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THE HOUSEHOLD

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

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

ESTABLISHED 1868.

Vol. 5.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., DECEMBER, 1872.

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The Household.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.
GEO. E. CROWELL,

Editor and Proprietor,
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BRATTLEBORO, VT.

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THE WINTER.

The snow hides field and hill,
And gathers in the wood;
The land, at winter's will,
Is made of solitude;
The streams forget their speech,
The winds are grown more rude.

These ways I loved so well
Have lost their summer cheer,
And naught is left to tell
Of days that were so dear,
Save happy evergreens
That gladden all the year.

For summer's wealth of shade,
For bloom and warmth and scent,
For sights and sounds that made
The eye and ear content,
Fulfilling all we deemed
Spring's prophecies had meant,

We have the naked bough,
Thin shadows on the snow,
Clear skies, that disallow
Their ancient, tender glow,
Pale sunbeams like the ghosts
Of those we used to know.

All those soft winds are gone
That cheered the wayward spring,
And nature is forlorn;
For birds have taken wing,
And brook and breeze and bee
Have done their gossiping.

Forlorn—and yet more grand,
In her stern purity,
Than when the merry land
Laughed out from grass and tree—
She buries her old loves
And waits for what shall be.

She waits the slow increase
That former years have lent;
She keeps a wondrous peace
Beyond all accident,
And in her changing moods
There is no discontent.

FARMER'S HOMES.

It is very often the practice with farmers to think more of the farm than of the farm-house. It is a time-honored adage that "Charity begins at home;" hence we think a few suggestions correlative to this sentiment may be profitable. There is a feeling of dissatisfaction with agricultural life among the sons of farmers, leading them to

dislike the occupation and surroundings of their fathers, and to seek a society and business which their fancy paints to be more congenial and less laborious.

Farming is hard work at the best; and when it amounts to abject drudgery—with no sunshine in doors, and the grateful cheer of books, intelligent conversation, and encouragement to the promptings of latent ambition, not to omit good food and a pleasant home, upon which the eye delights to rest, it is no wonder that farmers' sons and farmers' daughters become restive, and long for the time to come when they can throw off the shackles of an unsatisfying servitude, and go to the factory, the store, or an ever-crowded profession, where they can enjoy some of the privileges they do not have at home. The remedy for this is to make home pleasant and enjoyable. Do not enrich the soil of the field by impoverishing that of the household! Children must be made to love their homes, else the attractions of cities and villages will surely lure them away from the peaceful and monotonous labors of rural life.

The surroundings of the farmers' houses can be made more comfortable. The selection of sites for the outbuildings required is second in importance only to the selection of a site for the mansion. Convenience dictates that these buildings should be as near the house as is practically consistent with their objects and character. The dwelling-house will, of course, occupy the best and most advantageous position, and its superior size and style of architecture will always be such as to render all other necessary structures of secondary and subordinate appearance. Such buildings as stables and ice-houses are so obviously necessary to domestic comfort that their presence is not only expected, but their absence conveys an impression of poverty or incompleteness altogether inconsistent with our ideas of what a country home should be.

Instead, therefore, of endeavoring to entirely conceal these offices by plantations and by other expedients, as is frequently advised, they should be located on the most eligible sites, and display, in their architectural details and ornaments, an expression of the purpose for which they are intended, and be judiciously exposed to view without rendering conspicuous the operations necessarily connected with the structure.

The best location for these buildings will be governed, to some extent, by local circumstances; but, where there are no grades, views, or other exceptional features to interfere with the selection, a point in a northern direction from the house will combine the greatest number of advantages.

While the stables and other farm buildings should not be entirely hidden from view at certain points, at the same time it will be obvious that a due amount of

privacy in and about the buildings themselves, as well as in line of view from the dwelling-house, will be essential, and can readily be effected by the introduction of trees and shrubs at the points indicated.

A nice house, with the roadside in front of it—the favorite place of deposit for all the broken and dilapidated crockery, tin ware and debris of the farm, is a common sight, and presents a contrast which demonstrates that the lady who presides within has no proper appreciation of the fitness of things. Everybody likes the sweets of neatness, and the home is pleasanter if neat. A clear cellar, airy and free from odors, is healthy.

A house on a hill, with no trees around it, looks cheerless and unhomelike. Have grounds around the dwelling. Tear away the fences—they cost money and are useless. I mean the fences shutting the house up as if there were danger of its running away. Let there be not less than an acre of dooryard—if possible. Make a rich lawn of this, and cut the grass. It can be no waste, but a thing of beauty—and "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." There need be no loss of tasteful. Nature and beauty are synonymous. Good taste and good economy can therefore be made handmaids to each other.—Selected.

TO PREVENT THE DECAY OF SHINGLES.

The following from the Scientific American is said to effectually prevent the decay of shingles: Take a potash kettle or large tub, and put into it one barrel of lye of wood ashes, five pounds of white vitriol, five pounds of alum, and as much salt as will dissolve in the mixture. Make the liquor quite warm, and put as many shingles in it as can be conveniently wet at once. Stir them up with a fork, and when well soaked, take them out and put in more, renewing the liquor as necessary. Then lay the shingles in the usual manner.

After they are laid, take the liquor that is left, put lime enough into it to make white-wash, and if any coloring is desirable, add ochre, Spanish brown, lampblack, etc., and apply to the roof with a brush or an old broom. This wash may be renewed from time to time. Salt and lye are excellent preservatives of wood. It is well known that leach tubs, troughs, and other articles used in the manufacture of potash, never rot. They become saturated with the alkali, turn yellowish inside, and remain impervious to the weather.

—There is often a chance to employ a few minutes in keeping the lawn mown close. A smooth surface, free from weeds and clumps of clover and tall grass, presents a neat and pleasant outlook. The lawn-mowing machines now in use are very desirable; their cost is not large, and the work they do is very perfect.



TAKING IT OUT OF THE FURNITURE.

THE little circle met at the house of Mrs. MacGavin. They were having a very good time indeed, sewing with nimble fingers, criticising the stately parlors, expecting the pleasant tea that was in store for them.

Now, Mrs. MacGavin was the wife of a general, and probably the wealthiest woman in town. Her furniture was certainly superb. The cornices over the curtains were very rich and beautiful, with blue enamel and heavily wrought gilt scroll-work, and the curtains were of costly damask.

Nothing could be thicker and softer than the pile of the splendid velvet carpet, nothing easier than the great lounge chairs that rolled at a touch. But for all this, Tom Gaines never missed something, and in the warm atmosphere felt almost like shivering.

"Well, what do you think of it, Birdie?"—somehow all her intimate friends called her by Tom's pet name—asked Mrs. Harrower, as she came to get a little advice about the shaping of a small bib. "I'm half sorry the society met here; I should almost hate to ask them to my bit of a house."

Nettie Gaines smiled.

"It's beautiful, but I'm cold," she said. "Cold!" Mrs. Harrower cast a glance at the register at her side; "why it is delightfully warm; I only wish we had a furnace—the atmosphere is just like summer all the winter through, the General's wife says. Suppose you change places with me?"

"Oh, I didn't mean that," said Nettie with a little amused laugh; "but isn't it all upholstery?"

"I am sure the parlors are grand, superb!" exclaimed Mrs. Harrower, with a deprecating gesture; "where are your eyes, Nettie Gaines? I'm confident the curtains cost hundreds of dollars, and just think of these satin chairs! It don't seem as if they ought to be used."

"That's just the way I feel," responded Nettie; "there's no home-life in them. Each chair makes a pretty picture, which I like to look at, but I could never use them as seats. It's all very splendid as you say, but for my taste it's all very cold. I'm afraid I should want to break these vases, if I could put no vine in them, they are so hideously gorgeous. I dare say they cost enough, but they are perfectly unmeaning to me, a barbaric mixture of colors. But perhaps I ought not to comment on other people's style of living so freely."

"Who is that sweet little lady in the

gray dress?" asked Mrs. General MacGavin, "What perfect good taste she shows in her selection of colors!"

"That is Mrs. Gaines, or Birdie Gaines as we call her. She is one of the dearest little women I know, and carries her perfect taste into everything. It's a great pleasure to see her at home; and, by the way, I believe our next meeting is at her house."

"I did want to see a flower somewhere!" said Birdie, as she slid into her own little low rocking-chair, "or a bit of terra cotta, or even plaster of Paris, like our pretty little fellow there;" and she looked lovingly over to a recess where stood a graceful child, holding a vase of flowers on his head. "Give me my own pleasant, home-like room, for all the splendor at the General's fine house."

"Mamma, I see a horse, and a pretty lady, and a little boy and his dog, in the coats!" cried little May, who sat in her own straw rocker, looking delightedly into the fire,—no grate, no open stove, with its red-hot base, but a genuine, rollicking, leaping, singing, dancing wood fire, reddening from great logs, whispering of forest oaks, and long sylvan avenues beneath; of mossy fern-covered everglades, and tall, sighing pines. There was a hearth, too, ample and bright, and a high fender with a little brass railing, and better than all, an old-fashioned pair of huge brass-topped andirons, in which you could see your face; and all the pretty silver things on the table reflected back a dozen fires, forming so many pictures for the delectation of a beauty-loving eye. There were tables of different patterns about the room, and arm-chairs that looked as if they had been made for use.

of books, or flowers, or statuettes. The great bay-window was filled with masses of verdure, in the midst of which choice roses bloomed, shedding choicer fragrance. Many a small, rare picture, the wood fire threw out into exquisite relief, as also the rustic home-made brackets, and hanging-baskets, and the great yellow and white lambs'-wool mats just beyond the shining fender.

No wonder Tom Gaines called this his paradise, and was so unwilling to leave it, even for those places where his duty called him. In Mrs. General MacGavin's parlors after an hour of home, he would have felt himself the most miserable man alive, though surrounded with splendors it had taken a fortune to obtain.

Well, the "Society for the Relief of Poor Children" met at Mrs. Tom Gaines', and the rooms, the ornaments and little May all looked their best and brightest. Everybody cried out at the sight of that fire.

"How beautiful! how pleasant! how Eden-like!" were the exclamations that abounded, as the busy people ran hither and thither, like so many delighted children, looking at all the pretty things.

"My dear, you have really surrounded yourself with beauty; how have you contrived to make so charming a home?" asked Mrs. General MacGavin,—and evidently it was very charming in her eyes.

"Yes, and how can you afford a wood-fire, and such expensive statuettes? You ought to tell us," cried another.

"Nothing is easier," said Birdie, smiling; "I take it out of my furniture. This plain three-ply will explain it, and my useful but not very elegant chairs. To be sure they look very nicely, since I have covered them with chintz; but I

take more pride in my old-fashioned fireplace, which is like a poem in a house, than I should in the finest and costliest velvet pile. And some of the statuary I have taken out of my dress," she added in an aside to a friend. "Brother Charley contrived to let me know that he intended to buy me a costly silk dress for a Christmas present, but he found out in some perfectly unaccountable way, that three or four of Rogers's statuettes would be a thousand times more appreciated, and so all my presents come now in books and pictures, and things that live and give pleasure to all of us. Besides," she said, laughing, "I haven't a shut-up room in the house; this is my parlor, and (when the crumb-cloth is spread) my dining-room and conservatory, all in one. I enjoy it every day, and we are each of us constantly devising something pretty for it. So you see it keeps our wits at work and always bright, while I think we have everything else we need."

Many of that little society went to their homes that night with a new wrinkle. Less embroidery, less costly furniture and dress, plainer living, less fretting over shut-up grandeur, and more home-comfort, happiness and virtue.

It will do us all no harm to take the lesson to heart.—*Christian Union.*



THE DAFFODIL.

That is, among the flowers of spring,
Welcome the bonny daffodil,
Before the fading cowslips ring
Their bells on dale and hill.
It comes as though in haste to greet
The earliest sunbeams of March,
That call the violets up to meet
The young wreaths of the larch;
Before the wild spring gales are still,
Cometh the hardy daffodil!

Where in the water's cool depth dwells
The quiet shadow of the skies,
Beside old mossy village wells,
The daffodils will rise.
The fair, bright blossoms, year by year,
To their established haunts they come,
When the robin's carol soundeth near
From out the blackthorn's bloom;
By peasant's hut and meadow-rill
Soundeth the golden daffodil.

The daffodil! there is a charm
In that old pleasant Saxon word
(As folded buds with sunlight warm
To richer life are stirred.)—
A charm to move the heart with dreams
Of sunny childhood's free, glad hours,
Lost amid fields and running streams,
Dimpled with April showers,
And crofts round ivied granges, still
The home of the spring daffodil.

In ages past it may have stood
Upon the turf, as legends tell,
When steed and rider in their blood
Together fiercely fell
Upon the hard-fought battle-field:
It may have been that ancient flower
Crushed 'neath the broken helm and shield
Of Percy and Glendower;
And vizzared warriors wore at will
The bold crest of the daffodil.

Yet stronger, purer spells are shrouded
Than sought of by-gone chivalry
Or dim tradition's lore can bind,
Sweet daffodil, in thee!
About thy well-known countenance
Thoughts, memories, unnumbered throng,
That like a glad soul-speaking glance,
Or sudden burst of song,
Have power the heart's deep chords to thrill;
Welcome, beloved daffodil!

—Selected.

HOUSE PLANTS.

BY MRS. SARAH PERO.

WHEN I pass a house where flowers fill the windows, I say to myself, ah! here is a home; somebody in that house has a true, pure heart, for do not the pure in heart see God in all His works? and next to living, breathing things, are not flowers His most marvelous handiwork? My beautiful plants have loaned me many a bright idea of life and death, and cheered many a lone hour in sickness and in health. And when callers look with longing on their blossoms I delight to give them away, and if any young man with his great, clumsy fingers, pokes over my cactuses and pinks, and my pet heliotrope, I never say "forbear" for fear of breakage, but pity his ignorance when he makes fun of my "dusty miller," by saying, "What ails that, is it dying out?" I tell him the name of the plant, and that explains all; but I don't offer him a blossom, for he would not know what to do with it, any more than he knows what to do with his big hands and feet; yet I'll tell some nice girl that he has got a heart that self-esteem has not pushed down into his boots.

But I have a lot of male friends who know how I fight with tongue and pen in favor of house plants, and among them is Mr. Smallsoul, who delights to scare up an argument. And when his wife Polly wants some plants, he says, "Pooh! you can have them out of doors in their season, and that's enough." "Now, old Smallsoul, I've got you. Don't you like peas, and beans, and green corn, and all 'sich' like 'gardin sass' in their season, and don't you like them, too, in the winter, canned and potted?" "Oh yes." "Well, Polly likes her carnations and geraniums so too." Then he says, "They ain't healthy." So I'll plug that hole of escape with the authority, to the contrary, of Agassiz, and lots of other great men, who forget more in an hour than your whole race of Smallsouls ever knew. If you would take the few pennies a day that you spend for the unnecessaries of life and buy you and Polly some books to read, you never would offer that tame argument again. And now for a last banter, he says, "It is all sentimental nonsense for a woman to be fussing over and talking to a mess of plants." "Ah, my friend, where there is sentiment there also is love and confidence, and are not these the true elements of home happiness?"

Oh, how I like, when the snow lies deep on the ground, and all is dark and dreary outside, to train the vines and loosen the soil, sprinkle the leaves—in short, make a little summer tempest for them; my bright-eyed, noisy children's play is the thunder, and lightning flashes of merriment beam from their eyes, while I complete the artificial shower by sprinkling them with water. And though, as Mrs. Willoughby says, "I says it as shouldn't," my home has no other tempest.

So go ahead, little home-woman, and have some plants; make all the year round, and all your life, a perpetual summer if you can; and give each of your children one plant to care for and call their own. My "Dot," has a fragrant geranium, and when I am sick, every day her little hand places a leaf upon my pillow. Oh, heaven, take not this love of the beautiful from her heart,

for it may prove her saving grace in the years she has yet to see. But if she falls in the ways of sin, how sweet 'twill be to wander back through the dim aisle of memory to the days when this simple gift had power to fill my cup of peace to overflowing.

I know many young wives who would rejoice to have such things, the value of which, in dollars and cents, is so trifling; but they have got Smallsouls for husbands, and some of the husbands have got old maid sisters, whose windows I would like to fill so full of plants and bird cages that they could not see through to make a minute of all their neighbor's out-goings and in-comings, yes, and short-comings.

PLANTING BULBS.

Now in November, if not already done, is the time to arrange grounds, and put out hardy bulbs—such as crocuses, tulips, lilies, hyacinths and crown imperials—for Spring flowers. But, in ordering them, unless you have a fortune to use in this way, don't get the high-priced named bulbs, which are in most instances no better for practical use than the older cheap varieties. Order the different colors—as blue, yellow, red, white, clouded, etc.—of good size; and you will surely be satisfied, at moderate prices. This, too, is the best way in ordering all kinds of seeds. Floriculturists, by hybridizing, have a system of making money by obtaining new varieties, to which they give names and glowing descriptions, that perfectly bewilder the inexperienced.

Make the beds or mounds for bulbs, of rich, mellow earth, and plant them from one to two inches deep, according to size. Then in the spring, about the time of planting corn, sow seeds of showy annual flowers, such as continue a long time in the blossoming stage, in a warm, rich bed, shading it from the hot sun, and sprinkle with water in dry weather, to keep it moist until the seeds come up and get root-hold. When the bulbs are about done blossoming transplant the annuals, and put them in the same beds; and the yard will glow with beauty until the frosts of autumn.

This process will keep the bulb-beds free from weeds, and the bulbs will be in good condition to blossom again the next spring, without much care or attention. A covering of manure in the autumn, however, will act favorably. Just pursue a common-sense method, and there is no more trouble in raising fine flowers, especially from bulbs, than in growing good potatoes. Ample yards for recreation, adorned with flowers, greatly promote the union, refinement and happiness of the household.

GRAFTING GERANIUMS.

Many of the new Zonale geraniums are wonderfully slow growers on their own roots, requiring two or three years to obtain a good, showy plant. Among the plain-leaved sorts there are plenty of strong, vigorous growers. I am using these for stocks upon which to graft the more delicate kinds. Grafting geraniums has been practiced but very little in this country, but I think that when our gardeners learn its value they will be extensively used for the slow-growing but elegant Zonale varieties. Even for the purpose of obtaining a supply of good strong cuttings, grafting the weaker sorts upon the stronger will be found of considerable value to the commercial florist.



FASHIONS IN GLOVES.

GLOVES have not always been considered a necessary appendage to dress, nor is it even certain that they are ornamental, since it appears that they originally came into use for the purpose of hiding ugly hands; though even in this day they do not always succeed, for frequently a large hand looks larger still in an ill-fitting white glove. Persons, however, with huge red, unsightly hands, have a natural objection to exhibiting them; hence, to them gloves are an unspeakable boon—some, indeed, are so sensitive on this point that they would fain wear gloves at all hours and at all seasons, even at meals, if that were admissible. Henry III. king of France, was one of these, and (like the bishop of Bond street, who is said never to have been seen without his hat,) he was never seen without his gloves. The custom, however, appeared so strange that all kinds of conjectures were raised as to the probable reason of it; but the wonder soon ceased, and the royal mania, like all other royal manias, was quickly copied, and the use of gloves became universal, and they were worn at all hours of the day and night.

Nevertheless, if gloves are worn without need or a distinct purpose, they are not only unbecoming, but are very uncomfortable. What, for instance, could have been more absurd than those long gloves of our grandmothers, which reached right up the arm, beyond the elbow, being only stopped in their upward course by the sleeve of the dress which they touched? By the by, it seems not at all unlikely that the fashion may be revived even in these our days, since we already see eight-buttoned gloves figuring on arms we would rather see bare to the wrists than wrapped in kid half way to the elbow. It is said we owe the present long gloves to a modern Greek beauty, who, in this respect, at least, can scarcely resemble her lovely ancestresses, who never wore gloves at all, whether long or short, but who, on the other hand, adorned their arms with bracelets.

That reminds us that bracelets over gloves are hideous in the extreme, and it was to avoid that monstrosity that gloves, in the earlier ages of their history, were richly embroidered and studded with jewelry. Rings outside gloves are even worse than bracelets outside gloves, and should not be worn under any pretence whatever.

It is not generally known, nor does it appear to be known even by those who wear gloves almost exclusively, that the durability and set of these articles depends very much upon how they are put on the first time. Two pairs may be taken from the same box, of exactly the same cut and quality, and by giving different treatment when first putting the hands into them, one pair will be made to set much better, and to wear double, or nearly that length of time, longer than the other. When purchasing gloves, people are usually in too much of a hurry; they carelessly put them on, and let them go that way then, thinking to do the work more completely at another time. When this is the case, a

person is sure to meet with disappointment—for, as the glove is made to fit the hand the first time it is worn, so it will fit ever after, and no amount of effort will make a satisfactory change. Never allow a stretcher to be used, for the gloves will not be likely to fit as well for it. All of the expansion should be made by the hands; if the gloves are so small as to require the aid of a stretcher, they should not be purchased, as they will prove too small for durability, comfort or beauty.

When selecting gloves, choose those with fingers to correspond with your own in length, take time to put them on, working in the fingers first, until ends meet ends, then put in the thumb, and smooth them down until they are made to fit nicely. A glove that sets well will usually wear well, at least will wear better than one of the same kind that does not fit well. When the ends of the fingers do not come down right, or when they are so long as to form wrinkles on the side of the fingers, they will chafe out easily; where the stretcher has to be used to make the fingers large enough, the body part will be so small as to cramp the hand, so that it cannot be shut without bursting the seam of the gloves.

Some recommend putting new kid gloves into a damp cloth before they are put on, and allowing them to remain until moistened. With this treatment they can be put on much easier than otherwise, and will fit very nicely until they get dry, but on second wearing there will be an unnatural harshness about them, wrinkling in spots, and they will not set so perfectly as at first.

As a rule, gloves should always be a shade lighter than the dress with which they are worn, never darker—dark gloves with light dresses are most offensive to the eye. Abroad, where rules respecting mourning are much more strict than in England, black kid gloves are not allowed during the first stage of mourning. Black kid is shining, and deep mourning should avoid all that shines; thus black woolen gloves are alone allowed under these circumstances. For general wear neutral tints are the best for gloves, and, above all, the Swedish kid glove in its natural tan color. There is no glove like it for usefulness, elegance, and economy. They may be worn at all hours, and with all dresses, excepting evening-dress.

The first requisite for a glove is that it should fit well, therefore it ought to be cut according to the hand; in fact the hands should be measured for gloves as the feet are for boots. In France it has long been customary to measure for gloves, and there are now a few establishments in London which adopt a similar fashion. The art of cutting out a glove is one especially excelled in by the French, and is most difficult in execution. Indeed there is an old proverb which says that it takes three kingdoms to make one glove: Spain to provide the kid, France to cut it out, and England to sew it.

The French have a particular art in economical cutting, and can cut three pairs of gloves out of the same quantity of kid that an Englishman can scarcely cut two. Consequently French gloves ought to be cheaper than English, but they are not. The Germans, though their kid is rapidly rivaling Spanish kid, and though they sew as well as the English, are quite ignorant of the art of cutting; consequently they are as yet unable to make good gloves.

GOOD TASTE IN DRESS.

It is a mistaken economy to furbish up a faded article because it was expensive, for the poor remnant of the past will always tell its own story. A neat, pretty calico or lawn tastefully made is more becoming than tarnished finery, soiled silk or rusty alpaca. Where but few additions to a ward-robe can be made they should be selected always to harmonize with the purse first, then the form, complexion and whatever else is left of the year before, that striking contrasts may be avoided.

A French woman, however poor, has always the appearance of freshness and novelty. If she needs new boots, and can have but one pair, although her inclination point to drab or bronze boots, she chooses black, as for economy and taste combined her best dress is probably black. She needs new gloves, or bonnet ribbon; before purchasing she looks over her boxes and finds perhaps her best necktie is pink; she cannot wear pink gloves nor carry a pink parasol; therefore she wisely decides upon roses for her bonnet, and drab ribbon, drab gloves, and drab parasol, perhaps brightened with a pink lining, the roses and necktie freshen admirably the otherwise sombre attire, which is in excellent taste.

A young lady may think herself very fashionably dressed in green gloves, blue bonnet, and scarlet flowers, and purple dress, because each article in itself was costly and well made; but instead of being fashionable it would be in exceedingly bad taste, as however we may admire the rainbows in the sky, they are tawdry on the street. American women of fashion and wealth are now beginning to display great taste in costumes by dressing in uniform colors, and this requires a great outlay of money, each suit having corresponding gloves, bonnets, parasols, etc., furnished by the dressmakers. But with goods so cheap as to be really bargains, and fashion magazines filled with patterns and good advice every facility is given those upon whom fortune has failed to smile, in the way of making pretty, tasteful and inexpensive toilets.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

MYSTERIES OF THE FEMININE TOILET.

The other day, says a recent writer, I heard of an incident which shows that even men of society do not understand all the mysteries of the feminine toilet. A gentleman, who devotes a large part of his time to the society of ladies and who believes himself a *connoisseur* in all that pertains to them, was much annoyed by observing that a fair friend of his, favorably known for her style of elegant dressing, would insist, when the weather would allow it, upon wearing an old shawl devoid of any claims to beauty or good taste.

The gallant endured this for a long while. He walked up Broadway and Fifth avenue, and rode in the park with his friend, and often looked at the odious shawl in a way that he thought would convince her of its unfitness for so elegant a woman as herself.

She did not take the hint, however, but continued to display it on every possible occasion. He lost patience at last, and said to her one day:—

"May I be permitted to inquire why you will wear that miserable shawl all the time? It ruins your dress. You

look so exquisitely otherwise that I cannot comprehend why you will deform yourself with such a faded rag as that. It has nothing in the world to recommend it; and I believe if you were to throw it off in the street nobody would pick it up."

The bright eyes opened with surprise, and a strange expression fell across the pretty face.

"You are jesting, are you not?" the lady asked. "You do not really dislike my shawl do you?"

"I never was more serious in my life. I thoroughly detest this thing which you call a shawl."

"Well, then, I'll inform you that this is a Camel's hair shawl; and, though I think it in very bad taste to speak of prices, it cost \$3,000 at Stewart's, and is one of the finest ever brought to this country."

The young man was astounded, but his taste was correct.

BRUSSELS LACE.

The finest specimen of Brussels lace requires the labor of seven persons on one piece, and each operative is employed at distinct features of the work. The thread used is of exquisite fineness; which is spun in dark, underground rooms, where it is sufficiently moist to prevent the thread from separating. It is so delicate as scarcely to be seen, and the room is so arranged that all the light admitted shall fall upon the work. It is such material that renders the genuine Brussels ground so costly. On a piece of Valenciennes not two inches wide, from 200 to 300 bobbins are sometimes used.

THE TRUE STANDARD OF DRESS.

We are always excessive when we sacrifice the higher beauty to attain the lower one. A woman who sacrifices domestic affection, conscience, self-respect, and honor, to love of dress, we agree loves dress too much. She loses the higher beauty of womanhood for the lower beauty of gems and flowers and colors. A girl who sacrifices to dress all her time, all her strength, all her money, to the neglect of the cultivation of her mind and heart, and to the neglect of the claims of others on her helpfulness, is sacrificing the higher to the lower beauty.

—Here is an idea for a pretty hat: Take your husband's or brother's cast off chapeaux (not shabby ones, of course, but those of last season's style,) cut them off midway the crown, leaving the top the height of the high, fashionable ladies' hat, put a fold of black bias velvet about the base, to flare a little when it sits upon the head, and a belt of velvet two inches wide about the crown, a jet buckle and two or three ostrich tips at the side, and you have with little trouble and expense a right stylish headgear, and it affords so good a chance to moralize on the extravagance of man and the economy of woman.

—An old bachelor says if a girl wants to know when she looks most charming in the men's eyes, it is when she wears a simple muslin dress, with a frill of lace round the neck and at the wrists, and no ornaments but youth and freshness. There are more people than old bachelors believe that.



A MASQUERADE.

A little old woman before me
Went slowly down the street,
Walking as if weary
Were her feeble, tottering feet.

From under her old poke bonnet
I caught a gleam of snow,
And her waving cap string floated,
Like a pennon, to and fro.

In the folds of her rusty mantle
Sudden her footstep caught,
And I sprang to keep her from falling,
With a touch as quick as thought.

When under the old poke bonnet,
I saw the winsome face,
Framed with flaxen ringlets
Of my wee daughter Grace.

Mantle and cap together
Dropped off at my very feet;
And there stood the little fairy,
Beautiful, flushing, sweet!

Will it be like this, I wonder,
When at last we come to stand
On the golden, ringing pavement
Of the blessed, blessed land?

Losing the rusty garments
We wore in the years of time,
Will our better selves spring backward,
Serene in a youth sublime?

Instead of the shape that hid us,
And made us old and gray,
Shall we get our child hearts back again,
With a brightness that shall stay?

I thought—but my little daughter
Slipped her dimpled hand in mine;
"I was only playing," she whispered,
"That I was ninety-nine."

UNDER A BUSH.

BY MISS M. F. BURLINGAME.

BOB NOYES, do stop your racket.
Nobody can have a minute's
peace if you're in hearing."

Bob's face flushed scarlet, and he laid down his hammer, leaving the nail half driven. He turned the toy-wagon he had been working upon over and over, with a wistful look which told of a pitiful heartache. It was a pretty toy-wagon in his eyes, and he made every bit of it himself, and if he could only drive six more nails it would be finished. But there must be no more racket, so he laid it away carefully, and going to one corner of the yard stretched himself under a tree, and kicking the turf with his heels, pondered over his many troubles. His mother had said that there was no peace for anybody if he was in hearing; but certainly there was no peace for him anywhere about home.

He had slipped into the parlor after dinner and was having a good chat with Miss Somers, and she was telling him about three wonderful black and white spotted puppies at her house, when sister Jennie came in and asked him what he was imposing on Miss Somers for. He wasn't imposing, Miss Somers said so. Guess he could talk as well as Jennie, if she was eighteen two months ago. But Jennie made him leave the room without learning how the littlest and prettiest spotted puppy got out of the cistern when he fell in. May be he didn't get out. Bob kicked harder and wished he knew. After his ejection from the parlor, Bob started to the garret to console himself by rocking in the old-fashioned red cradle grandmother Noyes rocked papa and uncle John in, but Nell

and the boys would not let him in; they were getting up surprise tableaux and "didn't want any little pitchers around." He next sought his father's study to look at an illustrated edition of natural history. But papa objected, "he couldn't have Bob in there making a disturbance." Almost heart-broken he turned to his mother's room. "Go right away, Bob, you'll wake the baby," met him at the threshold. He looked into the kitchen and begged to help make pies, but Bridget told him to "clare out." He "clared out" to the wood-house and sought to assuage his sorrows by working on his wagon, and now he was forbidden that.

He could not understand why he was driven from everything—he had not been a bad boy and lost his temper. It was beyond his six-year-old philosophy. His poor little brain puzzled over what older children called "certain inalienable rights," without finding a solution of his troubles, or coming to a conclusion. Had he been strong-minded, he might have called a convention and declared that in the present order of things little boys have no rights big folks are bound to respect, and drafted petitions for a change; but he was sensitive and submissive and let people snub him and trample on his toes without remonstrance.

The tea-bell roused him from his cud of bitter puzzled thoughts.

"Bob, come to supper."

He wouldn't have to wait, that was some consolation.

At the table Mrs. Noyes was telling Miss Somers about a troupe of performing monkeys. "One smart monkey with a striped tail, played on a violin, and—" "Mamma, it was ring-tailed," interrupted Bob, eager to have the account exact.

"Bob, how many times have I told you not to interrupt?"

Bob subsided, but he knew it was ring-tailed, for he counted the rings and watched it for half an hour, while mamma gossiped with Mrs. Layton.

"All the monkeys turned somersaults when their keeper played 'Captain Jinks,'" continued Mrs. Noyes.

"Mamma, it wasn't 'Captain Jinks,' it was 'O vare is myve little tog.'"

"Bob, if you talk any more at the table I'll send you to bed."

Bob was correct, and he knew it; he could whistle like a mocking-bird, while Mrs. Noyes did not know one tune from another. The two reproofs in the presence of Miss Somers were too much for his sensitive, bashful temperament, and mortified him beyond self-control. His little fingers trembled and dropped a glass of water, spilling its contents upon the cloth.

"Bob, where's your manners? Leave the table instantly," commanded his father.

The children laughed, and Jennie called Bob an "ill-mannered little boor," and the mortified little fellow crept sadly into bed and sobbed until asleep.

That day's experience was a fair sample of Bob's whole boyhood. Nowhere about home could his light shine freely, the whole household tried to thrust it under a bushel. He must not sing, whistle shout, talk, ask questions, or pound, yet he must keep himself handy to run on errands and to pick up chips. He must not talk to company, for "little boys are to be seen not heard;" he must not have any company of his own because of the consequent noise; and he

couldn't go visiting because he did not know how to behave properly. The idea that Bob had any feelings and rights was not tolerated. The family did not intend to act unjustly; they loved Bob, but they were selfish, and did not want to be disturbed, and Bob was so noisy, and such an inveterate talker and questioner, if given liberty. He was clothed and fed, and sent to school, and to church and Sabbath school; surely that was all duty required.

Bob made a discovery after a while. He could pound, and saw, and bang as much as he pleased in Tom Smith's carpenter shop. Smith's wild, half-dissipated apprentice made a discovery too—that bashful Bob Noyes had a wonderful faculty for saying witty things, and for whistling and singing, when he became acquainted—and they coaxed him off more than once to enliven the evenings at the "Excelsior" and "Star" saloons.

They were blind as moles at home until a reckless, almost criminal, deed committed during the tumultuous period between boyhood and manhood, showed them that Bob's young life was being steeped in degradation and sin. They wept bitterly, but not in sackcloth and ashes. Wrapped in self-righteousness, they shifted the responsibility from their own shoulders, and as he went from bad to worse, washed their hands of that unavoidable family affliction—a black sheep.

But God and the angels knew that Bob was not alone to blame, knew that because his light was put under a bushel at home and kept there, he had groped about in the darkness, and fallen into the ditch.

ANNIE'S RESPONSIBILITIES.

Mother was gone, and how to amuse them was a puzzling question. They played school at first. It was a very select school, with only four scholars. Lennie, who was eight years old, and just recovering from the measles, the baby who yet remained in blissful ignorance of that troublesome disease, Colonel, the white curly dog, the baby's especial friend and playfellow, and the cat, who, when unmolested, loved everybody.

They sat in a row, upon the dining-room floor, looking very sober and dignified, as was natural under the circumstances.

"What is the shape of the earth?" demanded their young instructress, who stood directly in front of them, with geography in hand.

"Square as a brick," answered Lennie.

"Next."

"Da, da—a—a—h," replied the baby, promptly.

"She says it's round," said the teacher. "That's right."

"No, she didn't," cried Lennie, "she says it's squa—a—a—."

But Annie insisted that the question had been answered correctly. "For what is Vermont noted?" she inquired of the Colonel. "Speak up loud."

"Bow wow," said the doggy, emphatically.

"Very well indeed. Now, pussy, tell me all you know about the Green Mountains."

But, apparently, pussy knew nothing at all about them, for she gazed tranquilly about her for a second, then closed her heavy eyes for a nap.

"That will never do, miss," cried Annie, giving her a little shake. "Wake

up, ma'am, and attend to your lesson. Now, then—"

"Let me alone," said the cat, as plainly as actions could speak. "Don't you see that I'm dreadfully sleepy?" and she stretched herself out again upon the floor, and laid her head upon her fore paws.

"I will not have such actions!" and poor pussy suddenly found herself upon her feet, surveying her mistress with great green eyes, in which astonishment and indignation were beautifully blended.

"What can you say of the Green Mountains?" with another little shake.

The pupil was silent.

"Tell me, quick!"

"Pis-c-s-h!" said the cat, with whom patience had ceased to be a virtue.

"You shall stay fifteen minutes after school for that," exclaimed the indignant teacher, "and I don't know but I shall whip you."

The cat, however, seemed to have her own opinion about that, for she walked composedly to the window, gave a spring, and was out among the currant bushes before Annie could even think "Jack Robinson."

"O dear me!" she exclaimed. "Here's one of my scholars gone, and the others don't know much. I guess we'll have recess."

"I wish I could be a cat sometimes, when I don't know my lessons," said Lennie.

"You never would know your lessons, then," replied his sister, thoughtfully. "You'd be a cat every day of your life, you know you would."

"I'd climb trees and walk along on the tops of the houses," continued Lennie.

"And eat mice, and then lick your paws and wash your face," answered Annie, with a wry face. "Ugh!"

"If I was a cat, I should like it well enough."

"Perhaps you would, but I don't want to be a cat's sister. It's time for school to begin again, isn't it?"

But Lennie didn't want it to begin. The baby stretched out her little hands appealingly, and the dog signified his intention of changing his quarters.

"It's twelve o'clock, then," exclaimed Annie, wisely "making a virtue of necessity." "You can all go home. Come, Birdie."

And Birdie came, talking all the while in her sweet, baby way, cooing and crowing, and, in short, exhibiting such a profusion of infantile bewitchments, that Annie fell in love with her for the thousandth time.

"I don't believe she ever was quite so cunning," she cried at length. "Look, Lennie."

But Lennie didn't answer.

"Look, Lennie!"

There was no reply.

She dumped the baby down upon the lounge, propped up the little figure with pillows, placed before her her most enticing playthings, and started, with an anxious face, for the library.

Her worst fears were realized. Her little brother sat at the half open blind, so intent on his book that he knew nothing of her coming until she stood beside him. Then he turned with a quick, defiant look, scowling fiercely.

"Oh, Lennie! What would mother say?"

He was silent.

"Put that book right up!" continued Annie, authoritatively.

"I shan't do it. You ain't my mother."

"Mother told me to take care of you. I should think you might be good, Lennie."

No answer—the little boy's attention being apparently absorbed in the story.

"O, Lennie!" (there was a quiver of anxiety in the sweet, childish tones.) "please put it up. You'll be blind—I know you will—or your eyes will look red all round, like Ann McCormick's."

"Pooh!"

Here the baby, becoming suddenly conscious of her loneliness, gave a plaintive little cry.

"I must go back to Birdie. She'll do something to herself if I don't. If you'll come too, Lennie, I'll—I'll—tell you a story."

Lennie didn't say a word, but when the baby, soothed and comforted by Annie's presence, was about closing her sleepy eyes for a nap, he entered softly.

"Wait, just a minute, Lennie."

Birdie's blue eyes were shut up tight, then they opened,—closed softly,—opened,—closed,—opened,—just a little bit, as if to convince her wee self that things were all right before taking her departure to the Land of Nod, then, with the sweetest of baby smiles they closed again, and the little lady was asleep.

"Isn't she a darling, Lennie?"

"Yes," he replied, "but you said you'd tell me a story."

"So I did! Well, once there was a man, and he had the measles, and his mother told him not to—"

"Men don't have mothers," interrupted Lennie.

"Yes they do. Isn't grandma papa's mother?"

"Well, she never tells him not to do anything," persisted Lennie.

"She would if he had the measles, This man's mother told him not to try his eyes, and one day he got a book and read it, and his eyes were so sore the doctor had to—"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Lennie, who didn't like to have a moral thrust so pointedly upon him. "That isn't a nice story."

"The doctor had to put caustic on them," continued Annie.

"That would make them a great deal worse."

"So it did. He had to stay in a dark room for three years, and have them washed every two hours with salt and water."

"I don't care if he did," said Lennie, fidgeting in his chair. "Did he go blind at last?"

"Yes, stone-blind, so that he had to get a little dog to lead him."

"Colonel would lead me, if I went blind, wouldn't you, Colonel? Get me a piece of twine, Annie."

She sighed as she produced it from the table-drawer. "Be very careful, Lennie; don't wake the baby."

"I'm not going to play in the house." "Lennie Larkin!" and Annie's voice was really solemn in its earnestness.

"You must not go one step out of doors to-day with your measles."

"We'll see!" and having tied one end of the twine to the dog's collar, he took his hat from the nail. His sister, seeing the look of determination in his eyes, said not a word of expostulation, but did what was more effective with her wayward brother. She cried,—very quietly, to be sure, but in a grieving, sorrowful way that went right to that naughty little heart.

"I won't go. My hat's off, Annie, see!"

And she wiped her eyes and proposed a compromise. Colonel should lead him, but he should keep his eyes open, and not go very near the chairs and tables, "for you don't know, Lennie," she added apologetically, "how cross baby is, when she doesn't get her nap out."

Lennie agreed to her terms, and really meant to keep his promise. For awhile the dog, though evidently disliking the continued pulling upon his collar, went very carefully through the rooms, avoiding all obstacles. "There could be no harm in just closing his eyes for a second," Lennie thought. He did so and doggie, at the same instant, finding his bondage unsupportable, made for the open door. There was a large arm-chair in the way, over which Lennie tumbled, losing his hold of the string. The Colonel ran off barking triumphantly. Lennie laughed heartily, but, alas, the baby waked up crying with all her little might.

"You didn't mean to, so it's no matter," said patient Annie, "but I do wish mother'd come home."

"I shut my eyes—just for a minute," confessed Lennie.

But his sister was spared the necessity of replying, for just then the door opened, and—mother did come.

How quickly the baby's wail became a laugh,—Lennie's speckled face looked almost pretty, as it brightened, and Annie's eyes shone like "twinkling stars" in her delight.

Ah! It is good for the children that the mothers go sometimes, good to miss them for a little while, since the coming back is such pure happiness—but when they go to come no more—when God calls them to Himself—well, that too is good, since he does it—but, surely, he pities the motherless.

"I don't see how you take care of so many children, mother," said Annie, thoughtfully that evening, "and make us mind, and, everything. I was as tired as I could be this afternoon, just with Lennie."

"O, the mothers have to learn how," said the lady.

"To be sure he had the measles," added Annie, compassionately, "but, mother," (very earnestly) "what do you s'pose Mrs. Jackson did, when all three of her boys had them at once?"

"I think she 'possessed her soul in patience,'" replied the mother, laughing. "Do you know what that means, Annie?"—*Christian Register.*

HOW TO PLAY CEKWIK.

When I used to keep school, says a celebrated teacher, my boys would play a game with an Icelandic name—they called it Cekwik. One boy arranges ten or twelve things in the passage, by the door—say a mat, a boot, a brush, a hat, a cane, a broom, a book, a strap, a shawl, and a chair. Then, ten or fifteen other boys form in one rank, single file, and trot "double quick" past the open door, to see what they can see. Some see only two, others ten things; trot by the door again, and so learn to play Cekwik.

Robert Houdin and his son, the celebrated French magicians, had wonderful eyes for Cekwik. One day they passed just once through a library, on their way to a nobleman's drawing-room, where they were to show their wonders. The father blindfolded the son, and then went into the library with him, and asked his blinded son, "What books are these?" The son answered, "The works of Buffon." "How many volumes?"

"Nine." "How bound?" "Half calf, gold bands, broad." And so they went on, shelf after shelf—father and son—till the nobleman and his guests thought the son could see when blindfolded. But no! Robert and his son could play Cekwik, that's all.—*Exchange.*

GUARD THE WEAK SPOT.

All men, however strong, have a weak spot, like the rhinoceros, which, though plated like a monitor, is vulnerable to a spear-thrust below the plates. Satan is not such a fool as to attack the strong defenses; he would be sure to thrust at the vulnerable points. Some, indeed, think they have no weak place; and such people are right, for they are weak all over, and no part, therefore, could be called weak in particular. The polar bear has a weakness, which is for blubber, and his hunters knowing this, coil a piece of whalebone like a watch-spring, wrap it in blubber and freeze it. They then drop the tempting morsel in the way of a bear, who swallows it greedily; but as the blubber melts in his stomach, the whalebone springs out. The bear then rolls over in agony and they come up and kill him. Thus it is when men yield to an easily besetting sin; it will cut them asunder.—*Dr. H. M. Scudder.*

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

"Only one stitch at a time, Nellie," said her mother; "one stitch at a time without leaving off, and your task will be done, for it is not a long one. Remember, that it was by one step at a time that you learned to walk; by one letter at a time that you learned to read; by one stroke at a time that you learned to write." "Oh, mother, I never thought of that!" said Nellie. And her little fingers passed nimbly over the ruffle she was hemming, and in a little while the work was done.

THE PUZZLER.

We will send a copy of THE HOUSEHOLD for one year to the one who first sends full and correct answers to The Puzzler for any month. Answers should be sent with all contributions to this column.

Answers to The Puzzler in October number were first received from Orzina Lovall, Oakham, Mass.

ANSWERS:—1. My eight week's old baby. 2. "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

3. Comes there a time when wealth shall fail,

And life seem rest of every joy;

Comes there a time when sorrow's load

Thy brightest, happiest hours destroy;

Comes there a time when friends prove false,

Accusing thee of much that's wrong,

Still work away, still work away,

Fear not but let your faith be strong.

4. Charitable.

ENIGMAS.

1. I am composed of thirty-six letters. My 21, 8, 35, 11, 31, 26, 19 is a shout of joy.

My 2, 25, 3, 28 is a measure of land.

My 17, 14, 22, 26, 16, 18, 6 is one who esteems.

My 27, 36 is an exclamation.

My 31, 5, 33, 4, 14 is in front.

My 4, 30, 11, 23, 9 is the Arabic name of the Supreme Being.

My 2, 34, 29, 15, 32 is to grant.

My 7, 24, 10 is a French measure containing a hundred square metres.

My 21, 1, 1, 13, 20, 12 claims more than is due.

My whole is the name of a young lady reader of THE HOUSEHOLD.

2. I am composed of thirty-two letters. My 19, 27, 25, 9, 18, 2, 14, 3, 17, 32 is a lexicon.

My 13, 29, 15, 7, 31, 24, 22, 20, 10, 23 is not shortened.

My 12, 26, 30, 16, 8 are the thrusts of a pointed weapon.

My 1, 28, 5, 4, 21, 11, 6 is not in any place.

My whole is an author and his valuable lexicographical work of the English language. E.

CHARADES.

3. Know ye the heart of my generous first

So noble true and bold?

In spite of my second, on his brow,

He'll never be bought or sold.

Oh, my whole, whatever its hue or style,

Was worn by warriors well,

In the far off time, when romance weaves

Her glorious, witching spell.

4. From her star-gemmed eastern chamber,

My beautiful first comes slow,

With my second around and about her,

And the twitter of birdings low.

And my whole unfolds to meet her,

The Queen divinely fair,

And breathe in her royal presence

Her vows of incense rare.

MARY B. E.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

5. Tselcaepse. 6. Tdoypirit. 7. Hifpusowr. 8. Xdiralrol. 9. Deziprjaec.

SQUARE WORDS.

10. A kind of bird; is found in arithmetic; is a fowl; to advance.

11. A large fowl; flattery; a bird; a proper name; form of a verb.

ACROSTIC.

12. A military instrument; a quadruped; is used by soldiers; a city in New York; a kind of fruit; a flower; a title of nobility; a surgeon's instrument; a solid substance; a combustible mineral.

The initials form the name of a noted person.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

13. Fragrant; men of learning; a part of speech; name of a tree; to change; a species of plantain; sharpness. Initials, a state; finals, one of its counties.

A BOUQUET.

14. Plant a vowel and a man's name and what will come up?

15. Plant an animal and a girl's name and what will come up?

16. Plant a bird and an incentive and what will come up?

17. Plant a young man and an animal and what will come up?

18. Plant a part of the face and what will come up?

19. Plant a bad temper and what will come up?

HIDDEN RIVERS.

20. Fred is too indolent to study.

21. O, Eugene! see those crows!

22. Greenland is a cold country.

23. Go, my son, and win a noble name.

24. Does the grape-vine grow well in Florida?

26. We found our old kettle in the well. W.

JUMBLES.

Names of Towns.—26. Kaaomh. 27. Wne Abeenrrt. 28. Acdihkrw. 29. Arber. 30. Bbdnauhtosr. 31. Oihftinedr. 32. Obokdefirl. DOLLY V.



"FEARFULLY AND WONDERFULLY MADE."

Number Three.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

THE lungs, sometimes called the "fireplace of the house I live in," are remarkable, not only in their structure but in their office. In connection with the heart they occupy the chest, or upper part of the body, and are amply protected from external injuries by a thick wall of bones and muscles. The right is the larger and most important, containing three lobes, and the left but two, an ample space for the inhaled air, since the Creator is almost prodigal in his gifts to sinful man. Indeed, the loss of the left or smaller lung does not necessarily destroy life, since the remaining part of the organ for a time does the labor of both, a vicarious service by no means unusual in the human system, aptly referred to by the apostle when he says of the members of the body: "The members should have the same care one for another. And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it," a beautiful illustration indeed of the mutual dependence of the members of the body of Christ—the Church.

So much depends upon the lungs, both as regards their direct office and their relations to the vigor, strength and endurance of the body, that they necessarily occupy a large relative space in the physical economy. Indeed, the size of the chest and the consequent development of the lungs, in human beings or brutes, other things being equal, is the measure of physical power and endurance. A glance at such animals as the lion, bound, and all animals noted for speed and endurance, with the carrier-pigeon, humming bird, eagle, etc., illustrate the principle that lung-power is the synonym for physical endurance, the capacity of the chest being remarkable. While man breathes about twenty times each minute, the humming bird and the carrier-pigeon, both remarkable for their endurance and speed, breathe respectively seventy times and from one hundred and forty to one hundred and seventy times each minute, while the eagle, the "king of birds," uses an unusual amount of air. The man of power and endurance, is the man of a capacious chest, one who is prodigal in the use of the pure air of heaven, so bountifully supplied by the great and kind Father. And how abundant is that supply! Like a vast and shoreless ocean, it completely envelopes our globe, an aerial ocean to the depth of from forty to fifty miles! And yet how grudging we too often are in the use of this costless and yet invaluable fluid, so charged and loaded with health, invigoration, vivacity, vitality and power!

The structure of the lungs, aside from our observations, teaches us the propriety and necessity for a free use of this vital fluid. The tube leading from the throat to the lungs may be compared to a trunk of a tree, dividing as it enters the chest into two large branches, then

dividing and sub-dividing into almost innumerable branchlets, twigs, etc., terminating in air cells, corresponding with the leaves or buds of the tree, having an office not unlike that of the leaf. These air-cells are estimated to number six hundred millions, or as many as could be counted in more than thirty years, counting ten hours each day, at the rate of one hundred per minute! The internal surface of the lining membrane of the lungs exceeds that of the outer surface of the whole body, and has a very intimate sympathy with that surface. The necessity for such a vast extent of cell surface will be seen when we know the great design of the lungs as the organ of breathing. Side by side with these air-cells are blood vessels, with a thin membrane between, not unlike bank-note paper, the latter containing blood from the heart, sent here for purification, to be re-vitalized, after having made the circuit of the body, where it not only loses its vitality, but collects the waste, the impurities of the system, its worn-out and decayed particles, bringing all to this grand purifier, where some portions are re-vitalized and others thrown off by the act of breathing, the exhaled air being often loaded with foul and effete matter. So important is this breathing, this renovation, that it continues day and night during our whole existence, at the rate of about 28,800 times each day. The lungs when fully inflated, have a capacity of about one gallon, though we do not use that amount of air at each breath, some part always remaining and continuing the work of destroying the poisonous accumulations collected from our dying and decaying bodies. It is estimated that we daily use about 14,400 gallons of air each day, purifying our corrupt bodies far more rapidly than all of the quick "blood-purifiers" of the market, the result of a process that continues while we sleep, and over which we have but little control.

Taking the estimate of six hundred gallons of air each hour, I leave the reader to make his own estimate of the amount needed during the hours of sleep, and to decide whether the sleepers, to the number of from two to five in a small room, with closed doors and windows, made as nearly air-tight as convenient, secure as much air as their wants demand. Remember that the exhalations from our bodies, through the pores to the amount of about three-fourths of all solids and liquids taken into the stomach, added to the constant stream of effete, poisonous matter from the lungs, must as certainly contaminate this air as if decaying vegetable or animal substances were in the same room throwing off their pestiferous and sickening exhalations. We shrink from breathing the contaminated air of the tomb, and yet the air of some sleeping rooms differs far less than many suppose.

Is any one so ignorant as to suppose that the night air is poisonous and unfit for breathing? Does any one suppose that a God of infinite goodness has doomed human beings and animals to breathe a poisonous and pestilential air for about one-third of our existence? The absence of the action of the light of the sun may, in some slight degree, deteriorate the air, but not to any very appreciable extent. That the air may be slightly better during the day than just before sunrise, when we have been deprived of the light the longest time, may be true, yet we must breathe night air at night if we breathe at all, while

the attempt to shut out this supposed poison, even if it were a thousand times more deteriorated, would be to breathe our own exhalations, the vitiated air deprived of its vitality by breathing, a thousand times worse than the supposed poison. Indeed such night air, moist as it is, is far better for the purposes of mere breathing, than the dry and parching air of a hot day or an over-heated room. In consequence of insufficient clothing, such damp air may give us a cold, but not the breathing, since good authorities admit that moist air is best for the lungs, while dry, parches and inflames the throat and lung membranes. It is safe to use freely what our Father has so bountifully supplied.

It may also be remarked that while pure air is the food for the lungs, purifying the blood and energizing the body, this breathing necessarily vitiates the air, producing a poisonous gas, destructive to the lungs, and yet food for the vegetable kingdom, by which the poisonous element is absorbed and the oxygen, the life-principle of the air, returned, again to be used to sustain animal life, the two kingdoms mutually aiding each other. Again, while our food necessarily passes over the orifice leading to the lungs, a small portion of which might destroy life, if it should pass to the lungs, the very act of swallowing closes that orifice and thus averts a dire calamity, aside from which we should be almost in constant danger.

The next number will contain practical remarks in reference to some of the means of preserving this wonderful piece of mechanism.

INFECTIOUS DISEASES.

The following advice comes from a successful physician, regarding the best method of avoiding contagion in scarlet fever:

1. On the first appearance of the disease the patient should be placed in a separate apartment, as near the top of the house as possible, from which curtains, carpets, bed-hangings, and other needless articles of furniture should be removed, and no person except the medical attendant and the nurse or mother be permitted to enter the room.
2. A basin containing a solution of chloride of lime, or carbonic acid should be placed near the bed for the patient to spit in.
3. Handkerchief not to be used, but pieces of rag employed instead, for wiping the nose of the patient. Each piece after being used, should be immediately burned.
4. A plentiful supply of water and towels should be kept for the use of the nurse, whose hands of necessity will be soiled by the secretions of the patient. In one hand-basin the water should be impregnated with Condy's fluid of chlorides, by which the taint on the hands may at once be removed.
5. Outside the door of the sick room a sheet should be suspended so as to cover the entire doorway; this should be kept constantly wet with a solution of lime. The effect of this will be to keep every other part of the house free from infection.
6. The discharges of the bowels and kidneys of the patient should be received into vessels charged with disinfectants, such as the solution of carbolic acid or chloride of lime, and immediately removed. By these means the poison thrown off from internal surfaces may

be rendered inert, and deprived of the power of propagating disease.

7. The thin skin or cuticle which peels off from the hands, face and other parts of the body in convalescent patients, is highly contagious. This practice is to commence on the fourth day after the eruption, and to be continued every day until the patient is well enough to take a warm bath. These baths should be continued every day, for four times, when the disinfection of the skin may be regarded as complete. This, however, should not be done without first consulting the medical attendant.

The foregoing directions will apply to all kinds of fever, small pox, and other contagious diseases.

OBESITY.

Obesity, in some cases, is a disease, and causes great inconvenience. Others are extremely anxious to gain flesh, and become "fat and fair." It is a fact that those persons have the strongest muscles, and are the firmest built, can endure the most, and, generally, last the longest, who are not obese. So there are substantial reasons why sensible people should not prefer to be fat; nevertheless, there is a degree of cheerfulness, and merriment, even, about some obese persons, that renders them very cheerful companions, and the most agreeable company.

It has been said all the flesh and all the fat we ever gain is accomplished during sleep. There is, no doubt, some truth in this remark. The infant is usually fat, and it sleeps the greater part of the time. The fat person, also, sleeps very much. Old persons sleep but little, and when this season comes, as it does with by far the larger part, they begin to lose the rotundity of body which characterized them at middle life, and, as the common expression is, "dry up." This is not the case where such persons sleep as well as they did when they were younger.

The conclusion, then, to be drawn from these facts, is, if any desire to lose fat, and become thin, they must sleep but little. This will reduce obesity faster than any other means can.

A young minister was once candidate, and a very fat man of the parish, and a constant attendant, was asked how he liked the young clergyman's sermons. "I have but one fault to find with them," said he, "they are too short." The fact was, the fat old man went to sleep when the sermon commenced, and waked up only when it closed.

The best remedy for obesity is, keep cool by day and night, sleep little, moderate indulgence in eating and drinking, and plenty of exercise. Whoever will observe these rules will not be likely to become too fat. Some kind of food produce more fat than others; nothing is more fattening than Indian meal. The old way of fattening a goose, so tasty to epicures, was to tie its legs, put it in the chimney corner, and cram it with Indian meal. The same process will fat a human goose—keep still, keep warm, sleep most of the time, and live on hasty pudding.

—It is asserted that crude petroleum makes an excellent pain-reliever for parts that have been scalded or burned. It acts as a varnish, excluding the air, in which float millions of minute particles which, fastening themselves on wounds, give rise to inflammatory action.



CLAM CHOWDER.

BY F. S. A.

'Twas long years ago, yet I plainly remember
How, furnished with "fixins" by anxious mam-
mas,
A lot of us boys, one day in September,
Sailed off down the bay with cheers and hurrah.
The object of this demonstration was chowder,
And I rather conclude that we made one that
day
That excelled, as a chowder, any previous chowder
That ever was made on the shores of the bay.

What lots of hard crackers we put in that chowder!
And clams, with their heads off, potatoes and
pork,
And salt, I believe, and pepper in powder,
And how we kept fishing out "junks" with a
fork,
To see if 'twas time to "tackle" that chowder
And under our jackets to stow it away:
For we hungered for chowder, old Puritan chowder,
Such chowder as only is made down the bay.

'Twas not like those chowders you make in a
kitchen,
Little one-horse affairs, fit to make a boy sick;
That was made on the beach,—and our spoons,
how bewitchin'!
Each made of clam-shells fixed into a stick.
And when we'd at last got outside of that chowder,
We bunked in the seaweed the rest of the day.
And dreamed about chowder, delicious clam-chow-
der.
Till the shadows of twilight came down in the
bay.

I've been to the land where the "heathen Chinese"
Makes his dinner on bird's-nests and rats and
such trash;
I have eaten "square meals" in this land of the
free,
Consisting of sausages, mince-pie and hash;
But there's no use in talking,—such victuals and
chowder
Should never be mentioned upon the same day.
Because, you remember, the Pilgrims by chowder
Were saved from starvation down there in the
bay.

Now the boys are all gone who helped make that
clam chowder,
To the North and the South, to the East and
the West,
And I only remain; so I'll raise my voice louder
On this solemn occasion, and speak for the rest;
And, to close, as I happened to speak about chow-
der,
With tears in my eyes, I can honestly say
That of all the clam chowder, the greatest clam
chowder
Was that chowder of chowders we made down
the bay.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE COOK.

WE give below extracts from an ex-
cellent essay by Chas. A. Gale,
read before the Farmers and Mechanics'
Club, Keene, N. H. The thoughts pre-
sented are well worthy the consideration
of every housekeeper:

There is great pleasure in watching
the growth of the many vegetable pro-
ductions, in beholding the first swelling
buds upon the vine, studying the various
changes from blossom to fruit, and
watching its progress from day to day,
to its full maturity; yet this pleasure is
an unsatisfied one; there is impatience
for the day when the fruit shall arrive
at maturity, and we can taste its rich
flavors, and enjoy its delicious and
health-giving properties. Here seems to
come a consolidation of all previous
pleasures, and he who can enjoy with
his family and friends the luxury of the
rich and luscious fruit of his own cul-
tivation, and not feel his heart swell with
gratitude to Him who causeth "the seed
time and harvest, and giveth the increase

thereof," is a most ungrateful being.
There is beauty in the waving fields of
grain and corn, and he who cultivates
them experiences a pleasure in behold-
ing them, unknown to the mere passing
traveler; but the grand climax of com-
fort comes, when the fields have been
harvested, and the product is brought to
the table in the various forms of food,
some of it transformed to rich juicy
beef, perhaps, and all made to suit the
taste of the most fastidious, by the skill
of the cook.

I do not propose to give a lecture on
cuisine science, but rather to speak of
the effects of it. If there are any good
qualities in man, they will be sure to
show themselves, when he has partaken
a meal of wholesome food, prepared by
a skillful hand, and if there are bad
qualities in him, they will be very likely
to show themselves when he sits down
to the table, with a good appetite, and
finds that the cook has spoiled the meal,
and with it, his anticipated pleasure.
Here is an art (the art of cooking) that
concerns the whole race of man, and
one that has more influence on his life,
health and happiness, than is generally
conceded.

Now to become a good cook requires
skill, and to become skillful in any busi-
ness, requires practice and adaptation.
That the preparation of our food is in
the right hands, we are all willing to
admit, and that it is generally well done,
we will also admit, but I think at the
present day, the tendency is for our
young ladies to neglect this branch of an
education; for I take the ground, that no
young lady is a thorough and accom-
plished lady until she knows how to pre-
pare food in the various forms necessary
for health and happiness. No young
lady should be allowed to grow up to
womanhood without this accomplish-
ment, for if her position in life is such
that she never need practice it person-
ally, yet she will undoubtedly have
charge of those who must, and unless
she understands it practically herself,
she is unfit to judge of the qualifications
of her servants, or correct their faults.
I believe there is no one qualification
possessed by the housekeeper better
adapted for promoting and creating good
nature in the family, than being a good
and skillful cook.

He is indeed a happy man who sits
down with his wife and family, to enjoy
the family meal, and rises from the table
thinking and feeling that his wife is the
best cook in the world, and it will do no
harm if he encourages her a little by
telling her so.

It is not necessary that our food
should be composed of luxuries, and
dainties, or what is termed rich food,
to produce good nature, or give us pleasure;
but it should be food that is easily di-
gested; and this depends principally
upon the manner and skill of cooking.
It should also be made to please the eye,
as well as the taste, and this is why the
ladies are peculiarly adapted to this
branch of household duties. Nature
has endowed them with a finer organi-
zation than men, and they are thus en-
abled to arrange whatever they do in such
a manner as will please the eye, by the
delicate form, neat appearance, and or-
der of arrangement.

The richest food, and that prepared
from the choicest materials, will not al-
ways please the appetite, and may be
made to give a very unpleasant effect,
just because the eye is not pleased with
the appearance, at the same time a blind

person might pronounce it most excel-
lent. On the other hand food prepared
from very plain materials may be made
to give a very happy effect by the man-
ner in which it is prepared and arranged.
Now to be able to prepare the great va-
riety of food in general use, in the great
variety of forms in which it is used, and
do it successfully, requires more judg-
ment and skill than we imagine. The
mechanic works years under the instruc-
tion of superior workmen, before he can
perform and execute a nice piece of
work. When we contemplate the multi-
plicity of ways of preparing the numer-
ous varieties of food used in our fami-
lies, can we expect any person to do it
successfully, without a great deal of
practical experience? If any member of
the club thinks it can be done let him
try it by doing the ordinary cooking for
the family for a few days; he will be
convinced that he is not adapted to the
business.

It is claimed by good medical author-
ity, I believe, that the people in this
country consume too much food, taking
it in a too concentrated form, the the-
ory being that the system requires a
certain proportion of unnutritious with
the nutritious food. Take for instance
the cereals, or grains; the hull is con-
sidered unnutritious, yet it contains
silica, lime, phosphates, etc., that the
system requires, and must have to main-
tain a healthy condition. We remove
this portion, as nearly as we can, and
then consume as much in volume as we
ought if the unnutritious portion re-
mained. I do not believe that high
living, in the end, is productive of good
health or good nature, the tendency be-
ing to produce dyspepsia, gout, or some
other disease whereby a happy state of
mind is impossible. The subject of food
is one that should be thoroughly under-
stood by those who conduct the prepara-
tion of it, and I wish I could believe
that the young ladies of the present day
made this a prominent study in their
education.

It is all very well to know how to
make those "perfectly splendid" orna-
ments with crochet hooks, for they all
help to make a home pleasant, but it is
of vastly more importance to know how
to make a wholesome loaf of bread. It
takes all sorts of people to make a world,
and the happiness of mankind is not
entirely dependent upon the ladies.
Man has duties to perform as well as
they, and he too should know and do his
duty in the matter under consideration.
He should provide as good and comfort-
able a home as his circumstances will
admit; he should provide the necessary
furniture for comfortable housekeeping;
and keep the store-room supplied with a
good quality of all articles needed for
food; all these he should provide and
pay for, and finally he should provide
himself with a good sensible woman for
a wife, who knows how and is willing to
take care of them.

—The historical four and twenty black-
birds who were baked in a pie, have been
quite thrown into the shade by one hun-
dred chickens who furnished the interior
of a gigantic pastry in Bridgeport, Conn.
It took four men to carry it. These gi-
gantic dishes have their value, since they
show what ambitious cooks can do if they
try; but most people, if asked to dinner,
would prefer a pie of less discouraging
proportions, to which they could do jus-
tice without committing suicide.

THE DESSERT.

—A little girl wanted to say that she
had a fan, but had forgotten the name,
so she described it as "a thing to brush
the warm off you with."

—The Danbury News says: "An
amateur writes to us for the best way to
cure corn-stalks, but omits to tell us
what ails his corn-stalks."

—Some one says that the lion and the
lamb may lie down together in this
world, but when the lion gets up it will
be hard work to find the lamb.

—"Oh, my dear, there is a most lovely
set—pin, earrings, and sleeve-buttons.
Do go buy them." "Yes, my dear, I
mean to go by them as fast as possible."

—Puffing and blowing are often con-
sidered as synonymous terms. You
will discover a difference however, if
instead of puffing a man you should
blow him up.

—Once, during the war, Barnum was
at Washington exhibiting General Tom
Thumb and Admiral Nutt. Mr. Lin-
coln said: "You have some pretty
small generals, but I think I can beat
you."

—A farmer saw an advertised recipe
to prevent wells and cisterns from freez-
ing. He sent his money and received
the answer, "Take in your well or cis-
tern on cold nights, and keep it by the
fire."

—An Irishman, applying for license to
sell whisky, was asked if he possessed
a good moral character. "Faith, yer
honor," replied Pat, "I don't see the
necessity for a good moral character to
sell whisky."

—An exchange says that "the codfish
taken this season are of unusually large
size, many of them weighing from fifty
to sixty pounds." That's far too old.
How many of them does it take to weigh
fifty or sixty pounds?

—Josh Billings says: "We read that
Esau sold his birthright for soup, and
many wondered at his extravagance;
but Esau discovered early what many a
man has discovered since that it is hard
to live on a pedigree!"

—A man who assisted to empty sev-
eral bottles of wine, afterwards took a
walk. The pavements were quite icy,
and he exclaimed: "Very singular;
whenever water freezes, it always
freezes with the slippery side up."

—One of our august senators, who is
getting a little bald, was the other day
asked by his heir: "Papa, are you still
growing?" "No, dear, what makes you
think so?" "Because the top of your
head is coming through your hair."

—Baron Alderson, learned, gentle, and
good, could make puns, and had much
drollery. A jurymen once said that he
was deaf in one ear. "Well, then," said
Alderson, "you may leave the box, for
it is necessary that jurymen should hear
both sides."

—A good story is told of the students
of an Episcopal Institute, which is lo-
cated in the New England states. A
year or two since, just before Lent, the
principal of the school lectured the boys
upon the propriety of abstaining from
some accustomed article of diet during
Lent, and desired each one to write the
name of the article upon a slip of paper,
and hand them to him the next morn-
ing at the opening of the school. The
papers were handed in, and upon every
one was written the significant word
"Hash."



MY BOOKS.

BY E. JESSUP EAMES.

Gather ye round me, friends! for such ye are.
O mute companions of my thoughtful mood;
Mute, yet all-eloquent, your bright bows bear
The seal of welcome to your solitude.
Friends, who will fail me not in your high worth,
Your tones immortal thrill my raptured ear—
Your eyes, unaltered 'mid the change of earth,
Beam kindly on me, and I feel that here
My heart hath found its home. Bright beings of
the mind!
Children of Bard and Sage! Ye strangely
gifted
To glorify the beautiful, enshrined
In my soul's temple!—how have ye uplifted
With the calm radiance of your thoughts sublime,
My spirit above the ills and fleeting forms of
Time.

CORRUPTION OF LANGUAGE.

SO many persons without anything deserving the name of education have become writers by profession, that written language may almost be said to be principally wielded by persons ignorant of the proper use of the instrument, and who are spoiling it more and more for those who understand it. Vulgarisms, which creep in nobody knows how, are daily depriving the English language of valuable modes of expressing thought. To take a present instance: The verb transpire formerly conveyed very expressively its correct meaning, viz.: to become known through unnoticed channels,—to exhale, as it were, into publicity through invisible pores, like a vapor of gas disengaging itself. But of late a practice has commenced of employing this word, for the sake of finery, as a mere synonym to happen; "the events which have transpired in the Crimea," meaning the incidents of the war. This vile specimen of bad English is already seen by the dispatches of noblemen and viceroys; and the time is apparently not far distant when nobody will understand the word if used in its proper sense.

It is a great error to think that these corruptions of language do no harm. Those who are struggling with the difficulty (and who know by experience how great it already is) of expressing one's self clearly and with precision, find their resources continually narrowed by illiterate writers, who seize and twist from its purpose some form of speech which once served to convey briefly and compactly an unambiguous meaning. It would hardly be believed how often a writer is compelled to a circumlocution by the single vulgarism, introduced during the last few years, of the word "alone" as an adverb, "only" not being fine enough for the rhetoric of ambitious ignorance. A man will say, "to which I am not alone bound by honor but also by law," unaware that what he has unintentionally said is, that he is not alone bound, some other person being bound with him. Formerly, if any one said, "I am not alone responsible for this," he was understood to mean what (alone his words mean in correct English) that he is not the sole person responsible; but if he now used such an expression, the reader would be confused between that and two other meanings—that he is not only responsible but something more; or that he is responsible not only

for this but for something besides. The time is coming when Tennyson's *Enone* could not say "I will not die alone," lest she should be supposed to mean that she would not only die but do something else.

The blunder of writing predicate for predict has become so widely diffused that it bids fair to render one of the most useful terms in the scientific vocabulary of logic unintelligible. The mathematical and logical term to eliminate is undergoing a similar destruction. All who are acquainted either with the proper use of the word or with its etymology, know that to eliminate a thing is to thrust it out; but those who know nothing about it except that it is a fine looking phrase, use it in a sense precisely the reverse,—to denote, not turning anything out, but bringing it in. They talk of eliminating some truth, or other useful result, from a mass of details. —*Christian Era*.

TALK AND INSPIRATION.

Good talk is not a matter of will at all; it depends—you know we are all half-materialists nowadays—on a certain amount of active congestion of the brain, and that comes when it is ready and not before. I saw a man get up the other day in a pleasant company, and talk away for about five minutes, evidently by a pure effort of will. His person was good; his voice was pleasant, but anybody could see that it was all mechanical labor; he was sparring for wind, as the Hon. John Morrissey, M. C., would express himself. Presently—

Do you—Beloved, I am afraid you are not old enough—but do you remember the days of the tin tinder-box, the flint and steel? Click! click! click! — Ah-h-h! knuckles that time! click! click! click! a spark has taken, and is eating into the black tinder, as a six-year-old eats into a sheet of gingerbread.

Presently after hammering away for his five minutes with mere words, the spark of happy expression took somewhere among the mental combustibles, and then for ten minutes we had a pretty, wandering, scintillating play of eloquent thought, that enlivened, if it did not kindle, all around it. If you want the real philosophy of it, I will give it to you. The chance thought of expression struck the nervous center of consciousness, as the rowel of a spur stings the flank of a racer. Away through all the telegraphic radiations of the nervous cords flashed the intelligence that the brain was kindling, and must be fed with something or other, or it would burn itself to ashes. And all the great hydraulic engines poured in their scarlet blood, and the fire kindled, and the flame rose; for the blood is a stream that, like burning rock-oil, at once kindles, and is itself the fuel. You can't order these organic processes, any more than a milliner can make a rose. She can make something that looks like a rose, more or less, but it takes all the forces of the universe to finish and sweeten that blossom in your button-hole; and you may be sure that when the orator's brain is in a flame, when the poet's heart is in a tumult, it is something mightier than he and his will that is dealing with him! —*Atlantic Monthly*.

THE FLOWER CLOCK.

The flowers of certain plants are so sensitive to the effect of light and heat

that they open and close at exactly the same time from day to day, marking the sun's altitude and inclination. This fact was made, by Linnæus, the great botanist, the basis of many experiments and observations, resulting in the arrangement called his "floral clock." It consisted of three divisions, containing flowers that open and close earlier or later according to the state of the atmosphere. This was the "meteorological division," and indicated the state of the weather. A "tropical division," as it was called, contained flowers that marked sunrise and sunset; and a "horological division," consisting of flowers that open and close at fixed and invariable hours. It is a curious fact that there are twenty-four varieties of plants whose blossoms open successively at the different hours of the day and night. Looking over this list, we find the day-lily opens at five o'clock, A. M. and evening primrose at five o'clock, P. M. Midnight belongs to the "cactus grandiflorus," or night-blooming cereus, whose magnificent flower expands and diffuses a subtle perfume soon after sunset, gradually unfolds, and then closes just before day-dawn, when its strange mission is ended. The African marigold opens at seven o'clock in the evening and closes at four, if the weather be fair. If it does not open, rain is certain for the next day. It is said that flowers of the water-lily close and sink into the water precisely at sunset, rise again to the surface and expand with sunrise. Pliny described the lotus of the Euphrates, which followed the same order; and the reverence which was paid by Egyptians to the lotus is supposed by some to be from this association with the sacred sun. Flowers and fruits of the lotus are engraven on eastern tombs and monuments, and adorn the heads of their sculptured deities. Besides the "floral clock," there is a floral calendar in which each month is marked by its own loyal flower. —*Christian Weekly*.

WRITING FOR THE PAPERS.

Some folks have queer ideas about the privileges and immunities granted to the press, an amusing instance of which has just come to our knowledge. A spruce young lady entered a Fourth District store a few days since, and said to the clerk who came to wait on her, "I've just commenced to write for the papers."

"Yes—Miss—I am glad to hear it."

"Yes," she continued, "I've just commenced to write for the papers, and I came to see what you would like to give me."

"Give you, Miss?" said the surprised clerk.

"Yes; don't care much what it is to begin with, a dress, or a dozen handkerchiefs, or—"

"I don't exactly understand," interrupted the clerk.

"Why, I am writing for the papers," she glibly replied; "and gentlemen who write for the papers go to the theaters, hotels, restaurants, furnishing stores—everywhere, and get just what they want, and I know they never pay anything; now why shouldn't I do the same—you know this is an era of woman's rights," and she gave a coquetish toss of her head, and one of the sweetest smiles imaginable.

The gentlemanly clerk informed her that that was one of the stores where the "free" list had been suspended. She manifested great surprise at this in-

formation, but soon recovering her equanimity she inquired if the gentleman knew of any store where the free list was still kept open. The clerk whispered to her the name of a well known merchant, and the lady departed for the new haven, but with what reception she met we have not learned. —*Boston Globe*.

MAZZINI'S PHILOSOPHY.

Life is a mission. Every other definition of life is false, and leads all who accept it astray. Religion, science, philosophy, though still at variance upon many points, all agree in this, that every existence is an aim. Were it not so, of what avail were the movement, the Progress, which all are beginning to recognize as the Law of life. And that aim is one: to develop and bring into action all the faculties which constitute and lie dormant in human nature—Humanity,—and cause them harmoniously to combine towards the discovery and application of that law.

But individuals, according to the time and space in which they live, have various secondary aims, all under the direction of and governed by that one supreme and permanent aim; and all tending to the constant further development and association of the collective faculties and forces. For one man, this secondary aim may be to aid in the moral and intellectual improvement of the few immediately around him; another, gifted with superior faculties, or placed in more favorable circumstances, the secondary aim is to promote the formation of a Nationality; to reform the social condition of a people; to solve a political or religious question.

Our own Dante understood this, when, more than five centuries ago, he spoke of the great Sea of Being upon which all existences were led by power divine towards different ports. Mankind is young yet, both in knowledge and power, and a tremendous uncertainty still hangs over the determination of the special aims to which we are bound to devote ourselves. —*Joseph Mazzini*.

THE REVIEWER.

THE GIFT OF THE KNEES; or The Ministry of Prayer the Ministry of Power. In one volume 16 mo. 328 pp. Published by the American Tract Society through Hurd and Houghton, New York: The Riverside Press, Cambridge.

Any one conversant with current religious literature must be struck with the prominence given to the subject of prayer. Every religious paper discusses the subject in its various bearings, and new books are constantly appearing, all of which indicate the interest which people are taking in the matter. "The Gift of the Knees," is the quaint title of the latest book which the Tract Society has issued. There is an introduction explaining the origin of the title and recalling a racy book which the last generation will remember, Huntington's "Bank of Faith." Reference is also made to Muller's "Life of Trust," and the reader is then presented with stimulating narratives, illustrating the subject, two by the well known author, Mrs. Shipton, and one "Three Days in the Life of Gellert," a charming tale from the German, which we are confident will become very popular. The whole book is crowded with reading, and will prove a cheap and acceptable book for general reading and for Sunday-school libraries. For sale in Brattleboro by Cheney & Clapp.

"CURTIUS'S HISTORY OF GREECE," the third volume, is just issued. This stands for the fourth book of the original, and brings the narrative through the Peloponnesian war. We have on the appearance of the former volumes spoken of the great merits of this work. The present volume confirms us in the high estimate which we formed of the history. There is abundant evidence of a wide and exact scholarship and a true historical insight on the part of the author. His style is clear and vigorous. The work of translation has

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Slow. mp.

1. Mid pleas-ures and pal - a - ces, tho' we may roam, Be it ev - er so humble, there's no place like home; A

2. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz-zles in vain; Oh, give me my low - ly thatched cottage a - gain; The

*cres.**cres.*

charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there; Which seek thro' the world is ne'er met with else-where.

birds sing-ing gai - ly, that come at my call; Oh! give me that peace of mind, dear-er than all.

cres.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ev - er so hum - ble, There's no place like home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ev - er so hum - ble, There's no place like home.

been done by Prof. Ward. The revision and the index were prepared by Prof. Packard, of New Jersey College.

MY HERO, OR CONTRASTED LIVES. D. Lathrop & Co., Boston, Mass.

This beautiful volume is from the pen of Mrs. A. E. Porter, and it is not too much to say that in the matter of ability, in beauty of style and expression, it is rather above the generality of books issued by this House, so long noted for the excellence of its publications, both as regards the matter and the mechanical execution. The object seems to be especially to illustrate the great mission of the gospel, to reach the lowly and elevate them, improving body, mind and soul. The book is instructive and must exert an excellent moral influence, really valuable.

SCHOOL DAYS OF BEULAH ROMNEY. By Julia A. Eastman.

This is another volume from the favorite author fully equal to its predecessors in its literary merits,—enough to say. Its design is to portray the peculiarities and perhaps the dangers of boarding-

school life and it is done in an able manner by one who evidently "knows what she affirms." The style is beautiful, the sketches and portraits exceedingly life-like—a book of marked ability and literary merit. Published by Lathrop & Co., Boston, and sent post paid, for its price, \$1.50.

HARPER'S WEEKLY for Nov. 2, is fully up to its usual standard. The political articles are good and the news well selected. With this number is issued a gratuitous eight page supplement containing the second installment of F. W. Robinson's new novel "Little Kate Kirby." Middlemarch is continued and there is in addition much entertaining reading matter beside numerous illustrations.

MERRY'S MUSEUM has been united to the *Youth's Companion*, of Boston—a union of the two oldest of our youths' publications. Nathaniel Willis, father of N. P. Willis, first published the *Companion*, nearly fifty years ago—and to-day, it is one of the sprightliest and most enterprising sheets in the country.

OLD AND NEW opens with an article in which the editor vindicates the right of his magazine to

discuss politics. We have a new chapter of "Ups and Downs," and the second paper on "How to Sleep." James Martineau contributes an article on "God and Humanity" and Mrs. Greenough begins a new serial with the title of "Pythania." The Examiner reviews several books and Record of Progress considers the Indian Policy, and the Old Catholic Church of Holland.

LIPPINCOTT'S for November contains, first From Field to Fireside, an illustrated article on the manufacture of Straw Paper; then it has an essay on the London Season; a Waverly on T. Buchanan Read; Torpedoes and their Uses in the Navy; Sketches of Southern Life, and other articles of merit. Our Monthly Gossip and Literature of the Day complete a good number.

THE YOUNG FOLKS' RURAL is a novelty among publications for Young People, entirely different from any other in style and character. Cash prizes are given for best "compositions." Write for a specimen number and particulars, which will be sent free. Terms, \$1.50 per year—\$1.00 in clubs of four and more, and every subscriber re-

ceives a pair of beautiful chromos as a gift. Splendid premiums to those who form clubs. Address H. N. F. Lewis, Publisher Chicago.

THE NURSERY.—The last number is as full as ever of pretty illustrations and charming stories to delight the eyes and ears of the little folks.

The New York Evening Post says of ARTHUR BONNICASTLE, Dr. Holland's Serial, commenced in SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for November: "Only one chapter of twelve pages is given, but this is enough to awaken interest. There is a good deal of quiet humor in the dialogue, and the characters are fresh and natural, while the style of the descriptive passages, it need scarcely be said, is fluent and fascinating. Much of the effect of Dr. Holland's writing is to be attributed to the ease and grace of the composition. The dramatic promise of Arthur Bonnicastle, however, is such as to make us regret that the author has not been writing novels these many years."

We have just received too late for extended notice No. 5 of Half Hour Recreations in Popular Science. Estes & Lauriat, Publishers, Boston, Ms.



RAG CARPETS.

BY JOSIE KEEN.

I WAS busy glancing over some newly arrived magazines when a frequent visitor to my sanctum called out:

"Why, Josie, what an old-fashioned subject to write upon."

"Saucy meddler, what have you been doing with my writing materials?"

"Don't be alarmed, lady mine; for I would not presume to touch anything belonging to a blue-stocking. It was a cooling puff of wind which meddled among your sacred missives and wafted this scrap at my feet."

"Ah! I see, it is some notes I had dotted down upon rag carpets. But why are you so horrified at my selecting such a subject to wield my pen in favor of?"

"The very idea! at this enlightened day, too, when rag carpets are scarcely heard of, much less used."

"It is true they are not as much in vogue as in the good old times of our ancestors when even the best parlors were adorned by a bright, striped, rag carpet. And how much pride they took in them—telling how they had cut and pieced every scrap of rags themselves; dyed, and wove them, too! They have, indeed, become in a measure obsolete; and yet, after all, a good, substantial rag carpet may be made very useful in a common sitting-room, or back bed-room even at the present day."

"That's true! For I declare boughten carpets, now days, are just good for nothing. Why, an ingrain is in holes almost as soon as we get it down. And as to those pointed Brussels—the least said about them the better."

"Well really, Kate, but a moment ago you were crying out against my writing upon an old fashioned subject, and yet, you give the strongest argument in favor of the durable, old fashioned, rag carpet!"

"Not exactly, Josie. I must confess, though, I do get out of patience with such people as the Jones, who used to live in a substantial way when their parents, and grand parents occupied the dear old farm; everything so comfortable, and no scrimping anywhere. But now, Belinda must have everything in the latest fashion; yet only in the rooms kept for show. And the consequence is in the family sitting-room, which ought to look as bright and pretty as possible, she has put down the old parlor carpet, which was pointed Brussels once upon a time, and grand enough, no doubt, as far as looks went—but now—why you might as well tack down some coarse canvass, or crash, and call that a carpet!"

"What you say, Kate, is very true. Those carpets are pretty and rich-looking in a drawing-room, which is not much used, and when real Brussels or velvet cannot be afforded, but in an ordinary farm parlor, heavy three plys are best, for in front of a frequently used sofa, or near the piano used by children for daily practice, the imitation Brussels soon looks shabby. And then, to feel

obliged to make it hold out still longer

elsewhere would to me prove unpleasant economy. So you see I mean to advocate, for some uses, the substantial rag carpet, which every notable housewife can make herself at very little cost."

"Yes; and have something, too, which chairs and tables can be pushed about upon without sour looks or cross words when the men come in tired from work. Now I am needing just such a carpet for the family dining-room, and since you have converted me as to their sensibility and durability, do give me some recipes for dying."

"That is just what I was intending to prepare for the many readers of THE HOUSEHOLD, and I will with pleasure look over my notes to see if I have anything that may be new to you. The recipes which I have collected are said to be excellent. Here is one for madder red: For four pounds of yarn or cloth, take two pounds of madder, and four ounces of madder compound. Let the madder soak twelve hours in sufficient soft water to cover the cloth you wish to dye, then, the following morning, add the madder compound—wet your cloth in clean soft water, ring it out and put it into the dye, place the kettle over the fire and bring it slowly to a scalding heat, which will take twenty or thirty minutes; keep it at this heat half an hour if a light red is wanted, and longer if you desire a dark one, or until you have the desired shade, then rinse immediately in cold soft water. I have been told, Kate, that frequent raising of the cloth with a clean stick, so as to expose it to the air will very much improve the color."

"It all sounds well enough, but I do not know how I should succeed as a dabbler in dyes. Now can you give me one for green. But please wait until I can sharpen my pencil a little better, and then I can copy off the recipes faster. For know, it is said, 'sharpening a pencil is one of the things a woman cannot do.'"

"This is my recipe for green, on cotton: Take three ounces of copperas, four ounces of prussiate of potash, two ounces bichromate of potash, two ounces of sugar of lead, two ounces of sulphuric acid. Dissolve the copperas, prussiate of potash, bichromate of potash and sugar of lead in sufficient hot water to cover your cloth, put in your cloth and let it remain for half an hour, then take it out and add the sulphuric acid; stir well together, and again put in the cloth and keep it hot until colored. Color in brass. I have a more simple recipe for green, and one may like it better: For every three pounds of cloth or yarn, add three and one-half pounds of alum and one of fustic, steep to get the strength, but not boil; soak the cloth, until it acquires a good yellow, throw out the chips and add the indigo or chemic blue by degrees until you have the desired shade of green. For salmon color, boil annatto in soap suds, put in enough to give the shade you wish."

"Your last recipe, Josie, is not very definite, but I will set my wits to work to have it just right."

"Well, dear, if you wish every recipe to be exact as to proportions here is another for salmon color: For four pounds of woolen or cotton, dissolve four ounces of otter in sufficient soft water to cover the cloth; add enough soft soap to make an ordinary suds, boil together for ten minutes, then put the cloth into the dye and keep near a boiling heat for half an hour, then remove and rinse in clear soft water. For orange, on woolen or

cotton, take six ounces of sugar of lead, four ounces of bichromate of potash. Bring to a boiling heat in two kettles sufficient soft water in each to cover your cloth, then add to one kettle the sugar of lead, and to the other the bichromate of potash; then soak your cloth in lime water (of the proper strength to drink) then place your cloth in the kettle of lead and boil five minutes, then transfer it to the kettle of potash and shaver until you have the desired shade, then rinse as usual. For four pounds of yellow on woolen or cotton, take four ounces of sugar of lead, two ounces of bichromate of potash, and proceed in the same manner as for orange."

"These last recipes are simple enough, Josie, for even such an ignoramus as I am. Now please hunt me up a dye for blue."

"I have three or four different recipes for blue, Mrs. Young, one for woolen and one for cotton. But here is one for either woolen or cotton, and may best serve your purpose. For four pounds of blue, take two ounces of pulverized Birmingham Blue four ounces of German Compound. Dissolve the blue in sufficient hot water to cover your cloth; put in your cloth and keep it hot for half an hour, take out your cloth and add the compound, again put in your cloth, and keep hot until colored. A new, beautiful and permanent blue color. I am told, may be produced by dissolving metallic antimony in aqua regia, and adding a solution of prussiate of potash so long as any precipitate falls. It can scarcely be distinguished from ultramarine. With chromo yellow it yields a green almost equal in color to Schweinfurth green, and not possessed of the latter's poisonous properties."

"Oh, thank you for this recipe for either blue or green! I'll try them, and if I succeed, perhaps I can color over the children's woolen sacques and make them look as good as new."

"Why, Kate, if you would like something for the children I have a recipe for a beautiful scarlet on woolen. For four pounds of cloth, take four ounces of powdered cochineal, four ounces of pure cream of tartar, eight ounces of cochineal compound and eight ounces of alum. Bring to a boiling heat sufficient soft water to cover the cloth you intend to dye, then add the cochineal and pure cream of tartar. Boil for ten minutes, then add the cochineal compound, stir the mixture with a clean stick; then strain, after which the cloth may be put in and kept hot for half an hour, frequently raising it up and exposing to the air, then remove the dye, and rinse in alum water, made by dissolving four ounces of alum in one gallon of soft water. For a delicate pink take for four pounds of cloth one ounce of powdered cochineal and one-fourth ounce of alum. Boil the powdered cochineal in sufficient water to cover your cloth, for half an hour, then strain carefully to remove all sediments, and put in your cloth, having been previously soaked in alum water, and let it stand until you have the desired shade—rinse in soft water."

Here is one, Kate, to color yourself with. Excuse me, I mean to do over your light delains. Dove and slate color, of all shades, are made by boiling in an iron vessel a tea-cupful of black tea with a teaspoonful of copperas and sufficient clean water. Dilute this until you get the shade desired. Sugar paper

boiled and set with alum, makes a similar color."

"Thanks for all the recipes for dying but the one for myself. Had it been anything to help make me fairer it might be worth while to try it; for Will says I am growing as black as can be, and freckled, too, working over my flowers; but I tell him he has no doctor's bill to pay, and this is my best argument for spending so much time out of doors, to say nothing of the beauty of well cultivated plants."

"They do indeed add greatly to the appearance of a home, I am glad you take an interest in flowers, for it gives pleasure to your neighbors as well as to yourself. For one, I am always tempted to linger near your pretty place."

"Are you? Well do drop in often, as well as linger near us, for I shall have a welcome ready for you at anytime."

"I'll try and do so; but you knew we of the quill are kept somewhat confined."

"Too much so for your own good. Pardon me for entreaching upon your valuable time. *Au-revoir!* You shall soon hear of my rag carpet."

HOW TO COOK MEATS.

BY KATHERINE VAN DRAECKEN.

EDITOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD.—*Str:*—I have seen in THE HOUSEHOLD more than one inquiry "How to cook meats." Having boarded for some years in the primitive places of Yankee-land, I can fully appreciate the want of some change from the system of frying the lesser and baking the larger pieces of meat, varied only by hash, or a greasy stew of the fragments, and an occasional "boiled dish" of salt fibres. In my own practice as a housekeeper, I have adopted some few dishes for common use, as suited to limited resources, tough beef, and a cook who is also mistress and maid of all work. An English cookery book, or Soyer's cheap little hand book of "Cookery for the million," would give much valuable instruction on this head to those who can procure them.

Stewed Beefsteak.—Slice some onions and fry brown. Pound the meat with a hammer, fry it over a hot fire till it browns a little; turning each piece as soon as it has been a few seconds in the pan, to keep in the juice. Put it into any kind of saucepan that can be tightly covered, (a tin pail will answer,) pour water into the frying pan, and put this brown liquor, with the fried onions, to the beef. Let it simmer slowly for an hour, or less if the beef be tender. Other seasoning may be added, according to taste, or to vary the dish, such as tomatoes, fresh or in ketchup, sage and summer savory, or a grated carrot. Young green onions, such as must be thinned out, are good cut up in it; pepper and salt as a matter of course; a teaspoonful of curry powder for those who can get it is a great improvement occasionally, or a few celery seeds.

Steamed Beef.—I rarely bake beef, it is apt to make it tough, wastes and dries the meat very much, and requires a hot fire for a length of time that may be inconvenient on the score both of heat and consumption of fuel. I have a "pudding-pan," a tin pail slightly conical in shape, with tight cover and no handle; this is an invaluable utensil not only for cooking meat, but puddings, rice, milk, and anything liable to burn at the bottom. A common tin pail may be used by setting it on an old tin plate

with holes bored in it, inverted on the bottom of a kettle. In either case you must turn a pan or something over the kettle, so as to cover both it and the pail. My pudding-pail sets in a common round-bottomed iron kettle so that it rests on the rim, and does not touch the bottom. Be careful to add water to the kettle from time to time; the sound will generally admonish an accustomed ear that it is getting low.

When you have any good-sized piece of meat to cook, cut it off the bones, in as large pieces as possible; keep the bones for gravy or soup, and pack the meat tightly into the pail without water. If to eat cold, it is best to put no seasoning but salt and pepper; otherwise some sliced onion or other seasoning (as above described) may be put among the meat. It may be covered with a thick crust made with shortening, saleratus and sour milk; this improves the meat by keeping in the steam and flavor, while it also helps to feed a large family. Considerable gravy will be found in the pail when it is cooked. The time of cooking depends on the quantity of meat and size of pieces; from three to six hours. Those who like fat can leave it on the meat; I cut off all the larger pieces and try them out for shortening.

Beefsteak Pudding should be steamed as above, but must not be cooked so long; about two hours is enough. Line the pail with a good pudding crust, put the meat in layers, with chopped onion, pepper, and salt between, and fill up with water or broth. Other meat is good the same way; if pork, season with sage and onion.

In all the above dishes it is best to pour off the gravy and let it stand to be cold if you have opportunity, taking off the fat; otherwise skim it as well as you can. Greasy gravies and soups are considered in England the sign of a poor cook, and are not wholesome. Country housewives often wish to retain the grease as constituting "richness." Whenever meat of any kind is boiled, be sure to save the liquor; if too salt, add coarse fresh meat or bones, and boil together. Do not throw away any bones or fragments, if there be any meat left on the bones. Get occasionally a shank or any other coarse piece of meat, and boil all such bones, pieces, and liquor in simple water till only bare bones are left. Strain off the liquor; next day take off the fat, and keep this "stock" for use, in an earthen vessel, not metal. In winter it keeps a long time; in warmer weather scald it from time to time. When you require gravy for any stewed or fried meat, especially for dishes made from cooked meat, use this instead of water. Season as you like, varying the seasoning according to the recipe first given. For gravy thus made, as well as all those mentioned before, a little flour should be mixed in cold water and stirred into the boiling liquor just before serving.

Brown Gravy.—Fry some onions brown, pour in the stock and stir up, with or without other seasoning than pepper and salt, then thicken with flour, or flour and butter. Cloves and allspice may be used sometimes with seasoning, but sparingly. This brown gravy is good with any fried meat, cooked or uncooked. Also slices of the steamed or any cooked meats can be warmed up in it, without allowing them to boil unless under-done, or cooked remnants may be chopped fine and warmed up in it.

White Gravy.—The stock should prop-

erly be made from shanks or bones of white meat, chicken, turkey, or veal. When all the meat is cut off from such bones, boil them to pieces, leaving out the skins of poultry. Having no fat, the liquor will not require skimming, so the seasoning may be boiled with them; a small quantity of onion, a little sage and summer savory, and a few bits of mace if you have it. Strain off the liquor and thicken it with cream if you can, and flour, adding also a little nutmeg and essence of lemon, or some lemon peel may be boiled in the stock. For want of cream I use the stock pretty strong, and add to it a bowl of milk in which one or two eggs are beaten up, with flour to thicken. Any pieces of white meat are nice warmed up in this sauce, not only veal, chicken, and turkey, but fresh pork. A little cayenne instead of black pepper is good for this gravy. What is left the first day can be chopped up and warmed for the next, either alone or mixed with cold potatoes, mashed. Common beef stock can be used for it.

Meat Cakes are most useful, and generally liked. When you have to make a dinner from no apparent materials but some scanty scraps, chop up all the bits you can find that are not bone or gristle, if not enough add some salt pork, previously cooked, or it will not chop well. A little fat pork is in any case an improvement; put more or less, according to the mouths you must fill and the scarcity of meat.

Season brown meats with onion, sage, summer savory, a little spice for a change, pepper and salt. Take dry remnants of bread, wheat or Indian, soak in milk, water, or gravy, press pretty dry and mix with the meat, about half and half, or more bread if there be much fat pork. Add one or two eggs and some dry crumbs, or even a little meal if the mixture be too wet, stir well together, and when the frying pan is hot and well greased, shape cakes by taking up a spoonful and shaping it with a knife. This is very little trouble; if to look neater, have the mixture rather dry, and shape it with the hands into cakes, before frying. Fry brown.

White meats should be seasoned with a little onion, sage, summer savory, parsley, (with or without the other herbs) nutmeg, and lemon peel or essence. Potatoes can be used instead of bread, or in addition to it; also cold boiled rice. These cakes are good hot or cold, and are very nice warmed up in either of the gravies described before. They are excellent to take cold as provisions for a journey.

Stew with Vegetable.—Coarse or tough pieces of meat will answer for this. Put them in a kettle with carrots, turnips, onions, dried peas or beans, all or either of them, only some onion is necessary. Slices of potato may be added, but should be put in rather later than the meat. Also green peas grown old and hard, or lettuce too old for salad, or green onions. Add salt and pepper, herbs or celery seed, (or leaves,) tomatoes, or any such seasoning, to vary the dish and suit the taste and convenience. Cover with water or weak broth, and stew slowly for some time, till the meat is quite tender. Dry peas and beans may need previous boiling. If put on after breakfast, the stew will be ready for dinner. Small dumplings may be added to it.

These recipes will give a foundation for many cheap and varied dinners. A

shank of beef made into soup, with vegetables as above, is good and economical. The meat should be cut off when tender, and the bones, etc., boiled much longer. This should be done the previous day, and the liquor be used for boiling the vegetables, peas, or beans, first taking off the fat. When ready, cut the meat in dice, and warm up in the soup. Rice or dumplings can be also used with it.

SUGAR.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

Disregarding the ultra views of those who would discard the use of sugar entirely, it must be manifest to the intelligent observer that, in New England more especially, we are using saccharine substances far too freely. In this respect as in all others it is safe to consult nature, having regard to supply and to the form in which it is supplied, and to the time, as well, in which its special use seems to be indicated. In addition to the vast supply in the cane and in various trees, the mingling of sweets with other juices in our fruits and vegetables, with an indirect supply from the ample stores of starch in the grains and in some of the vegetables, may teach us a lesson in relation to the time in which it is more especially needed, and the form in which it may be more advantageously employed. And here it may be remarked that in nature its supply is in a very reduced state, its concentration being the result of art, indicating plainly that the simple and reduced or weaker form is that in which its appropriation in the human body is the most favorably effected.

It also may be remarked that it is especially necessary in the cool weather as a means of sustaining the animal heat, or at least carbon in some one of its forms—fat, starch or sweets—this being in far greater demand in a climate like ours, than nitrogen or the sustainer of muscular power. The supply in the hot season, as seen in the fruits, so juicy and cooling, is very limited, indicating that the heat element should be used very sparingly at this season. On the contrary, at the first approach of the hot weather our fruits, as the strawberry, currant, etc., contain instead a decided acid or sub-acid, intended to exert a powerful and healthful influence on the thick and turbid blood, so highly carbonized by the excessive use of this element during the cold weather. If this is nature's plan—and no one can reasonably doubt it—the folly must be apparent of counteracting this benevolent plan by the excessive use of the sweets with these berries, the acids of which are intended for a wise and benevolent purpose. That the carbon in some one of its three special forms is absolutely needed during the cold weather (and perhaps the starch, so generously supplied, is as favorable as any) cannot be denied, while it is equally manifest that its disuse or its very limited use in the hot weather is indicated not only by the limited supply but by our tastes, which favor less of the oils and sweets and more of the succulent products, the acids, the food containing but little save cooling juices.

We have an admirable illustration of the same principle in the prominent foods of the tropics, containing but a small per cent. of carbon, in contrast with those of the polar regions, where the concentrated oils are employed, from

apparent necessity, in almost disgusting excess as a means of sustaining the necessary heat of the body, wonderfully if not miraculously keeping it at about 98° Fahr. Of course the exchange of foods by these inhabitants of different climates would prove adverse, if not fatal to life.

But with all the necessity for carbonaceous food in cool and cold climates, it is manifestly true that we are using an excess of fuel, particularly in the form of pastry, used only in great moderation on the Eastern continent, and scarcely known in some countries. As a legitimate and necessary result of such a free use of rich and concentrated dishes, such strange combinations, such complicated dainties as our fashionable pastries, it is by no means remarkable that we as a nation, especially in New England and in some parts of the west, are the victims of that fearful disease known as dyspepsia—a worn out stomach. It is utterly impossible to tax the stomach with such indigestible compounds, goad it with such irritating, stimulating spices, and not weaken its powers.

The following statistics will give us some idea of the comparative employment of the sweets in different countries: In 1859 we used of foreign sugar 239,034 tons; of cane we made 102,150 tons; from molasses, 12,053 tons, and from maple 27,000 tons; total, 470,237 tons! Last year we used 700,000 tons, an increase of nearly one hundred per cent. in twelve years! It also appears that most of this increase occurred during the last six years. If to this vast supply we add 150,000 hogsheads of molasses, with the honey not estimated, we shall find the amount of sweets used by each person in this country, including a fearful amount of candy of various qualities, good and bad, to be unprecedented in any other country. This amount cannot fall short of forty pounds annually to each individual of the country, or more than fifty to New Englanders! In the comparison we find that Great Britain consume for each person twenty pounds; France, nine pounds, and Germany still less, while in the south of Europe even a smaller quantity is used.

The general use of this article is of modern date in the world's history, not dating farther back than about four hundred years. An increase for the next decade corresponding with that of the last, must develop sad results.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I want to tell you how much your visits are prized, especially that part of you called The Kitchen; for as I'm only a six month's housekeeper, I need a great many helps, especially in the art of making bread. But before I go on, I want to tell you how much more I would prize your Kitchen if you had a few recipes more adapted to Southern cookery, for do you know, some articles your recipes call for, and some expressions used, are totally foreign to us, way down here, for instance, I never saw oatmeal. I'm ashamed to confess my ignorance, but if I don't, how am I to learn?

I'm much obliged to H. E. Buell for hints on Twin Brother's Yeast in your April No. I only wish she had been more minute. Will some one please tell me which is the sponge, the batter I set to rise, or the dough?

I have many questions to ask, and things to say, but for fear you will cast

my letter to the fire, I will close with one of my recipes, called

Accommodation Pudding. Take stale biscuits or light bread, crumble and spread a layer in any sized pan you wish, sprinkle a little sugar on this, then a layer of any kind of preserves convenient; take as many eggs, as much milk or warm water, as much melted butter as you like, beat them together and flavor with lemon, or anything to suit you, pour a little on, then another layer of crumbs and so on till your pan is full, and then bake. It is better cold.

And now good bye dear HOUSEHOLD, I intend to have you as long as you and I live.

H. M.

DEAR READERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—Perhaps some of you have never seen any of our western prairies and if so, would like to hear something about them.

Where I live there is not a tree, a hill, a brook, or a stone in sight, if I except the trees transplanted within two years, and a few stones drawn several miles, for the purpose of walling a cellar—this is not much like the Green Mountain state is it? There is one school-house, and eight or ten dwelling-houses in sight, some two miles away, some more, and a very few less; besides these, there is nothing but prairie, parts of which is in grain-fields, others in corn, some is just broken ready for next year's cultivation, while much is still in its native state. In some places the unbroken prairie may be seen for miles; each way we look in vain for any signs of civilization, and it is a relief to the eye to come where we can see the farms and cottages of the "Homesteaders" scattered around, here and there.

If our friends who write to tell us what to do "when company comes," and how to keep our "parlors" and "dining-rooms," would try living in one of our prairie houses a while, perhaps they could give us some advice that would suit our cases a little better. Why, what would they think were I to tell them that there is many a family whom I know, that live in a house having but one room on the ground floor, and some, too, who have not even a chamber beside the one room—in that case, when company comes, what is one to do? Will some friend please tell us? I was greatly puzzled, myself, with the problem when I commenced keeping house last spring, and have not yet solved it to my satisfaction.

LOU.

MY DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I sit down to-night to write you a short letter. You have been in our family ever since first published, only for the expiration of a few months. You was subscribed for, but through some mistake of the agent have but just reached us. I was much delighted when I untied the package of mail and found thee, my favorite.

I am a young married woman, and expect to keep house next spring, that is if I can have you to assist me, for it will be like running to mamma, so you may be sure of one more subscriber if I live. But, where is the dollar? Well, I'm not so afraid to ask my husband for money as some of your writers. When I ask for money Fred says "you want a good many things don't you?" and laughs, but always gives it to me; the fact is I have got one of the kindest and best husbands in the world.

Now I would like to trouble you with

a few questions, and probably shan't again till I'm a housekeeper. I want to know if you please how to prepare celery for gravy, and what way you think the best for using it. Second, to make ginger bread like baker's, and third to crochet a gentleman's scarf. Should it be afghan stitch? Please answer and oblige,

MADELINE A.

Dear HOUSEHOLD:—In the October number I was much interested in the article about washing day; permit me to differ in some respects from that worthy correspondent.

I agree with her in regard to beginning washing on Sunday evening (or putting clothes soaking and other preparations which is really the same thing) but I do like to wash on Monday, and feel out of place all the week if I do not. In her case, being a minister's wife and sometimes having soiled clothing come in during Monday, I should judge it might be preferable to take another day, but with most people it can be done Monday and without interfering with Sunday in the least.

She speaks of preparing food on Monday to last several days; if it can be done on Monday, why can it not be done on Saturday and thus have something besides fragments left over Sunday?

I will tell you how I usually plan. On Friday I make my pies and cake, this leaves Saturday more time to do the other baking, and then I plan and prepare my food for Monday's dinner just as much as for Sunday's; like her I seldom work Saturday evening, which gives time to rest after the toil of the day.

My soiled clothes when laid aside are put in a bag which I have for that purpose, and not touched again or a drop of water pumped, or anything else done toward washing until after breakfast is ready Monday morning, (six o'clock is my breakfast hour the year round) then the boiler is filled and a good brisk fire that will last made, that the water may be heating while we are eating breakfast, which we do as leisurely as on other days, do not think I keep my family waiting while I am doing this, I simply get the meal ready about five minutes earlier, and then work lively for a brief period.

By the time the breakfast things are cleared away, the water is hot and I commence. I use the Empire Washer and Sherman's improved wringer and soft soap of my own make; at nine o'clock my washing is all done, and frequently earlier than that, which leaves ample time to put the house in order and get the partially prepared dinner in season and without any hurry. To be sure I have only four in the family, if I had more it would take a little longer, but then one does not have to begin getting dinner at nine or ten o'clock when it is planned and prepared beforehand, so I like the old fashion of washing Monday.

I am glad to see that Olive Oldstyle continues to write, she is always interesting, and indeed, so are they all. I think a great deal of THE HOUSEHOLD, it seems so much like having a real talk with a group of old acquaintances. We take eight papers, some are weekly, some monthly but if I were obliged to be deprived of all but one I should choose THE HOUSEHOLD for that one. May it long continue to be as interesting and useful.

INEZ FORD.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Although a stranger, I would venture to say to Egla, that if she would put less yeast in her bread, and not hasten too rapidly its rising, and be sure it is sufficiently raised before putting it in the oven, she will find her loaves without crack or blemish, provided the yeast is all correct.

M. L. A. wishes a recipe for trifles. I give one, and the result is: "Beautiful trifles," she will say on trying, but hardly substantial enough for a farmer's dinner: Beat one egg and one teaspoonful of sugar together until very light, then stir in sifted flour to make a stiff dough. Roll very thin and cut the size of a dollar. Fry in hot lard; when they turn over they are done. Take up, put jelly in the centre when cool.

Will some one tell me how to make caper sauce? also when and how to cook okra, and how long do the pods remain fit for cooking?

A. S. L.

MR. CROWELL:—I would like to put in a word with the rest. I have taken your paper only three months, and I don't think I could keep house without it. I have kept house but six months, and I find THE HOUSEHOLD almost as good as my mother to inform me. You may consider me as one of your subscribers as long as I can get the dollar. But I would like to ask a question, how to get rid of bedbugs? I did not get the paper before May, therefore did not read anything previous to that.

I think if Mrs. S. M. B. would rub some kerosene on her stove after blacking, it would remain black much longer.

Mrs. J. Q.

Freedom, Wis.

EDITOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—I like THE HOUSEHOLD more and more, in fact it is a most invaluable to me. I hope we may long welcome its coming.

Mrs. J. R. D. wishes to be informed how to make imitation coral baskets. I will tell her, as nearly as I can, how a friend of mine made a very pretty one. The basket is formed of wire of any shape, size, or style you wish; the more twisted and irregular the wire, the more natural it will look. Have ready prepared some beeswax, melted and colored the required shade with red analine—which is done by dissolving the analine in a little warm water and pouring it into the melted beeswax. Be careful of the analine, however, as it is poison. Dip your wire basket in this and remove it to a cold place where it will cool immediately—and when sufficiently hardened, repeat the process if necessary. Will Mrs. D. inform us how she succeeds.

LILLIE S.

Will some one please tell me how to make fish chowder?

Mrs. A. M. H.

MR. EDITOR:—If your correspondent will use liberally German fly-paper, kept wet with water, and sprinkled with white sugar—keeping all other sweets out of their way—it will in a few months destroy not only all the ants, but uncles as well.

I would also inform Sadie S. that if she will bathe weak eyes in a cup of cold black tea, into which two or three drops of glycerine have been put, making it fresh every day, she will find it very beneficial.

Mrs. G. A. A.

MR. CROWELL,—Dear Sir:—I have taken your very valuable paper nearly eight months, and I cannot say enough in its praise. It comes a welcome messenger to our home each month, and we could not do without it. I would like to ask a favor of your many fair readers: What will remove moth patches and sunburn? I have tried almost every lotion advertised, but without success. Will some of them send a cure?

Also, what will soften the water in a new elstern?

HATTIE.

Can any of your readers tell me what is the best thing for cleaning marble mantles?

A SUBSCRIBER.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Please inform me what will remove coffee and grease spots from a delicate grass-green silk without spotting or otherwise injuring the silk? Also, what will remove clove stains from white pique? And what is beneficial to weak eyes?

Mrs. D. S.

MR. CROWELL:—Will some of your many

readers please inform me what will destroy the little red ants that are so troublesome in warm weather? and oblige,

P. B.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I am a new beginner at housekeeping, and rely upon THE HOUSEHOLD for many hints and suggestions, and would like to ask if some one can tell me what will take rust off an iron sink?

I have just tried E. W. D.'s recipe for jumbles, in the July number, and think them excellent.

KATIE.

MR. EDITOR:—Will some reader of THE HOUSEHOLD please inform us how to preserve evergreen, such as is used with wax flowers, so it will retain its color.

T.

MR. EDITOR:—Can any of your numerous readers tell me what will remove pimples from the face, and produce a clear complexion? If so, they will very greatly oblige,

MAGGIE.

MR. CROWELL:—I would like to inquire through the columns of your paper if there is anyone who will give a few more lessons on drawing, or on making wax flowers?

L. A. D.

EDITOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD,—Dear Sir:—I wish to renew my subscription to THE HOUSEHOLD, and at the same time will take occasion to answer a few question which have appeared in back numbers.

One of your correspondents wishes to know "how to paste newspaper slips into a scrap book so that the pages may look smooth when the work is done." Paste with good flour paste, and when nearly dry iron both sides.

Another asks for the best way to can berries. We like them best put cold into the cans, just heated to boiling point, and fill the cans with boiling water and seal as usual. They have more the taste of fresh fruit than when sugar is used.

Mrs. A. H. S.

MR. CROWELL,—Dear Sir:—I have taken THE HOUSEHOLD for three years and continue to like it much. I wish to ask a few questions, and would feel greatly obliged to some of your lady contributors for their experience in the same.

Why is it, in making milk cheese, the butter always mixes in the whey, instead of remaining in the cheese? I have made cheese for thirty years, and have used every precaution and tried every experiment I can think of but have not succeeded in finding the cause. Will some one be kind enough to inform me if there is any remedy?

As the candy season approaches, I should like to know why molasses candy, after it is made very nice and crisp, invariably turns moist and sticky the next day. I would like to have it like Mr. Southmayd's candy, which will keep nice and dry a long time. I have kept it from the air, and in a cool place, but the result is the same.

Mrs. K. C. T.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Please give me recipes for gold cake, and for nice and tender beefsteak, and do, kind mothers, send all your nice recipes for jellies, for I have woefully failed. I am young "in the cause," and I sometimes think I should despair if it were not for THE HOUSEHOLD and the dear, kind mothers who contribute to its pages. I could not manage without it.

MODERN MARTHA.

MR. CROWELL:—In reading among the Questions and Answers in the June number of THE HOUSEHOLD, I see that Mrs. B. inquires how to get rid of cockroaches. About five years ago the room that I have charge of, in a cotton factory, was overrun with that vermin, and about that time we began to use soda ash freely in washing the floors, since which we have hardly seen one.

Sada Rex asks for a remedy for weak eyes. I make an eye water of one teaspoonful of pulverized white vitriol and two teaspoonfuls of saltpetre dissolved in one quart of rain water. I put one drop in the eye and keep it in as long as possible. If the eye is badly inflamed, I repeat the operation every five or ten minutes until the ball of the eye feels cool, after which I repeat it two or three times a day. The mixture is perfectly harmless, cooling and cleansing. It is also good for festering sores. In small sores I press out what matter I can, and then drop in two or three drops, while in larger ones I use it as a bath.

XOZO.



WE TWO.

We own no houses, no lots, no lands,
No dainty viands for us are spread.
By sweat of our brows and toil of our hands
We earn the pittance that buys our bread.
And yet we live in a grander state,
Sunbeam and I, than the millionaires
Who dine off silver and golden plate,
With liveried lacqueys behind the chairs.

We have no riches in houses and stocks,
No bank-book shows our balance to draw,
Yet we carry a safe-key that unlocks
More treasure than Croesus ever saw.
We wear no velvets nor satin fine,
We dress in a very homely way,
But ah! what luminous lustres shine
About Sunbeam's gowns and my hoddens gray!

When we walk together (we do not ride,
We are far too poor) it is very rare
We are bowed unto from the other side
Of the street—but for this we do not care.
We are not lonely, we pass along,
Sunbeam and I, and you cannot see,
We can, what tall and beautiful throngs
Of angels we have for company.

No harp, no dulcimer, no guitar,
Breaks into music at Sunbeam's touch
But do not think that our evenings are
Without their music; there is none such
In the concert halls, where the papitant air
In musical billows floats and swims;
Our lives are as psalms, and our foreheads wear
A calm, like the *peal* of beautiful hymns.

When cloudy weather obscures our skies,
And some days darken with drops of rain,
We have but to look at each other's eyes,
And all is balmy and bright again.
Ah! ours is the alchemy that transmutes
The drugs to elixir—the dross to gold,
And so we live on Hesperian fruits,
Sunbeam and I, and never grow old.

Never grow old, but we live in peace,
And love our fellows and envy none,
And our hearts are glad at the large increase
Of plentiful virtues under the sun;
And the days pass on with thoughtful tread,
And the shadows lengthen toward the west,
But the wane of our young years brings no dread
To break their harvest of quiet rest.

Sunbeam's hair will be streaked with gray,
And time will furrow my darling's brow,
But never can Time's hand steal away
The tender halo that clasps it now.
So we dwell in wonderful opulence,
With nothing to hurt us or upbraid,
And my life trembles with reverence,
And Sunbeam's spirit is not afraid.

JANUARY BILLS.

THE year 18—proved a very good year for Mr. Archibald Lane. His business steadily increased from the first of January, and his profits were as fair as they had ever been. Heretofore, his expenses had kept so closely side by side with his income, as to leave his mind oppressed with care, and in some doubt as to future success; but during 18—, all had been so brisk in matters of trade, and so easy in matters of money, that his mind was uniformly cheerful, and sometimes elated. He felt, that at last, he was entering the way to prosperity; a way he had so long been seeking earnestly to find.

As the year drew towards its close, Mr. Lane experienced a feeling of self-satisfaction unusual at such times. A doubt as to which would overbalance the other, his expenses or his profits, had usually made the last week of the year one of great solicitude to Mr. Lane. In 18—, it was different. As the year waned, he had none of the old feelings, for he was well satisfied that he would

have several hundred dollars on the profit side of the account, above and beyond all expenses, something that had not occurred in former times.

"If I have made both ends meet, I will be satisfied," was his usual mental declaration, when he proceeded to make up his account for the year. It was different now.

"If I don't have five or six hundred dollars over, I shall be much mistaken." This was the pleasant remark of Mr. Lane to himself, as he began the work of ascertaining the result of this year's business. All come out pretty near as he had expected. There was a balance in his favor of about six hundred dollars, after a liberal margin had been allowed for certain bad and doubtful accounts.

"Things begin to look a little brighter," said Mr. Lane, as he sat alone with his wife, on New Year's eve. The younger children were in bed, and the two oldest daughters, Kate and Emily, were out spending the evening with a friend. This was said after taking a cigar from his mouth, and letting the smoke curl lazily about his head, which was reclining on the back of a cushioned rocking-chair.

"I'm glad to hear you say so," replied Mrs. Lane. And she spoke from her heart. New Year's eve had not always been a cheerful time.

"I've been looking over my affairs to-day," continued the husband, "and find myself better off than I was this time last year, by at least six hundred dollars." "That is encouraging."

"I feel it so. I trust things are to be easier in future, and that we shall get a little before-hand in the world. It is time; for I shall soon be in years, and less able to give active attention to business."

"I'm pleased on more than one account," said Mrs. Lane, "to hear that you have done so well this year. I've been a deal worried to-day about a bill that I had no idea would be half as large as it is. It was sent in this morning."

"Whose bill is that?" asked Mr. Lane, with an apparent change of feeling.

"Mr. Mercer's bill for dry goods."

"I didn't know there was a bill there." "O yes. Don't you remember that you told me to get whatever the family wanted from him?"

"I didn't mean you to run up a bill, though."

"It was so understood by me. But that makes little difference. If the money had been paid down, the cash would not be on hand now."

"How much is the bill?"

"I'm most afraid to say."

"How much?"

"One hundred and thirty dollars."

"Why, Anna! Bless my heart! How in the world could you run up a bill like that?"

"I've bought very little for myself," replied the rebuked wife, in a subdued and choking voice. "Nearly all has been used for you and the children."

"A hundred and thirty dollars! Oh dear! dear! dear!" ejaculated Mr. Lane, throwing his cigar into the grate, and beginning to rock himself violently. So much of my six hundred dollars' profit scattered to the winds! I wonder how many more bills you will have coming in!"

This was downright cruel; and so Mrs. Lane felt it. She did not, however, punish him for his ungenerous remark with tears, for she was not a woman dis-

posed on all occasions to give way to this weakness. Her reply was:—

"None that the wants of the family have not required to be made."

"But I wish you to pay cash, Anna. You know that last January, when we were almost smothered with bills from all quarters, we made a resolution to pay cash for everything during the coming year; and I thought this had been done."

"I know very well that such a thing was talked about," replied Mrs. Lane; "and, I believe, acted upon for a time. And I also know that yourself told me to open an account at Mercer's, in the spring, when I asked you for money to purchase clothing for the family."

"I didn't mean to have it go beyond that," said Mr. Lane, modifying his tone.

"But what other bills are there?"

"There is a bill at Cheeseman's for groceries."

"That can't be much, for I have bought almost everything in quantities."

"No, I don't suppose it will amount to anything of consequence."

"Any other bill?"

"No; none, except the bread bill."

"I thought you paid cash for bread?"

"We never did that, Mr. Lane. The baker serves us daily, marking on his tally-stick the number of loaves; and once in three or six months sends in the bill, when it is paid."

"How long has his bill been running?"

"Six months, I believe."

"And will be forty or fifty dollars."

"Not half of it," replied Mrs. Lane.

"Well, what else is there?"

"Nothing more, I believe."

"I hope not. Here are about two hundred dollars cut off at a blow from the supposed profits of the year. Confound these bills! I wish that there was no such thing as credit."

Mr. Lane was, as a matter of course, unhappy from that moment. Had these bills not existed, and the surplus of the year shown the pleasant aggregate of four hundred dollars, he would have been quite as happy as when he figured it up at six hundred. But, in imagination he had been better off by two hundred dollars than the truth now discovered him to be, and the loss was felt as real. The remainder of the evening passed gloomily enough. When Mr. Lane retired to bed, he could not sleep for thinking of the dry goods, grocery, and bread bills. While he thus lay awake, memory assisted him to the knowledge of two or three other little matters of the same kind. There was an unsettled tailor's bill that might take twenty-five or thirty dollars to balance; and the boot maker had something against him. Ten bushels of potatoes and three barrels of apples that he had ordered sent home in October, were yet to be paid for. At least fifty dollars more of this year's profits vanished.

At last, Mr. Lane fell asleep, and dreamed all night of bills that came almost in a shower around him. On New Year's morning, he sat silent and moody at the breakfast-table, eating but little, and looking no one in the face. All were oppressed by his state of mind, though none but his wife knew its nature and the cause from which it was produced.

It was early when Mr. Lane went to his place of business, on the morning of the first of January; not so early, however, but that one or two persons had preceded him, and left behind them visible tokens of the fact. On his desk were

a couple of sealed notes. He opened them with a vague presentiment of something disagreeable, and he was not disappointed. The first contained a narrow slip of paper, with a printed head, and certain written characters and figures below, which plainly enough expressed the fact that he was indebted to a certain dealer in groceries to the sum of seventy-five dollars.

"O dear," was the mental exclamation of pain that followed the perusal of this bill. That a little piece of paper, three or four inches wide and six inches long, should have such power over the feelings of a man.

The next billet was opened with a more nervous state of mind. As he broke the seal and displaced the envelope, another narrow piece of paper, folded over from the ends in three sections, dropped upon the desk. It was the bread bill for six months, and called for forty-four dollars and ten cents.

"Is it possible? Too bad! too bad! too bad! I had no idea of this."

Thus the unhappy man expressed his feelings. While yet holding this bill in his hand, a lad entered the store; and, coming up to the desk where he sat, politely handed him an ominous piece of paper and retired. He opened it, and read—

"Mr. Archibald Lane—Bought of."

The particulars were, an air-tight stove, at twelve dollars; a cooking stove at thirty; and various other matters of Russia pipe, fire-boards, etc., in all, amounting to fifty-five dollars. Though the genial heat from the air-tight stove had comforted Mr. Lane every evening since it came home, and he had enjoyed the improved cooking of the new addition to the kitchen department, he had entirely forgotten that the bill for these increased advantages had never been settled.

"I declare!" he exclaimed, half aloud, and striking the desk as he spoke. "How came I to forget that bill? I meant to have paid it when the articles came home, and told Jenkins to send it in."

Soon after this, Mr. Lane's young man came in from the post-office. There were three letters, each with a bill inclosed. One, the tailor's bill, called for forty-eight dollars; another was from a hatter, and demanded five; and the third came from a jobbing carpenter, who had been called in at sundry times to mend and make, and asked for the sum of twenty-three dollars, ninety-two cents.

Mr. Lane read them over, and placed them under a paper-weight on his desk, uttering at the same time, a long drawn sigh.

The morning paper was yet unread. It lay on the desk beside Mr. Lane; and more from habit than from any desire to know its contents he opened it and commenced reading. An occurrence of some interest had taken place in a neighboring city; and he was in the midst of a narrative of the event, and much interested in it, when he started and turned quickly at the sound of a voice near him. A man had entered, and was standing at his elbow.

"Good morning, Mr. Lane," said the man.

"Good morning, Williams," returned Mr. Lane. "Can I do anything for you to-day?" he added in a tone of affected cheerfulness.

"Not much," said the visitor, remov-

ing his hat as he spoke, and taking therefrom a small package of papers.

"You haven't a bill against me?" Mr. Lane spoke confidently.

"What do you call that?" replied the man, as he drew a slip of paper from the package in his hand and presented it.

"One barrel of flour; five hams; a bushel of corn meal, and a sack of salt. Bless me! Didn't I pay for these at the time?"

The man smiled, and shook his head.

"Why, it is nine months since I made the purchase! And I'm certain I told you to send in the bill. I never like small matters of this kind to stand."

"It's been overlooked. But the money will be just as good now," was the pleasant answer.

With as good a grace as it was possible for him to assume, Mr. Lane turned to his desk, and drawing forth his pocket-book, counted out thirteen dollars; saying, as he did so, "The next time I make a bill at your store, I wish you to send it in before the first of January."

"I won't promise," was good-humoredly replied, as the man bowed and withdrew. The pleasure was all on his side, and he could afford to be in good humor.

"I hope that's the last," said Mr. Lane as he wound the string of his great pocket-book round and round its distended sides and then laid it carefully back in his desk. But he was in error. Ere the day passed, his bootmaker sent in his bill, amounting to fifteen dollars; and from a ladies' shoemaker came a like token, footed up with the sum of twenty dollars more. An upholsterer had been called upon to make a chamber carpet, and do sundry little matters about the house during the year; and he called for eight dollars and thirty-four cents. Then the jobbing cabinet-maker had his account to settle with Mr. Lane, for sundry applications of his art to broken-backed chairs, rickety tables, loose veneering, etc., etc., for all of which he wanted sixteen dollars. Thus it went on hour after hour, until towards evening the glazier called for two dollars and a half; the tinner for five; and the gas-fitter for eight.

By this time, human patience, at least so far as Mr. Lane was concerned, had become well-nigh exhausted. He felt like making a very severe application of his foot to any man or boy who might again invade his premises with a bill. He was sitting at his desk, in this not very amiable mood, with the bills he had received since morning spread out before him, and a slip of paper in his hand, upon which the whole of the sums they called for, amounting to four hundred and sixty-nine dollars and eighty-six cents, had been added up, when he heard the door open and shut. Turning with a nervous start, he saw the familiar face of an old negro who had polished his boots for the last half dozen years. He knew his errand, and felt that this was like adding insult to injury. Peter came shuffling along towards the desk at which Lane remained seated with contracted brows, revealing, at each step, more and more of his polished ivory.

"Little bill, massa Lane," said the negro, producing a dingy piece of paper.

This was too much. It was an ordeal beyond what overtried patience could bear.

"Clear out, you black rascal!" exclaimed the sufferer in a passionate

voice. "If you say bill to me I'll cut your ears off!"

Such an unexpected reception from "Massa Lane," who had been looked upon by Peter as one of the most amiable men in the world, completely astounded the poor negro; and he beat a hasty retreat, glancing back every now and then to see if an inkstand or paper weight were not advancing in the direction of his head with something like lightning speed.

To sudden storms there always follows a deep calm. By the time Peter had vanished through the door, retiring with a velocity which could not have been increased had seven devils been at his heels, Mr. Lane's mind was trembling back from its state of uncontrollable excitement. Laying his face down upon the desk, he sighed heavily. Mortification took the place of irritation and anger against others was succeeded, by anger against himself.

"Ah me!" was breathed forth heavily, at last; and raising himself up, he gathered together the bills that were spread out before him, and thrusting them into the desk, turned the key with a firm hand, making the lock click as the bolt sprang to its place.

When Mr. Lane went home that evening, his mind was calm. He had passed through a day of sad trial and disappointment; but he knew the worst and was prepared for it. When the milk bill, milliner's and mantua-maker's bill and sundry other bills were laid before him, he exhibited no emotion. They were to his feelings like a gentle breeze after a violent tempest. But on one thing he was resolved, and that was, to pay cash in future for everything.

"There must be no January bills next year" said he to his family, after he had looked at the sum to pay long enough to be able to speak on the subject without visible emotion. "Let cash be paid for everything in the time to come. If the money is not at hand when the want presents itself, let the want wait."

This was a good resolution. But did Mr. Lane and his family abide by it?—Next January will tell.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Number Thirty-one.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

"Inquiresta" asks for a "good long talk on books and authors." An easy and a pleasant subject for a fireside chat, one would think; yet it is not without its difficulties. When she asks,—"Amid the multitude of writers, O ye of experience, where shall we go? What authors shall we place upon our shelves?"—she asks questions it is not quite easy to answer. Because, you see, my dear Inquiresta, so much depends upon the reader. I might make out a bill of fare that would suit my own taste precisely. It might meet every want of my nature, and leave nothing to be desired. And yet it might not suit you at all; and you would cry out,—*"Behold! I asked for bread, and this woman hath given me a stone; I begged for fish and she hath given me a scorpion."*

For instance, I love Mrs. Browning. No woman who ever wrote verse comes so near me, and so completely voices the yearnings, the aspirations, the deepest needs of my soul as she. She enters into its Holy of Holies and ministers at its altar wearing a triple crown as priestess, poet, seer. Her sonnets, and very

many of her shorter poems, seem to me to touch the height and depth of human experience. I am so tempted to give you two or three of them right here to prove my words!

Yet if you do not happen to know her—if you were not one of the many who felt that there was one more "star-crowned angel slung up in heaven," when across the wide waste of waters the cry came from her beautiful Florence—"Elizabeth Barrett Browning is dead"—it would hardly do for me to advise you to rush to the nearest bookstore and invest six or eight dollars in the four little blue and gold volumes that have been such a help and comfort to me. Ten years ago I held a sick child in my arms all winter. My pen grew rusty—and the whole world for me dwindled to the compass of four narrow walls. Reading much was out of the question—but one day one whom I love brought me the books of which I am talking. They lay upon my table within reach of my hand until spring came; and whether I was strong or weak, hopeful or sorrowful, they met my mood and answered it. No living voice could have given me just what I found between those violet covers.

Yet, as I was about to say when the thought of the help and strength Mrs. Browning had given me, set me off on the above ripple of personal reminiscence, she may not hold the key to your heart, and an acquaintance with her may be worth very little to you. You may think her obscure; you may say that her style is often involved and intricate; that her verse is not seldom harsh, and that at times her muse limps badly. This would all be true—every word of it; and it is also true that whether one likes her or no, is not merely a matter of culture. It is in a good degree, a matter of temperament. I could utter no word of most extravagant praise of this grand singer that would not be echoed to the full by one large-brained, large-hearted and broadly cultured friend of mine; while another dear friend, of equal intellect and equal culture, wonders at my love for her and searches vainly for the charm that is to me so patent and so irresistible.

So you see it is dangerous to recommend books to other people unless you are very familiar with their tastes, their training and their modes of thought. Once on a time, a very good and great and learned man,—one of the kings, if not the king, of American literature, whose fame is as wide as the world—advised me to read certain books, telling me they would be of especial help to me in all my work with this sorely tried pen of mine. Well, I read them—or tried to—and I might just as well have read the Sanscrit. They were good for him—but it did not follow that they were good for me. I starved in fields where he found fullest, richest nutriment. It was neither my fault, nor my misfortune; it was only an incontrovertible fact—and there is not the slightest doubt that he would have found my bill of fare a good deal more unprofitable than I did his! On the other hand, I read a book not long ago—a recent novel—that seemed to me the merest trash. I said to myself, as I closed the lids, that it belonged to the order of weak sensationalism—and was but a little above the ordinary dime novel. In my virtuous indignation I wondered why people would write and publish such stuff. Shortly afterward I met a bright young fellow who reads

understandingly and is a fair critic, and he told me he had just been reading this very book: "How did you like it?" I asked. "Why, I haven't read anything in a long time that has helped me so much," he answered, enthusiastically. "It is full of hope and courage and is such a stimulus to noble living." I hung my head abashed, and thought if that was the impression made upon the minds of young men by Miss So and So's stories she had better keep on writing them.

Thus the result of all my experience and observation is that it is not easy to cater for others—especially in the way of mental or spiritual food. It is not what one eats, but what one digests and assimilates that goes to build up and restore the body's wasting tissues. So it is not merely what we read, but what we so absorb that it becomes a part of our inner selves, that helps and strengthens us. A book may be a good book, a strong book, a wholesome book. Yet if it does not touch you—if it has nothing to say to you—if it in no way takes possession of you and makes you conscious of its power, you may as well let it alone. Mind you I am not talking about text books now; I am not talking about studying. There are certain things that must be learned—certain facts the knowledge of which must be acquired, either by hard or easy processes, as the case may be. I am speaking now of the books that we read of our own free will, after the days of our pupilage are over and we begin to gather sweets for ourselves. Food that is eaten without a relish, but simply from a solemn sense of the duty of keeping one's self alive, seldom proves very valuable either as a strengthener or a stimulant; and books that you read simply because it is considered *the thing* to read them—because they are talked about, or because they belong to that large class of works without which, to use the words of the publisher's advertisements, "no gentleman's library is considered complete," are worth just about as much to you as so much sawdust. They may have ever so much to say to other people—but if they have no word for your own especial self—if they whisper no secrets in your ear, if they have no confidential utterances meant for you alone, you may as well shut them up.

Does this mean that you are to give the reins to a lawless fancy, and let it lead you as a will-o'-the-wisp, wherever it pleases? By no means. It only shows the necessity, the vital importance, of forming a pure taste, and setting up for one's self a high standard. If only—as I firmly believe—what we like is assimilated and made part of ourselves, then how important is it that we should like only that which is truly best—that which is really high and noble. The one rule that I would lay down for a young person would be this;—*never* read a book that leaves a bad taste in your mouth. If you begin it and find that it is tainted ever so slightly; if half buried in roses and lilies, hidden under a glowing wealth of imagery, or lost in the enchanted mazes of some lovely dream, you find a sensuousness that is near akin to sensuality; if it awakens unholy thoughts or emotions; if it shakes your trust in God or weakens your faith in humanity—drop it as if it were so much poison. And let one experiment suffice. Mark the author's name and shun him or her, henceforth, as you would the pestilence. An unclean book is as bad as an unclean

friend, no matter if it be written by the greatest of living masters or published by the foremost house in America.

I would go still farther and say this. If a book—I am speaking more especially of works of fiction, just now; the "light reading" to which Inquiresta's question seemed to relate—if a book makes you discontented with the quiet, simple life to which God in his wisdom has appointed you; if you lay it down with a feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction with your lot; if it makes the round of your daily duties seem commonplace and ignoble; if it makes your burden—whatever it may be—seem heavier and your path rougher, I pray you cast it aside. Literature should be a help, not a hindrance. If it does not encourage and strengthen you, if it does not stimulate and inspire, it is good for nothing. Better throw it away and devote your precious time to the piecing of patch-work bed-quilts.

I do not mean that your author must needs preach. He may be a mere storyteller, removed as far as possible from the pulpit, and with no obvious moral tacked on to his tale. But see to it that he does not make friends for you of the ignoble and the base. Do not let him people your fancy with characters and images from which you would instinctively shrink appalled if you were to come in contact with them to-day. Why should you clasp hands, in the realm of fiction, with men and women whose touch you would rightly regard as pollution if you were to meet them in real life? If the novelist "holds the mirror up to nature," he must occasionally show you bad people. But let him call things by their right names; and not make vice so splendid and dazzling that it wins hearts even against their will. He has no moral right to throw the charmed spell of his genius over sin until it seems fairer than an angel of light.

But you do not know the good books from the bad—and how can you, unless you read them?

Well—if I were you I would run no risks. Let novels alone unless they come to you endorsed by those whose commendation is not to be gainsayed; or unless you yourself know enough of the author to be certain that the cup of wine and honey will have no poison at the bottom. You do not gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles. For example, if you have read Mrs. Whitney's "Faith Gartney," or her "Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life"—two of the best books ever written for girls—you will feel, and you have need to feel, no hesitation whatever in taking into close companionship the younger children of her heart and brain. You may find, it is true, in some of her later works, a tendency toward a somewhat morbid introspection. But though her heroines are a little too prone to hold their hearts in their hands that they may study their wondrous mechanism, count every pulsation, and note the quivering of each nerve and fibre—though they are sometimes in danger of tearing the rose of life to pieces in their efforts to discover what it is made of, and to learn the hidden secret of its beauty and perfume, her stories—novels, if you choose that word—are wonderfully suggestive and thought-provoking.

And this suggestiveness in a book—But our good Mr. Crowell frowns and looks at his watch very suggestively. We

shall have to leave this subject till another time. Perhaps we will take it up again in January.

WEDDING TRIPS.

The custom of taking bridal trips seems to have been derived from the birds, though no improvement upon their fashion, which is rather a courtship tour than a wedding journey. Theirs is not a lonely, dually selfish affair, but a joyous migration of happy flocks, where the fluttering, coquetting young folks are matronized and patronized by the steady old couples, who keep out an indulgent, but ever watchful eye, to see that coquetry shall not degenerate into flirtation, and are ever ready to administer an admonitory peck or flap to any young scapegrace of either sex who shall show a disposition to trifle with the affections of another. But when courtship has given place to marriage, there are no more frolicsome journeys, but a general sitting down to the serious concerns of life, anxious searchings for and consultations about the location of their future home. In these Mr. Robin gives it as his opinion that the cherry-tree, being excellent foraging ground, would be the best spot for their nest; but Mrs. Robin declares that cherries attract too many savage red squirrels to make it a safe place of abode. So they finally decide upon the heart of the low thick lilac bush as being near the house, where crumbs are plenty, and having neither fruit nor height to tempt those rampaging squirrels, who have no sort of conscience, and prefer pretty little blue eggs to any other article of diet, the shameless things! Then follows the happy nest building, the wearisome season of hatching, and the toilsome time of filling the ever empty, craving mouths of those ugly, rapacious youngsters, who will in time grow pretty and venturesome, and must be taught to use their weakly ambitious little wings. And all this while the happy loving ways of Mr. and Mrs. Robin are most delightful to see. But from the mating-day we do not find them talking of aerial voyages, until their children are fairly launched in life; though a trip to Canada would cost them nothing—no railroad tickets to buy, no exorbitant hackman to pay, nor long hotel bills to frighten the feathers off their pretty little heads.

Now, out of the thousands of newly married people who will take the tyrannical, customary wedding trip this season, how many will do so with a feeling of honest enjoyment? How many are there that will not secretly wish they were free to go at once, quietly and unobserved, to their nest building? And what do they gain by conforming? It is possible that those who have inexhaustible purses to draw upon can enjoy their trip to Europe or across the continent, but the Home Journal chronicles but a small proportion of the actual marriages; and of the vast majority, those who make no silly display for it to mention, how many are there who can enjoy their trip to Washington or Niagara, without troublesome purse-pangs, reminding that there is more of life to come, and many necessary expenses to meet? Those accounts of butcher and grocer, those bills for fuel and light, do they never obtrude themselves upon the vision of our tourists? It may be that they are unthought of at the time; but in the after days, when the clerk from

his salary of a thousand a year has to pay house or room rent, and provide for the wants of three or four instead of one, do you imagine he never remembers with regret the \$300 his wedding trip cost him? Does the memory of one or two pleasant weeks compensate him for the privations they have cost? But perhaps you will say that a poor man has no right to encumber himself with a family. Out upon you! It is not the family, but the notions that are the encumbrance; the desire to do as others do, the dread of sneers, the fear lest some one shall say the —s stayed at home because they couldn't afford the journey. And it is not the expensive journey alone which they cannot afford, but many other things which must be had or done in order to be consistent, and thus, sadly often, a burden of debt is laid heavily upon the shoulders which should be free to breast boldly forward; bearing down the high head and crippling the strong arm which will need all their youthful energy to hold their own in the battle of life.

An intimate friend of mine, just married to a young physician, and returned from a wedding trip which would be considered short and inexpensive by most, said to me, "E., I did not enjoy myself one bit, for do what I would, I could not forget that we were paying enough to furnish our parlor, for one week of looking at things, that if it hadn't been for the name of it, we should never have cared to see. And now I'm going to make it an invariable rule not to spend a cent for the mere fear of the sneers of a few people who don't care a button about us, and wouldn't give us a dollar to keep us from starving, after we had reached that point through attention to their views."

Adherence to this rule has worked well for our young physician and his wife, and it is to be hoped that others may be induced to try it without going through their preliminary lesson. Put the money the wedding trip would cost into articles of comfort, convenience or taste, which will be of use and pleasure to the eye for years to come, and which your children after you can enjoy, when the memory of your fortnight of feverish, dusty, dangerous car-riding, expensive hotel living, and weary sight-seeing, would have been deservedly forgotten, or only remembered with regret.—*Church Union.*

OLD FASHIONED PEOPLE.

BY KITTIE CANDID.

Go with me in imagination, to that old farm house on the hill. 'Tis true it is not built according to the requirements of modern architecture, but one assurance I can give you; we shall be welcome. With our "old fashioned folks," hospitality meant kindness, heart-felling, and interest. A call or a visit did not then mean a discussion of the merits of the coffers, cellars and sideboards, to the utter exclusion of the merits of the host. No indeed! that is our "modern hospitality," "fashionable etiquette" and "cultivation."

Enter with me please, and first, mark this feature; there is a cosy nook for "grandmother's chair." Our modern drawing and dining rooms are so large, there is no room left for her, who reared them from infancy to manhood and womanhood. Next, mark the look of

quiet contentment upon the face of the father and mother. What if their garments are coarse and toil-worn? they cover honest hearts. What if their hands do bear evidence of a knowledge of life's drudgery? The Recording Angel will some day open to the pages that shine with the record of numberless acts of charity and mercy, performed by those same rough hands. What if her form is bent now, and her face written on by the sharp pen of time? He remembers the time when the front door casings used to frame a pretty picture of a happy lass in homespun, waiting to welcome him. He remembers as plainly, (although that was fifty years ago,) how provokingly loud that busy old spinning wheel used to sing, when he sat there in the old kitchen, a bashful youth, trying to "spark" this same Matilda Jane. His memory goes back to the many hours he has sat by her side and patiently hatched the whitened flax for her nimble fingers and whirling distaff. No such things as pianos, harps or organs, to beguile the long (?) hours of courtship in those days.

She remembers as vividly as he, the "many leagues they have traveled o'er," when saddle and pillion were equivalent to the best barouche of to-day; and did not the old farm horse know his business and plod along so quietly, that there was ample opportunity to whisper all sorts of pretty bits in her listening ear? Of course he did; and the conscious blushes mantled her cheek as lovingly then, as blushes do the face of your Araminta Seraphina Shoddyville of to-day. She recalls sweet memories of the "apple bees," "quiltings," "huskings," and those suggestive "red ears" of corn. What if there were Jeremiahs, Amaziahs, Remarks, Jonathans, Jerushas, Hopes, and Experiences crowded in promiscuously? "What's in a name?"

He loves to remember the "sweet yes," under the old apple trees, and dwells with joy upon the manifold mercies they have shared since then. Have lived so happily too! never have once thought of those convenient "Western Divorce laws!" their joys and their sorrows have been as one.

What if she did plant summer savory, sage and saffron, 'mid the marigolds and "goldilocks?" She planted, tended and garnered, and thus gathered daily, life's important element—pure oxygen; just what some of our modern girls are content to give "the hired man," or "our gardener." What if we of the modern days have acquired grace, culture and ease? we have hoarded so much that is deceptive and false, is it a fair equivalent for the sturdiness of heart and honesty of soul that abided and abounded fifty or more years ago? No! give me the heart that had room enough to beat in, and those whose lungs were not confined to daily rations of three cubic inches of air. Give me the lips that could bid you welcome and leave no lie behind. Give me the hand that was "leal, strong and steady." In a word, take your modern conglomerations of elegance, etiquette, fraud and deception, and give me the good, old fashioned people; the real "salt of the earth;" whose yea meant yea, and whose nay meant nay; for we, who have exchanged heart-honesty and sincerity of soul for the Dead Sea apples of Fashion, must eventually find that her crown, unlike a promised undying crown, "doth not endure unto the end."

GOLDEN GRAINS.

—A good wife and health is man's best wealth.

—A person's good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.

—Peace is the evening star to the soul, as virtue is its sun, and the two are never far apart.

—The ruin of some men dates from some idle hour. Occupation is an armour to the soul.

—The most beautiful may be most admired and caressed, but they are not always the most esteemed and loved.

—The greater the difficulty the more glory in surmounting it. Skillful pilots gain their reputation from storms and tempests.

—Even in extremities, never despair. Young Chatterton checked the current of existence just before a patron arrived to relieve him.

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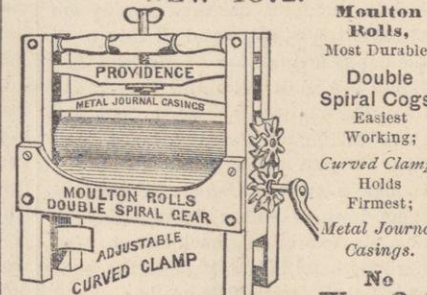


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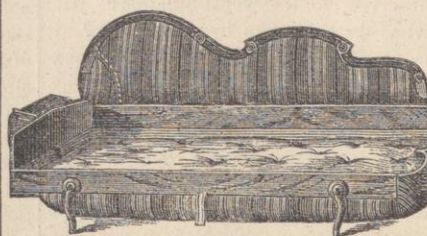
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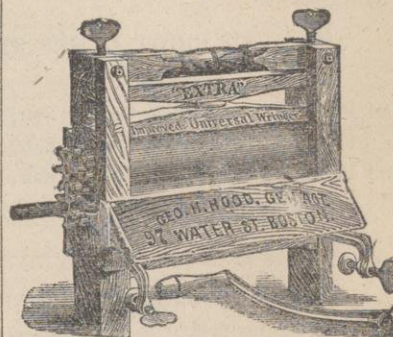
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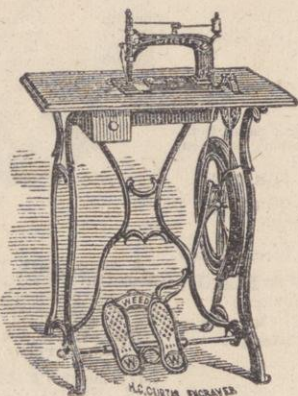
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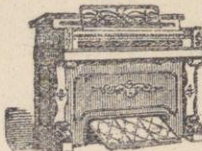
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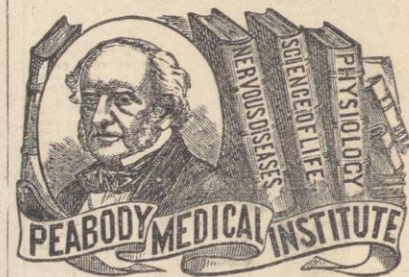
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A. H. PERRY, Superintendent.

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Leave Hoosac Tunnel for Boston at 7 A. M., and 1:20 P. M. Leave Greenfield for Boston at 8:30 and 9:35 A. M., and 2:30 P. M. Leave Brattleboro for Boston at 9:00 A. M., and 1:50 P. M.

Trains leave Greenfield for Turners Falls at 6:40, 9:50 and 11:55 A. M., and 4:30 P. M. Leave Turners Falls for Greenfield at 7:30 and 11:10 A. M., and 1:50 and 5:40 P. M.

Passengers taking the 6:30 train from Greenfield can go to Boston and return same day, having 5 hours in Boston.

The 6:30 A. M. train from Greenfield connects at Fitchburg with trains for Providence, Taunton and Newport. The 7 A. M. and 1:20 P. M. trains from Hoosac Tunnel connect at Fitchburg with trains for Worcester, Providence, Taunton and Newport.

O. T. RUGGLES, Superintendent.

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WINTER ARRANGEMENT.
Commencing Monday, Jan. 1, 1872.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Mail train leaves Ogdensburg at 6:00 p. m.; St. Albans at 6:21 a. m., arriving in Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 2:25 p. m., Brattleboro at 3:30 p. m., Grouse's Corner at 4:30 p. m., New London at 5:30 p. m., connecting with steamer for New York. This train will leave Brattleboro on Monday mornings at 4:42 a. m., arriving at Grouse's Corner at 5:35 a. m.

Night Express leaves Ogdensburg at 12:00 p. m., Montreal at 9:30 p. m., St. Albans at 4:50 p. m., St. Albans at 7:20 p. m., arriving in Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 3:25 a. m., Brattleboro at 4:20 a. m., South Vernon at 4:45 a. m., Grouse's Corner at 5:15 a. m., and New London at 11:05 a. m.

Mixed Train leaves White River Junction at 4:50 a. m., Rutland at 4:30 a. m., Bellows Falls (accommodation) at 5:45 a. m., Brattleboro at 5:41 a. m., South Vernon at 6:10 a. m., Grouse's Corner at 6:50 a. m., arriving in New London at 5:10 p. m.

Express leaves Brattleboro at 2:00 p. m., South Vernon at 2:22 p. m., arriving at Grouse's Corner at 2:50 p. m.

TRAINS GOING NORTH AND WEST.

Mail train leaves Boston via Lowell, at 7:00 a. m., via Lawrence and Fitchburg at 7:30 a. m., Springfield at 8:00 a. m., New London at 5:00 a. m., Grouse's Corner at 9:25 a. m., South Vernon at 10:05 a. m., Brattleboro at 10:35 a. m., Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 11:50 a. m., for Burlington and St. Albans. This train connects at W. R. Junction with Boston Express train for Montreal and Ogdensburg.

Express leaves Grouse's Corner at 11:20 a. m., arriving in Brattleboro at 12:20 p. m.

Accommodation leaves New London at 8:10 a. m., Grouse's Corner at 8:30 p. m., South Vernon at 4:30 p. m., Brattleboro at 4:30 p. m., Bellows Falls (mixed) at 5:35 p. m., arriving in W. R. Junction at 8:30 p. m., and Rutland at 8:30 p. m.

Night express leaves New London at 2:45 p. m., Grouse's Corner at 3:00 p. m., South Vernon at 3:58 p. m., Brattleboro at 10:20 p. m., Boston (via Fitchburg) at 5:30 p. m., Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 11:20 p. m., Connecting at W. R. Junction with train leaving Boston (via Lowell) at 6:00 p. m., at Rutland with trains from Troy, etc., arriving in St. Albans at 6:30 a. m., Montreal at 9:45 a. m., Plattsburgh at 12:30 p. m., and Ogdensburg at 12:45 p. m.

Connections at Grouse's Corner with trains over Vt. & Mass., and New London Northern Railroads; South Vernon with trains over Conn. River R. R.; at Bellows Falls with Cheshire R. R.; at W. R. Junction with trains to and from Boston, via Lowell, and Conn. and Pass. Rivers R. R.; at Rutland with Rutland & Saratoga, and Harlem extension Railroads; at St. Johns with Grand Trunk Railway; also at Ogdensburg with the Grand Trunk Railway, and the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg for the west; with St. Lawrence and Ottawa Railway for Ottawa.

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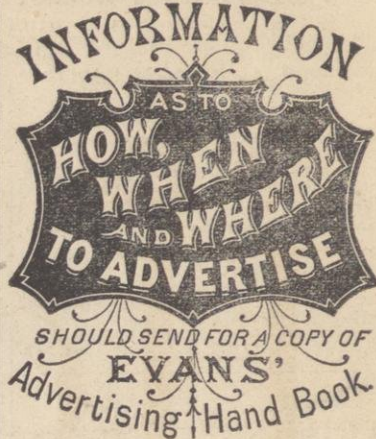
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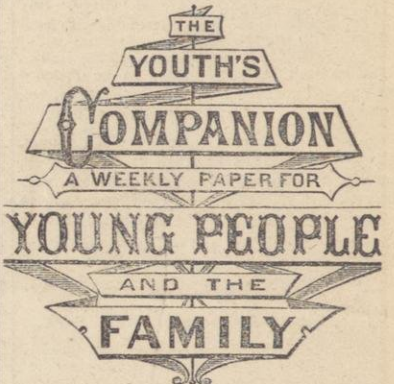
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