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THE
HOUSEHOLD
BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME
ESTABLISHED 1868.
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

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No. 6.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

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The Veranda.

JUNE.

BY HAZEL WYLDE.

Queen of the beautiful summer!
Thou art the loveliest corner
Of any, I ween.
First of thy favors, the roses—
With whom thy secret reposes—
Most gladly are seen.

Gracious thy smiles, and so tender
Thy heart, like the Heavenly Sinner!
O bountiful June,
Who would not render the praises
Thy spirit so clearly upraises
In exquisite tune?

We marvel thy runes and thy graces!
Thou fillest the desolate places
For all to behold;
The breath of thy life is inspiring,
Thy language what we are desiring,
That well may be told.

From thyself, the wonderful story,
Thy own the sweetness and glory.
Fair queen of the year!
But rare as thy charms and thy beauty,
Thus scant are our words for the duty,
Though thee we hold dear.

GRAPES AND GRAPEVINES.

BY G. W. C.

WHILE everybody and everybody's wife, and everybody's children love grapes, everybody does not know how easy it is to sit in the shade of one's own vine, and to have this delicious fruit in abundance. There is scarcely a dwelling in the land, or a town or city lot, however small, where there are not a few feet of spare ground, and blank spaces upon the walls of houses and out-buildings which might be utilized by being covered by luxuriant and beautiful grapevine, charming to the eye, and yielding delight and refreshment to the palate.

Many persons are deterred from planting grapevines from the mistaken idea that there is some great mystery in grape raising, that only the most skillful and learned in such matters can succeed. The truth is, nothing—unless it be weeds—is much easier to grow than a grapevine; and any body with the commonest kind of common sense, if he will exercise it properly, can grow grapes.

The first requisite is to procure good plants. Of these, the poorest are those with large tops or canes, and small, scanty, and imperfect roots; the best are those with abundant, sound and healthy roots, the tops being of no consequence, beyond one or two ripe buds.

In planting, make the hole large, in

proportion to the roots; plant deep, rather than shallow, in proportion to the size of the vine, from six to twelve inches, the points of the roots somewhat deeper; then cut the top back to two or three buds above the surface.

The first year, permit but one cane to grow and keep this tied up, so that its head shall be constantly looking upward. In the fall cut this cane back again to three or four eyes from the ground. The following season, if the vine is strong, two canes may be trained up, as before. If weak, but one, remembering always that one strong cane is better than two weak ones, and that a vine will bear fruit in proportion to its strong, vigorous and well ripened canes; a multitude of small weak and bushy shoots being of no use whatever.

If the vine is strong, it will show fruit from the buds of the second year's growth. It is better, for the future good of the vine, to pinch off the blossom buds when they first appear, and not permit it to bear fruit too young. But if a specimen is desirable, let one cluster remain on one of the shoots, and train this horizontally. When it has made three or four joints beyond the bunch of grapes, pinch off the end of the shoot, checking its growth and throwing its whole strength into the cluster of grapes. At the same time train up one other cane as before, keeping it upright through the season, as this is to be the fruit bearing cane for the next year.

At the fall pruning, cut the cane which has borne the grapes away, leaving only one or two buds at the base, and shorten the upright cane from half to two-thirds of its length. The following spring, train this cane horizontally, and from each of its buds will probably start fruit bearing shoots, showing from two to three clusters each and generally about double the quantity of fruit that the vine ought to bear. If you want the best fruit, and to keep your vine in the best condition, have but one cluster on each shoot; pinch off the ends of the shoots at three or four joints beyond the cluster of grapes, and at the same time train up one or two shoots from the base of the fruit bearing cane of last year, for next year's bearing.

The next year the bearing wood of this year is again cut out, and the new canes trained for bearing, as before. And here you have the whole system of grape growing, which can be modified to suit circumstances, and adapted to vines grown either upon walls or trellis. It is better always to keep the old wood well trimmed out, and new, fresh, bearing wood renewed annually from as near the base of the vine as practicable.

By following these directions, and observing the habits of growth of the various kinds of vines, and a little exercise of the common sense before alluded to, anybody who is willing to give a little timely and necessary attention to the matter can grow grapes in perfection and abundance. The wants of a grapevine

are not many, but they are imperative, if the best results are desired. And the attention required is not much; but it should be given at the proper time. A grape is easily kept right—but it is very hard to get right after long neglect.

On walls nearly all the popular varieties of grapes can be grown, even those which are too tender to endure exposed garden and vineyard culture in northern localities. But for open trellis only the hardier kinds should be planted. Concord, Hartford Prolific, Telegraph, Worden's seedlings, are among the most reliable black grapes. Martha, Lady and Eva are the hardiest and most reliable white ones for open culture. Croton, Rebecca, Maxatommy and others for walls and sheltered location. Delaware, Salem, Rogers' Hybrid No. 3, also Nos. 5 and 30, and Catawba where it will ripen, are desirable as red grapes. This list might be extended or diminished, but will be found to contain as good grapes for practical purposes generally as are grown in this country, and will be found generally reliable and satisfactory.—Exchange.

—Young mustard plants, cut while still in the seed leaf, furnish a delicious salad.

—Most farmers agree that both the yield and quality of potatoes are unfavorably affected when grown upon the same piece of ground several years in succession.

—It is generally conceded by those who have experimented with different kinds of fertilizers, that unleached wood ashes are among the best that can be used for fruit orchards.

—The second crop of grass should be cut wherever there is enough to pay for the labor of cutting and curing it, as it is wasted and worse than wasted if allowed to die down upon the land.

—A yearling colt as usually wintered is a sorry looking animal in the spring, and its owner is likely to be quite as sorry when the animal is sold. Giving four quarts of oats daily to a young colt the first winter is, if the colt is what he should be, selling the oats at seventy-five cents per bushel.

—Keep the limbs of heavily laden trees well propped. If there is no danger of breaking, a continual sagging draws the tree out of shape and leans the body. Where sheep or pigs are apt to rub the props away, set a stout pole near the body of the tree and let it run up through the top and tie the limbs to this with small ropes.

—Now is the time to syringe the rose, currant and gooseberry bushes with a decoction of hellebore in water to repel and destroy injurious insects. About a tablespoonful of powder to a twelve-quart pail of water is the quantity to use, syringing every part of the bushes thoroughly. This repels the white fly from the rose, when done in season, and saves the foliage from being skeletoned later.

The Drawing Room.

CHEAP CURTAINS.

SO MANY of THE HOUSEHOLD readers have asked from time to time for hints and helps in furnishing their houses inexpensively, particularly as to curtains, that I want to offer a few suggestions as to the latter. One lady asks how she can make pretty shades or curtains from cheese cloth, another asks what material she can use which will require but a very moderate portion of the small sum she has laid aside for furnishing her little cottage.

For small houses, especially those which are built in cottage style, there is nothing so pretty as drapery curtains. A large or square house looks better with shades unless one can afford costly material. But those who can do so, have no need to make inquiries through our helpful HOUSEHOLD. They have but to give an order to some fashionable upholsterer to make and hang such curtains as will best harmonize with the rest of their handsome furnishings. So to those who have the little homes to make cozy and pleasant with scant material, we offer our advice and assistance.

Cheese cloth makes prettier curtains than shades. It hangs gracefully, is a soft, pleasing tint, and is, best of all, very cheap, the best quality being bought for six cents a yard. But at even that price, the five or six yards (rarely more than five) needed for each window for double curtains add up quite a little amount to be deducted from the few dollars to be expended for such things. So we try to make our shades, allowing two yards, more or less, for each window. Turn a hem at one end about three inches deep. Hemstitch or fagot this hem, and run in a piece of thin cardboard, it doesn't need to be of fine quality, but should be firm and white, and the width of the curtain, and can be bought for a few cents. This keeps the hem in place and the shade hangs better for it. Trim at the bottom of this hem with a crocheted or knitted lace (for which you will find any amount of deep and pretty patterns in our paper) made from unbleached linen which comes on spools, 200 yards, at ten cents a spool. This lace should be sewed on plain, taking great care to full neither the lace nor cloth. Now fasten it on the curtain fixture. The plain, old-fashioned kind which pull up with a cord are the best of any, and may be bought in cities at five cents each, the cord at a cent a yard, and one can make the tassels, one for each window, if she pleases. These, however, are much more work than the drapery curtains, which are hemmed in hemstitch or fagot, trimmed or not with knitted or crocheted lace, and put up by hemming the tops and running in a narrow, flat stick, which is nailed with small brads to the window casing, one brad in the center and one at each end being sufficient

These are entirely hidden, as are the ends of the stick by pulling the curtain over them. These need, of course, lambrequins of some sort. Cretonne or chintz gathered on a cord are very pretty and inexpensive.

Picture nails with tops to screw on after the nails are driven, or the little porcelain knobs which screw on are pretty and cheap to use at the side of the window casing to hold the curtain band which may be ribbon or home-made, very handsome ones being made in hairpin work or crochet, from colored cotton macrame twine.

Or the curtains may be hung on poles, which is the more stylish method. Those who cannot buy them may, perhaps, get them turned at some job shop, or they can be still more cheaply made by sawing off broomsticks the desired length—they should extend two or three inches beyond the curtains. Paint them black and varnish them.

Then make your rings from coarse, stiff hemp cord, a little smaller than a lead pencil. Cut in lengths required for the rings. They should slip on and off the pole very loosely, and should be sewed together firmly, winding the seam with strong thread to make it as nearly the size of the rest of the cord as possible. Now gild these with some of the many excellent and cheap preparations in the market, and when dry sew the rings to the top of the curtains, which should have a narrow hem. Five rings to each half of the curtain is sufficient.

Hang these poles on the brass screws which come with a hook turned straight up, or common iron can be used, gilding them before putting up.

There are many materials at moderate price, among which nothing is handsomer than the scrim, which is much like the old-fashioned strainer cloth, all linen, of soft, unbleached tint, in handsome quality, being sold at twenty-five cents per yard in our city stores. These are trimmed with lace and insertion and used in some of the most elegant mansions. Cheaper grades in fancy scrim can be bought, but none are so pretty as the plain, although the fancy or fagotted scrim does not necessarily require lace at the edge.

Plain turkey red shades hung underneath these drapery curtains make a pretty light in a hall, but are not so desirable in sitting or sleeping rooms.

Where one's windows are not too wide one curtain will answer all purposes. It must, of course, be wide enough to hang gracefully, and is a change from the double curtain so long in use.

EMILY HAYES.

THE IMPORTANCE OF GOOD MANNERS

Edward Everett, who commanded so much respect in England, not only for his great learning and talents but for the elegance of his manners, was once asked by an American how he had so mastered the detail of European etiquette. His answer was a significant one:

"I have never considered any subject which other people respect as unworthy of observation. I pride myself on the manner even in which I tie up a brown paper parcel. I study the etiquette of every country."

Our republicanism will become more genuine when it realizes that a proper attention to etiquette is at once elegant, simple, proper, and dignified, and that it should extend over our country from the extremest limits of civilization to the great cities and the little villages. It need not be observance of old world ceremonials, although we should learn enough of them not to offend if we visit a monarch on his own ground; but it should be

that becoming courtesy, which will at home and abroad ornament and improve a society which has already so much to commend it, and which may have the most splendid future.

The best American girl is interested everywhere in the best way of doing everything. A girl with self-respect is always willing to learn. The truly well-bred girls of America, with charming manners expressive of a good heart, a careful education, and a proper desire to please—and their name is legion—should not be injured even in that large general classification "American" by the bad manners of a few; yet they have to suffer for the ill-bred. American girls have no excuse for not being the best bred girls in the world, for they are remarkably clever. We must permit ourselves the national vanity of claiming that the native purity, quick intelligence, apprehension of the necessities of a new position, and in some instances the intuitions of elegance, are, in our young countrywomen, quite miraculous, as contrasted with the slower mind of the German, for instance.

The wife of an American minister at Berlin had occasion to notice this difference. "A young German countess," said she, "will arrive at Berlin from her secluded chateau, and she will be introduced at court, with all the honors. She will be awkward, embarrassed, gauche, for the whole winter. A young American girl will be introduced, fresh from some western city or some New England town, and she will be at her ease and mistress of etiquette in a month. She will charm everybody by her wit, her repartee, and her cleverness."—*Exchange.*

BROKEN WORK.

It is not given to any of us to choose exactly what our work shall be, or under what conditions it shall be carried out. We start perhaps with the intention of doing one thing only, and of doing that one thing with elaborate thoroughness; but we have hardly begun to labor upon it when the stern summons of duty calls us to another task; and after that to another, and yet another. In a day, or in a month, the field before us seems littered with half-finished enterprises—tasks at which we have been summoned to labor for a little while, and lay them aside forever. How shall one maintain any unity in his work, in a life where the conditions of work are such as these? So asks the discouraged heart, not remembering that the unity which we are to seek is unity of design, and not oneness of material. Some men would have their lives like a drawing in sepia—splendidly regular so far as unity of color goes, but as an actual representation of the colors of living nature a complete failure. Does the painter fail in attaining unity of work, because he turns from color to color, and produces a score of varying tints in some portraiture of the changing glories of water and sky? Not so, for the unity of the design gives unity to the work, though it were wrought of a thousand different elements. This is the unity which it is given to us to attain to, if we will—the unity of a life which takes the diverse elements and the multitudinous tasks of human life, and binds them all together in devotion to one ideal. Such a life when finished will be marked by real diversity; but it will be the diversity of a completed tapestry—the multiplex unity of a finished painting.—*Christian Commonwealth.*

—He is great who confers the most benefits. He is base—and that is the one base thing in the universe—to receive favors and render none.—*Emerson.*

—I always fancy I can hear the wheels

clicking in a calculator's brain. The power of dealing with numbers is a kind of "detached-lever" arrangement, which may be put into a mighty poor watch.—*Holmes.*

The Conservatory.

ROBIN AND I.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Sweet, sweet it fell through the evening dew,
A song that was old from a singer new.

A dear little robin with scarlet vest,
Was bidding good night to the sun in the west.

Sweet, sweet was the strain of the cheery bird,
As its quivering cadence the glad air stirred.

He seemed to say, so that all might hear,
"O the world is bright, and my mate is dear;

And I love to fly on a fearless wing,
And I love, I love to sing, to sing."

Yes, my robin, and so do I,
With a song that is fain to reach the sky.

The world is bright and my home is fair,
And the love of my Father is everywhere.

And so I have never complaint to make,
As from morn to even my way I take.

But ever and only this word to say:
"Thank God for the gift of another day."

When you and I, little bird, are done
With all our singing beneath the sun,

There will yet be others our notes to raise,
And fill the earth with the Maker's praise.

THE SMALL CONSERVATORY.

BY EVA M. BARKER.

IT IS seven years this spring since we added to our domains the small conservatory, and, therefore, although in the third year of its existence I wrote of it to THE HOUSEHOLD, under the caption, "A Small Conservatory," I wish from this further experience to emphasize what we especially like in it, agreeably to an open request for such information, from Phila, in the April HOUSEHOLD, which came to-day.

We enjoy our conservatory. It is a constant pleasure, and little care—less, indeed, than when the plants were scattered here and there about the house, for I always had to have plants. After seven years' experience, we still like best of all the idea on which it was based, which was this: that "it should not be the conventional, long, narrow conservatory, filled up with plants on steps, with no room to turn around in," but that "it should be a pleasant little room, wide enough for comfort, with easy chairs in it, a miscellaneous work table, and cozy corners," that "it should be a pleasant place to be in whatever we might be doing;" that "the plants should ornament and not encumber it. The plants should stay about its edges, fill its windows, run up its walls, and cover its ceiling. They should be as charming as possible in their places, without encroaching on the middle of the room." This, the noticeable feature of our conservatory, is its greatest charm.

Our conservatory has another emphatic feature almost as desirable as the last. It is not a disagreeable array of shelves. Indeed, it has but one. That is a nine-inch black walnut shelf, which extends around the room below the windows for the tall growing plants. Our conservatory was located from necessity against a north wall of the house, with a door from its east end into the library. Our plan extended the conservatory out beyond the library to give it a wide east window by the side of the door. There are four large windows on its south side opposite the north wall, and three west windows. The library door is also of glass, but generally stands open. It has a stone foundation and windows like the rest of the house. The floor, a double

one, is of two-inch hard wood oiled. The ceiling and walls were put into olive tints with pink panels at its last painting. It is warmed by pipes from the steam furnace extending around three sides of the room under the one black walnut shelf, which holds the largest plants. The smaller plants stand on the window sills, on small, stationary bronze brackets up the sides of the windows, and on sets of bronze brackets holding four pots each, which are fastened between the windows in two tiers, and open out each way against the glass. Swinging bronze brackets stand wherever they can accommodate a plant. There are double windows on the conservatory, the same as over the rest of the house for about half the year.

Phila asks also about desirable plants other than those she mentions for the new small conservatory she contemplates building. There are so great a number of desirable plants for this use, one must ultimately be guided by his or her own preferences in choosing them. For beginners, the qualities requisite are their likelihood to thrive without much care, their freedom from attacks of insects, and their being good winter bloomers. Also, each individual plant should be a good specimen of its class, in a healthy condition, and growing in a pot of suitable size, which often means one not too large, in rich soil with good drainage. Many plants possess these qualities. All these, however, do not thrive in the same temperature, or under the same treatment. It is best to begin with a moderate list of those so easy to grow and sure to bloom they can scarcely fail to make ample returns in flowers, and a pleasing show of plant growth for the minimum of care they may receive.

I judge from Phila's query in regard to the insect troubling all her plants this winter that it would be worse than useless for me to tell her that we have found the *clerodendrons*, *balfouri*, and one or two other varieties, the *hoyas* in all their varieties, and the *passiflora* in its late developments, all charming for ceiling and wall decoration; that of our one hundred varieties of named amaryllis, about twenty have proved highly satisfactory; that *imatiophyllums* almost unceasingly send up their great heads of bloom in our conservatory; that jasmines, yellow and white fill the air with perfume; that there are spots in it where tropical ferns do well, and in the west windows, palms, cacti and agaves grow; that allamandas require quite a space on the wall, but repay in blossoms; that we especially like bulbs—the little anemones, cyclamens, crinums, scillas, gethyllis, the *hymenocallis* and *pancratium*; that the large, strong, restful leaves of our *figus elastica*, and many large, spotted leaf plants give us pleasure. Of what use would it be to recommend these and many other plants, all very good?

Phila does not know the white scale. She may have introduced them to her plants on some new purchase last fall. They are fatal if they once get a foothold among plants, and for this reason it is always best to put a new plant into quarantine until assured that it is not infested with either the black, white or brown scale, the mealy bug, green fly or red spider. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. The only cure for the scale, if it does appear, is frequent washings with weak, warm soap suds, but any thing much infested with them should be burned.

The *achania malvaviscus* is one of the very best tall growing conservatory plants. It is not subject to attacks of insects. Indeed, I have never seen one of any kind on it. It is easy of growth and appears to be a continuous bloomer. Its erect, scarlet flowers are attractive, and come

out every morning bright and fresh, near the extremity of every branch. In our conservatory two tall achanias bloom unceasingly the year round, without ever a thought of rest. Indeed, like a few sunshiny individuals of our acquaintance, it is always bright and cheery, gathering up enough stray fragments of sunshine in the good days to tide over the dark ones with a radiance of its own.

An excellent plant for a side bracket, one as clean as the achania, and equally certain to grow and do well, is any one of the tall growing, winter-blooming echeverias. Their tall, graceful sprays start into bloom before the holidays, and enliven us through the entire winter with their hundreds of little red and yellow bells.

Tiny bells of oriflamme,
Every day hang just the same,
Why they come if you would know,
Ask the sunshine and the snow.

Needing no attention beyond giving it a strong stick for support, it never fails to bloom, and is pre-eminently a decorative plant.

The *scilla maritima*, with its beautiful, large, apple green bulb, sitting aristocratically on its throne instead of being buried down under the earth like common bulbs, takes up little room, and, properly placed, makes a fine appearance contrasted with the echeveria on a swinging side bracket, where its long, light green leaves can hang clear of the wall. Its tall flower spike rivals in height, and in the number and duration of its flowers, the tall spray of echeveria blossoms from the opposite bracket. No house plant of my acquaintance is more ardently admired by one set of people, and utterly contemned by another, as is this same *scilla*. Those who do not admire it, generally speak of it by its medicinal cognomen, squill, or its plebeian name, onion lily, while its friends find it easy to include it among the scillas, or to speak of it as an *Urginea*. Like the echeveria it is a clean plant, requiring merely its modicum of the short winter daylight.

I have only started on the subject and yet am approaching the end of my space. However, it does not much matter. The main thing is to make a beginning. It will grow itself. It is like gathering to one's self books. We begin with those we know, and add to them those we know of, feel the need of having, or wish to know, and so, as we grow, so grow our books, ours, a very part of us. We begin with the plants we have learned to grow, and gradually add one and another that we wish to know about, until the question comes round on the other side, to be, not what we will have in our conservatory, but what we decide not to have there.

I would advise Phila not to admit one of her scale infested plants, nor, knowingly, one with any injurious plant insect on it, into the new conservatory when it is built. It is an easy matter to keep plants clean, and to keep injurious insects out, but difficult to get them out, and it would be quite impossible to do so, if they were as Phila says, "on every thing."

A SEASON'S RECEPTION.

BY LESLIE RAYNOR.

They were summer guests of a very agreeable kind. They came very quietly, dressed with taste and great simplicity, made things pleasant in their own little place, then as noiselessly passed from sight. Some were old friends, the guests of many seasons, whose visits were looked for with as much certainty as the showers of April or the smiling skies of June, and who never disappointed us. Others were strangers, drawn hither by what impulse we cannot say, who stayed for a brief while but never came in after

years. There were sweet, shy ones, whose presence would scarcely have been known had not one searched for them, and drawn them out of their retreats. There were others not so painfully diffident, yet with no less modesty, who brought with them stores of sunshine for free dispensing. And there were those whose charms were small, whose fiber was coarse, yet who steadily flourished and multiplied. Many of the guests had gifts of healing, a few were bitter, sowing unsavory seeds in the pleasant ways around, and two or three were sharp, rasping and irritating those who stretched out to them a friendly hand.

The guests in this interesting assemblage came early. When the hours were late, nights were chill, the pretty decorations scattered or withered, and the strains from the orchestra few and fitful, still they tarried, and, strange to say, none wearied of them. All had this instinct of true politeness, that they never outstayed their welcome. And if, as it sometimes chanced, one who had taken leave long ago, came back in the late hours, he usually appeared as a messenger bringing a word of comfort or hope to a heart in special need of it, and the second coming was even pleasanter than the first.

Refreshments were served to the company, each one choosing what best suited him, but so mysterious was the nature of the various dishes, and so singularly were they compounded, that it is difficult to speak with certainty about them. It is known, however, that the guests quaffed a great deal of a kind of liquor called *aqua pura*.

As for music, during one part of the reception, a strolling company of fiddlers, pipers, tambourinists and others, with triangles dismally out of tune, and wheezy wind instruments, took the musicians' stand and played a most singular medley, since each performer improvised his own part, in a time which differed from that of every other.

But by far the greater part of the music was of the choicest kind. From among the leafy shadows where the musicians were gathered, with the first faint gray of dawn came a sleepy chirp or two; then as the gray yielded to blush and shadows lifted from the earth, the air was filled with melody, trills, arias, recitations and jubilant choruses following one another in swift succession. It is said that certain sleepers not far away remonstrated with the performers, begging them to give their concert at a more convenient hour, but the artists laughed at the idea of giving a sunrise symphony for vespers or at noonday, and only carolled more gleefully with the returning dawn.

True companions of the musicians were these guests, and never was one known to offend, as concert goers do sometimes, by talking during the performance of a song or solo. Some did drowse until the sun came up, but that troubled no one.

The summer parlor, the reception room, where these guests came at the beckoning of an invisible hand, was a pasture—a little spot of ground at least half of which bogs and stones and mossy hill-ocks held with a clear title. A thread of a brook crept through one portion of it in spring time. A quiet cow or two, a horse of many years and much experience, found feeding ground here. Sober fowls with their stately leader stalked here and there, or darted off to snatch a choice morsel. The liveliest squirrels frisked up and down the old, wide-spreading chestnut, or perched on the wall in the sunshine, chattering most delightful nonsense.

And the guests? Not all were present in any one season, but within a few years each one whose name is in the following

list has been seen and greeted there:

Symplocarpus, *antennaria*, shepherd's purse, blue and white violets, innocence, dandelion, buttercup (*acris* and *bulbosus*), speedwell, Jack-in-the-pulpit, strawberry, rue anemone, wood anemone, cranesbill, cinquefoil (*arvense*, *argentea*, and *Norvegica*), checkerberry, blueberry, raspberry, laurel, oxalis, St. Johnswort (two species), groundsel, *rudbeckia*, oxeye daisy, red and white clover, dock, sorrel, lobelia, skullcap, mint, abutilon, white malva, self-heal, partridge vine, pearlwort, chickweed, pigweed, bittersweet, two species of thistle, mimulus, yarrow, mullein, thoroughwort, spiranthes, golden-rod, everlasting, pearly everlasting, white-topped aster.

THE TREE OF HEAVEN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—In your February number New Subscriber asks for information about the "Tree of Heaven." This tree, the *ailanthus glandulosa* was first introduced into this country from China, I believe. In New Haven this tree is commonly called by its generic name, *ailanthus*. It was once quite common here as a shade tree, but its blossoms had such a sickening, obnoxious odor that it was voted a common nuisance and was exiled from the city, there being very few trees left to-day. It is a large tree "known by its very long pinnate leaves of many leaflets and small, polygamous, greenish flowers in panicles, (open clusters)," and is inclined to spread from seed.

I think from her description of the berries, that the plant noticed by Ida I. Beals was the *actea alba*. This plant is quite common in New Hampshire, and, in fact, in nearly all the states east of the Mississippi. The root of this plant in the spring usually sends up one stem, but sometimes two. The stem is erect, about two feet high and at the base about the size of a lead pencil. The leaves are more acute than those of the maple. The flowers appear in April or May, all parts of the flower being white. "After blooming, the flower stalk elongates, and when in fruit attains a length of about six inches. The fruit, which ripens in July and August is a bunch of from ten to twenty berries, about the size of a cherry stone. Their color when fully ripe is ivory white, but often they are tinged with red at the apex. They are all tipped with the blunt, black, persistent stigma. The berries are borne on thick pedicels, about half an inch long, and as thick as the main stalk of the bunch. The pedicels turn red when the fruit is fully ripe. They are horizontal and generally slightly curved (upward), and are thickened or knobbed at the base. The berry contains usually six smooth, wedge shaped seeds, which completely fill the berry."

The most common name of the plant is white cohosh; other names formerly applied to it are white baneberry, herb Christopher, Noah's ark. It has also been called, (from the color of its berries probably) necklace weed, white beads, and coral and pearl. "The berries seem to be entirely innocent of poisonous properties."

Perhaps next summer the inquirer will be able to compare the above description of white cohosh berries with the ones she finds, and so prove whether it is that plant or not. JET.

HOW TO CUT LILIES.

The usual practice in cutting flowers of lilies for in-door decorations, is to select blooms that are fully developed, and it is surprising cultivators should not have long since discovered that the expanded blooms are the least desirable of all.

The suggestion I have to make is that the flowers be cut before they are expanded, and be arranged where they are to remain, that there be no necessity for handling them after they are open. If they have simply to be cut and taken indoors, those of which the segments are beginning to part at the points should be selected. But if they have to be sent a long distance by parcels, post or rail, buds should be selected that have attained their full size, but without showing any signs of opening. They should be cut from the main stem with as great a length of stalk as possible, and be at once put in water or have a little damp moss wrapped round the base of the stalk according to whether they are to be used immediately for decorative purposes or sent any distance. It may be useful to state, that those cut as the segments are beginning to unfold will expand in the course of the day following, whilst the full grown buds will not attain full development until the second day. When they have to be sent any distance, cutting lilies in the bud state is a manifest advantage, for a large number can be packed in a small box and dispatched with the full assurance of their reaching their destination with perfect safety.—*Vick's Magazine*.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—In the April number of THE HOUSEHOLD, I perceive an inquiry by Mrs. Lizzie Dearnley, as to the cause of and cure, or how to prevent the large black scales that form on the branches of plum trees. In answer to the lady's inquiry, I will quote from Charles Downing who, in treating of the peculiar disease your correspondent complains of writes:

"The Knots or Black Gum.—In some parts of the country this is a most troublesome disease, and it has, in neighborhoods where it has been suffered to take its course, even destroyed the whole race of plum trees. The knots or scabs is a disease attacking the bark and wood. The former at first becomes swollen afterwards bursts and finally assumes the appearance of large, irregular, black lumps, with a hard, or cracked uneven surface, quite dry within. The passage of the sap upward becomes stopped by the compression of the branch by the tumor, and finally, the poison seems to disseminate itself by the downward flow of the sap through the whole trunk, and in fruiting time the sap drops from the fruit. The sort of plums most attacked by this are those with purple fruit, and we have never known the green or yellow fruited until the other sorts had first become filled with knots, (scabs.) There is yet some doubt respecting the cause of these knotty excrescences, though there is every reason to think it is the work of an insect. Professor Peck and Dr. Harris say that they are caused by the same curculio or plum weevil that stings the fruit. This observation would seem to be confirmed by the fact that the grubs or larvæ of the plum weevil are frequently found in these warts and that the beetles have been seen stinging the branches. The experience of many persons besides ourselves have proved most satisfactorily that it is easy to extirpate this malady if it is taken in season, and unremittingly pursued. As early as possible in spring, the whole of the infested trees should be examined, and every branch that shows a tumor should be cut off and immediately burned. As experience has taught us that the malady spreads rapidly, we will thus effectually prevent its increase. If any of the trees are very much covered with these knots, it is better to head back severely, or if necessary, dig them up and burn them outright, and it will be necessary to prevail upon neighbors to enter into the plan or your labors will be of little value. Cover wounds with a solution of gum shellac, and the knots will be found to disappear, the curculio to the contrary notwithstanding."

Rochester, N. Y. AUGUSTUS SWITZENICH.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Mrs. Flanders speaks of planting two dozen crocus bulbs in one pan. Will she be so kind as to tell me what kind of a pan she uses? I have never succeeded well with glazed pans or with those that have no drainage, and have not been able to find any other kind. CAROLINE C. LEIGHTON.

27 Pemberton Square, Room 22, Boston, Mass.

When is the best time to take slips from plants? And is it better to root them all in one dish or each in a separate dish? And when should roses be transplanted, in spring or fall? What will kill the worms that destroy the leaves of moss roses? TOPSY.

Orwell, Vt.

The Nursery.

"LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

A little girl with a happy look,
Sat slowly reading a ponderous book,
All bound with velvet, and edged with gold,
And its weight was more than the child could hold;
Yet dearly she loved to ponder it o'er,
And every day she prized it more;
For it said—and she looked at her smiling mother,
It said, "Little children, love one another."

She thought it was beautiful in the book,
And the lesson home to her heart she took;
She walked on her way with a trusting grace,
And a dove-like look in her meek young face,
Which said, just as plain as words could say,
"The holy bible I must obey;
So, mamma, I'll be kind to my darling brother,
For little children must love each other."

"I'm sorry he's naughty, and will not play;
But I'll love him still, for I think the way
To make him gentle and kind to me
Will be better shown if I let him see
I strive to do what I think is right;
And thus when I kneel in prayer to-night,
I will clasp my hands around my brother,
And say, 'Little children, love one another.'"

The little girl did as her bible taught,
And pleasant indeed was the change it wrought;
For the boy looked up in glad surprise,
To meet the light of her loving eyes;
His heart was full, he could not speak,
But he pressed a kiss on his sister's cheek;
And God looked down on that happy mother
Whose little children loved each other.

—Watchman.

A VISIT TO AN INDIAN CAMP.

JOE and Helen one day wanted to go to the Indian camp on the Catfish river to see the Indians at home. Their mamma said they might go, but told them to be kind to the Indians and not to laugh at their queer way of living, for the poor things did not know any better. Joe and Helen promised, and ran off to get ready.

Joe told George, the hired man, to saddle Helen's pony and hitch his pony to his little wagon. Helen had a pretty pony named Dolly, just the color of a ripe chestnut. She was very gentle and kind and Helen loved her dearly. Joe had a little black Shetland pony, with long mane, and tail that swept the ground. The hair that came over his forehead, hung down over a pair of great, mischievous, black eyes, that would dance and sparkle with glee, when he was doing something particularly mischievous.

For little Dandy, as they called him, because he looked so dandified, when George had combed and brushed him until his black coat was glossy and shining, and his long mane and tail looked so silky and curly, just like a dandy's hair and whiskers, was full of mischief and had been a circus pony before Joe's papa bought him.

He could do a great many tricks, such as standing on his hind legs and waltzing while some one sang or whistled for him, and shaking hands with his right foot and bowing, when any one would say, "How do you do, Dan?"

He would lie down and pretend to be dead, too, keeping his head and legs stretched out quite motionless, until Joe would say, "Up, Dan, good fellow," when up he would jump, and if Joe did not have hold of his halter, away he would tear through the yard, letting his heels fly up in the air one minute, and, the next standing up straight upon his hind feet and pawing the air with his fore feet—all to show how glad he was that he was still alive, I suppose.

Sometimes when Joe would keep him dead longer than he thought right, he would open one eye a little bit and give Joe such a shy look as much as to say, "What are you up to, old fellow?"

But some of his tricks were not so funny and harmless as you will see, but still Joe loved him and never was a bit afraid of him.

Well, when the ponies were ready, Joe and Helen set out on their visit to the

camp. Helen rode along beside Joe's little wagon and their merry chatter rang gaily through the woods. They saw plenty of squirrels running up the trees, and sitting upon their haunches, nibbling a nut held in their fore paws, while their bright little black eyes peered over the nut, watching the children to see if they meant to harm them. Helen called to them not to be afraid for she and Joe would not harm them for the world.

When they got to the Indian camp, Helen got off Dolly, and Joe out of his little wagon, and tied the ponies to trees, and then went up to the Indians, and Joe told them he wanted to buy a bow and arrow. These Indians were civilized enough to wear clothes something like white people, but they could not be persuaded to give up their tents and live in houses.

The Indians all crowded around Helen and Joe, who were a little afraid of so many dusky faces so close to them and began to wish they had asked George to go with them, but it could not be helped now, and they had to put a brave face on the matter, for it would never do to run away and have everybody laughing at them. Besides, underlying the fear, was the knowledge that these Indians were "good" Indians and would never harm a white person.

So Joe walked up very bravely to Big John, as he was called, and whom he had often seen begging at his father's house, and asked him boldly for the bows and arrows. The big Indian said, "Ugh," with a grunt and went into one of the tents or wigwams as they call them. Joe and Helen followed him to the door of the wigwam and peeped in, and this is what they saw, when their eyes got used to the smoky darkness. In the middle of the tent was a little fire, the smoke from which circled around the tent until it found a way to get out at a little hole that is left for it at the top, or at the door.

There were some skins and old blankets lying on the floor at one side, which the children thought must be the Indians' beds, and there were some bows and arrows lying on the floor—which was just the ground—with a gun.

Just outside there was a fire, with a kettle hanging from a forked stick over it, and in the kettle was a duck and some rice cooking. The children did not care to stay in the door of the wigwam long, for the smoke hurt their eyes, and the odor was any thing but pleasant.

Suddenly Helen's bright eyes spied something hanging up on a low branch of a tree, and when she went a little nearer, what do you suppose she saw? A little fat baby.

But all of the baby that she could see was its little dusky face for it had long cloths wound around and around its poor little body binding its arms down to its sides, and then with strips of cloth it was bound on to a board that was wider at the head than the foot, and hung up on a branch of a tree. The baby seemed very happy, for it was laughing and cooing, as the breeze shook the branches and rocked the funny cradle, just as Helen's baby brother laughed when she tossed him in her arms.

The Indian women hang their babies, or papposes as they call them, up on the trees in this way most of the time when they are in camp. When they go into town or move from one place to another, they tie their shawls around them in such a way as to form a kind of a bag on their backs. Into this they put the baby, sometimes still on the board, sometimes they take it off the board and just put it into the bag formed by the shawl, and the baby will sit there looking perfectly happy.

Helen tried to show the Indian woman, or squaw, by signs, that she thought the

baby "a cunning little darling," although it had a red skin, but the squaw only grunted and did not seem to care much for either baby or praise. But, I think very likely she was pleased, only she thought it was better Indian style, not to show her feelings.

Well, Joe bought some bows and arrows for himself and Helen, for he was going to teach her to shoot too, and Helen bought a pair of beaded moccasins from the squaw with the baby, and then they started for home.

When they started out Dan was very frisky. He had got tired, waiting so long, and was going to make the quickest time possible home to his oats. Before long he began to toss his shaggy head, and kick up his heels just a little, to show that he knew that if he wanted to he could break loose and get home in no time. Helen kept Dolly behind the wagon, so as not to excite Dan by the sound of her footsteps, but she began to be afraid that Dan would get away, as he had done a good many times.

"Oh, Joe," she cried, "I am so afraid you can't hold him."

"I guess I can," answered Joe.

But pretty soon Dan showed unmistakably that he was going to take the matter into his hands or feet rather, and with a more mischievous shake of his head than before, off he started at a gallop.

Joe cried "whoa, whoa," and pulled on the lines with both hands until his little arms ached. But it was quite useless, all he could do, made no impression on Dan.

And now as Dan began to get more excited by his swift motion and the fresh air as he raced through it, he began to throw up his heels and cut all sorts of capers, making it very dangerous for Joe. But fortunately, as the wagon went over a little stump, Joe flew out, and as the little wagon was so low and he fell on thick grass, he was not hurt at all, and not very much frightened either, for this was not the first time by many that Dan had treated him in this way.

Helen was left far behind, but when she cantered up to where Joe was, she was very much frightened to see him sitting on the ground and neither Dan nor wagon in sight. Joe soon persuaded her that he was not hurt, and begged her to ride on fast and tell his mamma that he was quite safe. So Helen touched Dolly with the whip and soon got home. As she rode in at the gate, she saw Dan standing at the barn being unhitched, and standing as demure and quiet as if he had never done any thing willful or headstrong in his life. But the poor little wagon told the story, for it was so battered up that no one would have recognized it for the trim, shining little wagon that Joe started out with a few hours before.

Joe's mamma was just coming out to the barn very much frightened, for she had seen Dan run into the yard with the empty wagon. Helen assured her that Joe was not hurt and would soon be home, and described the way in which Dan had skipped off.

Joe's mamma said, "Oh dear, I wish he was a steadier pony or that Joe was bigger."

"Don't be afraid ma'am," said George. "Dan loves Master Joe too well to harm him, he knows it won't hurt him to tumble out of that little wagon, and master ain't afraid."

George was very proud of Joe's fearless horsemanship. He did do well for a little fellow, for he was only eight years old and Helen was ten. JOE'S MAMMA.

A STORY FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

Many years ago, and not far from the place where I am writing, lived two little girls, whom I shall call Ruth and Mary. They lived with their parents in a log

cabin, which was surrounded on all sides by a dense forest. There were no near neighbors, no churches, nor schools, nor stores, nor mills anywhere near them. Neither were there any regular roads, only cattle paths through the woods, which were made by the cattle who went out every morning to forage, but generally returned about sundown every night.

But on one remarkable evening their two cows did not return at the accustomed hour, and as these little girls' father was absent on business, and their mother ill with the ague, the little girls were allowed to go after them. The cows did not appear to be far away, as Brindle's bell could be distinctly heard, and their mother instructed them to follow the cattle path until they met the cows, who were already on their way homewards, they were then to go around them and the cows would lead them safely home.

Ruth and Mary set out gaily on what proved to be before completed, an adventure of great peril. As they started off on a run, they shouted back, "Do not wait for us, dear mother, we are not afraid of any thing."

Their mother, like all pioneer mothers, had learned to be brave, but her recent illness on this particular evening made her feel nervous and weak, and the children were hardly out of sight, before she regretted that she had allowed them to go, for did not bears and wolves generally prowl around through the woods just at nightfall? But she quieted her fears by hearing the children's voices in the act of driving the cows homewards. But, alas! as she intently listened, the sound of their voices and the tinkling of the cow bell grew fainter, and fainter, and farther away, and it suddenly occurred to her that the children were lost, and were driving the cows in an opposite direction.

The sun was sinking in the western horizon, and it would soon be dark in the thick woods, and ill and weak as she was, she must go to their rescue. While deliberating and still listening, she heard a shriek, as if for help, and her excited imagination led her to fear that some wild animal had attacked her dear children. In desperation she threw off her heavy shoes that they might not encumber her speed, and grasped a club and started on such a race as she had never before taken in her whole life. She forgot her weakness, and desperation lent speed to her flying footsteps, nor did she slacken her speed until she had run nearly a mile, when she came upon the children, both crying as if their hearts were broken, because the cows refused to move another step in the opposite direction from home.

They were really lost, and had driven the cows to the very verge of a swamp, miles in extent, and much infested by wolves. The mother hurried the little party homewards as fast as her enfeebled condition would permit, but darkness had settled down upon the forest long before they reached home, but nothing further occurred to cause alarm, except the prolonged note of a wolf in the direction of the swamp from which the children had so miraculously made their escape.

We will now pass over several years of pioneer life, in which time the country began to settle up, and families came in who had children, and it was thought expedient to start a school. So a log school house was built nearly in the center of the settled part of the locality that it might accommodate as many families as possible, but unfortunately for Ruth and Mary it was situated some two miles from their home, but by taking a direct course through the woods, they could somewhat shorten the distance. They had a beaten path that they used to follow that led over a small creek and then over a marsh. This part of their journey

they used to pass over quickly, as it was a rendezvous for wolves, and it was not at all uncommon when there was snow on the ground to see the tracks of wolves all along the path. But they were stout-hearted, pioneer children, and besides they had the company of other children almost the entire way. But while their mother suffered some fears that they might encounter a hungry pack of wolves on their way, their father, who was a brave man, called these fears idle fancies. With his trusty dog and gun he feared no wild animal that roamed through the forest. And besides he assured the children that wolves were cowardly animals and never attacked any one unless impelled by starvation, and he thought this not likely to be their condition from the depredations they were making upon the sheep in the neighborhood.

Farmers who kept sheep were obliged to shut them up every night in a high enclosure made of logs. Ruth and Mary's father had a small flock of sheep which he carefully protected nights in a log pen near the house, but one night the wolves made an entrance in some way, and killed two of the best sheep in the flock. You may be sure that their father felt the loss keenly, and he determined to exterminate as many of the cowardly thieves as he possibly could. He set a large bear trap baited with some of the remains of the sheep they had killed, down by the creek that the children crossed on their way to school, as it was a place where they frequently congregated at night, and kept up such a howling as to disturb the slumbers of the whole family.

After securely fastening up the sheep pen, the family retired, but not to rest, for all through the night the old watch dog, who hated wolves as bad as his master, kept up an incessant barking and growling, sometimes at his master's door, and then again it sounded in the vicinity of the trap. At daylight the father visited the trap, and behold he found he had caught two wolves instead of one, but the dog had been there during the night and literally torn them in pieces.

After the dog (whose name was Tiger) had displayed such bravery in attacking the wolves in the trap, it was thought prudent to have him accompany the children each morning on their way to school, to serve the part of a body guard, until the wolf resort was safely passed. If the wolf tracks in the snow were fresh, Tiger would snuff at them, bark, growl, and whine, all at the same time, while his back would bristle up in anger, and his eyes gleam like balls of fire, while he went through every demonstration of a pitched battle with his unseen enemies. But truth compels me to say that he was never called upon to fight any battles in behalf of these two little girls. As the country was cleared up the wolves retreated with the march of civilization, and seldom came into the clearings. But for many years afterward their howlings could be heard at nightfall, but so far away that it excited no alarm nor fear among the settlers.

A. B.
Meridian, N. Y.

CHOOSE GOOD COMPANIONS.

It is the experience of all good people that evil companions corrupt pure hearts. Hence boys and girls cannot be too careful about choosing companions. The following is given to illustrate our thought.

"I don't see why you won't let me play with Will Hunt," pouted Walter Kirk. "I know he does not always mind his mother, and smokes cigars, and once in a while swears just a little, but I have been brought up better than that. He won't hurt me, and I should think you would

trust me. Perhaps I can do him some good."

"Walter," said his mother, "take this glass of pure, cold water, and put just one drop of ink into it."

"O mother, who would have thought one drop would blacken a glass so?"

"Yes, it has changed the color of the whole, has it not? It is a shame to do that. Just put one drop of clear water in, and restore its purity," said Mrs. Kirk.

"Why, mother, you are laughing at me. One drop, or a dozen, or fifty, won't do that."

"No, my son; and therefore, I cannot allow one drop of Will Hunt's evil nature to mingle with your careful training, many drops of which will make no impression on him."—*Exchange.*

THE MOTHERS' CHAIR.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD MOTHERS:—It may be that some of you may wish for some home-made games for the little ones. My little boy is too young for authors, but I made a very good substitute in an old game my mother made for me years ago called "Tick Tocks." Cut forty-four cards from common white cardboard three inches long and one and one-half inches wide, taking care to have them exactly the same size. Take four of these and print upon one, Tick Tock, the clock-maker, upon another Tick Tock, the clock-maker's wife, upon another Tick Tock, the clock-maker's son, upon another, Tick Tock, the clock-maker's daughter, and number each of these No. 1. Then take another four cards, and print Meal, the miller, and wife, son and daughter, in the same way as the first family, numbering these No. 2. Follow with each four cards in this way until eleven families are formed. The list I used were, Tick Tock, the clock-maker, Meal, the miller, Plow, the farmer, Boot, the shoemaker, Pulpit, the preacher, Paint, the artist, Trade, the merchant, Anvil, the blacksmith, Plea, the lawyer, Pill, the doctor, and Saw, the carpenter. They are played the same as authors, each complete family corresponding to a book in that game.

The cards can be simply printed in black ink, or very pretty ones could be made of tinted cardboard, with painted letters in water or oil colors, with fancy capitals, and a small spray of flowers for each family. In a fancy box with Tick Tocks painted on the cover, they would make a nice Christmas or birthday gift. If the little ones of THE HOUSEHOLD enjoy the game as well as our little boy does, the mammas will be well repaid for the trouble of making them. GUIDA.

MANAGING CHILDREN.

"How do other fathers and mothers manage, Mrs. Dane and I would like to know."

Well, Zenas, we can tell you how we manage better than we can tell you how we succeed, and the answer will probably be more flattering to ourselves.

You have "opened up" a very fruitful subject as well as a timely one—a subject that has caused more grey hairs and wrinkles to decorate fair feminine faces and manly brows than almost any other. Yours is not the only family in which there is a continual fight to keep peace. You are not the only parents who "would like to see their children well bred." Thousands of us are wondering what we can do with "that boy" to make him more endurable.

I will tell you about our boys, not pretending to set a rule for yours, or say it is the best way, only that it is the best way we can do with our boys.

They are Carl and Frank, now six and eight, respectively; boys of fair intelligence, as boys go, and good, bright, sunny dispositions. We are American people

of the middle class, so they have had a fair start in their birth, and the class of people with whom they associate.

But the two boys are as much unlike as two boys can well be and be brothers, so I don't know as the matter of parentage counts for much in the disposition and general make-up of a boy. Carl is a shy, thoughtful lad, who seems at times too reticent to say what he knows to be right, or act out his convictions; and Frank, jolly, hilarious Frank, he hasn't time to be bothering with any "please's" before his requests, or "thank-you's" after them—both equally hard cases to manage.

"But how do you manage?" say you.

In the first place, we try to have a certain air of restraint, authority, perhaps, continually about the house. I do not mean that my boys must come in on tip-toe and scarcely speak above a whisper, not at all, only that they in entering an orderly place, must conduct themselves in an orderly manner, also.

I think this matter of general discipline has very much to do with our attaining any specific results with our children, and I attribute what success we have had largely to the thorough understanding that bad behavior of any kind merits and will surely meet with our decided displeasure and censure. They are told plainly that there are certain things they must do and certain other things they must not do, and, if possible, a reason is given why they must observe these rules. Then, if they disobey, they are called to account. I refer now to matters in general—table manners, loud talk, wrangling, teasing, impatience with each other, schoolmates or toys, and their deportment generally.

I said they were called to account. How?

If we are present when the fault is committed, usually a look or a word from either parent is enough to make them desist and correct themselves, and if a second admonition is necessary, it is given in a sterner and more impressive manner, but always kindly. If such a course does not succeed, (and it doesn't always, even with our boys,) or the offence is committed in the presence of company, or in our absence, then the real accounting takes place afterwards. We first make sure that they have fairly understood the instructions concerning the fault committed, and the manner in which we, as well as the world generally, regard their conduct, for it is useless and very wrong to punish a child for a fault the nature of which he is ignorant of. So, if we find that he has erred through ignorance, he is given a thorough understanding of his offence, and let go with an injunction to keep a close watch upon himself in the future.

If it is the first, or perhaps the second, or possibly the third time, the same fault has been committed, (for we do hate to punish,) the offender is taken by himself, and, especially if the offence is very grievous, or concerns others, he is asked and urged to tell all about it, why he did so, what the circumstances were, etc. He is then talked with confidentially and kindly, in such words and manner as he can understand. In these cases we try to appeal to the boys' pride; to their aversion to shame, and to their regard for the feelings of others. Most boys have tender hearts, and it doesn't take many minutes of familiar conversation and talk of this sort to make them thoroughly penitent. Then, if more punishment is thought best a reprimand is given and the culprit is let go on a reprieve. If, however, the offence continues to be repeated and disregard for the parents' wishes and admonitions is persisted in, then punishment surely follows.

How do we punish?

Severely. Not much talking is done

when chastisement is to follow. All there is to say, has been said upon previous occasions. Now action is expected, and unless forthcoming a point of authority is lost that will be hard to regain. It usually consists of a whipping undertaken with a great deal of genuine sorrow to the parent, which the offender is also made to understand as part of the penitential process.

I think it very wrong, and certainly very injudicious if you care any thing for your discipline, to strike a child in anger, or with any show of temper, therefore the whippings our boys get are very rare, and done in "cold blood." We try to have such a sense of shame and dishonor attached to corporal punishment that along with the physical pain and evident sorrow that such an act has caused us, the remembrance of a chastisement of this sort exerts a most healthful tone upon the conduct for a long time.

One evening not long ago an instance was given that the boys remember their corrections even after the "smart" is over. Their grandpa called, and in course of the conversation he put the question: "Does papa sometimes whip?"

"Not very often," replied cautious Carl, not wishing to continue a subject that was likely to bring out family secrets.

"But when he does, he whips awful hard," chimed in the open-hearted Frank, who possibly spoke from a recent experience.

If children must be whipped, it should be done in earnest, else it will surely have a desultory effect upon management. A great deal better not undertake punishment than to rouse a spirit of resistance and not overcome it. I have seen the evil effects of a half whipping in our own children as well as in those of others, and I believe the uncorrected fault is better than such a result.

We also teach that the wish of the parent, if known, is law, and that they are not only to obey it, but that it should be their highest pleasure to do so.

I hope no one will finish this reply with the idea that my boys are kept so prim and conventional that they have no real joy in their childhood, for that is not the case. This evening, as I write, they, with other little friends, are around another table in the library, busy and happy, with books and games, full of life and chatter. Neither do I want any to think that to be managed so easily my boys must be "soft heads" and lack vim, or are not exposed to influences that usually diminish the home influence. I said in the beginning they are average children, at least; and in the city school of a thousand children which they attend, and upon the street, there are a great many influences detrimental to home training.

Thus I have tried to tell in a general way how we manage with our boys. It is true there are times when it seems as if our constant efforts were likely to prove a failure, but then we notice that the admonitions are not so frequent, the times of accounting fewer and farther between. This we call present success, but we do not look for our full success until long years have passed away, and the little boys have begun to realize some of the stern realities of life. Then we hope that the training they are now getting in the home nest will have given them such a discipline over themselves and influence with others that they will be happy, and in their happiness we shall be amply repaid.

Now, how do others manage? Mrs. B. and I would like to know. F. A. B.

—Self-conquest is the greatest of victories.—*Plato.*

—Trials teach us what we are; they dig up the soil, and let us see what we are made of.—*Spurgeon.*

The Library.

DICKENS IN CAMP.

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras far beyond uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
The ruddy tints of health,
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth.

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure,
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew.

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the master
Had writ of Little Nell.

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy—for the reader
Was the youngest of them all—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall.

The fir trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp, with Nell, on English meadows,
Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes o'ertaken
As by some spell divine—
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire;
And he who wrought the spell?
Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly
And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly—
This spray of western pine.

—Bret Harte.

LATIN WITHOUT A MASTER.

BY HELEN HERBERT.

DURING the past few years a great deal of discussion has taken place with regard to the comparative merits of the classics and the natural sciences, as requirements of the college curriculum.

Some claim that a knowledge of Latin and Greek should no longer be made an inflexible condition of admission to college; that students who wish, should be allowed to substitute an equivalent in scientific study; that no one should be required to spend precious time on things which will be of no use to him in his after study and life work.

Others maintain that some familiarity with these languages and their literature is essential to a complete education, even though more special attention should afterwards be given to other branches of knowledge. They hold that the thorough discipline and culture which it is the purpose of college training to secure cannot be gained without study of the classics, and think, therefore, that such study should not be left to the option of young, and often careless students, but should be made imperative.

Each course has its advocates. Some, indeed, degenerate into mere partisans; and feeling strongly on the one side, forget that any thing can be said in favor of the other. The truth probably lies, as is usually the case, in the middle ground.

But it is not necessary that we should enter into this vexed question here. Whether a person can or cannot be thoroughly educated without a knowledge of the classics, it is certain that when, in the individual case, there are no definite and really decisive objections to be urged against it, it is well for a student who has an ambition for the higher education, to devote some time to their study.

In many instances it may not seem best, or even possible, to attempt to learn both Greek and Latin, especially if the work must be done alone, without a master. If only one can be undertaken, there can be little question but that Latin should be

that one. One important reason for this is the fact that so many modern languages come from Latin, are, in fact, its direct descendants.

Those who have the least taste for linguistic study will probably sometime wish to make themselves acquainted with at least one modern tongue beside their own. And such will find that after learning Latin, the romance languages, French, Italian, Spanish, etc., are so easily comprehended that the study of them will seem a pleasure, almost a recreation, rather than hard work.

Then we cannot thoroughly know and understand English without a knowledge of Latin. So many of our words are derived from that, and the same sources with that, that a familiarity with it seems really necessary to a strong grasp and intelligent use of our own language.

As a discipline for the mind, nothing can be better than the careful, thoughtful application essential to progress in this study. Some, I know, give the preference to mathematics. And they may prove a better discipline for some minds, but I am sure not for all, nor even for the majority.

Another advantage arising from the study of Latin—and for that matter, any language—seems not always to meet with the recognition and consideration it deserves. This is the effect such study has on our command of language in speaking and writing. The constant use of words in reading and translating increases our vocabulary; and this, and the truer knowledge of our words which such practice gives, can hardly fail to endow us with greater power, correctness and fluency in the use of them.

Much more might be said in this connection, but though the subject is tempting, I will not at present pursue it further. My purpose in this little paper is not so much to persuade hesitating students to take up this study in preference to others, as to show those who are inclined to the study of languages, and would be glad to learn Latin if they had an opportunity, how they may make their own opportunity, and learn this noble language with no more aid than good text books, and their own interest and patience can furnish.

First, let me say, those who wish to learn Latin should not discourage themselves unnecessarily at the outset by looking upon it as a Herculean task, to be accomplished only by girding up the loins, and preparing for heroic and almost unending battle with difficulties. Difficulties there will be; and for their subjugation patient, earnest effort must be exercised. But this may be said of any work, or any study, and is not peculiar to Latin.

I remember how once, when a very young girl, I was disheartened and kept for the time, from even the thought of attempting this study, by a conversation I heard between some of the teachers and older pupils of a school I was then attending. They were talking of Latin. One of the teachers spoke of its great difficulty, and said it required a life time to make a good Latin scholar.

I believe now that none of these persons were very old or very wise, and probably none of them knew much of Latin. But at that time they seemed to me very mature and learned, and I thought if they had such an opinion of Latin it was of little use for me to think of learning it. Since then I have come to look at the matter very differently.

It may be that a life-time of study is necessary to the making of such Latin scholars as are a few—a very few—of our learned professors. And, indeed, one can give a life-time of study to almost any language, or branch of knowledge, without seeming to exhaust it. But it is by no means true that one must study Latin a life-time, or the half of a life-

time, in order to gain real benefit and advantage from it. A year of easy study—say an hour a day—given to Latin, is much better than none. It will be found both pleasant and profitable to know the mere principles and forms of the language, and I would say do this, by all means, if no more can be done. But two years are better than one, and four or five are better than two. Of course, the progress made in that time will depend greatly on the amount of daily study that can be given to it.

With two hours a day, one can do much. With even half that time, an earnest and intelligent student may make himself or herself pretty thoroughly acquainted—first with the grammar and construction of the language; and then with so much of all that is best in its literature, that he will really enjoy it, and find it a pleasant resource through all his life.

When one has come to believe it will be for his advantage to learn this language, and has made up his mind to the work, and possible self-denial in regard to leisure moments which it may involve, practical questions at once arise. And these, occasionally, in individual cases, seem attended by such perplexities, that many a promising enterprise has ignominiously gone down before them, with no real attempt at a satisfactory solving of the problem.

How are we to learn a difficult language without a teacher even for the elements? How can we find time for it when we are always busy? How are we to know what book should come first, and what should follow in due order? How can we buy the books when we have so little spending money? What shall we do when we come to something we cannot understand—a sentence we cannot translate—when we “get stuck,” as the school boys say, and have no one to help us out? How can we learn the correct pronunciation, with no oral instruction?

Now, as to time, if you are really in earnest, you will make time—a little, at least. The same may be said in regard to money. One book at a time will not be a heavy tax on the purse. This expense may usually be met by some little self-denial in other matters, which will not be much felt, and which certainly will do no harm.

Many are so situated that if they will take the trouble to look about them, they can find some one to instruct them—some one who can give them an occasional lesson, at least, and suggestions with regard to their books and the method of study best suited to their individual needs, who will indicate the proper sound of the words, and make smooth the rough places by a little timely help.

If such instruction can be had without too much trouble and expense, it is well to make use of it, especially in the beginning when all is so new and strange. But let us suppose—and it will be often the case—that you are thrown wholly on your own resources, with no probable outside help or dependence. First, then, since you must be your own dependence, resolve that you will have a sure one, that you will be strong and patient, and never weakly yield to small discouragements.

Next, buy a text book—the most elementary you can find. Harkness's First Latin Book is very good. Smith's Latina Principia is also good in many ways, and would be much better if it had a complete vocabulary at the end of the book. But I think, for a very young student, I should prefer the Harkness. I believe neither of these books gives the Roman pronunciation, now most generally used, and if you wish to learn that, as probably you do, you will have to go elsewhere for it. Allen & Greenough's Latin Grammar is very good indeed, and much used. This, I believe, gives the Roman pronun-

ciation. There are, no doubt, others equally good.

When the book is decided on, and bought, begin at the beginning and study slowly and carefully, making sure that you understand the first page before you turn to the next, and remembering that the declensions of the nouns, adjectives and pronouns, and the conjugations of the verbs, must be, not only understood, but perfectly memorized, and at the tongue's end.

These can be fixed in the memory while about other work. I learned them when I could not keep at the book more than five minutes at a time. They may be repeated while one is riding, walking, resting, sewing, washing dishes, etc., and once thoroughly learned in this way, they are not easily forgotten. There are a host of things in Latin grammar to be memorized, but the time spent on them is well employed. If they are not well learned, the lack will make itself unpleasantly felt in all the future reading for which you are preparing.

If a very elementary book, like Harkness' First Book, has been selected for the beginning, a larger grammar should be taken up afterward, and a reader in connection with it. If Allen & Greenough's grammar has been used, no other grammar will be needed. But the reader should have notes referring to this grammar, and the grammar should not be put aside when the reader is taken up, but should be constantly used in connection with it. It will probably be best to leave all consideration of prosody until you are ready to read the *Æneid*, or other poetry. Then you must learn the rules of prosody, and apply them in scanning.

After the reader, *Cæsar's Commentaries* will be next in order. This should have references to your grammar. All the Latin books edited by Harkness refer by convenient notes to his grammar. All Allen & Greenough's editions refer to Allen & Greenough's grammar. These references should be looked out, and the reasons for their application well understood.

In selecting books for reading, it is well to choose those with vocabularies. This saves time and trouble in handling a heavy dictionary. And as these vocabularies are arranged with special reference to the work to which they are appended, they are usually better suited to the needs of a beginner than the dictionary, which might prove at times somewhat confusing.

English notes are usually put at the end of the Latin text, and explain the most difficult passages or refer the student to rules of grammar, by the help of which the correct rendering may be found.

But, you will say, it may happen that in spite of all the help given, you may be stopped by a difficulty, some passage may still remain an unsolved problem. What to do about it?

I would say try again and again, and do not grudge the time spent on it. If it yields at last—and the probability is that it will—you will have gained a victory and learned a lesson worth a week of easy, unimpeded reading. And the next stronghold of this sort will be much more easily and speedily subdued.

But if, after repeated and earnest effort, you are yourself forced to yield, and acknowledge defeat, don't worry about it, nor be discouraged. Mark the passage, and when you review—for, of course you will review—you may find that the difficulty has vanished. If not, and renewed efforts fail to give you the meaning, mark it again, and remember to ask some one about it the first time you have an opportunity, even if the opportunity should be long delayed.

Do not be afraid to ask any one you think can help you. Those who have

worked and fought their way upward into the light of higher knowledge always find it a pleasure to lend a helping hand to those who are struggling along the same enchanting, yet sometimes thorny path. Do not be deterred by a false sensitiveness, a fear of exposing your ignorance, and subjecting yourself to criticism. I have heard this objection brought forward more than once. But if I speak frankly, I must say that it springs from a petty vanity, which has no excuse for being, and which puts its possessor at a greater disadvantage intellectually than any amount of ignorance, when this last is offset by a genuine desire to learn. So if you are so unfortunate as to have this feeling, do your best to overcome it. But if you cannot, you may comfort yourself by believing that you have no cause to fear. The men and women who can help you—such men and women as I have been speaking of—are the last to judge you harshly. They do not "view with critic's eye" any one who is honestly trying to reach a higher plane of thought and development. They may see at once what you lack—they must, in order to give you judicious assistance—but they will see your possibilities also, and in nine cases out of ten they will judge you—if they judge at all—much more kindly and leniently than those, less cultivated, whose criticism you had not thought of dreading.

So, I repeat, take help of this sort whenever you can get it, and hold yourself ready to repay the benefit by giving like assistance to those who may need and ask it of you some future day.

JANE AUSTEN'S FIRST AND BEST NOVEL.

When Jane Austen, in the year 1803, brought her first story, "Northanger Abbey," with nervous hesitation and many doubts as to its intrinsic value, to a publisher in Bath, she received from this great critic and censor the sum of ten pounds—not a large price, certainly, but sufficient to encourage her to go on with her literary work; and we may imagine that she felt elated at the result of her application. The publisher, however, on a re-perusal of the MS., does not seem to have felt either elated or encouraged with the bargain he had so hastily concluded. He grew diffident as to its ultimate success, regretful for the money given, and finally, he came to a decision that the payment for "Northanger Abbey" must be looked on as money lost, and that to undertake all the expenses of bringing out such a work would be throwing good money after bad. And so the MS. was thrown aside in a drawer, and the dust settled down on the "Northanger Abbey," and the hero and the heroine of this enchanting book slept a sleep which promised to be the sleep of death.

But lo! at the end of years—many long years afterwards—the drawer was opened again. Catherine Morland awoke to life, the Abbey stood up erect and opened its windows to the sun, and all its inhabitants rushed forth to be courted and admired, and to sun themselves in the warmth of a popularity which has never waned, and to show themselves to a public whose admiration has not been for a moment, but for all time.

But it was not the Bath publisher who gave the great work to the world. No; his eye had not yet recognized the lustrous star, the advent of which he might have been the first to announce to the world, and to attach his name with honor to its appearance. His vision must have been faulty, or dimness must have gathered on his lens. He opened his drawer at the end of all these long years, and took out "Northanger Abbey," not to gaze at it with eyes of newly-awakened

interest and delight, but to return it to the hands of the author, and to replace in the drawer, in its stead, the ten pounds which he had originally been rash enough to believe it worth.

He had scarcely, however, thus recouped himself for his previous folly, and parted with the MS., than he discovered his terrible mistake. Mr. Henry Austen, Miss Austen's brother, who had called at his office to try and effect this arrangement, had no sooner regained possession of the despised MS. than he made the unhappy publisher acquainted with the fact that the lady who had written "Northanger Abbey," and placed it originally at his disposal, was no other than the Miss Austen, author of "Pride and Prejudice," "Sense and Sensibility," and other tales, and with whose name the whole literary world was now ringing; and who, at the zenith of her fame had not wished to leave one of the greatest efforts of her genius mouldering in a drawer, alike unappreciated by the purchaser and unknown to the public.

So "Northanger Abbey" was at last given to the world, and was read and delighted in by thousands of her compatriots, and will be read and delighted in to the end of all time.—*Cassell's Family Magazine.*

THOUGHT AND LABOR.

Ruskin says: It is a no less fatal error to despise labor, when regulated by intellect, than to value it for its own sake. We are always in these days trying to separate the two. We want one man to be always thinking and another to be always working, and we call one a gentleman and the other an operative; whereas the workman ought often to be thinking and the thinker often to be working, and both should be gentlemen in the best sense. As it is, we make both ungentle, the one envying, the other despising his brother, and the mass of society is made up of morbid thinkers and miserable workers. Now, it is only by labor that thought can be made happy, and the professions should be liberal, and there should be less pride felt in peculiarity of employment and more in excellence of achievement.

THE REVIEWER.

HAPHAZARD PERSONALITIES, by Charles Lauman, is a delightful book of reminiscences of noted men. While somewhat of a biographical character, it possesses only the attractive features of such, giving the reader the feeling that he is listening to well told stories of men in whom everybody is interested, rather than that one is reading a book about them. To enumerate the subjects of the work were impossible in a short space. Longfellow, Bryant, Washington Irving, Dickens, Dr. Kane, Generals McClellan and Scott, and hosts of our well known and loved countrymen are written of in a charmingly unceremonious manner, interesting to young and old. \$1.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: Clapp & Jones.

Among the delightfully curious books of the day the OLDEN TIME SERIES is prominent; the second in the series, THE DAYS OF THE SPINNING WHEEL, is full of a quaint charm for the reader. The materials for the series have been carefully selected and arranged by Mr. Henry M. Brooks, chiefly from old newspapers of Boston and Salem. The curious old lettering is preserved with the quaint phraseology of the old-time newspaper. The series will be a valuable addition to our libraries. Price 50 cents per volume. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

The April volume of THROUGH THE YEAR WITH THE POETS, arranged and compiled by Oscar Fay Adams, is full of

the beauty and freshness of spring days. April seems to be a favorite month with poets, as this dainty little volume testifies. 75 cents. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

The third volume of Capt. Chas. A. J. Farrar's "Lake and Forest Series" is entitled DOWN THE WEST BRANCH, and is the story of a trip by the club through the Maine woods around Katahdin, with a vivid account of the experience of the members. As all the boys know, Capt. Farrar's books are pleasant reading, though a little overdrawn at times, and one is able to get from them a great deal of useful information and entertainment. Price \$1.25. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: Clapp & Jones.

IN A NEW DEPARTURE FOR GIRLS, Margaret Sydney tells the story of two sisters, who, suddenly deprived, by the death of their father, of all means of support, bestir themselves like brave, sensible young women to face the "bread and butter question," and conquer its difficulties. How they did it, the trials they met and surmounted, we will let the writer tell in her cheery way so well known to hosts of girl readers. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

MRS. PIEXADA is the title of a new novel, by Sidney Luska, in which the reader will find much to like as well as much to condemn. The artistic touches in some of the earlier chapters, the fine descriptions of music, are utterly marred by the somewhat hackneyed plot, and the overdrawn and sensational details which fill the later chapters. Like the author's first story it varies from good to bad in an unnecessary and most unsatisfactory manner. \$1.00. New York: Cassell & Co.

IN SALAMMO, translated from the French of Flaubert, by M. French Sheldon, we have a story of Carthaginian wars and scenes, a bit of barbaric literature valuable to the student, but which can possess little to charm the general reader. \$1.50. New York: Saxon & Co., 18 Tribune Building. American News Co., agents.

HEAVEN'S GATE is the title of a little English story, by Lawrence Severn, issued in the V. I. F. series, and gives a quiet, yet interesting picture of life in an English parish forty years ago. The story is pleasantly told, and the lessons to be drawn from it are sufficiently plain to the young readers, without being pointed out. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

The addition to the series of Popular Handbooks issued by Lee & Shepard of HINTS ON LANGUAGE, by S. Arthur Bent, A. M., and IMPROVEMENT OF THE SENSES, by Horace Grant, will be found a helpful one, by all teachers of young children. Both are clear, practical, and combine—the latter especially—interest and entertainment with the instruction of the young mind. 50 cents each. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: Clapp & Jones.

TOKOLOGY, A BOOK FOR EVERY WOMAN, by Alice B. Stockham, M. D. Revised, enlarged and illustrated. \$2.00. Chicago: Sanitary Publishing Co., 159 La Salle St.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for May opens with an entertaining description of the "London Season" and its "fashionable arrangements," illustrated by Du Maurier. The second part of Mr. Warner's charming story of summer travel, "Their Pilgrimage," takes the reader into the charmed region of the Catskills. William Hamilton Gibson's "Sap Bewitched," is certainly a bewitching bit of fancy, its exquisite illustrations lending to the charm. Wm. H. Ingersoll has a fine article entitled "Portraits of our Saviour," with illustrations from famous paintings. Mr. Blackmore's novel, "Springhaven," gives a charming and quaint description of English country life. Miss Mulock's delightful home story, "King Arthur," is continued, and Miss Woolson's long, unwholesome story of "East Angels," is brought to a close. Mr. Roe's interesting series of papers, "The Home Acre," is

continued, the present number discussing the treatment and culture of grapes. Other fine papers and poems are given and the editorial departments are full of interest and entertainment. \$4.00 a year. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE CHURCH MAGAZINE for May is an exceptionally fine number, full of strong and helpful papers and pleasant stories. The opening article, "A Florid Paschal," by Bishop Cox, calls the reader's attention to Easter of this year, the next to come at this late date being in 1943. Following this is a most interesting paper on "The Sacred Music of the Ancient Jews," by D. E. Hervey. In "A Pioneer Bishop," H. S. Atwater gives a sketch of the good work and strong faith of Rt. Rev. Philander Chase, the first to establish the Episcopal church in the then far west (Ohio) and the south. Rev. Percy Browne contributes a strong and most helpful paper, entitled, "The Center of the Faith." Other interesting articles, two pleasing short stories and an installment of Alice King Hamilton's serial "The Rector's Daughter," with an able editorial department, complete the number. \$4.00 a year. Philadelphia: L. R. Hamersly & Co.

Prominent among the magazines is the first number of the POLITICAL SCIENCE QUARTERLY, a review devoted to the historical, statistical and comparative study of politics, economics and public law. The introduction, by Prof. Munroe Smith, is followed by five long and able articles, among the best of which is the paper on "American Labor Statistics," by Prof. Richmond M. Smith, filling, with the generous chapter of excellent reviews, more than one hundred and fifty pages. The clear, handsome type will be appreciated by the reader. \$3.00 a year, 75 cents a number. Boston: Ginn & Co., 9 and 13 Tremont Row. New York: 743 Broadway. Chicago: 180 Wabash Avenue.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE AND BAY STATE MONTHLY for April opens with a fully illustrated article "An Illustrious Town—Andover," which will be read with interest by all New Englanders. Hon. Stephen M. Allen contributes the first part of a sketch of "The Webster Family." A paper of interest by Victoria Reed, gives the history of "The New England Library and its Founders," and Mrs. H. G. Rowe gives a delightful sketch of old-time customs in "New England Manners and Customs in Time of Bryant's Early Life." Lizzie M. Whitteley tells of "New England Characteristics." A continued story by Fanny Bullock Workman, is entitled, "A Romance of King Philip's War." Poems are contributed by Laura Garland Carr and Arthur Elwell Jenks. The editorial departments are well filled with timely and interesting reading.

WIDE AWAKE for May is full of the charm a May magazine should possess, its stories, poems and pictures being unusually good. Mrs. Sherwood's "Royal Girls and Royal Courts," takes up the history of the "Lilies of France," the princesses Amelia and Marie, and some very good lessons can be learned from the pleasant sketch, by our young girls. Mrs. Spofford's delightful story of "A Girl and a Jewel," is continued, and there is a long installment of Mr. Talbot's serial, "A Midshipman at Large." "Dilly and the Captain," still delight their little admirers with their wonderful exploits, and all the little folks will be charmed with Nora Perry's ballad of "The Children's Cherry Feast," with its pretty illustrations. Other pretty poems and stories are given with much that is instructive and interesting in the supplement. \$3.00 a year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY for May brings its usual measure of delight to its little readers. Even the wee ones, too young to read for themselves, can enjoy the pretty pictures, and listen to the stories, which are always pure and sweet in this charming little magazine.

MINIATURES is the title of a set of nine choice, easy piano pieces, from 25 to 50 cents each, elegant in style and well adapted to the use of teachers and pupils. They may appropriately be classed among modern "classics" of the lighter sort. Composed by Carl Weber, and published by Ditson & Co., Boston.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

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

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

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

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

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for May. \$2.00 a year. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

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

THE BROOKLYN MAGAZINE for May. \$2.00 a year. New York: The Brooklyn Magazine.

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

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

HUNTING SONG.

JAGDLIEDCHEN.

Allegretto.

p *cres.* *f* *a tempo.* *p dolce.* *rall.* *f*

1 2

THEME FROM THE QUARTETTE IN D MINOR.

SCHUBERT.

Andante con moto.

pp *f* *dimin.* *p*

The Dispensary.

NOTES ON THE OPIUM HABIT.

BY I. A. LOVELAND, M. D.

ABOUT a year ago a short article from my pen on the opium habit appeared in THE HOUSEHOLD. Since then numerous letters from all sections of the country have been received, containing the experience of many who have unfortunately formed the habit. Many times the information thus conveyed has repaid the time spent in correspondence. Would be pleased to hear from all THE HOUSEHOLD readers who are under this bondage.

From the tone of some of my correspondents I judge they had considered that the habit could be more easily broken up than is usually the case. Others, who, unaided and alone, have attempted to free themselves, know full well how strong the chain that binds them.

The ease with which the habit can be cured depends mainly upon the nervous condition of the patient, the length of time he has taken the drug, and the quantity administered. If there is actual painful disease, it is oftentimes desirable to continue the opium until cured of the malady from which he is suffering. But it must be remembered that a great variety of distressing symptoms affecting the various organs of the body, the digestive apparatus, the nervous, muscular, circulatory and respiratory systems, etc., may be due solely to the continued use of the drug, and independent of any real disease of those organs.

On this point the advice of a competent physician should be sought. Persons who have used only moderate doses of the drug for a short period can stop its use without much inconvenience, but this habit, like all others, grows stronger with indulgence and the lapse of time. The most favorable time to nip the habit is when it is budding.

To cure a well formed case of the opium habit requires special treatment. It is desirable that the patient be under the care of a physician well versed in the management of these cases. There are some distressing conditions that medicine can relieve. The exhaustion must be combated with tonics and stimulants, and the nervousness and sleeplessness by antispasmodics and hypnotics. In some cases remedies are needed to control the nausea, check the diarrhea and control various other symptoms. Their selection should be made only by a medical person. The narcotic is not usually abruptly withdrawn, but the quantity is gradually reduced for a week or ten days. This method has been found to be better than to discontinue its use at once. A firm, yet gentle nurse is almost a necessity. The diet should be as rich as the stomach can tolerate. Beef tea, chicken soup, mutton broth, jelly, eggs and plenty of milk enter into the dietary. Baths are of value, allaying restlessness, relieving pain, and inducing sleep. Electricity is a valuable agent in arresting the neuralgic pains which sometimes cause so much suffering.

All who have the habit are entitled to our sympathy. In almost every instance in the large number of cases brought to my notice, the individual has expressed an earnest desire to give up the drug. The means of cure for all such should not only be willingly provided, but the person should be encouraged to place himself under treatment, for unless the habit be broken, mental and moral deterioration and premature death will be the result. However great the expense, it sinks into insignificance in comparison with the result attained.

Gilsum, N. H.

FRUITS AS FOOD AND MEDICINE.

Of all the fruits with which we are blessed, the peach is the most delicious and digestible. There is nothing more palatable, wholesome and medicinal than good, ripe peaches. They should be ripe, but not over-ripe and half rotten; and of this kind they may make a part of either meal, or be eaten between meals. But it is better to make them part of the regular meals. It is a mistaken idea that no fruit should be eaten at breakfast. It would be far better if our people would eat less bacon and grease at breakfast, and more fruit. In the morning there is an acrid state of the secretions, and nothing is so well calculated to correct this as cooling sub-acid fruits, such as peaches, apples, etc. Still, most of us have been taught that eating fruit before breakfast is highly dangerous. How the idea originated I do not know, but it is certainly a great error, contrary to both reason and facts.

The apple is one of the best of fruits. Baked or stewed apples will generally agree with the most delicate stomach, and are an excellent medicine in many cases of sickness. Green or half-ripe apples stewed and sweetened are pleasant to the taste, cooling, nourishing and laxative, far superior, in many cases, to the abominable doses of salts and oil usually given in fever and other diseases. Raw apples and dried apples stewed are better for constipation than liver pills. Oranges are very acceptable to most stomachs, having all the advantages of the acid alluded to; but the orange juice alone should be taken, rejecting the pulp. The same may be said of lemons, pomegranates and all that class. Lemonade is the best drink in fevers, and when thickened with sugar is better than syrup of squills and other nauseants in many cases of cough. Tomatoes act on the liver and bowels, and are much more pleasant and safe than blue mass and "liver regulators." The juice should be used alone, rejecting the skins. The small-seeded fruits, such as blackberries, figs, raspberries, currants and strawberries, may be classed among the best foods and medicines. The sugar in them is nutritious, the acid is cooling and purifying, and the seeds are laxative.

We would be much the gainers if we would look more to our orchards and gardens for our medicines, and less to our drug stores. To cure fever or act on the kidneys, no febrifuge or diuretic is superior to watermelon, which may with very few exceptions be taken in sickness and health in almost unlimited quantities, not only without injury, but with positive benefit. But in using them, the water, or juice, should be taken, excluding the pulp; and the melon should be fresh and ripe, but not over-ripe and stale.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

TRAINED NURSES.

It is gratifying to learn that the medical profession, and those whose kindly instincts lead them to engage in beneficent enterprises, have devoted a large share of attention to the importance of having nurses carefully trained in order that they may perform their duties with a greater degree of skill and intelligence. Prominent physicians have said in our presence that the condition of their patients, for better or worse, is largely dependent upon the careful nursing which they receive from those in constant attendance. Carelessness in the regular administration of medicines, in movements about the sick room, negligence in regard to the changes which may have occurred and in furnishing the doctor with an accurate account of the invalid's condition during the enforced periods of his absence, is frequently attended with seri-

ous consequences. The partially educated or ignorant nurse sometimes fancies she knows more than the doctor himself, and too often places herself in antagonism to him—seeking to convince him and the family that he does not understand his business. On the contrary, a thoughtful and conscientious nurse dislikes to act upon her own responsibility, and affords the medical attendant all the important information that he may desire, replying to his inquiries with perfect frankness and sincerity.

In the United States there are now twenty training schools for nurses—two in Philadelphia and Brooklyn each, three in New York, as many in Boston, and one in each of ten other cities. The movement is increasing, and in many instances those who have graduated with evidence of superior efficiency have assumed the direction of similar institutions connected with western hospitals.—*Exchange.*

PRACTICAL RECIPES FOR HOME USE.

Croup, or Hard Breathing.—Cut a piece of chamois large enough to cover the chest of the patient, sew a piece of tape (long enough to pass around the neck) to one side and pin to the other with a safety-pin. Spread a coat of pine tar on the chamois to within one inch of the edge, and apply with the tar next the skin. Do not remove until all the tar has been absorbed into the pores of the skin. If a child is subject to croup it is best to keep one of these plasters on all through the winter, changing for a fresh one as often as necessary. The tar can be found at any drug store. This simple recipe has proved a sure preventive as well as a cure in every case where we have seen it tested.

Earache.—Roast a small onion thoroughly, peel to the center and place it in the ear as hot as can be borne. Fold a piece of flannel, lay it over the ear and bandage it in place.

Headache.—Drink a glass of very hot water. If the head still continues to ache place the feet in hot water and continue adding hot water until the pain ceases.

A. E. C.
Hartford, Conn.

WATER DRINKING.

Those who have morbid conditions of the stomach and bowels, which do not so far impair the general vigor as to prevent attention being given to the ordinary duties of life, can often use large draughts of water, especially in the morning, with manifest advantage. Obstinate constipation is thereby removed, the normal peristaltic motions of the bowels are restored, and the secretions may be vastly improved. We notice the salutary influence of water drinking upon many of those who resort to the so-called mineral springs which abound in the country. It is not necessary that these springs should hold abnormal quantities of salts of any kind to effect cures; it is only necessary that the water should be pure.—*Exchange.*

TO PASS THROUGH SMOKE.—In the course of an inquest in London lately, Mr. Wakely, the coroner, observed that it would be well to acquaint the public with the fact that if persons in a house on fire had the presence of mind to apply a damp cloth or handkerchief to their mouth or nostrils, they could effect a passage through the deepest smoke; but the surest way would be to envelop the head and face completely in the damp cloth.

—As the church bell calls to prayer and worship, so our stricken and suffering humanity calls, not once in a week, but at all times, for sympathy, forbearance, encouragement and aid. The first duty is the legitimate preparation for the second.

DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

W. MEYERS. Pimples around the Mouth. The philosophy of this eruption is found in the fact that when more oily food, etc., than can be disposed of in producing animal heat is eaten, nature attempts to dispose of the remnant by some other means that the system may be kept as pure as possible to avoid a serious form of disease. These greasy foods, not digested with the ease of other kinds, remain more or less undigested, foreign substances in the blood, doing harm so long as they remain. When these irritating substances collect in some abundance in any particular spot, disturbance results, and an attempt is made to eject them, the easiest and safest method being through the skin, through the pores of which more than one-half of the waste matters of the system, more than one-half of the products of the food eaten, pass, as refuse, more or less poisonous matter. To do this great amount of purification, when we do not attend to it ourselves, sores, abscesses, pimples, etc., are formed that fevers and worse forms of disease may not follow, really friendly action, though we are slow to appreciate the fact. These do not "run the life away," as believed by the ignorant, but purify the system by ejecting the poison waste, the foreign and dead matters. These come around "the lips and chin," in part in consequence of the fact that such foods as I have spoken of, difficult of digestion, irritate and inflame the stomach, which by sympathy, acts on contiguous membranes. As this membrane extends to the lips, it is not strange that the same irritation which exists in the stomach should appear about the mouth, being first announced by an irritation in the throat. I am not surprised that "as soon as one disappears another comes." Nature, in her efforts to purify, adopts a plan, establishes a channel, conducting the general impurities to one place, seeking a general outlet. The cure consists in changing the diet, improving the habits, cutting off the "supplies" for these eruptions. Never check the necessary discharge, the purifying effects, but prevent the necessity for such an escape of putrid and offending matters. Eat less grease, butter, pastry, which is made specially unfavorable by the use of lard, with a diminished use of the sweets in general, particularly dark molasses. As a general principle, these pimples are most abundant in warm weather, the cold weather actually burning the carbon of the system, thus sustaining the animal heat, which must be kept at about 98° Fah., or death would result. If you do not like to have these about the face—as a young man—you can divert to some other place, running the matters off by producing "counter-irritation," irritating with mustard, or a common blister, or a sore, promoting the discharge by applying wet cloths.

MRS. D. B. B. Rubbing for Pain, etc.—Friction of the surface is often of great advantage, in part on account of its influence upon the circulation. Since about one-half of the blood of the entire system is in the small blood vessels of the surface, it is of great importance to excite proper activity in these vessels, not only for the circulation, but for the proper activity of the pores, the outlets through which much of the waste of the system passes off, thus purifying the blood. For some reasons the use of the flesh brush is preferable, though it has no very special effect on the passage of the blood toward the heart. Were this rubbing on the blood vessels carrying the blood directly toward the heart, the large vessels, considerable influence would be exerted. In the case of varicose veins, when the circulation of the blood has been impeded, it is highly important to rub toward the heart, pressing the blood along in that direction, that the normal circulation may be restored. This rubbing not only increases activity, but produces warmth, urging the blood on in the right direction. In my opinion this is far more sensible and effective than the wearing of rubber stockings, the simple effect of which is to so bind the limb that it is impossible for the vein to become enlarged, or in a varicose state. You ask of the effect of rubbing in the "removal of pain." Pain is more or less modified by this friction of the surface, by the use of the hand or the brush, the reasons for which I need not now give. For aged people, those having a low vitality, a diminished animal heat, I decidedly prefer the use of the flesh brush to cold water bathing, at least, when a proper glow of heat is not secured after the bath. Thorough brushing is a pretty good substitute for the bath, even in the matter of cleanliness, which is "next to godliness." I will add in the matter of the removal of pain, a wet cloth with a little mustard sprinkled on, applied over the spot, well covered by dry flannels, will generally do more than any ointment or salve with which I am acquainted, though too simple to be popular with certain classes. This excites the action of the surface vessels, beside acting as a counter-irritant. It is very safe to resort to it, not being very troublesome or costly. Since these vessels of the surface are so minute as to be easily obstructed in their action, it is highly important to give them due attention, rubbing with the hand, soft flannels (coarser in some cases), the brush, or even a crash in some cases of great inactivity of the circulation.

The Dressing Room.

FASHIONS FOR THE WEE ONES.

BY GOSSIP.

FASHIONS come and go. To-day this is *à la mode*, to-morrow it is old-fashioned, *outré*. But whether farthing-gales or bustles reign, whether shoes or slippers are worn, gloves are long or short, the bonnet or Gainsborough hat covers the head, there is one thing that never changes. The babies, bless their dear, innocent little hearts, are the same everywhere and under all circumstances. They are always in season, always in fashion.

The baby's clothing must be selected with reference to its comfort and well-being, and every thing cumbersome discarded. Soft finished cottons or nainsook, French percale, Lonsdale cambric and lawn, together with the finest of linens, and such woollens as flannel cashmere, albatross cloth and merino, form the basis of this wardrobe, which, like that of a grown person, must contain certain articles, and may with advantage include many more.

Although the fashioning of baby's trousseau is to the mother such a delightful occupation, there are many who are deprived of this pleasure through lack of time or strength. In this case, to purchase material and have the articles made up at home by the seamstress, is a very expensive method. It is much the better plan to purchase an outfit ready made, from some reliable dealer in such goods. These outfits range in price from eleven to one hundred dollars according to quality and number of pieces.

The cheapest outfit consists of the twenty-eight articles enumerated below:

1 Cambric robe of puffing and embroidery,	\$0.98
2 Cambric day dresses, tucked yoke and embroidered, at 65 cts.,	1.30
1 Cambric day dress, embroidered yoke,	.75
2 Cambric night slips, trimmed, at 27 cts.,	.54
2 Cambric skirts, deep hem and cluster of tucks, at 45 cts.,	.90
2 Flannel skirts, deep hem, silk stitched, at 92 cts.,	1.84
2 Flannel barrow coats, silk stitched, at 55 cts.,	1.10
2 Flannel bands, silk stitched, at 17 cts.,	.34
6 Cambric shirts with Valenciennes lace, at 15 cts.,	.90
2 Quilted bibs, at 8 cts.,	.16
1 Rubber bib,	.15
1 Rubber diaper,	.25
1 Flannel shawl, embroidered,	.79
3 Pairs booties, at 12 cts.,	.36
	\$10.36

Another much more elaborate, contains forty-six pieces:

1 Fine nainsook robe, Valenciennes lace and Swiss embroidery,	\$7.95
1 Cambric robe, with fine Hamburg inserting and edge,	2.50
1 Nainsook day dress, with guipure embroidery,	3.75
1 Nainsook day dress, with fine embroidery,	2.35
1 Cambric day dress, robe front,	1.75
1 Cambric day dress, handsomely trimmed,	2.00
1 Cambric day dress, embroidered belt and flounce,	1.25
2 Cambric day dresses, embroidered yokes, at 85 cts.,	1.70
3 Morning slips, trimmed, at 75 cts.,	2.25
4 Cambric night slips, embroidered, at 55 cts.,	2.20
1 Flannel skirt, silk stitched,	1.05
1 Flannel skirt, embroidered scallop and dot,	1.50
1 Flannel skirt, more elaborate,	2.25
2 Barrow coats, herring-bone stitching, at 80 cts.,	1.60
3 Flannel Bands, herring-bone stitching, at 23 cts.,	.69
3 Linen shirts, trimmed, at 35 cts.,	1.05
3 Linen shirts, torchon lace, at 45 cts.,	1.35
2 Fine merino shirts, fancy edge, at 85 cts.,	1.70
1 Flannel wrapper, embroidered,	1.89
1 Lace bib,	.50
1 Hand-embroidered, quilted bib,	.23
2 Hand-embroidered, plain bibs, at 18 cts.,	.36
1 Rubber bib,	.15
1 Eureka diaper,	.45
1 Pair merino shoes,	.95
3 Pairs booties, at 25 cts.,	.75

1 Pair silk booties,	1.00
1 Set diapers, hemmed,	2.50
1 Basket, covered with dotted Swiss, furnished,	4.75
	\$52.42

These lists are given not only for those who wish to purchase, but as a guide in the way of trimmings, materials and number of articles, for those who wish to do the work at home.

The articles in the last outfit are fine and delicate enough for the use of Queen Titania herself. They are, of course, machine made, hand work comes much higher.

The long, trailing dresses which sweep the ground as baby reposes on the nurse's arm are very pretty things to look at, with their rich laces and masses of fine embroidery, but the little creature will be much more comfortable if even these first gowns are so cut as only to cover the feet by a few inches, and the delicate limbs will have a chance to grow strong and straight as they cannot do borne down and smothered under such a weight of dry goods. There is at present among sensible mothers a growing tendency to abolish these long skirts, and I hope the fashion will have a large following, even though it be done only from a desire to be in style.

Fine flannel bands, or those knit of Saxony yarn, with plenty of cambric slips, skirts, diapers, and a couple of barrow coats, are all that a baby really needs, if we except the blanket. When children are very delicate, knit shirts and flannel slips should be worn the year round, as a preventive of infantile diseases. With long skirts there is no need of booties at first, while if the skirts are short they are indispensable.

Little shirts knit of silk are as useful as they are charming, and—let me whisper—a lovely present from the grandma who is an adept at knitting. Linen and cambric shirts cannot be too fine, but very little embroidery is used on them as it is apt to chafe the tender skin, a little hemstitching or filmy lace being preferred.

For diapers cotton flannel is now considered superior to the bird's eye linen, so long used for this purpose. Of these necessary articles you cannot have too many. "Git a plenty while you're a git-ting," as the old woman said in the "Hoozier School Master." A rubber diaper is nice on occasions, but will prove injurious if constantly worn.

Embroidered flannels for skirts can be bought as cheap as the work can be done at home, and come in all prices from the plain scallop at 60 cts. per yard to the elaborate five-inch embroidery at \$2.60. It is a good plan to get four barrow coats, two of a kind, then when short dresses are required they can be made into two nice skirts.

Long slips of cambric, with narrow edge on neck and sleeves can be bought for 40 cts., and so on up to the nainsook robe of fine Irish point needlework and Valenciennes lace at \$19, or the more delicate, hand embroidered linen lawns at \$30. The slips at 40 cts. make desirable night robes.

Bibs are indispensable, and can be made of bits of double bird's-eye linen, pique, or quilted cambric with a bit of lace as a finish, but it will not be economy to make these unless one has plenty of time, as the market is flooded with bibs of all sorts and prices. A plain, honeycomb bib with loom edge can be bought for six cents; quilted eight cents; quilted and hand-embroidered at twenty-two cents; rubber fifteen cents; very fine, hand-embroidered seventy-five cents. Feeding bibs of linen momie cloth with colored border cost twenty-three cents, or with embroidered Greenaway figures seventy-five cents, while dress bibs of lace can be had in all prices. These are fastened to

the waist in front with a handsome clasp pin, and their are few babies who do not number several of these in their basket.

For cool days there are worsted sacks with long sleeves. These come in white, pink or blue, and even more pronounced colors, as cardinal and red, and cost from 45 cts. to \$1.50, for children under six months, while those ornamented with an overwork and edge of silk cost \$2.25, and are charming.

Afghans are knit or crocheted or made of flannel or felt, bound with ribbon and enriched by delicate silk embroidery. An exquisite afghan of blue silk plush has a bunch of snow balls and apple blossoms in the center with a border of white fuchsias and carnation pinks, done in ribbosene and silk. The edge is bound with a broad, thick ribbon, over which is laid the most beautiful duchesse lace. The lining is white plush. There is a cloak and cap to match, and the whole is rich and dainty enough for a princess.

The styles in baby carriages are not materially changed from last season. Some have several parasols of different colors. With these there must be afghans, caps and cloaks to match, and some carry this so far as to have the ribbons in the nurse's cap of the same color.

Flannel or merino shawls or blankets are embroidered around the edge and in one or two corners. Prices are governed by the amount of embroidery. A broad, hand-knit, silk lace set up on the goods forms a pretty finish for one of these wraps, and is also nice on the bottom of petticoats.

Wrappers are indispensable for wear night and morning, especially when mamma has household duties to claim attention. A novelty in these articles is a double gown of twilled Turkey red tufted with white worsted while those made of opera flannel with a trimming of lace and embroidery are always desirable.

The usual wrap for infants is the plain double cape or Mother Hubbard cloak. The former made of Parometta cloth with embroidery can be bought for \$3.75 up to \$10.00. A Hubbard embroidered top and bottom and finished with deep Oriental lace costs \$9.00. For spring and summer wear there will be wraps of a fine, open, canvas cloth. These are lined with a contrasting color of surah, which has a lovely effect through the fine meshes of the outside.

A most important article in baby's trousseau is the basket. These are covered with bright silk or silesia, with an outer covering of lace or muslin, and have many bows and rosettes. They contain all the essentials and luxuries for the autocrat's toilet, and can be bought furnished or unfurnished.

Shetland veils of worsted cost from 18 cts. to 80 cts.; those of silk \$1.25. These articles should be used as seldom as possible, as the glimmer and the constant effort to see through the obstruction often causes permanent impairment of the sight. It is better to regulate the light by means of the carriage canopy, and discard the veil except as a means of warmth.

WIDE LACE PATTERN.

Cast on forty-one stitches. Knit across plain.

1. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit ten, over twice, purl two together, knit one, over twice, narrow, knit six, over twice, purl two together, knit two, over twice, purl two together.

2. Thread round the needle, purl two together, knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit eight, purl one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit twenty, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

3. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit three, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit nine, over twice, purl two together, knit ten, over twice, purl two together, knit two, over twice, purl two together.

4. Thread round the needle, purl two together, knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit ten, over twice, purl two together, knit twenty, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

5. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit four, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit eight, over twice, purl two together, knit one, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit five, over twice, purl two together, knit two, over twice, purl two together.

6. Thread round needle, purl two together, knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit seven, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit twenty, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

7. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit five, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit seven, over twice, purl two together, knit twelve, over twice, purl two together, knit two, over twice, purl two together.

8. Thread round needle, purl two together, knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit twelve, over twice, purl two together, knit twenty, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

9. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit twenty, over twice, purl two together, knit one, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit five, over twice, purl two together, knit two, over twice, purl two together.

10. Thread round the needle, purl two together, knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit seven, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit ten, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

11. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit twenty, over twice, purl two together, knit fifteen, over twice, purl two together, knit two, over twice, purl two together.

12. Thread round needle, purl seven together, knit two, over twice, purl three together, knit nine, over twice, purl two together, knit three, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit nine, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

13. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit twenty, over twice, purl two together, knit one, over twice, narrow, knit six, over twice, purl two together, knit two, over twice, purl two together.

14. Thread round needle, purl two together, knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit eight, purl one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit four, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit eight, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

15. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit twenty, over twice, purl two together, knit ten, over twice, purl two together, knit two, over twice, purl two together.

16. Thread round needle, purl two together, knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit ten, over twice, purl two together, knit five, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit seven, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

17. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit twenty, over twice, purl two together, knit one, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit five, over twice, purl two together, knit two, over twice, purl two together.

18. Thread round needle, purl two together, knit two, over twice, purl two to

together" until there are two stitches left on the needle; then over, knit two.

2, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 11, and 12. Knit plain.

3. Knit five, over, knit two together, same as in the first row.

5. Knit four, the rest same as in the first row.

10. Narrow, narrow, slip the first stitch over the second one, and knit the rest plain.

This makes a beautiful edging which you will find very easy to knit as it is soon learned and "grows fast."

SUNNYSIDE.

TUNISIAN LACE.

Cast on thirty-six stitches. Knit across plain.

1. Slip one, knit two, thread over twice, purl two together, thread over, purl two together, thread over, purl two together, knit four, thread over, knit one, thread over, narrow, knit one, thread over, narrow, narrow, thread over, knit one, thread over, narrow, knit one, thread over, narrow, narrow, thread over, knit one, thread over, narrow, knit one, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit six.

2. Knit six, thread over, knit three, thread over, narrow, knit one, narrow, thread over, knit three, thread over, narrow, knit one, narrow, thread over, knit two, thread over twice, purl two together, thread over, purl two together, knit three.

3. Slip one, knit two, thread over twice, purl two together, thread over, purl two together, thread over, purl two together, knit one, narrow, thread over, knit five, thread over, slip one, narrow, throw slip stitch over, thread over, knit five, thread over, slip one, narrow, throw slip stitch over, thread over, knit five, thread over, knit six.

4. Cast off four, knit one, thread over, narrow, knit one, thread over, narrow, narrow, thread over, knit one, thread over, narrow, knit one, thread over, narrow, narrow, thread over, knit one, thread over, narrow, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over twice, purl two together, thread over, purl two together, thread over, purl two together, knit three.

5. Slip one, knit two, thread over twice, purl two together, thread over, purl two together, thread over, purl two together, knit two, thread over, narrow, knit one, narrow, thread over, knit three, thread over, narrow, knit one, narrow, thread over, knit three, thread over, narrow, knit one, narrow, thread over, knit three.

6. Knit three, thread over, knit one, thread over, slip one, narrow, throw slip stitch over, thread over, knit five, thread over, slip one, narrow, throw slip stitch over, thread over, knit five, thread over, slip one, narrow, throw slip stitch over, thread over, knit three, thread over twice, purl two together, thread over, purl two together, thread over, purl two together, knit three. MRS. W. E. CAMPBELL.

Humbird, Clark Co., Wis.

KNITTED BORDER FOR COVERS-LETS.

This border is worked crosswise, in rows going back and forth on a foundation of fifteen stitches.

1. Knit all plain.

2. Slip one, knit eleven, the last three stitches are left on the needle unnoticed in the next four rows.

3. Slip one, purl eleven, take a crochet needle and in connection with the last stitch crochet a foundation of fifty stitches. With another needle take up the stitches just crocheted in the following manner: First insert the needle in the last stitch of the foundation, pass over the following two stitches, take up the next two stitches, and so on, observing

the pattern enclosed, thus twenty-five stitches should be on this needle.

4 and 5. All knit plain, slipping the first stitch, however.

6. Slip one, purl thirty-six, thread over, knit three.

7. Chain off three stitches, (to do this slip the first stitch, knit off the following stitch, and draw the slipped stitch over the latter, then knit off the next stitch, and draw the preceding stitch over this stitch, finally knit one stitch on the thread over, and draw the preceding stitch over this stitch,) then purl one and knit one on the thread over, and then knit thirty-seven.

8. Chain off twenty-five stitches, knit eleven, pay no attention to the last three stitches during the next four rows.

9. All purl.

10 and 11. All knit plain.

12. Slip one, purl eleven, thread over, knit three.

13. Chain off three stitches, purl one more and knit one on the thread over, then knit twelve.

14. Slip one, knit eleven, pay no attention to the last three stitches during the next four rows.

15 to 26. Like the third to fourteenth rows.

27. Slip one, purl eleven.

28. Slip one, knit eleven.

29. Slip one, knit ten, knit off the last stitch of the preceding row together with the two edge stitches nearest the inner edge on the end of the first scallop not yet joined with the close part of the work.

30. Slip one, purl eleven, thread over, knit three.

31. Chain off three stitches, purl one more and knit one on the thread over, then knit eleven, work off the last stitch of the preceding row together with the two edge stitches nearest the outer edge on the end of the same scallop, which has already been joined with the close part of the work in the twenty-ninth row.

32. Slip one, knit eleven, pay no attention to the last three stitches during the next four rows.

Repeat always from the fifteenth to the thirty-second rows until the border is of the requisite length, looping the scallop as shown by the pattern.

CINDERELLA.

LEAF NORMANDY.

Cast on thirty-two stitches. Knit across plain.

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

2. Knit two, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit four, purl fifteen, knit three.

3. Knit four, over, knit one, slip one, narrow, bind, knit one, over, knit three, over, knit one, slip one, narrow, bind, knit one, over, knit four, narrow, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, knit two.

4. Knit two, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit three, purl thirteen, knit four.

5. Knit five, over, slip one, narrow, bind, over, knit five, over, slip one, narrow, bind, over, knit five, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit one, over, knit two.

6. Knit two, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit three, purl eleven, knit five.

7. Knit six, over, knit one, over, knit two, slip one, narrow, bind, knit two, over, knit one, over, knit six, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit one, narrow.

8. Bind off one, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit seven, purl eleven, knit six.

9. Knit four, narrow, over, knit three, over, knit one, slip one, narrow, bind, knit one, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit six, over, narrow, knit one, over, slip one, narrow, bind, over, knit one, narrow, knit one, narrow.

10. Knit two, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit eight, purl thirteen, knit five.

11. Knit three, narrow, over, knit five, over, slip one, narrow, bind, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit seven, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit three.

12. Bind off two, knit one, over, knit three together, over, knit seven, narrow, purl fifteen, knit four.

Winston, N. C. MRS. A. M. PARKER.

KNITTED UNDERSHIRT.

Materials required: Three skeins of colored, and one-half skein of white Saxony, and two ivory needles. Cast on eighty-four stitches of the colored very loose. Knit across plain until you have thirteen ridges or twenty-six times across. Tie in the white, knit across twice plain. Then * knit one, put the thread over, slip one, knit one, take slipped stitch off over the last one knit, and repeat from * to the end of the needle. Knit across plain, using the stitches made by putting the thread over so as to keep the same number of stitches on the needle. * Tie in the red, knit across plain twelve times or making six ridges, then put in the white the same as before; repeat from *. Tie in the red, knit fifteen ridges, then seam two and two for three fingers' length, * knit six ridges, tie in white as before; repeat from * twice. Knit twenty-three ridges of red, then bind off eighteen stitches very loose from the middle of the needle for the back of the neck. Taking one side off on a string, knit the shoulders twenty-four ridges long. Then make eighteen stitches in the middle again joining the shoulders. Knit four ridges, * then tie in the white, knit as before, red six ridges, repeat from * twice. Seam three fingers, knit fifteen ridges, * tie in white, knit as before, red six ridges; repeat from *. White once more as before, then red thirteen ridges. Fold wrong side out and sew sides together from the bottom so it will match, leaving arm-holes at the top. Crochet a fancy border about the neck and arms, running in narrow ribbons, making bows at the front and top of the arms.

Mine is made of cardinal so as not to soil so easily, and I have written directions for red, but they are very pretty made of light blue or pink.

Ohio.

GWENDOLYN.

SHOE BAG.

For one with six pockets the materials required are one and one-half yards of yard wide cretonne or linen, a piece of skirt braid, and five little brass rings. Cut a piece twenty-five inches long at the top, and twenty-one inches at bottom, and twenty-six inches wide, turn over two inches of the width at top and bottom, and stitch, also, midway of the wrong side, stitch a two-inch band of the goods as a stay for the upper row of pockets. This is the foundation. For the pockets cut two pieces each thirty-two inches in length by ten and one-half inches in width and bind one edge of the lengths with the braid. Divide the foundation and the strips for the pockets into three parts then make at the bottom of the latter three box plaits, so that the two foundation and pocket strips will be of the same length, and stitch firmly together at the bottom and sides, doing the same with

the upper row of pockets which must just meet the under row. Through the two rows of pockets from top to bottom, stitch the two divisions which will give six pockets. Bind the whole with the braid, and sew on the rings with which to hang it up. I hope Lillian D. will find these directions clear.

S. S.

New Jersey.

NARROW CROCHET EDGES.

Nine chain, three double (thread over once) in fourth stitch of chain, two chain, three double in same stitch, four chain, fasten with slip stitch in last stitch of chain, two chain, turn; * eight double under four chain, shell in shell, one double in three chain at top, turn; three chain, shell in shell, four chain, join slip stitch in center of eight double, two chain; repeat from *.

NUMBER TWO.

Take a piece of rick-rack braid, insert hook in first point, draw thread through, * three chain, fasten with single crochet in second point, three chain, fasten in same; three chain in third point, turn; two chain and one double three times in loop made by three chain in second point, two chain, fasten in first point, turn; four single crochet under every two chain, fasten with slip stitch in the third point; repeat from *. On the other side of the braid make three chain, one single crochet in each point.

ANNIE L. DOBBEL.

Hayward's, Alameda Co., Cal.

AN EASY LACE.

Cast on fifteen stitches.

1. Slip one, knit one, over four times, narrow, over, narrow to last stitch, knit one.

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

3 and 4. Plain knitting.

5. Slip one, knit one, over five times, narrow, knit one, over, narrow to last stitch, knit one.

6. Slip one, knit fifteen, purl one, knit one, purl one, knit three.

7 and 8. Plain knitting.

9. Cast off seven, knit one, over four times, narrow, over, narrow to last stitch, knit one.

Then commence at second row and knit as before. This is correct and very easy.

MRS. E. H. FORTIN.

Waterloo, P. Q.

KNITTED PURSE.

Cast on ninety stitches.

1. Over, knit three and draw the first of the three over the other two.

2. Plain.

Repeat these two rows until the purse is wide enough, then sew up, leaving a slit where open work is to put the money in, draw up the two ends, add rings and tassels.

MINNIE DEANE.

North Bergen, N. Y.

THE WORK TABLE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please give directions for knitting an acorn bedspread? It is composed of shells, each shell containing five acorns in raised work. Also directions for a knitted border to match?

BURR.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters please give directions for crocheting infants' shirts?

MAYFLOWER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to ask some of the sisters if they will send directions for a baby's crocheted band the same as a flannel band, only crocheted of worsted.

SUSIE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send directions for hair chains and jewels?

NEBRASKA SISTER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of your readers please inform me how to make a crochet toilet set?

MRS. A. A. B.

The Dining Room.

DINING ROOM NOTES.

Number Fifty-Three.

IN THE first warm days of early summer, one feels little interest in one's dining room beyond keeping the flies out, and the fresh air and sunshine in.

But don't for a moment think I advise any woman to make herself a slave to the winged torments. I'd rather have a whole regiment of flies in our house than one woman who is always chasing them. Again—flies being somewhat like "mortal critters" after all—so long as they can come in if they please, they don't care any thing about it; at least, there isn't a "fly-catcher" in our family, and a fly in our dining room is almost as unusual as a snow squall in June. So, after a while, as we become used to the weather, keep cool and our conscience clear, we do get up a little appetite for strawberries, salmon, the first green peas, and surprise ourselves some day by making what any of your Johns would call "a good square meal," although the heavier meats and desserts give place to daintier fare.

Breakfasts are a nuisance in these warm mornings. Potatoes are no longer the balls of floury whiteness they used to be in the winter, and there is little one can do with them in a plain state. Uhlma has given us so many delicious methods of cooking potatoes that it seems a difficult matter to find any thing new. Still we have two or three pet ways of "warming over," that may be new to some of our readers. Cut cold boiled or steamed potatoes in thick slices (about a third of an inch thick) and cut these in small squares. To about a pint allow one-half pint of milk, a tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of cream, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of flour. Put the milk in a sauce pan and when scalding hot stir in the flour mixed to a smooth paste with milk or water, stir till it thickens, then add the butter, salt and potatoes. Simmer gently about ten minutes, stir in the cream, let it just boil up and pour into a warm dish. Of course, the quantity of salt is to be varied at pleasure, tastes differing so widely in respect to seasoning. If cream is not plenty use milk instead. These potatoes are nice to serve with cold meats.

Another way we like very much is to cut or chop the potatoes, not very fine, and for two cups of the potato put one-half cup of milk and two tablespoonfuls of butter into a sauce pan or frying pan. When it boils add a generous pinch of salt and stir in the potatoes. Stir gently until well heated through and turn into a warm dish. Water may be used instead of the milk. These potatoes have a rich buttery flavor without the greasy taste most warmed over potatoes acquire.

Mashed potatoes may be made into a delicious and most attractive looking dish as follows: Boil and mash the potatoes—if you once use a silver fork to mash them with, you will never use any thing else—and add butter, salt and milk as usual. Then to a pint of the mashed potato allow one beaten egg and, if you have it, one or two tablespoonfuls of cream. Butter roll pans, or gem pans, which are much prettier, or a baking dish if preferred. Put the potato in, rounding up nicely, sift a very little flour or cracker crumbs over and put into a very quick oven till nicely browned. If gem or roll pans are used, they should be well heated before being buttered. The potato will turn out beautifully browned all over if the oven is right.

If Mrs. G. L. C., who is troubled because the raisins in her cakes won't stay

where they belong, will flour the raisins well, she will have no farther trouble. If a cake is to be baked quickly, that is, if it doesn't require baking like a fruit cake the raisins should be steamed the day before using. Don't boil them; put them on a plate and steam them about an hour. Of course they should be thoroughly washed first, then dry, dust with flour and seed them. The next morning sprinkle well with flour, shake in a sieve or colander to remove the superfluous flour, and stir into the cake after it is all ready to put into the cake pans. For a fruit cake, or one requiring to bake slowly, the raisins do not need steaming, but should be floured just the same after they are washed and thoroughly dried. Currants should be floured in the same manner. Citron should be slightly floured after being sliced.

Speaking of citron reminds me that one of our readers asked some time ago for a good recipe for preserving citron melons, and as the following is very nice I send it; a little early in the season, I know, but it will keep till needed. Select well ripened melons, cut in quarters, peel, and remove the seeds. Then cut in strips about one-half inch in width, cutting each into three or four pieces or in squares as preferred. Rinse, drain and put the fruit in a preserving kettle with sufficient cold water to cover and let it cook slowly until clear. Half an hour ought to be sufficient but it often takes longer. Drain and weigh the citron and to each pound allow a pound of sugar and one lemon. Put the sugar into the preserving kettle with one-half pint of water for each pound of sugar. Wash the lemons, cut in thin slices, removing all the seeds, and cut each slice in halves. When the syrup boils, skim if necessary, add the citron and lemon and cook slowly until the citron is very clear and tender; from half to three quarters of an hour should be long enough. Let it cool before putting into the jars. Glass fruit jars are best for the purpose. Half a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit makes an excellent preserve. Of course in this case it should be put into the jars boiling hot like any canned fruit, and the recipe followed closely in every other respect.

Another of our HOUSEHOLD Band wants to know how to make a rice pudding of cold boiled rice. We make them like this: One cup of cold boiled rice, two cups of milk, two eggs, two heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar, one heaping teaspoonful of butter, a pinch each of salt and mace, a little grated nutmeg, and a scant half cup of currants, which should have been thoroughly washed and dried, but do not need to be floured. Heat half the milk with the rice and stir till well mixed and there are no lumps of rice, add the butter; remove from the stove and add the cold milk, sugar, salt and spice. Stir in the currants, pour into a buttered baking dish and bake slowly three-quarters of an hour.

Those housekeepers who live "way out west, in places where milk is a luxury seldom to be had in quantity," can make very good cakes and puddings with water, adding butter, a tablespoonful to each cup of water called for, a heaping teaspoonful for each half cup. It doesn't make a pudding quite so smooth and creamy, but a rice, tapioca or plum pudding may be made very nicely with water, using the same quantity given in the recipe for milk; and apple dumplings and biscuit are really very good. The extra butter must be remembered, however. Bread, unless it is to be eaten fresh, is as good, if not better, made with water. Cake requiring a small quantity of milk, and the less the better, for any cake; may be made with water. Condensed milk may also be used to advantage in puddings, custards, etc., and I am told that

excellent whipped cream can be made from it by mixing one-third of the milk with two-thirds cold water. This I have never tried, but should if I could find nothing else to whip—in the way of cream.

Some one asks for my recipe for spiced rhubarb, and now that it is in season others who are fond of spiced relishes, may wish to prepare some to serve with meats during the early summer when it is not always possible to procure fruits, etc. Peel and slice the rhubarb, and weigh it. Put it in a porcelain kettle, and place where it will heat very gradually, until the juice flows freely. No water should be added. Then bring forward on the stove and boil gently for half an hour. Dip out about half the juice in a dish (not tin) which should be kept warm. Now add to the cooked fruit one-half pound of sugar for each pound of rhubarb used, and also to each pound allow one teaspoonful of cloves and two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon. Stir well and if you like it stronger add more spice, but this amount makes it sufficiently spicy for most tastes. Should it be too thick, reduce with a little of the warm juice, the mixture should not be quite so thick as jam. Simmer for ten minutes and pour into glass fruit jars. Screw on the tops closely, and when cool wrap each jar in thick paper and keep in a cool, dry place.

If Star will treat the violet ink stains on her carpet to a generous bath of spirits of camphor, she will find they will disappear unless the color has been set by things she has put on to remove the stains. Pour the camphor over them, a little at a time until the stains are well saturated, having a coarse soft cloth folded several times laid underneath. Then with a soft cloth wet with the camphor, rub the stain gently, pouring a little more camphor over it occasionally. When the color begins to stain the cloth underneath fold it over and put another in its place. A fresh ink stain (violet) will be readily removed by this treatment, but it will of course take more time in a case like this.

EMILY HAYES.

WHAT PEOPLE EAT IN PERSIA.

In the large towns of Persia cook shops abound. Sheep are roasted whole in ovens and sold hot by the slice. The sheep's heads and feet are boiled separately and their preparation and sale is a trade in itself. But the edible most in favor among all classes in Persia is the kabab. There are two varieties of kabab. One is made from minced mutton, which is chopped, with a few onions, into a paste fine as sausage meat, carefully molded over a skewer, toasted over a fierce charcoal fire, and sold and eaten hot. This is the kabab of the bazaar, the delicacy of the lower classes. At the dinner hour (sunset) and at the breakfast hour (noon) crowds surround the shops of the kabab sellers. Each man carries his bread, which is usually a flexible loaf two feet long, a foot wide, and half an inch thick. The customer wraps his kababs, hot from the fire, in his bread, and either sits down and eats it then and there or takes the meal home to his family. In any case a hot dinner of roast meat can be obtained for from one penny to three-pence a head, for the price of a single skewer of the steaming delicacy is but a half-penny. Jars containing about half a pint of hot, strong and savory meat soup are sold for a penny. These form the invariable meat of the Persian soldier, if he can afford it. The meat is pounded and served with the soup or eaten afterward as a separate dish.

But in Persia, as in the rest of the east, bread, rice, or dates are the real food—the meat merely the sauce or *bonne*

bouche. Persians of all ages are very fond of confectionery, and are constantly devouring sweets. These are generally pure and good, but there is little variety in color, most of them being white, and nearly all flavored with lemon juice. The lower class Persian will eat several pounds of grapes, cucumbers, or apricots for a meal. They eat onions as we eat apples. Pomegranates and melons are in great demand as food. Cucumbers are looked on as a fruit, and are eaten in large quantities by rich and poor. Seven pounds' weight may be often had for a half-penny. Grapes in infinite variety and of the most delicious kinds, from the huge, long grape, which measures two inches, to the tiny sultana, sweet as honey to the taste. Eggs boiled hard and dyed a gay color are much eaten. From forty to fifty can be had for ninepence. These things, then, form the cheap and varied diet of the working classes. Beef, too, is eaten by them; never by the well-to-do.

THE DESSERT.

—Daughter—"What is the subject of this piece of sculpture? It is beautiful." Mother—"I am sure I don't know, dear." Bystander (with a cold in the head, over-hearing)—"It's a Nydia from Pompeii." Mother—"She says it's an idiot from Bombay."

—Young lady (speaking of a famous singer)—"At present, you know, she is singing at the Antipodes." Young man (from out of town)—"Indeed! At the Antipodes? I should think that a singer of her great reputation would only be willing to sing at one of the large opera houses."

—If there is any thing that will make a man cordially hate himself, it is when he takes a walk of about a mile to the post office to find that he has left his keys at home, and then, on going home after them, to find on opening his box that the only thing in it is a card notifying him that his box rent is due.

—Gus De Smith was quite late in arriving at a soiree given recently by a prominent Austin lady. When he arrived he immediately sought her presence, and having found her, said: "I beg a thousand pardons for coming so late." "My dear sir," replied the lady, "you can never come too late." Gus thinks this is a hint to stay away altogether.

—"Charles," said Mrs. Spendell, "I saw a beautiful costume at Bizarre's today, and I should like it ever and ever so much." "And I should like to have you have it," replied Charles, "but really, Clara, I haven't the money to spare." "Oh, you great tease! I know better than that. I saw a brand new check-book in your desk only yesterday and not one of the checks had been used."

—"I beg your pardon, ma'am, but are you going into the country this summer?" politely inquired a grocer of a shoddy society lady on Fifth Avenue. "Why certainly." "Very well, ma'am. When shall I stop calling for the orders?" "Let me see. Well, I guess you'd better continue as usual until the middle of June. After that don't call until late in the evening, as I don't want the neighbors to see you."

—A dealer in ground coffees in a western city was approached the other day by a commission merchant who desired to dispose of a hundred barrels of beans at a low figure. "Beans!" exclaimed the merchant. "Why, what use can I put them to?" "Use them in your coffee." "In my coffee? How little knowledge of the coffee trade you outsiders possess! If I should put in beans at their present price I'd be bankrupt in a month. Bring me carrots and parsnips and old corn, and I'll talk business."

The Kitchen.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

BY MRS. JULIA A. CARNEY.

SO SAID all the copy books of my childhood, and passing years have added their testimony to the truth of the somewhat trite adage. Never does it come to my mind more forcibly than when, in the pages of our favorite paper, I read the letters which give the hints on household matters. From Maine to California, from Oregon to Florida, it finds its way to our homes and hearts, and perhaps the most important part of its mission is the binding together of so many widely separated ones in a sisterhood whose one object and aim is the making home happy.

United by this tie, with no mystic oath or solemn pledge, no expensive paraphernalia or time-taking lodge meetings, they yet form a society whose one password is "home," and whose work is for eternity.

Think for a moment of the wonderful variety of homes. The city mansion, almost palatial in magnificence, the sod house of Dakota, the log cabin of the woods, the pretty cottage of the prairie, with all the intermediate styles of architecture, and "a multitude no man can number," with no other style than the one room and attic which first sheltered the new comers and the ells which have been built, one at a time since, until its ugliness is only equaled by its inconvenience.

Perhaps some impatient one is ready to ask, what is the use of telling us all this, which we know already? Because, although we all know these things, some of us perhaps too well, we are all apt to forget to apply them. When a sister who is "seven miles from a lemon," or anything else obtainable at a store, tells us how to wash lampwicks which have become soiled and give a dim light, or how to make new ones of cotton flannel, some one smiles and says, "We can buy lampwicks for a penny apiece, why waste time and strength?"

When one sister says she prefers to keep white pine floors without paint or carpet, and another explains that they can be easily kept clean by "scouring with fine, white sand," those whose homes are in the midst of the black, sticky Illinois mud, wonder where she gets her "fine white sand," and those who, like myself, are New England born and bred, say with a sigh, "Yes, it is easy to keep a house clean when all the dirt is fine, white sand and all the water soft. But with western mud to be tracked in, and western hard water to be broken with lye, or rain water black from the soot of a countless number of chimneys, all fed by western soft coal, it is very hard to keep even one's self and clothing clean, and white pine floors would be a failure in a very short time."

One sister writes of the exact order of her work. Read on a few lines; you find she has no little ones to bump their heads or cut their fingers in the very busiest moments of her work, or to be down with measles or some other infantile disease just when visitors are expected.

There has been quite a discussion upon the possibility of feeding a certain number of persons upon a given sum per week; a sum which to one who has plenty of milk, cream, butter, eggs, chickens, vegetables and fruit of their own raising would be unnecessarily large, but to those who have all those things to buy at fabulous prices, would be an utter despair.

So don't worry, my sisters, if you can't do just as some one else does under widely differing circumstances. Just do the best you can with the means you have.

One of the happiest homes it was ever my good fortune to visit, was a log cabin of one room and a loft, to which ascent was made by a ladder. Yet the presiding genius of that cabin was the daughter of a wealthy banker and had been educated for a life of luxury. She was as cheerful in her little home as she could have been in a more pretentious one, and her true-hearted husband and intelligent, merry children were treasures wealth might envy. Some time, after the large farm was all paid for, and certain improvements made, they would build a new house and have nice furniture. Until then they worked cheerily and waited patiently.

If one has health to be a model housekeeper, and means to carry out her plans for pretty or magnificent furnishing let her enjoy it. If not, let the little strength or the scanty means be used wisely and cheerily, and a useful, happy life may bless the lowliest home.

OUR SECOND WINTER IN FLORIDA.

It seems rather late in the season to tell of last winter's experience, though, to be sure, it is only March, but we've been having a week or two of very warm weather, and have almost forgotten we had a winter; we realized it fully at the time though. Yesterday and day before the thermometer was above 90°, with a wild March wind that kept us cool enough in the house. Everything is growing very fast, as if to make up for lost time; pinks and verbenas that were out in the bed all winter are full of blossoms; one pink root has sixty-nine pinks fully open, with hosts of buds.

Our winter was very severe, as every one knows; certainly Florida has been well advertised this winter if never before. Jack Frost was a northern visitor, neither expected or desired. His first appearance surprised and alarmed us, but we were sure he wouldn't dare show his nose again, but he did come again and stayed three days, and came several times after that, so we hardly know when we are safe. We all had a chance to see ice, and in several places snow fell; the ground here was frozen two and one-half inches deep one morning; but the cold weather did not do nearly as much damage as we feared; we learned that orange trees are not as tender as people had thought them to be, though perhaps at another time they might suffer more with the temperature much higher. Everything was as favorable as it could be; the weather had been cool and there was very little new growth; after the freeze it was cool and cloudy with some rain, so the frost worked out gradually. We shall lose quite a number of our trees, but they were small and weak; the rest are coming forward very slowly. They were small in the first place, and at the best, with all our pushing and forcing, would have made but little show this spring; now they have been cut back so they are not as large as they were in the first place. Even the mulberries, that we hoped would make quite handsome trees by this time, were frozen back twice after trying hard to start, but they are looking fresh and green now. Peaches, plums and apricots blossomed freely, and we shall have a little fruit. The bananas froze to the ground, but have started to grow now, though we poked in the slimy roots a good while in a vain search for a new shoot. We lost all the sweet potatoes, and the cabbage crop will be so late it won't pay to ship it. Strawberries are doing well. We shall have all we want and some to sell; have picked about ten quarts already.

I was so sorry for northern invalids who came expecting to find a region of perpetual summer. They shivered and

wondered, and the gentlemen did worse—some of them! We cannot blame them much, it was so different from what they expected. Many really suffered for lack of fire; wood was scarce and high in the cities, and many houses and hotels are built without chimneys. I think chimneys will be an important addition hereafter. We had long rainy days, dark and cold, when we did not see the sun at all. They were depressing to us all, but to those who had been told there was never a day in Florida when the sun did not shine some part of the day, they were doubly vexing. Poor Florida has been most dreadfully slandered, and I ought to have come to the front before with a good word for our adopted state, and a cheering one for the chilly, miserable visitors.

We think we've learned a good lesson without paying very dearly for the experience. It is better not to give much time to tender fruits and flowers, but to set out more peaches, apricots, grapes and quinces. We thought when we first came that it was a pity so much attention was given to orange growing, and so very little to other fruits, vegetables, grasses, etc. The freeze will teach us to try many things, develop industries, and prove a blessing in many ways.

The groves and large trees have suffered very little; even small trees and nursery trees have only lost their leaves in most cases. The trees around here are small and were late in blossoming, but are looking beautifully now, while in many places not far away they have been in blossom a long while.

Some of our northern friends have enjoyed the winter very much. It was colder than they expected, but much better than in the north, and they said when we did have soft, warm days, they more than made up for the cold ones. When the New England papers came with long accounts of terrible cold and suffering everywhere, of floods and high tides and hurricanes, and ice storms that destroyed their noblest trees, we thought we better not find fault with our lot. We have a good deep fire-place that holds great chunks of pitch pine, and we took solid comfort.

We feared some of the new settlers would be disgusted and lose courage and think they had been shown only the bright side of Florida winters, but from reports received from here and there, we find they are content, and if not satisfied they are reasonable, and realize that not on this earth can one be quite satisfied. Some are enthusiastic, working hard and doing great things; they find the wild flowers gorgeous and the sunsets glorious—although flowers and sunsets are not nearly as beautiful as they were last year.

Others—not friends of mine, not even acquaintances—are not at all pleased. One lady says "the children are all sick, and you never see a nickel unless you send away for it;" and writers who praise Florida are always paid for it. There is some truth about the scarcity of the nickels. We've found that out, but there are plenty of them in the state, and if we were only smart we might get hold of a good share of them. Children are not sick unless they come with very weak constitutions, and then not often, although I know many of them are careless. I know several writers who write in praise of Florida, who do not get or wish any pay; who do not even care very much about inducing people to come and settle, but who know so many people who are interested and anxious to read all they can get hold of concerning Florida. A Boston boy told us a few weeks ago that if conversation grew dull, just mention Florida and every one was interested at once.

We hear awful stories about our meat. One man says "the beef is so tough you

can't stick a fork in the gravy." The meat is good and cheap; the only trouble is we can't get much of it. It is very scarce.

We were very much interested in the paper on fruits in the January number. We, too, think fig preserve the richest and nicest of any, and immediately started a good many cuttings, that are doing well. We like the juice of the pomegranate so much that we manage to eat a good many, though the seeds are a nuisance, but how handsome the fruit is when opened, and how handsome the blossoms.

It was a very hard winter everywhere I suppose, and though we were surprised and disappointed, it was so different from the winter before, we were glad we were no further north, and that it was no worse. We talked of going farther south and resting under the equator, and we were reading up about Guatemala when we saw in a paper the account of an earthquake shock there, so we dropped that. We may not have such another winter for fifty years. If it comes we will be better prepared for it.

LORAIN.

HOME-MADE CHEESE.

BY IDA BELL VAN AUKEN.

To make good cheese requires more skill than to make good butter. Curd is fickle, hardly two days alike. A little too much salt or rennet, a little too much scalding will cause a poor cheese. Perhaps the pressing process is not just right, and lo! a miserable failure. A novice should weigh the matter well ere she decides to make cheese. It requires almost unlimited experience, patience and strength. Cheese made by the following rule has taken first premiums many years both at county and state fairs. The directions are for a small amount of milk, two pailfuls night and morning. The pails and all utensils must be scalded and kept perfectly sweet, a little carelessness in this respect means failure.

I hope to make the directions explicit for Idina, but if she could find some old housekeeper who could teach her to make her first cheese it would be better than pages of instruction. Learning to make cheese is like learning to speak a new language. Example is better than written rules.

First, the utensils required: Two tubs, one for milk, one for whey, tongs, basket, chopper; four cloths a yard square, (cheese cloth, five cents a yard, will do,) press, and hoops, a silver knife to cut curd, and a basin. July and August are the best months for cheese making. Having all the utensils, we are ready to set the first milk at night, the rennet having been prepared in this wise. A dried rennet is preferable; one should be procured early in spring as possible, turn, empty and wash in one water very gently, turn back, rub with salt inside and out, fill partly with salt, insert a small twig to stretch it out so it will dry better, hang in a cool, dry place. A few days before beginning to make cheese place the rennet in a jar in one quart of cold water, having removed and saved the salt; next morning add enough water to make a gallon of brine, the salt that was in the rennet, and sufficient more to make a brine which will not dissolve more salt. Leave the rennet in the brine for a few days then remove.

Strain the milk as soon as possible after milking, into the smaller tub. Two tablespoonfuls of the rennet to one pailful of milk is about right, but here is need of discretion. Sometimes the rennet is very strong, too much or too little will injure the quality of the cheese. It's a good plan to try the strength of the rennet in a cup of milk. If the curd comes quickly the rennet is good. Stir

the rennet thoroughly through the tub of milk, using a basin, cover with a thick cloth and leave for a half hour, at the end of that time the curd should be set. Checker it with a knife. Just before retiring take a basin and pass two or three times gently through the tub. This helps to separate the curd and whey.

Place the tub in as cool a place as possible, if the weather is very warm, before an open window or door. In the morning place a cheese strainer in the basket and dip the curd carefully into it; if handled roughly the richness of the curd will pass into the whey. Occasionally lift the four corners of the cloth holding the curd; after it has drained an hour tie it up and hang on a hook above the basket. Cut the curd over every half hour and hang up each time. The morning's milk must be treated in the same way. Keep it covered and it ought to be ready to dip into the basket by eleven o'clock, A. M. If one has but a small dairy it will take four milkings to make a cheese. It makes better cheese, however, to have a large quantity of milk and make a cheese every day. The two curds can be placed in the same cloth. When dry enough it can be removed to the cellar and hung in a cloth to drain, generally about two o'clock P. M. Scald the tub and basin with a teakettleful of boiling water, and it is ready for the night's milk.

The curd in the cellar needs no more care until it is brought up the next afternoon and made into cheese. Go through the same routine for the second night's and morning's milk. When they are dry enough, that is when very few drops of whey drain from the curd hanging above the basket, it is time to make the cheese; we generally make it about two o'clock P. M. Scald the curd with water. The larger the cheese the more water needed. Have a teakettleful of boiling water and two pailfuls of cold water. Bring up the curd from the cellar and put it all through the chopper. Ours turns like a clothes wringer and cuts the curd in pieces about the size of a chestnut. Pour boiling water into the smaller tub, add sufficient cold so that the hand can pass through without burning it.

Have the curd in a cloth a yard square. Two persons must work at this point. It is always great fun for the children to chop the curd and assist in the scalding. They can keep the corners of the cloth from falling into the water after the curd is let down into the tub. When the curd touches the water there must be quick work or it will cook together. Work it fast, back and forth, up and down in the tub of hot water, separating the particles as much as possible. To test when it is scalded enough, which takes only a moment, dash in a pailful of cold water, and then another until it is hardly lukewarm. A handful of curd pressed together will give forth a little squeak when it is scalded just right, and also when pressed together will adhere. Try it before cold water is added.

Take the curd out and place in the basket; if still warm dash on plenty of cold water and work out all large pieces adhered, and after it has drained about five minutes, add a half teacup of salt for every twelve pounds of curd. Work the salt through carefully. The salt has to be guessed at in part and is one of the most difficult things to get just right. Too much salt makes hard cheese. The curd at this point is rich and delicious. It is now ready to place in the hoop. The pressing cloth is best made of something old. Fold it smoothly on top of the cheese after it is placed in the hoop, then put to press. Turn the cheese in a half hour. Sometimes the pressing cloth adheres to the cheese. Wet it with cold water and remove carefully. This cloth should be rinsed with cold water each time

the cheese is turned while in the press, once the first afternoon. This is to give the cheese a good, even shape. The next morning take it out and put on a bandage of common cheese cloth, letting it extend an inch and a half over the top and bottom of the cheese; return to the press where we usually let it remain until another is ready to put in.

When removed for good the cheese should be rubbed with butter. They need to be oiled, rubbed and turned each day until cured, and then once a week.

When made correctly, these directions give an article rich, soft, and golden, but the days of home-made cheese have vanished with the days of home-made linen. Soon it will be a lost art and the æsthetic young lady of the future may hang up her great-grandmother's cheese tongs in the parlor beside the linen wheel, relics of "good old colony times."

JUNE CLEANING.

BY KEZIAH SHELTON.

If you have been negligent of earlier warnings, or if obliged by sickness or trouble in the house to defer and delay your thorough cleansings of all cracks and crannies as well as places of greater exposure to criticism, let me beg of you to delay not another hour. The hot weather is even now at your door, and an hour's unnecessary delay may make you a criminal accessory to the death of some loved one.

If you have already heard the tocsin of warning that has been sounded throughout the land, and have listened and then executed your duty in the premises to the best of your ability, you have only to continue in the good path and will take no offense at our repeated warning. This is a case where "line upon line and precept upon precept" cannot be too often repeated.

Let us suppose that early in the spring your grounds were carefully examined and thoroughly raked with a fine toothed rake, until there was no possibility that anything was left of animal or vegetable refuse that could decompose and cause unhealthy fungus growths; will take it for granted that stable yards, sink drains and privy vaults were not only cleansed and air dried, but also treated to disinfectants most thoroughly. Here, let me observe, do not adopt the fallacy that a deodorizing or even substituting a more agreeable smell is always a successful disinfecting process. Burning sugar, coffee, dried apple parings or even rags will deodorize a room, but it will not disinfect nor render contagious diseases harmless. Lime, copperas, carbolic acid, chloralum are all thorough disinfectants; the latter is forty-five cents a pint, perfectly harmless, utterly without smell of itself and is reputed by physicians of eminence to be all that it claims. Wet a sponge or cloth in one teaspoonful of chloralum and ten of water, and put in a sick room at night or in any sleeping room, and in the morning the room is said to be entirely free from the sweaty, close atmosphere peculiar to such rooms.

All cellar walls not already swept clean and whitewashed should be at once, before the July sun begins its fearful work, with impure places. Let them be well aired daily; let the sun peer into every corner of your house and behind and beneath every article of drapery or furniture in your house, if it is so fortunately situated that this blessing is possible. Better endure the heat than to luxuriate (?) in the cool dampness of darkened, shut-in rooms, and suffer with bilious and typhoid fever in September, and "winter cholera" occasionally all the following winter.

Oh, the wicked, wicked women that

shield thus their carpets from fading and their drapery and furniture coverings are thus kept in pretty hues, whilst the family are fallow and hollow eyed! Oscar Wilde cannot make us believe that a saffron-hued face, even if it matches the preserved colors in the brocades and carpets, is a "melody in colors," when it is secured at the expense of mould and dampness, and its attendant diseases.

Remember, do not throw vegetable nor animal broths down the sink nor into the high grass to hide them. They may pass from view, but they will find you; their deadly but unseen gases never miss a sought for victim.

An old sieve in one corner of the sink or set in a pan on a table used for preparing vegetables should receive all refuse of melons, tomatoes, or any refuse matter, wet or dry, that you have neither hens nor pigs to use up for you. Then burn up the matter in the sieve or colander; do not begrudge the extra fire necessary to do so thoroughly. You will be surprised at your first experience to learn how much moisture a good fire will cremate without trouble. The watery waste drained from this should be thrown upon the spots most exposed to the sun you have in your yard or garden, and if you have the ground to use don't fail to shovel dry earth over this liquid waste each time you throw a quantity out. If you have a garden and boys, let them keep a loose heap of earth piled up convenient for you to call upon as often as you please. Dry earth is nature's great disinfectant. Fire is the best artificial aid and its possibilities with moisture not half known.

CARE OF LAMPS.

Are not some of the sisters about this season of the year, wondering what causes the kerosene lamp to give out such strong and offensive odors?

Let such sufferers look closely to the burners, and see if the wick tube is not black with accumulated wick smut and oil. To remedy such offenders, take out the burner, remove the wick, and thoroughly wash in boiling water and soap; then with a little sapollo on a cloth rub the wick tube till it is perfectly freed from all traces of black. Put back the burner and then insert the wick from the top. By so doing you avoid twisting the wick, and it will not annoy you by refusing to come up when required.

Now to keep the lamps free from oil on the outside. Never leave the wick above the top of the wick tube. A drop of kerosene oil will run a mile if it only has something to climb by, and no matter how perfectly your lamp may have been cleaned, by leaving the wick turned up ready for lighting, enough oil will have climbed up to smear not only the outside of the lamp, but, if the room has been warm, will probably have left its mark on mat or stand.

CINDERELLA.

ODDS AND ENDS.

In the April HOUSEHOLD Margarette inquires for directions for making knit rugs. Very pretty ones may be made from scraps of yarn, worsted, old hosiery, etc. Cast on nine stitches; knit back and forth until you have a stripe the length you wish the rug, then bind off in the usual manner. These stripes should be well dampened and pressed; baste them through the center and sew on to bed ticking, on every blue stripe. Cut the edges and let them ravel as they will. If the colors are knit in with taste the rugs resemble Turkish rugs.

Nettie Rogers can make a very nice lemon pie by either of the following recipes without cornstarch.

Grate and squeeze one lemon into a bowl with one teacup of sugar and yolk

of one egg; beat well together; add one coffee cup of cold water in which two tablespoonfuls of flour has been mixed; pour into a saucepan and cook to a jelly, adding more flour if needed to thicken. Fill the pies and frost with the white of the egg.

This only requires one crust. If you prefer two crusts, try this recipe:

One lemon, one cup of sugar, one cup of water, one egg and one cracker rolled fine.

Liola can remedy her "unbaked custard crust" by allowing the pie to sit on top of the stove a few minutes after taking from the oven.

My mother used to make nice unsweetened doughnuts by taking some of her raised bread dough and frying like other doughnuts; they are much better eaten warm, and may be rolled in sugar if one prefers. Think F. C. M. may like them.

I would like to have Mrs. Marcia Flanders try my coffee cakes and report if they are what she wishes to obtain.

Take one cup of coffee, (strong,) one cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of raisins, five cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, spices to taste.

BEE.

KITCHEN ECONOMIES.

The success of housekeeping does not depend entirely upon one's ability to cook. A knowledge of how to care for things after they are made is of just as much consequence as to know how to make them, and the economies are well served by knowing also how to care for the utensils that you are compelled to use about your cookery and other housekeeping duties. Take the refrigerator, for instance; how important it is that it should be kept sweet and clean. It should be examined every day, and washed thoroughly at least once a week; in the summer it should be done oftener. If a suitable brush cannot be had, a long stiff wire with a bit of cloth on the end should be used to clean the drain pipe; it is well to pour boiling washing soda water through it every other day, and wash the slime that adheres to the water pan. When cooked food is placed in the ice chest, it should be perfectly cool, otherwise it will absorb an unpleasant flavor from the close atmosphere of the place. Fish, onions, cheese, any strong vegetables, lemons, or meat not perfectly sweet, should not be kept in the same ice box with milk and butter. Cheese is best kept by being wrapped in a piece of clean linen and placed in a box. The best tub butter will keep perfectly well if in a cool, sweet room. It is much better economy, as well as more satisfactory, to buy good, sweet, honest tub butter, to use for all purposes, than to buy a fancy article at fancy prices, for the table, and an inferior article for cooking purposes. Indeed, it is no economy ever to use poor butter in cooking. It spoils the taste of every thing into which it is put, for it always insists upon recognition, and nothing can disguise it. Besides, it is unhealthy, and from its use the digestion, as well as the taste, is offended. If, from any cause, your good butter becomes rancid, to each pint of it add one tablespoonful of salt, and one teaspoonful of soda, and mix well. Then add one pint of cold water and set on the fire until it comes to the boiling point. Now set it away to cool, and when cold and hard, take off the butter in a cake. Wipe dry and put away for cooking purposes. You will find that it is perfectly sweet.

Meat should not be put directly on the ice, as the water will draw out the juices. It is on the same principle, you see, that governs soap making—cold water to extract the juices. Always place it in a dish, and this may be set on the ice. When you have a refrigerator where the

meat can be hung, a dish is not needed; but, as these large ice chests are not in common family use, the way of treating meat just described will be usually necessary. Another thing, never put meat away in wrapping paper, unless you like the manilla flavor which is sure to follow from the meat lying in the coarse straw paper which market men use. The probability is that you don't like, and that you will strenuously resist the inclination and habit of the average kitchen girl to put the meat away in exactly the state it arrives from the market to avoid the trouble of undoing it and getting the dish necessary to put it in. There should be in every pantry a number of plates that are to be used especially for holding cold food. No dish from the dining room should ever be allowed in the pantry, and a supply of kitchen plates is thus necessitated. Every kind of food should be on a plate by itself, and there should never be any mixing of varieties by putting two kinds on the same plate; each will hurt the flavor of the other, and, as you will probably use them for *rechouffes*, it is quite imperative that the distinctive flavor of each shall be preserved. The fat trimmings from beef, pork, veal, chickens and fowl should be tried out while fresh and then strained. The fowl and chicken fat should be kept in a pot by itself for shortening and delicate frying. Have a stone pot for it holding about a quart, and another holding three or four quarts for the other kinds. Many people use ham fat for cooking purposes, and when there is no objection to the flavor, it is nice for frying eggs, potatoes, etc. But it should not be mixed with other kinds of fat, it should be kept quite by itself. The fat from mutton, lamb, geese, turkey, or ducks will give an unpleasant flavor to any thing with which it is used, and the best place for it is with the soap grease. Any uncooked fat, such as suet, the fat from chickens and all superfluous beef fat should be saved and clarified, that is, made pure and clear. Cut the fat into small pieces, cover with cold water, and cook over a slow fire until the fat has melted and the water nearly all evaporated. Then strain and press the fat from all the scraps. When cool, remove the cake of hard fat, or, if soft, draw it to one side and let the water underneath run off. Boiling the fat causes the water in it to evaporate, and the organic matters or impurities to be decomposed and deposited as sediment. It is well, in clarifying fat to cut a raw potato in thin slices, and add; it absorbs any odors or gases, and clears the fat very much as charcoal purifies water. This clarified fat, or, as it is popularly termed, drippings, answers for a great many purposes in cooking, such as frying, sauteing, basting most meats, greasing pans, and even for shortening gingerbread and plain pastry.

Many persons who object to the use of lard, use beef suet, clarified, in its place, for almost every purpose. It is certainly clean and pure. You can put with this new fat any fat from soup stock, corned beef, drippings from roast beef, veal or pork, and also from fowls and chickens. If there be any sediment adhering to the fat, add a very little cold water, stir well and skim the fat from the water; place the fat in a saucepan over the fire, slice a raw potato into it, and let it stand on the stove until it stops bubbling. It can then be strained through a very fine strainer into the jar with the other fat; but if it is strained while any bubbles remain on the surface, there is water in it, and it will be quickly spoiled. Besides these jars for fat you should have another, holding about three quarts, for the fat in which articles of food have been fried. When you have finished frying, set the

twenty minutes to half an hour, then pour the fat into the pot through a fine strainer, carefully keeping back all the sediment, which can afterward be put with the soap grease. In this way you can fry in the same fat a dozen times, while if you neglect the straining any time, the crumbs left will discolor the fat. It is very well, occasionally, when you have finished frying, to cut up a couple of raw potatoes that have been pared, and put them into the boiling fat; set the fat on the back of the stove for ten or fifteen minutes; then set in a cool place for fifteen minutes longer and strain. Here then in your stone jars you have your chicken fat, your drippings and your frying fat, cool, each by itself, and all ready for use as you need them. You have no idea until you "set up" your fat kettles what an economy it is. Always when buying your meats insist on having the "trimmings" sent home. You pay for them, and they belong to you, and they help make soups and sauces, and the fat can be clarified. Every scrap of meat and bone left from roasts and broils should be saved for the soup. Trimmings from bone, tongue and corned beef, should be saved for the relishes they will make, and the cold fish can be made into salads and served up in some nice palatable way.

Guard the small wastes and you will be surprised at the result. No one means that you should not "have a mind above" soap kettles and fat jars, but a few minutes each day given to personal supervision and care will make such a difference in expense that you will be able out of your housekeeping fund to save enough for a new book now and then, a magazine subscription, a set of symphony concert tickets, or seats to the opera, or an Irving night, and you can surprise your husband with an invitation to accompany you. Your care and thoughtfulness have earned for you the right to enjoy your good time. Economy, if it is the proper kind and isn't carried to meanness, is pleasant enough from its very results. Said one of the daintiest housekeepers and brightest women that ever Boston saw: "Every picture and ornament and book that we own, we value not only for itself, but because of the association that it carries with it, and the self-denial it stands for."

After baking bread it should be removed immediately from the pans, and placed where the air can circulate freely around it, and thus carry off the gas which has been formed but is no longer needed. A bread or cake cooler, made of fine wire, set in a narrow frame thirty inches long by twelve or fifteen inches broad, is a very useful article, as it will hold several small loaves. An old wire window screen, too small for modern windows, with cleats on the ends, to keep it two or three inches from the table, answers the purpose admirably. Many use a wire sieve, but that is small, and leaves the marks of the larger cross wires on the loaf. Never leave the bread in the pan, or on a pine table, to sweat and absorb the odor of the wood. If you like crusts that are crisp, do not cover the loaves, but to give the soft, tender, wafer-like consistency which many prefer, wrap them while still hot in several thicknesses of bread cloth. When cold, put them into a stone jar or tin box; remove the cloth as that absorbs the moisture and gives the bread an unpleasant taste and odor. Keep the jar well covered and carefully cleansed from crumbs and stale pieces. Scald and dry it thoroughly every two or three days. A yard and a half square of coarse table linen makes the best bread cloth. Keep a good supply, keep them sweet and clean, and use them for no other purpose.

When you have bread left over and it becomes stale, do not throw it away. There are many uses to which it may be

put, and there need be not even a crumb wasted. Look over the jar carefully every day or two, wipe it out so that no dampness or mould can collect, and gather your stale pieces together. All bread crumbs left upon the bread plates, or bread board, or in the bread jar, any broken pieces not suitable for toast, and any crusts or trimmings from toast, should be carefully collected in a pan by themselves, and dried, but not browned, in the hot closet, or in a moderate oven, then pounded in a mortar or rolled on an old bread board, sifted through a coarse sieve and put away in a dry place. This will be useful in covering any thing which is to be dipped in egg and crumbs and then fried. Bread crumbs really brown better and more uniformly than cracker crumbs, beside being cheaper, as they are nearly always made from materials that would otherwise be thrown away. These dried bread crumbs are not to be used for bread pudding or for scalloped dishes, as they will absorb a great deal of moisture. They will keep indefinitely in a dry place. A large, wide-mouthed bottle that can be closely corked is a good receptacle for them, a pickle or preserve jar. Stale bread crumbs which are not dried in the oven, but are made from the odds and ends of stale bread, are used for meat or fish stuffing, bread puddings, bread sauce, such as was given in the last article on home cooking, bread griddle cakes, scalloped fish and other such dishes. They may be crumbled finely or grated on a coarse grater, and should be used at once as they will soon become musty.

Any whole slices of stale bread may be steamed or made into a toast. And do you know what an art there is in doing either of these things well and right? It seems an easy matter, and one that no one can fail in, to make toast, but any of you who have eaten some stuff that is placed before people and called toast by courtesy, know that failure, even in this simple matter, is easy. You know the kind burned on the outside and doughy in the inside. It is served oftener than it should be, for the very reason that "it is so easy to do" that no care is given it, and it ought to be well understood by any one who undertakes cooking that nothing can be done successfully, not even the easiest thing, without both thoughtfulness and care. The object of toasting bread is to extract the moisture, and make it more palatable and digestible. The fire should be clear with red but not blazing coals. The stale bread should be cut into thin, uniform slices, about a quarter of an inch thick, and the crusts may or may not be removed, according to your taste or the purpose for which it is required. Place the slices evenly on one side of a double broiler, with wires about a third of an inch apart, being careful not to put in more than can be equally exposed to the fire. Close the broiler, and hold it firmly that the slices may not slip. Move it gently over the fire for one or two minutes, then turn it over that all the moisture may be drawn out. Hold it nearer to the coals, and color it a delicate brown. Serve at once in a toast rack or piled lightly that it may not lose its crispness. If you are to use the toast for garnishing, there are several ways in which it may be cut so as to make the shapes that are most desirable for the special use to which the toast is to be put. For dropped eggs, cut the bread into rounds with a large cake cutter before toasting. For small birds or asparagus, remove the crusts and cut into oblong pieces. For minces and fricassees, cut into small squares or diamonds. For a border, cut, after toasting, into inch and a half squares, and then into halves diagonally, making triangles, or cut into long, pointed triangles.

As for steaming bread, it may be done

in such a manner that it will be really delicate and nice, instead of being soggy and heavy as steamed bread so often is. Have a large, covered steamer fitting tightly over a kettle of boiling water. One with holes all over the bottom is best, as the steam condenses and runs down the sides and through the holes, while in those with holes only in the middle, it forms little pools of water around the edge, which makes the bread soggy. Do not put in the bread until every thing else is ready, as it takes but a few minutes for it to become heated through. Arrange it all in the middle of the steamer, tilted against a small cup or dish so that the steam may pass between the slices. Do not let any of it touch the sides of the steamer, or it will become water soaked. When ready to remove it, lift the cover quickly, turning it over instantly that no water may drip on the bread. Spread each slice with butter as you take it out, and arrange the slices in a hot platter, covering them with a napkin and serving instantly. Stale biscuit may be made almost as nice as new by this process. It is just this care that makes the difference between light, delicate, hot steamed bread and the heavy, water-soaked stuff that is so often served.

Another delicious way of serving stale bread is to make "Queen's toast" of it. This is delicious for tea, luncheon or breakfast, and it may also be served as a dessert by sprinkling sugar over the slices and grating nutmeg over them, or by spreading the slices with jam. For about six slices of stale bread, cut these as for toasting, take one egg, one cup of milk, and one salt spoonful of salt. Beat the egg lightly with a fork in a shallow dish large enough to let the slices of bread lie in it, and add the salt and milk. Have a griddle hot and well buttered as for frying griddle cakes. Soak the slices of bread until saturated, but not soft enough to break when lifted with a broad bladed knife. Put them on the griddle, brown them on one side, then put a bit of butter on each slice, and turn them and brown on the other side. This is one of the nicest ways in the world of preparing stale bread, and it should be eaten hot with butter when not used for dessert. It may be fried in deep fat in the frying basket, and is then called Italian fritters. In this style it is served as a pudding with a sweet sauce.

The remnants of brown bread are used for making a nice breakfast dish known as brown bread buns. Break up the pieces of stale brown bread, put them in the double boiler with a quarter of a cup of butter, and milk to cover, cook over boiling water without stirring, until the milk is all absorbed, if too dry, add more milk, and salt to the taste. This is a very nice dish, and is one of the best ways of using up brown bread.—Exchange.

A HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

I wonder if we realize that to not a few of the 80,000 of us, this helpful part of our HOUSEHOLD is the most interesting. I should be inclined to think so myself, were not every other department so nearly perfect that I find it difficult to make a choice.

F. P. W. I send you cordial greeting. I could hug you across your "Great Eastern," for your noble defence of the frying-pan. Long has that much-abused article of kitchen ware needed just such a champion as yourself. Yet I more than suspect that its enemies and traducers learned to hate it in boarding houses, where it was presided over by help(?).

One hot summer day, I happened in upon my friend Mrs. Nettie E., just as she was getting ready a two o'clock dinner for a belated husband. I found her in her little seven-by-nine city kitchen,

standing by the big range, broiling steak over the hottest of coal fires. Her welcome to me was a characteristic one.

"Well, Miss Pond Lily," she cried, "you are just in time to save my life. If your heart hasn't been hardened one time more than Pharaoh's was, unfurl that big fan of yours and wave it over me while I finish this steak. For at present I am broiling faster than the steak is."

I hastened to do her bidding. "But why," I could not help asking, "why in the name of common sense, didn't you cook that steak in a frying-pan this hot day? You could have done it with half the fire."

"Frying-pan!" she repeated after me, indignantly, and her straight little nose actually turned up with disdain. "Nelly Browne, I wouldn't cook this steak in a frying-pan for a new bangle bracelet. Steve would never get over it."

My friend is a little fat dumpling of a woman, always in delicate health and often ill, and the thought occurred to me, not for the first time, as I watched her moist crimps wave hither and thither and gradually straighten out under my ministrations, that, by such bits of over exertion as this, she was possibly preparing for "Steve" something that he would find harder to "get over" than the thought of steak cooked in a frying-pan.

Sweet Alyssum, thanks for your invitation of months ago. But why do you want me to marry a western ranch man? I do not take kindly to the notion now, out perhaps when I visit you and see Mr. Sweet Alyssum, I shall become enthusiastic.

Poor Betsey Bunker, how the sisters are "pitching into" you! Do Honolulu, Mrs. Lila, and the rest, fondly imagine that all men can "putter round" with advantage to the housewife, because their husbands can? I do not doubt that there exist such specimens of the genus husband as they describe, but I must confess that, as yet, the lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places far remote from the dwelling-place of any such. I can imagine "how perfectly charming" it must be to "have a dainty breakfast prepared" for one by one's worse half. But my experience has been of a kind that will not allow my imagination to conceive of a man being able to do it. I could a tale unfold that would fill Honolulu's heart with pity; of how, in a household where there are only two women, one of the two left the family circle early on a certain evening, hoping to find in sleep a panacea for headache. Next morning, having been unable to conjure herself to nod land during the night, she would fain have taken a forenoon nap before getting up, but certain unusual sounds below, coming up to her through the register, gave her a sudden suspicion that some one else was ill, so she rose and went hastily down stairs, to find the man of the house the only one able to be up.

"M. has been sick all night," was his greeting, "you see to her, and I'll get my own breakfast."

Half an hour later she went to the kitchen. What she saw there I never shall tell you, but I will tell you a part. That man knew perfectly well, for he had been told, where to find the bread box, but, with a perversity born (I choose to think) of his sex, he had gone to the kitchen elevator and drawn up a plateful of dried pieces of bread, intended for tomorrow's pudding, toasted them, put them on the table uncovered, and then gone about making the coffee. What would not this same man have said if a woman had done that?

We plume ourselves on our elevator. Half of one of those three-cornered cupboard doors that are sometimes built round two sides of a chimney, being lengthened

down to the cellar floor, gave us a partly ready made shaft, and the displaced cupboard shelves furnished shelves for the elevator. It is tightly enclosed, its entire length, so as to be cat-proof and rat-proof, while a door in the upper half opens into the kitchen, and a longer door in the lower half opens into the cellar. Thus we have all the cupboard room we had before, with the advantage of being able, with a touch of the hand, to send both cupboard and contents down cellar, whenever a freezing night or hot day threatens. The cost of having it put in was not great, and if it had done nothing but bring up our heavy coal hod all last winter, it would have repaid the cost. If any of the sisters have carpentering as well as cooking husbands, the construction of a similar convenience would be a two days' job that the wife, at least, would never regret. NELLY BROWNE.

ANGRY PASSIONS.

Are they unknown in your harmonious family? If so you are fortunate. Be not too sure, however, of their non-existence until the test of spring cleaning, with its usual accompaniment of tearing down and building up, is accomplished. I have known this short season of domestic upheaval to develop more latent ugliness in a family, generally amiable, than a whole year of ordinary trial and vexation could have done.

Having first come successfully through an unusually hard siege of this kind, I feel (as those who think themselves successful are too apt to feel) like giving a little advice, hoping that it may prove helpful to some "weak sister" who at the approach of spring finds herself languishing in body and spirit.

First and foremost, don't let the head get too far in advance of the hands. For instance, when beginning to take out nails from the dusty sitting room carpet, don't, as you look at it—your eyes perhaps already stinging with darting pains which arise from that touchy bunch of nerves at the base of the brain—don't, I say, look at it and think despairingly, "how can I ever do it?" Do you know, that one thought has sapped more nerve force directly from your brain than a whole drug store can replace? Every tack could have been taken out with less waste of vital energy (provided they were not driven through to the cellar) than this despairing thought has cost you. But equally powerful is the effect of the mind in the opposite direction.

Treat this tendency to discouragement as you would a disease. An effort of the will is at first necessary, but not greater than you are capable of exercising. Nurse upward-looking, and you will be rewarded with a calmer mind and stronger body. When over fatigued, instead of mentally bemoaning your lot, rest a moment, letting the mind dwell on thoughts of the woods, flowers, of the concert you have been to or the one you are going to—of any thing that is helpfully pleasant.

And when John comes home don't turn toward him a face resembling the indigo bag (which it certainly will do if you are mentally cleaning the whole house) but look cheerfully at him, and think cheerfully at him; he will be quick to catch your mood—Johns always are. After a few words of greeting, pass him the tack claw as you hasten out to take up the dinner, yesterday's stew nicely steamed over and pie as a "top off." If possible, always open the campaign with an array of pie at your command; nothing will do as much to allay the irritation of a "picked up" dinner as the sight of a good thick pie; give it a conspicuous place at the beginning of the meal.

Watch your opportunity and when the

right time comes (you can tell) look John bravely in the eye and ask if he couldn't stay at home for an hour or so, just to help you out with the carpet? Of course he consults his watch and looks hurried, but keep your hold on his eye, through your own, which must not be frowning, and he will stay. This "hour or so" works wonders. His strength increased by your cheerful presence and ready suggestions overcomes as if by magic the bulk of that mountain of work, which in thought weighed so heavily upon you; and night finds you, possibly less wearied than did the morning.

Another little secret is, learning to rest in the midst of confusion; such confusion, say, as that which follows turning the pantry loose upon the kitchen, preparatory to cleaning the former. Stop, when that terrible exhaustion comes over you, leave the kitchen, go to the most restful spot in the house and there sit for a few moments in absolute quiet, taking in deep draughts of that soothing, but invisible influence permeating the whole atmosphere but which we cannot receive unless in a state of mental tranquility.

LOUISE CHARLES.

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—May I come in and tell you how much I enjoy your society? Whatever is on hand, when the hour arrives for our monthly meeting, *i. e.*, the arrival of THE HOUSEHOLD, all is laid aside till I listen to the voices expressed in the paper. I almost feel acquainted with many of you, and I would like to meet the sisters from the four points of the compass, for down here in far off New Mexico, there seem to be comparatively few of us. I have wondered who Abbie, from New Mexico, is, and where in the territory she resides. I should like to make her acquaintance.

As first calls should be short ones, I will close by giving a recipe for nice meat for five o'clock dinner or tea. Take a large soup bone, the entire shank is best, boil steadily in enough water to cover it till perfectly tender. This will take seven or eight hours. Then remove from the fire, and carefully take out all hard gristle and bits of bone. Shred the meat not very fine, into a saucepan in which there should have been melted a piece of butter the size of an egg. Cook over the fire a few minutes till the butter has mixed with the meat, then season to taste with salt and pepper, dredge with flour, about a tablespoonful, and pour over the whole enough of the liquor in which the meat was boiled to make a thick gravy. It is very nice. A soup bone which costs here fifteen cents makes plenty of meat for four meals for our family of three. It is just as good warmed up in enough water to keep from burning, as it is when first made.

ARTLESS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I see by the blue cross that my subscription has expired, and I hasten to renew it so that I may not lose one number. Allow me to thank, through your columns, A New Subscriber who so kindly sent the furniture polish recipe. I took good care to write it down.

Now, I would like to tell the members of the Band my plan for finding the many valuable hints, recipes, etc., contained in our paper. I have a small blank book, and in reading over each number any thing I see that I think I may wish to try at some future time, I write down the heading of the article or recipe, the month and year of the paper, and the number of the page. I find it a great help, and it is almost impossible to find the numerous things described in letters, etc., as they are not in the index.

I have never seen directions for a little

fancy box or basket for throwing light fancy work or knitted lace in. Take a box that strawberries come in, gild it with gold paint, get three turkey's claws, and press the feet for a few days with a heavy weight—I use a flat-iron—when well pressed, varnish, and fasten on the box to form a stand, line with a pretty shade of blue satteen, and run a ribbon of the same shade through the slats at the top, and finish with a bow at the side. It is not only useful, but a pretty table ornament.

MRS. JAS. P. BLISS.

River View, Oromocto, New Brunswick.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD BAND:—I have seen so much recently among the sisters on the subject of dishwashing that I would like to air my opinion. In the first place let me put in my plea for the mop. I have used one for two years, and wouldn't be without one for anything. Just think of the advantages! Boiling water can be used, no soap, a clear saving, and lastly no wrinkled hands. Perhaps my hands are my weak point. I do hate to put them into any thing dirty, and dishwashing is always greasy. With the mop, hold your towel in the left hand, swash the water round until the dish is clean, then lift with the towel and wipe. In this way it is done quickly, and dishwashing ceases to be a bugbear. For pitchers and glasses, fruit jars and other things where one cannot insert the hand the mop is invaluable. Will some of the sisters try it and report?

I want to thank Emily Hayes for her recipes, they have been such a help to me. After six years of married life, I can at last make good soup and baking powder biscuit, all owing to her. My husband considers those two recipes worth the price of subscription. I would like to ask if she can give me a good, sure recipe for potatoes warmed up in milk. There is a buttery taste about those one has in good hotels that I fail to get, and they are flat and unprofitable.

I have just finished my crazy quilt and it is a beauty, thanks to our Exchange Column.

REGINA.

Windom, Kans.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Gentian asks for a recipe for steamed apple dumplings. Two cups of sifted flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of butter and a little salt. Mix into a soft dough with milk. Roll out into a sheet one-half inch thick, and cut into shape with the cover of a quart tin pail. In the center of the dumpling set six quarters of apples in the shape of an apple, wet the edges of the dough, fold over the apple and press tightly together. Wet and flour a napkin. Lay it on the bottom of your steamer, and on it place the dumplings. Cover tightly and be sure the water in the pot is boiling fast before setting the steamer on to it, also, be sure that the pot has plenty of water in it as the dumplings should steam one full hour without being disturbed. I use this same recipe for roly poly pudding, and my pot pies and puddings are always "as light as a cork."

I have a recipe for "cup plum pudding" which has never failed me. A friend who has used it several times without success, mixing the pudding, as she declared, "exactly as you told me to," finally said, "It isn't the recipe at all, it's that kettle of yours."

I must tell the sisters about "that kettle." Without the cover it is an ordinary looking dinner pot, but if examined closely two little grooves will be found, one on each side of the top edge of the kettle. It can be used either with or without a steamer, said steamer merely consisting of a perforated cover, which fits in the kettle about half way down. The secret is all in the cover. A strainer similar to a strainer on a tin milking pail, and over

which is fitted a little tin cover on hinges, is the greatest convenience in a kettle cover that I have ever seen. The cover fits tightly into the little iron grooves I have before mentioned. On the side of the kettle is a little wooden handle, and the bail on top of the kettle has also a wooden handle. The kettle is the nicest thing in the world in which to parboil beans, as it can be grasped by both top and side handles, and the water poured off through the strainer without the loss of a single bean, or the annoyance of trying to keep the cover on the kettle by holding it there. For steaming potatoes, pot pie, apple dumplings, brown bread, or any kind of steamed pudding, or for cooking any thing from which the steam should not escape, this kettle has no equal.

As my friend remarked the secret of light dumplings does not lie in the mixing of the dough, but in the manner in which it is steamed. The water in the pot should be boiling briskly, and the cover never lifted until the dumplings are done.

Fruit dumplings should be steamed one hour, while pot pies or puddings made with preserves will take but from twenty to thirty minutes.

I hope some of the sisters will try my "cup plum pudding" recipe. Take one cup each of raisins, currants, flour, bread crumbs, suet and sugar. Stone the raisins, wash and dry the currants, chop the suet, and mix all the above ingredients well together, then add two ounces of cut candied lemon peel and citron, a little mixed spice, salt and ginger, say half a teaspoonful of each, stir in four well beaten eggs, and milk enough to make the mixture so that a spoon will stand upright in it. Tie it loosely in a cloth, or put it in a mould, plunge it into boiling water and boil for three and one-half hours.

I have tried cream puffs with success, and as I think the most of the sisters have seen the recipe often enough lately to know it, I will send something new for a change.

Orange snow is delicious when prepared after the following method: An ounce of isinglass is dissolved in a pint of boiling water. It is then strained and allowed to stand until it is nearly cold. Now mix it with the juice of six or seven oranges and one lemon. Add the whites of three eggs and sugar to taste. Whisk the whole together until it looks white and spongy. Turn into a mould, set it in the refrigerator, and use it on the following day.

Uhlma, can't you give us some more "tater" notes? How far is Riverside from Quinmemont? Our favorite way of cooking potatoes for tea is to wash, scrub and bake three large, smooth potatoes. Cut in halves lengthwise and without breaking the skin, scoop out the potato into a hot bowl. Mash and add one even tablespoonful of butter, one of hot milk and salt and pepper to taste. Beat the white of an egg stiff, and mix with the potato. Fill the skins with the mixture heaping slightly on top. Brown and garnish with parsley.

Quinmemont, W. Va.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—The blue cross warns me that "time is up," and no more papers without the dollar and ten cents. Many thanks for my bridal present, which has been acceptable in every way. I wonder if any of the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD ever have rice balls for dessert. My John thinks them very nice. To one cup of rice put enough water to cook until soft. Then put in a little cream or rich milk, take from the stove, salt and put into teacups. When ready for them, turn out into a coffee saucer, put a piece of jelly upon the top, and eat with sweetened cream.

Do you, sisters, ever make currant pies

without a top crust? One cup each of currants, sugar, and rich, thick cream. Make your pastry as for custard pie. If your cream is rather thin put in the white of an egg to thicken it.

When I began housekeeping a year ago I was a novice in the art, having been a schoolma'am for six years. But I find many who relate experiences almost as thrilling as mine.

Sisters, why can't we sign our real names? Will A Young Wife in Western Kansas please send her address to,

MRS. E. H. SHATTUCK.

Waterville, Vt.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—To the Wyoming Subscriber, who asked for recipes not requiring milk, I would like to give one which we call "grandmother's ginger-snaps." One cup of butter, three cups of molasses, two teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in the molasses, one tablespoonful of ginger, and a little salt. Mix hard, roll thin, and bake quickly. These will be good for weeks if kept air tight.

I would also like to ask the sister who told us to cook ham in the oven, whether it should be first prepared in any extraordinary way, how long it should be cooked, and whether it requires a quick oven or an oven moderately heated.

Pascoag, R. I. Mrs. E. A. FARWELL.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been a constant subscriber for THE HOUSEHOLD for more than five years, and each number is received as a welcome guest in my family. I thoroughly enjoy every page, from the talks on farming on the first page to the advertisements at the last.

Although I have been a housekeeper for about twenty years, I have never felt that what I might say of housekeeping, or the contributions of cooking recipes would be of any particular use to any member of the Band, unless to the young and inexperienced housekeeper, and if she has availed herself of a bride's privilege, and has access to the valuable columns of instruction and advice contained in our excellent paper, she will not long remain in ignorance of the mysteries of cooking, washing, starching, ironing, and in fact, every thing pertaining to a woman's line of duty. Feeling my inability to add any thing of interest in this line, I have heretofore remained a silent member of the Band. But it has occurred to me of late, that to be always receiving, and never contributing any thing in return, might be called rather selfish.

Unfortunately my John is a sea captain. I say unfortunately, because it means almost constant separation of husband from wife and family, varying from one to three years, and that not on a whaling voyage, but merchant ship, carrying freight from one part of the world to another, unless the wife can sometimes give up her household cares, and if she has a family, take part, or all of them, and share for a time, her husband's unstable home on the rolling deep. And that at present, is just my situation, with the exception that I have left not only a part, but all my family at home, as they have all arrived at that age where the duties of school and business would not admit of a long voyage at sea without serious detriment to both. It was with rather a sad heart, that on a warm day in August of the past year, I bade adieu to my dear family and good home, and accompanied my husband to Philadelphia, where his ship was receiving her cargo.

Perhaps a brief description of life on board a sail ship, with the duties of various individuals that made up our little community on a long voyage to Japan, may interest some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD, scattered as they are from Maine to California. The ship which is at present my home, is 1524 tons, and loaded with 55,500 cases of kerosene oil, each case containing ten gallons, making 555,000 gallons, to be taken to Higo, Japan, to illuminate the heathen in that far distant land. We sailed from Philadelphia on the thirteenth of August and towed down the Delaware river as far as Cape Henlopen. I watched with interest the little villages on either side of the river, fully realizing that in a few short hours the last vestige of land would disappear from our view, and that many days, and perhaps months would intervene e'er our eyes would again behold land. When the steam tug leaves us, bearing back to town our last messages to dear ones left behind, we feel that the last link that binds us to home and native land is broken, and we are left alone to buffet with the ocean in its various moods, from the mighty winds that sweep over its surface, to the placid calm, when not a ripple can be seen, and it looks like a sea of glass.

Our crew consists of fourteen sailors, first and

second mate, carpenter, cook, steward and captain. As I shipped in no particular capacity, no special duties are required of me (although it is generally understood that one in my position is the captain's mate.) However, my name does not appear on the shipping articles, as do all the others, or instead, in many cases, their cross, as many of the sailors cannot read or write. They are of different nationalities, including Italian, Greek, Scandinavian, and German, and a very respectable, willing and quiet crew they have proved to be. It is really wonderful that so much peace and harmony prevails among them, when we realize the many discomforts they must suffer, when so many, and of such different tastes and dispositions, are so long a time obliged to share their rather narrow quarters. I think I may safely say that not so many of the opposite sex would thus dwell together in harmony, under the many adverse circumstances that surround them, without a war of words at least, occasionally.

One of the first duties on getting out to sea, is to choose the watches. The sailors are all called aft, and the first and second mate choose a man alternately, which with our number of sailors would give seven men to each watch. One watch is called the port and one the starboard watch; each watch has four hours on deck and four below, both day and night. The duty of the steward is to do the pastry cooking for the cabin, wait on the table, look after the stores, and keep the cabins, staterooms, pantry, store-room, always clean, and brasses shining. The cook's duties are to prepare and cook the food for the sailors and keep his department, which is called the galley, clean, and coppers polished. The carpenter repairs whatever gives out on board ship, makes new articles, and sometimes does a little artistic work, such as making fancy gratings to put before the doors and by the wheel, etc.

Time on ship board is designated by bells. One in the wheel house struck by the man at the wheel every half hour, and another larger one forward struck at the same time. The sea day ends at twelve o'clock at noon instead of twelve at midnight, as time is calculated on the land. Half past twelve would be one bell, one o'clock two bells, half past one, three bells, two o'clock four bells, and so on up to four o'clock which would be eight bells, then it commences again half past four one bell, five, two bells, and so on up to eight bells, which would be eight o'clock. One soon becomes accustomed to this mode of counting time and can readily tell by the bells the time of day, or night. The bells are always struck by the clock in the wheel house, which is regulated every day, when the captain takes the sun to ascertain the latitude the ship is in, as we are when running east or west, constantly changing the time.

Our meals are served as follows: Breakfast at half past seven, dinner at half past twelve, tea at six. The sailors have their meals, first one watch, then the other, in the fore-castle, or on deck, as the weather permits, sometimes they with their pan of meat or hash, are quietly upset from their position by a sea, and oftentimes treated to a shower bath of salt water, which sometimes carries the contents of their pan if not the pan itself, out through the lee scuppers. But Jack is not easily disconcerted with such liberties as the sea takes with him, providing there is more hash, beans or meat as the case may be, in the galley, when he can replenish his pan. Sometimes the sea even takes liberties with the cook in his domain, and has been known to investigate the contents of his oven in his range, much to the detriment of bread baking at the time.

It is still a mystery to me how they manage to cook with the ship pitching and rolling so fearfully, as she does in a heavy sea. But somehow the ever present soup makes its appearance as the first course at every dinner, blow high or blow low; but we often find it hard work to manage to keep the soup in our soup plates while we try to eat it. But in all the voyages I have made, I do not remember of but one instance when the boisterous sea interfered with our soup, and then the steward was bringing that and also a basket containing meat, etc., from the galley when a sea struck him and knocked him over with his soup, so that day we commenced our dinner with more solid food.

The cabins are in a house built half on deck, and half below, so our windows are larger and open on deck, instead of port holes out through the side of the ship as most ocean steamers have. We have an after cabin, dining saloon, two state rooms beside the captain's room, and bath room opening out from the after cabin; pantry, store room and one state room open from the dining room. The after cabin is finished in satin-wood, French burl, bird's-eye maple, mahogany and bay wood. The dining saloon is finished in solid chestnut, with black walnut trimmings, and pilasters of bay wood. The after cabin is occupied only by the captain and his family, unless, as is rarely the case, he has other passengers. But in these days of rapid traveling, very few care to take passage on a sail ship for distant lands, unless the hopes of restoring health is their object.

One would naturally suppose that time would pass very slowly on ship board during one of

these long voyages, but I think it is the experience of nearly every one that it is quite the contrary. All are busily employed every day. Besides the usual duties of washing off ship, cleaning brass work, etc., which are done early in the morning, bracing of the yards as the wind changes, taking in sail as the wind increases, and making it again as it moderates; there is always repairing of rigging and sails, as they become too worn, to do. I have often been amused when I have listened to them giving instructions to the sailors about mending the sails, and notice they advise an over all patch on one place, and a piece stepped on to repair a hole in another place, nautical terms for patching, and setting in a piece.

I have often wondered why a ship was always spoken of as of the feminine gender, but I think it must be from the fact that she is arrayed in female apparel somewhat, as there are bonnets on some of her stay sails, and hoods for the hatches, and shoes for the anchors.

I always spend an hour or more morning and evening walking deck, or exercising in some way, unless the sea is too rough to allow walking, or the sun too hot for comfort. Leaving as we did in August, we had it hot and very light winds to the equator, and consequently a long passage of forty-two days. We had no cool weather until we got down about 20° south of the equator. We went as far south as 42° and then sailed east (what the sailors call running up the eastern) until we reached the longitude of 90° east of the meridian of Greenwich. In this latitude we have rough, stormy weather and some hard gales of wind. But as we steer north again, we soon run into hot weather and calms. We pass up through what is called Ombay passage, in going to Japan or China, at this season of the year, as the north east monsoons blow very strong down China sea during the winter months, which make it quite impracticable for ships to pass up through the strait of Sunda as they would at other seasons of the year. We celebrated Christmas in Banda sea, it was an extremely hot day, and to those of us accustomed to Christmas days in New England, we could hardly realize it was the twenty-fifth of December.

We crossed the equator in the Pacific, one hundred and thirty-seven days from Philadelphia. We had fine weather until within one hundred and thirty miles of our port, when we experienced very heavy gales of wind exactly ahead, and were eleven days in making that short distance. But "all is well that ends well," is an old and oft repeated maxim, and we arrived safely at Higo, or Kobe, as the anchorage is named where all the foreign ships (as we are called) lay, after a passage of one hundred and sixty-nine days.

This small city of Kobe is situated at the foot of the mountains, which shelters it from the north winds. Although we see the snow on the top of some of the mountains, it never remains on the low ground, or street, but the weather is quite cold and ice forms on the deck in the early morning. The streets in the native part of the city are very narrow. A certain part of the city was set apart by the Japanese government, where the foreigners are allowed to build, and own property. This is called the Foreign Concession. In this part the streets are wider, with sidewalks.

All the front of a Japanese store is open to the street, and if we cannot make them understand what article we want to purchase, we are at liberty to walk in and take the goods up and show them. The men and women dress very much alike in long loose robes, with the chest very much exposed, and white cotton socks on their feet, with straw bottomed sandals fastened on, by having a small braid of the straw passed around the great toe. On the street they often, in cold, damp weather wear a wooden sandal, with strips of wood two inches deep, that go across the bottom on the heel and near the toe. It is wonderful how they can walk as they do with those things on their feet, but even the very small children run and play on the street with them on, but when they enter a house they leave their sandals, even the straw ones, outside, and go around on the cold floors, with only their thin socks on. It almost makes one shiver to look at them. They have no fires in their houses, except a small iron pot, in which they burn a little charcoal, and they sit around them to warm their hands.

I have not seen a horse and carriage in the city. Their manner of riding is better fitted for their narrow streets. They ride in what is called a jenrichshe. It is a small two wheeled buggy, drawn by a Jap., and they take you over the ground very fast. I was told by a gentleman here, he had been carried forty-five miles in one day, by one man, over poor roads, and that they frequently would take one seventy-five miles on a hard road, in one day. It is marvelous, their power of endurance, when we consider how very little nourishing food they eat. Rice, with occasionally fish, and that after it has been kept from its native element quite too long to suit the taste of the European. They also eat their fish dried. The beef here is very fine, and also the vegetables. They take them from the ground many of them as wanted for market.

The American Board for Foreign Missions

have a station here and seem to be doing a very good work among the natives. They have one church with a native pastor, and in a flourishing condition. They find most of them willing and almost eager sometimes to be taught the religion of the bible, and very many among them seem to have long ago given up their faith in their idols, and were without faith in any thing. They do not meet with the opposition here that they do in many countries. The field is large, but the laborers are few. They have a boarding school for Japanese girls where about one hundred attend. The teachers say they are quick to learn and very interesting scholars, and are ambitious for a fine English education, and some after they have graduated at this school are desirous to go to America and attend some female college. Judging from what little I have seen, I should say the women of Japan were treated with far more respect by their lords and masters, and not required to do the hard and degrading work that the women of India do. But my stay has been so very short that I cannot speak much from personal observation of the country or people.

Our ship is about unloaded, have had very quick dispatch. Every case of oil is carried out on the backs of coolies and put in a lighter lying along beside the ship, and then taken on shore and stored in the warehouse to await a purchaser. The pay of the men employed in unloading the ship is only from twenty-five to thirty cents per day. We are to go over on the Pacific coast to load for a home port, where, if favored, we hope to arrive in the early autumn.

I would not neglect to say that I did not forget to take a large bundle of HOUSEHOLDS of the past year with me, on my long sea voyage, and that I have passed many pleasant hours in looking them over, and trying many of the lace, tidy and bedspread patterns, etc. I always find something new, however often I turn to them.

I would say here that I have tried the method of restoring kid gloves that have become spotted, by wrapping them tightly in a cloth saturated with ammonia, and with gloves of a brown color it has worked like a charm, removed the spots entirely, but with an olive green shade, it did not seem to work the same.

A WANDERER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I will tell you a little about this far country that may interest you as it did me when I first came here from Wisconsin. We are living on our farm or what will be our farm when it is made. When we came to it there was not a foot of cleared land on it, but we went to work with all of our Wisconsin energy, and now we have a frame house and sixty acres cleared and in grass, and stocked with cows and young cattle, pigs and horses. We have a very nice garden for a new place, also an orchard well started in which are apple, peach, pear, plum, cherry, fig and apricot trees, and berries of all sorts, so that in a year or two, if you pay us a visit, you may walk in the garden and eat as much fruit as you like. Last year we had some gooseberries, the first fruit of our bushes.

This is an agricultural and mining district. Our land joins the mining land on one side. The mines are very rich in tin and furnish employment for many men.

I like the country better than Wisconsin for a poor man. There is not so much hard work, for we do not have to make but little hay, as the grass grows green all winter and only work horses require feeding.

In some parts of the island wheat is largely grown, but not in Scottsdale, as we are fifty miles from a mill, so we think it pays to raise other things and buy our flour, which now is twelve shillings or three dollars a hundred. We had about six tons of potatoes this year. They are three pounds a ton, or about fifteen dollars.

The trees here are all different from our American trees. The gum is a very tall tree of which there are many varieties, and all shed their bark in the autumn. In early spring the wattle tree is covered with bright yellow flowers having a delicious perfume. The wattle grows like the maple in appearance, and the bark is used for tanning, and is shipped to England in large quantities.

Fuchsias grow so tall as to climb all over a house, and once on passing a house we saw a woman come out and hang her dishcloth among the beautiful blossoms which made sister and I very indignant.

But I must make a long story short by saying that I have no wish to return to America to live. We have all had better health here than there. I do not live at home but often visit there. I am six miles from there, employed as milliner and dressmaker by one of the largest merchants in Scottsdale. I am kept very busy and well paid, so I am content.

MARY I. RICHARDSON.

Hazel Green, Ellesmere, Scottsdale, Tasmania.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

TO DRY GREEN PEAS.—Pick them when suitable for cooking fresh, hull and boil five minutes, spread thin, and set in a moderately heated oven for a few minutes, then dry in the sun. To boil, soak over night and boil as green peas.

STRING BEANS FOR WINTER USE.—Pick

when suitable to boil fresh, string, with a knife supplied with a gauge, slice the beans not quite a fourth inch thick, into a stone jar or clean keg put a layer of beans, then one of salt, one of beans, and so on. Pound with a potato masher occasionally till the brine stands over the beans. Cover with a cloth, board and stone and set into the cellar. To boil, soak in cold water over night or pour on cold water and let them come to a boil, drain, pour on hot water, and proceed as before. In this way the salt is removed in an hour or less.

MRS. E. THELEN.

Risings, Nebr.

HUNTER'S PUDDING.—One-half pound of salt pork chopped fine, one cup of molasses, one cup of sour milk, three cups of flour, one cup of raisins, one teaspoonful each of soda and cloves. Steam two and one-half hours.

RAISED CAKE.—Three cups of light dough, three eggs, two cups of sugar, one cup each of butter and chopped raisins, spice to taste.

CREAM CAKE.—One egg, one cup each of sugar and sour cream, two cups of flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda. Spice to taste. Some one please try these.

NINA.

COFFEE CAKE.—One cup each of coffee and molasses, two-thirds cup of sugar, two-thirds cup of butter or lard, one cup of raisins and one teaspoonful each of salt and soda. Spices of all kinds.

JENNIE.

DROP COOKIES.—One and one-half cups of sugar, one half-cup each of butter and milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, two eggs, two and one-half cups of flour. Drop from a spoon into pans, taking pains to have them an inch or more apart. Sprinkle powdered sugar and cinnamon on the cookies before putting into the oven. Bake quick.

MRS. C. E. W.

APPLE DUMPLINGS.—In answer to Gentian, I will send her mine which I find very nice. Pare six good sized apples, take out the core so as to leave the apple whole, place them in a deep bread tin, and pour the following batter over them: One cup of sour cream, one-half cup of sugar, three eggs, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one and one-half cups of flour and a little salt. Steam one hour.

LEMON PIE.—In answer to Nettie Rogers I will send my recipe which I find excellent. Grate the rind of one lemon and slice the inside, one cup each of sugar and water, and three tablespoonfuls of flour. Bake with two crusts.

SUSIE M.

LEMON TART.—One cup of sugar, two lemons, all the juice, and a teaspoonful of grated peel, one teaspoonful of corn starch dissolved in a little cold water, and one and one-half dozen raisins, stewed, cut in two and seeded. Beat up well, and bake with upper and lower crust.

ORANGE TARTLETS.—Two fine oranges, juice of both, and grated peel of one, one cup of sugar, three-fourths cup if the oranges are very sweet, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half lemon, juice only, to wet one teaspoonful of corn starch. Beat all well together and bake in tartlet shells without cover.

BERTHA MAY.

OAT MEAL COOKIES.—Two and one-half cups of oat meal, two and one-fourth cups of flour, one full cup of butter, one cup of sugar, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of milk, one small teaspoonful of soda, and one large teaspoonful of cinnamon. Roll thin and bake in a quick oven. These are excellent. Will some of the sisters try them and report?

KISSES.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup each of butter and milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one and three-fourths cups of flour, and one egg. Drop on tin and sprinkle white sugar over them. Flavor with lemon and bake in a quick oven.

MRS. JAE. P. BLISS.

WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.—Mrs. W., in March number, wished some of the sisters to furnish a recipe for Worcestershire sauce. As I am not one of the sex to which the word sister can sometimes be applied, this wish would hardly seem to appeal to me, but as I have a recipe I am willing to furnish it. I hardly think Sister W. can do much with the recipe after she gets it, as I think it will be difficult to find many of the ingredients. Fifteen gallons of white vinegar, ten gallons of walnut catsup, five gallons of Madeira wine, ten gallons of mushroom catsup, twenty-five pounds of table salt, four gallons of Canton soy, one pound each of allspice powder and coriander powder, eight ounces each of mace powder and cinnamon powder, twenty pounds of hog's liver, and one gallon of brandy. Boil the hog's liver twelve hours with ten gallons of water, allowing for evaporation by occasional additions of water, take out the liver, chop it fine, mix it with the water in which it was boiled

and work it through a fine hair sieve, then add the other ingredients.

WALNUT CATSUP.—One gallon of the juice of young English walnuts, two pounds of anchovies, one pound of shallots, one ounce each of powdered cloves and powdered mace, garlic, one clove. Boil the juice ten minutes and skim, then add the anchovies, shallots, spices and garlic, sliced, simmer in a covered vessel fifteen minutes, strain and when cold pour into bottles, adding to each bottle a little fresh spice and salt according to taste.

MUSHROOM CATSUP.—Two gallons of mushroom juice, two ounces of allspice, one ounce each of cloves, black pepper, mustard seed and ginger, one pound of common salt, and two ounces of shallots. Bruise all the spices, simmer all the ingredients one hour in a covered vessel, and when cold strain and bottle.

CANTON SOY.—One gallon of extract of malt, five pounds of molasses, four pounds of salt, and two pints of mushroom juice. Mix with gentle heat and stir well. In a fortnight decant and bottle the clear liquid.

JET.

LEMON PIE WITH MILK.—Two ounces of butter creamed with twelve ounces of sugar, yolks of five eggs well beaten, juice and grated rind of two lemons, then add two gills of milk (cupful) and the whites of five eggs well beaten. Do not add the whites until the last moment, when you are ready to put the custard into the pie plates, as they sometimes separate. Mix them well into the custard and bake quickly.

LEMON PIE WITHOUT MILK.—The grated rind and juice of four lemons, put into a bowl, and pour on a pint of boiling water, and let it stand half an hour. Cream a cup of butter with two cups of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of flour, and the yolks of six eggs well beaten, then add the lemon rind, juice and water. When baked spread a meringue over the top, made with the whites of six eggs well beaten, and a cup of pulverized sugar. Lemon pie must be baked with an under crust only. To prevent the crust being soggy, beat an egg well and varnish the crust with this egg, using a brush or bit of cloth, before pouring in the custard, while others sprinkle granulated sugar over the crust before filling. Make the crust with one-half pound of flour, three ounces of fresh, sweet lard, and ice water to make a dough. Roll out and spread with three ounces of butter, handle as little as possible and mix quickly.

DELICIOUS ROLLS.—Set a sponge at nine o'clock in the evening with a pint of new milk warmed and two-thirds of a cup of yeast, and flour enough to stir with a spoon, beat it until it is perfectly smooth. When the sponge is very light next morning, add a cup each of sugar and butter, and four eggs. Cream the butter and sugar together. Add one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little water, and the eggs one at a time well beaten, or the yolks well beaten, then the whites well beaten. Mix this into the sponge and beat it thoroughly all through. Sift in by degrees enough flour to make it as stiff as can be stirred with a wooden spoon. Let it rise again until very light and spongy. Flour your hands and pinch off enough to make a cake a little larger than an egg, shape or mould it with as little handling as possible, bake in pans on buttered paper but do not let them touch each other. Let them rise again very light before baking. You can use half the sugar and two eggs if you prefer. When baked mix up the yolk of an egg with a little milk and spread over the top of the rolls with a cloth, and sift sugar over that.

POTATO ROLLS.—Boil and mash five large potatoes with butter the size of an egg, and a tablespoonful of lard. Four eggs beaten separately, a good two gills of milk (cupful), mix all together with a teacup of yeast and two and one-quarter pounds of sifted flour. Set it to rise at ten o'clock in the morning. At four o'clock in the afternoon roll them out one-half inch thick and cut into biscuits with very little handling. Put them into the pans and let them rise until tea time. Bake a light brown in a quick oven.

Allegheny, Pa.

J. I. M.

BEST WATERPROOF VARNISH.—Three ounces of pale shellac, an ounce of sal ammoniac, and twenty-four ounces or three large teacups of water. Let it stand twelve hours, then boil over a slow fire until the shellac is fully dissolved, apply on oak stained floor with a brush.

Lebanon, Ill.

RENA L.

WEDDING CAKE.—For Lily Gay. Two cups each of butter, sugar and molasses, one pint of milk, six eggs, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of saleratus, one-half teaspoonful of salt and all other spices, two pounds of raisins and currants, one pound of citron, juice and grated peel of a lemon, and five cups of flour. Bake two hours. This makes one large loaf.

LOU LYLE.

BLACKBERRY PUDDING.—Stew your blackberries and sweeten to taste. While these

are cooking cut slices of bread and butter, and cut off crusts. Now take a deep dish or bowl, put in a layer of the bread and butter, then a layer of berries and so on, berries last, cover with a plate and weight and your pudding is made, and a delicious one it is, too. It is as nice made of canned blackberries as fresh ones. To be eaten plain or with whipped cream.

Box 207, Hyde Park, Mass.

FRANK E.

STEWED POTATOES.—Pare and cut into lengthwise strips, cover with boiling water and stew twenty minutes. Turn off nearly all the water, put in a cupful of cold milk with salt. Let it come to a boil and serve.

VERA.

APPLE JELLY.—Take any tart red apples and quarter them to be sure of no wormy ones, but not peel them. Nearly cover them with water and boil all to pieces. Strain through a jelly bag without using much pressure, as it will not be clear if you get in much of the pulp. Allow three-fourths pound of sugar to one pound of juice and boil twenty minutes. Jelly from crab apples is made in the same way, the little apples making the nicest and clearest jelly.

TO KEEP CANNED FRUIT.—If any of the sisters are troubled with canned fruit working I would like to tell them my way, and I have never lost a can when the directions are followed. As soon as the fruit is thoroughly cold, place it in a tight cupboard used especially for canned fruit, and keep it dark all the time. The secret lies in keeping it from the light. Another good way is to pack it in very dry sand, which probably amounts to the same thing.

EVENNA.

KISS PUDDING.—Beat the yolks of three eggs and half a cup of sugar very light, add one and one-half tablespoonfuls of corn starch, stir this into one pint of boiling milk and cook on the stove until it thickens. Pour into a pudding dish. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add one-half cup of sugar, spread on the top and brown in the oven.

CREAM BATTER PUDDING.—Take one cup of sour cream and rub with one and one-half cups of flour until smooth, add one cup of sweet milk, two eggs well beaten, a little salt and one and one-half teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in the milk, stir well together and bake in a quick oven. To be eaten with cream and sugar.

BREAD CAKE.—Having a recipe for bread cake which I have not seen in THE HOUSEHOLD, I will give it, hoping some one will try it and report. Four cups of light dough, two cups of sugar, one cup each of butter, raisins, and currants, three eggs, one-half teaspoonful each of nutmeg, cinnamon and cloves, one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little hot water. Let it rise twenty minutes before baking. This makes two loaves.

CLARA.

Woodstock, Vt.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one tell me what smothered chicken is and how it is made?

Illinois.

PANSY.

Will some one please give directions for making a pad for copying writing? and oblige

Steensville, M. T.

MRS. E. M. ELLIS.

Will some of the readers of our valuable paper kindly tell me what will remove wheel grease? French chalk does nothing.

C.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters of the Band please tell me how to make yeast ginger bread?

Jamaica, Iowa.

MRS. I. W. MCPHERSON.

Will some of the sister kindly tell me through THE HOUSEHOLD how "finny haddie" is made? It is said to be a delicious dish.

G. H. T.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please ask the sisters if a house that is papered can be re-papered without tearing off the old paper and the old lining, and if there is any danger in doing so?

L. H.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—How can I clean pampas plumes? (Mine are uncolored.) They are dusty, somewhat smoky, and slightly fly specked.

Kansas.

Q. X. Y.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Can any one tell me how to take the warp out of table leaves, also how to make a pretty wall pocket?

Emily Hayes, can you or some other sister tell me how to cook vegetables besides boiling them? I am tired of boiled dishes.

Can some one tell me a pretty way to make pillow shams so they will be easily laundered?

Maine.

ETHEL M.

Can any one tell me how to clean a rag carpet without taking it to pieces? Also what will take stains off from light painted furniture and not take off the varnish?

TOPSY.

The Parlor.

REBUKE.

"The world is old and the world is cold,
And never a day is fair, I said,
Out of the heavens the sunlight rolled,
The green leaves rustled above my head,
And the sea was a sea of gold.

"The world is cruel, I said again,
Her voice is harsh to my shrinking ear,
And the nights are dreary and full of pain.
Out of the darkness sweet and clear,
There rippled a tender strain;

Rippled the song of a bird asleep,
That sang in a dream in a budding wood;
Of shining fields where the reapers reap,
Of a wee brown mate and a nestling brood,
And the grass where the berries peep.

"The world is false, though the world be fair,
And never a heart is pure I said.
And lo! the clinging of white arms bare,
The innocent gold of my baby's head,
And the lip of a childish prayer.

—Overland Monthly.

RECK: A TRUE STORY.

BY HAZEL WYLDE.

IMPERFECTION is in some sort essential to all that we know of life. It is the sign of life in a mortal body, that is to say, of a state of progress and change. Certain irregularities and deficiencies are not only signs of life, but sources of beauty.—*Ruskin.*

When he was a child—the hero whom I introduce to the reader with a feeling of consideration—his mother, a woman of fine instincts and excellent capabilities, almost despaired of his future welfare. Reck was so like his father in looks, and like him also in temperament. At least, so it seemed to the tenderly anxious parent, whose first-born child had become the subject of many prayers and tears, though unknown to the lad himself.

When Reck's mother married, she supposed no man better equipped by nature, and by experience prepared, for the contest with life in whatever phase it might present itself, than her husband. She was so lovingly trustful of the man who had singled her from among women as his own preference. She suffered from no abuse upon her husband's part. He simply had not the strong endowments which give a man endurance in an aspiring wife's higher estimation. His affections were pure and unstinted.

The wife's love for her husband resolved into a sort of pity for him, whereas she had formerly expected to lean upon his strength in times of need. How she had supported his weight of indolence, through the several years of her married life, people little understood. She strove to hide the fact by every means that womanly pride could contrive. She did not intend dishonor by her pride. But she did wish her husband to appear as the industrious, efficient man that she had at first believed him. The secret heaviness of spirit, which she bore about within her bosom, would have crushed a weaker woman possessed of as fine feeling. Courage was her constant companion withal, and this impelled her to supply her husband's lack by dexterous management, combined with delicate forethought, so that he did not stand out in so bare a light in his imperfection, as without this wifely shielding he must have done.

Reck's real name had been lost in the nickname which sprung from the father's pertinacity in calling the child by an idle by-word, or as so the word had become idle by the speaker's careless usage. At his birth, the child had received no greater blessing from the father than the ap-
pliance of this term to itself by way of a welcoming exclamation. When the small son could, in return, articulate his father's name, the latter signified his pleasure

thereat, by saying, "I reckon this will be a smart boy one of these days."

"I reckon," seemed to be the most expressive sentiment which the father could devise thereafter. It was occasionally made to ring to the variation of, "I reckon," whereupon the wife one day impatiently exclaimed, "We would better call the child Reck, if you cannot think of any thing nicer to say of him." She repented her words. The name was quickly adopted by the indolent, "happy-go-lucky" father. Despite the mother's opposing influence, the name clung to the child, who would respond to the sound of Reck, when the more euphonious title, which had been his baptismal gift, escaped his hearing.

"I guess it will be Reck all his days," sighed the gentle mother, when she found her opposition of slight avail; her son, moreover, so in sympathy with the father's easy manner. More than the name, she regretted, by the sigh. She felt afraid that the heedlessness of "I reckon," would stand to him in the stead of I will, concerning the strife with life in its manifold necessities and temptations. Her husband was not the uneducated person he appeared from his habits of expression. But he gave liberties to his tongue which even some of more indolent nature would not have done. These distressed his wife, who set up in her own mind a delicate distinction between the correct speaker and the slovenly, just as she did between the person of fine manners and the one of rude demeanor. She wanted her boy to attain manhood with a true sense of the dignity and the responsibilities belonging to it; she desired a good future in every respect, for her son. He was only little Reck. What could she do?

"I reckon our boy is going to be as smart as the smartest of 'em! He beats all at leading the young ones at play already," said the father.

"That does not constitute the kind of ability he will require by and by," seriously replied the mother.

"Well! you just wait a bit, and see Reck's coming out all right. He'll take care of himself number one, some day."

"Oh, husband! I want him to be a true man. Looking out for himself alone will not accomplish that end, surely."

"Why, who has said he won't be a true man? I know you're not going to teach him to be a false one," said the other, a spice of flattery concealed in his words.

"It is influence from us both, husband, and from all associations, which must either help or hinder his progress."

"He's a born character, Reck is. You needn't be afraid for the child. He's a good deal of his mother about him, too, that's plain to behold!" The man meant sincerity by these words, and the mother's heart thrilled as she heard them. She found that they met a lingering hope within her breast, though the child seemed to her so plainly the especial son of his father.

Reck's school-master called upon the parents one evening, to say that their boy was a promising pupil, if only he would study more. He was not inattentive. He might excel many of the other boys, were his energies equal to his capacities for learning.

The mother's heart again thrilled with secret hope, yet the school-master's verification of her fears concerning her boy's lack of energy, despoiled her cheerfulness of mind meanwhile.

"I reckon," spoke up the father, with assurance brightening his untroubled countenance into smiles, "I reckon that our boy will come out ahead, some day. Give him time! It's a poor plan to make a boy work too fast over books. Sun-

shine and play are better for him, so I reckon."

It was in the wife's mind to say: "I do not believe you have ever overworked at any thing, not to speak of books." But she refrained, out of respect to herself as well as regard for her husband.

"Well," continued the school-master, "Reck, as I have said, is a promising boy. He is a favorite with the scholars, and I feel a strong interest in him myself. I have discovered in him something beyond ordinary faculty. That is why I came this evening, to urge you to induce your boy to more diligence in study, that his mind may develop evenly with his body. He is a healthy boy. Considerable head labor will do him no harm, if I mistake not."

"Reck has not a fondness for books, I fear," said the mother. "He likes story-books moderately well. But even those he likes to hear read, better than to read himself. I should like to have him understand the value of knowledge without forcing him to it."

"Don't need to force him. Let the boy be. He'll learn fast enough, I reckon," said the father of the boy with indubious satisfaction.

Even the school-master called the boy Reck, although the origin of the name was unknown to him. He had enrolled the rightful title upon his books, but from hearing the scholars speak familiarly of Reck, he, too, fell into the customary practice, as was natural.

Reck was a bright, handsome youth, of twelve years of age. Brown, waving locks fell over his white forehead in profusion, and eyes of grey looked clearly out from beneath. The forehead seemed to tell of the "something more than ordinary," of which the school-master had spoken so kindly in his call upon the parents of the boy. The mouth had an expression of mingled amiability and determination. Good humor was one of the child's chief characteristics, so that its play about the lips was oftener to be noticed, than the lines of firmness which it so gracefully supplanted. A sturdy, little frame had Reck. Pleasing to the gentle mother was the round, rosy face of her boy with the frank, fearless eyes. But she longed, oh, so intently! for his love of learning and industry. Then there would be a blending of the useful with the beautiful, which would be a mark of commendation to him anywhere, to gain him truest favor.

Twelve years later in Reck's life, you see him still handsomer, with the brown hair a shade darker, and somewhat smoother, though as abundantly falling over the fine forehead; while the grey eyes have acquired an added light that tells of thought and inner beauty. His frame has grown firmer. In stature, he rises above the height of his father, and walks with a step that denotes strength and manliness. He has less the look of his father now, except in the humorous expression about the mouth, and the abundant brown hair is like the father's too. That "he is his mother's own son," is a general comment. But he has far exceeded even the mother's desires in respect of himself. He has derived an inheritance from a maternal ancestor. This is evident to the gentle parent, who rejoices to acknowledge her son's possession. As great a joy fills her heart now, as formerly dwelt therein a sorrow. "Truly," meditates she, "my prayers and tears have not been in vain. The Lord has anointed him with the oil of blessing. May he be ever worthy of the goodness of the Lord."

Reck loves his mother with singular fervor. His feeling for his father is shown in filial respect, while deeply in his heart he conceals, even from his mother, the natural recoiling which he

feels from the habits so disfiguring to the mental and moral nature of the elder man. He cannot rouse his father from the apathetic state into which he has allowed himself to fall. Nor does Reck deem it his duty to dictate a wiser course of life.

Reck's devotion to his mother meets with full favor from the elder man, whose own affection, as has been said, is pure and unremitting towards herself, though inactive for the most part. The son often pondered the case. "How can a man so truly love his wife, yet willingly behold her toil in his behalf, when he might better be bestirring himself in her interests, thus sparing her much untold care and also weariness of spirit." Truth must be told. The man has not the sense of thrift which impels generous exertion for those beloved, though he be faithful in passive regard to their interest. His nature is generous, but his spirit is weak. His body is not weak. The inert spirit is the trouble, and the body is in coalescence with it irremediably. The man is one whom none can despise, though many pity. He is even esteemed by these more or less tenderly, for, "pity is akin to love."

It has been written: "All things are literally better, lovelier, and more beloved, for the imperfections which have been divinely appointed, that the law of human life may be effort, and the law of human judgment, mercy." But Reck's kindly, though sadly erring father, is more an object upon which mercy has been bestowed, than an example of what effort may produce. His pride of his son is as apparent as is his love of his patient wife.

It has not been my purpose to relate the incidents of Reck's life from boyhood to manhood; nor to detail the conflicts with trial and temptation, which you may feel confident he did not escape. Simply would I show that, despite his mother's fears for him, as well as his singularly untoward conditions in early life, he progressed in strength and might unseen. Out of the germ of a pure and healthful spirit, sprung and thrived beautiful life—as so does it always, where contrary influences are not too impoverishing. Reck had the combination of forces within his being which tends to right growth, opposing circumstances notwithstanding. Do you honor him now less regardfully, because you have not probed to the depths for each motive of his deedful life from youth to manhood? The secret of his successful career, thus far, is his dependence upon the only source of true living—his childlike faith in heavenly maintenance and guidance. He believes in the Power that sustains and defends mortals, so long as they acknowledge and unwaveringly obey the sovereign Authority. He owes much gratitude to the loving, tireless exertions of his mother surely. She it is who has been his chief instructor in spiritual things. She has been, moreover, his brightest earthly pattern of loveliness. Between her and himself there is perfect confidence, and, in Reck, the pitying wife has found the manful support which her husband's indolence has refused her. And it is not merely physical support my words imply, but that ever thoughtful, active quality, called strength, which shields, protects, and fondly cherishes the well being of the one beloved, in every sense. Reck's mother rests in his strong self, and he knows this, and needs no truer manifestation of her comfort in the home, since she cannot so depend upon her husband. The mother thinks that Reck is the happiness of the household. Reck knows that she is the mainspring of the family peace, and next to the love of his Heavenly Parent, is his almost adoration of the unassuming, gentle woman he calls mother.

Kindly reader, have you thought how

few among women live purely, honorably, the mother-life? Would there be so many erring, pitiful, or misspent lives among men, were every mother faithful to her blessed calling. How varied the cares, the anxieties, of a mother! How thoughtless the woman who heeds them not! Not only the needs of the bodies, entrusted to her for nurture and protection, are to be considered. The manifold calls upon her mind, her heart, and her soul, are serious indeed. Her example is constantly imitated—how exact the counterpart in some instances—and her every word and tone and act are commented upon and hoarded by the tenderer minds within her home.

If Reck was a manly man at the age of twenty-four, what more can be said of him now twice those years have passed? With the years he has redoubled his strength. He is past the prime of earthly existence, yet he is not an old man. At least, you will not judge so, when you see again his undimmed eyes; his cheerful countenance but naturally lined by time, the worker upon all faces. His tread is still firm. Health he was endowed with at birth. This he has preserved by provident care of it, as well as by means of right habits of living. He is strictly temperate. His moderation is "known to all men." He is not a perfect man, though none would speak of him as imperfect. Would you know just how he has attained so good and so reputable a name? Reader, I myself have not learned the struggles of what must have been a powerful strife with natural enemies. Though unseen, unknown, the soulful warrings, they stand revealed in the whole picture of the man. The victory over the world is evident, in the high, ennobling presence. I can but look upon him as a hero in the truest sense of the term. He is a spiritual hero. Though I behold none of the scars of the battle upon him, no less does he merit the praise which my pen shall add to that from the tongues of others. His failings need not be presented, since my aim has been to cover all defects, that his virtue might more brightly shine unto your sight, and the effort to conceal defects has been a light one, as my reader may imagine. A weaker man must have fallen before some of Reck's temptations from without. Nor do I think that you will disbelieve these temptations because you have not read them in the quiet history of Reck. Temptation is too well known to be doubted as a worldly existence. Besides, you are aware that the son of such a father as Reck's cannot but have inherited some of the parent's characteristics. Still, if the son is not a perfect man, neither was the father an altogether imperfect man. He has gone beyond human care and pity. His life, whatever it might have been, is tenderly mentioned by the remaining ones, and so not forgotten. Reck still has his aged mother—in his own home now. His household is indicative of the law of love and unity. His wife has small cause to mourn the shortcomings of her husband. The youthful members of the family feel highest respect towards both parents. Reck has frequently said to his mother, that just such a woman as herself, is the dear mother of his children. The elder woman looks upon her son with fondness and with pride, and views his signal successes in the light of a specially deserved reward of honor. She gives thanks to God for the blessings that attend his footsteps, and, most of all, for the young wife, whose home government is manifest, and who is a helpmeet such as she can approve, to her son. As for herself, she feels that she has gained a daughter, and that not alone in name. Her son will, as she long ago feared, "be Reck all his days." But she has come to the knowledge that an hon-

orable life lies not bound within a name, but that true growth and development is something that is to be acquired by untiring faithfulness and exertion.

Reck has glorified his early title. He could, indeed, be called by no other now—even by his mother. The young wife speaks it tenderly, for she has heard its origin and history. She says that Reck was rightly named, and has exemplified the real meaning of the word by his sincere regard to the good parts of human life.

Reck has not more truly distinguished himself from common-place men by any thing which he has done for the world, than by his upright, unblamable dealings with all whom he has known. In his business interests, his mind has not turned from those superior, in search of earthly acquisitions. He is not an ordinary man in intellect, but his spiritual vigor is far above ordinary, characterizing the man as great in that greatness which shall outlive the world and all the laurels it may bestow.

My story is told. Reck's life goes on, though not so uneventfully as this simple record of it may imply. Into the quietest life come care, vicissitudes, and sorrow. He is the brave man who looks them in the face unflinchingly. He is the spiritual hero who rises above all earthly vexations, and cheerfully fulfills duty as he learns it.

Though unknown to fame, to those who look upon him understandingly, a finer glory rests upon the head of Reck.

HAVANA NOTES.

BY MRS. E. S. WARNER.

In entering the harbor of Havana vessels pass close under the frowning walls of Morro Castle. Its foundation of solid rock juts out into deep water, which is always rough, and in bad weather the waves dash with such violence as to go completely over the lighthouse that crowns its highest tower. It is a picturesque old pile, and the effect is heightened by the long row of fortifications on the heights, as well as the low adobe houses with red-tiled roofs, just as you see them in pictures of the east made hundreds, yes, thousands of years ago.

By the elegant steamers of the South Florida R. R. Co., it only takes twenty-four hours to go from Tampa to Havana, yet you realize immediately that you are in a foreign country, for as soon as the vessel stops gondoliers come swarming around her, and scarcely are the steps in place when the scramble and clamor for passengers begin in such a lively manner, with such gestulation and in a foreign tongue, that to the uninitiated a row seems imminent, but one after another the boats are filled, the iron gates of the custom house reached, and the stranger enters into the old city with its strange sights and sounds, some of which I will try to describe for the benefit of those of our HOUSEHOLD who will never venture so far from home, some of whom by their kindly expressed interest in my trip to Tortugas have given me courage to write again.

The architecture of Havana is decidedly Moorish—the long rows of pillars and arches, corrugated tiled roofs, thick walls and grated windows, are scarcely different from those built in Spain hundreds of years ago. So little have things changed there, the Spaniards have a saying that when Christ comes on earth again He will say, "O, this is old Spain."

The newer buildings have flat roofs surrounded by a wall about three feet high. These are called *azuleta*. They take the place of gardens, are ornamented with boxes and pots of flowers, trellises with lovely vines, vases, etc., and afford

a pleasant lounging place in the early morning while waiting for coffee, which is served as soon as possible after people rise. It is a pleasure to look from the *azuleta* of some of the high houses, like the Casa Blanca, over the city and see, even amongst the poorer classes, the love for something green and bright. The poor washerwoman whose lines are daily filled with drying clothes still finds room for a few oil jars and cracked *casuelas* with growing plants, a bird cage, and occasionally a parrot.

While walking one frequently gets a glimpse of an inner court or hall way, where beside the family carriage, tubs and boxes of palms and large-leaved plants called *Malenga* add brightness to what would else be dark and dreary. It is the custom in the evening to throw all the doors and shutters open, and light up as if for a party, thus affording the passers a view of the interior of many of the fine houses, whose inmates and guests sit facing each other around a rug in the middle of the floor. Many of these houses contain an inner court where royal palm trees and a variety of plants and flowers luxuriate beside a fountain, the base of which being composed of the volcanic rock of the island affords not only places for the roots of aquatic plants, but hiding nooks for the pretty gold fish as well. These courts are paved with marble, and have easy lounges and chairs of bamboo placed invitingly about, where guests are regaled with ice water and panales, delicacies, etc.

All floors and stairways in the private houses are composed of white marble and tiles. There are no glass windows, but close shutters and blinds, and outside of these strong iron bars. They are very large and high, reaching from the side walk, which is from twenty to twenty-four inches wide, to within two feet of the roof, and wide enough for four or five persons to stand in side by side. This is done to make the houses as cool as possible, but they give a jail-like look to the buildings, and one cannot refrain from comparing the ladies and children in their elegant attire who stand there to see and be seen to tropical caged birds. It is common to see a Cuban mother with a naked child in her arms, standing or sitting there, while others almost as nude press their sallow little faces against the bars.

It is difficult for any one to get an idea of the houses, windows and streets, without seeing them, they are so entirely different from any thing in this country. The streets are very narrow and the sidewalks just wide enough for one person to walk, so the escort either walks behind the lady or at her side in the gutter, and the men always step off to let a lady pass. It is not considered proper for ladies to go to market, or, indeed, anywhere else, unattended. This is a very inconvenient state of affairs for Americans who would like to see all that is going on, and are too modest to do any thing to attract attention and the *sist* of the loungers and clerks.

The ladies do not drive as they used to in evening dress on the parks, and but few are seen on the streets. They still wear the mantilla instead of bonnet, which is very gracefully arranged, and softens the most ordinary features. They have an elegance and ease of carriage, very small feet, and some of the loveliest eyes that ever shed their bewitching light on mankind. They go to mass and the baths in the morning in carriages dressed very much as their northern sisters are at evening receptions.

The street sights and sounds are very interesting to the stranger, if one distressing feature of it could be omitted—the blind and maimed creatures squatted in the nooks, some of them, particularly the

Chinese, bearing scarce a semblance to a human being. We meet at every turn priests in long, flowing black robes, with cocked hats, and soldiers in bright uniforms, Chinamen with a pole or yoke across their shoulders from which wide, flat baskets filled with vegetables, fruit, tin or earthen wear are suspended, and pedlars with tall stacks of laces and embroidery floating down their backs. Lottery ticket venders never cease calling their numbers. It is the first cry in the morning and the last at night, but one of the strangest sights is the cows and jennies, with the young muzzled, driven from house to house and milked. I watched with much interest the milkmen in the early morning. They all have small Cuban ponies, on which they first put sufficient green food for its use, then two immense panniers, into which is first put a stone jug to fill up the point, then two large tin cans and one holding about a gallon between. These are laced in with cords, and between the panniers on the food sits the driver, with feet on either side of the pony's neck.

Next come the bread carriers. These have basket sacks woven out of palmetto on their backs, the long loaves towering above their heads. Then follow in such quick succession that I have scarcely time to note them down, all sorts and kinds of produce, wares and people, from which I will select some of the most curious. A singular cry brings me to the balcony to see a Cuban with a pony following him, the panniers loaded with the rich brown earth of the island for box plants. An old Spaniard with a bunch of dust brushes made like an immense swab of some kind of grass comes next. A large covered wagon stops at the *cafe* opposite, and the driver fills a basket with something that looks like rolls of paper they are so light. These are panelas. They are made of the white of egg and sugar, and are used in lemonade and other fruit drinks.

A singular call, more like the whinny of a goat than any thing I can think of, and passing is a small pony with an immense pack of hay, and two hampers of oranges, luscious, sweet oranges—twenty for four cents. Following is a beautiful brown pony with a load of fruit, rich-looking mamias-caimetros, like huge, purple plums, sapadillos with their rusty coats, guanabanas, pine-apples and sugar cane, the driver singing their different prices. Next comes a huge black tray and a pair of legs, the carrier's voice rising above the din. "What can it be?" I mentally exclaim. A slight wind displaces the covering and displays delicacies—sweetmeats and cakes, but don't for a moment fancy them any thing you ever saw. There are yolks of eggs coated over with sugar, pine-apple juice made thick with egg, a mass made of the pulp of the guanabana, in little cups, and resembles bits of cotton batting soaked in sugar and water, and many more strange things that would take too much space to enumerate.

A rattle made of tin brings me to the front again to see a man with a whole tin shop on his head and shoulders. Conspicuous amongst the articles are the coffee strainers, long, pointed, red flannel bags, rimmed with tin, with wire handle. All coffee used in Havana is made by putting a quantity of it finely ground in a bag, and pouring boiling water through it two or three times very slowly. A cup is two-thirds filled with boiled milk, and a small quantity of this decoction added. This is taken without other accompaniment early in the morning, and at ten A. M., the whole of Havana sits down to breakfast, which is more like a dinner, consisting of meats, vegetables and wine. But I am digressing and must return to my notes again.

It is not uncommon to see carts with six or eight mules driven tandem, the

one in the shaft being the only one guided by rein, the others, especially the leader, being guided entirely by the call of the driver. It is very curious to see them turn corners, and find the way through the crowded streets. They are all very gaily caparisoned. The harness is thickly studded with brass heads in patterns. A band of small bells passes down the sides of the head, terminating under the throat in an immense red and yellow tassel. Two similar tassels are fastened below the ears, and on the shoulders is a white sheepskin with long fleece, rolled up loosely. Little donkeys with panniers reaching nearly to the ground filled with vegetables or fruit, and others so loaded with fodder or sugar cane that only a little bit of the head and tail can be seen, pass by demurely.

Above the din of the carriages comes a clear, ringing voice, and I lean over the balcony to see a nice-looking Cuban, dressed in snowy linen, carrying a small box in which are monkeys made of chenille in all colors, three or four inches in length.

And so like a panorama they pass all day and every day, for Sunday is the same as every other one, only on it are the bull fights, and best plays at theater and concert.

It was a real curiosity to watch the negro women coming from market. Many would be smoking cigar or cigarette. The big flat baskets containing their purchases were carried on their heads, which generally were tastefully wound up in a bright kerchief. Some would be dressed in the loveliest of linen lawns spotlessly clean, whilst others were dreadfully dirty and slovenly. Little negroes pass along with only an apology of a shirt on, and the working class of men wear merely an undershirt and linen pants, and it is not uncommon to see them working in the streets, and in the sugar mills up to their waists in sugar and syrup, with only a bather's pants on. But I am making too long a story. Another time I will write of some of the noted places.

HER DESPISED ACCOMPLISHMENT.

Old Mr. Brown stood in his private office, with his back to the fire and his coat-tails balanced in either hand. He was a bald-headed old gentleman with a ruddy complexion, keen black eyes and leg-of-mutton whiskers which were white as snow. And Miss Nelly Torrance sat looking at him timidly from the depths of the big armchair in which he had beckoned her to seat herself.

"So you are my cousin Adrian's daughter?" said he, after a long pause.

"Yes," said Nelly, wondering what was in all those mysterious tin boxes, and whether the monster iron safe was full of gold and silver pieces.

"And you want something to do?"

"Yes, please!"

"Humph!" said Mr. Brown.

Nelly glanced shyly up into his face. "But," she added with some spirit, "I am not asking for charity. I am willing to work for my bread!"

"You mean that you would like to daub canvas, or sew yellow sunflowers on green plush screens," satirically observed the old gentleman. "I don't call that work."

"Nor I either," retorted Nelly.

"Then what do you mean?" said Mr. Brown.

"I mean that I shall be glad to undertake any sort of honest work by means of which I can earn my own living."

"Humph!" again interjected Mr. Brown. "Can you cook?"

"Yes," Nelly answered.

"I don't believe it?"

"But I can."

"Very well," said Mr. Brown, releasing his coat tails and sitting down at his desk as if the question were definitely disposed of. My cook went away this morning. I haven't engaged any one in her place. You may come this afternoon and see what you can do for me."

Mr. Brown fully expected that his young cousin would recoil indignantly from this proposal, but she did nothing of the sort. She simply said, "Yes, Cousin John," and asked him for his private address.

"Mind you're punctual, my dear," said he, as he handed her the pencilled card.

"I am always punctual," calmly responded Nelly.

Mr. Brown watched her out of the office with a quizzical twinkle in the corner of his eyes.

"She won't come," he said to himself, "I've seen the last of my fine relation."

And Nelly Torrance went home to a little second-floor room, the cheapest which the widow and her daughters could possibly find.

Mrs. Adrian Torrance was dressed in black, a fair, delicate piece of human china, who had been like lilies of the field, in that she toiled not, neither did she spin, and Lucetta, the older daughter, was trying, unsuccessfully enough, to trim a black-crape bonnet, by the window.

They had come up from the country at Lucetta's suggestion to appeal, in their poverty, to this rich cousin of the dead father and husband, but none of them anticipated any very satisfactory results from the experiment.

"These rich people are always miserly," said Miss Lucetta.

"And I've understood," sighed the gentle little widow, "that he was not pleased when poor dear Adrian married me instead of Miss Goldbags, the rich pawnbroker's daughter."

"Well!" cried Mrs. Torrance, eagerly, as Nelly entered.

"What does he say?" questioned Lucetta, dropping the fold of crape which she was vainly endeavoring to fashion into what the fashion plate called "an oblong bow."

"I have seen him," said Nelly, untying her bonnet-strings, "and I'm going to his house in Grandover Park this afternoon."

"You don't mean," cried Mrs. Torrance, with spasmodic catching of her breath, "that he is going to—adopt you?"

"Not in the least," said Nelly. "Now, mamma, darling, don't jump at conclusions. Just hear my plain, unvarnished tale. I went to Cousin John. I told him I wanted something to do. He asked me if I could cook. Thanks to that course of lessons I once took of Signor Silver-spoon, I was able to answer, yes. Then he told me that his cook was gone, and asked me if I would come to his house this afternoon and take her place."

"And you?" gasped Mrs. Torrance.

"I said, yes, of course."

"Eleanor!" cried Lucetta, "I am scandalized by your conduct! Yes, perfectly scandalized. You will do nothing of the sort!"

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Torrance, developing strong hysterical symptoms. "If your Cousin Brown intends to insult us—"

"But he doesn't mean to insult us," pleaded Nelly. "He intended the offer in all good faith, and I accepted it in the same spirit."

"You surely do not mean to degrade yourself," cried Lucetta, "by turning—cook—for any man living!"

"I don't see," argued Nelly, "that it is any more degrading to cook for Cousin John than it would be to embroider slip-

pers for him, or read the newspaper aloud to him of an evening."

"Eleanor never had any proper pride," said Mrs. Torrance, wringing her hands.

"Never!" echoed Lucetta.

"And," added Nelly, "my cousin would have every right to believe me an impostor if I told him I wanted work and then refused the first offer he made. It will be useless for you to remonstrate, Lucetta, and I hope mamma will not place any obstacles in my way, for I am quite determined to go to Grandover Park this afternoon."

And she adhered firmly to her resolution.

It was six exactly when Mr. Brown let himself into his house with the latch-key which always depended from his watch chain. The gas jet burned softly behind the rose-colored shade in the hall, the fire clicked cheerily in the grate of the parlor beyond.

"Humph!" he muttered. "She hasn't come. Thought so! There's no such thing as a practical woman nowadays."

At the same moment a light, white-aproned little figure came out of the dining room beyond, and Nelly Torrance's voice uttered the words:

"Dinner is ready, Cousin John."

The old man smiled. He had a pleasant expression of the face when he smiled, and Nelly wondered that she had not noticed what a handsome man he was.

"Oh," said he, "you did come, then?"

"Oh, I always keep my engagements," said Nelly. "Punctuality is the soul of business, isn't it, Cousin John? At least that's what I used to write in my copy-books at school."

Mr. Brown patted her hand as she helped him off with his overcoat.

"You are a good girl," said he.

And in his secret mind he decided to put up with any deficiencies in the cooking of a girl who had such excellent business principles.

But to his infinite amazement there were no deficiencies to overlook. The soup was on the table, clear as water, flavored like a dream of Soyer's own!

The first course was baked trout, the second a pigeon on toast. A small and compact roast of beef ribs was flanked by a dainty gilet pie, and the dessert was fruit, peach tarts and Bavarian cream.

Mr. Brown ate and relished and wondered by turns.

"My dear," said he at last, when the cloth was removed, all is very nice. I'll concede that you are a tip-top housekeeper. But, of course, you ordered all this from Monerato's restaurant?"

"But of course I didn't, Cousin Brown," said Nelly, decidedly. "I cooked it all myself!"

"What, that soup?"

"Yes, that soup."

"Did you prepare that trout sauce and broil that pigeon?"

"Yes, Cousin Brown."

"And the gilet pie, was that yours?"

"Yes, and the gilet pie! Don't look so astonished, Cousin Brown," she added, laughing. "I may as well confess that I took a course of cooking lessons last summer. And I like it of all things, especially in a household like this, where one can command the very best materials."

Mr. Brown closed his eyes and made a hasty calculation. His life had been "worried out of him," to use a mediocre expression, by capricious housekeepers, inefficient cooks and untrained servants. At last was a gateway out of all his tribulations!

"My dear," he said, "I should like to have you come here and live."

"As cook, Cousin Brown?"

"No, as my adopted daughter and housekeeper. I need some one to take the helm of my affairs. Goodness!" he

added, as he recollected the flavor of the gilet pie; "I haven't eaten such a dinner in ten years."

"But my mother," hesitated Eleanor, "and my sister Lucetta."

"Let them come, too," said Mr. Brown. "Bless your heart, my dear, there's plenty of room in the house. Can they cook, too?"

"No, Cousin Brown," confessed Nelly.

"Well, perhaps it's just as well," said Mr. Brown. "There can't be more than one head to a household. I hope you have preserved the recipe of that gilet pie, my dear. It was really something extraordinary."

So the Torrance family found a comfortable refuge for the soles of their feet, and Nelly's despised accomplishment proved the sword wherewith she opened the world's oyster.

And Lucetta sighed and wondered why she, too, had not taken cooking lessons.

"Nelly is the old man's first favorite," said she. "He'll leave her his money when he dies. And all because she accepted his ridiculous offer of turning cook for a living."

Mr. Brown, however, looked at this matter in a different light.

"Nelly is a trump," he said. "Nelly is not like the typical young lady, who is too lazy to work and too proud to beg. She is one who ennobles the humblest task, and does with all her might whatever her hands find to do."

So the old proverb came true: "Heaven helps those who help themselves."—*Exchange.*

A PURITAN SABBATH.

BY ERNESTINE IRVING.

Backward to the Sabbath mornings of long ago drift my thoughts to-day. The Puritan Sabbath! Kept, and well kept.

The stories of the then "olden time," were often told me by my kindred. Traditions, which came nearer historical facts, being handed down from colonial days of what and how the Sabbath day was then kept, are yet fresh in my mind, aside from my own recollections, which I treasure among most sacred memories.

Not in vain the Mayflower plowed the seas with her valiant, staunch cargo, composed of such material as went to the stake for convictions. Home, and all that makes it dear, left for religious principle. Is it strange the first book published in the new world should have been the Bay Psalm Book?

With humble prayer and fasting,
In every strait and grief,
They sought the Everlasting,
And found a sure relief.
Their covenant God overshadowed them,
Their shield from every foe,
And gave them here a dwelling-place,
Two hundred years ago."

The Pilgrims who came in the Mayflower were men of prayer. In all undertakings of importance they were accustomed to seek direction from their Heavenly Father. History tells us that the Puritan Sabbath was established before the company left the ship. Thus we see it was founded with the nation. Also, we learn that a government was really formed and governor chosen on the Mayflower's deck, and then Plymouth Rock became the stepping stone to liberty.

Prominent in history are the early sufferings and adventures of this little band, but through all, the Pilgrims of New England were men of stern, vital principle which they never let go, and foremost, strongest, perhaps I may add, were the ordinances of the Sabbath.

The first Sabbath spent upon this bleak coast was at Clark's Island at the entrance of Plymouth harbor. If there is a virtue in the plea of "necessity and mercy" for attending to secular affairs on the Sabbath, it ought to have availed with

them. They were houseless, on an unknown shore in the depths of winter; provisions diminishing, some of the number sick, and every hour increasing the importance of deciding where to establish an abiding place. Amid such circumstances, untoward and distressing, their confidence was in the Most High. They felt sure of His protection, and the day was sacredly kept.

What strength of religious principle, what moral courage, what self-denial, what self-reliance, what confidence in God, must have been requisite to induce them to embark and commence the settlement of this comparatively barren country! Their early history should never be forgotten.

It was from such men as these that my ancestors descended, and, although the onward march of years since the Mayflower's anchor was weighed and the good ship returned, still the Pilgrim faith was undimmed and the Sabbath day devoutly kept. Every thing as a rule was put in order on Saturday. Sunday in reality began at sun-down Saturday night. No work was performed after that hour. The cows were milked early, and oxen stalled. Within, when the hearth was swept and the candles lighted, the family Bible was brought forth. The children repeated their hymns and were early sent to bed. The elders also retired early.

The rising hour was an early one. The simple breakfast, prepared in most details the day before, spread, and I do not remember that any members of the family were tardy. As they retired early, they were ready to rise accordingly—that is, at a reasonable hour. Peaceful day! At nine o'clock, the first bell sounded over hill and dale, awaking the echoes, and admonishing the worshipers. The nine o'clock bell! It is a link in the Sabbath of my childhood. The morning hours were devoted to psalm reading and psalm singing. The old English hymns brought with the fathers had not lost their beauty and truth. They had now become "old" on the shores of the new world.

After the nine o'clock bell the children and elders donned their best frocks, gowns, and coats, and betook their way church-ward, sometimes one mile, sometimes four. The Congregational meeting house, sound Calvinistic faith, was near the center of the township, and from the various sections the people gathered.

Do not suppose a distance of a few miles excused a non-appearance at the house of worship. Never devout pagan was more prompt at the yearly festivals of ancient Greece than many of these sons and daughters of the faith. Some in the outlying districts possessed teams of some description—good, comfortable ox carts that trudged the way, slow but sure, one-horse wagons built to last, with stout, wide seats and room enough for benches for the children. Occasionally some very well-to-do person, grown gray and "into years," his children comfortable in homes of their own making, would jog along in his chaise, only large enough to hold himself and good dame, but whatever the style or size of the conveyance, each came provided with a goodly portion of provender, for the day would be well advanced ere the homeward ride.

The people gathered at a seasonable hour. The pew doors were opened carefully, and one after another of the large families filed in. As a rule the parents brought their children to church. I can remember how long, how very long the sermons seemed, but I was expected to sit quiet and look at the man in the pulpit. "Pay attention," I have often been told. The pulpit was high, with the sounding-board overhead. High too were the gallery seats where the singers sat. I re-

member them. They were usually local characters in their way.

After the forenoon meeting came Sunday school. No one thought of going home at noon time unless they lived very near the church. Some of the elders who did not gather with the school, wandered in the quiet churchyard where almost every family mourned their sacred dead. Sabbath pilgrimages to their shrines they made, and I doubt not were oftentimes comforted thereby.

After the Sabbath school, and the children had been allowed a short time for their luncheons, the afternoon service began. It was generally long and searching, and after came the closing hymn. Nothing less than two sermons and the Sabbath school during the day time, and service in the evening, was ever heard of. And through winter's cold and summer's heat the minister toiled. Vacations in the church were things unknown, and one sermon per day never dreamed of. After Sunday service the children as well as the older people were careful that their remarks should not savor of a worldly nature.

Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and Baxter's "Saints' Rest," with some "Bible Lights," and memoirs of religious people served as Sunday reading, and after sun-down as the lights in the west slowly sank, the golden day declined, and the still Sabbath night drew on, how hallowed to again gather around the quiet hearth and think of the day well spent, and a heart and conscience at rest and peace.

Distant Sabbath days hallowed with the Pilgrims' footfall, wrap your mantle of holiness and righteousness around the Sabbath of the hurrying present. And although the spirit of the hour is not of space or time, the sacred influences of the early Sabbath, rigidly though kept, are yet floating o'er the present.

I suppose it is generally understood that the Pilgrim Fathers and the Puritans were not exactly the same, but the leading characteristics were so near alike that after years the two blended in one common name Puritans, and yet the Plymouth Pilgrims were rather separate. Strong in the faith, and sufficiently strong to brave the perils of the wide Atlantic, and face the difficulties of an untried world, they have left a record, an heritage worthy example, and not the least of their virtuous deeds is reckoned their strict Sabbath keeping.

Religious worship is intimately connected with the Pilgrim Fathers. It is, perhaps, the first thought that comes to the mind whenever mention is made of them. Forefather's Day, as the anniversary of their landing is now called, has become an annual holiday observed by people of Plymouth and other portions of New England. Distinguished poets have contributed poems for these occasions that have passed into our national literature. We give an extract from one:

"The Pilgrim Fathers—where are they?
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray,
As they break along the shore;
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day
When the Mayflower moored below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.
The Pilgrim spirit has not fled;
It walks in noon's broad light;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay where the Mayflower lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more."

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

"Full many a shot at random sent,
Finds mark the archer never meant."

In the midst of a large and busy city there are so many demands upon one's time and strength that it is often a puzzle to know what to do and what to leave undone. Or, rather to know what pro-

portion of time to give to each of your many duties and employments.

Indeed, this is true to a great extent everywhere, for even in the quiet of the country, every one, and especially every woman, finds no end of work ready for her. But in the country there are fewer outward distractions and hence it is that in the country, better than in the city, a woman who is so disposed, may find time for reading, study, and mental development, which is seldom found in the city. Country people not only have more time to read, but they have more time to think about what they have read, more time to observe, compare, and digest what comes under their notice, and in quiet and seclusion they may develop a strength of character difficult to obtain under other circumstances.

Now all this may be a comfort to some weary, overworked country woman, who reads in some hour of leisure, the doings of some city convention, reads the report of lectures or sermons by some brilliant city orator, and wishes she could have heard it.

True, the city woman hears no end of lectures, music, sermons and addresses, gets plenty of new ideas in the many visits she receives and pays, and at every turn by what she sees in the street horse cars, wherever she goes. But these impressions are so rapid and so numerous that they cannot be lasting. One new idea drives out another. We see and hear too much. As a most spiritual, earnest clergyman said to me once, "Two sermons a day do more harm to the people than to the minister." One good sermon may make a lasting impression, at least through the week, an impression that will result in some spiritual growth. But the second sermon makes us forget the first.

How many of us can remember the sermon we heard three Sundays ago, and are practising upon it to-day? How much less can we recall the sermons we heard three years ago, although we do now and then hear a sermon or an address that we can never forget, but this is the exception. And yet we are responsible to God for all these privileges, and for some of us it is a fearful responsibility.

There is so much to be done in the world, and so few who think they have time for any thing outside their own circle. In truth, there is hardly any one who could not find time to do some good, and if every one would do her part, how much would be accomplished. There are so many avenues of usefulness in this age of the world, so many fields white to the harvest.

First of all there is home influence, and then reaching out our hands to help those outside, we may so easily and profitably do our little in some one of the numerous lines of work already open to Christian women, such as the Woman's Christian Temperance Union with its thirty or more different branches of work; and the various missionary and benevolent or charitable enterprises, or church work. And those who cannot do active, outside work, may give great aid by letters and by prayers.

Every one of us may do something for the Master, and if it is done in the right spirit it will be accepted. It is not so much what we do, as how we do it and why.

"Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine.
That is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold:
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told."

Yesterday in St. Luke's chapel, Brooklyn, I heard a most stirring and helpful sermon to women by an English lady, Mrs. Crouch, in which one of the central ideas was that we should do all for Christ, not to please ourselves, seeking always to

know and to do His will, to please Him, holding communion with Him, praying to Him, when about our work, in the horse cars, in the street, everywhere. Speaking of the many different ways we might work for Him she suddenly asked, "Do you write your letters to please Him or to please yourself?" Ah! I thought, how many letters are written without a thought of pleasing God. That was certainly a random shot that hit a good many of us.

There are so many ways of doing good, so much to be learned and practiced and accomplished, and life is so short. The question seems always to be which is most important. We cannot do this and that. We may do this or that. The secret of success lies in the word selection. May God help each one of us to find out how we may do and get most good, to choose well day by day between the various objects that present themselves to us. Let us

"Build up heroic lives, and all
Be like a sheathen saber
Ready to flash out at God's call,
O chivalry of labor!

Triumph and toil are twins, and aye
Joy suns the cloud of sorrow;
And 'tis the martyrdom to-day
Brings victory to-morrow."

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

SELF-DENIAL.

No attribute of the mind or heart is such that its virtue and usefulness may not be enhanced by discretion. "With all thy getting get understanding," is the exhortation of the Proverb. It shall teach the golden mean that should be maintained in all things—the true poise that dips neither to the right nor to the left but keeps an easy equilibrium.

That self-denial is commendable, and an excellent trait in a mother, is undeniable, but, paradoxical as the statement may seem, it is nevertheless true, that unless she shall wisely require the same in her children, they are in danger of becoming selfish and exacting. Observing that their mother considers their welfare always and in all matters paramount to her own, some children, instead of admiring and imitating her conduct as they should, may come to demand as a right the sacrifices that constitute love's free-will offerings.

Mothers ought never to forget the impressive nature of that with which they have to deal. Do we desire to mold a thing of beauty from inanimate material, with what study and care do we set about our task. Shall mothers do less with the sensitive minds and immortal souls of the little ones entrusted to their keeping? What is more grateful or pleasant to a mother's heart than the sympathy and tenderness of her children? If early looked for, and obtained from them by wise and tender management, how precious and ever strengthening shall be the bond between parent and child; and how many heart-aches it may save.

O, mothers, teach your sons and daughters to be sympathetic and helpful, and neither you nor they will have cause to regret it in the future. The littlerill that you shall thus cherish, may widen to a river that in its flow shall enrich all its borders.

Sir Walter Scott, that world renowned writer, and observer of human nature, has said that "there never did, and never will exist any thing permanently noble and excellent in a character which was a stranger to the exercise of resolute self-denial." If the pursuit of happiness form the basis of our actions, we should not forget that self-denial will sooner reach the goal than self-indulgence.

In many ways may a fond parent express tenderness, but at the same time it should be borne in mind, that characters are to

be formed fitted to battle with the world, that a child too tenderly nurtured will feel its buffetings all the more keenly.

Lady Holland tells this anecdote of her father, Sydney Smith, which illustrates a solicitude that is at once judicious and admirable: "One of his little children, then in delicate health, had for some time been in the habit of waking suddenly every evening, sobbing, anticipating the death of parents, and all the sorrows of life almost before life had begun. He could not bear this unnatural union of childhood and sorrow, and for a long period, I have heard my mother say, every evening found him at the waking of his child with a toy, a picture book, a bunch of grapes, or a joyous tale, mixed with a little strengthening advice and the tenderest caresses, till the habit was broken, and the child woke to joy and not to sorrow." Mrs. E. M. H.

AFTER EIGHT YEARS.

How many changes may come to us and to the friends of our childhood during the lapse of eight years! We were made to realize this a few days ago, by receiving a letter from a friend, from whom we had not heard during that time. The letter was addressed in the dear, old, familiar way which we had not seen for years.

We were schoolmates, attended Sabbath school together when children, and when we grew older united with the same church, consequently we were intimate friends. When she moved to an adjoining state, our hearts ached because of the separation, and the promise to write very, very often was made. But she only wrote once, and my last letter remained unanswered till eight years had passed away.

A dream on New Year's night, brought before her so vividly the faces of absent friends, so long neglected, that she felt impelled to write. How her letter recalled old times and friends! We were happy school-girls, just budding into womanhood, when she left us. We were light-hearted and free then, thinking but little of what the future might hold in store for us. Now we are scattered, many of us in homes of our own, wives and mothers. One has wandered away and we have lost trace of her, one seeks happiness in the sunny clime of California, another spends her life in study seeking the "laurel wreath of fame."

My friend inquires about the many friends of the "long ago," about her teacher in the Sabbath school, and the dear pastor who baptized her. Her teacher is married long ago, and the beloved pastor was laid in his grave four years ago.

Why will we neglect to write to the absent loved ones? Is it because new cares and loves fill our lives and hearts? If we could be present and see how eagerly the thin, wasted hand of the invalid friend grasps the letter, how the eyes brighten, and the pale face beams with pleasure, as the letter is read and re-read, would we regret the time spent in writing? Write long letters to the friend who is burdened with many cares which keep her in doors. Remember her love for nature, how when a girl she roamed at will in the fields and groves gathering nature's treasures. Describe scenes you have visited, tell of the beauties you have collected, and send a dainty fern or a pressed flower in your letter. How it will rest the weary mind as, in imagination, she wanders through the scenes of beauty with you.

Reba Raymond, your "Bits of Nature, Art and Science" were a source of pleasure to one weary, nature-loving mother.

We shall never regret having written too many letters. If there is a regret, it will be that we have written too few.

Let us never neglect a friend eight years, for then it might be too late. Of what avail will be the words of love and cheer if years before the loved one has gone to his Maker. MAY BELLE.

MRS. WILLSON'S SKELETON.

BY H. MARIA GEORGE.

When Ellen and John Willson were married they went to live in the old home left vacant by the death of his parents. Their means were limited, but possessed of youth, health and love they were disposed to make the best of every thing, content to let the future fulfill their cherished ambitions. I have said they were happy, and so they were, but where is the rose without a thorn, the closet without its skeleton?

Mrs. Willson's skeleton wore a most prosaic form. That bare, dreary front room haunted and affronted her housewifely instincts and pride. She wished to put flesh on those dry bones, and cover them with appropriate clothing—in short, she must have a parlor before she could be contented.

Mrs. Willson had saved twenty-five dollars from the egg and butter money that season, which sum she proposed using towards carrying out her cherished plan. After a consultation with her husband it was decided that they could afford to put fifty more with it, making seventy-five dollars in all, and that that must cover every thing. She felt this would be possible, as all necessary work could be done by themselves.

This room, as we first see it, is fifteen feet square, with two ordinary windows and two doors, one opening into the hall, the other into the dining room. The walls and ceiling are bare, the woodwork unpainted, and the floor so rough and full of knots as to render a carpet necessary.

The first step in the system of transformation was to give the ceiling two coats of prepared whitewash. The wood work was painted a light French gray and the mouldings on baseboards, doors and window casings as well as the edges of the door panels, striped with crimson. The andirons, shovel and tongs were brought down from the attic, and the brasses cleaned at the same time as those on the fire frame, which latter was refreshed with a coat of the black paint used for such purposes.

The paper selected for the walls was a light French gray to match the paint, with a small, indistinct, all-over figure in gilt, while a fine, rich border of leaves and ferns on a gilt ground, formed a finish at the top of the room. At the windows Mrs. Willson placed opaque crimson shades, with a dado of ferns and grasses on a gilt band. Over these were delicate curtains of ecru lace suspended by poles and rings placed just below the border, giving the whole a graceful and finished air.

While on a visit to her mother in the city of M., Mrs. Willson had taken advantage of a bankrupt sale to purchase a carpet. This was a good ingrain with French gray ground, on which were scattered leaves of the maple and sumach in their rich autumn colorings. She also bought at an auction a handsome sofa and spring rocker covered with crimson plush. The other chairs our housewife thought she could procure from the overflowing attic, nor was she disappointed.

An oblong box of suitable size, stuffed, covered with crimson rep, and mounted on castors, made a handsome ottoman to place before the fire. And the three straight-backed chairs, nicely carved, but minus their seats, with an old-fashioned "grandsire's," or corner arm-chair, when they had been scraped, ebonized, and fitted with cushions and tidies, probably made a better appearance than at any

other time in their existence. These with a lovely folding rocker, and a three-legged stool brought from the omnium-gatherum which had already done so much towards padding the skeleton, ebonized and knotted with ribbons furnished the seats.

The center table was round and solid with claw feet and tilting top. It had, I suspect, done service as a dining table with the ancestors of Mr. Willson, but when scraped, oiled and covered with a felt spread enriched with Kensington embroidery it gave no sign of its plebeian origin. The mantel was covered with some of the same crimson felt, and had a narrow lambrequin with daisies and grasses done in lustra painting. In the center of the mantel, Mrs. Willson placed a bust of Clyde, which had been one of her wedding presents, flanked by a couple of vases filled with pressed and dried ferns and grasses, while two ancient brass candlesticks polished to an effulgent brightness and supporting each a decorated candle, stood guard at either end.

A pretty center piece of gilt paper had, on the ceiling, all the effect of fresco, and a hanging lamp with decorated shade and glass pendants suspended from it seemed to give an excuse for its use.

But the *chef-d'œuvre*, as Mrs. Willson considered it, was the portiere over the door opening outward into the dining-room. And this same drapery which gave the little parlor such an air was nothing less than an old-fashioned homespun bedspread, a "coverlid," of a rich, reddish brown, checked with threads of crimson, yellow, and blue. The pole for this was boughten, but the curtain poles were home-made from broom sticks. The door was two feet from the corner of the room, and the curtain was hung so as to reach from the outer edge of the door back to the wall, thus giving the effect of double doors.

When the few pictures were hung, a handsome hassock placed invitingly before the easy chair, pretty home-knit rugs laid in front of the fire-place and sofa, and the card-receiver, albums, books, etc., arranged on the center table, little Mrs. Willson gave a sigh of pleased relief. But it was in the evening when the light from the wood fire tried to outshine that from the lamp, and both united in showing off to the best advantage, the harmonious blending of crimsons and grays, that she fairly went into ecstasies over her parlor. That skeleton was effectually hidden.

Her enthusiasm was not abated when on counting expenses, they found they had not spent by so much as an X the allotted sum. And it was unanimously decided that that ten dollars be placed in the bank as the nucleus of a fund in favor of baby Kate, to be given her at some future time when a similar skeleton should disturb her housewifely peace.

Paint and whitewash,	\$4.00
Rep for furniture covers,	1.50
Felt for table cover, etc.,	1.25
Carpet,	17.00
Sofa and spring-rocker,	20.00
Shades,	2.00
Lace curtains,	2.40
Center-piece for ceiling,	1.50
Lamp,	5.00
Folding-rocker,	3.00
Hassock,	1.00
Paper,	3.00
Curtain pole,	.39
Sundries,	3.00
Total,	\$65.04

ARM-CHAIRS.

When Charles Dickens looked at an arm-chair, once, it grew into the feature-some likeness of a crabbed monster. It would be cruel in us, to take a modern arm-chair and distort its lines and proportions in any such fashion, and then call it "a study of the antique." An easy-chair ought to make us lose or recover

our individuality, just as the need may be, without impressing us with any thing very startling about itself. Yet it is such a simple, familiar and indispensable part of a room, that it seems an affectation to talk about its history or its "evolution," though it has a record dating back to the earliest civilizations. The arm-chair and the easy-chair are not, however, of equal age, rank or importance. They are distinct things in a way; and our modern makers have blundered into the discovery by constructing arm-chairs that are not easy, and in pleasing us with reviving the ancient in form and forgetting the modern in ease. The arm-chair is very ancient; the true easy-chair is not more than five hundred years old.

The arm-chair is the seat of kingly power, of judicial authority, of lordly pre-eminence, of ecclesiastical rule, of professional instruction. In a word, it was the throne. Our word "throne" is from a Greek word meaning a chair, or single chair, as distinct from a *diphros*, or double chair, in which two persons could sit. But we now reserve the word "throne" for official and state chairs. Layard found on some of the tablets of Nineveh "representations of chairs supported by animals and by human figures, sometimes prisoners, like the Caryatidæ of the Greeks. In this they resembled the arm-chairs of Egypt, but appear to have been more massive." We give a representation of one from a Khorsabad slab. The throne of Solomon, as described in the First Book of Kings, was of ivory inlaid with gold. "There were stays [or arms] on the place of the seat, and two lions stood beside the stays." The throne had steps and a canopy. The Persian throne was of gold, with light pillars of gold, encrusted with jewels, upholding the canopy. The Egyptian thrones were of the arm-chair type, the arms formed of figures of captives of subject princes. The ordinary Egyptian household chairs were armless, though Wilkinson gives one with a frail, mortised bar; and even the *fautouils* from the tombs of the kings at Thebes, rich and elegant as they are in form and upholstery, had merely low, padded ridges, scarcely deserving the name of arms.—*Cassell's Family Magazine*.

AFTER THE HONEYMOON.

Young married people are surprised when they discover that the honeymoon is not entirely composed of honey. Even the first year of married life is not always the happiest, though it ought always to be very happy. Living together happily is an art which the most affectionate couple cannot ordinarily learn in a year. Each has to make some unpleasant discoveries and to overcome some fixed inclinations. True happiness begins when these discoveries have been made, and each is thoroughly resolved to make the other as happy as possible for all time.

Marriage is sometimes said to be the door that leads deluded mortals back to earth; but this need not and ought not to be the case. Certainly love may end with the honeymoon if people marry to gratify a "gunpowder passion," or for the sake of mere outward beauty, which is like a glass soon broken. Of course the enthusiastic, tempestuous love of courtship days will not as a rule survive marriage. A married couple soon get to feel towards each other very much as two chums at college, or two partners in a business who are at the same time old and well-tried friends. Young married people often think that those who have been in the holy state of matrimony twenty or thirty years longer than themselves are very prosy, unromantic, and by no means perfect examples of what married people ought to be.—*The Quiver*.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Messrs. I. L. Cragin & Co., of Philadelphia, Pa., who are the manufacturers and sole proprietors of the world renowned Dobbins' Electric Soap, having had their attention called to the frequent letters in THE HOUSEHOLD regarding their soap, authorize us to say that they will send a sample by mail to any lady desiring to test its merits for herself, upon receipt of 15 cents to pay postage. They make no charge for the soap, the money exactly pays the postage. We would like to have all who test the soap write us their honest opinion of it for publication in THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been using Dobbins' Electric Soap for the past ten years and can truly say it is the best soap for all purposes that I ever saw. I would not be without it for a great deal, and sound its praises far and near. If I had saved the wrappers right along should have had hundreds. I have, however, saved only a few, and enclose twenty-five to Messrs. I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, for the picture, "Roman Nouveau," which is offered in THE HOUSEHOLD. I take that excellent paper and always say amen to all that is said in it in regard to Dobbins' Soap.

MRS. G. M. MURRAY.

471 Lowell St., Lawrence, Mass.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—As a rule, wash day is wash day, notwithstanding the many assertions about various kinds of soap to the contrary, but Dobbins' Electric Soap comes the nearest to making an exception to the rule, of any thing I have ever tried. If the bar I purchased last week is as good as the sample received I may be reckoned as a future patron of Dobbins' Electric Soap. With respect,

MRS. JOHN MESERVE.

Kennebunk, York Co., Me.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I bought some Dobbins' Electric Soap. I did not write until I should have given it a trial, which gave satisfaction. It is the best that I've ever used. I gave a few bars to my neighbors. It excels all others.

NAOMI DAVIS.

Latrobe, Westmoreland Co., Pa.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I received a sample of Dobbins' Electric Soap, and have used it according to directions and think it will do all Messrs. Cragin & Co. claim for it. Shall continue to use it, and no other. Yours in haste,

Gray, Me.

MARY E. ELLEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap nearly two years, and like it so well that when I am out of it my washing is put off. Yours truly,

MRS. WINTHROP BURNHAM.

Box 95, Essex, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Sample of Dobbins' Electric Soap duly received. Has been tried this day on a big washing and found to be the best we ever used. I will get a dozen bars of Mr. Carter at once.

Christianna, Pa. BRINTON WALTER.

DEAR EDITOR:—I have been using Dobbins' Electric Soap. Am very much pleased with it. Would not use any other soap. We get through our washing in half the time that we usually did.

EDITH A. STOTT.

Coatesville, Chester Co., Pa.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I mail seven Dobbins' Electric Soap wrappers to I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, for the cards, "The Seven Ages of Man." Have been using the soap some time, should not think I could get along without it, it saves so much hard work.

Woodstock, Vt. MRS. D. H. MAXHAM.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I am using Dobbins' Electric Soap with the greatest satisfaction, having never used any better. Have sent seven wrappers to Messrs I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, for the beautiful Shakespeare cards.

MRS. SAM'L C. BERGSTRASSER.

Hellertown, Pa.

PERSONALITIES.

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

We are receiving so many requests for cards for "postal card albums" to be published in this column that we would suggest to those desiring such, to consider whether they are prepared to undertake the task of writing and sending 80,000 cards! We are willing to insert as promptly as possible, all requests from actual subscribers giving their full name and address, but feel it our duty to give a friendly hint of the possible consequences.

Will Loraine please send her address to
MRS. W. S. SIMONDS.
Box 48, Georgetown, Mass.

Will Amethyst, Riverside, Fla., and Jael Vee, Texas, please send their addresses to
MRS. A. C. TOWNE.
606 12th St., Detroit, Mich.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will E. J. T., in THE HOUSEHOLD, December, 1885, also in the same number, A. L. C., of Wisconsin, Tislet Temple in January number of 1886, and Abbie of New Mexico, please send their addresses to
MRS. JOHN B. ANDERSON.
Box 71, Montpelier, Vt.

Will the lady of Providence, R. I., who sent me some chinchilla Saxony last year as an exchange, please send the address of the dealer from whom it was purchased to
A. S. DAY.
Stamford, Las Animas Co., Colo.

I should like to correspond with any of THE HOUSEHOLD Band who may be interested in Florida.
MRS. J. A. KNOX.
Highland, Clay Co., Fla.

A CHANGE OF AIR.

Change of air and scene is desirable for all, for many reasons, as it tones up the bodily powers, and gives a buoyancy to the spirit that transforms toil from a drudgery to a pleasure. It clears away the mists and clouds from the mind and allows life to be seen in its true light and brightness.

One of the ills for which a change of air has usually been found the most effective method of relief, is hay fever. But many of those who suffer from this ailment cannot go from home to secure it. They want a different form of relief at home. This is happily furnished by the Compound Oxygen treatment. Within the past year reports of cures, or a large measure of relief by this treatment have been made by patients in Maine, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Ohio, Michigan, Missouri, and Kansas. These will be of interest to any one who has ever suffered from hay-fever, and also to others whose ills may be relieved by similar treatment. We give, herewith, a few of them:

From a patient, of Pittston, Me., September 24, 1885: "Since writing last I have had no hay-fever; the few symptoms I have had have passed away. The Oxygen treatment I consider a wonderful discovery. I hope you will reap a rich reward for the same."

From a patient at Hightstown, N. J., September 28, 1885: "I have been, for the first time in ten years, I believe, free from hay-fever."

From Rev. T. J. Taylor, Warrenton, N. C., October 21, 1885: "Some time in August I ordered a treatment of Oxygen for my aunt. She has suffered with hay-fever regularly every year, for fifteen years. When I ordered the Compound Oxygen, her annual attack of hay-fever had already commenced, and, as you did not promise relief after the commencement of the attack, we were not very hopeful. But, to our astonishment and joy, the Oxygen relieved her at once, and only on one evening after she commenced the treatment, and then only for a few hours, did she have any considerable trouble with her hay-fever. Though she really had hay-fever, it was so slight after

she commenced using the Oxygen that she was scarcely conscious of it. I do not know what Compound Oxygen will do for hay-fever in general, but this case of fifteen years' standing was mastered by it. You are at liberty to use this in any way you may see proper, for the good of hay fever victims. I believe it will cure hay-fever. It did in this case, at any rate."

To be reasonably sure of success, treatment should be commenced long enough before the expected invasion of the disease to have taken one full supply of Compound Oxygen, or two months. By this means the system can be strengthened, so that the lining membranes of the air passages will no longer be susceptible to the disease.

The above reports sufficiently indicate the potency of the Compound Oxygen in the relief of hay-fever, but that is only one of the forms of disease which yield to it. If you are suffering from consumption, catarrh, or asthma, you do not need to leave home and its comforts for Colorado or Florida. Send for the Compound Oxygen Treatment. It will do as much for you as any change of climate. In a recent letter from Hon. William D. Kelley, introducing a friend, a resident of our city, whom he had persuaded to give Compound Oxygen a trial, he says: "His physician advised him to go to a better climate; but his means will not permit this, and I know that the climate of Philadelphia, improved by your Compound Oxygen, will do him more good than a removal to any climate on this continent; and in saying this I speak from my own large experience in California, Florida, and in the elevated plains of the country."

Compound Oxygen, its mode of action and results, a treatise of nearly two hundred pages, giving full and interesting information, is mailed free to every applicant, by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

They will also send free a monograph on hay fever.

"Say," said the editor's smart little son, as he entered a store; "do you keep knives?" "Oh, yes," responded the store keeper; "we've kept them for years." "Well," returned the boy, starting for the door, "you ought to advertise, and then you wouldn't keep 'em so long."

The question of a proper food for infants interests all mothers; especially those unable to nurse their offspring. Mellin's Food possesses all the requisites as a substitute for mothers' milk, and is highly commended by the medical faculty of both Europe and America.

Halford Sauce makes cold meats a luxury.

A poet sends us a contribution entitled "Why do I live?" After a careful reading of the twelve stanzas of the conundrum we are reluctantly compelled to give it up.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, In Consumption and Scrofula.

Dr. J. R. BURTON, of Valdosta, Ga., says: "I have for several years used Scott's Emulsion, and find it to act well in Consumption and Scrofula and other conditions requiring a tonic of that class."

A little girl joyfully assured her mother the other day that she had found out where they made horses; she had seen a man finishing one. "He was nailing on his last foot."

Our American Belles—Our American Belles—How sweet is the story their beauty tells—They are wise belles, too, for it is their wont To use every day their SOZODONT Which sweetens breath and keeps teeth well, No wonder we're proud of our American Belles.

Why has Sozodont Become the staple Dentifrice of America? Simply because it is impossible to use it, even for a week, without perceiving its hygienic effect upon the teeth, the gums and the breath.

Halford Sauce the most delicious relish.

See Dr. Hanaford's Card for all information about his books, medical fees, etc.

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WORCESTER'S DICTIONARY GIVEN AWAY.

A Pocket Dictionary of the English Language, Compiled from the Quarto and School Dictionaries of JOSEPH E. WORCESTER, LL. D., with Foreign Words and Phrases, Abbreviations, Rules for Spelling, and Numerous Tables.

Profusely Illustrated. 298 Pages.

Will be mailed postage paid and Free of charge to any readers of THE HOUSEHOLD who will buy a box of DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP where this order is presented (you have to use Soap every week, and this soap improves by age, and is BEST of all). Take off all the wrappers, wrap them up like a newspaper, and mail them to us. (Postage on them thus wrapped is only three cents.) After addressing the package to us, write across the left hand corner of it "Return to," etc., adding your full name and address. On receipt of the wrappers, we will mail to you postage paid, and free of all expense to you, one of these Dictionaries. We refer to any Bank or Grocer in the U. S. as to our responsibility.

Address
I. L. CRACIN & CO.,
P. O. Box "B," PHILADELPHIA.

BABY'S WARDROBE.

Latest Styles. The most complete outfit of garments ever offered. Infant's Outfit, dresses, bonnet, slip, skirts, etc., 12 patterns, 50c. First short clothes, bonnet, dresses, undergarments, etc., 12 patterns, 50c. A ready-made garment free with each set. Full directions. Mention "Household."

New England Pattern Co., Rutland, Vt.

Keep Your Nose Clean!

"Blackheads, Freckles, etc., how they originate and how to get rid of them." Mailed for 10c. by LAWRENCE PUBL. CO., No. 192 4th St., Pittsburg, Pa.

Dr. Swett's Root Beer Packages.

Sarsaparilla, Life of Man, Juniper, Hops, Wintergreen. Makes the best temperance drink, and is highly medicinal, acting beneficially on the stomach, liver and kidneys. Material to make 5 gallons, 25 cts., 6c. extra for postage; 4 packages, \$1, prepaid. Prepared only at the N. E. Botanic Depot, 245 Washington Street, Boston. GEO. W. SWETT, M. D., Proprietor.

—It isn't the lack of money, business or social position that deters the young man of to-day from declaring his love to the lady most worthy in his eyes and marrying her at once. It is the solemn thought that he will have to sit at the head of the table and carve.

GOOD HEALTH BY GOOD FOOD.

The advertisement of The Health Food Company has appeared in the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD for many years. The products of the Company have been used from year to year by the Editor, by many of the regular contributors, and by a goodly array of its readers. One and all have testified to the usefulness of these improved Foods in health, and to their great value in sickness. Hundreds of mothers have announced their satisfaction at the welcome discovery that in the many perfect cereal products of this Company, some palatable and attractive nutriment could always be found, so prepared as to be easily digested by the feeblest infant or invalid. The work of The Health Food Co. is founded upon a genuine and scientific food-philosophy, and recognizes the fact that foods must differ in different conditions, and that no single food can supply a universal want. The entertaining and instructive pamphlets of the Company should be carefully read by all, and may be obtained without cost by addressing The Health Food Company, 74 4th Ave., New York, or its agents in the principal cities of the country.

—The Detroit Free Press says that the way to tell a ripe watermelon is to send it to the house of a widow with seven children.

One of the greatest annoyances to mothers in the care of children, is to find it necessary to sew buttons here and there on their undergarments, at most inconvenient times. The pleasure of avoiding this trouble, is caused by using The Good Sense Corset Waist made by Messrs. Ferris Bros. All the leading stores keep their goods.

Halford Sauce for chops, steaks, soups, fish, etc.

The Best Washing Compound of the day is undoubtedly JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE. It cleanses the dirtiest and most delicate fabric without injury and with little labor. For sale by grocers.

THINK FOR YOURSELF.
IF YOU ARE
A SENSIBLE WOMAN
AND BELIEVE THAT
Health, Comfort, and Beauty
ARE DESIRABLE THINGS,
BUY
GOOD SENSE
CORDED CORSET WAISTS.
Beautifully made of BEST
MATERIALS throughout.
THOUSANDS IN USE.
Be sure your Corset is
stamped "Good Sense."
FIT ALL AGES
Infants to Adults.
Sold by leading retailers
everywhere. Send for circular.
FERRIS BROS., Manufacturers
81 White St., NEW YORK.

HENRY L. ALBEE & CO.



ORGAN STYLE. —IN—

Upright, Organ and Chiffonier Styles,

—ALSO—

Sofa and Lounge Beds,

—AND—

Bedding of every description.

Ask your furniture dealer to show you our goods or
send to us for price list book. **Henry L. Albee &
Co., 30 & 36 Washington St., Boston.**

From a long acquaintance with the above house I
fully indorse the men and the goods.
DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

CANFIELD

DRESS SHIELDS Seamless, elastic, re-
liably waterproof, ab-
sorbent, soft as kid, odorless, easily fitted to the
dress, do not wrinkle, chafe or rip, and can be
washed. Price, No. 2, per mail, 28c.

STOCKING SUPPORTERS with
waistband and loop on each side, adjusting itself to
every movement of the wearer, are easily attached
and warranted not to tear the stockings. Other
supporters, by drawing from one point cause pains
in hips, sides and back. Valuable for females of
all ages. Made in four sizes. Price, per mail, 30
cents.

DIAPERS Water-proof, warm, soft, easily
washed, an absorbent, covered on
both sides with stockinet and having a waistband
and gathering-string, adjust themselves to the size
and motion of the body. Made in four sizes.
Price, per mail, 75c.

BUSTLE Folds sitting or lying down, or
leaning back against chair or sofa,
and resumes its proper position upon rising. Can
be altered by an adjustable cord, to suit the style
and size of wearer. It is light, easy to wear, never
gets out of order, and is of the correct Parisian
shape. Price, per mail, 50 cents.

SKELETON SKIRT BAND Invaluable for
stout or short-waisted ladies; enabling them to
wear, below the hips, all pleats, gathers, yokes and
bands. For measurements, pass the tape-line
straight around body as low as possible when seated.
Price, per mail, \$1.00.

These goods are all patented, and will give entire
satisfaction or money refunded. For sale by all
Leading Dry Goods Houses.
CANFIELD RUBBER CO., Bridgeport, Conn.

Dr. Hanaford's Card.

MOTHER AND CHILD, giving, in plain language, the
treatment of both. Price \$1.00.

HOME GIRLS, treating of the physical and mental
training, 20 cents.

ANTI-FAT AND ANTI-LEAN, 25 cents.

GOOD DIGESTION, or the DYSPEPTIC'S FRIEND, 25
cents.

STOMACH REGULATOR AND LIVER INVIGORATOR. In-
tended for Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Indigestion, Nau-
sea, Torpidity of the Liver, and all derangements of that
organ. Price 40 cents (stamps) for enough to last one
month; \$1.00 for three packages, three months.

GOOD BREAD AND HOW TO MAKE IT, 15 cents.

All sent by mail, free, on the receipt of the price.
(Stamps for change.) (The "Health Rules" will be
sent in *Good Bread, Anti-Fat, and Anti-Lean*, and
with the medicine.)

My opinion and only offer to "brides" who have had
The Household as a wedding present, and who will re-
subscribe for it, was 75 cents for the "Mother and
Child." This offer still remains, applying to all who
subscribed in 1884, who will renew for 1885. Address
DR. J. H. HANAFORD, Reading, Mass.

Wallingford's GARGET CURE

J. C. CHUTE, Windham, Me., had a cow whose bag was
badly swollen. She gave milk from two teats only. He
used Wallingford's Garget Cure, and two doses cured
her. She has had no trouble since. Mr. Chute will en-
dorse it as a good thing. Price 75c.

W. W. WHIPPLE & CO., Prop'rs, Portland, Maine.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Vermont Agents.

RUPTURES CURED by
my Medical Compound and Improved
Elastic Supporter Truss in from 30
to 90 days. Reliable references given. Send
stamp for circular, and say in what paper
you saw my advertisement. Address **Capt.
W. A. Collings, Smithville, Jefferson Co., N.Y.**

THIS PAPER is on file in Philadelphia
at the Newspaper Adver-
tising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., where all
N. W. AYER & SON, our authorized agents

INGALLS' STAMPING OUTFITS.

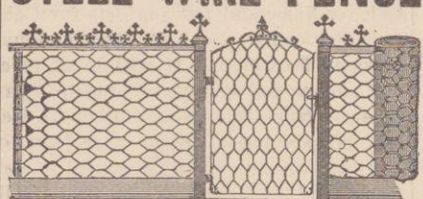
Ingalls' Mammoth Stamping Outfit contains 100
Parchment Stamping Patterns, Alphabet of 26
letters, Ingalls' Instruction Book, INGALLS' BIG
CATALOGUE containing Thousands of Illustrations of
Stamping Patterns, Box Powder, Pad, FELT TIDY and
Imported Silk to work it. This Outfit sent, postpaid,
for \$1.00.

INGALLS' NEW OUTFIT!

ALL LARGE PATTERNS! Our customers
have often called for a Stamping Outfit containing all
large Patterns. To meet this demand, we offer this
New Outfit containing the following *Perforated Stamp-
ing Patterns*. A large branch of OAK LEAVES, size
9x21 inches, used for EMBROIDERY, KENSINGTON or
LUSTRA PAINTING. A beautiful spray of Wild Roses,
8x15, and a fine cluster of Pond Lilies, 8x15, for Table
Scarfs, etc. Artistic Designs for Ties, Panels, etc.
Cluster of Daisies, 8x9; Golden Rod, 6x8; Fuchsias,
7x9; Outline Head, 9x12; Bunch of Forget-me-nots,
7x9; Design for Tinsel Embroidery, 5x11; Vine of Ivy
Leaves, 2 1/2x10; Cluster of Poppies 4 1/2x7; Woodbine,
4 1/2x9, for Lustra or Embroidery; Bouquet of Roses,
Daisies, Pansies, Golden Rod, and Ferns, size 8x11 in.
Box Powder, Pad, Ingalls' Instruction Book and Ingalls'
Big Catalogue. This Outfit is actually worth over \$3.00.
We send this Outfit, postpaid, for \$1.25. We will send
all the Patterns in this \$1.25 Outfit, without Powder,
Pad or Books, for \$1.00.

SPECIAL OFFER.—We will send you the
INGALLS' MAMMOTH \$1.00 OUTFIT, and all the patterns
in this \$1.25 Outfit by mail, for \$2.00.
Address **J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass.**

SEDGWICK STEEL WIRE FENCE



Is the best general purpose wire fence in use. It
is a strong net-work without barbs. Don't
injure stock. It will turn dogs, pigs, sheep and
poultry, as well as horses and cattle. The best
fence for Farms, Gardens, Stock Ranges and Rail-
roads. Very neat, pretty styles for Lawns, Parks,
School-lots and Cemeteries. Covered with rust-
proof paint, or made of galvanized wire, as pre-
ferred. It will last a life-time. It is better than
barbed wire in every respect. The
Sedgwick Gates made of wrought-iron pipe and
steel wire, defy all competition in lightness, neat-
ness, strength and durability. We make the best,
cheapest and easiest working all-iron automatic
or self-opening gate, and the neatest cheap
iron fences now made. The best Wire
Stretchers, Curved Pliers and Post Augers.
For prices and particulars ask Hardware Dealers,
or address, mentioning paper,
SEDGWICK BROS., Richmond, Ind.

NEW SUNDAY SCHOOL SONG BOOKS.

SONGS OF PROMISE.
By J. H. Tenney and E. A. Hoffman. For Sunday
Schools, Prayer and Conference Meetings.

Songs of Promise fill this beautiful book, and they
have a great variety, having been contributed by many
able writers. The book has 160 pages, and 149 Hymns,
each with its own tune. Music and words mostly new.
35 cts. \$3.60 per dozen.

The following first rate Sunday School Singers, re-
cently published, continue to be in high favor.

SONG WORSHIP.
By Emerson and Sherwin, (35 cts. \$3.60 per dozen.)

SINGING ON THE WAY.
By Jewett and Holbrook, (35 cts. \$3.60 per dozen.)

LIGHT AND LIFE.
By R. M. McIntosh, (35 cts. \$3.60 per dozen.)

Fresh Flowers. (25 cts. \$2.40 per dozen.) by
Emma Pitt, a picture Hymn and Song book for the
youngest Sunday Scholars, is a deserved favorite with
everybody who sees it.

A fine collection of Songs and Hymns for MEMORIAL
DAY will be found in Ditson & Co.'s *War Songs*,
(50 cts. \$4.50 per dozen.)

Any book mailed for retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., BOSTON.

Send to JOHN C. HAYNES & CO., Boston, (branch
house of O. Ditson & Co.) for grand illustrated Catalogue
of all Musical Instruments, Strings and Trimmings.

AGENTS WANTED for **DR. SCOTT'S** beauti-
ful **Electric Corsets.**
Sample free to those becoming agents.
No risk, quick sales. Territory given.
Satisfaction guaranteed. Address
DR. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, NEW YORK.

\$5000 PAID For a coin of 1848. Other enormous
sums are paid by us for hundreds of
dates of old coins, such as \$500 for 1804 dollar, \$15 for
1858 dollar, \$55 for 1827 quarter, \$1 for 1856 cent, etc. Big
prices for 1883 nickels, cents with eagles on them, 1877
cents, and 437 other dates. See our New Coin Guide.
Worth dollars, perhaps a fortune, to you. Price Ten
cents. A 32-page songster and 3 mos. subscription to the
American Home Journal free with every guide. All for
10 cents. **W. D. SKINNER & CO., Lynn, Mass.**

Agents Wanted in Every County
\$5 a Day Guaranteed. Elegant line of sam-
ples (15 articles) silver plated knives, forks,
spoons, etc. Illustrated circular samples **Free.**
NOVELTY SILVER PLATE CO., Wallingford, Conn.
We are reliable manufacturers of silver ware.

WANTED. AN AGENT in
every county in the
United States to
sell the Acme
Sewing Machine.

To the right persons a first-class opportunity is offered
to establish a paying business.
J. A. TITUS & CO., Brattleboro, Vt.

FREE for 50 cts. 1 pr. Baby's socks with 10
patterns of infant's clothes, or 10 pat-
terns first short clothes. Other Health Patterns. Ward-
robes made to order. **HEALTH CO., Philadelphia, Pa.**

THE Little Detective!

These Scales, which we have offered to furnish our
subscribers for the past two years on such favorable
terms, are giving such universal and complete satisfac-
tion to those who have received them, that we are anx-
ious that all who are in need of any thing of the kind
should avail themselves of the present opportunity of
getting a really nice article at a very low price. We
have sent

HUNDREDS

OF THESE

SCALES

to our readers and thus far have not learned of the first
instance where they have failed to meet the expectations
of the purchasers, while we have received many

Unsolicited Testimonials

to their convenience and value. We give a few to show
the estimation in which these scales are held by those
who have used them.

ROCKLAND, MASS., April 20, 1881.
MR. CROWELL, Sir:—I received the Little Detective
scales from you all right. I find them to be in every re-
spect what they are advertised to be, and like them very
much. As I make and sell butter, I find them very use-
ful. I would advise every one who is in want of scales
of that size, to get the Little Detective, for I think they
are perfectly correct. **Mrs. J. M. WETHERBEE.**

HILLSBORO' UPPER VILLAGE, N. H., March 10, 1881.
EDITOR HOUSEHOLD, Sir:—The Little Detective has
arrived in good order, and after repeated trials gives per-
fect satisfaction. The only question with me is how I
have kept house twenty years without it.
Yours very respectfully, **Mrs. SUSAN S. WILSON.**

SOUTH SHAFESBURY, VT., April 25, 1881.
MR. CROWELL, Sir:—I received the Little Detective scales
last Saturday, and am very much pleased with them.
They are so simple yet accurate. They are much better
than some spring scales that I have examined that were
nearly double the price. I think all the Household sis-
ters who have no scales would buy them if they knew
how handy and nice they are. **Mrs. L. W. COLE.**

WESTFORD, WINDHAM CO., CONN., July 18, 1881.
GEO. E. CROWELL, Sir:—In May I received from you
a Little Detective scale, manufactured by the Chicago
Scale Co. The scale came in good condition, and agrees
exactly with "Fairbanks." It is very nicely adjusted, and
is a great convenience, is the best scale for the money I
have ever seen, in short gives perfect satisfaction.
Yours respectfully, **STEPHEN B. TIFFT.**

REMEMBER

WE SEND THESE SCALES, TOGETHER WITH,

The Household

for one year, for only \$3.50. Our New England or-
ders are filled directly from this office, while those from
more distant points are supplied from the manufactory
at Chicago, thus reducing the express charges to the
lowest figure. We also sell these scales for \$3.00 each
and in either case warrant them to be as

Accurate and as Serviceable

as the ordinary \$10 scale of other manufacturers. Ad-
dress all orders to

THE HOUSEHOLD,
Brattleboro, Vt.

CLUB ORDERS

We have made a specialty since 1877 of giving as
Premiums to those who get up Clubs or purchase
Tea and Coffee in large quantities, Dinner and
Tea Sets, Gold-Band Sets, Silverware,
&c. Teas of all kinds from 20 to 75 cents per pound.
We do a very large Tea and Coffee business, besides
sending out from 60 to 90 CLUB ORDERS each day. SIL-
VER-PLATED CASTERS as Premiums with \$5, \$7 and \$10
orders. WHITE TEA SETS with \$10 orders. DECORATED
TEA SETS with \$13. GOLD-BAND or MOSS-ROSE SETS
of 44 pieces, or DINNER SETS of 112 pieces, with \$20 or-
ders, and a Host of other premiums. We carry the large-
est stock and do the largest Tea and Coffee business
in Boston. Send postal (and mention THE HOUSEHOLD)
for our large Illustrated Price and Premium List.
As to our reliability we are pleased to refer to the pub-
lisher of THE HOUSEHOLD.

GREAT LONDON TEA CO.,
801 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

INVALID ROLLING CHAIR.

(Reclining.)
A Priceless Boon to
those who are un-
able to walk. The
LARGEST FACTORY
and BEST CHAIRS in
the world. Send for
Circular to
E. F. MERSICK, Sec'y, New Haven, Ct.

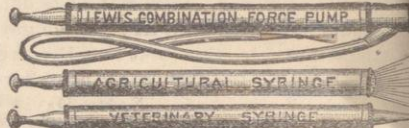


JAPANESE SOAP.

STRICTLY PURE. Best in the world for all
purposes, the Laundry, Bath, or Toilet. Will not yellow,
stick or green the clothes like many soaps made mostly
of rosin. Contains no filthy, disease-giving greases,
clearest soap made. Positively cures and prevents
chapped or sore hands. Send us seven Wrappers or
Trade Marks and get the handsomest set of cards ever
sent out. Sold by all grocers. Manufactured only by
FISK MFG. CO., Springfield, Mass.

MY AGENTS ARE MAKING

\$5.00, \$10.00, \$15.00, \$20.00, \$25.00 and \$30.00 Per Day



Selling LEWIS'S Combination HAND FORCE PUMPS. It
makes 3 complete machines. I have agents all over the U. S.
who are making \$10 to \$25 per day selling these pumps. I give
their name and address in catalogue. To introduce it I will
send a sample pump, express paid, to any express station in
the U. S. for \$5.00. Made of brass; will throw water from 20 to
100 feet, and retails for only \$6.00. Indispensable for spraying
fruit trees. The Potato Bug attachment is a wonderful inven-
tion. Agents wanted everywhere. Send at once for illu-
strated catalogue, price-lists and terms. Address **P. C. LEWIS, Catskill, N.Y.**

DRESS REFORM

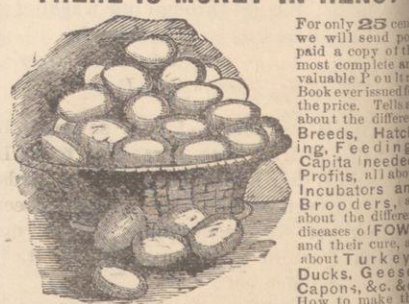
ALPHA UNDERGARMENTS
OF JERSEY-FITTING MATERIAL
MADE TO ORDER.



Price, \$2.25. Vest and Drawers
separate or in one.
Scarlet and white all
wool. Heavy & light
merino. Samples of
material sent on ap-
plication. Ready-
made Union Under-
garments—Vest and
Drawers in one. Equi-
poise, Emancipation,
Dress Reform & Com-
fort Waists. Corded
Waists a Specialty. Shoulder
Brace and Corset combined. Ob-
stetric Bandages, Shoulder Stocking Supporters, Sani-
tary Napkins, etc. New Illustrated Catalogue Free.
Mrs. A. Fletcher, 6 East 14th St., New York.

WASTE THREAD Mixed Colors, for Basting, &c.
Sample 1-2 lb. post-paid, 25c.
Carpet Warp per lb., 35c. by ex. 50 sheets note paper
and envelopes to match, post paid, 40c. Send note.
EAGLE PA. & THREAD CO., Holyoke, Mass., Box 80.

THERE IS MONEY IN HENS!



For only 25 cents
we will send post-
paid a copy of the
most complete and
valuable Poultry
Book ever issued for
the price. Tells all
about the different
Breeds, Hatching,
Feeding, Capita
profits, all about
Incubators and
Brooders, all
about the different
diseases of FOWL
and their cure, all
about Turkeys,
Ducks, Geese,
Capons, &c. &c.
How to make the
most of your hens.

Send post paid for 25 cts. or 6 copies for ONE DOLLAR.
Stamps taken. Address all orders to
WORLD MAN'G CO., 122 Nassau St., New York.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo.
P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper
Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where all
contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK

\$8.16 FOR 50 cts. STAMPING PATTERNS FOR KENSINGTON AND ART EMBROIDERY.

We being large Importers and Manufacturers of **GENUINE PARCHMENT STAMPING PATTERNS**, offer our new and best styles, which cannot be bought elsewhere. Among the 136 ELEGANT PATTERNS, are **Sprays of Wheat, Morning Glories, 5 Stripes for Branding and Embroidery, (6 and 7 inch), Boy for Outline, (8 inch), Pitchers, Fans, Anchors, Stars, Masonic Emblems, Butterflies, Fruits and Flowers, Bees, Peacock Feathers, Horse Shoes, Owls, etc., 2 sets of Alphabets, (1/2 inch and 1 1/2 inch) 1 Set Numbers and other FANCY PATTERNS.** These are on four sheets of PARCHMENT PAPER and each can be used a thousand times without injury. We also send one box best STAMPING POWDERS and FELT PAD. Any person ordering who is not satisfied can return it at our expense and we will return money. Above sent post-paid at the low price of 50 cents. The patterns cost 6 cents each at any art store, which amounts to \$8.16. * * * * *

136 LARGE STAMPING PATTERNS and ALPHABETS. THE ART MANUFACTURING CO. Deep River, Conn.

We will also send 1 Manual of Kensington and Lustre Painting, 2 boxes Stamping Powders, different Colors, 2 Pads, 4 Genuine colors Tube Paints, 1 Paint Pallet, 1 Kensington Pen, 1 Camel's Hair Brush; also 142 different kinds of Needles, Darners, &c. All sent in an Elegant Ladies work box, with the above 136 Parchment Paper Patterns for only \$1.00. We will also supply Dealers and Agents at lowest prices. Mention This Paper. * * * * *

THIS OFFER WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN.



Combination Needle Case A Fast Selling Article.

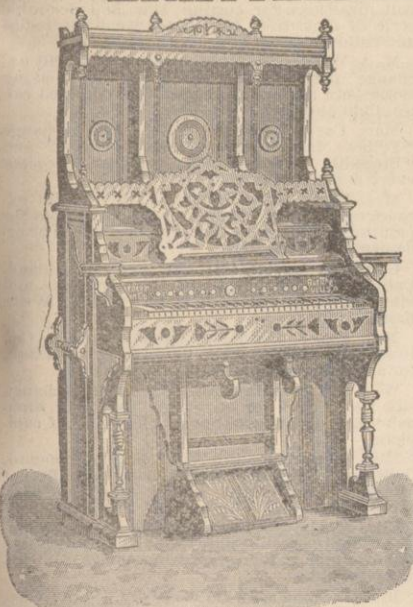
EACH NEEDLE CASE CONTAINS
 41 apers celebrated long eyed needles
 2 Steel bodkins
 2 Yarn darners
 2 Double long-eyed darners
 2 Fine darners
 2 Motto needles
 2 Steel bodkins
 2 Carpet needles
 2 Worsted needles
 2 Button needles
 These needles are fine quality in a fine imitation morocco case, and are very attractive. Sell fast, and pay a nice profit. Take 100 needle cases in the morning, and leave them at 100 houses, then go round to collect them in the afternoon, and the result will be that you have sold 50 out of the 100 packages you left. This will pay you the cost of the 100 cases by Express \$6.50. Send money by Registered Letter, Money Order, Postal Note, Cashier's Check, or by Express Money order. Try them and you will not regret it. Sample case by mail, 25 cents. One Dozen cases... \$1.75 50 cases by Express \$6.50 2 cases... 3 50 100 cases by Express \$10.00

World Mfg Co. 122 Nassau St. New York

(ESTABLISHED 1850.)

Reliable Carpenter Organs.

Manufactory and Home Office, BRATTLEBORO, VT., U. S. A.



Style No. 120. (PATENT APPLIED FOR.)

E. P. CARPENTER CO., Brattleboro, Vt., U. S. A.

N. B. Special Offer for 60 days—Write for particulars and state where you saw this advertisement. Refers by permission to publisher of "Household."

CATARRH SAMPLE TREATMENT FREE

The sample is free, only send 10c. B. S. LAUDERBACH & CO., 773 & 775 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

Just published, 12 articles on PRACTICAL POULTRY RAISING, by FANNY FIELD. Tells how she cleared \$149 on 100 Light Brahmas in one year; how she clears \$1,600 annually on a 60 acre poultry-farm; about a meadow, spring chickens and capons. Price 25c. Stamps taken. R. B. MITCHELL, 69 Dearborn St., Chicago.

HELP WANTED. We will pay Agents a salary of \$80 to \$90 per month and expenses to travel and sell our goods to dealers, or \$40 a month and expenses to distribute circulars in your vicinity. Business honorable, permanent, pleasant & easily operated. All expenses advanced. SAMPLE CASES FREE. No stamps required. No humbug. We mean what we say. Address NATIONAL SUPPLY COMPANY, Bradford Block, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DO YOU OWN A HORSE?

Send 25 cts. in stamps or currency, for the REVISED EDITION of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases." It gives the best treatment for all diseases, has 60 fine engravings showing the parts of the horse, better than can be taught in any other way, a table showing doses of all the principal medicines used for the horse, as well as their effects and antidotes when a poison, a large collection of valuable receipts, rules for telling the age of a horse, with an engraving showing 25 Cts. of teeth of each year, and a large amount of other valuable horse information. Hundreds of horsemen have pronounced it worth more than books costing \$5.00 and \$10.00. The fact that 200,000 sold in about one year before it was revised shows how popular the book is. The revised edition is much more interesting. Address, THE HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt.



FAIR AND SQUARE DEALING.

Believing that if a man has dealt squarely with his fellow-men his patrons are his best advertisers, I invite all to make inquiry of the character of my seeds among over a million of Farmers, Gardeners and Planters who have used them during the past thirty years. Raising a large portion of the seed sold, (few seedsmen raise the seed they sell) I was the first seedsman in the United States to warrant (as per catalogue) their purity and freshness. My new Vegetable and Flower Seed Catalogue for 1886 will be sent FREE to all who write for it. Among an immense variety, my friends will find in it (and in none other) a new drumhead Cabbage, just about as early as Henderson's, but nearly twice as large! James J. H. Gregory, Marblehead, Mass.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.

These pills were a wonderful discovery. No others like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of disease. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of a box of pills. Find out about them and you will always be thankful. One pill a dose. Illustrated pamphlet free. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Dr. I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 C.H. St. Boston

Ladies Do Your Own Stamping!

With our New ONE DOLLAR Outfit

You can SAVE MONEY by doing your own Stamping

You can MAKE MONEY by doing it for others.

Good \$5 Stamping Outfit for \$1.00

35 Parchment Stamping Patterns full size, retail price 10c. each \$3.50
 26 Initials, size 1 1/2 in., for Handkerchiefs, etc. \$1.00
 1 Illustrated Book of Instructions in Kensington Embroidery Work \$1.00
 1 Felt Stamping Pad, imp. pat. \$1.00
 1 Box best Stamping Powder \$1.00
 1 Felt Tidy, with design stamped all ready to work, with 4 knots of silk and needle \$1.00
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 We will send one of the above Scales on receipt of \$3.00, or the Scales together with THE HOUSEHOLD for one year, to any address in the United States for \$3.50. Address THE HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt.

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 40x100 feet, in Silver Springs Park, Fla. High, dry, healthy, no swamps or malaria. Town only 6 months old. 67 Houses, 2 Hotels, 1 Church and 3 Stores. Population, 219; new arrivals weekly. 6 daily trains; over 2,600 merchants and professional people of every kind, also ladies, have already invested. List of names free. Every man and woman should own a lot in the land of oranges, lemons, bananas, pineapples, sunshine, tropical scenery, and health. A popular and shrewd investment. Prices will soon be doubled. Five-acre Orange Grove Tracts, \$250. A Free R. R. Pass to New York or Florida to purchasers. 16-page paper, 19 engravings, FREE. Address F. E. LINDSAY, Sec'y, 179 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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Entered as second-class mail matter at Brattleboro, Vt., Post Office.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., JUNE, 1886.

DON'T FORGET that we want a **SPECIAL AGENT** in every county in the United States. Many are applying for these special agencies and all are pleased with the terms we offer. If you can attend to the business in your county it will **PAY YOU WELL** to do so.

We cannot change the direction of a paper unless informed of the office at which it is now received, as well as the one to which it is to be sent.

PERSONS ACTING AS OUR AGENTS are not authorized to take subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD at less than the published price—\$1.10 per year, including the postage.

MONEY MAY BE SENT AT OUR RISK by money order, either postal or express, postal note, or in a U. S. registered letter, or by a cashier's check payable in New York or Boston. Don't send personal checks on local banks.

THE HOUSEHOLD is always discontinued at the expiration of the time for which the subscription was paid. Persons desiring to renew their subscriptions will please remember this, and by taking a little pains to send in good season save us a large amount of labor.

UNITED STATES POSTAGE STAMPS, 1's and 2's, will be received in payment for any sum less than one dollar but do not send full subscriptions in that way. It is just as easy and as safe to send bank bills in a letter as their value in stamps, and they are worth a great deal more to us.

OUR PREMIUM ARTICLES in all cases are securely packed and delivered in good condition at the express office or post office, and we are not responsible for any loss or injury which may occur on the way. We take all necessary care in preparing them for their journey, but do not warrant them after they have left our hands.

CONCERNING ORGANS AND SEWING MACHINES.—To those of our readers who wish to buy an organ or sewing machine, we offer the advantages obtained by a wholesale purchase direct from the manufacturers, and guarantee to furnish a first-class and every way reliable article at a very great saving of expense. Correspondence solicited and satisfaction warranted in every case.

CORRESPONDENTS will please be a little more particular (some of them a good deal more) in writing proper names. A little care in this respect would prevent many annoying mistakes and the trouble of writing letters of inquiry. Names and places so familiar to the writers that it seems to them that everybody must recognize them at a glance are oftentimes serious puzzles to strangers unless plainly written.

CANADIAN STAMPS are of no use to us, neither can we credit full price for mutilated coin. Revenue and proprietary stamps are not postage stamps and we have no use for them. And will all our readers, every one, if you must send the ten cents in stamps, oblige us by sending 1's and 2's, and put them into the letters loosely? Do not attempt to fasten them even slightly, as many are spoiled by so doing. Seal the envelope well, and they can't get away.

LIFE MEMBERSHIP.—Many of our friends have expressed a desire to subscribe for more than one year at a time, so as to be sure of the regular visits of THE HOUSEHOLD without the trouble of renewing every year, and some have wished to become Life Members of the Band. To accommodate all such we will send THE HOUSEHOLD two years for \$2.00, six years for \$5.00, and to those who wish to become Life Members, the payment of \$10.00 at one time will entitle them or their heirs to receive THE HOUSEHOLD as long as it shall be published.

LADIES PLEASE BEAR IN MIND, when sending recipes or other matter for publication with your subscriptions or other business, to keep the contributions so distinct from the business part of your letters that they can be readily separated. Unless this is done it obliges us to re-write all that is designed for publication or put it all together among our business letters and wait for a more convenient season to look it over. So please write all contributions ENTIRELY separate from any business and they will stand a much better chance of being seasonably used.

TO CARELESS CORRESPONDENTS.—It would save us considerable time and no little annoyance, besides aiding us to give prompt and satisfactory attention to the requests of our correspondents, if they would in every case sign their names to their letters—which many fail to do—and also give post office address including the state. Especially is this desirable when subscriptions are sent, or any matter pertaining to business is enclosed. We desire to be prompt and correct in our dealing with our friends, but they often make it extremely difficult for us by omitting these most essential portions of their communications.

AN ESTEY COTTAGE ORGAN FREE to any subscriber of THE HOUSEHOLD, who will send its value in subscriptions, as offered by us, is certainly a most unusual offer and we are not surprised that it should attract the attention of very many of our readers, for in what other way could a first class organ be so easily obtained for the family, church, hall, or lodge room as by procuring the value of the instrument in subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD? We have already sent out many of these organs literally "from Maine to California," and in every instance so far as we have learned, they have given the most perfect satisfaction. Reader, do you want one of these instruments? We have one ready for you.

AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense and risk of remailing it. The amount of the premium to be deducted depends upon the number of subscribers obtained, but can be readily ascertained by a reference to Nos. 74 and 89 of the Premium List on another page. It will be seen that from 25 to 40 cents is allowed for each new yearly subscriber according to the size of the club. In case the club cannot be completed at once the names and money may be sent as convenient and the premium deducted from the last list. Always send money in drafts or post office orders, when convenient, otherwise by express.

A TRIAL TRIP.—In order to give every housekeeper in the land an opportunity of becoming acquainted with THE HOUSEHOLD we have decided to send it on trial THREE MONTHS—postage paid—for TEN CENTS, to any one not already a subscriber. This offer affords an excellent chance for the working ladies of America to receive for three months a publication especially devoted to their interests, at a price which will barely pay us for postage and the trouble of mailing. We trust our friends who believe THE HOUSEHOLD is doing good, and who are willing to aid in extending its influence, will see to it that everybody is made acquainted with this offer. This trial trip will be especially an aid to our agents in affording each one an opportunity of putting THE HOUSEHOLD into every family in his county at a trifling cost, where it will be read and examined at leisure, which will be the very best means of swelling their lists of permanent subscribers. We make this offer for a few weeks only, so get on board while there is room.

OUR WEDDING PRESENT of a free copy of THE HOUSEHOLD for one year to every bride, has proved a very acceptable gift in many thousands of homes during the past few years, and we will continue the offer for 1886. This offer amounts practically to a year's subscription to THE HOUSEHOLD to every newly married couple in the United States and Canada, the only conditions being that the parties (or their friends) apply for the present within one year from the date of their marriage—enclosing ten cents for postage, and such evidence as will amount to a reasonable proof that they are entitled to the magazine under this offer. Be sure and observe these conditions fully, and don't forget either the postage or the proof. Nearly every bride can send a copy of some newspaper giving notice of her marriage, or the notice itself clipped in such a way as to show the date of the paper, or a statement from the clergyman or justice who performed the ceremony, or from the town clerk or postmaster acquainted with the facts, or some other reasonable evidence. But do not send us "names of parents" or other witnesses who are strangers to us, nor "refer" us to anybody—we have no time to hunt up the evidence—the party making the application must do that. Marriage certificates, or other evidence, will be returned to the senders, if desired, and additional postage is enclosed for the purpose. Do not send money or stamps in papers—it is unlawful and extremely unsafe.

Prof. Doremus on Toilet Soaps:

"You have demonstrated that a PERFECTLY pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article."

CHAS. S. HIGGINS' "LA BELLE" BOUQUET TOILET SOAP. Being made from choicest stock, with a large percentage of GLYCERINE, is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath and Infants.



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HEALTHFUL AND NUTRITIOUS,

because they restore to the flour the nourishing phosphates lost with the bran in the process of bolting.

These Baking preparations have received the endorsement of, and are

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A pre-digested, non-irritating, easily assimilated food indicated in all weak and inflamed conditions of the digestive organs, either in infants or adults.

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It is acknowledged by thousands of ladies who have used it daily for many years to be the only preparation that does not roughen the skin, burn, chap, or leave black spots in the pores, or other discolorations.

All conclude by saying: "It is the best preparation for the skin I have ever used." "It is the only article I can use without making my skin smart and rough." "After having tried every article, I consider your Medicated Complexion Powder the best, and I cannot do without it." Sold by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers, or mailed free upon receipt of price, 50 cts. per box. Address J. A. POZZONI, St. Louis, Mo.



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The 37th Session opens Oct. 7, 1886. A 3 years' graded course of instruction is given in winter and spring terms. For further information, address
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OUR EXCHANGE COLUMN.

Our friends will please take notice that this is not an advertising column. Those who want money or stamps for their goods come under the head of advertisers. This column is simply for exchanges.

We are in receipt of so many exchanges of much greater length than we can insert and taking more time to condense than we can often give, that we ask those ladies sending exchanges to write them within the required limits. Four lines, averaging 28 words, being all we can allow to each item. We wish to caution ladies sending packages, against carelessness in sending full address with each. Many complaints are received by us which would be unnecessary if the address of the sender were given on the package sent even when accompanied by a letter.

Mrs. Jane Horner, Parsons, Kan., will exchange Dickens' "Oliver Twist," "David Copperfield," "Our Mutual Friend," etc., elegantly bound, for other books. Write first.

Mrs. O. F. Bufile, Franklin, Morgan Co., Ill., will exchange "Young Ladies' Journal" 1883 for the same for 1884, '85, or something of equal value. Write first.

Mrs. A. H. Cook, Ames, Iowa, will exchange Youths' Companion for 1885, panel pictures, views of Iowa, and apron pattern, for any thing useful, or for geodes. Write first.

Addie Watson, Fidelity, Jersey Co., Ill., will exchange Kensington painting for silk or velvet pieces for crazy quilt. Also pampas plumes for embroidery silk or books.

Mrs. Annie S. Brubaker, Nachusa, Ill., will exchange pieces of print size of postal card, no two alike.

Mrs. C. H. Downs, Bellevue, Alturas Co., Idaho, will exchange a rug maker, new, with outfit and instructions, for fancy work of equal value. Write first.

Alida Wealand, Florin, Lancaster Co., Pa., will exchange sheet music, instrumental and vocal, for silks, velvets and plush for a crazy quilt. Write first.

Rosie Gould, Heath, Mass., will exchange horses' ear nets, fancy work and crocheted trimming, for print and remnants of dress goods, not less than a yard. Write first.

Mrs. E. Tompkins, Aurelia, Cherokee Co., Iowa, will exchange crazy block 12 x 12, or scraps of silk, satin and velvet for fine geological and mineral specimens.

Mrs. P. W. Parkhurst, Clyde, Ohio, will exchange ladies' gold watch for good baby carriage or clothing for girl ten years old. Write first.

Mrs. H. D. Ellis, Gilmanton Iron Works, N. H., will exchange a book, "Household Elegances," for Peterson's Magazine or Arthur's Home Magazine in good condition. Write first.

Mrs. Kate L. Teale, Calistoga, Napa Co., Calif., will exchange pieces of print, size of postal, no two alike, or if preferred will send tree moss.

Julie E. Browne, Keeseville, Essex Co., N. Y., would like to exchange for perforated patterns. Write first.

Mrs. J. F. Towle, Nevada City, Calif., will exchange fine cabinet curiosities for the same.

S. A. Curtis, Garland, Maine, will exchange full directions for cutting new and desirable style of nightdress for winter wear for ladies and children for two yards of print.

M. A. Wallen, So. Middleboro, Mass., will exchange patterns and directions for making clothes-pin apron, for 11-inch square pieced calico, light and dark.

Mary Carle, Cockburn, N. Y., will exchange "Yellow Mask" and "Green Pastures," and "Piccadilly," (Seaside), for cuttings of begonia rubra and cereus grandiflora.

Mrs. E. H. Caswell, Dryden, N. Y., will exchange a Langtry hair curler and directions for painting photographs, for any thing useful or ornamental. Write first.

Carrie E. Lovett, 1311, 16th Ave., E. Oakland, Calif., will exchange China lilies, fritomas, and other bulbs, for bulbs and rooted plants. Write first.

Mrs. Jos. S. Hatfield, Lamotte, Jackson Co., Iowa, will exchange two yards of worsted lace, for any thing of equal value. Write first.

W. Williamson, Primrose, Iowa, will exchange silk worm eggs for any thing useful or ornamental, or for magazines or old books, if complete.

Miss Martha Smith, 1711 I St., Sacramento, Calif., will exchange dahlia bulbs of different colors for any thing useful or ornamental. Write first.

Eliza H. Morton, 104 1/2 Exchange St., Portland, Maine, will exchange pure caoutchouc from South America and feather grass from Africa, for cabinet curiosities.

Mrs. G. Ainsworth, 413 W. 7th St., Sioux City, Iowa, will exchange seine twine lambrequin for cabinet specimens, labeled.

Mrs. W. F. Searls, Fidelity, Ill., will exchange pampas plumes for embroidery silk or any thing useful or ornamental.

Mrs. D. Gilbert, Benkleman, Dundy Co., Neb., will exchange patterns for complete infant's wardrobe, or first short clothes for reading matter or three yards of calico or gingham.

Mrs. Mary A. Bagley, Central Falls, R. I., will exchange Peterson's Magazine, Christian Herald for 1884, and old Households, for gloxinia bulbs, begonia rex, or azalea.

Requests for exchanges will be published as promptly as possible, but we have a large number on hand, and the space is limited, so there will necessarily be some delay.

We are constantly receiving requests for exchanges signed with fictitious names or initials, and sometimes with no signature except number of post office box or street. We cannot publish such requests, nor those not from actual subscribers.

We cannot undertake to forward correspondence. We publish these requests, but the parties interested must do the exchanging.

My wife was very bad with the rheumatism and neuralgia, she could not just get up, with pains in her back and limbs and around her heart. She took two bottles of your medicine, Athlophoros, and was very much better right away. W. E. Mauseley, Lyme, N. H.



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THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Rev. R. W. Dale, an English divine, has recently published a series of discourses on the ten commandments. The following is the application of the eighth commandment: "Thou shalt not steal."

"If a workman who is paid to work ten hours, takes advantage of the absence of the master, or foreman, to smoke a pipe or read a newspaper for one hour of the ten he steals one-tenth of his day's wages. He does the very thing that a shopkeeper would do who gave fourteen ounces of butter or sugar instead of a pound, or nine yards of calico when the bill charged ten. An assistant in a shop, who, instead of caring for his master's interests as if they were his own, puts no heart in his work, exercising no ingenuity, treats customers carelessly instead of courteously, and so diminishes the chances of their coming again, gets his salary on false pretences, does not give the kind of service which he knows his employer expects, and which he would expect if he were an employer himself. He cannot but know that his services are not worth half what they would be if he did his best. Instead of earning the £30 or £40 a year for which he is engaged, he does not earn more than £15 or £20, and he practically steals the rest."

—It will be very generally found that those who sneer habitually at human nature, and affect to despise it, are among its worst and least pleasant samples.—*Dickens.*

—"I can't pay that bill just now: you will have to wait a little for the money." "All right, sir," cheerfully responded the boy, as he seated himself and unfolded a copy of the morning paper. "Them's the orders of the boss." "What are the orders of the boss?" demanded the gentleman sternly. "I'm to wait for the money."

—"Oh, I can't sing," pleaded a young man, who wanted to be coaxed before gratifying his auditors. "Yes, you can. I've heard two or three of your friends say so," persisted a pretty girl to whom he had been talking. "No, I can't," he repeated, getting up to go to the piano. "Yes, you can. Go on now and sing, please," she urged. He said he couldn't two or three times more, but he went ahead, and for half an hour his voice was the most prominent thing in the room. Then he came back smiling to the young lady. "Ah," she said, wearily, "thanks. You were quite right about the singing."

His face clouded, and he never spoke again to the girl who agreed with him.

—"I understand that you have stopped practicing," said the secretary of state to an eminent colored physician.

"Yas sah; 'cluded ter 'gin up de trade an' go to preachin'. In dis country dar hain't no money ter be made in de practicin' of medicine. Why, sah, ef I had er 'voted my time ez close ter suthin' else ez I has ter business, I would er been putty well off by dis time. Ober two-thirds o' my patients neber paid me, sah."

"Why didn't you sue them?" "T'wouldn't do no good, 'case da wuz dead, sah. I got de wus' class o' patients. None o' 'em neber had no health an' constitution."

A QUEER TALE.—An old Scotch lady being in London, observed above a currier's shop door a cow's tail fixed to the wall by way of a sign. She stood for a considerable time meditating on the curious sign. The shopman went out and politely asked her what it was that drew her notice so much, upon which she answered, "I've stooden an' lookit near an' oor at that coo's tail, an' I canna see, i' the name o' wonder, hoo the coo cud gang in at sic a sma' hole an' no be able to pu' in her tail after her."

—"No," said the Vermont man, who was shot in the head by his friend while they were out hunting, lost the most of an ear and was considerably scratched, "I don't mind the wound so much, but it breaks my heart to have my head mistaken by my most intimate friend for a polecat."

FIRST-CLASS TOILET SOAPS.

From a long acquaintance with the Indexical soaps made by Robinson Brothers, of Boston, I take great pleasure in saying that I regard them as excellent, always giving me full satisfaction. *MRS. DR. J. H. HANAFORD.*

—Cresus Beckworthy, Sr., (to Mr. Ruskin De Vere, art critic).—"Now, that's what I call a fine picture; shows remarkable talent. My daughter painted that, sir, and I wouldn't take \$200 for it. Why, the paint alone cost a hundred and fifty."

Those who have used the BOSS ZINC and LEATHER COLLAR PADS and ANKLE BOOTS say they are the best and cheapest, because most durable. They will last a life time. Sold by Harness makers on 60 days' trial. DEXTER CURTIS, Madison, Wis.

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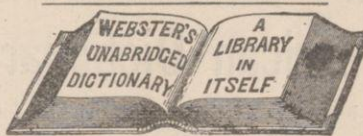
40, 41, 42, & 43, Central Wharf, Boston, Mass.

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We have for sale a new, first class, double thread **SEWING MACHINE**, with all the modern attachments. Will be sold cheap for cash, and freight paid to nearest railroad station. A warrant for five years, given by the manufacturers, will be sent with the machine. Address *THE HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt.*

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With or without Patent Index.



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THE BEST FOODS IN THE WORLD!

The Health Food Company claims to make the best foods in the world, and this claim is abundantly sustained by the testimony of over one million consumers.

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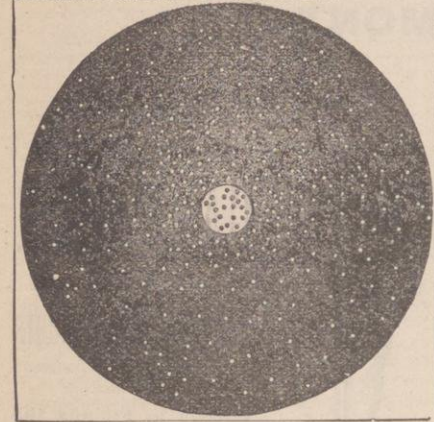
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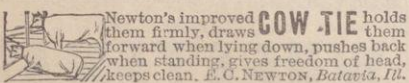
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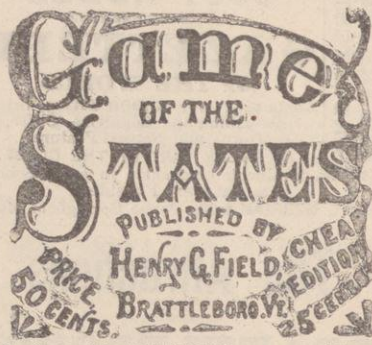
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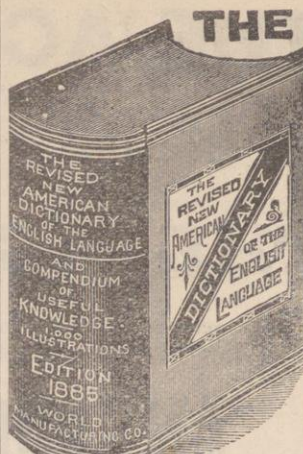


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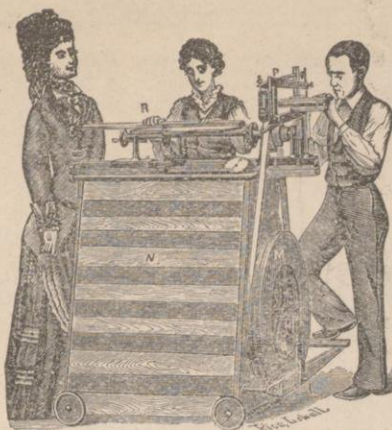
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A BLUE CROSS before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed. When you send in the subscription please mention the month you wish it to commence and thereby oblige us very much.

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.

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I have made careful qualitative analyses of Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder and of the Royal Baking powder, and have also determined the amount of available gas yielded by each. I find that the substances which enter into the composition of the two powders are the same, with one important exception: the Royal contains carbonate of ammonia, whereas Cleveland's Baking Powder does not.

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I consider Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder as greatly preferable to the Royal Baking Powder, because:

1. It is free from the ammonia which contaminates the Royal;
2. It yields during baking a greater proportion of the only gas, carbonic acid, which should be produced by a baking powder.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 22, 1884.

R. A. WITTHAUS, A. M., M. D.,

Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology, University of Buffalo; Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology, University of Vermont; Professor of Physiological Chemistry, University of the City of New York; City Chemist to the city of Buffalo, N. Y.

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