the side porch and looked in the sitting room window. Yes, there was Mr. Brice reading the paper, and Miss Grace at the desk writing a love letter. So Don jumped in at the open window, and landed with a thump on the floor.

"Well! Don!" exclaimed Mr. Brice.

"No, it wasn't 'well done,'" said Miss

Grace, "for he startled me so I nearly upset the ink." Then turning to the poor tired little fellow, she said, "Naughty Don! Go right straight home! Now, do you hear me? Go right home!"

So poor Don climbed out of the window and never stopped till he came to the old house.

Alice was leaning over the gate. "O, here comes Don! Don's coming!" she called out, and running out she caught him up in her arms, and he was carried in amid the rejoicings of the whole family.

Bread and milk and beefsteak don't begin to describe the feast that was spread before him. Addie gave him a warm bath, and tucked him into bed; but as she patted his head and left him she said, "You naughty dog! You deserve a good whipping."

LETTER TO THE BOYS.

Number Three.

"By courage and persistent well-directed endeavor, the end is at last accomplished."

There are far too many boys in America who are ashamed to take up any thing which is not in the professional line. As a result, what do we have? Every year from our colleges there are large numbers who graduate into theological seminaries, law and medical schools. Only a few are content with a trade. I do not mean to say by any means that this is wrong, but, that there is very little attention paid to the fact that one should first find for what he is best suited in life and then go ahead if possible.

If you are fitted by talents and taste for a minister, lawyer, doctor, or journalist, on that let all your energies be concentrated. Some of you have talents for business, architecture, and mechanical pursuits. Then by all means follow that in which you can be most successful. There is just as much need of good, fine business men, architects and mechanics, as of lawyers, doctors, ministers or journalists.

Do not think always one must have a college education to fit himself for business. A college education is well in its way, but, for the majority of boys there is only a common school education possible, before they have to take up something to support themselves, and, if they have made good use of their privileges, and supplement their course at school with good reading in their after leisure moments they will find in a short time they have made great progress. A distinguished author has tersely said, "Great things are not accomplished by idle dreams but by years of patient study."

An excellent volume to read in connection with the choice of a profession is that entitled "Self Help," by Samuel Smiles. If we have made the choice of our profession according to our talents and taste we have, then, the ever present thought that our aim should be to be first in every thing. Not to be content with a comparatively low position in our profession, but ever, by study in spare moments, raising ourselves to a higher level. Smiles says, "With perseverance the very odds and ends of life may be worked up into results of the greatest value. It is not accident then that helps a man in the world, but purpose and persistent industry."

Those who have a talent for mechanical pursuits need not think that their school days are necessarily over when they start to learn a trade. Of Elihu Burritt it is said, "He attributed his first success in self-improvement not to genius, but simply to the careful use of those invaluable fragments of time called 'odd moments.' While working and earning dollars for the horse."

his living as a blacksmith he mastered eighteen ancient languages and twenty-two European dialects." In writing to a friend he said:

"If ever I was actuated by ambition, its highest and warmest aspiration was to set an example before the young men of my country in employing those invaluable fragments of time called 'odd moments.'"

The same may be said of Hugh Miller, the stone mason and geologist, Hogarth, the painter, Bidder, the engineer, and Charles C. Frost, the shoemaker and scientist, who died only a short time ago, as well as a score of others. Again, as Smiles says, "What is done in business must be well done. There must be accuracy of speech, observations, and in the transaction of affairs."

In our business life, as much as in our earlier days, we shall find that without punctuality, perseverance, and patience, nothing will be accomplished. Many a fine position has been lost for those who lack the first quality and still many more grand projects have been condemned as impossible, because the projector lacked perseverance and patience. We cannot scoff with impunity at these things for when they are combined they help to make the finest characters and men of our age.

If we have made good use of our chances for physical development and have a good physique, with which to commence our work, we should be none the less tireless in our search after health. We should feel, every day, how important it is to keep up our strength that we may be enabled to do our work vigorously, live long and always have the ability to work. The greatest men are those who combine with their patience and perseverance a certain time daily for outdoor exercise and strengthening every part of the body.

Longfellow is said to have kept himself erect to the last by doing all his writing at a high desk, thus avoiding a stooping posture. Bryant, Henry Ward Beecher, Rev. Dr. Storrs and many more could be cited who owe much of their ability to work long and well, to their daily physical exercise.

It is hard, I know, but then, we will not mind that, when we think what glorious possibilities there are in store for us if we practice these little things. Remember that in the end we may make one of those whole-souled, generous, and honorable men, on whom it is a pleasure to look and to whom we owe most of the greatest deeds of the age. Then we may say, with the great philosopher, De Maistre, "To know how to wait, is the great secret of success."

CECIL HAMPDEN HOWARD.

HOW FATHER CURED HIS HORSE.

"Well," said Reuben, the story-teller, "father always wanted a horse, because the folks in Greene lived scattered, and he had so far to go to attend funerals and weddings and visit schools, you know; but he never felt as if he could afford to buy one. But one day he was coming afoot from Hildreth, and a stranger asked him to ride."

Father said, "That's a handsome horse you're driving. I should like to own such a horse myself."

"What will you give for him?" said the man.

"Do you want to sell?" said father.

"Yes, I do, and I'll sell cheap, too," says he.

"Oh, well," says father, "it's no use talking, for I haven't the money to buy with."

"Make an offer," said he.

"Well, just to put an end to the talk," father says, "I'll give you seventy-five dollars for the horse."

"You may have him," says the man, as quick as a flash, "but you'll repent of your bargain in a week."

"Why, what ails the horse?" says father.

"Ails him? If he has a will to go, he'll go; but if he takes a notion to stop, all creation can't start him. I've stood and beat that horse till the sweat ran off me in streams; I've fired a gun close to his ears; I've burned shavings under him. I might have beat him to death, or roasted him alive, before he'd have budged an inch."

"I'll take the horse," says father. "What's his name?"

"George," said the man.

"I shall call him Georgie," said father.

Well, father brought him home, and we boys were pleased, and we fixed a place for him in the barn, and curried him down, and fed him well, and father said, "Talk to him, boys, and let him know you feel friendly."

So we coaxed and petted him, and the next morning father harnessed him and got into the wagon to go. But Georgie wouldn't stir a step. Father got out and patted him, and we brought him apples and clover-tops, and once in a while father would say, "Get up, Georgie," but he didn't strike the horse a blow. By and by he says, "This is going to take time. Well, Georgie, we'll see which has the most patience, you or I." So he sat in the wagon and took out his skeletons—

"Skeletons?" said Poppet, inquiringly.

Of sermons, you know. Ministers always carry round a little book to put things into them when they are out walking, or riding, or hoeing in the garden.

Well, father sat full two hours before the horse was ready to start; but when he did, there was no more trouble for that day. The next morning 'twas the same thing over again, only Georgie gave in a little sooner. All the while it seemed as if father couldn't do enough for the horse. He was round the stable feeding him and fussing over him, and talking to him in his pleasant, gentle way; and the third morning, when he had fed and curried him and harnessed him with his own hands, somehow there was a different look in the horse's eyes. But when father was ready to go, Georgie put his feet together and laid his ears back and wouldn't stir. Well, Dove was playing about the yard, and she brought her stool and climbed up by the horse's head.

Dove, tell what you said to Georgie that morning."

"I gave him an awful talking to," said the little girl. "I told him it was perfectly ridiculous for him to act so; that he'd come to a real good place to live, where everybody helped everybody; that he was a minister's horse, and must be a good horse. That's what I told him. And then I kissed him on the nose."

"And what did Georgie do?"

"Why, he heard every word I said, and when I got through he felt so shamed of himself he couldn't hold up his head; so he just dropped it till it 'most touched the ground, and he looked as sheepish as if he had been stealing a hundred sheep."

"Yes," said Reuben, "and when father told him to go he was off like a shot. He has never made any trouble since. That's the way father cured a balky horse. And that night when he was unharnessing, he rubbed his head against his shoulder, and told him, as plain as a horse could speak, that he was sorry. He's tried to make it up with father ever since, for the trouble he made him. When he's loose in the pasture, father has only to stand at the bars and call his name, and he walks up quiet as an old sheep. Why, I've seen him back himself. The clerks and lawyers at their desks,

between the shafts of the wagon many a time, to save father trouble. Father wouldn't take two hundred dollars for the horse to-day. He eats any thing you give him. Sis very often brings out some of her dinner to him."

"He likes to eat out of a plate," said Dove; "makes him think he's folks."—*Golden Censer.*

WHAT A SMALL BOY COULD DO.

A lad in Boston, rather small for his age works in an office as errand boy for four gentlemen who do business there. One day the gentlemen were chaffing him a little about being so small, and said to him:

"You will never amount to much, you can never do much; you are too small."

The little fellow looked at them.

"Well," said he, "as small as I am I can do something that neither of you can do."

"Ah, what is it?" said they.

"I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied.

But they were anxious to know, and urged him to tell what he could do that neither of them were able to do.

"I can keep from swearing," said the little fellow.

There were some blushes on four faces and there seemed to be no anxiety for further information.

FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

A noise! a shout! a bugle sounds! What can be the matter? We hasten to the window, and sure enough here come the educated horses, nineteen in number; each blanketed with name thereon, and led by a groom. First comes Nellie, a general favorite, with coquettish ways, and when on exhibition, in her extraordinary feat of balancing with her fore feet on a barrel while passing over a plank, which is tetering all the time, is "too cute for any thing," as every one declares.

Graceful Abdallah, a true Arabian, is followed by Cæsar, Pope, and Prince, and Mustang who less than ten years ago was the leader of a band of wild horses, roaming the broad prairies of New Mexico, now, gentle, teachable, and as pleased as any child to show off his acquirements.

Next comes a big horse with a big name, Bucephalus, who does well, whatever he undertakes.

Little Sprite and Beauty come prancing along followed by Chevalier, Draco and Petite, the Judge and others, beautiful creatures. You sometimes play school, you know, and these horses play school too. They romp, and tag, and would laugh if they could.

Hark! a bell rings, to call the scholars in. Quickly getting into line they await their teacher's, professor B.'s, directions. Bucephalus brings him a chair, Chevalier puts his coat away, and the school forms into two classes.

Mustang steps to the desk, and rings the bell for blackboard exercises by Sprite, who, finding the sum added wrongly, takes a sponge and erases it.

Later, Prince and Pope teter on a plank, just as Mary and Susie would do, and seem to enjoy it equally well. And how pleased the boys are when Sprite leaps over four horses, standing closely together, again and again, amid clapping of hands to cheer her on, and when she comes forward, and bows to the audience, one feels she ought to receive handsome bouquets to carry off the stage. Then in the "Court Scene" to see the Judge mounted far above the Jury with donkey ears, adding to the supposed dignity of his honor, is truly laughable. The "ounce of prevention" is worth more than the "pound of cure."

the prisoner in the dock and the jury in the box. After the plea, the jury retires, soon returns with a verdict of "not guilty," then the sheriff horse releases the prisoner, who steps forward, thanking the jury for the acquittal and the audience for their attention during the trial, by repeated bows.

There are many other nice things those noble animals do, so when they come to exhibit in the town where you live, I think mamma or papa will take you to see them. The horse is very tractable; though some are more so than others.

I have been told, when the professor and his horses were "out west," Cæsar was stolen; but finally discovered in the possession of an Indian tribe, who agreed to give him up, if the ownership could be proved. "Cæsar" said the professor, "step out the figure eight." The obedient animal recognizing his master's voice, did so. "Again, and commence by turning to the left." Cæsar obeyed. The Indians wanted to keep so knowing a horse, but did as agreed, and I suppose Cæsar was glad to get among his own family again, don't you?

RIVERSIDE.

THE MOTHERS' CHAIR.

HINTS FOR MOTHERS.

BY MRS. M. C. RANKIN.

If girls are often awkward, ungraceful and liable to fall into habits which injure both their health and beauty, what shall be said of boys of the same age? Most mothers take great pains with the girls of the family, seeming to think that their "chances" in life largely depend upon their looks and manners.

Yet these same mothers seem utterly indifferent to the disagreeable habits of their boys; or they shift the responsibility on to the shoulders of the dancing master or boarding-school teacher, and grumble if he does not change them into Apollos; or, after a few inefficient efforts, they give up with a despairing, "I don't believe boys can help being awkward. They'll come out all right in a few years, and no one expects much of a boy." Now it is possible, though not probable, that the uncouth boy will become a fine appearing man; but, even if he should, is it worth while that he should for years render himself disagreeable to all but his nearest friends; that he should repel instead of attract?

Outdoor exercise and sports do much to make boys strong and straight; yet it is very common among those who are growing fast (especially if they read or study a good deal), to find the head thrust forward, the shoulders round and stooping, and a slouching, ungraceful carriage. Until these things are corrected, no boy can be thoroughly strong and vigorous. Is the health of your boy of any less importance than that of your girl?

Biting the nails is one of the most annoying habits, and yet one which almost any boy will fall into unless his mother "nips it in the bud." Not only is it almost unendurable for a nervous person to sit in the room with one of these nail-biting boys, but the young man's hands are injured in appearance, and, if the habit be carried to excess, they will become almost deformed. In these days of professional manicures, mothers ought, at least, to see that there are no ragged nails and raw fingers among their children.

A habit of snuffing, or of scraping the throat, of tapping the floor with the foot, or the table with the knuckles, comes on gradually, but, once fixed, is exceedingly difficult to overcome. "Eternal vigilance" should be a mother's watchword, for the true secret of curing bad habits is in never allowing them to be formed. The "ounce of prevention" is worth more than the "pound of cure."

I would not take away any thing of boyishness or naturalness. A real boy is worth half a dozen fops or dukes. But I do not see why boys should not be as graceful and well-mannered as their sisters; why they cannot sit down at a table without hitting it and jarring the dishes, as well as the tempers of the whole family; why they cannot eat slowly and noiselessly; why they cannot cross a room without stumbling against the furniture; or close a door without slamming it; or sit quietly while reading or listening.

It should be perfectly natural for a boy to lift his hat to his mother or sister when he chances to meet them on the street; to rise from a comfortable chair when older persons enter the room; to entertain a visitor when the rest of the household are occupied. Do you say it is too much to expect a boy to think of all these things? If the mother has trained him from babyhood constantly and carefully, he will do them without thinking.

Good manners are a growth, and boyhood is the time, and home the place in which they should grow.—*Congregationalist.*

DEAR SISTERS:—Every time that I read THE HOUSEHOLD I think I will be a silent member no longer, I have so many questions that I would like to ask, and see so many that I could answer if I only had time. I do find time to read every word of THE HOUSEHOLD, though in my younger days I used to skip the Mothers' Chair. Now, how glad I would be to read three times the number of articles there are in that department. I have read all my old numbers over and over again, but I wish that some of these experienced mothers would write a practical letter every month to us younger mothers. My little boy, fourteen months old, does not seem inclined to mind, and I am very anxious to have an obedient, loving child. He pulls every thing he can reach from the tables, dressing case and shelves, I slap his hand but he don't seem to care. What shall I do with the big boy, his father? I would like to give every mother one piece of advice, and that is, to train up your boys to become helpful, orderly husbands. Mine said this evening as he was hurriedly preparing to go away, "I never saw such a girl as you are, when any one is in a hurry you never know where any thing is, I want my gloves, my cuffs and my tie."

He does not call me a model housekeeper. Suppose we look around and see how he helps me to be one. First, his old hat is on the center table, work apron in the middle of the floor (left for me to mend). Next we will walk into the bed room and see what meets our eyes. Three bureaux drawers pulled open, contents in confusion, brush and comb out of case, toilet left as used with the stopples out. Brush broom and old coat and vest on the floor. In the sink room, the soap is on the shelf, wash basin in the sink and towel on the floor. In the wood shed the box of blacking and brush are on the floor, the stoves need refilling and the coal hod is full of ashes. He says his mother and sister always used to pick up his things. That is no sign, however, that I shall, nor after my boy. Sisters of the Band, who is to blame, my husband, or his mother and sister? His mother and sister are just as good as gold. A YOUNG WIFE AND MOTHER.

—Kind words are the bright flowers of earthly existence; use them; and especially around the fireside circle. They are the jewels beyond price, and powerful to heal the wounded heart and make the weighed down spirit glad.

The Library.

THE SONG OF WAVE AND BIRD.

BY AELLA GREENE.

To those the earth who rightly see
And hear ari'ght its minstrelsy,
There's meaning high in every sound
And every scene the wide earth round.
The music of this lakelet's wave,
That seems to some but meant to lave
The shore, recede and surge again,
Thought freigh'd comes to thoughtful men,
And, blending with the voice of bird
In hymn as grand as ear hath heard,
Shall cheer the pilgrim on his way,
Inspiring him with faith to say,
"Night brings the day, grief bringeth bliss;
And never that but cometh this!"
So, welcome brief in every form,
The piercing blast, the wh'ling storm,
Affliction's fall and busy mill,
Its thorny path up rugged hill,
Or desert sands to scour the feet,
Where torrid suns their fervors beat,
Or barren, bleak and sunless plains,
Where doubt's grim winter monarch reigns!
Though well enthroned that ley king
Shall flee before faith's radiant spring
Of bud and brook and heavenly blue,
And stars serene the sweet nights through,
And fragrant hours of morn to lead
Through flowery path to pleasant mead,
And hills of hope, where arbors are
Without a flaming sword to bar;
The hills whereon, from dawn to star,
And from the star to dawn again,
Angels descend to bring to men
The sweetest message of the skies—
Faith always true; doubt always lies!
Springfield, Mass.

CAREFULNESS IN LETTER WRITING.

BY HAZEL WYLDE.

REGARDING those letter-writers who are habitually unmindful of the niceties of language, and of the best, though silent, expression of thought, less importance should be attached to their words, by the receiver of them, than to those whose epistolary communications are significant of care and attention. I do not mean that feeling—which should underlie all expression, whether either friendship or mere sociality be the object of correspondence—should have a mirror place in letters. But, does not the carefully written letter show that the one who penned it has feeling? Every sentence, and every word, has been thought over, that the reader may clearly understand them; and a compliment is paid the latter by means of the nice appearance and construction of the whole. It is not as necessary as some think, to use fashionable and perfumed paper, with perhaps the sheer accompaniment of handsome chirographical marks; though better these, I think, than indifference, or careless negligence, as vanity may be pardoned more easily than contempt for neatness and accomplishment, although one be as doubtful as the other concerning a thoughtful regard for the intended recipient of the letter. But it is not my intention to set forth rules of correspondence, not to dictate what styles in stationery shall be used for the purpose.

Good letter writing demands originality of thought, interest in the person addressed, as well as in that which is to be put upon paper from the recesses of the mind, or transcribed as passing pleasure or event. If you are uninterested, but write from sense of obligation, your letter will betray it, and your correspondent scarcely thank you for the attempt. A bit of news, mere facts, and ordinary personal affairs, may redeem your effort from being pronounced stupid. Still you might better send a printed sheet, if you have simply local matters to communicate, and yourself give more time and finer thought to your friend—it being assumed that you do not engage in correspondence excepting for the sake of friendship (?) as even that is "task sufficient" to you.

Cultivation of carefulness in letters, what might it not do for you? You should give no more time to the writing of a letter than its due, considering that other matters require your attention besides; yet, by your thoroughness in details, you may save precious moments, for your friends, instead of robbing them. Plain lettering, words fully spelled, sentences properly punctuated, all these combined, will be a delight to an intelligent reader, who will commend your own intelligence, during the perusal. Flourishes sometimes make words as obscure as lack of punctuation does a paragraph. Many persons in writing employ abbreviated words, which are inelegant in letters—however convenient in conversation—and are pronounced by authorities as showing "poor taste." Besides, a letter containing many such blemishes implies that the writer has not enough time to spend in correspondence. In fact, it might be said that some persons rob time for the purpose of saving, as they abbreviate some words without reference to grammar or dictionary. Some time must be spent in contriving these originalities (?) but the reader is too often deprived of the meaning of words by means of their novel appearance. Do they economize time? For instance, the contraction of the terms do and not. Can you write don't more quickly? With the use of the apostrophe, are there not as many marks to be made in the contraction I haven't as in the full words, I have not? And, how unpleasant to either sight or hearing, the poorer abbreviation, I've not. In proper names are abbreviations either necessary or comely? Such names as John and Charles are scarcely shortened in writing them Jno. and Chas. But it gives them a business air, not permissible in friendly and social intercourse. When a surname has been introduced in an epistle, if there be occasion soon again to mention it, I think the initial letter may be used with propriety, particularly if the name be long, as Mr. L. instead of Mr. Littlejohn. Still the preference remains for the whole name, as, unless it were to be repeated more than once, it could not greatly tax the writer's time.

A letter may be faultless in style, correctness and elegance, yet fail to gratify the person for whom it is intended. Even in addressing a mere acquaintance, regard should be shown for the feelings of such, else, nothing more can spring from the correspondence than common interest, which, indeed, may shortly die a natural death. It is not meant, by this, that greater regard should be expressed than is felt. No more senseless practice is known than that of employing affectionate terms indiscriminately. It is but as a wearing out of the sacred endearments, so precious to those who have the right to use them. No place should be given to a word of this nature, that does not arise from the heart. In speaking of the regard due to slight acquaintances, I had my mind upon the duty of respecting feeling, by showing that we recognize its possession. There are delicate ways of manifesting the recognition, and as true as delicate. I think, however, it is sometimes the case that the reader of a letter does not discover the real feeling it may contain. The inditer has not consciously withheld the voicing of the heart, but the receiver, not versed in reading "between the lines," misses something wished for or expected. The former may have couched considerable tenderness in choice sentiments, while the latter, of more impulsive spirit perhaps, is unreasonably disappointed. You cannot well bid a person show affection in words. It might not be possible to the nature of such. Neither can a true heart bestow love for the asking. Seek, honestly, to

win favor from any whom your own heart chooses; and seek as earnestly to find that favor when it may be found—search in sentences and paragraphs, not alone in words, for it, as for "hidden treasure," as so it may remain, unless understanding guide your vision. Do not be of those who acknowledge only what they see directly before their eyes.

An essential element of letters is adaptability. Surely it is folly to address all people in the same manner, or tell to all the selfsame news or event. Would it not be as much a hurt (an insult, even!) to give a letter, to one person, with thought and diction directed far above that individual's comprehension and appreciation, as an openly rude letter to a polite acquaintance, or a petty one in return for a kind and highly entertaining epistle? It should be an object, in letter writing, to stimulate and elevate inferior minds. But soaring above them will not accomplish these ends more than will sinking directly to their level. A mode of adaptation may be acquired, which shall improve the letter reader, while it help as much the letter writer, in widening the field of mental and moral power. Attention to this point will bring its own pleasurable rewards. And I think that the veriest possessor of the faculty of adaptability needs self-culture, particularly to facilitate epistolographic communication. In personal intercourse, manner, tone, and expression of countenance effectively intercede for the speaker, as well as aid the listener in proving how much of sincerity words and declarations express. Much is gained from a thorough study of the play and movement of human features, even though the speaker be a self-controlled character. The observer has advantage, while the speaker may be unconscious. But, as letters lie calmly in the hand of the reader, naught can bespeak their favor but what the heart and mind of the writer have given to flow from the obedient pen—save, indeed, memories of face and voice, and touch of lips or hands. How important, then, that fullest time and finest care be bestowed upon the tracings of the sheet, that they may afford pleasure, and not pain, comfort, and not distress, truth, and not falsehood, knowledge, and not ignorance, wisdom, and not foolishness.

Letters may be quiet or humorous, grave or gay, brief or long, reserved or confidential, but, in whichever form, they should be adapted to those for whom intended, and never lack grace and propriety, which last are not fruits of affection and stiffness, but the manifestation of keen and fine perception of both the heart and mind of humanity.

In letters, let us all strive to be ourselves—not imitations of others—and be growing more capable and facile in the practice of fine art. Letters are a blessed bond between us and our absent friends. They also have the power to knit our hearts in pure love with some whom we never have seen.

LEND BOOKS.

"I don't allow you to borrow books." How often I heard that sentence when a child? As our parents provided us with plenty of carefully selected reading matter the rule was a good one; but unfortunately it worked both ways—we could not lend, and I cannot help thinking that was wrong. Many of the rules parents make, look very wise and beneficent, but on closer examination show a tendency from which parents would shrink with horror did they but see it. Take this rule; a mother selects the best books for her children, many of them expensive ones. She teaches her children the value of books; each child has his or her own

book-shelf and takes a pride in the growing library. No lending is allowed, or at most, only in rare cases, and books are shown, with pardonable pride, which have been in the children's possession for years and are yet in excellent order.

Here is another mother who began in the same way, but one day Rob's friend Jimmy asked if he could borrow "Golden Deeds." Rob is a generous boy, but he hesitated; the leaven had worked enough to make him think first of his book, yet next came the thought for Jimmy, a boy who he knew read the "trash" Rob was to regard as poison. Mother was consulted, and the way the boy put the question showed that mother how wrong it was to forbid lending.

"Jimmy wants to read 'Golden Deeds,' mamma, and just suppose it should put him up to caring for such kind of books instead of 'Roaring Dick' and all that stuff! Wouldn't it be a kind of silver death to lend him a nice book?"

To be sure it would! What matter that Jimmy kept the book three weeks and returned it rather the worse for wear. Not only had Jimmy read it, but the father had read a number of the true tales aloud, and "Please, ma'am, could you lend us another o' them kind?"

That broke up one of the mother's rules (never very rigid, because made under the Master whose one rule is golden). Many a time as she sees that Will's copy of "The Boy's King Arthur" is shabby and Rob's "Story of Siegfried" is no longer fit to lie on the parlor table, she shrinks a little from letting the boys lend so freely; but when she reflects that the books are doing good and the boys growing more anxious to do and be than to get, she is content to be called careless and has no feeling of envy when a neighbor shows her children's well-preserved books. Only the other day Will, who is "in business," found that a boy in the office would like to study German; it did that mother good to see how eagerly Will hunted up his first German book to lend to his fellow-clerk, explaining to mamma that Bennie was a widow's son and needed all his cash for actual necessities.

I would not be understood to advocate carelessness as to books. Let the children cover a book carefully before lending it, and if a certain boy has proved careless, only lend him shabby books for a time; but do not, apart from any thought of good to others, risk teaching your own child to be selfish and miserly.

Many a time books might be doing good in places where we have not time to go ourselves. Are we careful to make every magazine and paper yield pleasure to some poorer friend after its work is done in our home, and would not empty spaces in our book-shelves look well in angels' eyes if the books were sent on errands of mercy? I do not ask, shall not we be held accountable? for surely some of us are beyond that. Rather, are we not losing grand opportunities never to be found again?

Shall I tell you of my ideal library? It is one which has books for all ages and classes, a shelf to which its owner turns when she hears of a friend in bereavement. "Yesterday, Today, and Forever," or some well-worn book is sent at once if there is not time to call. Below is a shelf full of books on education, hints for teachers of day or Sunday-schools. The owner may no longer teach, but many an earnest young girl or mother is helped by the loan of a volume from that shelf. Then there are books for young folks—not children's books, but reading that interests all young-hearted people. Here are two or three editions of Pilgrim's Progress—plenty of illustrations in one copy for the younger readers—Abbott's histories and every book the owner can get hold of that tells facts in

an interesting way. Not many mere story books, even of the best, for people are surfeited with stories and hardly need to be urged to borrow them. Still Macdonald and Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney would have a place, with pencil markings to attract attention; old or young always read a marked passage! And the books in this library would grow shabby—grow old as would its owner—or does a well-used bible. But is any one proud of keeping a bible fresh and bright? "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly*.

UNCOMFORTABLE GENIUS.

Half a dozen hearts are worth a world of heads. Once upon a time I worshipped intellect. Brains were all that were worth having. Brilliant men were the gods of my idolatry, and good people I thought stupid. Since those salad days I've discovered that, however fascinating genius may be in public, it is not the sweetest of boons in a private family, for nine times out of ten genius is intensely selfish. It wants to be coddled; it rarely coddles. It wants to be heard; it seldom listens. Ego is the burden of its song. Who and what you are, matters little. Accustomed to be adored, it accepts devotion as a divine right. To receive is its due; to give is the privilege of lesser mortals. Now, if I have a talent, it is that of appreciation. If there is a good listener among women, I am that she. I delight in genius, but I've found it out, and have no more illusions.

It is a charming companion for holidays, but for daily breakfast, dinner and supper nothing is so satisfactory as a combination of common sense and unselfishness. The humblest of us have longings, affections, sorrows, pleasures, and like to be treated as though we filled a place in the world. We want to feel that those upon whom we lavish thought are not unmindful of our welfare. Genius hasn't time for such commonplaces. It is too engrossed in the evolution of a sublime idea to dwell upon the individual head or heart ache. I'm persuaded that this is the reason why very clever men and women marry those who are considered their inferiors. They know by introspection the egotism of brains, and seek an unselfishness which will minister to their comfort. Intellectual companionship may be found in books or society, but that thoughtfulness and care upon which the happiness of daily life depends can only proceed from human beings possessed of hearts. As there are exceptions to all rules, so there are great hearts allied to great heads. Such creations are the glory of the universe, and to be honored without stint.—*Kate Field*.

CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will one of your readers send me the poem entitled, "On the Town," with the author's name? I think some of the words are,

"If I should throw myself in the street,
Before the horses could trample me down,
Some strong arm would pick me up,
And sling me back on the town."

I will return stamps. MRS. B. C. SHEARER.
926 Harrison St., San Francisco, Cal.

Can any of THE HOUSEHOLD Band send me the words of the old songs, "Old Folks at Home," and "Dublin Bay," also one the chorus of which is,

"Weeping sad and lonely, hopes and fears in vain,
Yet praying when this cruel war is over,
Praying we shall meet again."

I will return postage. MRS. H. KRUEGER.
Felton, Clay Co., Minn.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will you please ask your numerous readers if any of them can send me the poem, "The Sweet Bower of Prayer?"

MRS. H. HORTON.

Boston, Erie Co., N. Y.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to know if any one can send me the words to the song of which the following is a part:

"The sound of the old mill is still,
For the lamp of life went out,
When they lost their only hope,
Dear Ida, the maid of the mill."

Also, the song entitled "Bobby Shafto." I will repay the favor if I can, and will gladly refund postage.

HULDAH L. BURNS.

59 South St., Lynn, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of your readers please send me the words of the song in which these lines occur:

"He was hanged by a silken cord,
Such cords there were not many,
Because he was born of noble blood,
And loved by a royal lady?"

I will try to return the favor.

Scowell, Minn.

MAY PARSHALL.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send me the piece entitled "Jim Spicer," also, "Bridget Going to be Taken," or "Bridget's Experience with the Photographer," I am not sure which it is. I will return the favor in any way I can.

SADIE COOPER.
Hartlansburg, Lawrence Co., Penn.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of your readers furnish me with the poem, two lines of which are,

"Straight is the line of duty,
Curved is the line of beauty?"

I would like to know the name of the author.
North Grafton, Mass. PERCIE P. DADMUN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any one send me the words of "The Red Jacket," or "Little Joey?"

I will try to return the favor.

MRS. H. DEBILL.

33 Union St., Lynn, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some reader of THE HOUSEHOLD please send me the words to the song, "The Poor Old Slave?" I will return the favor if possible.

MRS. JENNIE DEAN.
Templeton, Jerauld Co., Dakota.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send me the poem entitled "The Battle of Ivry," in which the following lines occur:

"Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!

And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!"

Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy corn fields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France."

I will try to return the favor if possible.

MISS LAURA McCURDY.
Box 110, Belle Plaine, Benton Co., Iowa.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one of the Band please send me the words of the song entitled "I'll Remember You, Love, in My Prayers," commencing,

"When the curtains of night are pinned back by the stars?"

I will return the favor in any way I can.

MRS. BELLE KELLOGG.
Hinckley, Medina Co., Ohio.

THE REVIEWER.

A TRIP TO ALASKA, by George Wardman, is a very interesting sketch of a summer tour in and about this nearly unknown corner of our country. The opening chapters contain a readable account of the voyage, and descriptions of many coast villages, among which that of the settlement of the Hyda Indians, famous makers of canoes, and famous hunters and fishers is of particular interest. The details of the life of the people of the Alaskan peninsula, their hardihood and skill, their peculiar superstitions and customs are well worth reading. Altogether the book is pleasantly written and will be read with interest by all who are interested in stories of new countries. Price \$1.25. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: Cheney & Clapp.

JOHN THORN'S FOLKS, by Angeline Teal, is a story of western life, original in the extreme, and at times interesting, but marred by incidents and peculiarities which we hope are not western. Several of the characters are fine and well drawn, others are so overdrawn as to spoil what would otherwise have been a very readable story. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: Cheney & Clapp.

THE FRENCH TEACHER, by Prof. E. C. Dubois, is a modest little volume containing what the author considers the "right

system of teaching French." The attention given to the pronunciation—and in a most clear and comprehensive manner—and the carefully prepared though simple lessons which constitute the grammar, the larger part of the book, are convincing proof of his ability to so name it. The book will be of great assistance to those studying French without a teacher. Price 50 cents. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: Cheney & Clapp.

THE FALLACIES IN PROGRESS AND POVERTY, by William Hanson, is a bold attack by a clear-headed observer and most candid writer on leading points and arguments made by Mr. Henry George, in his well-known "Progress and Poverty" and "Social Problems." Mr. Hanson is as radical as the Land Reformer himself, in his views of the fundamental changes necessary to true social progress, and has a warm sympathy for the purpose of Mr. George, but his sharp logic brings into clear light the errors that mar the reasoning of the books above named, and shows how inconsistent and impracticable are the methods of reform advised therein. The work is written for the people, from the point of view of the practical man and philosopher who is consciously radical, but seeks to make his every proposition for social reform based upon justice, and responsive to the simple demands of humanity. \$1.00. New York: Fowler & Wells.

We have received a copy of THE AMERICAN VOTERS' VADE MECUM, a Political Hand-Book for 1884, which is a timely and very convenient book of reference helpful to all people, containing concise and reliable information on all political matters, the Declaration of Independence, Constitution of the United States, tariff acts and duties, history of the political parties, numerous valuable and important tables, concise biographies of all the presidents. Of convenient size to carry in the pocket it offers just the assistance often needed by others than politicians. The book is well printed and bound. Price, in cloth, 50 cents. W. H. Thompson: 404 Arch St., Philadelphia.

James R. Osgood & Co., of Boston, publish in neat and convenient form the address of Robert P. Porter to the Arkwright Club of New England, on PROTECTION AND FREE TRADE TO-DAY. Mr. Porter graphically presents exactly what voters in both political parties want to know, the facts showing how free trade and protection works at home and abroad, in the field and the workshop. He shows how agriculture, commerce and manufacturing in the United States, Great Britain, Germany and Holland have been affected by these two economic policies. Mr. Porter's work will be appreciated by those who have no time to read a volume on the subject, but who want a clear exposition of the condition of labor here and in European countries. Price 10 cents.

We have received a copy of THE CARE AND FEEDING OF INFANTS, a little book published by the proprietors of Mellin's Food, giving the most approved methods of using the preparation, together with a description and analysis of the Food. A copy will be sent free to any address on application to Doliber, Goodale & Co., Boston, Mass.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for September is an unusually brilliant number, with its varied contents and beautiful illustrations. Mr. Boughton gives the sixth paper of his "Artist Strolls through Holland," charming alike in the quaint glimpses of the rural scenes, and the descriptions of the no less quaint people. "A Run ashore at Queenstown," has all the charm which characterizes Mr. Rideing's pen pictures, added to in this case by the fine illustrations which accompany it. Ernest Ingersoll contributes an interesting paper on the "Wheat Fields of the Columbia," profusely illustrated, and Mary Gay Humphreys chats pleasantly of the old watering place, Trouville. The second part of Mr. Walton's series on "The Great Hall of William Rufus," equals the preceding paper in interest, and Robert Buchanan's sketch of Charles Reade will be read with great interest by the many admirers of the late author. Mr. Black's serial, "Judith Shakespeare," has reached an extremely interesting point, and "Nature's Serial Story," loses none of its interest. Beside other excellent and illustrated articles there are short stories by Rose Terry Cooke, and "A Working Girl," a readable little comedy by Julian Magnus, and several fine poems. The editorial departments offer a generous supply of timely and interesting matter. \$4.00 a year. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART for September offers a varied list of artistic illustrations and interesting matter. The frontispiece is a fine engraving from Mr. Boughton's picture of "A Field Handmaiden; Brabant," followed by a fine paper on "Current Art," giving engravings from several of the later works of favorite artists. An interesting sketch of "The Ship Before Steam," with numerous quaint illustrations from old drawings is contributed by David Hannay. "The Inns of Chancery," with its fine description and beautiful illustrations is a paper of great interest, as is also the following sketch of "Old Church Plate." A beautiful full-page engraving from Adolf Schweitzer's exquisite "Snow Piece," "St. Agnes' Eve" is given. Edward Bradbury tells us of "Derby China; Past and Present," and Mabel Robinson contributes an interesting sketch of "Vittore Carpaccio," with three engravings. "A Gossip About the Paris Opera," and Barclay Day's first chapter of "A Painter on Composition," are interesting papers. "Arthur in Avalon," is a fine poem by J. Arthur Blaie, with an engraving of the famous painting by T. Archer, R. S. A. The Chronicle of Art, and American Art Notes, are of unusual interest. \$3.50 a year. New York: Cassell & Co.

The September number of OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN is as bright and cheery as a series of stories of camping and wheeling, yachting and other outdoor recreation can make it. Mr. Wm. H. Rideing's excellent sketch of "A Cruise in the 'Petrel,'" has a real flavor of the sea about it, and gives a striking picture of the perils and bravery of the crews of pilot ships. "The Shyback's in Camp," are just as entertaining as on our last meeting and we are sorry that the pleasant party has "broken camp." Mr. Bates' "Strange Idyl" is concluded, and there is an amusing short story by A. N. Everett, entitled, "My New Hobby." An interesting sketch, profusely illustrated, of the "New York Athletic Club," is given as the opening article, and there are several papers of special interest to wheelmen. The illustrations of the number are many and excellent, and poems are contributed by Anna M. Talcott, James Clarence Harvey, and Lavinia S. Goodwin. The editorial departments are, as usual, well worth perusal. \$2.00 a year. Boston: The Wheelman Co.

Among the articles in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for September, three in particular merit the serious consideration of every one who studies the tendencies of our government. The leading one is by Bishop J. Lancaster Spalding, who insists that the only sure "Basis of Popular Government" is morality, not culture of the intellect, nor universal suffrage, nor the development of material resources; and that if the country is to be saved from ruin, there must be a return to the uncompromising moral code of the founders of New England. The policy of "The Exclusion of the Chinese" is advocated by John H. Durst, who presents a striking array of forcible and original arguments against Mongolian immigration. Four distinguished writers on political economy, namely, David A. Wells, Thomas G. Shearman, J. B. Sargent, and Prof. W. G. Sumner, set forth, from nearly every conceivable point of view, the "Evils of the Tariff System." The other articles in the number are "The Demand of the Industrial Spirit," by Charles Dudley Warner, "Inspiration and Infidelity," by the Rev. Dr. J. H. Ryland, "The Need of Liberal Divorce Laws," by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and "Our Remote Ancestry," by Prof. Alexander Winchell. \$5.00 a year. New York: The North American Review.

The September WIDE AWAKE is full of pretty stories and pictures, well calculated to delight its hosts of young readers. From the opening story in verse, Mrs. Fleming's "Little Lion Charmer," with its pretty illustration which forms the frontispiece, it goes on to a readable story by Mrs. F. A. Humphrey entitled, "How Dolly Attended the Convention." A new serial, "A District Messenger Boy," by James Otis is commenced in this number. "Masks Off," continues to delight its readers, and Ruthie meets new and exciting adventures in "No Man's Land," finding out in spite of the old rhyme, "How oats, peas, beans and barley grow." Lucy Barri contributes a dainty little story entitled "The Matinee," and there is an interesting paper "About Dwarfs" with many illustrations. "Old School Days," by Miss Harris, is an excellent sketch. There are several pretty poems and the Chautauqua readings for the month are good, the "Little Biography" being of Dr. Vincent. \$3.00 a year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

GERTRUDE'S DREAM WALTZ.

BEETHOVEN.

SLOWLY.

Fine. *cres.*

Dolce.

1st. *2d.*

1st time. *2d time.*

D.C.

THE CENTURY will begin with the November number a series of papers entitled "Battl and Leaders of the Civil War," by prominent officers in command at the time, either upon the Union or Confederate side.

D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, issue the bound volume of their charming little magazine *BABY-LAND*, as usual for this season; which announcement will please many of the little people with whom it is a favorite.

NEW MUSIC:—We have received from Russell & Co., 123 Tremont St., Boston; "I Am Loved

solo from the comic opera of "The Widow," 35 cents; also six numbers of Russell's Musical Library, from 10 to 25 cents each.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

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

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

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

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE for September. \$1.50 a year. New York: Cassell & Co.

ST. NICHOLAS for September. \$3.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE for August. Published weekly. \$8.00 a year. Boston: Littell & Co.

THE GARDENER'S MONTHLY AND HORTICULTURIST for September. \$2.00 a year. Philadelphia: Chas. H. Marot, 814 Chestnut St.

THE NEW ENGLAND PATHFINDER AND RAIL-

WAY GUIDE for September. \$2.50 a year, 25 cents a number. Boston: The New England Rail-way Publishing Co.

THE PAPER WORLD for September. \$2.00 a year. Holyoke, Mass.: Clark W. Bryan & Co.

THE PANSY for August. 75 cents a year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

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

THE MUSICAL RECORD for September. \$1.00 a year. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

The Dispensary.

HINTS FOR THE TOILET.

BY HELEN HERBERT.

POETS and romance writers have for centuries sung the praises of beautiful eyes; and when we chance upon a pair which recall these familiar descriptions, we do not wonder at their enthusiasm. Yet while we admire, we are inclined to think that nothing can be done to help us toward the possession of such. It is true that little or no change can be made in the natural form and color of the eye. But, leaving out of the question special and irremediable deformities, it is seldom essential to the beauty of any eye that such changes should be made. The shape and color are usually well enough, and beauty depends not so much on these as on clearness, depth and expression.

All the care of diet, all the healthful exercises, in fact, all the precautions and all the careful attention recommended for other things will avail much in this also, and do their part toward bringing beauty to these most wonderful and useful servitors of ours, which we are so apt to neglect, or even abuse. When we care for ourselves in one respect, all the rest of the body is grateful to us, and most of all the eyes. When we have failed to take sufficient rest and sleep, our eyes look listless, dull and expressionless. Often they seem even to have lost depth and color.

Health gives clearness and brilliancy to the eyes; intellect gives them expression. A person with both characteristics will seldom fail of possessing beautiful eyes, whatever may be their form and color. Have we not many a time seen an otherwise plain face lighted up and redeemed to something very like beauty by a pair of clear, true, intelligent eyes?

When the eyes are tired, they should be carefully, though not too vigorously, bathed with warm water. A good way is to hold the face over a wash-bowl of soft water, just warm enough to be agreeable to the eyes, and cause no shock, and lift the water to the eye with the hand. Wink in the hand, so the water can penetrate to all parts of the eye, and bring the water to it again and again. Care should be taken that the water is free from all particles of dust, etc. If it seems dirty, it is best to strain it. Bathe the eyes in this way every morning, and after going out in the dust. This is especially recommended to all who suffer from any weakness or soreness of the eyes.

The eyes should not be allowed to become too tired. As soon as the daylight fades a lamp should be lighted, no matter how early in the afternoon. Glaring lights should never be used. Too strong a light is as hurtful as one too dim. Heat is bad for the eyes, and should be guarded against by the use of shades and screens. Always, if possible, sit with the back to the light, and avoid passing from a dark room to one that is brilliantly lighted. Sleep as much as possible.

Long eye-lashes are universally admired, and usually longed for by those to whom nature has been niggardly in this respect. The growth of the lashes is said to be hastened by the use of the following ointment:

Take half an ounce of oil of almonds, and one drachm of disulphate of quinine. Rub together in a mortar until thoroughly mixed, then add one and a half ounces of prepared beef marrow, and continue the rubbing until the mixture is cold. Perfume can be added if desired. This will

restore falling hair, eye lashes and eye brows.

The eye brows may be thickened and darkened by smoothing them down every night with cold cream or vaseline.

When the hair is inclined to fall out and become thin, the head may be wet with sage tea or salt water with good effect. The salt also makes the hair soft. A few drops of cantharides put into alcohol, with a very little castor oil, and rubbed into the roots of the hair will prevent its falling out, and stimulate new growth.

Another good tonic is made as follows: Into a quart of boiling water put an ounce of pulverized borax and half an ounce of camphor in crumbs. When cool, it is ready for use. Dampen the hair with this solution frequently, and brush well. Keep it closely corked.

Brown hair may be brightened by washing it with soda water at night. The hair should never be dyed. Grey hair is too beautiful and too sacred to be so vulgarly spoiled; and the use of the "golden" dyes on dark hair is ridiculous in itself, and in its effect.

Superfluous hair should be carefully removed with ivory tweezers. Bathe the parts with warm water to allay irritation being careful not to use soap. Do not use any depilatory which contains corrosive sublimate; many do. It will leave a scar on the face. And do not use one containing arsenic, which will poison you in time.

Wrinkles are not desirable possessions, yet many have them. They are not confined to the old, but are seen on young persons who have allowed themselves to acquire the bad habit of squinting the eyes, knitting the brows, or drawing the muscles of face and lips into perverse lines. Only breaking off the habit can effect a radical cure; but the following wash used three times a day will be found of some assistance: One drachm of alum, one ounce of glycerine, and one pint of water.

Another, and possibly a better wash may be made by adding to one fluid ounce of gum benzoin seven fluid ounces of distilled rose-water and one-half ounce of glycerine. Apply at night, after bathing the face with water.

Wash off in the morning in soft water with a little pure, white Castile soap. Add a little borax to hard water.

If the face seems constantly dry, rub it with a trifle of olive oil every night for a time; if too oily, put a little borax in the water used for bathing it.

When the face is constantly pale, bathe it in cold or tepid water, rub briskly with a soft towel, and apply daily this preparation: One ounce of dilute liquid ammonia, two ounces of glycerine, and four ounces of water. Rub well into the skin for about three minutes, then carefully wipe with a soft towel. If any irritation is felt, increase the glycerine.

An excellent cold cream may be made by melting together four ounces of almond oil, two ounces of mutton suet, and half an ounce of spermaceti. Strain and add a few drops of perfume. Stir it until it is cold.

Vapor baths will clear the skin. Powdered charcoal, taken on first rising in the morning, is good. Sometimes a medicine for biliousness is the remedy required.

For freckles, put a tablespoonful of borax into a pint of hot water, and apply it hot to the face; sponge the face for ten minutes and frequently repeat the process.

Another remedy is saturated solution of citric acid left to dry on the spots, and washed off with weak soda water.

For sunburn, use a mixture of two parts of Jamaica rum to one of lemon juice. Apply at night, and leave it on

till morning. The lemon juice will whiten the skin; the rum will give it vigor, and perhaps, a fresh color. This also is said to be good for freckles. A few drops of lavender put into the water with which the face is bathed will be found soothing and invigorating to the skin.

The following mixture will help to make the skin clear, firm and smooth: Take equal parts of white vinegar and benzoin, steep the mixture eight days, and then strain and bottle. Pour a few drops of this into the water used for bathing arms, neck, face and shoulders. It turns the water a milky white.

Hard water should never be used on the skin. Distilled water is best, rain water, second best. Water may be distilled by first boiling, then straining it, pouring it from one jug to another through a coarse cloth. The strainer should be rinsed before using a second time.

When very warm do not bathe the face in cold water. The rapid change from heat to cold will make the skin too sensitive. If the hands become red, rough and irritated, make a thick mush of corn meal and water, oat meal is still better, hold the hands in it for some time, then wipe them carefully with a soft towel. Use this regularly in the place of soap until the hands are smooth again.

THE WARM BATH.

Many erroneous notions prevail respecting the use and proprieties of the warm bath. To many persons the idea of submersion in warm water, on a summer's day, would be preposterous. But if it be rationally considered, it will be found that the warm bath may be taken with equal, or perhaps greater benefit in the summer than in the winter.

During hot weather the secretions in the skin are much increased in quantity, and consequently a greater necessity exists that it should be kept perfectly free from obstructions.

Another prevailing error respecting the warm bath is that it tends to relax and enervate the body; but experience has sufficiently proved the fallacy of the opinion, and many physicians have prescribed their use to patients laboring under debility from disease, none of whom experienced such effect, but have all felt invigorated, and mostly restored to health and strength.

Many persons are deterred from using the bath, especially in winter, from the fear of catching cold, but this fear is groundless, for it has been found that the warm bath, by increasing the circulation on the surface of the body, renders it more capable of resisting the effect of cold than it otherwise would have been.—Ex.

CONCERNING SLEEPLESSNESS.

Dr. Oswald in Popular Science Monthly says, "The proximate cause of sleeplessness is plethora of the cerebral blood vessels, and a palliative cure can be effected by any thing that lessens the tendency of the circulation toward the head; but a permanent cure may require time and patience. By night studies brain-workers sometimes contract chronic insomnia in that worst form which finds relief in the stupor of low fever, alternating with consecutive days of nervous headaches. Re-forming topers often have to pass through the same ordeal, before the deranged nervous system can be restored to its normal condition. Fresh air, especially of low temperature, pedestrian exercise and an aperient diet are the best natural remedies. Under no circumstances should sleeplessness be overcome by narcotics. An opium torpor cannot fulfill the functions of refreshing sleep. We might as well benumb the patient by a whack on the skull."

DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

OLD SUBSCRIBER. The "snoring" of which you ask the cause, is intimately connected with a sore or inflamed throat, directly, and with the general derangement of the system, as a whole. It is "symptomatic of other diseases, as apoplexy, asthma, gross feeding, a plethoric habit, corpulence or obesity, or an obstructed skin, or debility of the abdominal muscles," which are intimately connected with breathing. While it was once fashionable to remove this trouble by frequent bleedings, purgatives, active exercise and low diet, a plain and simple diet, avoiding such "heaters" as the sweets, oils, grease and starch, proper exercise, cleanliness, breathing pure air, etc., thus promoting the health, will do far more than bleeding or purgatives—always unfavorable to the health. The irritation of the throat may be improved by gargling it with alum and water, binding a wet cloth on which a little mustard has been sprinkled around the throat at night. "What will remove warts?" They are easily destroyed by a few applications, only to the wart, of muriatic acid, always preparing some soda water to apply to any part on which it falls accidentally, or if it is eating in too much, to neutralize it. As warts and corns are albumen, and as that is dissolved by any alkali, potash, ammonia, any strong alkali, even selenite, will gradually dissolve either warts or corns. "What is the treatment for teeth loosened by taking calomel?" Playfully, never take any article, a virulent poison, which will produce any such cruel result. It is as easy to kill the patient as the disease by such poisons, which, in my opinion, should never enter the human stomach, or, in a strength to warrant the label, "poison," as nourishment is better than such drugs. I do not suppose that it is possible wholly to remove the effects of such medication. While brushing the teeth with castile soap and water, and hardening the gums by holding alum water in the mouth, may be of service, the general attention to the health, eating plain and wholesome food, breathing pure air day and night, moderate exercise, taking food which contains the bone materials, will be a safe treatment. Prevention is emphatically easier and safer than cure.

The present progressive spirit demands far less medicine—particularly such as is bought at groceries, taken by those who know but little of the nature of their diseases, and less of the nature of the nostrums, the "patent medicines"—less concentrated and actively poisonous drugs, with more care, and more obedience to the laws of health, which are the laws of God, none of which we can disregard, innocently and understandingly!

MRS. D. P. G. I should utterly discard arrow-root from the list of foods for infants and others, save in cases of great leanness, in which I should have particular reference to a fattening element, without regard to nourishment. I should particularly object to it for young babes, before the appearance of several teeth, since their saliva contains no constituent for the solution and digestion of starchy food—the mother's milk contains no starch—and, since to take it would result in very little nourishment for the babe, while this must decay in the stomach and bowels, doing no good, but much harm, corrupting the blood. That about one-half of our babes die before reaching the age of five years, I attribute to the fact that so many of them are overfed, irregularly fed, starchy foods forming the greater part of their food, as rice, baked potato, pastry, tapioca, sago, fine flour, corn starch, and the like. All of these are so destitute of real nourishment, that which feeds the nerves, muscles, and bones, which gives strength and health, that they are practically starved, yet overeating! Of the "one cow's milk" I can simply say that I see no good reason for its adoption, unless it is perfect, and unless it is needful to have only one element in the food. Since the milk of different cows materially differs, with that of the same cow at different times, and when differently fed, if we would secure the correct relations of the elements of nourishment, we must have some regard to this fact. If five cows may be found of equal health, so fed that the milk of the five shall contain all the elements demanded for the best nourishment of the babe, in their union, I can see no more impropriety in that union than in the use of two or three foods, by adults, containing different elements, that all parts of the system may be nourished—the three classes being furnished, that the body may be heated by the carboxylic acids fed by the nitrates, and the nerves and brain nourished by the phosphates.

MRS. A. M. G. Corns. Prevention is better and more comfortable than cure, by the removal of the causes. The immediate cause is the friction of the surface, resulting from wearing a badly fitting boot, too large or too small, more generally the latter. These uncomfortable thickenings of the outer skin—destitute of nerves and blood vessels—are intended for the protection of the nerves beneath, and can be prevented by the removal of the pressure on the skin, or may be dissolved by the application of any strong alkali, as potash, ammonia, or even common soda, if repeated often.

The Dressing Room.

CARE OF THE NAILS.

BY HELEN HERBERT.

THE care of the nails properly belongs with the care of the hands, and should be considered a part of it—a very important part. No hand, however white, well-formed, and well-cared for in other respects, can be called beautiful when disfigured by nails grown rough and misshapen through neglect. Moreover, uncared-for nails are not taken as evidence of good sense and refinement on the part of their possessor, but quite the contrary.

I once heard of a young man who, on being introduced to a lady, always looked at her finger nails, and if they were not well kept, he made no effort to continue the acquaintance. He held the opinion that every true lady will consider the care of her nails an essential part of her toilet, and never allow them to show signs of neglect. This young man may have been a bit supercilious, and his fixed rule in this regard may, very likely, have led him to be unjust in some cases, still it cannot be denied that, on the whole, the rule was not a bad one.

Perfect nails are fibert-shaped, that is, oval, longer than wide, pink, shell-like, and polished, with a white half-moon clearly distinguishable at the base. They should be cut in arched shape, close, but not too close, to the quick, and should not extend beyond the flesh.

The nails are often injured beyond recovery in childhood, through biting, pulling and other bad practices. And this is one of the things that careful mothers will remember and try to guard against. If the nails are kept clean and closely cut, the little creatures will not have much temptation to bite and pull. As they grow older they can be taught the reasons why they should not do so, and will soon learn to take pride in caring for the pink little shells themselves. If the tips of the fingers are pinched together occasionally by the thumb and forefinger of the other hand, pressing each separately on the sides of the nail, it will help to keep the nail in its shell-like shape, and the finger tip round and tapering.

Small, sharp scissors should be used for cutting the nails—curving scissors are best, if attainable. Some use a knife, some a file, but I do not like either. The knife is apt to pull and tear the nails in an objectionable manner. The file gives a shock to the sensitive little sheaths which sometimes causes trouble.

A nail brush is needed for thorough cleanliness; though the professional gentleman, called a manicure, who makes a business of caring for the nails of fashionable women, objects to nail brushes as well as knives for cleaning, and for the same reason—that they cause too much of a shock. He uses a little wooden instrument to remove the dirt from under the edge of the nails. One that will answer every purpose may be made by sharpening and hollowing out one end of a little stick of soft wood.

The white half moon at the base of the nails is considered a great beauty, and from lack of care frequently becomes almost, if not wholly, overgrown with skin. This skin may be carefully pressed back with an ivory knife. But perhaps there is no better way than to remember every morning, while the hands are wet and the skin softened after the bath, to gently press back the skin with the towel held over the finger nail. This, if persevered in, will keep the encroaching enemy in subjection, and the pretty half-moon in clear view. If this skin has been neglected until it has grown tight, and the

nails are dull and rough, out of shape, and unpleasant to your eye, something more will be needed. Perhaps a friend will help you, and you may go to work as the manicure would, if you were to ask that worthy's assistance. That, from trustworthy accounts, would be much as follows:

First, provide yourself with sharp, curving scissors, a box of polishing powder, a file, a little stick of soft wood, with one end sharpened and hollowed out, and a little cold cream or vaseline. Soak the tips of the fingers in a bowl of tepid water for ten or fifteen minutes to soften the skin. Dry them by pressing gently with a soft towel; do not rub them. If the skin covering the base of the nail is still hard to remove, use a little oxalic acid, diluted until very weak—use it with great care. Dip a little paint brush in the dilute acid, and touch with it the skin which is to be removed. Push it down, and then trim into shape, wherever ragged or uneven, with the sharp, curving scissors. It may bleed a little, but this will do no harm, and it will be better when the cold cream has been put on. If it bleeds much the fingers may be wrapped in cotton for a few minutes.

You may use a file to round the nails, but I should prefer a careful clipping with the scissors, until the required shape and a smooth edge are obtained. Then run the wooden stick under the nails to remove any dust or particles of skin. Put a little cold cream or vaseline on each nail, then cover with the polishing powder.

Rub each nail separately—rub hard and for some time—with a piece of chamois skin. A chamois skin rubber, made for the purpose is better, more convenient, and is not expensive. Time and care must be given to this to produce a clear, rosy, shell-like appearance. Rub till the nails tingle, then wash the hands in soft, warm water and fine soap—wash each nail separately. Finally, rub with the hand. This gives a polish attained in no other way. Rub the nails separately and together until they feel warm and are pink and clear.

If the nails are so dull and rough that the ordinary polishing powder does not give them a fine surface, put on with a little sponge or cloth, cinnabar and pulverized emery mixed in equal parts. After this put on olive oil and rub as before.

If the nails are sensitive after this heroic treatment, rub them with mutton tallow, cold cream or vaseline every night until they are better. After this, a few moments' care each day will keep the nails dainty and beautiful—no slight charm, but well worth all the trouble.

Some say the hands give a clearer indication of character than the face. If this be true, they certainly demand some degree of care and consideration. Indeed, have not we all seen hands which, though shapely and of good size, gave us the impression of weakness, helplessness, and general mental and moral flabbiness, and, on the other hand, mites of hands, full of character and brisk energy?

But without attempting character reading, when we see a pair of well-kept hands with their dainty nails, it seems only natural to believe their possessor to be a person of refinement and lady-like instincts, whatever other lack we may discover.

FASHION NOTES.

Number Four.

Among the numberless styles which we see for young ladies' suits, none are prettier than the woolen suits of beige or dark blue trimmed with white braid. These have jackets to match, made tight fitting at the back and falling loose in front with no dart. This is called the

"gentleman" jacket and will be a great favorite this season. They are sometimes made of gray or brown corduroy, and the only trimming is the buttons which are very fanciful. Polonaises opening over puffed vests, jackets, round, full waists, worn with belts and trimmed with a small collar and cuff of bright or striped material, are all worn and give great variety of costumes. Red suits which were so much worn last year, are going out somewhat, but stamped goods on red grounds are coming in. Coarse and fine alpaca is much used, and I know no nicer material for a traveling or excursion dress.

Skirting, which was very little used last season, is now the rage. A young lady without a skirting dress is far behind the times. They come in all colors, but a combination of red and blue is the prettiest I have seen. The skirt is plain blue with red bands placed at some distance apart. A plaited waist of plain blue, with vest of striped goods, sailor collar and cuff on the sleeves, of the striped also. Little fancy waists of all kinds will be much worn, and the Jersey holds its own. We see them used a great deal with lighter skirts for easy home wear, such as gingham and lawns, and they come very inexpensive and always look well on a trim figure.

A pretty wrapper for a young lady is made full in the front breadth so as to allow for shirring at the waist and neck. This fullness falls in plaits in the skirt. The small side form has a dart. The back fits plain. The front is fastened by tongues of the material under the shirring. Pass a ribbon of any color desired from the under arm seam under the shirrings at the waist where it must fall in a bunch. The pockets must be trimmed with ribbon and a bunch closes the throat. The sleeves are tight and finished by a cuff which opens on the outer seam.

Another pretty wrapper is made plain and straight in front. The back, cut *tailleur* is short and has a full skirt gathered against it. A cape lined with bright silk is gathered at the shoulders. A small, turned-down collar, cut bias, finishes the neck. The sleeves are full and gathered by a ribbon of the same color as the lining of the shoulder cape, a little above the wrist. A ribbon of the same color worn round the waist falls on the side. Pockets are square. Lace makes a pretty finish and trimming to both these wrappers.

For comfort and convenience, nothing equals the Mother Hubbard wrapper, that most delightful of inventions in this age of inventions. This wrapper is so well known that it is not worth while for me to describe it, though if any of the sisters do not know how it is made I will give directions through the Questions and Answers column. It is the simplest pattern of all the wrappers.

In arranging the straw hats which are so fashionable and becoming, every thing depends upon the tying of the scarf. The hats are inexpensive, costing not more than twenty cents. The scarfs for trimming them come decorated with every queer, curious fancy of animals, flowers and stripes. The hat need not be either bound or lined. Ribbons of every color, worsted ribbons, and laces, and bands of silver and gilt thread we see. A large bow or cockade of the trimming is placed just in the front. A variety of bows makes a variety of hats. Bonnets are small and the round crowns are covered with lace, embroidery, or flowers. The brim is plain, sometimes slightly raised in front to allow for a flower or a butterfly or a knot of color. It is pretty to have a lining of velvet or some soft puffing resting against the hair. The effect is prettier.

P. V. B.

MANTLE SCARF.

Now that wooden mantels are taking the place of marble ones, it is often difficult to know how to relieve the whiteness of the latter when one has handsome ones that she does not wish to cover with a valance. I cannot tell how many times this past year I have asked, "What shall I do with my mantel? It looks so white and cheerless, and my ornaments do not show to any advantage against it. I do not want a valance, for the mantel is really too handsome to cover up, and yet I wish to relieve the whiteness."

It is here that the mantel scarfs now so much in vogue come in play. They are especially handsome on marble. For the benefit of those who are not familiar with them, I will describe. They can be made of any material one chooses, but plush or satin is of course the handsomest. I prefer satin to plush, but that is merely a matter of taste. They are made exactly the width of the mantel at its widest part, and fall over the ends far enough to be in good proportion with the width of the scarf. For a scarf nine inches wide a fall from fifteen to eighteen inches on each end makes a good proportion. The falls may be decorated in any way one desires—a plush band several inches wide, painting, Kensington or applique embroidery.

A handsome scarf is made of black satin, one end painted in poppies, the other in white daisies, and the ends finished with balls or drops of red to match the poppies. The applique embroidery in plush is also handsome for this. A spray of sumac, the leaves of olive plush, the berries in shades of red chenille done in French knots. This scarf should have a lining and an interlining. The lining of silesia may be red, or black like the scarf, and the interlining may be of Canton flannel. They are very easily made. If one does not paint or embroider or does not wish to put much work into them, they are very pretty trimmed with plush bands across the ends, with drops to match the bands.

Speaking of plush bands reminds me to inquire how many of the sisters know how to put on plush bands so they will lie flat and smooth, and not look rounded up where they are turned under. The method of the upholsterers is very simple, and they always lie flat. Take a coarse needle, and with the point scratch the back of the plush between two of the threads, just where you want the seam turned. This separates the pile of the plush and makes a perfectly flat turning, so that it will lie smoothly. Without turning in the edges in this way, it is impossible to have plush bands lie nicely on any thinner fabric, or, indeed, on any, as they cannot be pressed.

Among other articles of fancy work, I saw the other day a silk bed quilt that was an entirely new idea to me. For the benefit of those who paint and have plenty of time, I will describe it. It was made of pieces of silk and satin about eight inches square. The squares were of all colors, and each one painted in different kinds of flowers, pansies, roses, violets, etc. These squares were separated by antique lace insertion, with cherry silk underneath, which showed through the lace. It was made up without wadding, but under the cherry silk was another lining of heavy, unbleached cloth, and the whole thing lined with cherry silk. The edge was finished with antique lace.

A pretty tidy is made of four triangles of satin, (one-half yard cut in two squares, and each square cut in two right-angled triangles,) put together with strips of antique lace insertion, so that the ends of the lace come in the corners of the tidy, and the edge trimmed with antique lace.

WIDE CROCHETED LACE.

Make a chain of twenty-seven stitches, turn, fasten into the fourth stitch, chain three, fasten into the third stitch, chain three, fasten into the third stitch, and so on across the chain until you have nine; turn, put a shell of eight long crochet (by that I mean put thread over) fasten into first bar, chain six, fasten into second bar, chain six, fasten into second bar, chain six, fasten into second bar, chain six, fasten into the end; then turn, chain six, fasten into the middle of the chain, chain three, fasten into the first bar, chain three, fasten into the middle of the chain, then chain three, fasten into the next bar, and so on until you get to the shell, then chain three, fasten in the middle of the shell, chain three, fasten into the end of the shell; turn, make a chain of four, put the thread over, make a shell of eight in the eighth stitch of the first shell, fasten into the center of the shell, make a shell of eight into the first bar beyond the first shell, fasten into the next bar, chain six, fasten into the second bar, chain six, fasten into the next bar, chain three, fasten into the end; turn, chain six, fasten into the middle of the chain, chain three, fasten into the next bar, chain three, fasten in middle of chain, chain three, fasten in bar, continue so to the shell, chain three, fasten in the middle of the shell, chain three, fasten between the shells, chain three, fasten at the end; turn, chain four, make shell, fasten in the middle of the shell, chain eight, fasten in the middle of the next shell, make shell in bar beyond, chain six, fasten in second bar, and so on to the end; turn, chain six, fasten in bar, chain three, fasten in the middle of the chain, chain three, fasten at the end of the shell, chain three, fasten in the middle of the chain, chain three, fasten in this side of the shell, chain three, fasten in the middle of the shell, chain three, fasten at the end; turn, chain four, fasten into the middle of the shell, make shell in first bar, fasten down in the middle of the chain, make shell in the next bar, fasten in the middle of the shell, fasten down in the next bar, chain six, fasten in the second bar, chain six, fasten in the second bar, chain three, fasten in the middle of the chain, and so on to the shell, chain three, fasten in the middle of the shell, chain three, fasten between the shells, chain three, fasten in the middle of the shell, chain three, fasten at the end of the shell; turn, chain four, fasten in the center of the shell, make shell between two shells, fasten down in the center of the next shell, chain six, fasten in the second bar, chain six, fasten in the second bar, and so on to the end, then make a chain of three, and fasten in the end; turn, chain six, fasten in the first bar, chain three, fasten in the chain, and so on to shell, chain three, fasten in the center of the shell, chain three, fasten in the end of the shell; turn, chain four, fasten in the top of the shell, chain six, fasten in the second bar, and so on to the end. This makes one point. The thread isn't put over the needle only in the shells.

ZELDA.

TUFTED TRICOT.

Ollie K. Short wished directions for tufted tricot. For a stripe set up eleven chain.

1. Plain, that is, take up a loop through each chain, keeping all on the needle, going back, put the needle under

the yarn, draw through the first loop*, needle under, draw through two loops*, if you draw through two loops the first stitch, it narrows it; repeat between stars to the end.

2. Take up loops clear across, going back, make four stitches plain, chain five, (for the tuft,) two plain, chain five, five plain.

3. Take up loops, going back, five plain, chain five, six plain.

4. Take up loops, going back, four plain, five chain, two plain, five chain, five plain.

5. Take up loops, going back, one plain, five chain, two plain, five chain, five plain, five chain, two plain, five chain, one plain.

6. Take up loops, going back, two plain, five chain, seven plain, five chain, two plain.

7. Like fifth row.

8. Like fourth row.

9. Like third row.

10. Like second row.

Continue from second row.

It forms diamonds, and can be made any width, as you will see after making a sample. It makes pretty scrap bags in strips with a row of bright zephyr around each strip, and crocheted together with single crochet stitch. It makes handsome tidiess, two strips with three strips of star stitch. One must put the star stitch on the edge, as the tricot has an uncomfortable habit of rolling under. Fringe the lower edge. It makes pretty sofa pillows. It is nice for a strip around a hassock, the top to be made of ribbed crochet or caterpillar stitch. One of the most effective lambrequins I ever saw, was tufted tricot, made of wine-colored double zephyr, with a star of gold-colored silk in the center of each diamond, with shaded red worsted fringe tipped with gold color, (for sale anywhere at twenty-one cents per yard,) and nailed on the shelf with gilt-headed nails.

NETTED HAMMOCK.

Materials, two skeins of fish cord or twine, two harness rings, a thin board two inches wide, (a shingle is thick enough,) and a wide one twenty-nine inches long.

Tie a piece of cord into any convenient size circle to work in. It is cut and drawn out and is only to start in. Net forty knots in it over the narrow board. The directions for netting were very plainly given in the February number. Turn, and *net one in each loop*, drawing the board out at the end of each row. Repeat between stars until you have, counting the side meshes, twenty meshes. It will be square. Now take the long stick, using the length for the size of the mesh, or loop, net two of the loops at a time, first putting the cord through the harness ring every mesh. When across you will have twenty long loops all run through the ring. Now take the ring in one hand and the hammock body in the other, draw it straight, then let some one wind a piece of the cord tight around the long loops close to the ring, running back three inches. It holds the ring firmly. Cut the circle at the starting place, pick out the first row of knots, which will be loose, and finish that end the same way. The small meshes may be of white and the ends of red or blue. They are very strong and cheap.

LEO CLAIRE.

LACE EDGING.

Cast on twenty-two stitches, knit across plain.

1. Slip one, knit one, thread over, knit one, slip one, narrow, pass slipped stitch over, knit one, thread over, knit two, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, knit nine.

2. In this and every alternate row, slip one, knit rest plain.

3. Slip one, knit one, thread over, knit one, slip one, narrow, pass slipped stitch over, knit one, thread over, knit three, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, knit nine.

4. Slip one, knit one, thread over, knit one, slip one, narrow, pass slipped stitch over, knit one, thread over, knit four, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, knit nine.

5. Slip one, knit one, thread over, knit one, slip one, narrow, pass slipped stitch over, knit one, thread over, knit five, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, knit nine.

6. Slip one, knit one, thread over, knit one, slip one, narrow, pass slipped stitch over, knit one, thread over, knit six, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, knit nine.

7. Slip one, knit one, thread over, knit one, slip one, narrow, pass slipped stitch over, knit one, thread over, knit seven, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, knit nine.

8. Slip one, knit one, thread over, knit one, slip one, narrow, pass slipped stitch over, knit one, thread over, knit eight, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, knit nine.

9. Slip one, knit one, thread over, knit one, slip one, narrow, pass slipped stitch over, knit one, thread over, knit six, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, knit nine.

10. Slip one, knit one, thread over, knit one, slip one, narrow, pass slipped stitch over, knit one, thread over, knit nine.

11. Cast off eight, knit twenty-one.

Repeat.

Vevay, Ind. MRS. LOU A. KNOX.

KNIT EDGING.

Cast on fourteen stitches. Knit across plain.

1. Thread over, knit one, over, knit two, narrow twice, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one.

2d, 4th, 6th, and 8th rows. Seam across.

3. Over, knit three, over, knit one, narrow twice, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one.

4. Over, knit five, over, narrow twice, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one.

5. Over, knit three, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one.

This is pretty for white aprons.

LADIES' EVENING HOOD.

Take medium size ivory needles, and use split zephyr of a delicate shade. Cast on sixty stitches. Knit plain garter stitch very loose until you have a piece fifteen inches long. Slip half the stitches on to a hairpin, (bend it over, so they won't slip off,) then knit the remaining thirty stitches back and forth, till you have a strip twenty inches long, then bind off. Now take the stitches on the hairpin and knit them until that strip is as long as the other, then bind off. Now crochet a border all around the whole thing, gather and put a tassel on each of the lower ends. Gather the top loosely, and put a bow of ribbon of the same color on top of the gathers. To wear it, place the part with the bow on just above the front hair, cross the two ends behind and tie under the chin. It is jaunty and becoming and does not disarrange the hair. This is very convenient for evening wear in summer.

MRS. J. C. MEINS.

The Dalles, Oregon.

CONVENIENT BOXES.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—To Rosy Nell, in a late HOUSEHOLD, I will describe one thing that is pretty, cheap and useful, and which my mother made for our bed rooms.

At the grocer's she got soap boxes. The one in my room is about one foot in width and depth, and one and one-half

feet long, although it may be larger or smaller, according to the ideas of the owner, and the space it is to occupy. A pair of hinges is needed for the cover to each box, and enough cloth called cretonne to cover sides, ends and top.

The box is papered inside with the cheapest white paper, and about one roll of the cheapest cotton batting is laid evenly on top of the cover, before drawing the cloth over, thus, not only making it comfortable to sit on but also improving the looks. The edges of the cloth are turned in and tacked inside the box, and turned under, and tacked on the bottom, leaving no tacks in sight when the box is closed. The cretonne is generally figured with pretty flowers in bright and cheery colors.

When putting on or taking off shoes and stockings, the box will be found convenient, it being so low as to avoid stooping so far as is necessary in a chair. And when the hot weather comes, the winter flannels, stockings and such small articles, may be put in the box, thereby saving the trouble of going "away off up in the attic" for them when the next winter comes, and vice versa with the summer clothing. It may be employed in other small but useful ways as occasion may require. ONE OF THE JUNIOR JOHNS.

KNITTED FRINGE.

Cast on twelve stitches. Knit across plain.

1. Thread over, narrow, knit one plain.

Repeat each way until it is of the required length. Then bind off all but four stitches. Drop these and ravel back to the beginning.

Use No. 9, twisted yarn, and tidy needles to knit this fringe. M. C. FARR.

A PRETTY INSERTION.

Cast on thirteen stitches. Knit across plain, slip one, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together, knit one, thread over, narrow, knit two, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two. Knit all the rows the same. M. C. WILSON.

THE WORK TABLE.

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

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some member of the Band please give directions for knitting undershirts for an infant of six months? A. E. S.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please tell me how to clean and curl a cream colored plume that has become soiled? EVALINE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If the lady signing herself Roxy, in the Work Table, will send her address to me I will send her patterns for pin cushion to use very small pieces of silk.

MRS. EMMA KEMP.

1903, Monument Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

A reader of THE HOUSEHOLD would like to ask M. E. C. in the June number if she would please explain more fully the directions for the sunflower tidy. I have made six rows and do not understand any further.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send directions for crocheting a baby's hood, also a ladies' Mother Hubbard hood and what kind of yarn and how much? D. L.

Will Woodside please send a paper pattern of her pretty card receiver as I can't quite get it correct and much oblige a constant reader of THE HOUSEHOLD? I will pay her for her trouble. Spencer, Mass.

L. P. BARTON.

The Dining Room.

DINING ROOM NOTES.

Number Forty.

I WENT into a friend's dining room one evening after the "tea things" were washed, and she said as we passed through the room: "You see, I get breakfast as nearly ready as possible before morning comes." It did look as if breakfast was nearly ready. The table was laid neatly, the plates, cups and saucers turned down and the whole covered with a large square of coarse, thin, checked muslin starched just enough to make it look nice.

"I buy a coarse muslin for these covers, as I think it looks better than netting. It washes well too, and will last a long time, being much cheaper in the end, and more satisfactory every way. Four yards make a square large enough for my table, cutting once in two, and sewing up 'over and over,' with a narrow hem all around. I can buy the muslin for ten cents a yard—that is, Cousin Kate buys it for me at the 'summer sales' in Boston, and two of them will last several years. I never like to leave the table uncovered, for although there is no dust there is an occasional fly, and I don't want him to crawl over the table at pleasure. That reminds me to show you my latest invention," and she laughingly led the way to the pantry. "Here it is. Don't I deserve a patent?"

She did, really, for it was a most ingenious device, although so simple that I wondered I had never thought of it myself. A frame of wooden strips two inches wide, about eighteen inches deep and wide and four feet long was covered with wire netting, the top separate and put on with hinges, making a cover easily opened and closed. This sat on a broad shelf near the window in the large pantry, and in it was the bread jar covered only with a thin cloth, the cake box also open, with a cloth cover, and several dishes with odds and ends.

"I made one mistake in this which I shall rectify in my next," my friend said. "I shall put strong slats of wood under the bottom of the case and fasten legs to it. Then I can put the whole thing in my back kitchen by the north window, and have a dish of water under each leg. In this way I shall be free from ants, which trouble me out there, and I never like to keep any kind of food in the cellar. Last summer I was troubled with mouldy bread. I could not keep it more than two days, and Tom always wants stale bread. At last I left the jar uncovered by the open window accidentally one night and the bread, which I had no expectation of being able to use by the next day, was fresh and sweet in the morning. After that I uncovered my bread jar every night, putting a thin muslin over the top and placing it by the open window and I wasn't troubled with mouldy bread the rest of the season. An occasional steaming kept it as good as new."

It will freshen bread very much to put it upon a folded towel on a plate in a steamer and let it stay long enough to thoroughly heat through. Half an hour at least should be allowed, and longer, if the loaf is very large. But a very excellent way when one wants to serve the bread warm is to slice the bread and lay it upon a plate, cover with a pan or large bowl and put it in the oven until the bread is well heated through. It is tender and fresh, like new bread without its unwholesome newness.

While we are on the bread question I

want to tell the lady who asked in a late HOUSEHOLD just how I make baking powder biscuit. One heaping tablespoonful of butter, four teacupfuls of flour, one and one-half teacupfuls of sweet milk, and four even teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Rub the butter, which should be cold and hard, into the flour; when fine, sift in the baking powder and stir quickly and lightly in, then add the milk and mix with knife or spoon as rapidly as possible. Turn out on a floured board, do not knead, but make into shape quickly and with as little handling as possible. Roll about an inch in thickness, cut out with a biscuit cutter and place closely in a buttered tin or a small dripping pan. Put into a very hot oven immediately and bake from ten to fifteen minutes. Serve on a warmed plate covered with a folded napkin or doyley. Never put warm biscuit or any warm bread upon a cold plate. Sometimes we put the dough "rolled to fit" into the pan, then with a sharp knife well buttered cut into squares, cutting through to the pan. This saves a little time, and the biscuit are very nice.

If cream of tartar and soda are used, use two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar and one of soda to the four cupfuls of flour, stirring the cream of tartar into the butter and flour and dissolving the soda in the milk.

Another lady asks for a recipe for making doughnuts, giving the amount of flour. I will give two which we use with success, one being richer than the other. One cupful of sweet milk, a piece of butter the size of an egg, two eggs, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, five cupfuls of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and half a nutmeg, grated. Beat butter and half the sugar to a cream, beat the eggs with the rest of the sugar till light and stir all together. Add one cup of flour, then the salt and nutmeg and the cupful of milk. When well beaten, add the rest of the flour in which the baking powder has been sifted. If soda and cream of tartar are used instead of baking powder; dissolve one-half teaspoonful of soda in the milk and mix the cream of tartar (one teaspoonful) with the flour. Mix quickly and thoroughly, turn out on a lightly floured board, and after shaping as little as possible, roll, a small piece at a time, a little less than half an inch in thickness, cut out with a cutter having a center cutter, and fry in plenty of fresh, sweet lard and beef drippings, half of each, or lard alone. Sour milk may be used instead of sweet, using one-half teaspoonful of soda to a cupful, and omitting the baking powder.

Another recipe which is excellent is as follows: One-third cupful of butter, two and one-half cupfuls of sugar, two cupfuls of milk, nine cupfuls of flour, three eggs, one nutmeg—or one-half teaspoonful of allspice, one teaspoonful of salt and four teaspoonfuls of baking powder or two of cream of tartar and one of soda. Mix the butter with the flour as you would in making pie crust, then sift in the baking powder, and mix thoroughly, stir in the sugar, beat the eggs, and add them with the milk, salt and spice. Stir quickly and roll and fry as in preceding recipe. The shapes may be varied. Some like them cut in small rounds without the hole in the center, rolling them in pulverized sugar as soon as fried. Others cut them in strips which they twist together something like a figure eight.

Still another rule is: Two eggs, two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of sour cream, (thick) one cupful of sweet milk, one scant teaspoonful of soda, one rounding teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of spice, clove, cinnamon and nutmeg mixed. For this it is difficult to give the

exact amount of flour, the thickness of the cream varying so much. It would be well to use seven cupfuls, adding more if necessary to make it roll. Dissolve the soda and salt in the milk and add to the cream, beat well together, then add eggs, sugar, spice and flour. Mix quickly.

Doughnuts should be kept in a jar or cake tin closely covered and are better after they have been made two or three days than when fresh. The same fat may be used three or four times if carefully kept, and it is not scorched. It may be poured, after using, and slightly cooled, into a kettle of water and allowed to cool, when it should be taken off and the under side wiped carefully. The water will retain all the sediment, and the fat may be put into a jar covered closely and kept cool and dry.

One of our HOUSEHOLD readers asked several months ago how to make the lemon butter mentioned in one of my articles, and as my rule is just a little different from any I have seen I give it here.

Grated rind and juice of one lemon, three-fourths of a cupful of sugar and a scant teaspoonful of butter. Put the lemon juice and grated rind into a bowl, stir in the sugar and place the bowl in a dish of boiling water. Beat the egg and when the sugar is melted and the syrup hot, add the egg, stirring constantly for about ten minutes, or until the mixture thickens. Then stir in the butter and put the bowl into a dish of cold water stirring the mixture occasionally until it cools.

It is then ready for use, or it may be kept for several days or even weeks, in a covered jelly glass. It is delicious for cakes or for tart fillings, using very little for the latter, as it, although so simple, seems too rich to use in quantity.

A favorite cake is made as follows: Two eggs, one cupful of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of milk, (real tablespoon, remember,) one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of baking powder and a rounding cupful of flour. Beat yolks of eggs and sugar together, add the whites well beaten, then the milk, in which the salt is dissolved; lastly the baking powder and flour well mixed together. Bake in two round pie tins, lined with buttered paper. When cold, spread the lemon butter between the cakes, and sift sugar over the top. This cake is better on the second or third day after baking than when fresh and therefore very convenient to make when preparing for expected guests. The quantity of lemon mixture is sufficient for two or three cakes, but we usually make but one, keeping the filling until we want another cake.

There is a molasses cake which is a favorite with us, and although not very rich it will keep for a month or more and is really very nice. Two cupfuls of New Orleans molasses, one cupful of sugar, one and one-half cupfuls of butter, five eggs, five cupfuls of flour, one pound of raisins seeded and cut in pieces, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful each of soda and cloves, and half a nutmeg, grated. The raisins should be washed, dried and seeded the day before making the cake. When ready for use we cut each in two or three pieces with a pair of small scissors which we find very convenient in the kitchen. It sounds like a great deal of work, but it is twice as easily and quickly done than chopping, which makes the raisins sticky besides cutting them too small. Flour the cut raisins and shake them well in a colander. Then proceed to mix the cake. Stir butter and sugar to a cream, dissolve the soda in a teaspoonful of hot water and stir into the molasses, which is then added to the butter and sugar. Then add part of the flour, next the eggs, well beaten, the salt and spice and rest of the flour. Lastly

the raisins. Stir well and put into two good sized baking pans, lined with buttered paper, and bake an hour in a moderate oven.

EMILY HAYES.

THE CUISINE.

Ruskin thus discourses on cookery: "What does 'cookery' mean? It means the knowledge of Medea, and of Circe, and of Calypso, and of Helen, and of the Queen of Sheba. It means knowledge of all herbs, and fruits, and balms, and spices; and of all that is healing and sweet in fields and groves, and savory in meat; it means carefulness and inventiveness, and watchfulness and willingness, and readiness of appliances; it means the economy of your great-grandmothers, and science of modern chemists; it means much tasting and no wasting; it means English thoroughness and French art and Arabian hospitality; and it means, in fine, that you are to be perfectly and always 'ladies,' 'loaf-givers'; and as you are to see, imperatively, that everybody has something pretty to put on, so you are to see, yet more imperatively, that everybody has something nice to eat."

THE DESSERT.

— "The bark went down," said theague patient, after he had swallowed a big dose of quinine.

— The sting of a bee is only thirty one seconds of an inch long; it is only imagination that makes it seem as long as a hoe-handle.

— "I wish to state," writes a provident minister, "that I have procured an alarm clock that will wake up the congregation as soon as the service is over."

— "Lie still, Bridget," said Pat to his wife, when the burglars got into his house; "an' ef the spalpeens foind any thing, be jabers, we'll get up and take it awsy from 'em."

— A woman may be perfectly angelic, and as patient as patient can be, and still not be able to look calmly on while her husband draws a match along a picture frame to light his pipe.

— "Mister! are you the gentleman as is the mate?" asked a steerage of one of the officers on a New York packet ship. "No," says the man addressed, "but I am the gentleman as cooks the mate!"

— A Toronto blacksmith advertised for a helper "who must be quick as lightning." The first man who applied for the situation carelessly picked up a hot horseshoe, and the blacksmith hired him at once.

— "Jones, if burglars should get into your house, what would you do?" "I'd do whatever they required of me. I've never had my own way in that house yet, and it's too late to begin now—yes, alas! too late!"

— A gentleman was giving a little baby boy some peanuts the other day. The good mother said: "Now, what are you going to say to the gentleman?" With childish simplicity, the little fellow looked up in the gentleman's face and replied: "More!"

— Husband (airily, they had just returned from their wedding journey)—"If I am not home from the club by—ah—ten, love, you'll not wait." Wife (quietly)—"No, dear"—but with appalling firmness—"I'll come after you!" He was back at 9.45 sharp.

— Telemachus, don't let me hear you laughing at a woman again because she can't sharpen a pencil. When you want something in that line to laugh at, do you just contemplate a man cutting out a paper pattern with a pair of scissors, by the united efforts of his right hand, lower jaw and two-thirds of his tongue.

The Kitchen.

A CHAPTER ON HABITS.

BY IDA VAN AUKEN.

"Dost thou live man, dost thou live or only
Breathe and labor? Art thou free, or enslaved to a
Routine, the daily machinery of habit?"

WRITES in stately measure a prett (?) of to day. What does he mean. Was there ever a human being free from habit which is a law of our being, a kind of "second nature?" Work is the normal condition of man since the fall. The most pitiful object in the world is a man who will not work but lives like a leech on the toil of others. There are two kinds of workers, one class from habit attack their work with celerity, and dogged tenacity, the other class procrastinate, bemoaning their fate. The first class are the ones which "The tide sweeps on to fortune." The successful people are habitual hard workers. In the determination to finish what they begin, they forget "the daily machinery of habit," and grow enthusiastic, happy in their work. There comes to mind a woman sitting in her kitchen translating a German story for a leading paper. She does the work while the bread is baking, her three little children playing around her. Another noble woman I know who read Thier's "French Revolution" and the history of "Charles the Twelfth," under nearly the same circumstances. It took a year, for she could only use reading to fill chinks of time. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was written when the author was immured in household duties.

The principal reason why there is such a firm, clear ring to THE HOUSEHOLD is because the writers give us an idea that they are busy women of experience laying aside duties to write each other advice and assistance. Many of the articles I dare say are written piecemeal, suffering interruptions of all kinds. It is more difficult to write than to study or read in a busy home. To write the mind ought to be composed, the room quiet and no presence to disturb, but alas, very few women enjoy this delight. The writing of two of the popular writers in THE HOUSEHOLD is done in the busy living room. They have steeled themselves to a mental equilibrium which has become habit. If "we are what habit makes us," then how impressed with her duty should be the parent, teacher, guardian! The child learns good habits or the opposite. There is no happy medium. Children can be taught habits of politeness, neatness, how to eat, how to enter a room, how to sit on a chair, without continual "nagging." Example with gentleness will in time bring a child into good habits.

Children are often lazy and dilatory. How long will it take them to dress if you were not near to keep urging and assisting. One mother said to me, "I believe Alice would play two hours in the morning before she is dressed if no one said a word." A child cannot form too early the habit of dressing quickly. It is a great art. Some people never learn it and go through life a trial to every hostess that entertains them. What an annoyance to a farmer's family to entertain guests who are late at breakfast! The coffee, steak, and potatoes grow cold, the men are impatient to go to work and the family debate if it would not be better to begin the meal. The frown on the mistress' brow lifts when she hears the door of the guest chamber open. Smiling very sweetly in dainty morning robes, the guest says as she takes her seat, "I am sorry I was late," unfolding the snowy napkin, utterly ignorant of the

fact that she has caused a serious wobble of the domestic wheel.

If children are allowed to dress slowly until they are ten years of age they will never correct the habit. The training of a girl the first twelve years of her life is more important than any time after. If she is not taught to pick up and keep her bed-room in order at an early age she will probably never do it. An example comes to mind. Anna L. was a bright child of a poor widow. Mrs. L. kept house in a slipshod manner. Her little girls were not taught neatness. Near by lived a well-to-do farmer, Mr. N. Mrs. N. offered to take Anna and bring her up as a daughter. Mrs. L. gave her consent and the little girl at ten years of age became the inmate of the thrifty, neat farmhouse. She was apt and improved every opportunity of education, but the good farmer's wife had to fight continually against the bad habits Anna formed in her own mother's house. Two of these habits clung to her like parasites. She would not wash dishes well, nor keep her bed-room in order.

Time passed on, Anna married and is the mistress of a delightful cottage home in a neighboring city. She is an exemplary cook and an honor to the careful bringing up she received at the farm home, but she has not corrected some of the habits formed before she was ten years of age.

Children can be taught early to help mother. Give them little stints. If there are more than one urge them to rival each other in getting the work done. Pay them with loving words and kisses when they do well. Lena aged seven wipes the dishes for me. I say to her, "Lena, I will see how far I can count while you wipe these dishes." She goes at the work diligently and her little task is soon done. I have many ways like this of interesting her, teaching her to be swift of foot and quick of hand.

Our next neighbor has a little daughter Lillie who is brought up in idleness. Her mother said to me, "I would rather do the work than to ask Lillie to do it." Yes, it is easier, I admit, to do the work than to get a child to do it in a happy spirit, but the sooner a child learns to fit her back to little duties the easier it will be to bear big duties by and by. It is fighting a Tartar truly, to teach a child the habits of celerity and of taking care of her own clothes. It is so natural to shirk, and leave things for mother to do, but by persistence and kindness it can be done. A child's heart turns to a loving face as the sunflower follows the sun. When once these habits are formed they enter into and color every thing in after life.

There flits across my mind at this point the figure of a woman who is always behindhand. She has never been known to be ready for any appointment, and never been known to finish any thing at the right time. She was a child that needed continual hurrying, but alas, there was no one to do it and she grew into middle age, a source of unhappiness to all her friends. No one wanted to visit her for they would faint with hunger before she could get a meal on the table. How she ever happened to marry was a mystery, but she did, although incapable of taking charge of a house. Her husband's first experience with her procrastination was the morning they started on their wedding trip. She was behindhand as usual and the train whistled ere they left the house. Her husband snatched shawl and satchel and hurried her along. They found themselves breathless in the rear car just as it began to move. Collecting themselves together the bride says, "Why William, where's your hat?" He had rushed off hatless. Suffice it to say that this is a picture of how the poor man ever

after took the train. She, with flying ribbons and unbuttoned gloves, he red in the face, grasping his satchels as Marmion grasped his sword. My! didn't that man lead a life of it? This unfortunate woman would try to make up at night the work which she had not accomplished during the day, would seldom retire before midnight, and thus was always in physical depression. She, like most of the human race, did not understand that to be able to work, and to have a body in tune, one must drink long, deep draughts at the blessed fountain, sleep. Why, sleep rubs out weariness from mind and muscle as the hot flat-iron smoothes out wrinkles in ironing. This woman would begin work at night which should have been done when the day was young. I have seen her begin canning fruit after nine o'clock in the evening. If I staid at her home all night I expected to be awakened by her moving around the house. One night I retired early but was awakened after a long, sound sleep. She was in the parlor with a light. I went to the door to see what she was doing. And lo! there she stood high on a chair trying in vain to reach a solitary fly which rested on a picture cord. I thought "This is the secret, she is always trying to catch flies, leaving lion duties to take care of themselves." I will not relate any more of her dreadful habit, but, in justice, she is a woman of refinement, of Christian integrity, and true as steel to her friends. Her home might be beautiful, for she has every thing to make it attractive, but, alas! over it trails a ruinous blight—procrastination.

The reason why there are so many incompetent hired girls is because they are reared in homes where they are not taught dispatch and neatness. There is the Niles family, for example. Four daughters go out to service. Mrs. Niles is a little, weak-willed woman who cannot control her girls. They grow up untidy, and dawdling at their work. One by one, as they are old enough, they go out to work, fully equipped and able to drive any wide-awake, neat mistress to distraction. On the other hand, there is the Laird family, equally as poor as the Niles, but Mrs. Laird is an excellent housekeeper. Her daughters are brought up to work from their earliest childhood. Mina, the oldest girl, is now the chief cook in a large hotel, commanding the best wages.

There is very little in the lot of a maid of all work, to encourage her in swiftness. No one can understand her condition without experiencing it. Any one can work better, if bright anticipation or reward is at the end, but the hired girl has little to push her forward. The future holds up before her no glittering balls of hope, dazzling her eyes. She sees only the endless treadmill of housework, while pots and kettles are the chief decoration of her pathway. No wonder Jane's mistress says, "I have a good girl, but she is slow." Yes, at the moment this was said, five o'clock on a July afternoon, Jane was in the kitchen, ironing. The sound of the piano reaches the kitchen. Alice, the daughter of the house, the same age as Jane, is practicing. She comes down presently, and finds Jane beginning a fine white skirt. She says, "There, you sit down and see how quick I will iron that." She takes the iron while Jane sinks wearily into a chair. Alice has something bright to tell her, and in an incredibly short time the skirt is beautifully ironed. Alice goes back to the cool parlor saying to her mother, "Jane is so dreadfully slow! I am sure I could do the work she does in half the time." She does not think of the difference in the lot and bringing up of herself and Jane.

There will always be a demand for

quick, capable girls. It would be a boon to the world if there were founded a charity school, teaching poor girls from the earliest age, habits of celerity, and neatness, graduating them at last as good housekeepers. It would necessitate a vast expenditure of money and labor, yet the girls would be a blessing to countless homes, where now incompetent assistants reign supreme.

THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER.

Number Sixteen.

BY THERESA.

An old lady was often heard to say, when over-wearied with the cares of life, that "Solomon need not have troubled himself to tell us that there was no end to all the labor under the sun, for we should find it out for ourselves soon enough." Her words came to mind this morning, while there were so many "irons in the fire," such as churning, bread to sponge, yeast to make, berries to pick over and put drying, see to the drying currants, pare potatoes to soak for dinner, etc., besides the common "housework," and washing up the dishes that have accumulated since the breakfast dishes were washed and put in order. When we have such extra work, we intend to wash as fast as used, for they call files, then they are so much easier washed. Meanwhile, those two good servants, (but bad masters,) fuel and water, must not be forgotten, which are a great care, while all this brewing is going on, even if prepared and brought into the house, which is not always done. See to it John and Ichabod, that your housekeepers are well supplied with these necessities, for with half their cares, you would go insane. Just stop and think of the time spent in one day even, in washing dishes, putting away, then getting around again for another meal, and this three times a day, to say nothing of the extra ones almost if not quite every day. Can you begin to imagine the steps taken for this item of drudgery alone, in one year? These are only a "drop in the bucket," compared to the steps that must be taken in that time.

As you say, you "cannot be in the house all day," but you can fill the wood-box, and chip-pail, and provide shavings or whittings, for in summer the fire has often to be rekindled many times a day, (every one does not own an oil stove, which is nice,) which is cheaper than hot fire all day, besides being more comfortable. This can be done before you go to your day's work, as can also a tub or two of water be brought in, not on wash days only, but much has to be used every day. If drinking and cistern water are already in the house by means of a pump, so much the better for you and her too, but if not, when you come into dinner do please take the pitcher and fill it with cool water yourself, for if you never got a meal, you do not know how much help such simple things as that, "setting chairs around the table," etc., would be. She would be very grateful for these little attentions, and reward you with one of her sweetest smiles, which have been absent of late, and which you have so longed to see, and doubtless would be stimulated to put forth greater efforts in the future, to "get up" the best of dinners for you.

In the old song, "How He Kept House," you know, "old Granley declared that he could do more work in one short day than his wife could do in three," where upon she suggested that they change works; she would "follow the plow," and he do the work in the house, but before night he declared that his wife could do more work in a day than he could do in three. Here are the verses which are

nearer to the point that I wish to illustrate, than any thing I know of:

"Old Granley declared by all the leaves
That were upon the tree—tree,
He'd do more work in one short day
Than his wife could do in three—three."

Mrs. Granley she came in, she says,
"You shall have trouble now—now,
For you shall do the work in the house,
And I'll go follow the plow—plow."

But you must milk the mooley cow
For fear she will go dry—dry;
And you must feed the little pig
Which is within the sty—sty;

And you must put the cream in the churn
Which is within the frame—frame;
And you must see to the fat in the pot,
That it don't all go in the flame—flame;

And you must feed the speckled hen
For fear she'll lay astray—astray;
And you must reel the spool of yarn
That I spun yesterday—day.

Mrs. Granley took the whip in her hand,
To go and follow the plow—plow,
Old Granley took the pail in his hand
To milk the mooley cow—cow.

The mooley cow she kicked, she raved,
She rumbled with her nose—nose;
She kicked old Granley on the shin
Till the blood ran down to his toes—toes.

He went to watch the speckled hen
For fear she'd lay astray—stray;
But he forgot the spool of yarn
His wife spun yesterday—day.

He went to put the cream in the churn
Which was within the frame—frame;
But he forgot the fat in the pot,
And it all went into the flame—flame.

He looked east, he looked west,
He looked to the sun—sun,
He thought it was the longest day,
And his wife would never come—come.

And then he declared by all the leaves
That were upon the tree—tree,
His wife could do more work in a day
Than he could do in three—three."

If the "Johns" can write as good sensible letters as L. W. in the July number, let them come forward, for we would gladly welcome them to our columns; but if not, they had best keep at a proper distance.

We always churn in the cool of the morning in warm weather, and set the churn in a tub of cold water while churning. Before salting, wash the butter in several waters, then put in the cellar till next morning, and work over in the cellar. In this way, we are not troubled with soft butter in the warmest of weather.

The greatest care should be taken with all dairy utensils, to keep them perfectly sweet and clean by proper washing and scalding. A lady who kept quite a dairy, had an aunt visiting her, who insisted upon helping her, and washed the milk-pans in soap. This was contrary to the lady's way, and she washed them over again in clear water, and scalded in boiling water. We agree with her, and never wash milk-pans in soap, but rinse off all the "sour" first, then wash in plenty of clear water, and scald. If there is a good place for drying them out of doors as there should be, do so, but if not, dry by the stove, though 'tis more work.

We do not sponge bread over night, as the kind of yeast used raises the sponge in three hours, and the bread is baked by noon, provided the sponge was set early. One cake of National yeast rises sufficient yeast to last over two months, and is very convenient to have, and the bread is so tender and good.

Raspberries, and all kinds, are dried by spreading on plates and putting in a pretty hot oven till they scald some and dry over. They should not be left in a too hot oven long enough to burn, but must be taken out and set near the stove, and when the oven cools replace them, and by this time they can be scraped off and condensed on to a few plates. In this manner they dry in a very few days, if attended to. When thoroughly dried, scald by setting in the oven, (and care must be taken at this point, for they will burn easily,) to keep them from getting wormy, tie tightly in a paper bag, then put in a box.

We use a large wooden one, with a cover, and label all the bags with the kind of berry, and the year they are dried. This saves much time in untying to get the kind wanted, and if there are any of last year's ones left over, one has a chance to use the oldest first. They keep good for years with us, and are nice for many things, such as making pies, sauce, in baked puddings instead of raisins, and other uses. Currants can be dried and put up in the same way, and will answer for cake, instead of buying.

Camilla, the lemon pie on our table the fourth of July, was made from your recipe in the July number, and was pronounced as "being the best we have made." As we saved out the white of the egg for frosting, a spoonful of flour was used in its place. Next time, we did not meet with as good success in getting the filling as firm when baked, though made the same, but there is a considerable "knack" in the baking, many times, and we think the oven was too hot, and so made it "boil up and over."

When carpet bugs are found, it is said that "The floor should be washed in alum water, or turpentine; either will destroy what may be concealed in cracks."

The large, blue ink spots on my white apron while writing, would worry me did I not know a remedy for taking them out. Soak and rub in sweet milk, before washing, and it will disappear, as I know by experience.

THE HOUSE FLY.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I am led to write you what I have learned about flies, and to suggest a way of abating the nuisance. Notwithstanding the most of our dwellings, especially the breathing places, are muffled with netting or wire screens, yet our enemies continue to intrude at our tables and to mock at our displeasure until one is led to wonder where this increasing swarm of pests multiply so rapidly. If one wishes to satisfy themselves on this point let them make a visit of investigation to the barnyard where the litter is thrown out daily, or to the pig sty, or the drain, or to that pile of decomposing chips and vegetable matter in the back yard, and if one has sharp eyes they will find an abundance of eggs, mere specks to the naked eye, of the common house fly.

But they are entirely mistaken, as this small fly belongs to an entirely different species. The common house fly does not make its appearance in our houses until full grown, and like some species of young birds when they leave their nest they are larger and plumper at this period than at any other time during their lives.

When one sees a 'particularly large, plump fly they may take it for granted that it is a young one just arrived to maturity. As cold weather approaches, propagation ceases, and the older flies perish. A few of the more vigorous females, however, retreat to some sheltered nook or cranny, where in a state of torpor they somehow manage to survive until the next spring, and when warm weather sets in they repair to their breeding places and begin to propagate their species. Some authorities also claim that the insect may also hibernate in the pupa state in the ground. In latitudes where it is continuously warm the fly remains active the year round, and it is said that our palace cars sometimes bring them to us from Florida during the coldest months in the year.

The correct way of abating these household pests, is to make a war of extermination on their breeding places; let quick lime, or even boiling suds be thrown plentifully over places suspected to be fly factories, and their numbers after a few days will perceptibly diminish. According to our own experience this method is far more successful than fly traps, poisons or any of the other new-fangled inventions that we have seen tried. Another good way is to starve them out; after dining, promptly remove every trace of food from the table, hurry every thing that a fly will eat into the cupboard, or cover securely with wire screens, leave no sweets around to attract them into the dining room, and there will soon be a perceptible falling off in your unwelcome visitors. We have heard people, and especially neat housekeepers, complain of their neighbors' flies troubling them. To such we can only say, "to do good and to communicate, forget not," and you will be not only giving, but receiving at the same time. ANN BUCK.

Meridian, N. Y.

THE SECRET OF HOUSEKEEPING.

BY MRS. F. M. COLBY.

The divine ordinance of housekeeping. The galaxy of great names which adorn its history prove it a dignified occupation no less than its indisputable antiquity. Housekeeping was the sole science known and practiced by Rebekah and Abigail, Andromache and Penelope, Tamar, and Tobit's wife. What idyllic pictures are presented to us of some of those old dames at their household toil—Sarah, fair and stately as a princess, cooking veal and cakes in hospitable haste for the three strangers; Nausicaa and her maidens, with their white arms all bare, washing the clothes of a king's household by the seaside, to be interrupted by the wandering Odysseus; Jael, under the horse-hair tent of Heber, skimming the milk and making butter and cheese, and caring for the kids of the flock, and that black-browed heroine, Judith, clothing herself in the garb of a Hebrew matron and preparing cunning dishes to tempt the jaded appetite of Holofernes.

A wonderful science is housekeeping too, for it means the knowledge of all fruits and herbs, spices and balsams, and all that is savory in meats; it means the inventiveness of a Heliogabalus and the carefulness of a Madame de Levigne; it means economy and watchfulness and readiness of appliance; it means Arabian hospitality, French art and English thoroughness; it means grace and cleanliness and dispatch; all in all it means what is implied in the good old Saxon word, *hlaflie*, i. e., *hlaflweardige*—a bread maker, a loaf 'giver, in modern parlance, a lady.

It seems to me that of late years the pure and quiet joys of domestic life have lost something of their charm. With too many this sacred ordinance of housekeeping has become an unwelcome and wearisome necessity. It is perhaps the fault of the time that the revered name of home should be associated with care and anxiety and trouble, it is a fault however, and should be remedied.

Most of our housekeepers are mere drudges. Their whole day's work is in the kitchen and dining room. It is constant labor, constant worry, with no time for mental improvement or social intercourse. This should not be. We are defeated in our attempts to make home cheerful and happy because we pay too much and work too hard. We task and weary ourselves so much in the attempt to collect the materials for enjoyment that they can give us but little pleasure when they are collected. We need more quiet naturalness and simplicity in our domestic life, more comfort and less art in our houses, less parade in the parlor, and better cooking and less of it in our kitchen. The best clock has the fewest wheels and makes the least noise, and the more simple the order of our domestic life, the better and happier it will be.

I know an excellent lady who spends the best of her time in keeping a few articles of furniture arranged with painful propriety, and in sweeping and scouring a few particles of dust from every resting place in the house. She has never learned that there is more or less dust and disorder in the world as God made it. Neatness and order are excellent virtues in a family, but they can be carried to excess so as to be a daily torment to everybody in the house. And how easy it is to be neat—to be clean! How easy to arrange the rooms with graceful propriety! How easy it is to invest our houses with the truest elegance, if we only will! Elegance resides not with the upholsterer or the draper; it exists in the spirit pervading over the apartments of the dwelling. Contentment must always be most grateful; it sheds serenity over the scene of its abode; it transforms a waste into a garden. The home lighted by these imitations of a nobler and brighter life may be wanting in much which the discontented desire; but to its inhabitants it will be a palace far outvying the Oriental in brilliancy and beauty.

It really takes but little to make home happy, provided the occupants look for the greatest charm and chief ornament in themselves, and not in things that can be bought or borrowed. Our best peace and comfort come from the most common blessings of life. A thankful heart makes the best dinner, a pleasant voice is the sweetest music, a kind look is a more beautiful picture than was ever painted by a master, old or new. These things cost nothing, and can be had in the humblest home by the trying.

Live within your means. Make your dress, your house, your furniture, your style of living such as will not subject you to struggle and anxiety to keep up appearances. Be content to set a poorer table than your rich neighbor who has a French cook, and be not ashamed of your faded carpet if you cannot afford a new one. Do not mind what the outside world says; this is your business, not theirs. Outside friends and guests must be drawn to our houses, not so much by costly dinner services and lavish entertainments, as by the kind heart and gracious manners of those who give the invitation.

Again we must give to the order and

discipline of the family that variety and elasticity which suit the spring of the youthful mind, and which can receive the shock of changes and accidents without strain or jar. Let there be no idle hands, no wasted hours, and there will be a time for every thing and nobody will be flustered with haste or exhausted with weariness. One of the most important things to do in order to become a good house manager is to rise early. There is nothing better than to literally take time by the forelock. The early riser is always master of the situation. Good Mrs. Poyser, in Geo. Elliot's "Adam Bede," expresses it finely when she says: "Them that would get their work done must rise with the lark in the morning; folks that want to be slaves, forever drudging and doing no more than that heathen feller, Sisyphus, or some such name, who was allus rolling a rock up hill, can lie abed if they choose to. It's the early bird as gets the first worm."

One must bring as much patience to the art of housewifery as she would bring to bear in learning music, in carving a statue, or painting a picture. Every thing cannot be done in a moment. To wait without working is idleness; to work without waiting is haste and waste; to work and wait both is to be at peace. No words are truer than those of the old Mussulman, "God's blessing is upon the patient." Irritations and annoyances must needs occur in the best home. But they are naught but small clouds that will vanish like dew before sunshine in the presence of the calmness of faith and serenity of mind at peace with God and the world.

Do you remember the story of the patient Griselda in the *Decameron*. She was a poor country girl brought up to tend sheep and do the humble cooking in her father's cottage. Walter the Marquis of Salugge, marries her, and the beautiful, modest girl enters upon life in a palace. She has tact and good sense and unlimited patience. She is mistress of a household of servants, but she tends to the work herself. When she is about to be turned from the palace to make way, as she thought, for a new marchioness, she sees to the arrangements of the wedding feast, cooks the most cunning dishes, makes the beds, sweeps the rooms, and hangs the tapestry. She neglects nothing, and the old castle smiles under the touch of her fingers.

Griselda is the model housekeeper as well as the model wife. Order, patience, frugality, skill in cooking and mending, art in the kitchen and grace in the hall, these are the secrets of housekeeping. Pleasant service is when one knows how to render it skillfully, and the best housekeeper is she who knows how to improve upon skillful work.—*Zion's Watchman*.

THE MILK IN THE COCOANUT.

In the early green stage at which cocoanuts are generally picked for household use in the tropics, the shell hasn't yet solidified into a hard, stony coat, but still remains quite soft enough to be readily cut through with a sharp table knife. If you cut one across while it is in this unsophisticated state, it is easy enough to see the arrangement of the interior, and the part borne by the milk in the development and growth of the mature nut. The office of the cocoanut water is the deposition of the nutty part around the side of the shell; it is, so to speak, the mother-liquid from which the harder eatable portion is afterward derived.

In order to understand it, one ought to examine a cocoanut in the act of budding, and to do this it is by no means necessary to visit the West Indies or the Pacific Islands; all you need do is to ask a

fruit salesman to get a few "growers." On the voyage, a certain number of precocious cocoanuts, stimulated by the congenial warmth and damp of most ship-holds, usually begin to sprout before their time; and these waste nuts are sold by the dealers at a low rate to children and inquiring botanists. An examination of a "grower" very soon convinces one what is the use of the milk in the cocoanut.

It must be borne in mind, to begin with, that the prime end and object of the nut is not to be eaten raw by the ingenious monkey, or to be converted by lordly man into cocoanut biscuits, or cocoanut pudding, but simply and solely to reproduce the cocoanut palm in sufficient numbers to future generations. For this purpose the nut has slowly acquired by natural selection, a number of protective defenses against its numerous enemies, which serve to guard it admirably in the native state from almost all possible animal predators. First of all, the actual nut or seed itself consists of a tiny embryo plant, placed just inside the softest of the three pores or pits at the end of the shell, and surrounded by a vast quantity of nutritious pulp, destined to feed and support it during its earliest unprotected days, if not otherwise diverted by man or monkey. But as whatever feeds a young plant will also feed an animal, and as many animals betray a felonious desire to appropriate to their own wicked ends the food-stuff laid up by the palm for the use of its own seedling, the cocoanut has been compelled to inclose this particularly large and rich kernel in a very solid and defensive shell. And, once more, since the palm grows at a very great height from the ground—I have seen them up to ninety feet in favorable circumstances—this shell stands a very good chance of getting broken in tumbling to the earth, so that it has been necessary to surround it with a mass of soft and yielding fibrous material, which breaks its fall, and acts as a buffer to it when it comes in contact with the soil beneath. When the cocoanut has actually reached the ground at last, and proceeds to sprout, these numerous safeguards and solid envelopes naturally begin to prove decided nuisances to the embryo within. It starts under the great disadvantage of being hermetically sealed within a solid wooden shell, so that no water can possibly get at it to aid it as most other seeds are aided in the process of germination. Fancy yourself a seed-pea, anxious to sprout, but coated all around with a hard covering of impermeable sealing wax, and you will be in a position faintly to appreciate the unfortunate predicament of a grower cocoanut. Natural selection, however, has come to the rescue of the unhappy plant by leaving it a little hole at the top of the shell, out of which it can push its feathery green head, without difficulty. Everybody knows that if you look at the sharp end of a cocoanut you will see three little brown pits or depressions on its surface. Most people also know that two of these are firmly stopped up, but that the third one is only closed by a slight film or very thin shell, which can be easily bored through with a pocket-knife, so as to let the milk run off before cracking the shell. So much we have all learned during our ardent pursuit of natural knowledge on half-holidays in early life. But we probably then failed to observe that just opposite this soft hole lies a small, roundish knob, imbedded in the pulp or eatable portion, which knob is in fact the embryo palm or seedling, for whose ultimate benefit the whole arrangement (in brown and green) has been invented.

That is very much the way with man; he notices what concerns his own appetite, and omits all the really important

parts of the whole subject. We think the use of the hole is to let out the milk; but the nut knows that its real object is to let out the seedling. The knob grows out at last into the young plantlet, and it is by means of the soft hole that it makes its escape through the shell to the air and the sunshine which it seeks without.

This brings us down at last to the true *raison d'être* for the milk in the cocoanut. As the seed or kernel cannot easily get at much water from outside, it has a good supply of water laid up for it ready beforehand within its own encircling shell. The mother-liquid from which the pulp or nutty part has been deposited remains in the center, as the milk, till the tiny embryo begins to sprout. As soon as it does so, the little knob which was at first so very small enlarges rapidly and absorbs the water, till it grows out into a big, spongy, cellular mass, which at last almost fills up the entire shell. At the same time, its other end pushes its way out through the soft hole, and then gives birth to a growing bud at the top—the future stem and leaves—and to a number of long threads beneath—the future roots. Meanwhile, the spongy mass inside begins to gradually absorb all the nutty part, using up all its oils and starches for the purpose of feeding the young plant above, until it is of an age to expand its leaves to the open tropical sunlight and shift for itself in the struggle for life. It seems at first sight very hard to understand how any tissue so solid as the pulp of cocoanut can be thus softened and absorbed without any visible cause; but in the subtle chemistry of living vegetation such a transformation is comparatively simple and easy to perform. Nature sometimes works much greater miracles than this in the same way; for example, what is called vegetable ivory, a substance so solid that it can be carved or turned only with great difficulty, is really the kernel of another palm nut, allied to the cocoa palm, and its very stony particles are all similarly absorbed during germination by the dissolving power of the young seedling.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

KEEPING CHILDREN BUSY.

The blessing of abundant occupation is as needful for children as for adults. And even more necessary, since they have so little resource in retrospect. The busy child is generally the happy child, and the happy child is generally the least troublesome of the species. Indeed, we have often thought that the maxim, "Be virtuous and you'll be happy," might in the case of children, if not always in that of grown persons, be reversed and made to read, "Be happy and you'll be virtuous." Certain is it that the unoccupied child is unhappy and often indocile and mischievous.

In nothing do children differ more than in their ability to amuse themselves. A child with an active imagination can play with eager delight with a thousand trifles that children unblessed with that faculty have no conception of utilizing. And we are mistaken if those juveniles are not the happiest who are compelled by a scarcity of material to invent new and fertile uses for what they do have. Certain it is that so much may be done for a child that he will be dwarfed for life by an over-supply of toys and attention, while if he is thrown in part on his own resources he will have the joy of inventing and creating amusement for himself.

The kindergarten occupations furnish exhaustless material for the instruction and amusement combined of the little folk. Though a regular course of instruction as to the use of these "gifts" is certainly desirable, those who cannot

take this course may utilize the kindergarten "gifts" in their nurseries with very great advantage. There are books giving specific instructions as to the employment of each "gift," and any mother or nurse who will read them carefully may have the means at hand of keeping the little brains and fingers happily employed.

Plato in "The Laws," says: "Now a boy is of all wild beasts the most difficult to manage. For by how much the more he has the fountain of prudence not yet fitted up, he becomes crafty and keen and the most insolent of all wild beasts. On this account it is necessary to bind him, as it were, with many chains." The habit of industry is one of the best chains with which to bind a boy, and this habit may be formed from the cradle and strengthened through all the growing years. Little chores about the house and garden not above the boy's strength to do he is all the better for doing. The stimulus of wages may be used to further him in his willingness to work, and these wages may be applied to the purchase of little indulgences, which the parent would gladly give, but which are more highly prized when earned than when accepted as a gift.

The reading of suitable books is another very strong chain to bind a boy to the practice of virtue, and a girl as well. The long days of childhood cannot be better spent than, when growing vigorously in body, in storing up the seeds of knowledge and in forming nuclei about which accumulations of various information may grow. The rudiments of all the sciences may be learned before the child enters his teens. But this depends on the wisdom and care of the parents very largely, and upon the facilities afforded the child. If instead of being shut up in a school room five hours every day, he is made the companion of an active, intelligent parent and his mental activities directed toward interesting topics, he may advance far more rapidly in intellectual growth and attainment that his fellows moping through the dull routine of the primary school as it is generally conducted. Horace Greeley's mother told him stories, recited poetry to him and fed his mind with all the treasures of her own, thus cultivating in him a taste for vast and various reading, a taste which he retained to the last.

A printing press, a tool chest, a scroll saw, pet animals, a set of garden tools, are excellent things for boys to occupy themselves with, but their use requires constant oversight from parents, so that habits of exactness, of neatness, of kindness, of thoroughness, and of order, may be formed. Occupation is not intended merely to keep a boy or girl from mischief, but positively to form them to virtue. The knitting and sewing which our grandmothers did in their childhood, the "samplers" they wrought, we smile at now, but in this work they learned what we are trying to teach our children. Handicraft of all sorts is becoming the fashion and childish hands are now taught to draw, to paint, to model, to hammer brass, to embroider, and in this agreeable work, amusement and profit combine.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

A PLEA FOR THE "JOHNS."

From the buzzing in a late *HOUSEHOLD*, one would soon realize there was "an enemy in camp." I feared as much when I read the letter written by Husband of a Subscriber, but I am glad to welcome him to our columns, and hope he will not mind the buzzing, for it is harmless, and will come again soon. I enjoyed a good laugh at his grievances. To his wife let me say, "Do not be discouraged, but try

again by taking him unawares as I did my John."

I selected recipes that I knew he would like if I succeeded in cooking them aright. For instance, he is fond of sweet things and dainty desserts, so I tried recipes for those things first. He also likes vegetables mixed together, so I tried those methods of cooking them. That way of cooking rice and tomatoes together given in THE HOUSEHOLD three or four years ago, "struck him" just right. So, my dear, you see the philosophy of studying the taste of one's husband. Then, too, policy goes a long way in managing a man. I never said a word about a new dish until my husband had committed himself by declaring it good, then I told him where I found the recipe. After several repetitions of the kind, when a new dish came on the table, he would wisely taste it first, then say, "This is good. Did you get it in your HOUSEHOLD?"

Thus I gave him good things to eat, and advertised our paper at the same time. There may be poor recipes in it, but I can usually tell by reading them over if they are correct and we shall like them, and have never had a failure yet. Should I, it would be silently consigned to the pigs, for whatever their faults, they are not tattlers, and my HOUSEHOLD should not be permitted to depreciate in the mind of my John.

Now, my sisters, will you not use a little more policy? A part of our paper is a very good mirror for men, and if they are not permitted to look into it, perhaps they may never know their disfigurements, for it is a fact which your letters demonstrate, that it is more heedless unconsciousness of the many ways in which they could lighten the labors of loved ones than intentional unkindness. Very few men realize the monotony of housework, or ever get a hint of the longings of the tired wife and mother for sympathy, society, recreation, a change of scene, etc., unless they read THE HOUSEHOLD, for you know we cannot speak of these things to one who would be surprised, and possibly laugh in incredulity at first; but we can unburden our hearts to our sisters, for we understand each other. Consequently, it would be better for us if our husbands read our letters, and if conceded the privilege of reading them, it would be unfair and unladylike to forbid them opening their mouths when they have something to say, as I think Husband of a Subscriber really had. Now, will you not join me in an invitation to the "Johns" to read our paper, and write their opinions if they desire?

LEONICE.

USE OF SALT.

Among other follies of the day, some indiscreet persons are objecting to the use of salt, and propose to do without it. Nothing could be more absurd. Common salt is the most widely distributed substance in the body; it exists in every fluid and in every solid; and not only is it everywhere present, but in almost every part it constitutes the largest portion of the ash when any tissue is burned. In particular, it is a constant constituent of the blood, and it maintains in it a proportion that is almost wholly independent of the quantity that is consumed with the food. The blood will take up so much and no more, however much we may take with our food; and, on the other hand, if none be given, the blood parts with its natural quantity slowly and unwillingly. Under ordinary circumstances, a healthy man loses daily about twelve grains by one channel or another, and, if he is to maintain his health, that quantity must be introduced. Common salt is of immense importance in the processes ministering to the nutrition of

the body, for not only is it the chief salt in the gastric juice, and essential for the formation of bile, and may hence be reasonably regarded as of high value in digestion, but it is an important agent in promoting the processes of diffusion, and therefore of absorption. Direct experiment has shown that it promotes the decomposition of albumen in the body, acting, probably, by increasing the activity of the transmission of fluids from cell to cell. Nothing can demonstrate its value better than the fact, that if albumen without salt is introduced into the intestine of an animal, no portion of it is absorbed, while it will quickly disappear if salt be added. If any further evidence were required, it would be found in the powerful instinct which impels animals to obtain salt. Buffaloes will travel for miles to reach a "salt-lick;" and the value of salt in improving the nutrition and the aspect of horses and cattle is well known to every farmer.

The popular notion that the use of salt prevents the development of worms in the intestine, has a foundation in fact, for salt is fatal to the small thread-worms and prevents their reproduction by improving the general tone and the character of the secretions of the alimentary canal. The conclusion, therefore, is obvious that salt, being wholesome, and indeed necessary, should be taken in moderate quantities, and that abstention from it is likely to be injurious.—*Lancet.*

THE SENSIBLE HOUSEKEEPERS OF THE FUTURE.

I wish that it were in my power to persuade young girls who wonder what they shall do to earn their living, that it is really better to choose some business that is in the line of a woman's natural work. There is a great repugnance at the thought of being a servant, but a girl is no less a servant to the man who owns the shop where she stands all day behind the counter, than she is where she waits upon the table, or cooks the dinner in a pleasant house; and to my mind there would not be a moment's question between the two ways of going out to service. The wages are better, the freedom and liberty are double in one what they are in the other. If, instead of the sham service that is given by ignorant and really overpaid servants to-day, sensible New England girls who are anxious to be taking care of themselves and earning good wages, would fit themselves at the cooking schools, or in any way they found available, they would not long wait for employment, and they would be valued immensely by their employers.

When one realizes how hard it is to find good women for every kind of work in our houses, and what prices many rich people are more than willing to pay if they can be well suited, it is a wonder more girls are not ready to seize the chances. It is because such work has been almost always so carelessly and badly done that it has fallen into disrepute, and the doers of it have taken such low rank. Nobody takes the trouble to fit herself properly, but women trust to being taught and finding out their duties after they assume such positions—not before.—*Sarah Orne Jewett in The Congregationalist.*

LIQUID GLUE.

To one ounce of borax, in a pint of boiling water, add two ounces of shellac, and boil till the shellac is dissolved. Another:—Dissolve eight ounces of the best glue in half a pint of water; that being done, add slowly, and keep stirring, two and one-half ounces of strong aquafortis; keep well corked, ready for use. Another:—A useful glue for fastening papers together, only by being wetted by

the tongue, is made as follows:—Dissolve one pound of glue or gelatine in water, and half a pound of brown sugar, and boil them together. Make into cakes by pouring into shapes. It becomes solid when cold.—*Scientific American.*

REMOVING BAD SMELLS.

Smoke will remove bad smells more effectually and with less labor than anything else. If the hands smell of anything disagreeable, remove the stove-lid and hold them over the smoke a minute and it will all be gone. Fill an empty barrel half full of straw and set it on fire; it will clean the barrel and a little care will keep it from scorching. If any of the young folks go rabbit-hunting and make a mistake in the game they tree (as was the case with our boys some time ago), they can lose the unpleasant remembrance of it by setting fire to a bunch of straw and standing awhile in the smoke.—*Ex.*

—Coffee is highly recommended as a deodorizer. In cases where rats or mice die in spaces between the floors of dwellings, a pound or two of freshly burnt coffee will speedily produce the desired effect. It is said to be incomparably superior in a sick-chamber to most other disinfectants; it has a beneficial chemical action on the atmosphere, besides giving out an agreeable perfume.—*Ex.*

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Reading the letter of Mrs. John in the HOUSEHOLD of April I recall to mind my own long ago trouble about cleaning zinc. That which is used under stoves should never be washed or wiped, even with a damp cloth. Keep polished with whiting and it is always nice. But once used to a weekly washing and half drying, they soon become an eyesore.

I have found out from a domestic how to bring the ugly thing back to its pristine beauty. Buy five cents' worth of muriatic acid (a poison), put one teaspoonful in a bowl and dilute with water. The condition of your zinc must be your guide as to the strength of the dilution, make a swab, a stick with a bunch of soft cotton cloth securely tied on the end. Let the swab be about the size of a lemon. Dip this into your water and when saturated rub your zinc most thoroughly until you think the stains are removed. Be sure not to get the acid on your flesh or carpet. I would not do but a half or a quarter of the zinc at a time. Now wash in hot soap suds and wipe perfectly dry. Then polish with a soft woolen rag dipped in whiting.

AUNT IBBIE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—This is the third year I have taken our paper and I have found it a great help in many ways. I have found so much good advice, besides so many delicious recipes. Every new dish I bring on to the table some one will ask if I have been studying THE HOUSEHOLD, and I invariably answer "Yes." My mother-in-law and some of my neighbors tell me I eat, sleep and, in short, live by THE HOUSEHOLD.

I have tried the recipe in the June number for doing up fine shirts, by Mrs. Hills, and am very much pleased with it. It does not require nearly so much time as the old way of cooking the starch.

I have a recipe which perhaps some one would like if they are as fond of potatoes as we are. We call them scalloped potatoes. Take a common two-quart basin, put bits of butter in the bottom, then slice potatoes until about half full, then put a little butter in and salt and pepper, then fill up with potatoes within an inch of the top, put on more salt, butter and pepper, break three eggs in a dish, beat them as you would for custard, add milk

enough to cover the potatoes, pour in the dish with the potatoes, and bake about one hour in a moderate oven. Try them with a knife and if it is not milky it is done. You can use either cooked or raw potatoes; if raw, bake a little longer. I hope some one will try this. This recipe is for a family of eight, and all large eaters. You can reduce or increase according to family.

M. E. S.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to try and answer a few questions which I find in my last HOUSEHOLD. I think Kezeiah Butterworth would be very well pleased with the results if she were to use her wild grapes for jelly, marmalade, etc., the same way in which she uses tame grapes. I know my mother and I preferred the wild to the tame grapes when we could get them for marmalade. One very nice way is to gather them carefully and dry on the stems. Then pack carefully in clean paper sacks and hang in a cool, dry place. They make excellent sauce in the early spring after most canned fruit is used and before we have the fresh.

I think if Mrs. H. would use a solution of hartshorn or spirits of ammonia to clean coat collars and sleeves she would like it better than soap and it is not so liable to injure the fabric. I have cleaned the most delicate colors with it without hurting them in the least. It is splendid for cleaning Spanish laces. I do not use it, however, for any thing without weakening it. I take two parts water and one part spirits unless the article is very much soiled when I use more of the ammonia.

Helen Phinney wants to know how to make salmon salad. I will tell her how I make it, and by the way my husband thinks it is good. Take eight or ten stalks of celery to a can of salmon; cut the celery in small pieces and mix with the salmon which should also be picked into small bits. Sprinkle a little salt and a very little pepper on it and pour over it some good vinegar. There is always sufficient oil in the salmon. A small onion may be added if liked; it was given in the recipe when I got it but I seldom put it in.

VIOLET.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—The blue cross on the last number brought its usual admonition, and I hasten to obey its injunction to renew in time for the next.

I wish to return greetings of Katy Didn't and others, who have congratulated me upon possessing, like themselves, a "jewel of a husband." His luster has not dimmed a particle since I wrote before, but beams with unremitting effulgence. When I add to his other qualifications the announcement that I have absolute *carte blanche* regarding money matters, and never have to ask for a penny, nor have my wisdom in spending it questioned, I am sure I shall be accorded a position in the rank of highly favored mortals.

Perhaps some of the Band may be as glad as I was to learn that when a damp day has imparted to their nice ostrich tips that aggravating, bedraggled, stringy appearance, so harrowing to the feminine soul, they can be fluffed up and made to look almost as well as ever, by throwing a small handful of salt upon hot coals, and holding the feathers over the fumes and shaking them lightly. It is simple but effectual.

I have a method of utilizing cold oatmeal, which may help a little in solving the ever-recurring problem, "What shall we have to eat?"

Oatmeal Fritters.—Thin the oatmeal (after it has been cooked for the table) with milk, or part milk, part water, add one beaten egg, a pinch of salt, a small piece of butter warmed to soften, and if you like, some grated bread crumbs. Then

make the consistency of griddle cake batter, by adding flour. Prepare in the proportion of a rounding teaspoonful of baking powder to a cup. Have lard in your frying pan sizzling hot, drop batter from a tablespoon and fry brown. To be eaten with syrup or powdered sugar, as preferred. They are a nice relish for surper when one wants something warm but not too hearty.

I prepare cabbage so that my husband pronounces it the "best in the world." Chop the cabbage rather fine, and season well with salt and pepper. Put a lump of butter (not very large) in the frying pan, and while it is heating, beat an egg in a cup, and fill the cup with vinegar. When the butter is hot enough to hiss, pour in the egg and vinegar, and just as soon as it bubbles up, put in the cabbage. Mix it around till it is moistened, place in a covered dish and set in a warm place for about twenty minutes. Quick, easy and good.

The discussion of the reality of Rosamond E. appears to have been completely superseded by the waging of the controversy regarding the admission of the sterner sex to a voice in our columns. I cannot help thinking that the strong objectors are those whose domestic relations are a little "below par." It seems to me any wife who enjoys the unity and happiness which ought to prevail between those "whom God hath joined together," ought to be willing to allow her husband to express an occasional opinion, even in a "woman's paper."

But "brevity is the soul of wit," and I must not longer trespass. May THE HOUSEHOLD flag ever wave for the enlightenment of discouraged womankind.

New Jersey.

ESTELLE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I am a young sister in the Band, receiving THE HOUSEHOLD as my wedding present this year. It is a real help to me for I had spent my young days in a school room, consequently my knowledge of housekeeping was very small indeed. I consider it due to THE HOUSEHOLD, and the fact that my John enjoyed (?) the accommodations of a hotel for several years before our marriage, that neither his temper nor digestive powers seem less perfect than usual. Some sister asks what to do with small silk pieces. I have a beautiful cushion for the seat and back of a rocker made of such small pieces, each cut six square. Each piece is basted over a paper pattern then six of them laid in a circle, the sides matching and overcast on the wrong side, then the center one is sewed in last. This makes a wheel and they can be laid together in any way you wish and according to the color. The pieces in my cushion are not more than an inch in diameter so that you can utilize the very smallest scraps.

One very nice way to prepare elderberries is to simply dry them. They make delicious pies when stewed in the winter, and are also used to mix a very few with apple sauce. They give it a pretty tint and a peculiarly fine flavor.

Wild grapes are very nice for jelly and jam, but being so small and full of seeds are not good in any other way.

Can any of the sisters tell me how to get rid of little red ants? Also tell me how to make some nice floor mats? I have seen some beautiful ones made of Germantown, but do not understand the method of making them. Can any one help me? And lastly, what material is generally used in making hassocks?

X. Y. Z.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—May I, too, join the family circle or HOUSEHOLD Band? A few months' perusal of THE HOUSEHOLD has made it a welcome friend and the helpful Letters and Chats in the

Kitchen, have aroused me to a determination to add my mite of experience.

If Salena S. and others troubled in the same manner will use some of the excellent soaps made expressly to save hard rubbing and boiling and follow directions closely, they will soon discard both washer and boiler, and be delighted with the result. Our washing for six in the family, (excepting starched and large pieces, which go to the Chinaman,) varies from fifty to seventy pieces, and my daughter and I easily get them on the lines in two and one-half or three hours. They are white and sweet as possible, and we use neither washer nor boiler, nor are our hands parboiled by hot suds. I do not wish to trespass on your space, but I am anxious for the tired, over-heated sisters, weekly the victims of a blue Monday, to discard hard rubbing, hot water, and an equally unpleasant temperature in the kitchen, and try our simple method.

We use warm water with a large tablespoonful of borax, dissolved in about two pailfuls. Wet the clothes thoroughly, then drawing them up on the wash-board for convenience rub each piece well with soap, then roll tightly and lay in the water, taking napkins and fine articles first, and repeating the process with the colored pieces in a separate tub. This done, being careful to soap well the more soiled portions, the dishes may be washed, rooms tidied, and beds made, (if they have been sufficiently aired,) while the soap performs the hardest part of the washing. Having remained well covered with water for one-half or three-quarters of an hour, begin with the first articles soaped, rub lightly, wring, and lay aside until both tubs are empty, for fresh water. Rinse well in plenty of clear water, and put through a nice blue water, using a wringer the last time. Try this, and tell THE HOUSEHOLD of your success.

H. S. B.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—First allow me to thank you for the valuable bridal present (THE HOUSEHOLD), and find enclosed one dollar and ten cents for renewal of subscription, as I should feel lost not to have it come in next month. As a young and inexperienced housekeeper, I find THE HOUSEHOLD of great value, and can recommend it to all who take interest in making home pleasant. I have thought for some time I'd write to the sisters of the Band, but as my experience away down south is so different from theirs, I have withheld. Now my husband's official duties keep him employed, and I have an old family servant (colored) who relieves me of all drudgery and with THE HOUSEHOLD to aid, and me to direct her, we get on nicely with our housework, which always brings smiles from his countenance when he enters. At the table he often says, "You have been consulting THE HOUSEHOLD, haven't you?" Often recommends THE HOUSEHOLD to other young housekeepers, telling them of my experience and success.

I will close by telling L. M. Hill that Scotch snuff sprinkled lightly on her plants will destroy the flies.

MRS. W. L. AGEE.

P. S. I am glad my wife has concluded to renew her subscription to THE HOUSEHOLD, and will advise all men to subscribe to it who are fond of good edibles, especially if things are scarce, for my wife has learned to make "delicious egg plants" of cucumbers, and "splendid turkey hash" of bacon. She says she will send the sisters a recipe for making nice kiss pudding without using kisses. But they must have a stiff upper lip and make up their minds to eat any and every thing that is recommended by THE HOUSEHOLD.

W. L. AGEE.

Alabama.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—As this is my first appearance among this vast multitude, it will not be at all surprising if I appear a little green. But remembering that the great drama of life would be but partially acted without the small scenes combined with the larger and more important, I beg leave of Mr. Crowell to act my small part. Not that I expect to act a very prominent part on this great stage, but just to ventilate a few of my impressions received through my intercourse with the outside world, as my present position brings me in contact with nearly all classes of society.

The scene in which I will appear at this time is

equality in the family. We often see a farmer who has every convenience for lightening his labors in the field, while his wife is forced to get along with the bare necessities in housekeeping utensils, simply because he does not have the work to do indoors and he considers it no advantage to him to invest in modern improvements, as his wife has nothing else to do but the housework, and she has time enough to do it and as she always has got along, why, of course she always can, etc.

A little circumstance came under my observation not long since which rather compelled me to solicit this little corner in THE HOUSEHOLD, in which I might speak and thus relieve my mind of the indignation I felt at the time. I was invited to spend the day with some friends in the town of B., and of course it was a very enjoyable occasion as is always the case when friends have been long separated. The dinner was in every respect a success, nothing was lacking which was necessary to satisfy the cravings of the inner man, in fact, it was so nearly a perfect day, that I sometimes wonder how I found time to entertain the little feeling of disgust which a few remarks produced. I was speaking of the great value of THE HOUSEHOLD, when my friend said:

"I should like so much to take it another year, but my husband thinks it is not a paper he would care for, that it only comes monthly, that if it came every week he would think about taking it."

But the husband did not see its value, and so the wife was obliged to do without it, yet those very delicacies which added so much to his bill of fare that day were prepared from recipes taken from that very HOUSEHOLD which he claimed was "of no use to me," and which his wife had borrowed of a neighbor who had a more appreciative husband.

Methinks I hear some one say, "she believes in woman's rights, and perhaps her husband doesn't humor all her whims." In the first you are right, but in regard to my husband, nothing is pleasure to him in which I cannot share, and it is by seeing others deprived of the many pleasures I receive at his hand that I have launched out on so great a subject as this.

REFORM.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Is there room for one more? If so, I would like to step into some remote corner of your sanctum for a few moments' chat with the sisters. I have long wanted a little talk with you but knowing there are others much more entertaining than myself, I have thus far kept in the background. To night I have been reading the last number of THE HOUSEHOLD and its pages are so full of good instruction and friendly greetings, that I feel impressed with the idea that I must write.

Perhaps you would like to know what sort of a personage it is, who thus intrudes herself into your presence, so by way of introduction I will tell you, that I belong to that class of individuals styled "old maids," and when I announce that fact please don't banish me, for although the old adage declares us "abominable," and public opinion sets us down as mischief makers, yet I am no worse than the average; I am as fond of THE HOUSEHOLD as any of its seventy thousand subscribers, and am not obliged to ask any "liege lord" in the land for money to pay for it.

I too, am a housekeeper, and have a genuine love for that employment. Though not a model one myself, yet I have a feeling akin to reverence for those who are, for they have acquired an art of which no lady need be ashamed. In addition to my household duties the sole care and teaching of a little girl nine years of age, has been for two years intrusted to me. This may not seem hard to many of you who have several children of your own, but to me, it is a responsible position, and I often bewail my inability to fill it as I ought. The mind of a child must be cared for as well as its body, and to do this aright, we must guard our lips and our actions, that it may see nothing wrong in us that will have a tendency to sour the disposition, or lead it astray. It requires much patience and judgment to train children in the way they should go, and to make them free and happy without being over-indulgent to them. I many times have to go to the great Teacher for wisdom to guide me in granting or refusing the many requests asked of me. It is gratifying to know that my little charge loves me devotedly and shows her love in many ways.

I am much interested in the letters which appear every month in our paper, and often think I would like a peep into the homes of the writers. I know it would be a cheery picture, for those who can write such kind, beautiful letters, cannot fail of making happy homes.

I think Honolulu must be a model housekeeper or she could not get so much time at the piano, but I cannot sympathize with her in "detesting fancy work," for it is my especial delight, and I usually have one or more pieces on hand to catch up in odd moments. I have just finished a piece of embroidery for a towel rack in South Kensington stitch, and have a worsted tidy nearly done, made from directions given by Faith Hopkins in the October number of THE HOUSEHOLD. It is very pretty. Music, I am also fond

of, though my time for practice is somewhat limited there are so many other things which demand my attention. There is never a day or an evening a whit too long for me, and I often wish them longer.

Emily Hayes, your Dining Room Notes are a great help to me. I have prepared many dishes from the directions given and always with good results; your oyster pie is delicious.

I have been much amused in reading the opinions of different ones in regard to the "Johns" having a page in our paper and I am inclined to think that those who have objected will consent after reading the letter of Connecticut Boy, for, surely he spoke truth when he said that, "every man has many spare moments which might be employed to advantage in helping to lighten the burdens which are borne by his wife or mother." I hope the husbands and brothers will profit by his advice for well would it be for wives, mothers and sisters, if there were more men who were willing to lend a helping hand in their leisure moments to lighten the toil of the weaker sex.

There are several men within the circle of my acquaintance, who can cook a dinner, do washing and ironing, or any other housework just as nicely as a woman, and they are not ashamed of it; neither are they "henpecked," "mollycoddled," or effeminate; and no person of sound sense thinks less of them for assisting the women of their households.

SINGLE SISTER.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

GREEN CUCUMBER PICKLES.—For a half-bushel of cucumbers take a pint of coarse salt, (or fine,) dissolve in water enough to cover the cucumbers, pour it boiling hot upon them, let them stand twenty-four hours, pour the brine off, and repeat two successive mornings. The fourth morning drain off the brine and pour on boiling water. Let them stand twenty-four hours, then if they are not filled out plump, pour on boiling water again. When the cucumbers are all filled out plump, they are ready for the vinegar. Put them in the jar or keg in which they are to be kept, and as they are packed put in little bags containing whole allspice, cloves, cinnamon and mustard. Put a little horseradish root among them. (We leave the root out and put all the spice in one bag.) Heat vinegar enough to cover the cucumbers, and pour it over them boiling hot. Cover tight. If Mrs. M. E. B., of Colorado, will try this pickle, I think she will like it. We have kept them until May, and they would have kept longer had we put up enough.

LEORA.

TOMATO FIGS.—Six pounds of sugar to a peck. Scald and remove the skin, cook their own juice being sufficient, until the sugar penetrates and they are clarified. Flatten and dry in the sun. Some of the syrup should be sprinkled over them when drying. Pack in boxes putting sugar between each layer. Brown sugar may be used.

WASHINGTON CAKE.—Said to have been a favorite with Gen. Washington. One quart of milk, and one ounce of butter, heated together, when lukewarm add two pounds of flour, a cent's worth of yeast, three eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, and put in pans over night. Bake three-fourths of an hour in the morning.

CLITIE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I think Wyoming Subscriber will find these formulas satisfactory. They have been thoroughly tested in our family.

DOUGHNUTS.—Two cups of water, one cup of sugar, two tablespoonsfuls of shortening, one quart of sifted flour, two teaspoonsfuls of baking powder, or two teaspoonsfuls of cream of tartar and one teaspoonful of soda, and a pinch of salt. Flavor to taste.

GINGER SNAPS.—One cup of molasses, one-half cup of shortening, (butter or lard,) put these together, and let them boil, then cool, add one teaspoonful of soda, and spice to taste. We like cinnamon, allspice and cloves, one teaspoonful of each. Mix just stiff enough to roll.

COFFEE CAKE.—One cup of brown sugar, one cup of butter, one-half cup of molasses, one cup of strong, cold coffee, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonsfuls of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves, one cup of raisins or currants, and five cups of sifted flour. Add the fruit last, rubbed in a little of the flour. Bake about one hour.

BROWN BREAD.—One cup of molasses, one tablespoonful of shortening, two cups of hot water, one teaspoonful of soda, one small teaspoonful of salt, and graham flour, will make extremely good bread. Mix about as stiff as for cake. Sift the graham. Steam four hours.

MRS. J. F. D.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Seeing Wyoming Subscriber's request for recipes which do not require milk, I will send her a few.

LAYER CAKE.—One cup of sugar, two eggs, one teaspoonful of butter, one and one-half cups of flour, (very scant,) two teaspoonsfuls of baking powder, and a little salt. Stir all

together, and stir in one-half cup of boiling water.

GOOD CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one egg, one-half cup of water, one heaping cup of flour, one small teaspoonful of soda, spice and raisins.

SUGAR COOKIES.—Two eggs, a little more than one-half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of soda (scant) in four tablespoonfuls of water.

Will some one please send a recipe for sugar cookies that does not require eggs, also, directions for crocheting couch spread?

MARATHON SUBSCRIBER.

SPICED GRAPES.—Seven pounds of grapes, three pounds of sugar, brown or white, one pint of good vinegar, two teaspoonfuls of ground cinnamon, one teaspoonful of ground allspice, and one-half teaspoonful of ground cloves. More spices may be used if desired. Too much will kill the flavor as well as the flavor of the grapes. Stem the grapes, weigh them, pulp them, at the same time taking out the seed. Put the sugar, vinegar and juice of grapes in a stew kettle or preserving kettle. Let it boil and skim. Add spices, then grapes, skins and pulp. Let all get boiling hot and can. It may be kept in stone jars, but I find it pays to seal every thing, fruit is so liable to ferment. When it is canned and sealed it can rest easy. Grapes may be used whole with this same recipe, only they need more cooking. It seems tedious to seed them but with little practice one will be surprised at the speed she can make, and they are so much nicer.

MRS. BATES.

RIBBON CAKE.—Two and one-half cups of sugar, two and one-half cups of flour into which has been sifted two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk and four eggs. Divide into three parts. To one part add one cup of raisins and one cup of currants. Spice to taste and bake. Then put the part with the fruit in between the other two, spreading a very thin layer of jelly between. Frosting may be added if desired.

Frosting.—One teaspoonful of gelatine soaked one hour in one tablespoonful of cold water, then add one tablespoonful of hot water, and one cup of powdered sugar. Stir until smooth, spread on the cake and set away to harden. Do not put it in the oven.

L. A. JACKSON.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—In the recipe for boiled icing which I sent to THE HOUSEHOLD, and which appeared in the August number, I perceive that the number of eggs to be used was omitted. The sentence should have read thus: Then pour slowly the boiling syrup over the beaten whites of three eggs. I send a recipe for making

A DREAM CAKE.—Make a rich batter, and bake it in three layers. The layers should be frosted with confectioner's sugar and the white of eggs. The frosting for the first layer should be flavored with lemon, for the next layer with vanilla, and the top layer should be flavored with a few drops of rose water, and thickly covered with coconut.

UHLMA.

Riverside, W. Va.

DOUGHNUTS.—Two eggs, beat them very light, add one cup of white sugar, a piece of butter about the size of a hickory nut, and one teaspoonful of salt, and season with nutmeg or cinnamon. Beat thoroughly. Then add one cup of sweet milk, one quart of flour, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. The dough should be just about as stiff as biscuit dough. Roll one inch thick, and cut in strips. Good lard and plenty of it in a vessel not too shallow, is very essential to have the doughnuts good. The same lard can be used many times over if one is careful not to scorch it. Pour off the top and throw away the settling, adding fresh lard occasionally. This is in reply to Mrs. E. A. F.'s request in the July number. As Emily Hayes did not reply, I think this will probably be as good.

S. J. CAMPBELL.

Litchfield, Ill.

GOOD LEMON CREAM PIE.—One teacup of powdered sugar, one egg, one tablespoonful of butter, juice and grated rind of one lemon, one teacup of boiling water, and one tablespoonful of corn starch dissolved in cold water; stir the corn starch into the hot water, add the butter and sugar well beaten together. When cool, add the lemon and beaten egg; bake in one crust.

CORN OYSTERS.—One pint of grated green corn, one egg, well beaten, one small tea cup of flour, one half cup of butter, and salt and pepper to taste; fry in lard or butter on a griddle.

I know both these recipes to be good, and if admitted this time I may come again.

North Madison, Ohio. MRS. E. P. W.

RIPE CUCUMBER PICKLES.—I wish to give my recipe for ripe cucumber sweet pickles, which are the nicest I ever ate, and will keep any

length of time. Pare and quarter the cucumbers, scrape out all the seeds, put them into the syrup of vinegar and sugar as prepared for any other sweet pickle, let them boil two or three hours, and splice them to taste. CARO B. HILLMAN.

CORDIAL.—*Ed. Household:*—As you publish many valuable recipes, I will send one that I know to be excellent in all cases of dysentery or other complaints of a similar nature. One pint of brandy, one-half ounce of cloves, unground, one-half ounce of gum arabic, one-quarter ounce of gum camphor, and loaf sugar to make a syrup. One teaspoonful for an adult. Ten drops for an infant. A. W. C.

CARAMEL CAKE.—One-half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, two eggs, one half cup of milk, one and one-half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one-half teaspoonful of soda. Bake in three round plates.

Frosting.—Two-thirds cup of milk, one and one-half cups of sugar, butter half the size of a small egg, boil six or seven minutes, stirring all the time. When cold flavor with one teaspoonful of vanilla, and beat with a spoon until white and thick. Spread between the layers and on the top. It will be dry enough to cut in two days. Frosting can be made the day before you make the cake.

DEMOCRATS.—Three eggs, one-half cup of milk, one-fourth cup of sugar, one pint of flour, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, sifted with the flour twice. Bake in patty pans letting them get hot before putting in the batter. To be eaten with maple syrup. H. L. B.

NICE BREAKFAST DISH.—One part of chopped ham, fried or boiled, and two parts of bread crumbs, wet up with milk. Put the batter into gem pans and break one egg over each. Sprinkle the top thickly with cracker crumbs, and bake until browned over.

LEONE.

ROLL JELLY CAKE.—Three eggs, one cup of sweet milk, one and one-half cups of sugar, two cups of flour or only a little more, one teaspoonful of lemon extract, a little salt, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. This makes two cakes.

MRS. L. E. ALLEN.

HOW TO COOK SALSIFY.—After having scraped well, cut in small pieces, and boil in salted water until soft. Mash fine, add a small lump of butter, and a little more salt if there is not enough. Prepare this early in the morning or the day before so that it may be cold. To a heaping cupful of the salsify, mashed, make a batter of one cup of milk, one cup of prepared flour, (or use something to lighten it,) and one egg, two makes them nicer, then boil them in lard as you would doughnuts. Parsnips cooked in the same way are delicious.

Will some one tell how to set the colors of chintz that fades with washing. I. V. L.

tomato SOUP.—A quart of canned tomatoes, three pints of milk, a large tablespoonful of flour, butter the size of an egg, pepper and salt to taste, and a scant teaspoonful of soda. Put the tomato on to stew, and the milk in a double kettle to boil, reserving half a cupful to mix with flour. Mix the flour smoothly with the cold milk, stir into the boiling milk, and cook ten minutes. To the tomato add the soda, stir well and rub through a strainer, add butter, salt and pepper to the milk, and then the tomato. Serve immediately.

ISABEL.

BLACKBERRY PUDDING.—Fill a pudding dish three-fourths full of fresh blackberries, put over this a crust made as for rich cream biscuit, and about as thick. Bake until the crust is done. Eat while warm with sugar and cream.

CARRIE.

TO SERVE COLD MEATS.—Cut or chop any kind of meat, season with salt and pepper and place in a mold. Boil the bones and bits of meat with an onion or two cut fine. When boiled enough, strain, dissolve one spoonful of Cox's gelatine, and add to it. Pour over the meat, and set away until the next day. I sometimes roll a cracker or two and add, with a little melted butter. Nice for tea.

COM.

RAISED LOAF CAKE.—One cup of butter, three and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of lard, seven cups of flour, one cup of yeast, two eggs, one pint of milk, one small pinch of soda, one-fourth pound of citron. Warm the milk, then add half the flour, and one cup of shortening, one cup of sugar, and the cup of yeast. Let this stand three or four hours. Then take the remainder with spice and raisins, and mix all together. Let it stand in a warm place over night. Just before putting into the pans add the soda and citron.

ONE OF THE DAISIES.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Can some one of the sisters tell me what to do for my canary? He has not bathed for six months nor can we induce him to do so, although before that he was glad to bathe every day. Is a fine singer but now sings only a little.

MARJOLAIN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one kindly tell me what will clean Russian stove pipe that is streaked by water running from the chimney? Also, what can I do to keep moths out of my carpets? I have the doors open nearly all the time and have the floor covered with pepper but they seem to like that.

Many thanks to N. E. R. for the graham pudding in the June number.

MRS. JOHN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I wish to thank the sisters for recipes given for my benefit. I did not succeed in stiffening the whites of the eggs for floating island as directed. What is the difficulty?

Can some one please answer the following inquiries? How to make cream cakes? How to prevent currants from falling in cake? How to wash light pink satin? How to treat English violets? Are the words in the Oratorio of the Creation taken from Paradise Lost? A reply will greatly benefit

C. A. F.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Please say to Mrs. S. Hills that I at once tried her recipe for starch for shirts in June, and think it splendid, as the borax helps to stiffen them. I mix with a very little cold water, and then with very hot water, to soften the wax.

D. S. COWGILL.

Frederick, Kan.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some sister please give directions for making chow chow such as we buy in the stores?

J. L. V.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Amethyst who gives a method for preparing eggs in the May number, tell me if she strains the lime? I would suppose any sediment would be too heating. Please let me know soon, as I would like to take advantage of any quantities I might have, as the sure time comes when there is neither butter, eggs, and very little else in the mountains of California.

WORK AND WIN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please give a recipe for removing cedar stain from white goods, also for removing stains from white marble?

MRS. ALBERT KIMBALL.

Springfield, Ky.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Koziah Butterworth in the August number asks for a recipe for elderberry pie. I think mine is nice. When they get ripe, I take eleven pounds of berries, three pounds of sugar, and one pint of vinegar, stew down till quite thick and pack away in jars with paper over them. In the winter I take three tablespoonfuls for a pie, two or three spoonfuls of sugar, fill up the pie plate with water, stir up, dust a little flour over, a bit of butter, cover with a top crust and bake. They are excellent.

MRS. R. MATHEWS.

Fair Haven, Cayuga Co., N. Y.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one of the kind sisters please tell me how to make ice cream such as we buy at the confectioners? Would also like it if some one would tell me how to make water ices?

MATTIE DAVIS.

Merkel, Texas.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—M. asks how to freshen up a black lace veil. Please tell her to sponge it carefully with strong coffee. While still damp lay it on a thick ironing sheet, wrong side uppermost, put tissue paper over it, and iron until it is dry and smooth. This is a milliner's method. Coffee is the best thing I know of for freshening all sorts of black lace, ribbon, silk, etc., and even alpaca and cashmere. Old-fashioned "shiny" silk treated to strong coffee and a warm iron over paper on the wrong side looks like new silk. The coffee should be settled until it is perfectly clear.

HELEN HERBERT.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters please answer the following inquiries through the columns of our paper? How to get rid of red and black ants and carpet bugs? How to make an omelet? How to keep a hot house bouquet fresh? How to varnish autumn leaves?

Massachusetts. M. C. F.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Mrs. H. P. inquires for a recipe for bay rum.

Best.—Oil of bay, two and one-half ounces; Jamaica rum, one gallon; alcohol, one half gallon; water, one-half gallon. Mix and filter through paper if considered necessary.

Cheap, such as barbers use.—Oil of bay, two drams; oil of pimento, (allspice,) twelve drops; acetic ether, three and one-half drams; alcohol,

seventy-six ounces; water, sufficient to make one gallon. Color with tincture of curcuma.

Hans Dorcomb can easily remove ink stains from the hands without injury to the skin. There are two sorts of inks, those known as iron inks, and the aniline inks. Iron inks are removed by oxalic acid and aniline inks by solution of chloride of soda or of chloride of lime. The former is better. The same may be applied to clothing; but as soon as the solutions are applied and the stain removed, always immediately immerse them in cold water and thoroughly rinse. Iron and aniline ink stains may be distinguished from one another by staining a piece of cloth with the ink in question. If oxalic acid does not remove it, it is aniline ink, if it does it is an iron ink.

JOHN E. GOFF.

Newport, R. I.

Will any of the subscribers of our paper give directions for coloring a good black on wool with extract of logwood? And oblige an OLD SUBSCRIBER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters send me the recipe for good apple jelly?

M. C. WEBB.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters please tell me just how they prepare chocolate frosting, also frosting made from the yolks of eggs, just how much sugar and all the details so that I shall be sure and have good luck? Also what makes my frosting to lemon pies and tapioca cream settle away from the outside edge?

IDA SNOW.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters of the Band oblige me by giving some ornamental dishes for tea or dessert?

J. F. S.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the subscribers to our paper inform me of a good remedy for sciatica? My husband has been troubled with it for several months.

H. B. G.

New Jersey.

Will some one tell me how to remedy the disagreeable smell of the oil in a lamp which is used only once in a while in warm weather?

MRS. M. R. L.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to obtain some directions for making soups. Will some of the skilled members of the Band tell me through the columns of our paper? Also will some one suggest nice ways for cooking codfish?

I wish to express my thanks for the many helps which I have received from "our" paper and which have often compensated for lack of experience?

A. M. C.

Will some sister of the Band give her mode of preparing pressed chicken? And oblige

A BEGINNER.

One of the sisters wishes to know how she can use green grapes. We had a quantity of unripe grapes last fall, and I cooked them in a porcelain kettle with a little water, then sifted them through a coarse sieve which took out all the skin and stones, then put the pulp back into the kettle and added sugar until it suited my taste, then let it simmer awhile and it made very nice sauce, better than that made from ripe grapes.

O. O.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Peggy wants to know how to cleanse a stone jar that has become soiled with butter and rancid. Place the jar upside down over fresh earth and let it remain a number of days. It will be perfectly sweet and free from any unpleasant odor.

SARAH M.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please tell me how to make the regular old "down south" hoe cake?

ANNIE ROSS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I would say to Omega to use about three pints of boiling water and one coffee cup of starch. And I forgot to say that shirts and collars must be starched dry and then dried by the fire. The spermactil stiffens and the wax polishes and you can bend your collars to the shape, and they will keep clean longer and look nicer than any I have seen done other ways. I hope I have made these directions plain, as I really intended to do the others.

MRS. J. LYONS.

Tell Jessica that a liberal handful of salt added to the water her black calicos are washed in will prevent fading and especially "running."

Please ask some one to give a list of cakes that will keep six months or more if well made.

F. L. J.

The Parlor.

HE GIVETH SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

Songs in the night of weariness our Father gives to those Who, burdened with the toils of life, are longing for re-

pose. Oh, hear his song of tenderness to all who are oppressed. "Come unto me ye weary ones and I will give you rest."

The night of fierce temptation when sin wrestles with the soul,

And, strong as a tumultuous sea, it almost gains control; There comes a cheering melody, with promise sweet and sure,

"I will sustain thee, tempted one, and bless if ye endure."

The night of stern affliction, when in sorrow and in pain, You gaze upon dear pallid lips that will not smile again, Oh, listen to the loving song that floats down from the sky,

"Although thou knowest not what I do, thou shalt know by and by."

Songs in the night of loneliness, if life seems cold and drear;

If you are longing for your friends when not a friend is near,

That same old song is breathed to you—as sweet as when 'twas new,

"I will not leave you comfortless, for I will come to you."

The night of deep anxiety, when torn and tossed about By waves of dread uncertainty, perplexity and doubt, Then hear the song of Him who stilled the waves of Galilee,

"Peace! anxious heart—be still—be still—my peace I leave with thee."

The night of sore discouragement, when labor for the Lord

Still seems to bring no harvest in, no glorious reward, A song of cheer is sent to you in accents strong and deep,

"If ye faint not and weary not, in due time ye shall reap."

The night of secret troubles which no other heart may know,

That only can be told to God with breathings soft and low,

"Cast all thy burdens on the Lord, and he will give thee aid;

Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

Songs in the night of illness, when you suffer all alone, And vainly long to reach the land where pain is never known.

A song is waited down from heaven to soothe the worst alarms:

"I love thee, and beneath thee are the everlasting arms."

Songs in the night of death, when you walk down the valley dim,

And feel your shrinking, trembling feet o'erstepping Jordan's brim,

A song of love will go with you across that narrow sea: "Thou passest through the waters, but, my child, I am with thee."

And when that dark, cold night is done there shall be no more night,

But we shall dwell forever where our Lord is all the light.

There shall be no more hunger, neither sorrow, pain nor fears,

For God Himself shall be with us, and wipe away all tears.

RENA ROSS.

HOW TO BEGIN.

BY MRS. S. A. F. HERBERT.

CHAPTER V.

FANNY was much pleased with the location of the store which stood near the post office fronting a fine park containing groups of fine old trees. The busiest street surrounded this park, occupied almost exclusively by stores and other business resorts on the ground floor, with offices and occasionally tenements above. Allan's room and the whole third floor was very pleasant, being quiet and airy from its height, and commanding a fine view of the park in front, and of the river and falls in the rear.

"You seem to have free range here," said Fanny, as Allan led her through a great empty back apartment, only filled with boxes, papers and a variety of litter from former storage.

"Yes, it is unoccupied and I am free to use all I wish. So you see I have made this corner my kitchen, having picked up without much expense, my culinary outfit, including this really good cooking stove, which I bought at the price of old iron, it having been discarded on account of its broken lining, and the pattern of the stove being an old lost one it could not be replaced. I succeeded in fitting a lin-

ing from waste pieces of soapstone at the stone works."

"How do you ever get things up here?" asked Fanny.

"See, here is a back place with a pulley for lifting things from below, and also stairs down to a quiet back street. Mr. Rivers has curtailed his business, which formerly required this place for storage, and as it is not partitioned, and arranged for a tenement, and he may enlarge his business to need it for its former use, it had been quite vacant for over a year when I took possession."

Allan waited for a time when Mr. Rivers was alone in his counting room, and complied with his request to call with Fanny who soon inquired:

"Mr. Rivers, can you suggest any thing to aid us in securing a comfortable tenement within our means?"

"Indeed, I cannot, Miss Field," he replied. "I am ashamed that in my employ such a man as Mr. Doane should need to exercise such economy. I have been struggling up from the brink of failure, and am doing very poorly for my employees, although the best I can. Will not boarding be your resource?"

Fanny smilingly offered for solution the problem of board for two at five dollars each per week, to be met, besides all other expenses, from a salary of five hundred dollars. Allan made confession that he had saved one hundred and twelve dollars by rooming and boarding himself over head the last six months, begging pardon if he had trespassed by doing the latter without permission. Mr. Rivers expressed cordial approval with fresh assurances of regret at the smallness of his salary. Then Allan said he observed he was needed in the store, as these were the busiest hours, and if Fanny would excuse him and, after finishing her call, walk alone to Mr. Lacy's, he would help awhile, although he had been excused for the day.

"That is like him," said Mr. Rivers to Fanny when they were left alone. "He has made my interest his own, just as much as if he were my partner, as I heartily wish he could be. I am virtually alone now, and need just such a junior partner; only there is positive need of some more money in the concern."

"How much would suffice, Mr. Rivers?"

"Something less than fifteen hundred dollars might answer, with a small annual addition instead of withdrawal. But Mr. Doane was sure he could furnish nothing, since even if he could hire money, he could not hope to repay principal and interest; and he is right not to go into debt."

"He is expecting it will take every dollar we have, even with extreme economy, to get through the first year of house keeping. But, Mr. Rivers, if you could spare us that third floor, where he rooms, a year for a moderate rent, I really think he might manage to put about fifteen hundred dollars into the business, and keep it there."

"You are welcome to use the vacant rooms rent free. Mr. Doane's presence in the building is more than an adequate return, and with his neat storage the second floor will be ample for the business for at least a year to come. But I can't afford money to fit it up suitably for a home. If the business would have allowed me to do that I should have rented it ere now."

"We will make it answer," cried Fanny, joyfully, "and I am most grateful to you for your offer. It is ever so much pleasanter and healthier than any of the tenement houses I have seen, and very nice people, I know, live over stores fronting the park."

"Oh yes, it is all quite proper and right, but not fashionable, Miss Field.

But won't you be homesick and lonesome up there, and how will you manage with so few conveniences?"

"We will create them," she said, "or so simplify our living as to do without them; and it is not fashion for which I care, but my husband's—Allan's I mean—permanent benefit. I shall be too busy to be homesick. Will you have all the clerks you need, or might I serve as such afternoons and so help things on?"

"If Mr. Doane becomes partner your service half the day in the place he has filled will be most welcome; but I can only pay the same salary I have to him. That is at the rate of five hundred dollars a year for the time you work."

"Oh, thank you, that is liberal, and will make ends meet nicely, if I prove competent. But, about the partnership, will thirteen or fourteen hundred dollars answer, with the probability of the balance of the fifteen hundred in six months?"

"Yes, but if you should want any of the principal I could not withdraw it from the business. Mr. Doane would have his proportionate share of our profits. If we prosper, he ought to get at least a thousand dollars the first year, besides seven per cent. on the money he puts in, for which he would own a share of the stock (goods in the store) equal to his principal. Our interest will be mutual. We must stand or fall together, and the firm will be Rivers and Doane. My desire to have your Allan as my sole partner is the highest compliment I can pay his worth and his business capacity."

At this point Mr. Rivers was interrupted by business. Fanny went up to the third floor, and producing a tape measure and pencil and paper from her little hand bag, took the measure of the windows which were large and handsome, with plate glass, and then, seating herself on one of the many boxes which littered the room she put the full power of her brain into converting the desolation into a habitable home.

"Allan's room, which opens into the entry and staircase must be our parlor," she thought, "because our callers will then come and go without passing through this great space which must be divided into apartments by curtains, or screens; and it is fortunate there is that one little room which Allan uses for a bed room, opening into what will be the parlor. That must be my winter kitchen, and we shall only need to warm those two rooms. Three-quarters of our wants are artificial and I mean to simplify the work to the utmost, since my time as well as Allan's will be money, and a little money this year is perhaps to change our prospects for all our lives. What will it matter whether we eat pies and cake, or whether we have every thing in precisely the best shape for a time, provided we keep our health and happiness, and substantial prosperity. I will not spend so much as one penny for dress, even for my wedding, and we will use these boxes for tables and closets and bureaus, and drink, as Allan has, from these tin cups, or even eat off clean shingles for plates, with the pocket knives we now possess, rather than let him lose this opportunity to the utmost, since my time as well as Allan's will be money, and a little

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ing, in full, all measures which she thought she should need for her future housekeeping. She then went down through the store, and agreeing with Allan, who was still very busy, to meet her at half past five in the park, she went to see Mrs. Vance. Her piano, purchased with her own money, had cost, seven years before, eight hundred dollars. Although she possessed only ordinary talent for instrumental music, she had, by perseverance become a fair performer, which, as she had a very pure, sweet voice in song, was a valuable acquisition. But when she left to teach, she had let the piano for ten dollars a quarter to Mrs. Vance, who gave music lessons, and had offered her, just before she went to Mrs. Kemp's, four hundred dollars for the piano. The business was soon completed as Mrs. Vance renewed her offer, had the purchase money in the bank, and gave Fanny her check for four hundred and twenty dollars, which included two quarters' rent. She had brought with her in currency the proceeds of about six months' earnings at the farm, which with her previous deposits which included one of forty dollars for rent of piano, brought up her bank account to one thousand and thirty-one dollars exclusive of interest. She only reserved five dollars for personal expenses, as something more would be coming to her from the farm, for, although she would spend the remaining two weeks before her marriage in working for herself, there would be something still due on the butter account. Mrs. Kemp would have given her the premium twenty dollars, had she not positively refused to touch it.

When Allan met her in the park they sat in a retired nook to converse, and Fanny reported her interview with Mr. Rivers, and told him she had one thousand and thirty-one dollars, which he could draw at any moment, and use if he wished to enter into the partnership, and she added:

"You can make up the needed balance with the money you have reserved for beginning housekeeping; for, if you please, we will live over the store, and we shall only need a little money to buy a few indispensable things, and Mrs. Kemp will lend me some odds and ends of furniture, which have accumulated at the old farm house, and my half clerk's salary, and your profits will be coming in to meet our wants. It is for you, Allan, who know, or may know, all about the business of which I am ignorant, to investigate thoroughly, and decide for us both whether, with this capital, you can do better in this partnership than in any other way."

"Fanny, I am too astonished and pleased to know how to answer you! It seems incredible to me that you have accumulated all this money."

"If you would like to see how I have done it, I think I have here the items. It is just an informal account such as women keep for their own information. With regard to the first item of eighty dollars for my last year's teaching, I want to tell you that when I went I had a little pocket money, the last of my own, which paid my traveling and incidental expenses so that I was able to save all I earned, except what my board cost." She handed him the following account:

PECUNIARY ITEMS.

School money, minus board, \$5 per week for 16 weeks	\$80.00
Lacy wages minus \$5 reserved for use	95.00
Butter perquisites for 28 weeks	216.00
Greens, fruit, etc., averaging \$3.61 a week for 28 weeks	101.08
Wages from Mrs. Kemp, \$3 a week for 28 weeks	84.00
Proceeds from sale of piano	400.00
Rent of piano, six quarters, minus \$5 reserved for use	55.00
Total (interest not included)	\$1031.00

When Allan had thoughtfully considered the items he returned the paper saying:

"This very clear statement of how you have earned the money only increases my surprise. It shows very clearly that the position of helper at a farm-house may, without loss to the employer, be made far more profitable than a school to an effective woman whose heart is in her work. I have here in my pocket-book the items of my own bank account, which will show you that I have only been able to accumulate a trifle over four hundred dollars." And he passed her the following items:

SUMMARY OF BANK ACCOUNT.

Balance to my credit, April first	\$262.25
Seven months' usual savings from salary	29.16
Saved on board \$3 per week for 28 weeks	84.00
Saved, room rent \$1 per week for 28 weeks	28.00
Total	\$403.41

She glanced it over, and exclaimed gladly:

"Your self-denial is rewarded by having enough to make up the fourteen hundred dollars for the partnership, if you know Mr. Rivers' business, and feel that it is best."

"I do know the business very fully. It rests on sure foundation, is carefully managed, and I have felt that my fortune would be made had I but this amount of capital with which to enter it unencumbered. But you have earned and saved it with such labor and perseverance, and much of it in such ways as are very unusual to a young lady of the present day. And it seems to me that instead of all this future self-denial and privation, and labor you propose, you ought to have out of it, at our marriage, a pretty home worthy of you and your culture."

"And won't we have that, and much more out of it, all in due time, if you succeed in business? It seems to me it might just keep us poor all our lives to use this money for an expensive rent, and furniture, and trousseau, and a showy wedding, and cards and tour; for all of which it would not suffice."

"But you know it is only for once we are to be married, and a pleasure to look back upon, and you have earned the right to have what young ladies prize. Perhaps, too, some other means of advancement may open to me later."

"And perhaps not, Allan, I am sure young folks err in not saving and using the first few hundreds, or thousands, for capital, instead of what perishes in using. If you were a farmer I should say buy land and stock with the money. If a mechanic, a shop, tools, materials. If a literary man, with a salary, invest it in a mortgage, or some absolutely sure security, as something to fall back upon in times of need."

"If young ladies all felt as you do there would be less impecuniosity, and debt, and failure, and attendant misery."

"Then, Allan, you do see the wisdom of what I wish, and will please me by using all we have, just as you think best for a start in life. We will not begin our housekeeping by competing with the rich, but so humbly that we can scarcely need to fall, and shall have plenty of room to rise."

"It shall be as you say, Fanny, and I will see Mr. Rivers this evening. I did not know what he meant when he said just as I left this afternoon, that he would be at home at half past seven this evening, if I wished to see him about partnership. He said, also, that Mrs. Rivers would invite us there to-morrow. They are living much more simply than formerly, having begun too high, and having come near failure in the old firm. Mr. Rivers thinks his past experience a great security for the future, and so do I, as he will now only increase the busi-

ness on actual capital, invested in secure stocks, and sold for cash."

"That is my obliging Allan. Get it all arranged to-night and order the new sign, 'Rivers and Doane.' Be sure it is painted in desirable colors, and spelled and punctuated correctly. I will give you an order for the money before you go. Now we must walk briskly not to keep them waiting tea for us at Mr. Lacy's. What will they say to the partnership?"

It will advance me in their estimation, Fanny, but they won't like our living over the store."

"That won't hurt us any, Allan. It is the way Stewart began, and the way they do in Europe, as we shall see one of these years when we go abroad. Those who choose to call on us shall find your bachelor sanctum transformed into a tasteful parlor, and they won't enter further into my domestic economy. If they do, they shall find neatness and order, and an extremity of thrift, of which I shall be proud, not ashamed."

"Really, Fanny, if I go into the business we can afford to board; and will not that be best, especially if you assist in the store?"

"Then we must both go to and fro in all weathers, and have no home. But this I can do if you think best. I can keep domestic help, and do full service in the store. Susie has become attached to me, and Mrs. Kemp has an older and stronger woman in view for the farm work, and Susie would do nicely with me. She is very conscientious and willing, sews and mends well, and would be happy in my service."

"I wonder where all this will end," laughed Allan.

"It ends, just now, in taking tea at my guardian's, and not saying one word of all this until every thing is settled beyond recall. They will wonder where you got your capital, for they know they did not leave me a dollar of my property with which to help you or myself. But there is my substantial education, and a stock of clothing, and some knick knacks, and my sewing machine, and books, and the piano money, and the old furniture, which altogether have helped us not a little."

"You might easily have made the substantial education a superficial one, and all the rest you have named of no money value. It is the faculty of utilizing things instead of wasting them, which often makes the difference between poverty and wealth. Here we are in good time, despite our business talk, and it is quite time you rested, Fanny."

AUNT RUTH'S VISIT AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY MRS. S. E. DAWES.

"Why, John, home so soon? I didn't expect you for an hour yet and so of course tea isn't ready."

"I didn't expect it would be, they are doing some repairs in the office, and so I got off an hour earlier. You almost invariably ask me what the news is when I come home, but although you haven't asked, I have a piece of news for you."

"Oh, what is it John? something important I know by your looks."

"Well I have a letter from Aunt Ruth, who says if it is agreeable she'll come and make us a long visit, and get acquainted with you."

"John, is she the aunt you have told me so much about, that could do any thing and every thing, and was such a wonderful housekeeper?"

"The very same, Carrie."

A comical look of dismay settled over Carrie's winsome face, as she answered with a sigh:

"Oh dear, then, what will she think of me, and of my scantily furnished house?"

"Think! what should she think but that I have a thrifty little wife, and a cosy home all my own? To be sure, it lacks furnishing, but we have enough to get along with for the present, and the rest will come sometime if we are prospered."

"Yes, I know it, John, and it is plenty good enough for us, but when we have company I sometimes wish the house didn't look quite as bare."

"Well, dear, you needn't mind Aunt Ruth, she wouldn't have us spend a cent more in furnishing than we can afford. Let us begin our housekeeping life, Carrie, with the idea that what is good enough for ourselves is plenty good enough for any company who may visit us. By doing so, we shall become more truly hospitable than those who in the fussy care of their guests really give them annoyance instead of pleasure."

"I dare say I shall get along with Aunt Ruth quite nicely. When does she come?"

"Day after to-morrow, and in the mean time, don't tire yourself all out in getting the house in order, it looks plenty well enough now."

"Little he knows about it," thought Carrie, "it hasn't been so stirred up since we moved in."

The eventful day came, and notwithstanding her husband's sage advice, Carrie went over the house again and again, to make sure every thing was all right.

At length she heard John's cheery voice call out, "Here we are," and she hastened into the hall to see him escorting up the steps the kindest-faced, most motherly-looking woman she had seen for a long time. Her face was still blooming, with but few wrinkles, and if it had not been for her snowy curls she might have passed for a person just entering middle life, instead of one who had already commenced its downward slope.

"This is my Carrie, Aunt Ruth," was all the introduction John gave, and nothing more was needed, for he saw with delight, that with both of them it was a case of love at first sight.

Aunt Ruth refused to be made a guest of, even that first night, and helped Carrie so deftly in clearing away the tea things, that it seemed but a few minutes to John before they both came in ready for the cosy chat he was so longing for.

Next day after the morning housework was disposed of, Carrie took Aunt Ruth all over the house.

"You see there is a great deal to do in the furnishing line," she said, "but we thought it best to move in and get things for the house as fast as we could."

"A very sensible decision, I wish all young people, starting in life, would follow your example; if they would, we should have less disappointments and failures. The house is quite a model of convenience, pray, who was the architect?" asked Aunt Ruth.

"John and I planned it all," said Carrie blushing, with pleasure, "you see there isn't a bit of waste room, and plenty of closets and all that."

"Yes, you are especially rich in closets and every housekeeper knows their worth. How long have you been living here?"

"Just two months," said Carrie, "we made no wedding tour but came directly here. Our motto is 'pay as you go,' so we have made very little progress in the furnishing as you see. We did indulge in a carpet for the parlor as we found we could secure an especial bargain then, and I thought the pattern such a lovely one."

"Yes, I have been admiring it myself. Now, Carrie, dear, I have a word to say about this furnishing. I have never yet

given you any wedding present, I reserved it until I saw what you needed most. I think I will give it to you in money, and although only fifty dollars, if you will allow me to suggest plans and assist you in carrying them out, you will find it will go a great way in furnishing your house."

"Oh, Aunt Ruth, how delightful! Of course I should like nothing better than your judgment in planning and executing. Fifty dollars is such a generous sum and as you say so much can be done with it."

"Well, dear, the sooner we get to business the better. I suppose as you are young people you have no old-fashioned furniture to drag from its seclusion, and make available for modern use."

"Not here, auntie, but when the furniture at the old homestead was divided, John said he had his share stored in the garret, and it is there. I believe he considers it a mere mass of rubbish."

"You have never seen it then."

"Never. I have made only one visit there since I was married. You know John's brother Henry lives there now and carries on the farm. It is a delightful place to visit, and I mean to be more neighborly in the future."

"I propose we take a drive over there to-morrow. I want to see the old place once more, and visit Henry and his folks, and last, but not least, I want to inspect your furniture."

The day was fine and the visit of Aunt Ruth and Carrie at the farm house opportune, for just before their arrival the children had brought in several quarts of blackberries, the first of the season. This fruit was an especial favorite with Aunt Ruth, and Carrie too thought them delicious.

The visit to the garret was made in due time, and Aunt Ruth's exclamations of delight as she brought to light one after another, some antique piece of furniture, quite astonished Carrie.

"Rubbish indeed! Why, Carrie, John possesses a perfect bonanza here in this old furniture. I wouldn't dare to say how much some of it would bring, if he were to sell it."

"You don't mean that it is valuable in that way?"

"Yes, dear, I do. This furniture of a hundred years ago and more is becoming quite the fashion again. It was mostly rich and heavy and substantially made, and families who have inherited it from their ancestors are quite proud to furnish their modern homes with it."

"Then really, we are rich, auntie, in this respect; would you have it moved over to the house at once?"

"By all means; and you had better have it put up in the spare chamber out of John's sight for the present. We'll surprise him one of these days."

Fortunately a business trip which John's employers had been wishing him to make, and which would take him away for two weeks, was planned for this time, so our plotters had the house to themselves, and right merrily they set to work.

An excursion was first made to the neighboring city, and Aunt Ruth and Carrie came home with their arms full of packages besides giving orders for the express man to bring several more.

"Now this cretonne," said Aunt Ruth, undoing the bundle, "will match your parlor carpet beautifully, you see. The ferns upon it are very similar to those in the carpet, and harmonize in color, there is so much to be thought of in this respect. There is enough here to cover that old lounge, the antique easy chair I admired so much, and an ottoman."

"But auntie, we have no ottoman among the furniture."

"No, but we'll make one out of that box the express man brought. It only

cost a trifle, but you'll see it will be quite a stylish piece of furniture when it is done."

In making their purchases, Aunt Ruth seemed to have thought of every thing they could possibly need to work with, so the task of furnishing the house went bravely on, and all the hardest part of it was done when John returned. His trip had taken him over three weeks instead of two, which under the peculiar circumstances was quite fortunate.

As he entered the front door, a neat hat rack hung upon the wall, and an umbrella stand of quaint shape stood in the corner behind the door.

"I haven't mistaken the house, have I?" said John, looking about him.

"Oh, no, it is the veritable home nest which you left," said Carrie, enjoying his look of surprise, "we've been fixing it up a little, Aunt Ruth and I; shall we show you what we've been about, or are you too tired?"

"Tired! no indeed. Let me see all you have to show at once, it probably won't take a great while."

"That depends upon how closely you scrutinize the articles shown you," said Carrie. "In the first place, let me introduce to the parlor."

"Whew!" exclaimed John, halting upon the threshold and gazing about him in wonder. "Well! well! where on earth did all this handsome furniture come from?"

"Then you really think it is pretty, and that we've displayed good taste," asked Carrie demurely.

"Why, yes, certainly, I don't know of a cosier, more tastefully furnished parlor anywhere. But how has all this happened? I left no extra money, and you know we've pledged each other to run up no bills."

"Oh, that's all right, John, you'll have no bills sent in for any thing you find in the house. Aunt Ruth gave me fifty dollars for my wedding present and with her help in planning we've furnished our house, as you'll see when I get through showing it, quite respectably."

"I am still mystified, Carrie, it doesn't seem to me fifty dollars could have furnished what I see in this room, and yet you speak of furnishing the house."

"Well, John, I suppose I must explain. That lounge which you see is covered so comfortably, that antique chair, the table in the center, and the little table in the bay window, were all found among your possessions in the garret of the old home-stead."

"Impossible, Carrie, that was nothing but old rubbish."

"It is quite possible, John," said Aunt Ruth, "for I discovered them and brought them from their long repose under the rafters."

"You see, John, we polished up the wood work, and covered the lounge and chair with the cretonne, upholstering it ourselves. This ottoman which is covered with the same, was a nice-shaped soap box which we came across in our shopping. We made it so we could lift the cover, you see, and here is a capital receptacle for our backgammon board, chess men, and such things."

"Go on, Carrie, these revelations grow interesting," said John, settling into the old arm chair, with a sigh of satisfaction.

"That claw foot table I consider a gem. Why, Aunt Ruth says it would bring a great price now they are in fashion again. The cover I am really quite proud of, for, I designed it myself, and it was made out of an old piano cover which we came across in a second hand store, and bought for a trifle. The border you see is made of two rows of black velvet ribbon, crossed stitched on the edge, and the vine between the velvet I drew myself, and

worked in outline stitch. The ribbon was some I had on a dress once, so my table cover cost me next to nothing, and isn't it pretty?"

"I should say it was, pray go on with your explanations."

"Well, that straight-backed chair Aunt Ruth said was made by your grandfather, and so we painted it black and the gilding I put on myself. The seat is covered with some embroidery I did when I was a little girl; I never supposed it would make its appearance in my parlor. Those two camp chairs we bought, and although not expensive ones, they are particularly pretty I think, and very easy to sit in. So you see, John, we have quite a tasteful parlor, with but a little expenditure of money."

"Yes, I see, it is just marvelous. I am delighted, too, for now we can take our turn in inviting to the house the reading club; I had begun to feel a little awkward in not being able to do our share in entertaining them."

"I knew you would be pleased, John, but now come to the dining room, I have something to show you there. I got so fascinated, using the paint brush on chairs and small articles, I thought I would try my hand on this floor. What do you think of my border?"

"It is gorgeous, Carrie, how in the world did you do it?"

"I designed the pattern on paper, or rather copied it from a border on a piece of oil cloth, I cut it out, and then pasting it on an old piece of zinc I found, I had a man cut the figure out. I laid this zinc pattern down on my floor, and painted in the spaces. When it was dry I painted the groundwork and I think it quite an invention. Aunt Ruth gave me lots of ideas in the course of our work, but this was entirely my own."

"My astonishment deepens. Pray what is this?" asked John, pointing to a piece of furniture.

"Why, that is my sideboard, John. It was formerly a sort of low bureau, that Aunt Ruth said used to stand in your grandmother's bed room."

"Oh, I remember it; who would have thought of converting it into a sideboard?"

"Aunt Ruth suggested it; she told me of one she saw fixed in this way and how much it was admired. We polished the wood as you see, and brightened the brass handles, and that cover on the top of marble cloth makes it look quite stylish. The three drawers are just splendid for keeping all my table linen and knives, forks and such things. Our little hoard of silver ware makes quite a show on our old new-fashioned sideboard, doesn't it?"

"The whole thing is a show, you ought to have charged me an admission fee."

"I shall be happy to receive any thing you may choose to contribute," said Carrie, laughing.

"Now shall we go up stairs? there have been some changes there. This is the spare room made over."

"I should think it had been made over. Well, I never!" exclaimed John.

"You know," said Carrie, "that I had a blue toilet set given me, and a number of other fancy things all in blue, so I thought we'd have a blue room. Aunt Ruth and I found this lovely bedstead painted in blue, and the bureau to match, they were odd pieces and we got them very cheap. We bought these chairs unpainted, but I managed to get just the shade of paint and did them myself."

"But that commode or wash-stand arrangement, what on earth is that?" asked John.

"Well, that is a dry goods box covered with blue cambric, over which I put dotted muslin. The splasher is made of the same material you see, and

worked with blue worsted. That scrap jar I made of blue cretonne, from a pattern cousin Ellen sent me long ago. You see I painted a blue border round the floor, and we found this lovely square of bocking one day which will do nicely for a carpet, till we can afford something better. Our room is about the same you perceive, only I have added a few fancy things to brighten it up. We've had a busy time with all this furnishing, but I've enjoyed it ever so much."

"And I shall enjoy the result of it hugely" said John, "I never would have believed that fifty dollars wisely expended could have accomplished so much. We have Aunt Ruth to thank, not only for the money itself, but for a great part of the disposing of it, I suspect."

"Of course we have, John, I never should have thought of half the ways of furnishing and fixing up, if she hadn't suggested them. I never can be thankful enough, Aunt Ruth, for your generous present, and for the delightful visit you are making us, I only hope it may be extended indefinitely."

"I'm glad if I've made you happy, children, and you needn't worry about my leaving, you won't see the last of me for some time to come. I think a great part of the enjoyment you will both take in these house furnishings, is in the reflection that so many of them were made from things you actually possessed. Half of the world have no idea how rich they are in articles that can be utilized for use or ornament. Many a country home goes bare and unfurnished, because money is wanting for the purchase of articles, that with a little ingenuity, might be made from the contents of their garrets."

NOTES BY THE WAY.

As some of THE HOUSEHOLD readers are doubtless interested in southern California, they may enjoy going in imagination, over the same ground, which the writer recently passed over, on a camping trip, from Los Angeles to San Diego, the respective county seats of the two counties of the same name, situated in the southern part of California. Therefore I transcribe for their benefit, portions of some notes, taken by the way, as we journeyed along.

All the necessary preparations having been made, a party of five of us, in two covered spring wagons, started from Los Angeles, early May day morning; choosing to make the trip this early in the season rather than later, for we knew that mother earth, covered with a luxuriant growth of vegetation, would be more beautiful than when later in the summer or fall, the country becomes brown, bare and dusty, as our California landscapes are wont to appear in those seasons. We drove past vineyards, orchards of orange trees, which perfumed the air with the rich fragrance of their blossoms, deciduous fruits, just beginning to appear large enough to be noticed on the trees, and finally reached the fields of waving grain, one of which contained ten thousand acres of growing barley. At the San Gabriel river, twelve miles from Los Angeles we encountered the first difficulty, which on account of a recent rain followed by the melting of snow in the mountains, presented rather a formidable appearance. The people living near said it was dangerous fording on account of the quicksand holes in the bed and the rapid current, but that a Mexican on the opposite bank would pilot us through, if we were bent on crossing. On consultation it was decided to make the attempt, so we signaled to the guide, who shortly appeared horseback, bringing with him a spade, and a rope which he attached to the wagon tongue,

to pull us out by, if perchance we stuck in the quicksand. We reached the other side, however, without any worse mishap than getting some of our things rather damp from the water which washed into our wagon bed. The people that we met impressed us with the idea that we had cause for thankfulness, for getting across as well as we did, all reiterating that it was a narrow escape and by way of emphasis citing a few cases such as a horse having been killed and a wagon completely demolished only a little while before.

Passed through Anaheim, a town and settlement composed largely of Germans engaged in growing grapes and making wine and other liquors. Four miles farther on we came to Santa Ana, thirty-five miles from Los Angeles where we camped for the night. This is a thrifty settlement claiming about three thousand inhabitants, with a lively business town in the center. The pleasant home-like places, fine residences, beautiful orchards and vineyards, with the clean, well kept streets and roadways, are all evidences of the enterprise and energetic character of the citizens of the place. The next day we made an early start in order to drive to San Juan Capistrano by noon, it being about thirty miles from Santa Ana. Ten or twelve miles of the distance, the road passed over a level mesa, and then it became more rolling, being up and down hill and through little canons the rest of the way until we reached our destination. Here is located the ruins of the San Juan mission which we spent several hours exploring. The missions are all built on one general plan, only differing in size and minor details, so a description of this one will answer for many others.

The mission of San Juan Capistrano, named for a saint, was established in 1776, by missionaries from Mexico and Spain. It is composed of a spacious court containing about two or three acres, where bull fights, feasts of horsemanship and similar amusements could be engaged in. Surrounding this on all sides was a pile of buildings in the form of a quadrangle built of adobes or sun dried bricks, with a tile roof. The outer wall was about four feet thick, with but few openings, most of the windows and doors of the various apartments opening on a corridor or arched porch extending clear around the inside of the buildings, and outer edge of the court. These apartments were occupied by the friars, major domos, etc., and for granaries, store houses, shops, spinning and carding rooms, and such purposes. The church which was one hundred by one hundred feet, eighty feet from floor to belfry, and surmounted by four domes, occupied one corner of the quadrangle, and extended out beyond the other buildings. It, unlike the rest of the buildings, was built of masonry, the material being brought eight miles from the mountains in the background. Thirty years they were employed in building it, after which it was only occupied six years, when came one of the dreaded tremblers or earthquakes, which left standing only a portion of the walls of this once massive building; enough however to show what it must have been in the days of its glory. They occupy for church purposes now a long narrow room in another part of the mission, which is ornamented by some very ancient-looking pictures, all representing "The Crucifixion." There are also some very old books, one bearing the title "Rituale Romanum," printed in 1795 containing in Latin the ritual of the church of Rome, having the printed scores of the music used in the service, in which the notes are represented by queer-looking black squares instead of the round note in use at this time.

The workmen employed in the erection of these missions were the Indians found

occupying the territory when the Fathers came and took possession of it. These they converted by a few presents of cloth and ribbon and then administered the rite of baptism, will or nill. This rite they considered a degrading ceremony, and indeed they became virtually ostracised from their own people, as the rest of the tribe looked on them with such utter contempt. As they could not return to their own homes they remained under their new masters in hopeless but submissive servitude. It is said that such was the zeal of one of the Fathers that he wou'd ride out to the Indian villages, select his victim, lasso him, drag him in, baptize him and put him to work all within an hour, then away again to make another convert in a similar manner. A number of soldiers were kept to enforce order and protect the priests and premises. Such is the recorded history of some phases of missions and mission building.

About four miles from San Juan we came in sight of the grand old ocean, which one never tires watching with its ceaseless ebb and flow. For perhaps twenty miles we had a fine view of the sea, the road lying either along its margin or on bluffs above and overlooking it. There were high hills and mountains in the background, hence we had the beauties of both mountain and ocean combined. We were a good portion of one day in traveling through one ranch, containing only one hundred and fifty-three thousand acres, all enclosed with a wire fence. This ranch belonged in early times to a wealthy Spanish family, Foster by name, and is still known as the Foster ranch; but most of the original family are dead and their princely possessions have fallen into the hands of a wealthy San Francisco firm.

At San Luis Rey, thirty-two miles south of San Juan, is located another mission, which is in a better state of preservation, the church of this one remaining standing almost entire, and is probably still used by the Mexicans for church purposes, although it is entirely devoid of the confessionals, altars, paintings, tinsel, candles, and images which are usually found in these buildings, they having probably removed to some more prosperous mission when the glory of this one began to wane. In what had evidently been an inner sanctuary, we discovered two small apartments built between double walls that excited our curiosity not a little. One appeared to be a dungeon about ten feet long, seven feet high and three feet across, without any means of light or ventilation, the walls that enclosed it being about four or five feet thick. The other was only about twenty inches wide with a much worn stone stairway leading up to a small opening only a few inches wide above and at the side of the altar alcove. For what purpose these were designed we were at a loss to conjecture.

From here to San Diego is about one day's drive, the road however being over a succession of hills, with very little level land, makes it rather a tedious drive. During this part of our trip the hills were for miles literally covered with wild flowers, of every describable hue and variety. In traveling nine miles we noticed over seventy kinds. No cultivated garden with its systematic arrangements of flowers could compare in beauty with nature's efforts to beautify where her reign is undisputed. Four miles this side of San Diego, at old San Diego, we encountered another bugbear in the way of rivers. As the floods carried away most of the bridges in this county as well as our own, and the water was too high to think of fording, it was necessary to engage some boatmen to transport ourselves and luggage across. Then by swimming the horses and pulling the wagons through

by means of a team attached to a rope that reached clear across the stream, we managed after some little time to reach the other bank ready to proceed on our way again. Considerable merriment was created for the lookers on by a band of Indian sheep shearers riding down to the stream, and some eight or ten of them swimming their horses across amidst the hooting and jeering of their less brave companions. They possessed enough courage (?) however to make sport of the more venturesome ones when by accident their horses got into holes, fell down, or in any way met with a slight mishap. Taken altogether the scene and experience was to us a very novel as well as entertaining one as long as it terminated without accident or a great deal of discomfort. In Old Town were several huge palm trees that bore a record of one hundred and two years; also two bells suspended from a beam back of a Mexican church that were cast in Spain in 1728, A. D. They were remarkably sweet toned in spite of one of them being cracked on one side in a manner similar to our national liberty bell.

San Diego, a seaside town of some 3000 inhabitants, we found beautifully situated on "one of the most magnificent harbors in the world," so they claim, and it certainly merits much that is said of it, for it seems it could not be surpassed in this particular. The town itself is at present very quiet and dull.

As it is quite the thing for tourists to cross the California line and go over on Mexican soil, we took a pleasant drive of fifteen miles, one morning to "The Monument," a white granite shaft fifteen feet high and about five feet across the base, bearing suitable inscriptions, and placed there by the joint agreement of the two governments when the line was established. I understand one of these is placed on the line every fifteen miles. We lunched in the Republica Mexicana, and strolled about on the sea shore for a time gathering a few small shells as mementos of our trip. During the week we remained in San Diego, various excursions were made in different directions, until we had seen nearly every thing of interest in a radius of fifteen miles.

On our return trip we took a different route going farther inland and having the benefit of a new scenery. The settlements on this route are for the most part small and unimportant, embracing Poway valley, devoted principally to farming and fruit growing, Bernardo, Bear valley, the scene of many an exciting bear story in earlier times, Temecula, and San Jacinto. The road from Bear valley to Temecula, passes over the Pala mountains, and is without exception one of the finest mountain grades I ever passed over, and must have been constructed at great expense, as portions of it are hewn out of the solid rock, and the whole length of the two grades combined must be about nine or ten miles.

As the road wound around the side of the mountains little valleys could be seen nestling among the hills below, looking like mere specks in the distance; or by looking upwards, the mountain peaks were visible, hundreds of feet above us. These were composed of masses of boulders jutting out from the surface, which gave them a very picturesque appearance as they towered above us. The mountains were covered with manzanita, laurel, mahogany, dwarf oak and other kindred shrubs. The canons were clothed with a most luxuriant growth of vines, grasses, ferns of various kinds, and wild flowers. Through them ran babbling streams of pure mountain water, forming miniature water falls as it went leaping down some precipitous bank. In some places its bed was of solid rock, in others it ran through pure white sand, or it ran

gurgling along over a pebbly bottom. Sometimes the stream was far below us, hidden from view by the dense growth of vegetation, and then again it was on a level with the grade or roadway, crossing it several times as it wound from one side of the canon to the other. Along the sides of this stream were growing sycamore and oak trees, whose overhanging branches cast a most delightful shade. As we rode along we could in some places almost reach out and touch immense boulders, weighing many tons, and indeed in two places these gigantic masses of rock, were placed at such an angle that they seemed ready to topple over on us, as we rode along. For miles the grade was barely wide enough for one team and in some places a mis-step of a few inches would have sent us hurling down into the canon below. As we did not meet any one on the grade, we were spared the trouble of solving the problem as to what would be the consequence, should two teams meet, for it appeared to be impossible for them to pass each other. Way up on the summit, where the clouds that enveloped the peaks seemed almost within reach, two families had located. One of them a Mexican, carried on his limited farming operations in the most primitive manner, using for a team a yoke of oxen.

The rest of the way being devoid of interest, it will not be necessary to enter into detail regarding it, suffice it to say that we reached home somewhat tired bodily, but feeling mentally refreshed and invigorated for the every-day duties and cares that come to all of us.

M. T. B.

STRAY LEAVES FROM A DIARY.

BY MARJORIE MARCH.

THURSDAY, JULY 17. A week at sea, nearing Queenstown. Scene—sea, sky, Mother Cary's chickens resting their weary wings on the crest of the waves, a big vessel plunging forward and rocking, the only visible thing on all the wide expanse of waters around us; it is hard to realize that she is not alive, for the throb of the machinery seems like the pulsations of a mighty heart, and last Sunday when that throb stopped for awhile, it was as if death had laid his cold hand upon her and all was hushed—the captain joked it off by saying, "Oh! this is Sunday, you know, we don't go on Sunday."

Some people were a little nervous because they did not know what was wrong, and far out in mid ocean with not a sail in sight, the vessel stopped in her course, and rocked to and fro at the mercy of the waves, was more of a novelty than they enjoyed, but Aunt Honore was as placid as if we were going at the rate of twenty knots an hour. I could not refrain from a smile behind my book as I heard her hum a tune and saw her gaze far out at sea, evidently her thoughts were many, many miles away—"at peace," I thought, as I looked at her lovely face—"at peace, and then—no matter what comes."

FRIDAY, JULY 18.—Oh, the dreariness and the monotony of a life—if even for a few days—at sea, one gets sick of the sea, sick of the sky, sick of having the floor taking the place of the wall, and sick of standing on one's head, sick of being launched suddenly into the arms of a strange gentleman—so how can I describe the joy I experienced this morning as I heard Aunt Honore climb down from her berth before three o'clock and exclaim as she looked from the port hole: "The Lord be praised, I see Ireland." Belinda and I lost no time in rushing after her, and sure enough, we saw in the early dawn the rocky coast of Ireland, and afterwards the sun rising behind the

low range of hills, soft, grey clouds resting on the hill-tops, the sea gulls were flying low over the waters, and the tide dashing up against the shore while the lights and the shadows fell over the fields on the hill-sides.

We made short work with our toilets and soon appeared on deck, and waited for the tug to carry us and one hundred and seventy-four bags of mail steaming and puffing up the harbor of Queenstown. As we passed the long line of fortifications, we espied on the brow of an embankment what looked like a wooden "boom a-laddie boom" in a red painted coat, and if it were not for the fact that he strutted about on his little legs, and a cap was waved in the air, I could almost have declared he was a wooden toy, that guards the castle of the landscape under a Christmas tree. As we steamed up to the pier, Belinda and I almost shouted, for the Paddies were running hither and thither with their donkeys and their jaunting cars, and their wild strawberries and sweet gooseberries as large as plums. Belinda was the first of our party who stepped foot on the Emerald Isle, and was rewarded by finding a picturesque group consisting of a boy with his donkey and cart. Now the boy and the donkey, who was as big as a Newfoundland dog, were both very amiable and willing to be sketched for a sixpence, while we were getting our trunks and satchels through the custom house, and when their likenesses were transferred to the sketch book, a friendly neighbor appeared on the scene and remarked in her Irish brogue:

"Oh, John, I niver seen you sketched so well in yer life!"

We walked up to the Queen's hotel, and called for a room to rest in while dinner was being prepared, as we expected to start for Cork in an hour or two.

CORK, JULY 18.—It is plain to be seen, as I remarked to Belinda, that Aunt H. is no hand at a bargain, for she was about to give a man just what he asked to drive us to Blarney castle—now that is no way in Ireland, as everybody says who has traveled, so when the driver offered to take the whole party of five for "Ten shillin's mem," I said, "No, it is too much, I will give you seven." That would not do at all, until I was walking away, when he thought it would do, and I drove up to the hotel in triumph perched on the jaunting car, having completed the best bargain yet.

These Irish jaunting cars are very funny; the driver sits directly in front on an elevated seat, the passengers sit back to back on each side, the car will accommodate five on a pinch, but four comfortably.

The ride to Blarney is lovely and picturesque, the green fields on one side and the grass now growing where the bogs once were, on the other, and in the distance the "emerald hills;" our road led through a long lane bordered by alders which formed a green archway overhead, and presently we came in sight of the donjon tower which is all that is standing of the castle built by McCarthy the Strong, in the fifteenth century. The ivy and the lichen cling to its old grey walls, and if St. Patrick had not banished all creeping things from the island, I should say the lizard and the snake might glide in and out those moss covered turrets and find a shelter under the ivy and the mold.

The castle is a fair place to dream dreams in; there were innumerable surprise places and winding stone stair cases, and a dungeon with narrow slits in the stone walls for light, the guard room, with a raised embankment and narrow slits to shoot through; the remains of an old marble mantel and wide, deep fireplaces; there were numbers of entrances

and egresses and steep, winding steps that lead out to the turret. One could picture, in that old, dreamy place, "ye brave knights and ye faire ladys," in the banqueting hall when each knight toasted to his lady whose favor he wore, of the dancing and merry-making, then the besieged and the defence, of the tears and hopes and joys—perhaps the escape and secreting in the dungeon a friend whose life was sought; of the generations who were born in the castle, lived, suffered, hoped and died there, and are forgotten while the ruins remain; truly man is great for he works not only for his own generation but for all time—for his works outlive him.

KILLARNY, JULY 19.—No one who comes to Ireland should omit a visit to Killarny or neglect taking a tour of the lakes; the scenery is picturesque and wild and the mountaineers tell the weird legends and beg for the "price of a book mem," and a "penny, sir," in an irresistibly droll manner, which becomes aggravating after awhile for if you fee one a hundred spring into his place, reminding us of the hydra-headed monster of Grecian mythology. A ride in the jaunting car took us around the lakes for some miles and just before we reached Dunloe's pass which runs between Mac Gillcuddy's Reeks and Purple Mt., we passed the cottage of the beautiful Kate Kearney so celebrated in Irish verse.

Before we reached the gap, a party of horsemen met us on the road, and galloped furiously up to us, two on each side and two behind, they pursued us yelling out their prices, each one wished to hire his horse to us to ride through Lord Brandon's bridle path, each one was so persistent that he called out the merits of his horse and the price he would take, "five shillen's, mem," "five shillen's, sir." As we had already engaged our horses from the hotel, we told them so, but it made no difference to them, they continued to ride after us begging us to take their horses. We laughed as hard as they rode. "Belinda," I said, "this reminds me of Betsey Bobbit's pursuit, when she and Josiah Allen's wife were in a canal boat and she thought the pirates were out giving chase to them."

When we reached Dunloe's pass we alighted and rode horseback through the mountains. We passed a lake whose depth is said to be sixty feet, and the waters are inky black. It is called Black Lough, and there, so the legend goes, St. Patrick imprisoned in a box the last snake of Ireland, dropped him to the bottom promising to leave him out "the day after to-morrow." Farther down the steep mountain pass we came to Music lake where a man played the notes upon a bugle and the hills gave back the music, and when he laughed the laugh was returned, and the cannon which he discharged reverberated from all the range of hills. In imagination I could see the elves and the mountain sprites as in Rip Van Winkle, when they crawled down the mountain sides, in their peaked hats and grinning faces, and heard them mockingly echoing the laugh of the men of mortality. It was a funny sight, a party of gentlemen and ladies on horseback winding round this narrow pass, and the guides running and switching up the horses from behind to make them step up faster, each rider had an attendant, and sometimes a surprise not altogether pleasant, occurred by the horse starting unexpectedly. Reaching the lake we were met by boatmen who rowed us across and gave us the legend of the pump that stands in the middle of the water. It seems Lord Brandon was too fond of the whiskey and would "bate" his wife, so then she died, and when he married the second time his father-in-law made him promise to drink no more

whiskey, and not "bate his wife," so he built the pump and brought his wife down "ivery mornin' in winter and pumped the cauld wather down the nap' of her neck." At last she pumped it on him until he died. That legend is very pleasant, especially the latter end of it.

When we came to the echo of Paddy Blake or the man who would have the last word as our guide told us, it was amusing and our laugh was echoed from the rocks and he repeated our words in the most saucy manner. "What did you say?" I called. "What did you say?" he tauntingly flung back. Oh! Paddy! Paddy! I could not believe you were only one of those wonders of acoustics, but really and truly a satyr of the wood.

PYRAMIDS.

To admirers of the ancient and sublime the pyramids of Egypt possess no small degree of interest. They number about forty, are arranged in five groups, and extend about seven miles along the banks of the Nile.

The largest three stand near Grand Cairo, and not far from the site of ancient Memphis, and are well worthy to be classed among the "Seven wonders of the world." Cheops, the great pyramid, covers an area of four hundred and eighty thousand two hundred and forty-nine feet, or something more than eleven acres of ground. Its perpendicular height is four hundred and eighty-one feet. The side measures six hundred and ninety-three feet from the base to the summit. It consists of two hundred and six steps of stone from one to four feet in height, each tier receding from the one below, and forming an immense stair case by which one may ascend to the top. In Cephenes, the second in size, has been found a room, in which is a huge stone coffin, containing the bones of a cow—one of the principal objects of Egyptian worship—thus showing that the structure was dedicated to their deity. It is supposed that they were begun about fifteen hundred and seventy years before Christ.

Who planned, and who executed this mighty work is alike unknown. But true it is that three thousand four hundred and fifty years ago, while the Israelites were toiling in Egypt, and while Moses was still an infant, this great work was going on. Progressing slowly, it must be, for it is impossible that it should be otherwise, since many of the stones are so large that no power is now known that would be able to raise their weight. What force was employed to put those huge stones in place will always remain a mystery. But this we know, that through thousands of years those stupendous monuments have stood firm, pointing heavenward, defying the ravages of time, the destroyer of all things around them, and so they will stand while earth exists.

Did the builders ever dream, I wonder, that they were constructing monuments that would stand through countless ages. Structures that would be sources of admiration and wonder long after their very names were forgotten.

No doubt they were often weary and discouraged. Perhaps sometimes almost ready to give up the work. Some, it may be, weak and able to do but little. Perhaps some even thought they could accomplish nothing. That their labor was all in vain. Doubtless many could not see why the work should be done at all. But notwithstanding, all kept toiling on under the guidance of a master workman, and now—behold the grand result of their labors!

So we are working now. Constructing pyramids more grand and noble than even Egypt can boast. Many are the work-

men and various the materials which our great Master Builder employs. But there is something for each to do. Each must lend a helping hand in lifting those huge stones to their proper places. Each has his own character to form, and a duty to perform to his fellow men. Every noble thought and action is another stone in that grand structure. Every effort for our own improvement benefits not only ourselves, but all within reach of our influence. Swain truly says that

"He who seeks the mind's improvement
Aids the world in aiding mind;
Every great, commanding movement
Serves, not one, but all mankind."

How carefully, then, should we carve our way! How faithfully should we follow the path marked by our Guide, lest, by turning to the right or left, we cause another to stumble or lose his way. Mackay gave some idea of the importance of seeming trifles when he said so beautifully:

"A dreamer dropped a random thought,
'Twas old, and yet was new.
A simple fancy of the brain
But strong in being true;
It shone upon a genial mind
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray.
A monitor of flame.
The thought was small; its issue great,
A watch-fire on the hill;
It sheds its radiance far abeam,
And cheers the valley still!

A nameless man amid the crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love
Unstudied from the heart;
A whisper on the tumultuous,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death."

Then, fellow builders, let us not be weary in well doing but toil bravely on. What though our names remain unknown, or sink into oblivion! Our work will stand forever. Egypt's monuments will stand through time. Ours, through a never ending eternity.

"Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids,
Her monuments shall stand when Egypt's fall."

ELOISE PEMBROKE.

A PLEA FOR THE BIRDS.

I wonder if the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD feel the great interest in birds that I do. With us at the south, the birds are such a charming feature of our outdoor life that we are ungrateful if we do not cherish them. Birds are naturally disposed to flock round our dwellings if we treat them kindly, and if they are protected repay us for our thought for them. Such birds as martins and blue birds when we take the trouble to have a few houses built for them take possession of them immediately, and guard their premises with a fierceness which proves how sweet the sense of home is to them. Three years ago when my husband took possession of a farm there were a few acres in front of the house which he enclosed, and forbade that the birds who built their nests there should be disturbed. Of course to completely guard against the occasional depredations of boys, negroes and cats was impossible, but on the whole the little refuge has prospered, and the birds seem to appreciate their security, for no less than eight pairs of mocking birds made their nests there in the following spring. Some few of the nests were pillaged by the before mentioned marauders, but the majority escaped, and it is very interesting to see the numbers of birds constantly around the house, and their cheerful song is very grateful to the ear. One day in the spring I was especially attracted by their delightful singing, and I went to the window of my sleeping room, near which a couple of birds had built their nest on a tree close by. The pretty little male bird was seated near the top of the tree singing as if he would burst his little frame with the volume of melody, and

glancing in a patronizing way at the little mother bird who sat on the nest. Presently she joined her mate, when he ceased his song and they both flew away in different directions, but quite soon one of them returned with a worm which soon disappeared in one of the hungry beaks which I could see in the nest. The other parent bird soon came similarly provided.

I became interested to see how many worms these little housekeepers thought requisite for their little families during the day so when I had washed the breakfast things I took my knitting and sat by the window. I found that in three hours fully sixty worms had been disposed of in this summary way. After dinner I again resumed my seat, and during two hours they brought forty-five worms. Now they were at this work steadily for thirteen hours, for it was in April, and at least two hundred and fifty worms must have been disposed of, besides what they eat themselves, so I concluded that each pair of birds destroyed not less than three hundred and fifty worms in one day. Mocking birds feed their young for about four weeks. We can easily imagine one breeding pair destroying about thirteen thousand worms.

I was so amazed at the result of this observation that I examined Wilson's works, and found I had by no means made an overestimate. The natural thought that arose to my mind was, what would become of our garden fruits, and crops, if these birds did not keep down the worms? Have any of my young friends ever looked into a caterpillar's nest in a cherry tree, and tried to count the caterpillars? Now all these caterpillars are hatched from the eggs laid by one butterfly, and every other worm of course is turned into a female butterfly or moth, which in its turn lays many eggs. It is well known that there are two or three generations of worms and moths during a summer, so we may in a measure realize the thousands of worms which will be produced by one worm in the spring, and how our crops would suffer if we did not have the protection of our friends, the birds.

I hope that many of my readers, particularly the boys and girls, will have their interest aroused and feel grateful to our little feathered friends who do us such good service, while they give us such pleasure by their song. A little study of their habits will convince all of their immense service on a farm. It is my feminine opinion that our birds do more good service to their country than our generals who arrange for the killing of their fellow men, or any politician who can explain the tariff which is puzzling my good man. For my own part, I think the study of nature very absorbing. I love the birds, though I never could bear to imprison one. When they have crumbs thrown out to them, and are never molested around our dwellings they soon realize that they have nothing to fear, and give us all the melody we wish.

Georgia. AUNT MARION.

—Calumny is like the brands flying from a large fire, which quickly go out if you do not blow them.

—The water that flows from a spring does not congeal in winter, and those sentiments of friendship which flow from the heart can never be frozen by adversity.

—Beware of busybodies. A man who meddles in other peoples' affairs is sure to make mischief. He generally meddles to serve himself, and constantly puts different constructions on the same things when said to different people, so that the most innocent words get distorted into applications which those who used them never intended they should bear.

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.

Let every subscriber to THE HOUSEHOLD send full name and address to I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., and get one of their cook books free of charge.

ONE DOLLAR'S WORTH
—OF—

FIRST-CLASS SHEET MUSIC FREE.

Buy fifteen bars of Dobbins' Electric Soap of any grocer; cut from each wrapper the picture of Mrs. Foggy and Mrs. Enterprise, and mail the fifteen pictures to us, with your full name and address, and we will mail you, *free of all expense*, your own selection, from the following list of Sheet Music, to the value of *One Dollar*.

We absolutely guarantee that the music is unabridged, and is sold by all first-class music houses, at the following prices:

INSTRUMENTAL.

Artists' Life, (Kunster Leben,) waltzes, Price	75
op. 316, Strauss, 75	
Ever or Never, (Toujours ou Jamais)	
Waltzes, - Waldteufel, 75	
Chasse Infernale, Grand Galop, Brilliant, 75	
op. 23, Kolling, 75	
Turkish Patrol Reveille, - Krug, 35	
Pirates of Penzance, (Lancers,) D'Albert, 50	
Sirens Waltzes, - Waldteufel, 75	
Fatinitza, Suppe, Potpourri, - Moelling, 100	
Mascotte, Audran, Potpourri, - Roconini, 100	
Il Trovatore, Verdi, Potpourri, - Dorn, 75	
Night on the Water, Idyl, op. 98, Wilson, 60	
Rustling Leaves, - op. 68, Lange, 60	

VOCAL.

Patience, (The Magnet and the Churn,) Price	35
Sullivan, 35	
Olivette, (Torpedo and the Whale,) Audran, 40	
When I am Near Thee, English and German words, - Abt, 40	
Who's at my Window, - Osborn, 35	
Lost Chord, - Sullivan, 35	
My Dearest Heart, - Sullivan, 35	
Life's Best Hopes, - Meininger, 40	
Requited Love, (4 part Song,) Archer, 35	
Sleep while the Soft Evening Breezes, (4 part Song,) - Bishop, 35	
In the Gloaming, - Harrison, 30	
Only be True, - Vickers, 35	
Under the Eaves, - Winner, 35	
Free Lunch Cadets, - Sousa, 35	

If the music selected amounts to just \$1.00, nothing need be sent us but the fifteen pictures, your name, address, and selection of music. If the music selected comes to over \$1.00, the excess can be enclosed in postage stamps.

We make this liberal offer because we desire to give a present sufficiently large to induce *every one* to give Dobbins' Electric Soap a trial long enough to know just how good it is. If, after such trial, they continue to use the Soap for years, we shall be repaid. If they only use the fifteen bars, getting the dollar's worth of music gratis, we shall lose money. This shows our confidence. The Soap can be bought of all grocers. The music can only be got of us. See that our name is on each wrapper.

A box of this Soap contains sixty bars. Any lady buying a box, and sending us sixty cuts of Mrs. Foggy, can select music to the amount of \$4.50. This soap improves with age, and you are not asked to buy a useless article, but one you can use every week. I. L. CRAGIN & CO., 116 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

HUDSON, Mass., May 5th, '83.

GENTS:—I beg to hand you copy of a postal just sent to office of The Frank Siddall's Soap, 1019 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

JOHN PHILLIPS.

I have faithfully tried your soap and I can truly say that I still prefer the Dobbins' Electric. Yours truly,

Mrs. ALICE E. PHILLIPS, P. O. box 407.

PERSONALITIES.

We are in constant receipt of hundreds of letters for publication in this column, thanking those who have sent poems, etc., also letters stating difficulties of complying with exchanges published. We are very glad to publish requests for poems, also the exchanges, as promptly and impartially as possible, but we cannot undertake to publish any correspondence relating to such matters, not from any unwillingness to oblige our subscribers, but from the lack of space which such an abundance of letters would require.—ED.

We are receiving so many requests for cards for "postal card albums" to be published in this column that we would suggest to those desiring such, to consider whether they are prepared to undertake the task of writing and sending 60,000 cards! We are willing to insert as promptly as possible, all requests from *actual subscribers* giving their full name and address, but feel it our duty to give a friendly hint of the possible consequences.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to correspond with some one having numbers of Harper's Bazaar for the year 1869. Any one having the same, will please address MRS. Z. E. HENRY.

Box 407, Brooklyn, Powershiek Co., Iowa.

Mrs. S. E. Comstock, 100 Ross St., Brooklyn, N. Y., is anxious to have a larger representation of THE HOUSEHOLD Band in her autograph postal cards and will exchange samples of crocheting, advertising plaques or fans, or one piece of silk painted for quilt or pieces of print for quilt, for a postal with verse and autograph of those I haven't already.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will you state in THE HOUSEHOLD that I would like the members of the Band to send me their postal autographs? I will return the favor, if desired, and oblige,

Brooklyn, Iowa. TONIE STOBER.

Will all the members of the Band who belong to the Shut In Society send me a postal with autograph, and *nom de plume*, if they write for THE HOUSEHOLD. MISS E. J. ALBEE.

Box 40, Branford, Conn.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD please send me their autographs with verse or quotation on a postal? and oblige, Abington, Mass. MRS. C. R. GOULDING.

Will some sister of the Band furnish me with August and November numbers of Peterson's magazine for 1863? I will return the favor with late magazines or pay a reasonable price, as I am very anxious to get them and have fruitlessly applied to the publishers for them.

MRS. C. A. THOMPSON.

S. Berwick Junction, Maine.

LINE UPON LINE, PRECEPT UPON PRECEPT.

We repeat some of the practical suggestions which we have given from time to time and in other places, in order to impress them more strongly upon the minds of those who are using Compound Oxygen. Unless patients do their part in the work of cure our efforts can only be partially successful and may fail altogether.

Wasting the New-found Strength.—We cannot too often nor too strongly urge upon our patients the duty of *husbanding carefully the new strength and feeling of life and vigor that usually come as the first effect of inhaling Compound Oxygen*. The cessation of pain, the removal of distressing conditions, and the comfort and sense of vitality that are felt, too frequently awaken a false confidence and lead to both mental and physical efforts that quickly exhaust the system and cause it to lose what has been gained.

A few inhalations of Compound Oxygen may quicken the vital forces and give

nature the power to hold disease in check, but they will not restore to brain and nerve and muscle the strength which has been wasting for years. This can come only through healthy nutrition and the slow process of re-creating and rebuilding.

Gradually, as disease encroached, the system lost its tone. The downward course may have been through years. The return of health must be along the way of descent. It may be more rapid than was the descent; but this will depend on the care with which every step is taken.

If there is an attempt to carry burdens of business or professional or household duties, heavier than the newly gained strength will endure, a breakdown or setback is inevitable. Any one can see this.

It is against such an over-use of strength at first received that we desire most earnestly to warn our patients. There are few so run down and exhausted by disease that we cannot, through the agency of Compound Oxygen, bring them back to a new life and to compara-

Like an old Creaky Window Shutter.

That is the way a man's Rheumatic joints sometimes are. Hinges old, rusty, and worn, and badly need oiling. The trouble is in the blood. A man who is of any account is worth repairing. The repairing can be done by means of Brown's Iron Bitters. That enriches and purifies the blood, drives out the pains, and works complete restoration. Thousands testify to it from happy experience. Mr. C. H. Huntley, 918 North Sixteenth St., St. Louis, says, "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for rheumatism, general debility and prostration, with the best results."

—"What will stick to a man closer than a good and true wife?" asked a correspondent. A porous plaster will crowd her for the honors, young man.

One of the Brightest Charms

Of a fair face is a fine set of teeth. The ladies being fully alive to this fact, patronize SOZODONT in preference to any other dentifrice, since they know by experience that it preserves like no other the pristine whiteness and cleanliness of the teeth, and makes a naturally sweet breath additionally fragrant. It is one of the privileges of the *beaux sexe* to look lovely, and that proportion of it which uses SOZODONT, has learned that the article contributes in no small degree to the end in view. All druggists sell it.

—The winds are responsible for many an unlucky blow.

FARINACEOUS SUBSTANCES are not proper food for infants, and the indiscriminate use thereof tends largely to augment the excessive mortality among children deprived of a mother's nursing. Mellin's Food, while extremely nutritive, is free from any such objection, and is highly recommended by all who have used it. All leading druggists have it for sale.

NEW STYLES
IN
DRESS REFORM.

Bates Waist.

A perfect substitute for Corsets. \$1.75.

Union Under-Flannels, Chemisettes, &c., made to order. Send for Illustrated Catalogue, free.

MISS C. BATES,
129 Tremont St.,
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AGENTS WANTED.



T CLUBS
THE GREAT CHINA TEA CO.
Give away as premiums to those forming clubs for the sale of their TEAS and COFFEES, Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Silverware, Watchs, etc. WHITE TEA SETS of 46 and 68 pieces with \$10 & \$12 orders. DECORATED TEA SETS of 44 & 56 pieces with \$15 and \$18 orders. STEM WINDING SWISS WATCHES with \$15 orders. GOLD BAND or MOSS Rose Tea Sets of 44 pieces or White Dinner Sets of 106 pieces with \$20 orders. Send us your address and mention this paper, we will mail you our Club Book containing a complete Premium & Price List. THE GREAT CHINA TEA CO. 210 STATE STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

The Secret revealed, 20 printed samples and a PACKAGE of Goods you'll get by mail that will bring you in BY PROPER APPLICATION HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS if you send me 10 cts. and your address: business new, for ladies or gents, done at home, a boy or girl can learn it in an hour (RELIABLE), H. G. FAY Rutland, Vermont.

MAKE YOUR OWN RUGS.

Turkish Rug Patterns stamped in colors on Burlap. Permanent business for Agents. Catalogue for stamp. F. S. FROST & CO., 21 Tremont Row, Boston. Name this paper.

"THE GOLDEN BELT"
ALONG THE
KANSAS DIVISION U. P. R'WAY.
WOOL GROWING
Unsurpassed for Climate, Grasses, Water.

FRUIT

The best in the Eastern Market.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

Positively cure SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Skin Diseases (ONE PILL A DOSE). For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. "I find them a valuable Cathartic and Liver Pill." Dr. T. M. Palmer, Monticello, Fla. "In my practice I use no other." J. Dennison, M.D., DeWitt, Iowa. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Valuable information FREE. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

REIGNING SOVEREIGNS.

The following table of sovereigns, on the throne at the commencement of the year 1883, is taken from the "Gotha Court Calendar," the most accurate authority on such matters. The list gives the years of their accession and their ages at the present time:—

	Accession.	Age.
Don Pedro II., Brazil,	1831	57
William, Brunswick,	1831	76
Victoria, Great Britain,	1837	63
Frederick Franz II., Schwerin,	1842	63
Ernest II., Saxe Coburg,	1844	64
George, Waldeck,	1845	52
Francis Joseph I., Austria,	1848	52
William III., the Netherlands,	1849	54
Frederick, Baden;	1852	56
Peter, Odenburg,	1853	55
Charles Alexander, Saxe Weimar	1853	64
Ernest, Saxe-Altenburg;	1853	56
Charles III., Monaco,	1856	61
John II., Lichtenstein,	1858	49
Heinrich XXII., Renn Greiz	1859	36
Nicholas, Montenegro,	1860	41
Frederick William, Strelitz,	1860	63
Adolph, Schleswig-Holstein,	1861	65
William I., Prussia,	1861	56
Louis I., Portugal,	1861	44
George I., Greece,	1863	37
Christian IX., Denmark,	1863	64
Louis II., Bavaria;	1864	—
Charles I., Wurtemburg,	1864	38
Leopold II., Belgium;	1865	60
Charles, Roumania,	1866	47
George II., Saxe-Meiningen,	1866	56
Henry XIV., Reuss-Schleiz,	1867	50
Milan I., Servia,	1868	28
George, Schwarzburg-Rudolphstadt,	1869	44
William, Germany;	1871	86
Friederich, Anhalt,	1871	51
Oscar II., Sweden,	1872	58
Albert, Saxony,	1873	54
Alfonzo XII., Spain,	1874	25
Waldemar, Lippe-Detmold,	1875	58
Abdul Hamid, Turkey,	1876	40
Ludwig IV., Hesse,	1877	45
Humbert I., Italy,	1878	38
Leo XIII., Pope,	1878	73
Charles, Schwarzburg-Sonderhausen,	1880	52
Alexander III., Russia,	1881	38

The following are the ages of some of the empresses and queens not mentioned in the above list on account of their being wives of reigning monarchs:

The Empress of Germany, is seventy-one, and the Queen of Denmark sixty-five. The Empress of Brazil and Queen Olga, of Wurtenburg have both reached sixty. The Queen of Saxony is forty-nine, the Empress of Austria forty-five, the Queen of the Belgians forty-six, the Queen of Sweden forty-six, Queen Margaret of Italy is fifty-two, the Empress of Russia thirty-five, and the Queen of Portugal thirty-five, while the three youngest are the Queen of the Netherlands, twenty-four, the Queen of Spain, twenty-four and the Queen of Servia, twenty-three. —Ex.

LEARN TO SWIM.

Every healthy boy and girl can learn to swim. Let me tell you how I learned. In learning to swim, there are just two things to acquire. First, confidence in the water; second, proper motion in the water. First, learn to think of the water, not as a monster, ready to devour all that may approach it, but rather look upon it as a willing servant or a playful companion, ready to serve or save, and ready to afford you all manner of delight. Then learn to move the hands and feet in the right way.

Some persons reverse this order, and try to secure the proper motion first. This they do by using corks or life-preservers, or any thing that will hold them up while they get the stroke, or catch the exact movement. Thousands have learned in this way. It is not the best; for such have to learn over again when they try to swim without these helps.

A better way, especially for the girls, is to have some friend who will place the hand under the chin of the learner, and gradually remove the help as the person learns to do without it.

If you choose this method—of learning

the proper motion first—you need only to remember this single rule: Always thrust out the hands and feet at the same time. In the recovery, when you draw in the feet and hands, do it slowly; then, with a sudden push, stretch yourself out as far as your feet and hands can reach, keeping them close together. Any good swimmer will show you how this is done; but you may not do it perfectly the first time.

I began the other way; gaining confidence first, the proper motion afterwards. Most persons are afraid of the water, especially when they sink beneath the surface. Those learning to swim are apt to carry the head and body too far out of the water.

To gain this confidence, then, I first of all accustomed myself to remain under water as long as I could hold my breath. In this way I lost all fear. Afterwards when I was learning the proper motion if I sank up to my mouth, and almost to my eyes, it didn't frighten me.

Having gained this confidence, then I took a very easy and natural method of learning the swimmer's stroke. I began with what we boys call scooping, i. e., standing on a rock, or any thing a foot or two below the surface, I stooped down until the water came to the chin, then gave a sudden push, with the hands stretched out before me, and the feet straight behind me, the hands and feet together of course, thus skimming along the surface.

First I went a little way, until I reached the hand of my friend, who stood ready to catch me. Then he stepped back a little farther. Then a little farther still. Thus I discovered the buoyancy of the water. Then I took my first stroke while scooping, then another, and gradually another, until I proudly told my companions the next day that I could swim six strokes. Adding a few strokes every day, in a short time I was swimming fearlessly with the veterans. You can all do the same, if you will try.—*Youth's Companion.*

—“Your fare, young lady,” said the stage driver, as a pretty miss stepped from his vehicle and was about tripping away. “Oh, thank you,” responded the absent-minded little beauty; “I think your mustache becomes you real well, too.” She got her ride free.

—A lecture on “The Ten Commandments” was recently delivered in a western town, and the local paper spoke of it as a novel and brilliantly original code of morals, which will be likely to make a stir in the world when it becomes more widely known.

—“Well, Bridget, did you put the blister on your chest, as I told you to, and did it rise?” “Och, mistress, dear! never a chist did I have to put it on; but shure, ma'am, I have a hair-trunk, and I stuck it on that; but sorry a rise did it riz; but ma'am, it tuck off every bit of hair, as sure as I'm a sinner!”

—Two colored women were baptized in the James river. One submitted quietly, while the other came out of the water all excitement, shouting: “I saw Gab'r, right in de bottom ob de ribber! Bress my heart for that vishun ob glory!” “Hush your mouf, Dilsey,” said the less excitable one; “dat was nuffin but a big terrapin. I dun seen dat myself.”

—Young man, if a girl comes to the leap-year business on you and invites you to ride, for example, don't jump at the chance and accept at once. Tell her you have refused similar invitations from so many young ladies, that it would not be right for you to discriminate in her favor. Always make yourself out to be in demand, even if you lose a chance for a free ride by so doing.

—In answer to his remark that she had ventured away from home on a bad day, she said: “It does look like rain, but I brought my gossip with me, and I ordered John to meet me at the station with the phantom. By the way, have you seen my silver-mountain harness that I bought last week?”

—A Michigan girl told her young man that she would never marry him until he was worth \$100,000. So he started off with a brave heart to make it. “How are you getting on, George?” she asked, at the expiration of a couple of months. “Well,” George said, hopefully, “I have saved up \$22.” The girl dropped her eyelashes, and blushingly remarked, “I reckon that's near enough, George.”

—An old darkey who was asked if, in his experience, prayer was ever answered, replied, “Well, sah, some pra's is ansud, an' some isn't—pends on w'at you axes fo'. Jest arter de wah, w'en it was mighty hard scratchin' fo' de culud baderin, I 'bserved dat w'enebber I pway de Lo'd to sen' one o' Marse Peyton's fat turkeys fo' de ole man, dere was no notice took ob de partition; but, w'en I pway dat He would sen' de ole man fo' de turkey de matter wus 'tended to befo' sun-up nex' mornin'.”

—“Pat,” said his reverence, “I shall be very busy this afternoon, and if any one calls I do not wish to be disturbed.” “All right, sor, will I tell them you're not in?” “No, Pat; that would be a lie.” “An' phat'll I say, yer riverence?” “O! just put them off with an evasive answer.” At supper time Pat was asked if any one had called. “Faix, there did.” “And what did you tell him?” said the priest. “Sure, an' I give him an evasive answer.” “How was that?” queried his reverence. “He axed me was yer honor in, an, I sez to him, sez I, was yer gran'mother a hoot-owl?”

—“I must have some rest this summer,” said the clock; “I am all run down.” “I think I need a country seat,” said the easy chair, leaning on his elbow. “I am getting played out,” said the piano; “a little fresh air would be a good thing for me.” “That's what I want,” said the sofa; “a little fresh air at the springs.” “I should like to go with the sofa, and lounge in the woods,” said the foot-stool. “If my legs were stronger,” said the table, “I should go to the country for some leaves.” “Country board is always so plain,” growled the sideboard; “nobody that is knobby or polished goes there.” “Let me reflect,” said the mirror; “they have very plain-looking lassies there too, do they not?” “You make me plush,” said the divan; and here the housemaid closed the folding-doors and shut them all up.

—An anecdote worth laughing over is told of a man who had an “infirmity” as well as an appetite for fish. He was paying his bill at his fishmonger's, and whilst the latter was making it receipted, with his back turned, the honest buyer slipped a codfish under his coat-tail. But the garments were too short to cover up the theft.

—“Now,” said the customer, “Mr. Salmon, I have traded with you a good deal, and I have paid you up promptly, haven't I?”

—“Oh, yes,” was the reply, “I make no complaint.”

—“Well,” said the customer, “I always insisted that honesty is the best of policy, and the best rule to live by and die by.”

—“That's so,” replied the fishmonger; and the customer turned to depart.

—“Hold on, friend,” said the fishmonger; “speaking of honesty, I have a bit of advice to give you. Whenever you come here again you'd better wear a longer coat or steal a shorter fish.”

—A ready-made rejoinder. He—“You made a fool of me when I married you, ma'am.” She—“Lor! You always told me you were a self-made man!”

—“Yes,” said the boy, “I might just as well be at the head of my class as not. But I don't mind being at the foot, and the other boys do, so I sacrifice myself.”

—A party of young men dined sumptuously at a restaurant in Dublin, and each one insisted on paying the bill. To decide the matter it was proposed to blindfold the waiter, and the first one he caught should pay the bill. He hasn't caught any of them yet.

—Little Nell—“Mamma, what is color-blind?” Mamma—“Inability to tell one color from another, dear.” Little Nell—“Then I dess the man that made my geography is color blind.” Mamma—“And why, pet?” Little Nell—“Tause he got Greenland painted yellow.”

—“I never can enjoy poetry when I'm cooking,” said an old lady who dropped in on us recently, “but when I step out to feed the hogs and histle myself on the fence, and throw my soul into a few lines of ‘Captain Jenks,’ it does seem as if this airth was made to live on after all.”

—A Bridgeport young man asked the lady of his affections the other evening how she liked the looks of his new style standing collar. After critically surveying him and the collar she replied: “Very nice, indeed. It looks like a whitewashed fence around a lunatic asylum.”

CATARRH
ELY'S CREAM BALM
ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD CATARRHAL VIRUS, causing healthy secretions. It always inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sore and restores sense of taste and smell.
NOT A LIQUID OR SNUFF. A few applications relieve. A thorough treatment will cure. Agreeable to use. Send for circular. Price 50 cents, by mail or at druggists. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.
MUSIC. Vocal and Instrumental and Tuning. ART. Drawing, Painting, Modeling and Portraiture. ORATORY. Literature and Languages. HOME. Elegant accommodations for 500 lady students. FALL TERM begins Sept. 11th. Beautifully ill d Calendar free. Address E. TOURJEE, Director. FRANKLIN SQUARE, BOSTON, MASS.

IMPROVED ELASTIC TRUSS.
The only Truss worn with ease night and day that will effect a RADICAL CURE CHEAPER than any other. Send for circular. IMPROVED ELASTIC TRUSS Co. Only Office 822 and 824, Broadway, cor. 12th St., New York.

WANTED.—A lady agent in every place for Holmes' Adjustable Pillow Sham Holder. Most useful and ornamental household article ever invented. Agents are reporting great success. A complete outfit sent FREE. Now is the time to sell them. Write at once for terms, to N. HOLMES, 357 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

We have one of the above Holders in use, and like it very much.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Waste Embroidery Silk.

BEAUTIFUL ASSORTED COLORS. Elegant for Crazy Quilts and all kinds of Fancy Work. One ounce package for 40 cents in postal notes. With each package will be sent designs for one hundred different stitches for crazy work. THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG CO., 469 Broadway, N. Y., or 621 Market St., Philadelphia.

WANTED.—A capable, reliable woman for general housework. Good wages, good home, healthy locality, permanent situation to right person. Good opportunity for an eastern woman. For particulars, address Mrs. D. L. KENT, Felton, Santa Cruz Co., Cal.

FREE. ANTI-TOBACCO GEM. An Illustrated paper. Address, GEN, Melvin Village, N. H.

GENTS WANTED. to receive and send me subscriptions to Newspapers and Magazines. Liberal commission given, catalogue free. E. W. GORHAM, Brockton, Mass.

CURIOSITY!
Arizona Horned Toads. They make splendid pets, come when called, and are perfectly harmless. They live on flies, ants, and other insects. Sent by mail, postpaid for \$1.00, by GEO. W. NORTON, Yuma, Yuma Co., Arizona Ter.

GENTS wanted for two new, fast-selling articles. Samples free. C. E. MARSHALL, Lockport, N. Y.

POST OFFICE PECULIARITIES.

Many of the inhabitants of some of our Massachusetts towns would be surprised to see some of the letters which are sent to the dead-letter office, but which subsequently find their way to this or that town in Massachusetts.

The clerks who have for their duty the deciphering of some of the addresses must be both tried and amused at the curious spelling which some well-meaning and often well-educated persons adopt.

Here is the superscription of a few letters:—

Amesbury—Andes Berry, Heamsbury.

Ashland—Hashland, Shland.

Annisquam—Annie Squam, Hannisquam, Hannahsquam.

Attleboro—Atel Burah, Hattle Borough.

Bay View—Bay of You, Dey View.

Billerica—Billurikee, Biluke, Bellerika.

Cambridge—Hambreach, Keim Bridge, Kambrels, Camprichge.

East Cambridge—Eskim Brege, Eis Sembrich, Erst Gembrie, Easkenbrige, Histel Cambristle.

Chicago—Cohkoga, Chikago, Chicargo Chagico, Schieggago.

Cohasset—Cow Husset, Quashasset.

Cambridgeport—Cane Brich Port, Cham Bridg port.

Charleston—Scharle tone, Sharlestown, Shaustown.

Hopkinton—Hopcanton, Hopkenty.

There are names and names, but the names of some of the post offices in this country are peculiar to say the least. For instance, there is Tie Siding, Junkshow, Sunflower, Quiet Dell, Punkville, Pullup, Sunnie City, Seepy Eye, Slabtown, Honey Path, Jamboree, Joy Log, Hell's Corners, Scrub, Scuffletown, Sempronius, Shinbone, Shingleville, Skull, Sublimity, Tub, Ty Ty, Vulture, Wolf Trap, Yankee Jim, Zif, Zero, Acme, Ai, Beefhide, Bible, Biler, Bullhead, Burnt Chimney, Fine Gold, Fish Trap, Ginger, Glory, Modestown, Old Hundred, Potato, Poverty, Rosebud, Scrapp, Scroggs, Veto. With such names it is not to be wondered that the unfamiliar make mistakes in their superscriptions.—Ex.

THE ROAD TO RICHES.

One day a few weeks ago one of the richest men in Chicago was asked for a private interview by a stranger, who explained:

"You are very rich. You have had wonderful luck. Tell me what to speculate in that I may make money."

"Never speculate at all," was the serious answer.

"But you have made money in railroad stocks, wheat, silver mines, canal stocks, etc."

"Not a dollar, young man! In fact, that's the way I have lost thousands."

"How then, have you made your wealth?"

"By inventing a spring-bed and patenting a boot-jack. Let all speculation alone, and turn your attention to the solid wants of the people."—*Wall Street News.*

—Some college boys after dark took an entire load of wood from a farmer's sled, left in the street over night, and with great labor piled it up in a citizen's woodshed under the impression that he'd be charged with stealing it. They now find that he had bought the wood, and they have saved the farmer so much work, and they want to find out who suggested the joke, and how much the farmer paid him.

—The Georgia papers claim that not an editor or printer of that state is in a lunatic asylum, but we notice that they keep mighty quiet about the almshouses.

—An interesting story is told of a little boy in New Jersey. The little fellow was climbing an apple tree, and when on the topmost limb he slipped and fell to the ground. He was picked up in an insensible condition. After watching by his bedside through many weary hours, his mother perceived signs of returning consciousness. Leaning over him, she asked him if there was any thing she could do for him now that he began to feel better. Should she bathe his forehead, or change his pillow, or fan him? Was there any thing he wanted?

Opening his eyes languidly, and looking at her, the little sufferer said; "Yes, I want a pair of pants with a pocket behind."

He got them.

—Some years ago the floods carried away a bridge on the Michigan Central, and until it could be replaced there was a suspension of traffic. Said the general superintendent to the blunt, hard-working old master bridge-builder: "You must put all your men on that bridge; they must work all night, and the bridge must be completed by daylight. The chief engineer shall furnish you with the plan, and you can go right ahead."

Early next morning the general superintendent, in a very doubtful frame of mind, met the old bridge-builder.

"Well," said the general, "did the engineer give you the plan for the bridge?"

"General," returned the old man slowly, "the bridge is done. I don't know whether the pictur' is or not."

— "Mos' married folks quarrels more or less," remarked Uncle Mose; "but I knows a man and his wife what hasn't had a furse fur de las five yeahs."

"Am dey libin' togederal?"

"Sartainly. Dey libs in de same house. She goes off ebry mawnin' and washes by de day."

"But 'preps dey quarrels at night. How do you know dey don't?"

"Dey don't hab a bit of trouble I tells yer. She am out washin' all day, and her husband, he am night watchman in a big sto' on Austin av nue. He goe off before she comes home, and he don't get back in de mawnin' until she has done gone out washin'. Dat's been goin' on fur de las five yeahs, and de fast cross word hasn't passed between 'em yit"

Too much can scarcely be said in favor of the Bates Waist. It seems to us that any mother with growing daughters must appreciate these neatly fitting, thoroughly made garments. We cannot help thinking that the mothers as well as the daughters would be benefited by substituting them for corsets, but surely no intelligent woman can fail to see the harm corsets must do to growing girls. In these days of sham and shoddy, it is a real treat to find a person who always does honest work. We feel no hesitancy in saying that Miss Bates' goods are all she claims for them, and we are very sure no neater workman ship can be secured anywhere than can be found in all her garments. See adv't in another column.

—The man who prides himself on always speaking his mind is the first one to kick when he finds anybody else exercising the same privilege.

Misery is a mild word to describe the mischief to body and mind caused by habitual constipation. The regular use of Ayer's Cathartic Pills, in mild doses will restore the torpid viscera to healthy activity. Try them and be cured.

—The man who curses luck hasn't the courage to kick himself for his own bad management.

Messrs. S. H. Moore & Co., of No. 27 Park Place, New York, whose advertisement appears in another column are well known to our readers, their advertisements having been before the public for many years. Although their offer seems to be an extraordinary one, we are assured that they have an abundance of capital and also the disposition to fill all orders. We wish them continued success.

All agree that handsome hair is one of beauty's indispensable elements. Ayer's Hair Vigor maintains it in freshness, brightness and luxuriance.

For three years Mr. R. C. Wright, of Gaston, N. C., had been an intense sufferer from Rheumatism. His friend, J. A. Warwick, of Petersburg, Va., writes: "Before the first bottle of ATHLOPHOROS was finished he was able to walk, and now goes about all over his farm." In this case, which the friends of Mr. Wright regarded as desperate, a test was made of ATHLOPHOROS. It surprised friend and patient by its prompt and thorough action on the blood and diseased parts and won the emphatic opinion that it was truly a specific for Rheumatism.

—To be short in his accounts is, in a cashier, a crime; in a reporter it is a virtue.

Lord Chesterfield, the pink of politeness in his day, said that a true gentleman should be always *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*, which means mild in manner, strong in action. This is precisely the character of Ayer's Cathartic Pills. Nothing operates so mildly and yet so powerfully in removing disease.

—It isn't a great way to the end of a cat's nose, but its fur to the end of its tail.

'Tis a Wise Woman
who will profit by the experience of others. The many millions of packages of PYLE'S PEARLINE sold annually, prove it a practical article. Beware of imitations.

—Why is a temperance hotel like the future home of the blest? No bad spirits are permitted to enter it.

MOTHER AND CHILD—Dr. Hanaford's new book, Mother and Child, will be sent by mail, free of charge for postage, for \$1.00. Send to the author at Reading, Mass.

DURHAM, Iowa, March 2, 1882.
Ayer's Sarsaparilla has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, after being troubled with the disease for eight years.

W. M. MOORE.

See Dr. Hanaford's Card for all information about his books, medical fee, etc.

OUR EXCHANGE COLUMN.

Our friends will please take notice that this is not an *advertising* column. Those who want money or stamps for their goods come under the head of advertisers. This column is simply for exchanges.

Mrs. Kate B. Mitten, 226 Conway St., Baltimore, Md., will exchange Dr. Hanaford's "Mother and Child," for a medical work for ladies; also HOUSEHOLDS for '75 and '79. Write first.

Mrs. Mina B. Spear, Dell Rapids, Dak., will exchange Shake-peare's poems and "Gran's Tour around the World," for a photograph album for cabinet and card photographs. Write first.

Mrs. S. M. Hodges, Bismarck, Dak., will exchange books for a copy of Longfellow's poems, in good print and condition. Write first.

Mrs. Mary F. Horne, Box 64 Union, N. H., will exchange one year Peterson's and Gleason's magazines for other reading matter. Write first.

Aby F. Wilson, box 503, Peabody, Mass., will exchange a black twist tatting watch-pocket for something useful or ornamental, or fancy work.

Mrs. J. H. Stimson, Sullivan, Me., has new and popular vocal and piano music, to exchange for not too difficult vocal music. Write first.

Mrs. C. B. Shriver, Volga, Brookings Co., Dakota Ter., will exchange Cooper's *Virgil*, also *Gasquelle's French Course*, for any late popular or progressive work. Write first.

Mrs. D. E. Marsh, Jamestown, Stutsman Co., Dakota Ter., will exchange sheet music for the same. Write first.

Mrs. Frank Morrison, Lincoln, Sussex Co., Del., will exchange samples of feather edge trimming for samples of trimming made of macramé or progressive work. Write first.

Mrs. T. L. Sowden, Pittsfield, Mass., will exchange young heliotropes raised from seed for a monthly rose. Write first.

Mrs. M. E. Harwood, Box 122, Constantine, Mich., will exchange hollyhock seed, mixed colors, double and single, for other flower seeds.

E. A. Bliss, Cazenovia, N. Y., has beautiful orange napkin rings to exchange for four yards of turkey red calico, or equivalent in cotton goods and useful articles.

Mrs. D. R. Callahan, Stockville, Nebr., will exchange ball cactus and prickly pear, for fuchsias, double preferred, double geraniums, roses, carnations, or any nice house plants.

Mrs. W. E. Field, Lockhart, Texas, will exchange directions for making, with specimens, of paper roses and transfer work for any thing useful or ornamental.

Mrs. Wm. Irving, Jr., 15 Presby Court, Taunton, Mass., will exchange silk toilet sets, with initial embroidery on them, for fine specimens for cabinet. State color of silk desired.

Mrs. J. H. Phillips, Leadville, Colo., will exchange point lace, for bound volumes of the Century, Harper's, or Atlantic, or those for 1884, or any thing useful or ornamental.

Mrs. Kate E. Johnson, Syracuse, N. Y., will exchange scraps of silk, satin and velvet for crazy work, for knit lace, feather edge braid or other white trimming.

Mrs. E. M. Ileson, Clifton Springs, Ontario Co., N. Y., will knit fancy mittens of silk, in exchange for five balls of knitting silk. Send number of gloves.

Florence Nevine, New Waterford, Columbian Co., Ohio, will exchange a mantel lambrequin (macramé), and novelty rug machine, both new, for any thing of equal value. Write first.

Alice A. Olive, box 652, Rockville, Tolland Co., Conn., will exchange Peterson's magazines for 1883, for stereoscopic views. Write first.

Mrs. E. P. White, Earleton, Kansas, will exchange cacti, two varieties, natives of southern Kansas, (botanic name not known,) for oleander or calla lily. Write first.

Ella M. Tuttle, South Brookfield, N. Y., will exchange a cloth bound copy of Butler's Hudibras for some standard work. Write first.

Ida Clark, Winterton, Sullivan Co., N. Y., will exchange "Youth's Companion," 1873-4-5, and Locke's National Monthly for books or any thing of equal value. Write first.

Mrs. A. H. Cook, Ames, Iowa, will exchange fine photos of Susan B. Anthony, also photos of Iowa wild flowers and ferns for cabinet specimens, shells, sea moss, etc. Write first.

Mary Lamborn box 195, Yates Center, Kan., will exchange a calla bulb for a perfect number of Harper's magazine for March 1884. Write first.

Mrs. Jane E. Wells, box 93, Monroe, Green Co., Wis., will exchange *amaryllis rosea*, and *trigridia conchiflora* bulbs, for moss agates, crystals, sea shells, or any thing choice for cabinet.

M. Monks, Wilmington, N. C., will exchange the pattern of Garfield's monument quilt for silk scraps not too small, and odd bits of ribbon, or beads.

Mrs. J. B. Bacon, Williamsburg, Mass., will exchange patterns of rick rack, feather edge braid, and Garfield's monument patchwork for pieces of silk or wool, or Seaside Library books.

Mrs. C. M. Parker, Blue Mound Ill., will exchange specimens of birds of central Illinois, for different species. Write first, giving names of species for exchange.

Mrs. Asha Phillips, box 9, Pascoag, R. I., will exchange fancy advertising cards, prints or worsted pieces size of postal card, or cabinet crochets for the same.

Mrs. C. T. Rodolf, Montfort, Grant Co., Wis., will exchange ferns, plants, silks, magazines, engravings, and patterns, for plants, bulbs, books, corals, shells or old HOUSEHOLDS.

Mrs. F. Bidwell, North Granville, N. Y., will exchange tube paints and good story books for pieces of silk, satin, and velvets suitable for crazy quilt.

L. W. Haughton, Painteville, Amelia Co., Va., will exchange Gaskeil's Compendium for Uncle Tom's Cabin, also Anderson's history for some other book. State what you have.

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Minnie C. Byrnes 331, 9th St., S. Brooklyn, N. Y., will exchange sheet music or ill. magazines for pair of black horns polished and mounted or not. Write first.

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Mrs. M. M. Tustison, box 534, Bucyrus, Ohio, will exchange delaines and prints for house prints or cabinet specimens. Write first.

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Mrs. A. E. Blodgett, Pittsfield, N. H., will exchange prints, any size, for spatter work, also, prose and poetry for scrap book, for ad. or fancy cards. Write first.

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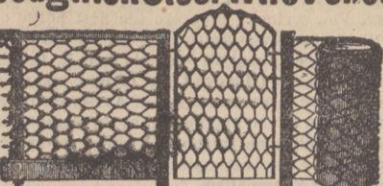
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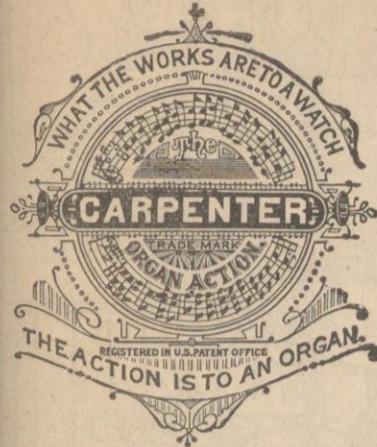
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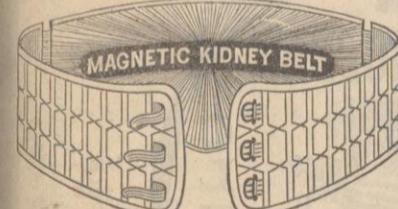
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New subscriptions and renewals are counted alike premiums, but ONE'S OWN SUBSCRIPTION IS NOT INCLUDED in the club for any premium whatever.

Specimen copies of THE HOUSEHOLD are sent free those wishing to procure subscribers.

DOVER EGG-BEATER.

Beats the white of the eggs thoroughly in ten seconds. The Beating Floats revolve on two centres, one inch apart, and curiously interlace each other. Notice them. No joints or rivets to get loose. Cleaned instantly. Money refunded if you are not delighted with it. A woman and her "Dover Beater" cannot be separated. The only article in the world that is warranted to delight the purchaser. For 50 cts. one is sent by mail, postage paid.

Dover Stamping Co., Boston, Mass.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Monthly Circulation, 70,000 Copies.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Unobjectionable advertisements only will be inserted in THE HOUSEHOLD at 50 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion—14 lines making one inch. By the year \$5.00 per line.

The following are the rates for one-half inch or more:

	1 m.	2 m.	3 m.	4 m.	5 m.	1 yr.
Half inch,	\$3.25	\$6.00	\$9.00	\$12.00	\$17.50	\$32.00
One "	6.00	12.00	17.50	23.00	32.00	60.00
Two "	12.00	23.00	32.00	42.00	60.00	115.00
Three "	17.50	32.00	47.00	60.00	90.00	170.00
Four "	23.00	42.00	60.00	80.00	115.00	225.00
Six "	32.00	60.00	90.00	115.00	170.00	320.00
Nine "	47.00	90.00	135.00	170.00	250.00	470.00
One column	60.00	115.00	170.00	225.00	320.00	600.00

Less than one-half inch at line rates.

Special positions twenty-five per cent. additional.

Reading notices 75 cents per line nonpareil, measure—12 lines to the inch.

Advertisements to appear in any particular issue must reach us by the 5th of the preceding month.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1884, by Geo. E. Cressell, at the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

A BLUE CROSS before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed. When you send in the subscription please mention the month you wish it to commence and thereby oblige us very much.

Our readers are earnestly requested to mention THE HOUSEHOLD when writing to any person advertising in this magazine. It will be a favor to us and no disadvantage to them.

The Government Chemist Analyzes two of the Leading Baking Powders, and what he finds them made of.

I have examined samples of "Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder," manufactured at Albany, N. Y., and "Royal Baking Powder," both purchased by myself in this city, and I find they contain: "Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder."

Cream of Tartar
Bicarbonate of Soda
Flour

Available carbonic acid gas 12.61 per cent., equivalent to 118.2 cubic inches of gas per ounce of Powder.

"Royal Baking Powder."

Cream of Tartar
Bicarbonate of Soda
Carbonate of Ammonia
Tartaric Acid
Starch

Available carbonic acid gas 12.40 per cent., equivalent to 116.2 cubic inches of gas per ounce of Powder.

Ammonia gas 0.43 per cent., equivalent to 10.4 cubic inches per ounce of Powder.

Note.—The Tartaric Acid was doubtless introduced as free acid, but subsequently combined with ammonia, and exists in the Powder as a Tartrate of Ammonia.

E. G. LOVE, Ph. D.

NEW YORK, JAN'Y 17TH, 1881.
The above shows conclusively that "Cleveland's Superior" is a strictly pure Cream of Tartar Baking Powder. It has also been analyzed by Professor Johnson of Yale College; Dr. Gent of the University of Pennsylvania; President Morton of the Stevens Institute; Wm. M. Habershaw, F. C. S., Analyst for the Chemical Trade of New York, and other eminent chemists, all of whom pronounce it absolutely pure and healthful.

On receipt of 60 cents we will forward to any address, postage paid, a pound can.

CLEVELAND BROTHERS, Albany, N. Y.

Officers.

The office held by the Kidneys is one of importance. They act as nature's sluice-way to carry off the extra liquids from the system, and with them the impurities both those that are taken into the stomach and those that are formed in the blood. Any clogging or inaction of these organs is therefore important. Kidney-Wort is Nature's efficient assistant in keeping the kidneys in good working order, strengthening them and inducing healthy action. If you would get well and keep well, take Kidney-Wort.

Decorative Art. Explicit directions for every use are given with the Diamond Dyes, For dyeing Mosses, Grasses, Eggs, Ivory, Hair, &c. 10c. Druggists keep them. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

JAMES PYLE'S

PEARLINE
THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR
WASHING AND BLEACHING

IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER.

SAVES LABOR, TIME AND SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor should be without it.

Sold by all Grocers. BEWARE of imitations well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.

BALL'S



CORSETS

The ONLY CORSET made that can be returned by its purchaser after three weeks wear, if not found **PERFECTLY SATISFACTORY** in every respect and its price refunded by seller. Made in a variety of styles and prices. Sold by first-class dealers everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations. None genuine without Ball's name on box.

CHICAGO CORSET CO., Chicago, Ill.

FOY, HARMON & CO., New Haven, Conn.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S

Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure* Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

LADIES LOOK.

10 patterns Infants' Wardrobe, 50 cts.; 10 patterns First Short Clothes, 50c. Full directions on each, with latest styles. Address Combination Pattern Co., Poultney, Vt.

TO THE READERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

We are agents for the sale of the celebrated *granite Iron Wares*. If you who desire these goods cannot obtain them from the stores in your vicinity, please send to us for illustrated catalogue of same, with sizes and prices at which we will furnish them.

DOVER STAMPING CO., Boston, Mass.



It is the nearest perfection yet made. Simplicity and strength are its prominent features. One trial convinces rink managers of its superiority over other skates, as it saves both time and expense. Price per pair, handsomely nickel plated, \$4.00. Send 6c. in stamps for large catalogue of Roller Skates, Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Air Rifles, Police Goods, &c. JOHN P. LOVELL'S SONS, Boston, Mass.

PURE FLAVORING EXTRACTS
EXCEL ALL OTHERS.
THOS. WOOD & CO., BOSTON.

144 Scrap Pictures 10c., Scrap Books 25c., 50c.,
and \$1.00. SCRAP BOOK CO., NASSAU, N.Y.



When cheerful light of day has fled,
When people have retired to bed,
And on the clothes-line may be seen
The weekly washing hanging clean
And white beyond our greatest hope,
Through using famous IVORY SOAP—

Then comes the cunning Brownie Band,
From every quarter of the land,
And takes possession of the hall,
The tub, the kitchen, pump, and all;
With busy hands they work and play
And use the IVORY SOAP till day.

The cakes of Ivory Soap are so shaped that they may be used entire for general purposes, or divided with a stout thread (as illustrated) into two perfectly formed cakes for Toilet Use.

If your grocer does not keep the Ivory Soap, send four three-cent stamps (to pay the postage), with your full address, to PROCTER & GAMBLE, Cincinnati, and they will send you, *free*, a large cake of the Ivory Soap, carefully packed. (Mention this paper.)

ENTERPRISE MANUFACTURING CO.,
Third and Dauphin Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

ATTENTION FARMERS!

BEST IN THE WORLD!

NEW MEAT-CHOPPER

RAPID

CLEAN

FOR CHOPPING

Sausage-Meat, Mince-Meat, Hash, Hamburg Steak, Suet, Scapple, Tripe, Clams, Chicken-Salad, Croquettes, Codfish, Scraps-Meat for Poultry, Etc.

VALUABLE COOK-BOOK, FREE, WITH EVERY CHOPPER.

No. 10, FAMILY SIZE. Price, \$3.00.

Send for Catalogue.

TESTED AND ENDORSED BY 100 AGRICULTURAL JOURNALS.

Farm and Fireside, Oct. 1, says: "The test was made on a piece of the toughest beef to be found, and the result was that each editor immediately ordered an ENTERPRISE MACHINE for his family use, all agreeing that they would rather pay the price asked for that Machine than to carry any other home as a gift."

Sold by all Hardware Dealers.

BARRETT'S DYE HOUSE.
ESTABLISHED IN 1804.

Garments of all kinds and dresses dyed and cleansed without taking apart, and pressed equal to new. Fine Dyeing and French Cleansing of every description. Price list sent on application.

52 TEMPLE PLACE, BOSTON.