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York Pa.

THE HOUSEHOLD

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

ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

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THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

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The Veranda.

THREE LESSONS.

There are three lessons I would write,
Three words as with a golden pen,
In tracings of eternal light
Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope! Though clouds environ round,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow,
No night but hath its morn.

Have faith! Where'er thy bark is driven,
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth,
Know this, God rules the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth!

Have love! Not love alone for one,
But man as man thy brother call;
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Then grave these words upon thy soul,
Hope, faith and love, and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges maddest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind.

—Schiller.

RAISING CALVES BY HAND.

THIS is not done by farmers as generally as the importance of the matter deserves. Most seem to think that the only way to raise calves is either to let them run with their mothers all the time, or be with them at night. It is true that if the calves are not particularly valued, and the supply of milk is not of much consequence, there is nothing to be said. But when fine calves and good milk cows are wanted, economy indicates that they should be separated. By a little more care and labor, better calves can be raised by hand than by the cows themselves, and with the consumption of only half the milk product for which the cows should be valuable. Experience has established the fact that cows yield the most milk when they are separated from their calves. The constant drawing of the milk by the ever present calf dwarfs the glands of the mother so that ever after she has smaller capacity for the retention of milk. The demands of a calf are insufficient to take all the milk produced by a good cow, and, unless she is milked otherwise, her yield will naturally dwindle to the wants of her offspring. Besides, after a cow and calf have been together for a few weeks, or been let to each other two or three times a day, the weaning is injurious to both; and the practice of keeping them separate, but admitting them together at regular intervals, for the calf to take half the milk, while the milkier scuffles for the other half, is vexatious and troublesome. Any one would rather sit by a quiet cow, and draw all the milk

than have to contest for half of it with an active calf that not unfrequently takes its own share but kicks over the farmer's. And if the milker takes the first half, before the calf is allowed to suckle steadily, the cow lets her milk down irregularly, and this is injurious to her. Moreover, that which is taken first is the thinnest, and while the best for the calf is the worst for the farmer, while that which is drawn last by the calf, is the richest and most valuable for the dairy. The cream which is the most valuable constituent in the milk to the farmer is of no value to the calf.

Calves should be allowed to remain steadily with their mothers until they are three or four days old, as the milk then cannot be used in the dairy, but is essential for the young animals. If the calves cannot consume all the milk secreted in the udders, the excess should be milked on the ground, but none that is secreted should be allowed to remain undrawn. It is important that heifers with their first calves, before their habits are established, should have their udders enlarged early, to the capacity for large quantities of milk. If in good health, it is important that the milk should be drawn frequently for a few days, to keep the udders from becoming inflamed; but gradually, and as soon as it is safe, the regular periods should be established, so that the udders while in the formative state, should assume capacity for twelve hours accumulation of milk. So if it is desired that heifers ever become first-class milk cows it is important that the calves should not run with them the first year. They should be permanently separated when the calves are about four days old, and in a few days both mothers and calves will forget each other.

The calves should be put into a grass or rye pasture, and fed three times a day with skimmed milk, thickened with a little corn or oat meal. Skimmed milk is very important food, equally as nutritious as that fresh from the cow. A young calf may readily be taught to drink its food from the piggion, by the attendant holding down its head with one hand, while he dips the other into the food, and inserts one finger into the animal's mouth. All calves should be well fed from the first and kept growing, but heifers intended for the dairy should not be raised on very fattening food. Plenty of coarse forage is better, as it enlarges and strengthens the digestive organs, and when the animals come in, the tendency will be to milk and not to fat. If fat animals are wanted for the butcher, mix corn or cotton seed meal with the skimmed milk, but if dairy animals for the farm, use oat meal to produce bones and muscles. Calves should be frequently handled and fondled. They never forget kind treatment, and when constantly treated with kind familiarity, make gentle cows and consequently good milkers.

A. P. F.

—It is claimed by some that a small quantity of lime in each hill of potatoes is a sure preventive against scab.

ANIMALS AS BAROMETERS.

I do not know of any surer way of predicting the changes in the weather, says a correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer, than by observing the habits of the snail. They do not drink, but imbibe moisture during a rain and exude it afterward. The animal is never seen abroad except before a rain, when you will see it climbing the bark of trees, and getting on the leaves. The tree snail, as it is called, two days before rain will climb up the stems of plants, and if the rain is going to be a hard and long one, then they get on the sheltered side of a leaf, but if a short rain, on the outside. Then there are other species that before a rain are yellow; after it, blue. Others indicate rain by holes and protuberances, which before a rain rise as large as tubercles. These will begin to show themselves ten days before a rain. At the end of each tubercle is a pore which opens when the rain comes, to absorb and draw in the moisture. In other snails deep indentations, beginning at the head between the horns, and ending with the juncture of the tail, appear a few days before a storm.

Every farmer knows when swallows fly low that rain is coming; sailors, when the sea gulls fly toward the land, when the stormy petrel appears, or Mother Carey's chickens, as they are called, predict foul weather. Take the ants; have you ever noticed the activity they display before a storm—hurry, scurry, rushing hither and yon, as if they were letter-carriers making six trips a day, or expressmen behind time? Dogs grow sleepy and dull, and like to lie before a fire as rain approaches; chickens pick up pebbles, fowls roll in the dust, flies sting and bite more viciously, frogs croak more clamorously, gnats assemble under trees and horses display restlessness.

When you see a swan flying against the wind, spiders crowding on a wall, toads coming out of their holes in unusual numbers of an evening, worms, slugs and snails appearing, robin redbreasts pecking at our windows, pigeons coming to the dovecote earlier than usual, peacocks squalling at night, mice squeaking or geese washing, you can put them down as rain signs. Nearly all the animals have some way of telling the weather in advance. It may be that the altered condition of the atmosphere with regard to electricity, which generally accompanies changes of the weather, makes them feel disagreeable or pleasant. The fact that a cat licks herself before a storm, is urged by some naturalists as proof of the special influences of electricity. Man is not so sensitive. Yet many feel listless before a storm, to say nothing of aggravated headaches, toothaches, rheumatic pains, and, last, but not least, corns.

—The care of horses is at least as much as their feed in keeping them in good condition. At this season the brush and curry-comb should be used freely but not roughly. The stimulus these will give the animal's hide will start the old coat of hair earlier.

The Drawing Room.

THE ENTERTAINMENT OF GUESTS.

EVERY good housekeeper desires to entertain well. Few know how to do it. Limited means may restrain inclination in regard to expenditure for guests, but a few simple points well observed will make your house one that people will gladly re-visit.

1. Do not fail to have your guest chamber ready for the immediate use of an invited guest. It is an insult to invite a person to your house, and then keep him waiting while his room is being put in order.

2. Always give, even a transient visitor, an opportunity of going to his room, before presenting him to your family, especially if they are strangers to him. Nothing makes a sensitive person more ill at ease, than to be forced to meet strangers when eyes and ears are full of cinders and the hair white with dust.

3. Furnish your guest chamber with all the usual necessities of your own room. The furniture in itself may be of the simplest description, but the little additions make it home-like.

The most perfectly appointed room I ever occupied as a guest, contained nothing more expensive than an old-fashioned four-posted bedstead, with a patchwork quilt for a counterpane, a splint rocker, a simply painted pine bureau and dressing-table in one, and a small stand between the windows. Yet never was guest more thoroughly comfortable than was I in my quaint little room.

In the first place there was a full supply of towels and face cloths, not hidden away in the drawer of the wash stand, but hung in generous profusion upon the towel rack. Above all things put at least one face cloth on your towel rack. No dainty person enjoys a bath with the wet corner of a towel, nor does she like to leave towels in such a condition. No thoughtful person will be careless in the use of towels especially if her hostess is limited in means or does her own washing. But it is a far greater comfort than all hostesses realize, to be able to take one's daily bath without being compelled to ask for fresh towels. One does not like to intimate that her hostess is personally remiss in the matter of bathing. When visiting at a house where the care of the room is left wholly to servants, there is less dislike of asking for necessities, for servants are not always obedient to orders.

In the second place, my old-fashioned room had clean sheets and pillow slips fresh from the linen closet, and there was an extra blanket upon the shelf of the closet, where hooks had been left for my dresses before it was known I would like to unpack them. I was spared the feeling that I was causing trouble and inconvenience. Two drawers in the bureau

were placed at my disposal with the sympathetic remark, "It isn't very convenient to live in a trunk, even for a fortnight."

A little work basket, well supplied with needles, thread, silk, scissors, pins, thimble and white buttons, added to my feeling of comfort; although, as usual, I carried a similar supply in my trunk. Who has not known the dismay of suddenly finding a button missing and not even a pin on the "spare room" cushion to come to your help. Writing materials, including even postals and postage stamps, lay on my table, and revealed such a thoughtful care for all possible needs that I felt a thrill of pleasure in knowing that I was truly welcome. A whisk broom and a paper of assorted hairpins were added to the conventional hairbrush and comb of the toilet table. Bottles of camphor, ammonia, bay rum and glycerine, all plainly marked, mounted guard upon my wash-stand. Upon the little stand by the window I found a bible, Emerson's Essays, and two or three good novels. I did not languish for want of something to read, if I happened to be ready for breakfast half an hour before the rising bell rang.

The same thoughtful care that had supplied so many comforts led my hostess to say, "You are accustomed to furnace heat. I fear you will find a difference, but use all the wood you like, and let me know when your box needs filling."

Do you wonder that an invitation to that house was always eagerly accepted, although a rational regard for my health had caused me to forego visiting country places in winter.

Then again my friend said to me after breakfast: "Now I shall be busy with my housework until after ten; but not too busy to welcome you to my kitchen. If you like to sit there while I work. Make yourself feel as thoroughly at home as you can, and do just what you please. Above all, don't feel that you must give me every minute of your time. I want you to rest and have your usual 'quiet hours' here just as you do at home." I did rest, and had quiet hours that made my homely little room a real "chamber of peace."

Then on days when I felt like it, I donned a checked apron and "assisted" in the way of paring apples, wiping dishes, etc. Here I found the only check upon my freedom. "No, you are not to work. Oh yes, I know 'a change of work is rest,' and all that sort of thing, but this is my work. I am used to it, and can do it easier than you can. At all events, I am not willing that you should do it as a regular thing. You may sit by and do just enough to keep you from fretting, but that is the limit."

This suggests a thought that needs to be touched upon. Do not ask guests to do for you the kind of work they have to do at home. "You have such a stylish knack at drapery, I saved this overskirt until you came," was the "last straw" upon the back of a young girl who had sewed herself sick with trying to get the family wardrobe ready for summer, and her one little week of anticipated rest was spent in really hard work. "Won't you hear Jennie's lessons ten minutes a day while you are here? You have so many new ways of teaching, I thought it would interest Jennie to recite to you." It was so small a request that I could not refuse, yet the ten minutes invariably lengthened into half an hour or more, and a tired throat went back to school still tired.

Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson wrote a beautiful tribute to a friend, which tells so much better than I can all I would say farther, that I quote it. I know it will present an ideal hostess to all who read it.

"Thy house hath gracious freedom, like the air

Of open fields, its silence hath a speech
Of royal welcome to the friends who reach
Its threshold, and its upper chambers bear,
Above their doors such spells, that, entering there
And laying off the dusty garments, each
Soul whispers to herself: 'Twere like a breach
Of reverence in a temple could I dare
Here speak untruth, here wrong my inmost thought.
Here I grow strong and pure; here I may yield,
Without shamefacedness, the little brought
From out my poorer life, and stand revealed.
And glad, and trusting, in the sweet and rare
And tender presence which hath filled this air.'"

IDA M. GARDNER.

A GENUINE LOVE STORY.

A young clergyman and his bride were invited guests at a large party given by a wealthy parishioner. In all the freshness and elegance of her bridal wardrobe the young wife shone among the throng, distinguished by her comeliness and vivacity and rich attire; and when during the evening her young husband drew her aside and whispered to her that she was the most beautiful woman in all the company, and that his heart was filled with pride and love for her, she thought herself the happiest wife in the world.

Ten years later the same husband and wife were guests at the same house, where was gathered a similar gay company. The wife of ten years ago wore the same dress she had worn on the previous occasion, and of course it had been altered and re-made, and was old-fashioned and almost shabby. Toil, and care, and motherhood, and pinched circumstances had taken the roses out of her cheeks, and the lithe spring out of her form. She sat apart from the crowd, care-worn and preoccupied. Her small hands, roughened with coarse toil, were ungloved, for the minister's salary was painfully small. A little apart the ten-year husband stood and looked at his wife, and as he observed her faded dress and weary attitude, a great sense of all her patient, loving faithfulness came over his heart. Looking up, she caught his earnest gaze, and noticed that his eyes were filled with tears, she rose and went to him, her questioning eyes mutely asking for an explanation of his emotion; and when he tenderly took her hand, and placing it on his arm, led her away from the crowd, and told her how he had been thinking of her as she looked ten years before when she was a bride, and how much more precious she was to him now, and how much more beautiful, for all her shabby dress and roughened hands, and how he appreciated all her sacrifice and patient toil for him and their children, a great wave of happiness filled her heart, a light shone in her face that gave it more than its youthful beauty, and in all the company there was not so happy a couple as this husband and wife, their hearts and faces aglow from the flaming up of pure sentiment that transfigured and ennobled and glorified all the toils and privations they had endured.

—The loving heart is the strong heart. The generous hand is the hand to cling to when the path is difficult. There is room for the exercise of charity everywhere—in business, in society, and in the church; but the first and chiefest need for it is at home, where it is the salt which keeps all things sweet, the aroma which makes every hour charming, and the divine light which shines star-like through all gloom and depression.

—Men grow sated of beauty, tired of music, are often too wearied for conversation—however intellectual—but they can always appreciate a well swept hearth and smiling comfort. A woman may love her husband devotedly—may sacrifice fortune, friends, family, country, for him—she may have the genius of a Sappho, the enchanted beauties of an Armida; but, melancholy fact, if with these she fail to make his home comfortable, his heart

will inevitably escape her, and women live so entirely in the affections, that without love their existence is a void. Better submit, then, to household tasks, however repugnant they may be to your tastes, than doom yourself to a loveless home. Women of a higher order of mind will not run this risk: they know that their feminine and domestic duties are their first duties.

The Conservatory.

THE LILY.

"The lily flower—
The old Egyptian's emblematic mark,
Of joys immortal, and of pure affection."
—Wordsworth.

Lily! so white in thy beauty aglow,
White and chaste as unsullied snow,
White and jeweled in dew-drops born
In the rosy light of the early morn.

Tracing the cross in thy chalice bright,
Gemming the crown, in the crystal bright,
Or wreathed in a spell of the moonbeam's pall
Thou drapest thyself in its misty veil.

As a silent poem, whose eloquence
Infolds itself in thy innocence,
Thy spotless semblance to the soul reveals
The hidden depths which thy leaves conceal.

Holding, for aye, the halo bright;
Deep in thy chalice so waxen white;
The smile, the glance of the Saviour's eye,
E'er he suffered and died on Calvary.

Stainless and pure in His holy sight,
Left as an emblem of truth and right,
Exhaling the incense ever lingering near,
In the breath of thine own sweet atmosphere.

Bearing no stain of the sordid earth,
From whence thy exquisite form took birth,
Could a fairer type mortality claim
Than the spotless fame of the lily's name?
GEORGIE D. W.

ALL ABOUT CHICKWEED.

CHICKWEED, the *stellaria media* of botanists, is a well-known representative of the family of cloverworts, which embraces in the two great continents of the globe some eleven hundred species of plants, all denizens of temperate and frigid climates. North America includes eleven of the fifty-three genera into which the order is divided, ten of the number being found in the eastern half of the United States. These plants, as a rule, possess few, if any, important properties, and are chiefly noticeable on account of the beauty of some of the cultivated forms.

The genus *stellaria*, so called from the stellate or star-like configuration of its flowers, consists of small and comparatively insignificant herbs, closely resembling grass. Its floral parts are arranged in beautiful symmetry, there being five sepals, joined at their bases; five two-parted petals and double the number of stamens, which surround three, or occasionally, four somewhat thicker thread-shaped pistils. Some writers place as many as seven species under this head; others not so many. As to the claim of the subject of our sketch to rank as a distinct species there can be no question. Its fleshy, ovate, stemless leaves and prostrate, branched, round, jointed, leafy, and brittle stems, with hairy ridges extending in an alternate manner from joint to joint, particularly distinguish it from any of its cogenetic relations.

Few herbaceous plants are more hardy, have a wider range of diffusion upon this continent or can endure greater vicissitudes of climate. It extends from Mexico across the United States into the Canadas and has even been found along with the dandelion, disputing with the stunted willows, birches and pines of the north for mastery. On the bleak and dismal shores of Greenland, in the latitude of 82 degrees, 16 minutes, Emil Bessels, the naturalist of the *Polaris*, found it gracing in its modest simplicity some quiet, sheltered nook amid the boundless and almost unbroken regions of perpetual snow.

A child of the north originally, come down to us during the glacial epoch, perhaps, like many others, it has remained behind the retreating ice fields and little by little has accustomed itself to milder latitudes. But it has never entirely doffed its rugged nature. While apparently more vigorous plants, upon the first appearance of frost, hang their heads and droop and finally succumb to the power of the silent agent, a different story would be told to the credit of the chickweed. During the winter that has just ended it was our good fortune to encounter daily a few large patches of this weed, growing under the sheltering branches of several dense cedars and along a public highway in one of the suburban villages of Philadelphia. Often the ground would be as hard as rock, but, so far as we could see, the plants never seemed to be any the worse for their rough reception. Whatever injuries they received were speedily righted by the caressing influence of the midday sun, and the plants would once more put on their customary look of vigor and cheerfulness. As early as the middle of February, notwithstanding the severity of the prevailing weather, these patches were one mass of bloom. Upon close examination, by the aid of a powerful pocket lens, the small white flowers were as perfect in their structure as any we have met with in the genial month of May. From the time of their first appearance, to the present moment, they have never ceased to delight us with their presence, and this they will doubtless continue to do, with but few intervals of repose, until December shall have returned in the course of the revolving seasons. Certain conditions, such as shade, moisture, and a rich, loamy soil, must naturally co-exist if we are to experience such profuse and persistent flowering.

Besides the use that is made of the seeds and herbage of the plant by birds and poultry in feeding, mankind, though not generally, has found it efficacious in the treatment of many of the ills that afflict the body. Though not officially recommended by our pharmacopœias, yet many intelligent physicians who scorn to be bound in all cases by the dicta of the profession, use it in their practice. In rural districts, where there is shown a less disposition to consult the medical man than in cities and towns, it is greatly in demand by housewives. As a cooling demulcent it is invaluable. The fresh leaves, when bruised and applied as a poultice to indolent and intractable ulcers, even when of long standing, produce immediate and decided beneficial results, but should be changed as often as three times a day. They are likewise of great service in acute ophthalmia. An ointment made by macerating the recent leaves in lard will be found a very desirable and cooling application to erysipelas and other ulcerations, as well as in many forms of cutaneous affections.—*Exchange.*

SKELTON LEAVES AND PHANTOM FLOWERS.

In this latitude from the middle to the end of June, most of the desirable leaves will be found fully grown, and many old enough to gather. Elms, maples, pears, poplars, and sycamores, may be selected, but none but the finest and most perfect should be taken. They may be placed in open vessels, and covered with soft water, then set in a warm or sunny place in the open air. A paper doubled and laid over the top of the leaves will insure continued immersion. The best vessel for the purpose is a common earthen jar with a wide mouth. At the end of six weeks the paper may be removed, and a few of the leaves carefully taken out for examination and placed in a basin of clear,

warm water. To do this the hand is the best instrument. Then, taking a leaf between the thumb and finger, put the hand in the warm water, and press and rub the leaf either gently or firmly according to the strength of the texture. This process will remove the loose green matter, and expose the network of the leaf. The leaf may be laid in the palm of the hand.

This constitutes the first washing, and some of the leaves will be perfectly clean, others which are but partially cleaned, require further care. It will be necessary to have another vessel of water in which they may be placed, and remain till finished. Magnolias require two or three months' soaking before the outer cuticle will become soft enough to remove.

The clean leaves may be deposited in clean water to await a leisure hour for further attention. They may be deprived of their moisture by carefully pressing them between the folds of a soft towel until they are perfectly dry. On no account should they be laid on a table or other hard surface, as in drying they will adhere to it so closely as to be torn in removing. Many of the leaves will lose their stems in passing through the process. They must be united with gum arabic when dried.

They are now ready for bleaching. It is an operation which requires the greatest care, as upon the whiteness of all parts of the bouquet its beauty depends. Take one-half pound of chloride of lime, and place it in a pitcher, add three pints of soft cold water, and stir with an iron spoon, and put in a cool place until the lime has settled. If any remain on the surface, remove it and pour the clear liquid off, and keep in a cool place ready for use.

To commence bleaching take a glass jar having a mouth large enough to admit the largest leaf, (be careful not to place leaves and seed vessels in the same dish, add the bleaching solution, in the proportion of two tablespoonfuls to a pint of water. The jar should be covered tightly and set in a warm place. Seed vessels and stems require double the quantity of lime. In putting the delicate leaves into the jar, care should be taken to arrange them with the stems downward, as the bleaching commences first at the bottom of the jar. It generally takes from six to twelve hours to bleach, but as the jar is of glass an outside inspection will enable the operator to judge of the degree of whiteness. When they are perfectly white they must be taken out carefully and placed in a basin of clean, warm water. Wash thoroughly by changing them to fresh water after which they will be ready for their final drying, which is done as before.

The bleaching of ferns requires especial directions. Having gathered them during the season of maturity, which is when seeds are found on the back of the leaves, they should be pressed in a book till dry. To bleach, place them carefully in a jar, with the stems downward. After twenty-four hours, gently pour off the liquid, and replace with fresh mixed. They should remain forty-eight hours, when this, in like manner, will require changing. In three or four days they will begin to whiten, beginning at the edges, changing from a brownish green to the spotless purity of a snowflake. To wash them the water will have to be changed four or five times, which will take about one week. When ready to be dried, take one spray by the stem and lay it in a broad basin of water, then pass under a sheet of unsized paper, white of course, place in a book with a heavy weight to insure their drying smoothly, change to a dry book when it becomes damp, and keep there till wanted for use.

List of prettiest varieties: Hardy trees and shrubs, maples, poplars, linden, mag-

nolia, willows, beech, ash, chestnut; difficult, elm, bass, apricot, pomegranate, rose and hazel. Evergreens, holly; difficult but desirable, bayberry, box, broom, *Camellia Japonica*; ivy, begonias, wisteria, green brier; seed vessels, thorn apple, poppy, mallows, henbane, monk's-hood, wild sage, calys and wild hop.

These directions are rather premature, but they will keep until needed. A. G. Athens.

FLOWERS IN WINTER.

I never liked flowers in the winter time. They always seemed to me out of place and out of season, however fair, or sweet, or perfect they may be. They jar upon my sense of the eternal fitness of things. They are not in harmony with cold days and bright fires. I never could bear to have my windows blocked up with plants, nor to have a stand of plants in front of a window. No matter how sweet and lovely the flowers might be, or how beautiful the plants, I could take no pleasure in them, and they must be banished to the cellar, for my windows must be unobstructed, and the way to them as clear as the way to the doors, and, happily for me, our outlooks all are pleasant and attractive. Untrammelled by the care or thought of plants, I love to watch the wintry days as they come and go, and many times each day, I wander from window to window, and watch with unalloyed pleasure whatever the day may bring to me. "The rain that fast and faster falls," or the waving, swaying branches of the trees as the restless winds sweep through them, or the softly falling snow, and of all the winter days that ever dawned for me, this, this midwinter day is the fairest. In its supreme beauty it transcends all others. The sight from my window is serene and breathlessly lovely. Not the first faint flutter of a breeze disturbs the sweet tranquillity. The snow lies twenty inches deep on the ground and is still falling. Straying from window to window, I put the lace curtains aside, and slip the window shades up high, clear to the top of the windows, so that the soft, pure, white snow light may come in and glorify the room with a pure, white glory. And entranced I stand by the window and feast my soul to the full. Oh, white dream! stay with us forever! The branches of the trees and of the shrubbery are gracefully bending beneath their feathery wreaths of snow, and with extreme delight, I watch the softly falling snow flakes, as with the most exquisite, undulating grace of motion, they swing and sway and dance as they fall. And the brilliant red birds, while waiting for their breakfast, are skimming low over the white-mantled earth, now trailing their feet through the snow, and again in high glee, darting hither and thither through the falling snow.

And, coming up the snowy path, through the falling snow, is a maiden, hatless and shawless. Her dress is sprinkled with snow, her hands are wrapped in her dainty apron of mull and lace, she walks along with unconscious grace, loitering that she may enjoy the snow the more, for the air is not cold—and now she stands quite still, in perfect and exquisite harmony with the lovely scene. The whole air seems to be irradiated with her gracious presence. She stands serene and beautiful, with the

"Glory of God around her,
And the gladness of glory within."

I began this article with the intention of writing about flowers—but I was enraptured with the glorious morning, sweet and fresh with the breath of the snow—and the snow and the birds, the trees and the maiden with her jubilant song, have enticed me far from my theme.

Riverside, W. Va.

UHLMA.

CULTIVATE THE MISTLETOE.

There was a tradition that the maid who was not kissed under a bough of mistletoe at Christmas would not be married during the following year. There was once a notion that its heathen origin should exclude it from the Christmas decorations; but this found no favor with the young people at any period. On the contrary, they took good care that it should be hung, and that it should have plenty of berries, for the ceremony under it was not duly performed if a berry was not plucked off with each kiss, and consequently the supply of berries determined the number of kisses. It did not need the Roman use of the plant to recommend such a preventive of the state of old-maidism. Some trace the use of green hush decoration to the original branches of vervain among the Romans. With Romans and Druids the vervain was a panacea for every ail, and they believed, above all, that it "conciliated hearts which were at variance"—another good office of any plant in the Christmas season. The Druids only venerated the mistletoe that grew on the oak, but the common mistletoe (*Viscus album*), with its pearly berries, is gathered from the hawthorn, the old apple tree, the lime, and the fir, and from other trees. Of late years this parasite has been scarcer than formerly, and efforts have been made to propagate it. This is done by cleaning off the bark under any joint of a young tree with the moistened thumb, and then pressing the glutinous berry on the cleaned place till it adheres to the bark; it will begin to show growth in about fifteen months. It is an obvious suggestion that in sections of the country where the statistics show a falling off in marriages this plant ought not to be let die out.—Charles Dudley Warner.

SWEET PEAS.

A lady asks why her sweet peas do not bloom. The difficulty is no doubt the delay in sowing the seed. It is not best to wait for warm, settled weather. Plant as early as the soil can be worked. In this section from the first to the twentieth of April. Any good, rich soil will answer, but do best where cool and damp, fully exposed to the sun at least the early part of the day. Plant three to four inches deep, using seed freely, thinning to about an inch apart when two inches high, hoeing a little soil against them but not to form a ridge. When four to eight inches high brush or twine can be used for support four to five feet high. When they come in bloom, mulch the ground to keep it moist and cool, with straw, hay, boards or any clean litter most convenient, watering in case of a severe drouth once or twice a week thoroughly will be a benefit. If the flowers are continually cut that no seed pods are allowed to ripen they will bloom until destroyed by frost. Should they be allowed to ripen seed the vine will mature and soon die.

By many it may not be known that during the summer of 1885 the sweet pea was one of Saratoga's most fashionable lowers.

C. E. ALLEN.

Brattleboro, Vt.

HOW TO KEEP FLOWERS FRESH.

The great secret of keeping flowers fresh is to keep them moist and cool. The heads of sweet-scented flowers should not be sprinkled, as that causes them to lose their perfume. Those who wish to carry flowers any distance should wrap them in wet paper and pack them in a box. The heads of carnation pinks and delicate white flowers should be covered with oiled paper. Florists send flowers hundreds of miles by taking these

simple precautions, and those receiving the lovely blossoms are delighted to find them apparently as fresh as when taken from the plants. ELIZA H. MORTON.
Portland, Me.

—The government does a large seed business. The object is "to introduce into the various sections of the country such new and valuable products as may be adapted to the soil and climate of each." Last year \$75,000 was voted for this purpose, and this year the grant has been increased to \$100,000. The work of distribution gives employment to 160 women and 58 men. Every year the chief of the department is buying up tons of seeds, two-thirds of the appropriation being spent in the purchase and the remainder in putting them up. During the past year 3,622,730 packages were mailed, 2,912,730 of which went to congressmen. The rest were distributed among the crop correspondents of the agricultural department in every county and state. All sorts are sent out, from field corn and potatoes to the rarest flowers. In last year's distribution 555 packages of sunflowers were given away.

—Wisconsin is the leading cranberry state. Michigan is second. The average yield of a marsh is 150 to 200 bushels to the acre. The picking season lasts two weeks, and three bushels is a good day's work. Seventy-five cents a bushel is the picker's pay. The Wisconsin crop is nearly all shipped to Chicago commission houses, at \$2.75 to \$3 a bushel. A well managed marsh containing 400 acres of vines will yield about \$50,000, and with a very large crop the sum can be nearly doubled. The entire crop of the United States is consumed at home. Englishmen don't take kindly to the fruit, and a shipload sent to London a few years ago, could not be sold for carrying.

—A half an acre of asparagus, the same of raspberries, of grapes and of apples, could be attended to by one woman with a couple of girls, and a good living by healthful occupation be made out of it. A score or so of hens, a few ducks and a milch cow could easily be thrown in, as well as a small garden patch for home consumption. It may seem very vulgar to some to work in this way, but I would much rather do it than stand behind a counter ten or twelve hours a day, or sit at a sewing machine or work in a smothering factory.

A PROLIFIC ROSE BUSH.—A florist in Pennsylvania has a remarkable rose bush. During the last three years, and including the present time, over 10,000 buds were plucked from its numerous branches. Some idea may be had of the value of this vine when we state that these buds sold during the winter at \$15 a hundred. At this time not less than 2,000 buds can be counted on the vine. It is believed that, with two exceptions, it is the largest and most prolific Marechal Niel vine in the United States.

—For a good-sized box no vine is more desirable than the *cobaea scandens*, and it is easily grown from seed.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of your readers tell me how to have roses do well in the house? I sent this fall for three, a Jacqueminot, perpetual white (moss rose), and a safrano. The jasmine I sent for does not grow at all, can any one tell me how I should treat it? and whether the variegated *hoya carnosa* does as well as the mottled? Mine grows nicely now, is not old enough to bloom, but some tell me it will not bloom as well as the other. PANSY.
Illinois.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please give me some information about the tree of heaven? Does it bloom? Also, how long does it take an amaryllis to bloom from seed?

NEW SUBSCRIBER.

The Nursery.

TOO LITTLE.

BY CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM.

The chair was hardly high enough,
Her head came just above the table;
Her little fist a pencil grasped
And scribbled fast as it was able.

"I'm writing stories," she explained,
And down the busy head bent lower;
"Ah, read one to me, dear," I begged—
And then the dimpled hand moved slower.

"O, auntie"—and the baby face
Drew back; then, swift the blue eyes lighting;
"I'd love to, only I'm so small
I don't know how to read my writing!"

—Wide Awake.

LITTLE RACHEL.

BY J. F. BUSHNELL.

LAST summer I met a little girl who had spent all of her short life in a very lonely place indeed. Her home was a low-roofed, brown cottage which stood quite alone in a deep green valley called "Grassy Hollow." It was surrounded on every side by lofty, silent hills, and old forest trees. The trees were all the neighbors they had in that solitary spot, and my little girl had somehow come to believe that they were the guardians of her home. She fancied them watching over her through the long, dark nights, and being interested in her little comings and goings. You see she had never known what it was to have companions and playmates. She had never trudged along the country roads to the battered old school house with a gay, sun-bonneted crowd of little maidens like herself. She had had no one to help her keep house under the lilac bushes, or to go blackberrying with down in the sweet summer fields. She had never known the delight of putting on her new pink calico, and a clean white apron, and going off with her one dear doll to spend the afternoon and take tea with some other merry little girl.

Just think of all the fun you have which my lonely little heroine had missed entirely out of her childhood so far. She had never been to a party in all her life, but she had read about one in a story book, and had seen a picture of the gay company of children playing some mysterious, delightful game. It seemed very charming to her, and after that she used often to take the dear doll, and old Jack, the yellow dog, and Mrs. Tabby with her two kittens, out into the front yard, and try to explain it to them, that they too might have a party. What she did not understand she made up out of her own fanciful little head, and I have no doubt they had just as good a time, if not better, than some of the little boys and girls do at the real parties.

The first time I saw Grassy Hollow it was such a surprise to me. I had been driving for miles and miles over the steep lonely hills, until at last I reached a very high level called Chestnut Hill. I had never been there before, and I remember my surprise and delight when I turned to look back for the first time, and saw, away off in the distance, the blue stretch of Long Island Sound, with its waves sparkling in the sunshine, and Faulkner's Island with its white lighthouse standing out so clear and plain against the horizon. Then I turned Dick's head and began plunging down, down, down, along a road which seemed like a tunnel through the dense green foliage. I kept wondering where it would lead me, and amused myself by fancying that I was on the way to some enchanted region where the fairies still lived and reigned, or perhaps to the "Happy Valley" itself, when, quite suddenly, a turn in the road brought me to Grassy Hollow and its one low brown

cottage. It lay at the very bottom of the green tunnel through which I had come, and on the other side the hills again stretched up in a long, long, line to the quiet, sleepy old town of Kenilworth, which seems when you get there not to be a real part of the busy world, but as if it had been left behind and forgotten. Once or twice a week a creeping old stage toils wearily up the hills from a village ten miles away, and drops an occasional passenger, and the slimmest of mail bags at the one store. They have a church which stands on a hill and can be seen like a lighthouse for miles around on all the branching lower roads, and once a year they have a fine country fair, but I will tell you about that later.

When I reached Grassy Hollow that day I was very much pleased to see a dear little girl in a pink sunbonnet swinging gaily on the friendly old front gate of the cottage door yard. She was singing to her self in a high, childish voice, which sounded sweet and pathetic in that solitary place. She was very much surprised when she turned her head and saw me, and the song came to a sudden end. At first she glanced at me a little shyly out of her sweet blue eyes, but after a while we became very good friends indeed. I have always had a weakness for swinging on gates myself, and we soon found that we had a great many other tastes in common. I had first to admire old Jack and the dear cats, who all came out to look at me, and I told her about my own splendid cat, Hafiz, who had had a story written about him, and about the collie dog, "Malcolm McLean," who was always so happy that he never had time to remember his manners at all. So, as I have said, little Rachel—that was her name—and I soon became very sociable indeed. She was keeping house that afternoon, for grandpa and grandma—they were all she had, poor little one—had gone to Kenilworth to a funeral. "Uncle Jonathan is dead you know," she said, looking solemnly up at me, which was very sad I thought. She told me how she went to Kenilworth sometimes to church on pleasant Sundays. They had an organ there she said, and they all stood up and sang so lovely, she almost wished Sunday came oftener. She had been to Sunday school, too, once in a while, and her pretty blue eyes brightened as she told me about it. Those occasions had evidently been the greatest pleasures that had ever come into her lonely little life.

"I am going to school, too, when I get bigger," she went on. "But I can read little pieces now, and I don't ever want to go to school, because then I must leave grandma. She says there is a big world over there full of people, more than I ever saw at Kenilworth." And she gazed up the road to the green hills, with an eager, wondering look on her thoughtful little face. Then she turned to the little cottage and Jack and the cats, and said softly, "I'd rather stay here though."

"Do you never get lonely, dear," I asked, "without any little boys and girls to play with?"

She cast a puzzled glance up at me.

"Jack and the kittens know how to play," she said, "and I have a tame robin too, I let him go because he wanted so much to fly, but he lives in the cherry tree, and sings to me every morning and every night. Grandma says he sings, 'cheer up, cheer up,' to her."

She was not at all a common child, this little Rachel, her head was full of all sorts of quaint, pretty fancies, and I could see that she had wise, helpful, little ways. I hoped that she would keep that happy, innocent face all her life. She had never been farther away than the quiet town, five miles distant over the hills. The sea was a mystery to her, shut in as she

was by those hill barriers. She had seen it sparkling in the distance, and she listened eagerly to the stories I told her about the great ships that sailed over it, the strange fishes that lived beneath it, and the beautiful shells that one could pick up on the smooth, sandy beach. Then she confided to me how much she wanted to go to the fair at Kenilworth, and grandpa had promised to take her that year, and her eyes fairly danced with glad anticipations, and I was very nearly as excited as she was, and trembled lest something happen to deprive the child of this great pleasure.

I fully intended to visit Grassy Hollow and little Rachel again that summer, but it was a long drive and the time never seemed to come when it was convenient to go, but as the long bright days went by I thought often of her, among her dogs and her cats, and her flowers, living her pathetic, happy little life in the lonely green depths of Grassy Hollow, and when Kenilworth fair day came I put into the carriage some books and pictures in case I should see my little friend, I did so hope she would be there, and I intended to keep on the lookout for her all day. There was such a crowd, however, that I very nearly despaired of finding her when I reached Kenilworth, for every one had come for miles around, and it was a very gay and stirring scene indeed. There were long processions of cattle, with bright ribbons tied to their horns, drawing the most beautiful straw houses on wheels. These were very attractive, being made of grain and evergreens, and trimmed on every side with vegetables and fruit and flowers, there were all sorts of animals in cages, and no end of cows, and calves and horses and pigs, all looking as unconcerned and patient as possible, but nowhere did I see, among the numberless children, my sweet little blue-eyed Rachel, and I began to fear that she had been disappointed after all.

At last, however, in the hall where the gorgeous fancy work and wonderful fruit and vegetables, bread and cake were displayed, I came upon her, and at first I did not recognize the odd little figure. She wore a queer, little, old-fashioned yellow cape, over a long, bright blue merino dress, her pretty bright curls were quite hidden under the funniest little bonnet I had ever seen, her hands were covered by some ill-fitting white cotton gloves, and she carried very carefully, a small green silk parasol. She was standing, simply entranced, before some dauby water color paintings of flowers, and near her was a little wrinkled old man in some impossible clothes, whom I took to be "grandpa" himself.

"How do you do, Rachel?" I said gently. "You have not forgotten me, have you?"

She turned slowly and looked at me out of a pair of the very happiest eyes I have ever seen, as she recognized me, a flush of surprise and delight crept over the sweet face, which no bonnet however ugly, could disfigure, and she smiled joyfully.

"Oh, isn't it splendid?" she cried.

"Indeed, it is," I responded heartily.

"Are those real?" she whispered, pointing to the paintings in an awe struck manner.

"No, Rachel those are only painted from real flowers."

"Oh," she said, wonderingly. Afterwards we went round the hall together. I never expect to see again so happy a person as that little girl was that day. It was as if the doors of fairy land had suddenly opened before her astonished eyes, and I was very careful not to let her see that my wonder and delight was not as great as hers. One little incident touched me exceedingly. Some one had sent a cage containing an old cat and five little

kittens, it stood in a corner and was a very fascinating sight. Rachel and I stood before it a long time, watching with delight the five merry little pussies, careering over their poor mother's patient body, rolling and tumbling after the manner of kittens, when a woman standing near said thoughtlessly, "I suppose they have drugged the old cat, or she'd never be so still. I think it is real cruel."

"Oh," cried Rachel with an accent of pain, looking up at the speaker with a startled face. Then turning to me she burst into tears. She did not understand what "drugging" meant, but cruelty to that dear old cat—her sensitive, tender heart could not bear the thought. I soon eased her mind, however, on that score, and she again turned a happy face toward the charming cage.

Later in the day I saw the old man and the child seated on the church steps eating a lunch of pie and doughnuts. The queer little bonnet was quite tumbled, and looked queerer than ever, but who minded that.

I gave her the pictures and the books, and was rewarded by knowing that now her cup of happiness was full to overflowing. She will never have another day half so delightful I am sure, and she will remember it all her life long. On our way home we met them again. They were rattling along in a quaint, rickety, old chaise, drawn by a comfortable-looking, shaggy, gray horse. The old man was bent half double over the reins, and seemed quite fagged out. Little Rachel was almost lost to sight in the depths of the chaise, but when we stopped to speak to them she thrust out her head and answered us prettily. She had righted the little bonnet and bent it into shape again, though her hair had escaped and was tumbled a little about her face, which was quite flushed with excitement and her blue eyes fairly shone with happiness. In her lap she held my gifts, together with a big bag of peanuts, and a gaudy palette bearing a picture of Longfellow, which some advertising agent had been giving away.

"Have you had a good time, Rachel?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, ma'am!" she exclaimed joyfully. "I never had such a nice time before."

How she would go home and talk about it, and dream about it, over and over.

Grandfather, who was deaf and hadn't heard a word, said, "Yes, yes, a fine day." Then he clucked to the horse, and twitched the reins, and we watched them rattle away down the steep, hilly road that led to lonely Grassy Hollow.

And all the way home I thought of little Rachel, and kept repeating over to myself those lines:

"What shall I see if I ever go
Over the mountains high."

I have thought often of her this winter too, and tried to fancy what Grassy Hollow is like with its bare, surrounding hills, leafless tall trees and dreary stretches of ice and snow, but little Rachel is there I know growing wise and helpful, and learning, in solitude, the great secret of content and happiness. Then some day, I suppose, she will grow up and go away over the mountains high, but she can never go again for the first time to Kenilworth fair.

LILL'S SEARCH.

It was a dull, cloudy day, but Lill put on her hat.

"Where are you going?" asked her mother.

"I am going to find the silver lining of the clouds," said she.

"You will have to travel far, child; you will get wet to the skin."

But Lill thought she could run between

the drops, at a pinch; and away she went, over hill and through the woods and across little rivulets without finding it. Once she thought she saw it gleaming in the distance, but when she reached it, it was only a mud-puddle. She asked of every one she met, "Have you seen the silver lining of the clouds?" But few had been so fortunate; many had never even heard of it. Some thought she ought to borrow Jack's bean-stalk, if she was going after it, and others advised her to inquire of the man in the moon.

"I have seen it often," murmured the little stream that tumbled over a rocky bed. "In the summer-time, after the drought, my waters are often too scant to turn the mill-wheel, and the miller can grind no grain, and the little children go hungry to bed, till a great cloud comes up and shows its silver lining."

"We have seen it, too," whispered the trees together, "when our roots were thirsty and our leaves withered." And all the grasses sung its praises.

"I will spin you a silken ladder, to go in search of it," offered the garden spider.

"If I could find out where the rainbow begins," said Lill, "that would carry me to cloud-land."

"Can you tell me where the rainbow begins?" she asked, knocking at a farmhouse door.

"Yes, indeed," said the old farmer, looking over his spectacles. "It begins in neighbor Goodwin's meadow yonder. I've hunted for it myself, when I was a boy and went bird-nesting, but I never caught up with it. Every year I meant to look it up, but now I'm too lame. But I've seen it, over yonder, these forty years."

Lill pushed on along the highway, without seeing the rainbow or the cloud's silver lining. But she met a peddler, who said he had them both in his pack, and would sell them cheap.

"As I was coming down the valley this morning, singing to myself, some saucy girl began to mock me. Tell me her name, and I'll show you the silver lining of all the clouds."

"Oh, dear!" cried Lill, "but I don't know the girls about here. May be I can find out, though. What else have you got in your pack, please?"

"I've a good stock, let me tell you, none of your tinsel gewgaws, but a serviceable lot nobody can afford to do without. Here's the seasons, to begin with. Here's your rainbows, single and double, and your showers, your fogs and your frost. I've a rare invoice of frost-work embroideries, just imported from the north pole; and here are your northern lights, and your Christmases, and your Fourth of Julys, and your Thanksgivings, all stowed away in my pack."

"Are the yesterdays there, too?" asked Lill.

"I've got all the to-morrows."

"And the silver lining of the clouds?"

"Plenty of it; only find out the name of that wicked girl who dared to mock at old Father Time, and you shall see it."

Lill went on more quickly than before. She climbed the mountain and reached the valley, but she met no girls, only an old woman gathering fagots and a wood-chopper felling trees. "Hallo!" said he, and somebody answered, "Hallo!" but it was not Lill, and yet there was nobody else in sight.

"Have you seen the girl who mocks at people in the valley here?" asked Lill.

"Have I seen her?" repeated the wood-chopper. "The oldest inhabitant has never seen so much as her shadow. She's nothing but a voice."

"What a queer person!" said Lill.

"Where does she live?"

"In a castle in the air, perhaps."

"It's growing dark; they'll be looking

for me at home, said Lill. "I came out to find the silver lining of the cloud." And "You'll be just as likely to find it at home as anywhere," returned the wood-chopper.

And sure enough, when Lill opened her eyes next morning there it was, shining on the hedges, sparkling on the meadows, hanging on the boughs of the plum trees, in great, white garlands of snow.—*St. Nicholas*.

WHY DO CHILDREN DISLIKE HISTORY?

BY T. W. HIGGINSON.

It has always seemed to me creditable to the brains of children that they dislike what we call history. It is surely unfair to blame them when they certainly like it quite as well as do their parents. The father brings home to his little son, from the public library, the first volume of Hildreth's "United States," and says to him, "There, my son, is a book for you, and there are five more volumes just like it." Then he goes back to his Sunday Herald, and his wife reverts to "But Yet a Woman," or "Mr. Isaacs," both feeling that they have done their duty to the child's mind. Would they ever read through the six volumes of Hildreth consecutively for themselves?

Yet it needs but little reflection to see that no study is in itself, apart from the treatment, so interesting as history. For what is it that most interests every child? Human beings. And what is history? The record of human beings, that is all.

We are accustomed to say, and truly, that every child is a born naturalist. But where is the child who would not at any time leave the society of animals for that of human beings? Even the bear and the raccoon are not personally more interesting to the country boy than to hear the endless tales of the men who have trapped the one and shot the other. The boy by the seaside would rather listen to the sailors' yarns than go fishing. Even stories about animals must have the human element thrown in to make them fully fascinating; children must hear not only about the wolf and his den, but about General Putnam who went into it; and they would rather hear about Indian wars than either, because there all the participants are men. The gentlest girl likes to read the "Swiss Family Robinson," or to dress up for a "centennial tea-party." But early Puritan history is all "Swiss Family Robinson" with many added excitements thrown in; and the colonial and revolutionary periods are all a centennial tea-party. If we could only make the characters live and move, with their own costume and their own looks, in our instruction, they would absorb the attention of every child.

It is idle to say, "But children prefer fiction to fact. Not at all; they prefer fact to fiction, if it is only made equally interesting. Tell a boy a story which he supposes to be true, and then disclose that it is all an invention. If the boy preferred fiction to fact he would be pleased. Not at all; he is disappointed. On the other hand, if, after telling some absorbing and marvellous tale, you can honestly add, "My dear child, all this really happened to your father when he was little," or "to your respected great-grandmother," the child is delighted.

In truth, the whole situation, in respect to history, is described in that well-known conversation between the Englishman and the play-actor. "Why is it?" asked the clergyman, "that you who represent what everybody knows to be false obtain more attention than we who deal in the most momentous realities?"

"It is," said the actor, "because you represent the truth so that it seems like

fiction, while we depict fiction in such a manner that it has the effect of truth."

The moral of it all is, that the fault is not in the child, but in us who write the books and teach the lessons. History is but a series of tales of human beings. Human beings form the theme which is of all things most congenial to the child's mind. If the subject loses all its charms by our handling, the fault is ours, and we should not blame the child.—*Exchange*.

THE MOTHERS' CHAIR.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to add my mite to The Mothers' Chair. When my little girl began to feed herself she seemed to get about as much food on her sleeves as she did in her mouth. So I took a piece of cambric and made some sleeves the same as ladies wear for protection, only smaller, with elastic cord at top and bottom, and find it a great saving. When "papa" puts them on, he says, "What a nuisance!" He likes the clean dress afterwards, however. Kept with the bib it is only a little trouble.

Another thing that I liked when baby was small, was a dry goods box about three feet square and deep enough so she could not fall over, lined with old sacking with hay or straw for wadding. Cover with any thing pretty, and put a small quilt in the bottom. It made a nice little playhouse, and she did not feel the draft if a door was open.

L. P.
New Hampshire.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Since the birth of my two little ones, I have kept for them journals, and find so much enjoyment in so doing I wish to tell the mothers of THE HOUSEHOLD that they may keep a similar book. A blank book beginning with the circumstances connected with baby's birth, and once a month thereafter, writing a few facts concerning the health, when first tooth appeared, the first word lisped, first sentence uttered, first steps alone, journeys, and how baby seemed to enjoy them, wise sayings of the wee one, with age and weight, together with a few loving words from father or mother, some sweet thought in verse suited to the age, a wish for future happiness, or a word of prayer that the kind Shepherd might keep the little lambs close to Himself, and be indeed a Saviour to them.

A few lines written monthly take but very little time, and will surely prove a valuable book in years to come, when the loving mother who penned it, has passed away, and all that is known of her life or of the child's early days is contained in this little journal. Then, in later years, when temptations surround our darlings, and they have almost forgotten the little prayer learned at mother's knee, they will draw forth this treasured volume, and find in that dear handwriting on almost every page, the earnest desire that they may seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness that all these things may be added unto them.

MAY.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

CHRISTMAS AT THE PARSONAGE.

Christmas is past, and Christmas stories are not in order, but I want to tell the young readers of THE HOUSEHOLD about how our little folks passed their Christmas. About the first of December, the oldest little girl, who is eight years old, sent Santa Claus a letter. Here is the letter:

DEAR MR. SANTA CLAUS:—I once wrote you a letter, and asked you to bring us some things, and you were so kind as to bring every thing just as I asked you, so I thought I would write now and tell you what I want. Well, I want so many things I am ashamed to ask you for them,

so I will just say please bring me something real nice. And please bring my little brother and sister a nice present too, and we will all try to be good children and help our dear mamma. And if you could bring a tree, and put all the pretty things on it, and hang cocoanut balls on it, we would like it so much. I don't know where you live, but I read once in a picture book that you lived in Santa Clausville, so I will direct my letter to that place, and I hope you will get it and answer sure. Your loving little friend,

EMMA WIRT WILLIAMS.

As mamma was going next day to the city, it was decided best to mail it there, which was accordingly done.

Christmas eve at last came, but it seemed that the sun would never go down, and the little voices that every night beg to sit up "just a little while longer," pleaded to be put to bed, and though sleep did not come at once to the little restless heads, yet happy thoughts and smothered whispers kept them busy till all was still. Three little stockings first were hung by the sitting room mantel, after numerous visits to each one's drawer to decide which stocking suited best.

If the day had been long, what did the night seem? One little midget waked about four o'clock, and begged to get up to "see what Santa Claus had brought." Morning came at last, and the three little stockings were eagerly emptied of their contents, and put away till after breakfast, which mamma had ordered unusually early that morning. At mamma's, and papa's, and grandma's plates, were pretty little presents "from little Wirt," while dear little Bertha, four years old, slipped down from her chair, and put into mamma's hand a cunning little blue box containing a bottle of "lone" (cologne). Many presents came into the parsonage afterwards, but none sent a more genuine thrill of delight than these precious little love offerings.

After breakfast mamma slipped out, and soon called all to follow to an upper room used by the children as their play room. There it seemed a picture from fairy land. Santa Claus must have received that letter, for there was a lovely Christmas tree, hanging with cocoanut balls, and lighted tapers, and cornucopias, and presents for each one—nice, useful presents—even mamma, and papa, and grandma were each remembered. Perched on a high table was a lovely wax doll in a bower of holly and gray moss, while near by was her trunk with some additional articles of clothing. The little ones looked and admired and were told which were their presents, but the tree was not broken until other children should see it in its beauty.

The next night all the small children of the village were invited to come to see the Christmas tree. After playing all kinds of games, they were treated to cake and apples, then more games, and at eight and one-half o'clock the tree was again lighted and all invited in. Each child received a cornucopia of candy and nuts, and a ball of cocoanut candy, and all left, perfectly delighted with the success of the Christmas tree.

PERSIS.

—Whatever you do, do it cheerfully. A boy that is whipped at school never learns his lesson well. A man that is compelled to work cares not how badly it is performed. He who pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man to succeed.

—It is a great misfortune to a child to have a fretful disposition. It takes the fragrance out of its life, and leaves only weeds where cheerfulness would cause flowers to bloom.

The Library.

HER WELCOME.

BY ALICE MILLER.

Only a word! but a kind one,
And it brought a calm, sweet peace,
To a heart that was overburdened,
And longing for death's release.
For, lonely and sad and friendless,
She had turned from a life of sin;
But no hand was stretched forth to welcome
The soul Christ died to win.

She had heard of a loving Saviour,
Who left His home above,
And she read with an earnest longing
His tender words of love.
His followers are bidden
To seek the wandering one,
But they haughtily turned from her
And tread her path to shun.

Then she cried in her grief and anguish,
"O! Christ, are these like Thee?"
And she heard His loving answer,
"My child come unto me."
Though these despise and leave thee
To grope thy way alone,
Thy Saviour still is with thee,
He careth for His own.

So she struggled bravely onward,
Nor turned from the path of right,
Though the shadows gathered around her
Like the blackest clouds of night.
But she raised her eyes to heaven
With a pure and holy trust,
Neglected by those around her
Still murmuring, "God is just."

She sits among God's people,
And lists to the message sweet,
Craving only a blessing,
For the least disciple meet.
But she feels a soft, warm hand clasp,
And a voice falls on her ear,
"My child, did you like the sermon?
I am glad to see you here."

How quickly those words of welcome
Cause the joyful tears to start,
And she leaves the place of worship
With a glad and happy heart.
Those words have dispelled the darkness,
And the clouds return no more,
But that gentle act is recorded
On the shining, crystal shore.

THE ART AMATEURS OF WALTON.

"I JUST envy Belle Thomas," exclaimed May Montrel, as a half dozen girls gathered under the big willow in the academy yard, one pleasant day in late September. "Belle deserves it, though. She has a real genius for painting, too, which none of us have."

"It isn't because of the painting that I envy her," said Mollie Downs breaking the stem from a yellow leaf. "She will have such gay, good times, while we must console ourselves with the debating club, sole relic of departed days when Walton Academy had its hundreds of students from all over the state."

"She will see so many nice pictures, and learn so much about art and artists," lamented Carrie Walker. "I confess with shame that I don't know the first thing about perspective, and whether Titian, Angelo or Van Dyke, painted the most Madonnas. Ah me! what shall we do?"

"Couldn't we have a literary club? I am tired of debates," proposed Nettie Downs, timidly, from the edge of the group.

"My child, you have given me an inspiration," exclaimed May Montrel, springing up eagerly.

"We don't want literature," remarked Carrie, grandiloquently. "Art, high, true art is all that will satisfy us."

"Just wait, will you?" laughed Mollie, putting her hand over Carrie's mouth. "Any thing will do that will keep us from utter stagnation. May, what is your idea?"

"Here are half a dozen of us girls, about sixteen years old, and talking of stagnation," laughed Lena Rivers.

"Why can't we form an art club and study up about artists?" proposed May, "and when Belle comes home next spring, we shall know as much about some things as she will. We don't paint, so it will answer about as well for us."

"But we don't know the first thing to begin with," laughed Lena. "I haven't the slightest idea whether cobalt is blue or green, and burnt sienna, brown or drab. I never found a book that could tell me, either."

"Why don't you look them up in the dictionary?" suggested Nettie during the laugh which followed.

"But we haven't the first thing to do with," objected Carrie, yet with a wistful expression in her clear, blue eyes. "No art books or any thing."

"Where there's a will, there's a way," quoted Mollie. "May always finds the way. We have the dictionary, at least. Oh dear! there's the bell!" and the girls went slowly back to the school room.

Walton was a small country town, with but one advantage over its neighbors, an academy which had once been popular, but which since the seminary at Stanyon was opened, only served to furnish some of the higher branches of instruction to the young people of the town.

It was hard for the girls to keep their minds on their lessons during the remainder of the session. They were continually wondering how May would manage without pictures, and with as few books as there were in town. Not for a moment did they think of failure. May never gave up a possible scheme.

As soon as school closed they gathered eagerly around their leader. "Now, May, do tell us all about it," entreated Nettie.

"We all have some books or pictures, haven't we?" May asked, looking around the little group, "engravings, woodcuts, or illustrations?"

There was a ready response. There was no family represented who did not allow themselves the luxury of at least one monthly magazine.

"To-morrow is Saturday, find every thing you can, and bring it over to my house, and we'll see."

They willingly obeyed May's command, and early the next afternoon they came, each one with books, magazines, or some cherished picture. May was jubilant.

"There are grand possibilities before us," she exclaimed, looking critically at a fine engraving of the "Mater Dolorosa."

"You are the greatest girl to see possibilities in nothing," exclaimed Carrie, disconsolately. "I am more discouraged than ever. What can we do?"

They were standing around the table which held their few art treasures, so few that Carrie was very excusable for her despondency.

"Now, I'll tell you what we'll do," said May, eagerly, after she had looked over and arranged their possessions. "Sit down and talk," then as they settled themselves on lounge and easy chairs she went on. "I have found something that is just grand, an article telling all about the different schools of painting, and what belonged to each, and their different characteristics. Now, let's take one school at a time, beginning with the very first, and study it up thoroughly, the lives of the artists, their paintings, and every thing we can find about them. Then we will meet once a week; and see, almost all these pictures are copies of some great painting. And this came last night," showing them a copy of the Art Amateur.

"Father subscribed for it for me. He said he wished I could share Belle's privileges, but as he couldn't afford it, he would do the best for me he could."

"Let's take that for our motto," said Lena, earnestly, as May paused, out of breath. "If we all do the best we can, we shall succeed."

They were only too willing to promise, even doubtful Carrie admitting that it was "better than nothing." Now their lessons and daily home duties seemed much lighter and more pleasant.

It would be surprising to one who has

never tried it, the amount of information which these girls obtained from their limited resources. Cyclopedias, magazines, papers and dictionary, were culled, and whatever was to be found, was thoroughly learned. All other points were kept in a note book, until Belle should come, or they should find some way of looking them up. In a few months of earnest work, they succeeded in acquainting themselves with the outlines of the lives of the greater painters, and had found many engravings from their works. Then came a great treat. Mrs. Montrel was much interested in the "Art Amateurs," as they called themselves, taking their name from May's much prized magazine. They were studying the later English artists when they met one day at Mrs. Montrel's: Landseer, Lawrence, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and others.

"If you could only go into the art gallery at Stanyon," remarked Mrs. Montrel. "They have a copy of Reynolds' 'Strawberry Girl.'"

This was the starting point. May planned and carried into effect a whole delightful day at Stanyon. She wrote over to see if visitors would be allowed to examine their treasures, and received a cordial invitation to the "Art Amateurs." She persuaded her father to take them all over in his three-seated sleigh, and arranged the minor matters of luncheon, note books, etc.

They had a lovely fifteen-mile drive over hills and through woods white with snow, and so down to Stanyon. It was not the usual day for visitors, at the art gallery, so they had the room to themselves, save when the librarian came in to see that they were enjoying themselves. It was a great treat to the girls who had never before seen a real oil painting. They found several about which they had studied, Raphael's Sistine Madonna, one of Rosa Bonheur's, and the "The Children of Charles First." They spent the entire morning, looking, admiring and commenting. After dinner they went in again and found, oh, delight! large volumes of choice engravings and books upon art which had been taken from the shelves for their benefit. Now they could look up for themselves the questions which they had left for Belle. It was a day long to be remembered. They studied with renewed diligence after this, and succeeded even better than they had hoped.

When Belle Thomas returned in May, the girls all went down to see her. Although they had corresponded during the winter, no word had been dropped of the attention they were giving the subject. Now she was surprised enough, and so were they. Belle had improved very much in painting, to which she had given her whole attention, but her knowledge of the art world was much inferior to that of her friends, who had simply done the best they could at home.

"We shall never paint, except on silks, so we don't need the knowledge of 'technique,' which Belle has acquired," remarked Mollie complacently. "I am satisfied with our winter's work. Perhaps next year we can do more, we'll have some new books at any rate, and perhaps another engraving," thinking with pride of the copy of Landseer's "Two Dogs," on the academy wall which they had purchased by some self-denial.

WILLAMETTA.

A PICTURE IN GREEK HISTORY.

BY CECIL LEIGH.

XERXES' ARMY AND THERMOPYLÆ.

The Persian king, Darius, was succeeded on the throne by his son, Xerxes, about the year 487 B. C. During the latter part of his reign, he waged war on

the Grecian states, but was defeated in his first invasion. He returned to Persia much mortified, and fully resolved that Greece, or Hellas, should wear the Persian yoke. For three years after, all western Asia resounded with preparations for war, but just as arrangements were completed he died.

After some delay, Xerxes, who was now king, spent four years more in collecting and equipping the soldiers. He resolved this army should be the largest and most splendid ever assembled beneath the banners of any one sovereign, and that the march to Greece should be a triumphal procession of which he should be the central figure. Never, before nor since, in the history of humanity, has there been gathered together an army so immense in number, composed of so many and far-distant nations, under command of one general, and with one object in view.

According to the testimony of Herodotus, the enormous host is reckoned beyond five millions. This estimate, however, according to later historians, cannot be accepted, because such a multitude, while on the march, could not possibly have obtained sufficient food to enable them to subsist; but it is the unanimous belief of best authorities that this is by far the largest army ever collected. It seems almost incredible when we consider such a mighty number, and the long ages that have passed since its assembling, but the conclusion is supported by the extent of the Persian empire, and the years spent in such energetic preparations.

At last all was ready, and in the autumn of 481 B. C., the order was given to march. Two memorable works were constructed by command of Xerxes to facilitate their progress. One, a bridge across the Hellespont, the other, a canal through the neck, that connected Mount Athos with the continent. The bridge was composed of long lines of large ships anchored abreast of each other, held by cables stretching from shore to shore. Some writers deny these works, treating them as mere fables, but not only are they vouched for by the most accurate of ancient historians, but it is said traces of the canal may be seen at the present day. Dim and distant past! Even so may appear the deeds of the nineteenth century to students two thousand years to come.

When they reached the limits of Asia, and before crossing to the European shore, Xerxes desiring to view his army caused a marble throne to be erected on the summit of a very high hill. Here he viewed the vast host as it passed on toward Thermopylæ, the most convenient road by which an army could penetrate southern Hellas. It was a narrow, rocky pass, and no considerable number could enter at a time. It is stated that the physical features of Thermopylæ are quite different at the present day by reason of changes in the coast lines.

The young king of Sparta, Leonidas, led a small force to the place, resolving to summon re-enforcements from other Grecian states, and make a desperate stand. Xerxes pitched his camp not far from Thermopylæ, and sent forward a large detachment with orders to take the Greeks alive and bring them into his presence. The steady light of history falls here, for the little band within the wall fought so valiantly and well that Xerxes became convinced that they were unable to force the pass or capture the brave defenders, and ordered his ten thousand "Immortals," the flower of his army, to the attack. They met with no better success, and great numbers were slain. Xerxes, who witnessed the struggle from a distant height, is said to have leaped from his throne three times, in terror at the repulse of his army.

Aside from the pass there was a path across the mountain, known only to those

familiar with the country. Some one, wishing to enrich himself, proved traitor and informed Xerxes. He was delighted and immediately set out. The Greek force was not sufficient to guard both roads; had it been, it is doubtful if the immense host had ever penetrated far into Greece. When Leonidas was informed of this, he advised the allies to depart, resolving himself to stay with his three hundred Spartans, and court death at the hands of the enemy. This determination was based on a message from the oracle at Delphi that either Sparta or one of her kings must fall in the struggle. The advancing legions came, and were slain in vast numbers, but the brave Spartans were overcome at last, and with their king slain to a man. "Thus perished," says a distinguished historian, "the three hundred Spartans with their king, the immortal heroes of Thermopylae—an instance of self-devotion that has been the admiration of all succeeding ages."

HANDEL'S ORATORIOS.

BY J. S. DWIGHT.

We need not say much of the oratorios, since it is by these that Handel is best known—best of all by the Messiah, which is at once passion music and redemption, the sins and sorrows of our race and the immortal hope. This is truly a great epic. Why describe it, when it has been described and analyzed, and all its beauty, pathos, and sublimity exposed, a hundred times? What can we tell of it that is not known already to all serious music-lovers; that is, what of its power and meaning? While for the historical facts and anecdotes attending its production it is enough to refer to Dr. Burney, and such biographers as Mainwaring, Schoelcher, and particularly Rockstro. Some regard it as the crowning product of all musical art and genius, as the fixed star shining at the very pinnacle of the universal tone-cathedral. (Bach's St. Matthew Passion was not known when this was claimed unhesitatingly.) A wonder about it is that it was begun and finished in the short space of twenty-one days. Such intense and lightning-like rapidity of execution is easily credited by any one who looks through the fac-simile of the original manuscript, in Handel's resolute, bold hand, with hasty jottings and erasures, and such blurs and smudges as suggest a desperate hurry. But, although it was noted down in three weeks, it is but reasonable to take for granted that it had been shaping itself in Handel's mind for many months before. We know that Mozart's compositions were always clear and complete in his mind before they went on paper. The Messiah was coldly received in London. He took it to Dublin, appealing to the unsophisticated hearts of Ireland with music so unlike that of their Roman masses. There it was sung repeatedly to crowds full of enthusiasm; and after that it never failed to command eager audiences in England, even when his other oratorios rang out in empty houses.

Israel in Egypt is the oratorio which most frequently disputes the palm with the Messiah. Perhaps in sustained grandeur and sublimity it is the greater of the two; one vast mountain chain of massive double choruses, with soft green vales of melody between. These choruses deal with miracle in the boldest style. They smite with lightning force, revealing scenes of awe and splendor; describe darkness palpable, that may be felt; portray the plagues of Egypt, from mean annoyances of flies to vast elemental forces and upheavals, and up to moral, spiritual terrors; the crossing of the Red Sea, Miriam's song of triumph, fire and hail running along the ground, and whatever

images can lift the imagination from the commonplace to what is superhuman and sublime. Equally imposing are its outpourings of faith, humiliation, awe, before the holy presence, in a more grave and church-like style. Judas Maccabeus, with airs and choruses full of heroic, patriotic fire, its great hymns of a nation's lamentation, and Samson perhaps, stand next in popular appreciation. But he has left us nearly twenty more, which, if not quite such perfect wholes, yet teem with wonderful inspirations both for single voice and chorus. Solomon, with its exquisite nightingale chorus and its chain of choruses descriptive of the passions, has had some hearings here in Boston, where also Saul and Joshua and his latest, Jephtha, have been partly given once or twice. But Deborah, Belshazzar, Theodora (a favorite with its composer,) Susanna, Esther, etc., are sealed books to us. And so are those works in oratorio form with mythological or secular subjects, like Semele and Hercules, so-called oratorios, which contain some of the most original and striking instances of Handel's genius. And why sealed? Simply because the scores as handed down to us, still need some Mozart, Mendelssohn, or Robert Franz to fill out and complete the harmony from the mere sketch, which never could have contented Handel, and which, as we have said before, he was in the habit of completing for himself as he presided at the organ.—*Atlantic.*

WHAT OUR GIRLS READ.

BY MRS. D. O. CLARK.

Two mothers were discussing the relative merits of their daughters. Said one to the other, "My Janie is a bookworm. She reads any thing and every thing that comes in her way."

This carelessly uttered assertion voices the sad fact that many mothers are neglecting an important duty by permitting their daughters to read indiscriminately. There is an abundance of good and bad literature published to-day. They grow together as tares among the wheat. Evil thoughts and inspirations are woven so insidiously into the fabric of many a story that the most experienced find them difficult to detect, at the same time their effect upon the young mind is vicious. We grow to be like those with whom we associate. If our bosom companions are good books, happy are we! But if we cherish bad books we shall find that we have nursed a viper which will reward us with a deadly sting.

If mothers could only look within the pages of many a dime novel or trashy newspaper which their daughters are perusing, they would be horrified at the injuries which might result. And still our girls are not desirous of reading bad books. They devour them because they are fascinating, and come oftenest in their way.

One method of interesting girls in good literature, is by placing good books within their reach. Give your girls such wholesome stories of young life as Miss Alcott's "Little Women," "Old-Fashioned Girl," Miss Warner's "Wide, Wide World," "Old Helmet," "Daisy;" Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's "Our Girls" "Faith Gartney's Girlhood;" Mrs. Mulock Craik's "A Noble Life" "A Brave Lady;" George MacDonald's "Weighed and Wanting," "Warlock o' Glenwarlock," and Sophie May's piquant sketches, and we affirm that the young ladies will be charmed with these authors and through their perusal will become more thoughtful and womanly.

When girls arrive at the age of fifteen or sixteen years, they usually wish to confine their reading to fiction. This should by no means be allowed. One method for interesting girls in general literature,

is by encouraging them to collect a library of their own. There are delightful poems, books of travel and adventure, and histories which in point of interest far exceed the novel. The following list includes only a few of the best works of the kinds mentioned: Longfellow's "Evangeline," "Song of Hiawatha;" Whittier's "Tent on the Beach," "Snow-bound;" Mrs. Lucy Bainbridge's "Round the World Letters;" Mrs. Whitney's "Sights and Insights;" Dickens' "History of England;" Charlotte Yonge's "Golden Deeds;" "The Magna Charta Stories," edited by Arthur Gilman; "Homes of the American Poets," by R. H. Stoddard and others; "History of the United States," by T. W. Higginson, etc. A little tact and judicious advice in regard to the selection of the best authors will insure the implanting of the good seed which, if it germinates, will bear an abundant harvest for good in the years to come.

In order to prevent pernicious books from being read, mothers must have the confidence of their daughters. There are girls who hide their thoughts and acts from their mothers, and who read books secretly they would not read openly. Get the confidence of your daughters and they will never try to deceive you. Show your interest in and for them by loving words of counsel rather than by scolding or threats. There is no heart so hardened but what a loving word wields persuasive power. Be a girl with your girls, and let them never feel that mother is too old to appreciate their good times, or to sympathize with their youthful feelings. When they know you have their best interests at heart, there will be no difficulty in leading them to a choice of good literature.

Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass.

CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some kind reader send me the poem commencing,

"Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roll?"

I will gladly return the favor. KATIE NASH.
Georgetown, Fairfield Co., Ct.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the Band send me the words of the song entitled the "Dying Nun," beginning as follows:

"Let the air blow in upon me,
Let me see the midnight sky?"

I will gladly return the postage. MRS. H. H. WYTER.
Rio Dell, Humboldt Co., Cal.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send me the words of the old song, "The Belle of the Mohawk Vale?" Also if any one has the duet entitled "The Old Man's Dream," will she please send me her address? I will return the favor in any way that I can. MRS. R. S. HUNT.
Glover, Vt.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the readers please send me either printed or copied the words of the poem, "Rosalee, the Prairie Flower," also, the words of the poem in which these lines occur:
Where the reeds and rushes are long and rank,
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank,
Where the shadows are thickest the whole day through,
There lies at its moorings an old canoe?"

I will return the favor in any way I can. Worcester, Mass. C. E. NORTON.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters please send me the poem commencing, I think, this way:

"It was not sleep that bound my sight
Upon that well remembered night:
It was not fancy's fitful power
Beguiled me in that solemn hour;
But o'er the vision of my soul
The mystic future seemed to roll?"

I read the poem more than forty years ago and have never been able to find it since.

MRS. JANE GORRILL.

Bowling Green, Wood Co., Ohio.

THE REVIEWER.

SUNNY SPAIN is a delightful book of travel, taking one through the old country over which hangs so much of romance and mystery. The ruins of the Alhambra

and every thing pertaining to them possess a charm which few are untouched by, and the illustrations with which the book abounds, are particularly interesting in these chapters. The manners and somewhat barbarous sports of the people, their indolence and superstitions, are graphically described. The book is large and handsomely printed and bound. Price \$2.25. New York: Cassell & Co. Brattleboro: Clapp & Jones.

A LUCKY WAIF is the title of a story by Ellen E. Kenyon, a "story for mothers, of home and school life." While it gives many helpful suggestions for both parents and teachers and also some true, if severe, criticisms on the faulty teaching many children receive, the book is marred by slangy expressions, and its early marriages—girls of seventeen and boys of nineteen being altogether too young to be through with school and ready to take up the serious duties of life—and the episode of the "bad boy" of the story add little to its usefulness. \$1.00. New York: The Fowler & Wells Co.

We have just received from the publishers a little book, entitled KNITTING, CROCHETING AND EMBROIDERY, which gives instructions to all who desire to become successful workers in the art. It contains seventy illustrations and eighty-four pages, bound in paper cover. The book will be sent by mail to any address for 15 cents, by J. S. Ogilvie & Co., publishers, 31 Rose street, New York.

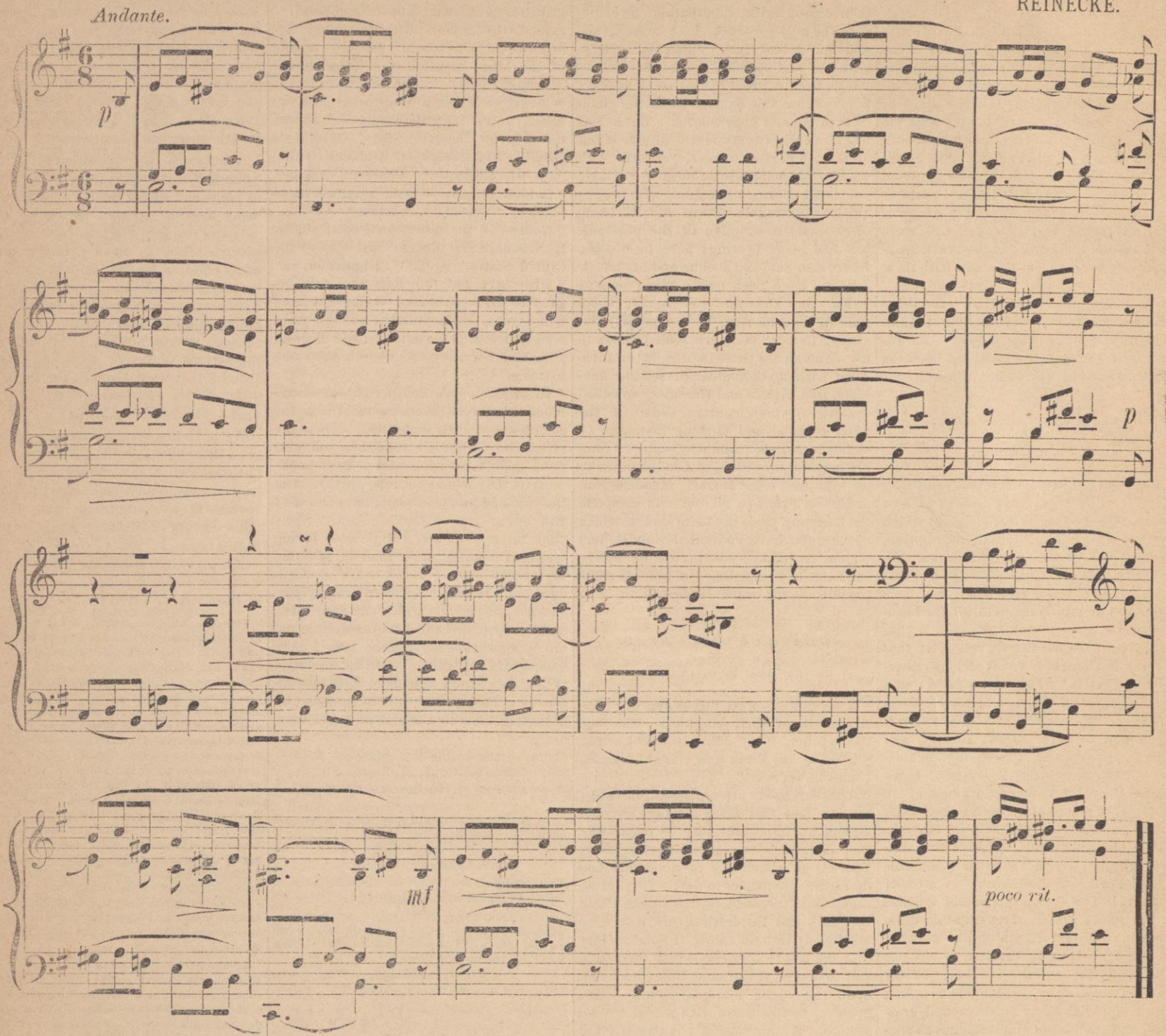
THE ATLANTIC for January opens with a generous installment of Charles Egbert Craddock's new serial, "In the Clouds," which promises to equal the author's previous works. Mr. Aldrich's many friends will be glad to welcome him again to the pages of the Atlantic, his little story having much of the peculiar, aggravating and delightful charm of some of his early stories. Mrs. Oliphant's serial, "A Country Gentleman," has reached an exciting point, and Dr. Holmes gives an amusing account of some of the trials of an author, in the leaf from his "New Portfolio." David Dodge discusses "The Free Negroes of North Carolina," and John Fiske has an able paper on the "Political Consequences in England of Cornwallis's Surrender at Yorktown." There is a long installment of Mr. James' "Princess Casamassima." Poems are contributed by Helen Jackson, Edith M. Thomas and Julia K. Wetherill, and the Contributors' Club and other editorial departments are of the usual excellence. \$4.00 a year. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for January, presents a most attractive appearance in its handsome, new cover and clear, beautiful type, and its contents are alike enjoyable. W. E. Norris, the popular English writer, begins a new serial, "A Bachelor's Blunder," which opens well, and there is also the first installment of another by an anonymous writer. Gail Hamilton, with her usual vigorous style attacks the "Civil Service Reform," and Grant Allen discusses the question of the origin of "Grey Wethers," or Druid stones. Mary Agnes Tincker contributes a short story. Brander Matthews chats about the "Future Capital of the United States," and there is a long and most readable collection of criticisms by George Eliot upon Dickens, Browning, Kingsley and others of her contemporaries. There are poems by Philip Bourke Marston, Louise Chandler Moulton, and Marion Manville, and the editorial departments are full of interest. With the added attractions to the new volume the publishers have reduced the price to \$2.00 a year. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The one hundred and sixty-eighth volume of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE opens with the issue for the week ending January 2d. Foreign periodical literature continues to grow not only in bulk but also in the variety, interest and importance of the topics treated; and it absorbs to a greater extent every year the work of the most prominent authors of the day. Presenting with freshness and satisfactory completeness what is most valuable of this literature, THE LIVING AGE becomes each year more and more a necessity to American readers. The first weekly number of the new year has the following table of contents: "Poetry and Politics," *Macmillan's Magazine*; "A Visit to Tsushima, an Incident of Russian Aggression," by Laurence Oliphant, *Blackwood*; "A Strategical View of Turkey," by Hobart Pasha, *Nineteenth Century*; "The Opium-Poppy Cultivation of Bengal," *National Review*; "Auber," *Temple Bar*; "Bulgaria and Servia," by Edward A. Freeman, *Contemporary Review*; "Boy-Kings," *Spectator*; "King Thebaw," *London Times*; "The Collapse of Burmah," *Spectator*; "A House Divided Against Itself," by Mrs.

COMPLAINT.

REINECKE.



Oliphant, and "Mrs. Dymond," by Mrs. (Thackeray) Ritchie; together with choice poetry and miscellany. This, the first number of the new volume, is a good one with which to begin a subscription. \$8.00 a year. Boston: Littell & Co.

ST. NICHOLAS for January is really another holiday number. All its young readers will be delighted with Mr. Howell's decidedly original story, "Christmas Every Day," which is illustrated by his little daughter. There is a generous installment of Mrs. Burnett's pleasing story, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and Mr. Scudder, whom all the young people know and like, gives the opening chapters of his story of the life of George Washington. There is a charming "Bit of Talk for Young Folks," by H. H., and H. H. Boyesen and Sophie May, with a host of other writers, help to fill the pages of the attractive number. Charming poems with profuse illustrations abound, and the "Little Folks'" department is well filled. \$3.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

THE CHURCH MAGAZINE for January, a new venture in religious journalism, is at hand, its pages filled with matters of interest to churchmen. While the magazine, like others of its class, is hedged in with sectarianism, there is a breadth and wholesomeness about some of its papers which will make them helpful reading. Dr. Newton's excellent article on "The Children of the Church" especially commends itself both to churchmen, parents and teachers. There are the opening chapters of a story by Alice King Hamilton, and articles by many prominent clergymen. \$4.00 a year. 35 cts. a number. Philadelphia: L. R. Hamersly & Co., 1510 Chestnut St.

With the January number the "Bay State Monthly," comes to us as THE NEW ENGLAND

MAGAZINE, the enlarged journal being devoted to matters of special interest to the people of New England. Sketches of life and times in colonial days, early New England history, biographies of many of its famous men, and other solid attractions, enlivened by stories and poems, are promised for the new volume, which certainly opens well. \$3.00 a year. Boston: The Bay State Publishing Co.

Bible students will be interested in the announcement of Messrs. Cassell & Co., of a HANDY COMMENTARY ON THE OLD TESTAMENT, edited by Charles John Ellicott, D. D., Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. The work is to be issued in separate volumes, each volume written by a different writer. The three now nearly ready are "Genesis," with commentary by Rev. R. Payne Smith, D. D., Dean of Canterbury, with an introduction by Dean Plumptre; "Numbers," with commentary by the editor, and "Leviticus," by Rev. C. D. Ginsburg, LL. D. The volumes are of handy size, printed in large, clear type, on good paper.

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE for January is combined with THE FLORAL GUIDE, a large and fully illustrated catalogue for 1886, thereby making a most convenient and helpful book of reference for all amateur as well as professional gardeners. Flowers, of course, are prominent subjects of interest, but the fruit and vegetable growers will find they have by no means been forgotten. Rochester, N. Y.: James Vick.

SIBLEY'S ANNUAL CATALOGUE of seeds and plants comes to us, filled, as usual, with a fine and attractive variety of every thing pertaining to the needs of both the flower and vegetable garden. To the old and reliable varieties some choice novelties have been added. A pretty little album of Rochester's finest streets and

buildings accompanies the book. Rochester, N. Y., and Chicago: Hiram Sibley & Co.

BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL for 1886, is a very handsome and complete catalogue of garden, farm and flower seeds, bulbs, plants, etc., containing 128 pages, two colored plates, hundreds of illustrations, beautifully bound in an illuminated cover. Sent free on application to W. Atlee Burpee & Co., the well-known seedsmen of Philadelphia, Pa.

NEW MUSIC:—We have received from Richard A. Saalfeld, 12 Bible House, New York, the following: "Little Ah Sid," Chinese song and dance arranged by J. P. Skelly. 40 cents. "Mikado Waltz," arranged by P. Buccalossi. 50 cents. "Mary, Darling, Must you Leave Me?" Song by H. P. Banks. 40 cents.

THE PANSY for January brings with it just the happy, cheery pleasure a pansy ought to bring to the little ones who read it. Its pretty stories and pictures promise to make the new volume as charming as its predecessors, which is all any child could desire. \$1.00 a year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

Of songs which are distinctively American, none awaken memories so lasting and tender as those which stirred the heart in "war time," and which have been collected by O. Ditson & Co., Boston, in a little volume dedicated to the "G. A. R.," under title of "WAR SONGS."

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

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

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

THE QUIVER for February. \$1.50 a year. New York: Cassell & Co.

OUTING for January. \$3.00 a year. Boston: The Wheelman Co.

WIDE AWAKE for January. \$3.00 a year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

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

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

THE SONG OF ROBIN ADAIR.

The general impression that "Robin Adair" is a Scotch song is erroneous. The melody is Irish and the words are English. Robin Adair, says a correspondent, was an Irish surgeon, whom accident brought into the presence of Lady Caroline Keppel, sister of the famous English admiral of that name. Mutual love followed their acquaintance, and during the enforced absence which Lady Caroline's relatives brought about, she wrote the song and sang it to an air which her lover had sung to her. They were finally married with the parents' consent, and spent a few happy days before the death of Lady Caroline. Her husband never remarried. He lived to the age of seventy-five, an honored favorite of the king, George III.

—Somebody has discovered that the correct pronunciation of the word Khe-dive is "Kedowa." They might as well tell us that the proper way to pronounce bee hive is behowa.

The Dispensary.

NERVOUS DISEASES.

RECENT statistics inform us that very nearly twenty per cent. or one-fifth of the deaths in the city of Brooklyn are from nervous diseases. There is, indeed, only one greater source of mortality, and that is lung troubles. But it must be borne in mind that while diseases of the lungs are very apt to prove fatal, this is by no means the case with those of the brain and nervous system. In other words, many people have nervous derangements who do not die, but just live on year after year, a burden to themselves and to other people, without sufficient health and vigor to do much good in the world, or to enjoy living.

Now, if according to the report of the Board of Health, so large a number of our people actually die of these disorders, how many more there must be who do not die, and are yet suffering from them, and storing up an inheritance of suffering for their descendants. It is certainly a sad picture. Twenty per cent. of the deaths in Brooklyn from nervous diseases! And in many other cities, probably, would be found a similar report. Is it not high time for us to consider why this class of ailments is so prevalent, and whether it may not be prevented?

Surely, "an ounce of preventive is better than a pound of cure." It is far easier to keep well by proper care for the needs of the wonderful house that God has given us for a dwelling-place for the soul; far easier to keep the house in order day by day than to put it to rights after it has been for a long time disordered.

1. What are nervous diseases? They are diseases of the brain and nervous system. Among these are insanity, paralysis, epilepsy, headache, cramps, chorea, neuralgia (the word simply means nerve pain), sciatica, sleeplessness (insomnia), this is a form of disease growing more and more prevalent, hypochondria, etc.

2. Causes.—Asking the opinion of a physician the other day as to the increasing mortality from nervous diseases. The reply I received, was to this effect: Foremost among the causes is the use of narcotics and stimulants, or else inherited weakness as a result of their use by some ancestor; next cause in order is too great a hurry to attain the object of toil; wear and tear upon the nervous system by incessant work and worry, making haste to be rich, not taking time for rest and recreation, etc.

Now, as we have so frequently been warned against the last, let us briefly consider the first danger. Statistics give us very startling figures as to the consumption of stimulants and narcotics. Without stopping to inquire as to the moral, spiritual or economical issues of this sad state of affairs, let us for a moment consider the subject from another point of view. What effect has it upon the health? How does it affect the death rate?

Dr. Monroe has proved that abstainers average less than two days' sickness a year, and non-abstainers twelve days. Dr. Gull, F. R. S., physician to the queen, says, "A very large number of people are dying day by day, poisoned by alcohol, but not supposed to be poisoned by it." Dr. Richardson says, (Researches on Alcohol, p. 10.) "I have learned step by step that the true action of alcohol, in a physiological view, is to create paralysis of nervous power. * * * It contracts the nerves, deprives them of sense and motion," etc. Baron Liebig says, "Beer, wine, spirits, etc., furnish no element capable of entering into the composition of blood, muscular fiber, or

any part which is the seat of vital principle." Sir John Hall says, "My opinion is that neither spirits, wine, nor malt liquors are necessary for health." Dr. Richardson says drink is strong only to destroy.

Pages might be filled with quotations from the best authorities showing conclusively that not only do these stimulants do no good, but that they are the most prolific cause of disease, and especially of all the various forms of nervous disease. It is estimated that fully one-half of all cases of insanity may be traced to this cause. It is also a fruitful cause of paralysis, epilepsy, indigestion, and of heart disease which is growing more and more prevalent.

Disease and death are not alone the visitations of Providence, but the violation of physical laws that are as fixed and unchangeable as those of the ancient Medes and Persians. The very word intoxicant means poison, from the Latin word *toxicum*—poison. Physicians call poisons "toxic agents," and toxicology is the study of poisons and the laws that govern them. So to be intoxicated, literally signifies poisoned.

Intoxicants and narcotics are injurious to the stomach, to the liver, to the heart, and other organs. They tend to produce cancer and paralysis, and other diseases, but most of all do they injure the brain and the nervous system, producing those nervous diseases in protean forms, that by actual returns of the Board of Health are the cause of one-fifth, or twenty per cent. of all the deaths in this city; that bring disease and pain upon thousands who do not die, to say nothing of the incalculable amount of evil and suffering transmitted through succeeding generations to millions yet unborn.

A few days ago the richest man on the earth passed away from this world to another, leaving to each of his children ten millions of dollars. We love our children as dearly as he, but none of us can leave them so much money. But we may give to them something far better than that; something that no money can buy; a legacy that will be to them invaluable. We may, if we will, store up for them, day by day, a wealth that will not perish with the using. Let us so live that we may leave to our children, and to our children's children, an inheritance of good health, pure blood, not poisoned by narcotics or intoxicants. Let us bequeath to them self-control, steadiness of nerve, clearness of brain, and the strength of mind and body that can come only of a virtuous ancestry.

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

Brooklyn.

RULES FOR RIGHT LIVING.

BY MRS. E. H. LELAND.

1. Keep the body clean. The countless pores of the skin are so many little drain-tiles for the refuse of the system. If they become clogged and so deadened in their action, we must expect to become the prey of ill health in some one of its countless forms. Let us not be afraid of a wet sponge and five minutes' brisk exercise with a crash towel every night or morning.

2. Devote eight hours out of the twenty-four to sleep. If a mother is robbed of sleep by a wakeful baby, she must take a nap sometime during the day. Even ten minutes of repose strengthens and refreshes, and does good "like a medicine." Children should be allowed to sleep until they wake of their own free will.

3. Never go out to work in early morning in any locality subject to damps, fogs, and miasms, with an empty stomach. If there is not time to wait for a cup of coffee, pour two-thirds of a cup of boiling water on two teaspoonfuls of cream, or a

beaten egg, season it with salt and pepper, and drink while hot before going out. This will stimulate and comfort the stomach, and aid the system in resisting a poisonous or debilitating atmosphere.

4. Avoid overeating. To rise from the table able to eat a little more is a proverbially good rule for every one. There is nothing more idiotic than forcing down a few mouthfuls, because they happen to remain on one's plate, after hunger is satisfied, and because if left, they may be "wasted!" It is the most serious waste to overtax the stomach with even half an ounce more than it can take care of.

5. Avoid foods and drinks that plainly "disagree" with the system. Vigorous out-door workers should beware of heavy, indigestible suppers. Suppers should always consist of light, easily digested foods—being, in the country, so soon followed by sleep, and the stomach being as much entitled as the head to profound rest. The moral pluck and firmness to take such food and no other for this last meal of the day can be easily acquired, and the reward of such virtue is sound sleep, a clear head, a strong hand, and a capital appetite for breakfast.—*Exchange.*

REMEDY FOR PAINFUL WOUNDS.

Take a pan or shovel with burning coals and sprinkle upon them common brown sugar, and hold the wounded part in the smoke. In a few minutes the pain will be allayed and recovery proceeds rapidly. In my own case a rusty nail had made a bad wound in the bottom of my foot. The pain and nervous irritation was severe. This was all removed by holding it in the smoke for fifteen minutes, and I was able to resume my reading in comfort. I have often recommended it to others with like results. Last week one of my men had a finger nail torn out by a pair of ice tongs. It became very painful, as was to have been expected. Held in sugar smoke for twenty minutes, the pain ceased, and it promises speedy recovery.—*Country Gentleman.*

REMEDY FOR AGUE IN THE BREAST.

I will give you a remedy for ague in the breast which has proved efficient when every other remedy has failed. Make a strong solution of saltpeter with about one quart of boiling water. Wring flannel cloths out of this and apply as hot as can be borne, changing frequently. By using this remedy early and perseveringly a cure will almost invariably be effected in from twenty-four to forty-eight hours.

Mrs. H. W. B.

FOR MORTIFICATION OR GANGRENE.

Take oat meal, stir it in cold water, pour in boiling water and cook until done as for the table, then add yeast and let it rise, pulverize and sift charcoal, and stir it in until fit for a poultice. Apply and change often as necessary until the trouble is removed. It is a sure cure if faithfully used.

I. L. S.

ERYSIPELAS — CRANBERRIES. — We are able to record another case of the cure of erysipelas by the simple application of raw cranberries pounded fine. The patient was a young lady, one side of whose face had become so much swollen and inflamed that the eye had become closed, and the pain excessive. A poultice of cranberries was applied, and after several changes, the pain ceased, the inflammation subsided, and in the course of a couple of days every vestige of the disease had disappeared.—*Exchange.*

CURE FOR LOCK-JAW.—It is said by very good authority that warm turpentine applied directly to the wound will work a

speedy and permanent cure in most cases of lock-jaw. Cold turpentine is also recommended as an application to recent cuts and bruises.

DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

A SUBSCRIBER. *Baldness, etc.* I suppose that the "causes of baldness" are many, prominent among which are gross habits of living and a want of a proper ventilation of the scalp, with too great a heat of the head. The roots of the hair are readily killed by various forms of scalp diseases, as "scald head," and the like, the humors of the system often than otherwise appearing on the head, in consequence, probably, of the unusual supply of blood to the head—very much more than to any other part of the body, that is, for the direct nourishment of any organ—this extra supply producing an unusual heat. When these roots are killed—indicated by the unusual shining and transparency of the scalp—it is useless to attempt to cause the hair to grow, however much you may apply the many "quack nostrums." The causes of these scalp diseases will generally be found in the use of gross food, such as grease in all its forms, the worst being lard, or that of the swine. Not being digested, it seeks an escape through the skin, particularly of the head, these "skin diseases," so-called, being but the efforts of nature, in the most direct and available way to purify the system, or to throw off impure, waste matters, such as cannot be appropriated. One part of the "cure," therefore, relates to the prevention, by avoiding all such gross food, the more indigestible greases, such as contain no real nourishment, but simply heat, deranging the organs of digestion. In reference to the proper ventilation of the scalp, it may be said, since health demands keeping the head cool and the feet warm, that it is unfavorable to wear fur caps, warm hats and the like, only in exceptional cases, where the head cannot be comfortably warm without their use, these being very rare. If worn, however, they should always be removed, with a change in the temperature, when going into houses, etc.—never worn in any warm room. It is well, also, often to remove them that the warm air may escape, the cool taking its place. No better illustration of this need be given than the fact that, in the case of ordinary baldness, the hair which comes below the hat or cap is in a healthy condition, thick and vigorous. The heat produced by wearing such hot hats and caps irritates the scalp—as undue heat always does—causing the humors of the body to center there, of course causing disease of the scalp often resulting in baldness. Again, frequent headaches, caused by derangements of the stomach—by the use of improper foods such as are difficult of digestion—attended by an unusual heat may exert considerable influence in producing baldness. Avoid such headaches, using only plain and wholesome food, such as will not overtax digestion. When the hair has fallen out from some simple circumstance, the roots still remaining alive—when the shining appearance is not noticed—friction of the surface may be of service which is done by wetting the tips of the fingers, thoroughly rubbing the scalp, several times each day. Keep the head cool—in part by exercise and temperance in all things.

A MOTHER. *Near-sightedness.* In the case of your boy "five years of age" I advise using the glasses but a very little—only when obliged to use them, in an emergency. In early life, our powers can be wonderfully trained, nature doing a great deal for us. The variations in the matter of sight—distant or near—depend on the peculiar form of the lenses of different eyes, a part of the time being too much flattened or too globular. This form changes with age, ordinarily, the sight being more distant, with increasing years. A little training, some effort, will be sufficient to change the form in the case of your son, so that his sight will be more natural. To do this, notice at what distance he can distinctly see a given object, removing that object a short distance farther off, letting him practice in seeing it, making a little effort, though not to an extent to cause any pain or discomfort. Little by little the object can be removed farther off, thus changing the lens. Remember that the use of glasses is unnatural—however necessary—and must tax the eyes, for which reason, I advise using them as little as possible, that is to say, only when necessary, though it is not well to be obliged to make a great effort to see, to strain the eyes under any circumstances. The true principle is to open the eyes and let them see, instead of compelling sight by a painful effort. Seeing is as natural as breathing, and is secured without great effort. It is worthy of remark that those who are near-sighted in early life, will naturally have better than the average sight in advancing years, not being compelled to wear convex glasses as early as the ordinary class. I will add that the more you promote the health of your son, the greater will be the improvement in the sight, as nature then has the greatest power, always attempting to act on the right line, doing her best under the circumstances. It is safer to work with, than against nature, as most persons do, attempting to improve on the Creator's plans.

The Dressing Room.

USEFUL FANCY WORK.

BY MAXFIELD.

IN TRAVELING the hand bag of course contains all necessary toilet articles, but if they are thrown in promiscuously, one is often much annoyed by having to turn every thing in the bag topsy-turvy in order to get at a button hook or hair-pin, or chagrined on drawing out a handkerchief or veil to find the comb and brush clinging affectionately to it.

The use of a dressing case obviates all this, but these articles are held so high by the shops as to prevent the many from possessing them. A home-made one is just as useful, easier to carry, and can be made as handsome as desired. I have made several from directions given below.

For the outside take a piece of red woolen canvas nineteen inches long and eleven and one-half inches wide. Lay a plate on one end of this piece, and round the corners something like the flap of an envelope. Now from white marbled oil cloth, cut two pieces each three and one-half by eleven inches, one piece six and one-half by eleven inches, and one, six and one-fourth by eleven inches, rounded to fit the round end of the outside. Line all these pieces with Turkey red, also the outside. Whip the edges of the small pieces carefully together that they may be perfectly smooth, and bind the sides with scarlet dress braid. Stitch this on the machine to the straight edge of the top piece, and to one edge of each of the three other pieces. Double down the piece that is six and one-half inches deep till it is only three and one-half, having the fold near the top, and fit it on to the Turkey rep lining. Next baste on the two narrow strips, and put the rounded piece on the end leaving an equal space between each. Now stitch the binding on the lower edge of the narrow pieces through on to the lining, thus fastening them to it, and binding them at the same time. And on the strip nearest the round end, stitch twice across through the center, having the lines about half an inch apart, thus dividing it into sections, one of which is for soap, the other for tooth powder, hairpins and boot hook. Lay the lining smoothly on the outside and baste, afterwards, whipping closely about the edge. Bind the edge with black braid or ribbon, and put on a piece of the same long enough to pass twice around the case when folded, and tie easily. Before putting the outside and lining together, work on the former a border all around in cross stitch, any simple design, and also put the initials on the flap in the same manner. Make a soap case of the oil cloth, having the right side inward, with a flap like an envelope, and of such a size as to slip easily into the division made for it. Do not neglect to add a wash cloth to the furnishing of this case which is convenient in traveling and useful at home when room is scarce. White or buff Java canvas, crash or momie cloth, lined throughout with oil-silk, can also be used. Those made of the canvas or crash can easily be washed and need no lining.

Brush broom cases are convenient and useful in their way, but are not suitable ornaments for parlor or sitting room as people are supposed to make their toilets before entering these precincts. A nice one can be made from a gentleman's straw cuff. Flatten slightly and cover with the gilding put up by the Diamond Dye Co. On the front fasten a few peacock feathers, covering the stems with a bow. The pretty tissue paper flowers now so fashionable will be nearly as pretty.

Suspend by a ribbon and tie a bow of the same color about the handle of the brush.

If any of the sisters would like one of the pretty little banners so much used for decorating, but have no time to embroider or paint, I will tell you how to make one with a small outlay of time and expense. Take some pretty chromo of oval or panel shape, cut off the white margin and mount on a piece of silk or velvet of such a color as to form a good background for the picture. This should be deeper at top and bottom than at the sides. Cut the bottom in three points and put a tassel on each. Fasten the top to a small gilded rod. This you need not buy as you can gild any smooth round stick. Attach a narrow ribbon or cord and tassels, which is prettier, and hang under the mantel, on a door, or across a corner.

Last year, I made some pretty book marks and Christmas cards from chromos. For the book marks we took small panel pictures, and with a stitch of silk fastened them to thick satin or gros grain ribbon of a suitable width, either fringing the ends or tying in a little silk fringe. For the Christmas cards we took two chromos of the same size and fringing out one edge of a piece of thick silk an inch in width, fastened this between the edge of the two pictures.

Scent sachets, very nice to keep in the handkerchief box or linen drawer, are made by stuffing a cotton bag of suitable size with dried leaves of geranium, lavender, sweet clover, rose, thyme, rosemary, mint, or any other sweet-scented herb. Put on a cover of silk on one side of which you have done a bit of embroidery or painting. If not skillful at either, a decalcomania scrap will be nearly as effective. Trim the end with lace or fringe and tie a ribbon about an inch from the end, after the manner of a meal bag. You can also fill them with cotton between which is sprinkled some sachet powder, as heliotrope, which is just now the fashionable perfume. Sachet cases made of perforated paper are very pretty when the powder is used. Cut two pieces of a suitable size, and on each work a border in silk and beads, and in the middle of one side embroider the monogram or initials. Between these put the perfume enclosed in a bit of cotton and fasten the edges together.

Screens are both useful and ornamental, and can be made as cheap or expensive as one may desire. Invalids find them useful in affording seclusion and freedom from draughts, while in the bed-chamber and kitchen their uses are manifold. I made my first one years ago to shield me from the intense heat of a cook stove. The kitchen was small, and as I stood at the sink or table my back was exposed to a degree of heat which I found was fast prostrating me and causing a bad form of spinal trouble. This screen had two leaves, each three by five feet, and on each side I tacked some high-colored chintz. The first week I used it, it paid for all the time and trouble spent on it, and I now regard a light, portable screen as one of the most necessary of kitchen conveniences.

There are few who have not experienced extreme discomfort from heat when obliged to eat in the kitchen, and few housekeepers who have not under such circumstances been annoyed by the disordered appearance of stove and sink at meal time. Two or three screens will add greatly to the comfort of your household, and of the stranger who may be within your gates. It is not many months since I suffered extreme pain in my ear, head and spine in consequence of having my seat at table so near the stove as to be almost on it while making a short visit to a friend. The pain was severe and lasted so long as to be alarming. The room was small, the family large, and some one had to sit there, so I said nothing, but if given that seat again I shall take my plate to the doorstep if no other place offers, even if the thermometer is hunting for zero. It was one of the Band, too, whom I visited, but I won't tell tales, and I hope she will take the hint and provide either a screen or another room to eat in before my next visit.

A very pretty covering for a bed room screen is made by pasting odd bits of wall paper on a cloth foundation, one lapping over the other as in crazy patchwork. Another is made of chromos and advertising cards, one large picture in the center and a border formed of the others.

A friend has a lovely little ornamental screen in her parlor which I must describe. It is a plain, one leaf, swinging screen, three feet high, and wide in proportion, with ebonized frame and silver stripings. One side is covered with pale blue satin, and on this stalks of dark maroon and pink hollyhocks are painted. The other is of olive grey silk, on which pressed ferns, leaves, twigs, small dried berries, and lichens are arranged in a most artistic manner, while nestling in the center, and surrounded by delicate mosses, is such a lovely bird's nest enclosing two tiny, blue-grey eggs. A stuffed bird would form a handsome ornament for a similar one, also a bunch of dried grasses, everlasting, and the red berries of the alder, or a cluster of thistle pompons.

These pompons in their natural color are lovely with cream mull or lace on a cream or black hat. I suppose every one knows how to prepare these thistle ornaments, but all may not know how to dye them. To do this take them when ready for drying and place one-fourth inch of the silky end in a strong solution of any aniline dye of the desired color. Soak till the dye has penetrated, which will be in from one to three hours, and then dry in the usual manner. Try it. You will find many uses for the delicate, fluffy balls which are in reality as "light as a thistle down."

CROCHET LACE.

Use cotton No. 50 and a fine needle.

1. Chain twenty-seven, three single crochet in first three chain, *three chain, and join in next three chain by single crochet*, repeat seven times more between *s to the end of the chain.
2. Turn, *make six chain, join in second single crochet*, repeat between *s three times or to the top, make three single crochets.
3. Three single crochet in single crochet, *three chain, join in the middle of six chain, three chain, and join in single crochet*, repeat between *s three times, two chain, join in same single crochet as last three chain.
4. Turn, seven double crochet in two chain, one double crochet in single crochet, six chain, join in first single crochet, *six chain, join in second single crochet from last one*, repeat between *s two times, three chain, three double crochet in single crochet at top.
5. Turn, three single crochet in three double crochet, *three chain, join in first single crochet, three chain, join in the middle of six chain*, repeat between *s three times, three chain, join in first double crochet, two chain, join in same crochet.
6. Turn, seven double crochet in two chain, one double crochet in single crochet, six chain, join in first single crochet, six double crochet in next single crochet, join by single crochet in next single crochet, *six chain, join in second single crochet from the last one*, repeat between *s twice, three single crochet in single crochet.
7. Turn, three single crochet in single crochet, *three chain, join in first sin-

gle crochet, three chain, join in next single crochet*, repeat between *s four times, two chain, join in same single crochet as last three chain.

8. Turn, seven double crochet in two chain, one double crochet in single crochet, six chain, join in first single crochet, *six double crochet in next single crochet, join in next single crochet*, repeat between *s once, *six chain, join in second single crochet*, repeat between *s once, three chain, three double crochet in single crochet.

9. Turn, three single crochet in three double crochet, *three chain, join in first single crochet, three chain, join in middle of six chain*, repeat between *s four times, three chain, join in first double crochet, two chain, join in same crochet.

10. Turn, seven double crochet in two chain, one double crochet in single crochet, six chain, join in first single crochet, six chain, join in second single crochet, six double crochet in next single crochet, join in next single crochet, *six chain, join in second single crochet*, repeat between *s twice, three single crochet in single crochet.

11. Turn, three single crochet in single crochet, *three chain, join in middle of six chain, three chain, join in first single crochet*, repeat between *s five times, two chain, join in same stitch as last three chain.

12. Turn, seven double crochet in two chain, one double crochet in single crochet, six chain, join in first single crochet, six double crochet in next single crochet, join in next, *six chain, join in second single crochet*, repeat between *s once, six double crochet in next single crochet, join in next single crochet, six chain, join in second single crochet, three chain, three double crochet in single crochet.

13. Turn, three single crochet in three double crochet, *three chain, join in first single crochet, three chain, join in middle of six chain*, repeat between *s five times, three chain, join in first double crochet, two chain, join in same crochet.

14. Turn, seven double crochet in two chain, one double crochet in single crochet, three chain, join in first single crochet, *six double crochet in next single crochet, join in next single crochet*, repeat between *s once, six chain, join in second single crochet, *six double crochet in next single crochet, join in next single crochet*, repeat between *s once, six chain, join in second single crochet from last one joined, three single crochet in single crochet.

15. Turn, three single crochet in single crochet, *three chain, join in middle of six chain, three chain, join in first single crochet*, repeat five times between *s, three chain and join in first double crochet, two chain, join in same crochet.

16. Turn, seven double crochet in two chain, one double crochet in single crochet, three chain, join in second single crochet, six double crochet in next single crochet, join in next single crochet, *six chain, join in second single crochet*, repeat between *s once, six double crochet in next single crochet, six chain, join in second single crochet, three chain, three double crochet in single crochet.

17. Turn, three single crochet in double crochet, *three chain, join in first single crochet, three chain, join in middle of six chain*, repeat between *s five times, two chain, join in same crochet as last three chain.

18. Turn, seven double crochet in two chain, one double crochet in single crochet, *three chain, join in second single crochet*, repeat between *s once, six double crochet in next single crochet, join in next single crochet, *six chain, join in second single crochet*, repeat between *s twice, three single crochet in single crochet.

19. Turn, *three chain, join in middle

of six chain, three chain, join in next single crochet*, repeat between *'s four times, three chain, join in first double crochet, two chain, join in same crochet.

20. Turn, seven double crochet in two chain, one double crochet in single crochet, three chain, join in second single crochet, *six double crochet in next single crochet, join in next single crochet*, repeat between *'s once, *six chain, join in second single crochet*, repeat between *'s once, three chain, three double crochet in single crochet.

21. Turn, three single crochet in double crochet, *three chain, join in first single crochet, three chain, join in next single crochet*, repeat between *'s four times, two chain, join in same crochet as last three chain.

22. Turn, seven double crochet in two chain, one double crochet in single crochet, three chain, join in second single crochet, six double crochet in next single crochet, join in next single crochet, *six chain, join in second single crochet*, repeat between *'s twice, three single crochet in single crochet.

23. Three single crochet in single crochet, *three chain in middle of six chain, three chain in first single crochet,* repeat between *'s three times, three chain, join in first double crochet, two chain, join in same crochet as last three chain.

24. Turn, seven double crochet in two chain, one double crochet in single crochet, three chain, join in second single crochet, *six chain, join in second single crochet*, repeat between *'s twice, three chain, three double crochet in single crochet.

25. Turn, three single crochet in double crochet, *three chain, join in first single crochet, three chain, join in middle of six chain*, repeat between *'s three times.

26. Turn, *six chain, join in second single crochet*, repeat between *'s three times, three single crochet in single crochet.

27. Turn, three single crochet in single crochet, *three chain, join in middle of six chain, three chain, join in first single crochet,* repeat between *'s three times, two chain join in same stitch as last three chain.

28. Turn, seven double crochet in two chain, one double crochet in single crochet, six chain, join in first single crochet, *six chain, join in second single crochet,* repeat between *'s twice, three chain, three double crochet in three single crochet; this commences the next point.

I have tried to make this plain, and I crochet my sample pattern after these directions.

ANNIE L. DOBBEL.

Hayward's, Cal.

KNITTED SKIRT.

This is for a child five years old. Use two bone needles, No. 6, and 4f German-town yarn. Three and one-fourth skeins of yarn are needed. The skirt is to be knit in four breadths; one front, one back and two side breadths.

For the front breadth cast on with double yarn eighty stitches.

1. Purl.
2. Plain.
3. Knit the first two stitches together, *knit three, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit three, slip one, knit two together, bind the slipped stitch over the narrowed one, (a narrowed stitch is made by knitting two stitches together) knit three, repeat from * until within two stitches of the end of the row, knit two together. Observe that this row finishes as it begins with "knit two together."

4. Purl.
5. Like third row.
6. Purl.
7. Like third row.
8. Plain.
9. Purl.

10. Plain.

Begin again at third row. Repeat third to tenth rows five times, or more if a deeper border is desired. In the last plain row, *knit eight, knit two together, repeat from *. This completes the border.

ABOVE THE BORDER.

1. *Knit two, purl two; repeat from * to the end of the row. Let this row, the first above the border, in every breadth finish with purl two.
2. Like first row.
3. *Purl two, knit two; repeat from *.
4. Like third row.

Repeat these four rows, until there are sixty-eight rows above the border. Narrow this breadth at both sides by knitting the first two and also the last two stitches together every fourth row, *i. e.*, knit three rows without narrowing, and in the fourth row knit the first two and also the last two stitches together. Narrow in this way seven times, then narrow every sixth row for seven times. At the top of the breadth there should be forty-four stitches. Bind them off two at a time.

FOR EACH SIDE BREADTH.

Cast on fifty stitches. Knit the border as in the front breadth. Narrow in last plain row of border to forty-four stitches. Repeat the four rows given in front breadth until there are seventy-two rows above the border. Narrow this breadth on one side only. Narrow every sixth row six times, and every fourth row eight times. There will be thirty stitches at the top of this breadth, which should be bound off as before. The side breadths should be knit, one for the right and the other for the left side of the skirt. Sew the straight edge of each to the front breadth with an over edge seam, taking care to match the pattern in the border.

FOR THE BACK BREADTH.

Cast on one hundred stitches. Knit the border as in the front breadth. Narrow in last plain row of border to ninety-two stitches. Repeat the four rows given in front breadth until there are thirty-two rows above the border. In the next row knit forty-six stitches, cast on six stitches, turn and knit back. Continue to knit this half-breadth until there are seventy-six rows above the border. Bind it off and knit the other half-breadth of the same length. The six stitches form a fly for the placket. For additional strength I work a row of single crochet down each side of the placket. Sew the back breadth to the side breadth and add a waist band of silesia. This skirt will be forty inches in width and sixteen inches in length.

FLORENCE BROOKS.

KNITTED GLOVES.

I enclose a pattern of knitted gloves for gentlemen. This is in Saxony for size No. 8 gloves. I have just finished a pair of gentleman's silk gloves, after the same pattern, only casting on ninety stitches, thirty on each needle, to make allowance for the silk being finer, and carried the same idea out through the pattern.

Material: Two ounces of three-ply Saxony, and four knitting pins, No. 16.

Cast on seventy-two stitches, twenty-four on each needle; join together, knit once around plain; knit forty rounds ribbed, two plain and two purl. After this, six rounds are knitted plain. Here begin the widening for the thumb. At the beginning of the first needle throw wool over, knit three, throw wool over again, and complete the remainder of the round plain. Next two rounds are plain. At the beginning of the next one throw wool over, knit five, wool over, complete plain. Two rounds plain. Continue widening in this way every third round, until there are thirty-three stitches between the

widenings. After this, knit six rounds plain. Slip the thirty-five thumb stitches on to a thread or another needle; turn work, and cast on nine stitches in place of those slipped off; turn, and complete the round plain. Next round plain. In the third round from the thumb narrow twice, the first two of the nine stitches cast on, and the last two. Narrow in the same place every alternate round, until there are but seventy-two stitches remaining. Knit twenty rounds plain. Now you begin the fingers. For the first one, take ten stitches from the first needle, and ten from the last. Slip all the remaining stitches on to a thread. After knitting the twenty stitches, cast on nine on to a third needle; join, and knit round and round until the work is the desired length—usually as long as the finger. The narrowing is done quickly; knit two, narrow, repeat the entire round. Two rounds plain. For the third round, knit one, narrow, entire round—one round plain. After this, continue narrowing all the stitches until there are no more. Leave a little length of wool, and thread into a sewing needle, and fasten neatly and securely. For the second finger, take nine stitches from the front of the glove, and nine from the back, pick up nine stitches where the nine were cast on before, to make the gore. Knit the twenty-seven stitches, cast on nine more, and join together. Arrange the stitches on three needles, and knit one round plain. In every alternate round, narrow the first two stitches, and the last two of the gores, until there are left but twenty-nine stitches. Continue and finish this finger like the first. The third finger is worked exactly like the second. For the fourth, or little finger, the remaining stitches, sixteen in number, are used; it is knitted like the last two, except casting on the nine stitches. Picking up the nine from the gore, gives twenty-five stitches for the finger. For the thumb, take the thirty-five stitches from the thread, and pick up nine from the gore, and work exactly like the fingers, narrowing until there are but thirty-five stitches. These gloves are not right and lefts, but fit either hand.

A. G.

CORAL INSERTION.

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

2. Slip one, purl one, over, purl two together, purl twenty-two, over, purl two together, purl two.

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

4. Slip one, purl one, over, purl two together, purl twenty-two, over, purl two together, purl two.

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

6. Slip one, purl one, over, purl two together, purl twenty-two, over, purl two together, purl two.

7. Slip one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit two, over, knit one, over, knit one, over, knit two, narrow, knit two, narrow, knit one, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

8. Slip one, purl one, over, purl two together, purl twenty-two, over, purl two together, purl two.

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

10. Slip one, purl one, over, purl two together, purl twenty-two, over, purl two together, purl two.

11. Slip one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit two, over, narrow, over, knit five, over, knit two, narrow twice, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

12. Slip one, purl one, over, purl two together, purl twenty-two, over, purl two together, purl two.

MRS. POKIE MARTIN.

Tompkinsville, Ky.

LADIES' KNITTED SKIRTS.

Materials: Six skeins of Germantown yarn and two long rubber needles. Cast on one hundred and twenty-one stitches.

1. Knit across plain.
2. Seam across.
3. Knit across plain.
4. Knit one, *thread over, knit four, slip one, narrow, put slipped stitch over, knit four, thread over, knit one*; repeat from * to *.
5. Seam across.
6. Like fourth row.
7. Seam across.
8. Like fourth row.
9. Seam across.
10. Like fourth row.
11. Seam across.
12. Like fourth row.

This makes one pattern or shell. Make eight of these patterns, then narrow once in six stitches, and knit in ribs until the required length.

Make two breadths this size, and one of only ninety-seven stitches in width but the same in length. Sew the breadths together, using the narrow one for the front, and leaving a placket at the back. Finish the placket by crocheting shells on one side. Make a yoke of silesia of corresponding color and attach the skirt to it. This skirt can be made of one color, but is much handsomer if made of the shades of red. One-half skein each of eight shades is required for the lower part of the skirt, and two skeins of the lightest shade for the ribbed part. Begin with the darkest shade and make one shell of each shade, changing the color on the twelfth row.

MRS. M. HERBERT NICHOLS.

Gloucester, Mass.

BUREAU COVERS.

Pretty bureau covers are made of white momie cloth, and ornamented with outline embroidery. The edge is finished with antique lace two inches wide. This lace is also used to border a square of satin on which some delicate flower design has been painted, and makes a very handsome tidy.

MRS. B. F. N.

San Francisco, Cal.

WHEEL TIDY.

To L. J. W.'s request for a tidy crocheted in wheels I send one useful and ornamental.

Make a chain of twenty-four stitches, join this into a ring on which work twelve loops in double crochet in every other stitch with one chain between, in three or four places make two chain between to allow the circle to increase. Having done this, work twelve chain, turn; work ten double loops in the chain, then loop in with one stitch of double crochet into the first division of the center, turn; chain, loop in with a double stitch in the seventh stitch of the last row, chain five, loop in with double stitch leaving

one between, chain five again and loop in the same way on the next stitch, turn; chain nine, loop in, chain five, loop in, chain three and work ten double stitches, loop into the next division of the center, and continue to repeat these rows until there are twelve points in the star. When the twelve leaves are finished, work the cotton up the side and form another point which completes the star. Make a sufficient number of these stars and unite them at every two points. Finish with a heavy fringe knotted into each point of the stars all round the outside edge.

MAY H.

CROCHET SET FOR MUFF, COLLAR, AND HOOD FOR DOLL.

F. M. W. asks for directions for a doll's hood in crochet. In return for many favors received at the hands of THE HOUSEHOLD ladies, I should like to give directions for crocheting a doll's set which I have just finished.

Materials to make a set for a number five or six doll: One ounce of Saxony wool, dark bronze, a small quantity of delicate pink wool, three yards of narrow pink ribbon, and a bone crochet hook.

For the muff, make a foundation chain of twenty-nine stitches and join in a circle.

1. Draw wool through first stitch of chain and leave it on the hook, wool over hook, and draw wool through next stitch of chain. Now you have four loops on hook, wool over hook and draw through three of them, wool over hook and draw through two loops on the hook, make one chain stitch; this forms one group or pattern stitch; so repeat entire round, always making one chain stitch between each group.

2. This is the same as first, except you draw last loop or group through the little loop that catches the group together at the top of previous round, then work loop off as usual, thus bringing the groups directly over each other.

Each round that follows is worked the same as the second round and is repeated five times. This will make the muff the desired width. Now you are ready to make a chain of holes on either edge of this muff piece, through which the cord is to pass to draw up and shape the muff. To this chain of holes is worked a row of shells of bronze shade, say about three trebles to each shell, and fasten down by a single crochet. Now to this bronze row of shells add a tiny edge of pink, and the crochet part of the muff is finished.

To make it up, cut a piece of stiff crinoline five inches long and three inches wide. Sew together the three-inch edges and cover both inside and outside with pink satin or lining. Over this foundation slip the crochet part just finished. Draw cords through the holes on either end of crochet part, and finish the ends of cords with small balls. Draw in shape and tack them down with same shade of wool at outer edge of pink lining. Twist a little cord fourteen inches long and fasten through muff to suspend it from the neck.

For the collar, make a chain of forty-two stitches.

1. Turn and make *one treble in each of the first five foundation chain stitches, chain four stitches and repeat as from * clear across the row.

2. Turn, *make six trebles, chain of four; repeat as from * across.

3. Turn, *make seven trebles, chain of two and fasten down by single crochet into center of previous chain of four, make two chain stitches; repeat as from * across.

4. Turn, *make eight trebles, chain of four; repeat as from * across.

5. Turn, *make nine trebles, chain of four; repeat as from * across.

6. Turn, *make eleven trebles in this row as it is the bottom row and needs to be a little fuller, now make chain of two, fasten down by single crochet to center of chain of four of previous row, make two chain, and repeat as from * across the row.

Break wool and fasten end. Next work on neck a row of chain holes, and add to this a row of scallops. For working always take that part of chain loop which comes next you after the work is turned. The collar is widened as you make each row, by crocheting two trebles in the middle stitch of each space in the row before, so that every row is increased five trebles. The arrangement of chains between columns of trebles forms an open lace work, through which ribbons are to run perpendicularly from the neck to the edge. Run ribbon through the chain of holes at the neck, and leave ends to tie the collar on the doll's neck.

For the hood, make a chain of thirty-two stitches, then work a treble in each chain stitch of foundation chain until the fifteenth chain is reached, here work two trebles in one chain; repeat thus for six more chain stitches. This gives the fullness necessary at top, as there is no crown piece, the hood being crocheted in one entire piece. The rest of the foundation chain is worked with one treble in each chain as you begun. At the end raise one loop. This is to keep the edge of the hood even around the neck. The work is turned at the end of each row, and each row is simply a row of trebles worked in spaces of previous row of trebles; repeat seven rows of trebles. Break wool and fasten. Join the foundation chain with which you began together by sewing; this gives you a seam right down the back of the hood. Now make a row of scallops to form a curtain at the neck, and continue them on around the face, making about seven trebles to one scallop. When finished shape with fingers and catch down with needle and wool. Trim inside around the face with a little lace. Add bows of ribbon on top of head, and at back of neck. Run strings of ribbon around the neck, leaving ends long enough to tie in a bow in front.

K. L.

Dallas, Texas.

CROCHETED LAMBREQUIN.

Make a chain of forty-one stitches.

1. Three double crochet in fourth chain stitch, three chain, three double crochet in next stitch, nine chain, miss eleven, put three double crochet in twelfth chain stitch, three chain, three double crochet in next stitch, miss three chain, put one double crochet in each of next three chain stitches, miss three chain, put three double crochet in fourth stitch, three chain, three double crochet in next stitch, nine chain, miss eleven, three double crochet in twelfth chain, three chain, three double crochet in same stitch of chain, three chain.

2. Three double crochet around first chain of three between the two three double crochet of first row, three chain, three double crochet around same, four chain, one close chain through fifth stitch of chain in first row, four chain, three double crochet around next chain of three, three chain, three double crochet around the same, one double crochet in each double crochet of first row, three double crochet around next chain of three, three chain, three double crochet around same, four chain, one close chain through fifth stitch of chain of first row, four chain, three double crochet around next chain of three, three chain, three double crochet around same, five chain, fasten to beginning of the preceding row. Turn, ten single crochet around last chain of five.

Repeat these two rows until the desired

length, then finish off the bottom with twelve trebles around chain of three at end of rows, always fastening before beginning the next one. Fringe in the bottom.

COM.

PRETTY SHELL LACE.

Cast on twenty-eight stitches and knit across plain.

1. Slip one, knit two, over, narrow, knit six, turn, cast on eight on right hand needle, turn again, knit eight, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one.

2. Slip one, knit two, purl one, knit one, purl one, knit four, over, narrow, purl twenty, knit two, over, narrow, knit one.

3. Slip one, knit two, over, narrow, knit four, narrow, knit eight, slip one, knit one, pass slipped stitch over, knit six, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit one, over twice, narrow, knit one.

4. Slip one, knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit four, over, narrow, purl three, purl two together, purl eight, purl two together, purl three, knit two, over, narrow, knit one.

5. Slip one, knit two, over, narrow, knit two, narrow, knit eight, slip one, knit one, pass slipped stitch over, knit four, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit two, over twice, narrow, knit one.

6. Slip one, knit two, purl one, knit three, purl one, knit four, over, narrow, purl one, purl two together, purl eight, purl two together, purl one, knit two, over, narrow, knit one.

7. Slip one, knit two, over, narrow, purl twelve, knit two, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit six.

8. Bind off three, knit three, purl one, knit four, over, narrow, knit fourteen, over, narrow, knit one.

Begin again at first row.

MRS. ASA A. SMITH.

Mt. Carmel, Conn.

CROCHET INSERTION.

This pattern is worked partly horizontally, partly vertically. Work first the middle part of the pattern. Make ten chain stitches, the last three will serve as one double crochet, working back on the first seven of the ten chain stitches, make seven double crochet; *turn the work, three chain stitches which will serve as one double crochet, seven double crochet in the next seven stitches, seven chain stitches, the last three will serve as one double crochet; turn the work, going back on the stitches last worked, make seven double crochet in next seven stitches; repeat from * until the required length of the insertion is reached.

Each edge of this center part of the pattern is worked as follows:

1. Alternate one single crochet in the next point of the work, six chain stitches.

2. Alternate three double crochet in the next stitch of last row, draw together those three double crochet, two chain stitches, miss two.

3. Work like the second row, with the exception that the three double crochet must be worked in the second of the two chain stitches coming after every three double crochet of the last row.

You can omit the insertion if you like. It is easy if you know how, but it reads rather blind. It is as I bought it in a book.

AUNT BERTIE.

Box 34, University P. O., Los Angeles Co., Cal.

FANCY MITTENS

One ounce of Berlin wool. The number of stitches cast on must be a multiple of seven. For a hand that wears a 6½ glove cast on forty-two stitches.

1. Plain.

2. Knit one, over, knit three, over, knit one, purl two; repeat.

3. Knit three, over, knit one, over, knit three, purl two; repeat.

4. Slip one, knit one, draw slip stitch over, knit five, narrow, purl two; repeat.

5. Slip one, knit one, draw slip stitch over, knit three, narrow, purl two; repeat.

Knit this long enough for wrist. Carry three fancy stripes down the back. Knit what is on two needles plain, until it is two inches long, then take fifteen stitches on one needle for the thumb. Knit one row and purl one row till you have knitted fifteen rows. Divide the fifteen on to three needles, make two stitches on the fourth needle, and knit round and round till the thumb is long enough. Narrow in the usual way. Pick up fifteen stitches on the edge of the thumb, and knit on two needles. Proceed same as before the thumb was commenced. When long enough, narrow in the usual way.

This makes a very pretty mitten, also a very nice fitting one, and there is no widening for the thumb in this pattern.

MABEL LAURIE.

Battleford, N. W. T.

A SHELL BOX.

I am very much interested in the fancy work department, especially the knit lace patterns of which I have tried several. The "Combination Lace," is very pretty.

Perhaps some of the readers may have shells they would like to make use of. I made a pretty shell box as follows:

Take a small wooden box, I used a cigar box, cover sides and top with a paste of white lead and whiting, then press the shells into the paste in any design you fancy, using small shells of one size around the edges for a border. Finish the edges with narrow strips of gilt paper. Set away to dry for a few days and then cover with white varnish.

I have quite a collection of house plants which I started last spring, and now most of them are in bloom. I have used ammonia water once a week, two or three drops in a quart of water.

Massachusetts. MRS. T. B. ELLIS.

THE WORK TABLE.

Will some one please send directions for crocheting a lady's hood, also crocheted tidy? Something simple.

F. E.

Rhode Island.

Will some of the sisters please send me directions for knitting a lady's sleeveless jacket, like those they sell in stores?

Bristol, R. I. MRS. CHARLES T. GARDNER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please give directions, and quantity of material required for ladies' knitted leggings?

LIZZIE W. THORP.

Howellville, Pa.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Tell "Inquirer," to knit double heeled stockings she should skip every other stitch on the wrong side and knit all upon the right.

MRS. J. C. RIGGS.

Will some one please send directions for baby's crocheted sack?

ANNIE.

Clinton, N. Y.

Can any of the sisters tell me how to crochet stockings, leggings with knee cap, and drawers, for child from two to five years? Would like to see directions for doll, animals, or toys of any kind in crochet.

FANNIE CROCKETT.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send directions for making fluted edging, also crocheted novelty braid? and oblige,

KATIE MARKLAND.

Will the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD kindly oblige me with instructions for making pretty little socks in crochet, for babies? I have some but they are plain and I want to make some that will be soft and warm and ornamental too, done in some fancy stitch. I don't wish instructions for knitted ones, but would like some for babies' jackets in either crochet or knitting.

A NEW SISTER.

The Dining Room.

A CHAPTER ON STALE BREAD.

BY EMILY HAYES.

"WHENEVER it is possible to economize, I'm sure I do so," said Mrs. Palmer, a little surprised at her aunt's suggestion of economy in household matters.

"You mean whenever it has seemed possible, Fanny; and you have made just the mistake thousands of women have made before you. You probably thought it was economy to make that bread pudding yesterday, although neither you nor Fred cares for it."

"Yes; I disliked to throw away that plateful of bread, and didn't know what else to do with it."

"Do you always eat all the pudding?"

"No, auntie; I always have to throw part of one away," Fanny replied, a little ruefully.

"Now," said Aunt Ruth, "how much bread had you—half a loaf?"

"Nearly—it was a small loaf."

"Count it at four cents, then, at the usual price for baker's bread. How much did you use of other material to convert that into a pudding?"

"I see what you are aiming at, auntie," Fanny exclaimed, laughing a little. "I used a quart of milk, a cup of sugar, two eggs, and a little spice and salt. I wanted to use another egg and a cup of raisins, but thought it would be extravagant, although I really think we should have eaten more of it if I had done so."

"Mistake number two, counting the making of the pudding as the first. The milk was seven cents, the sugar four, the eggs four; the spice and salt we will not count. That, with the cost of the bread—four cents—makes nineteen cents which you wasted instead of four, had you thrown away the bread in the first place, besides the time spent in making the pudding and the dissatisfaction of having made something no one wished to eat. Now, although I do not advise any one to throw away a plateful of stale bread, it is sometimes the most economical thing to do with it, especially in hot weather, when it is very apt to mould. At other times I should advise you to cut off any brown crusts, break in small pieces, and dry—not toast—it in the oven when the fire is very low. Then pound or roll it rather fine, and put it in a paper bag, which should be hung in a cool, dry corner of your pantry. You will find it very convenient to use in preparing a dish of scalloped oysters, meat, eggs or tomatoes—for all of which it is far nicer than cracker crumbs—for bread sauce, and many other things. The bread may be used in various ways. If the slices are not broken or too thick, they make delicious browned sandwiches, which I make very often. Chop very fine any pieces of cold meat—roasted, boiled, or broiled.

A smaller quantity than will suffice for any thing except a meat omelet will be sufficient to make a plateful of these. Put the chopped meat into a saucepan with sufficient cream, milk or boiling water to moisten it; season well with butter and salt, add a tiny bit of cayenne pepper, a little dry mustard, and a drop or two of celery extract. It is impossible to give the quantities, as tastes differ, and the quantity of meat is so small, but it should be well seasoned. Let it heat thoroughly, taking care it does not scorch, and remove from the fire. Beat two eggs well, and add to them a teacup of milk, and half a teaspoonful of salt. Cut the dry crust from the slices of bread—the above quantity of egg and milk will be sufficient for eight slices—and if they are thick,

split them carefully with a sharp, thin knife. Spread a slice with a thin layer of the chopped meat, cover with a slice of bread and press together. Proceed in this manner till the meat and bread are used, and cut each sandwich in halves. Place them on a plate, and pour the milk and egg over them slowly, dipping it with a spoon from the plate, and putting it over them until it is all absorbed.

Put a heaping teaspoonful of butter on a large griddle or frying-pan, and when it begins to brown, place the sandwiches carefully upon it. When nicely browned, add a little more butter, and turn them, letting them brown quickly on the other side. Serve as soon as possible. This makes a delicious breakfast dish, and may be used to advantage to 'help out' a scanty dinner.

We often use the stale slices of bread without the meat, just soaking them in the egg and milk, and browning nicely. It is one of the favorite methods of using stale bread in our family. From broken slices we often make a pudding, simple, it is true, but very nice.

Remove all the crusts, and chop the bread, but not very fine. To a quart of the crumbs allow fifteen tart, juicy apples or eighteen peaches, fully ripe. Peel the fruit, slicing the apples, or cutting the peaches into eight or ten pieces, according to size. Butter a pudding pan which will hold two quarts, or a little more, and cover the bottom with a layer of bread crumbs.

Fill the dish with alternate layers of fruit and crumbs, having a layer of the latter on the top. Then pour over it very carefully a custard made as follows: One pint of milk, two eggs well beaten, and a scant teaspoonful of salt. Put bits of butter over the top—a generous teaspoonful cut fine will be sufficient—and steam one hour if apples are used; when peaches are used, the pudding should be cooked fifteen or twenty minutes longer. Serve with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored, or with clear or other sauce. A favorite sauce for this or any fruit pudding is made by beating a cup of sugar—coffee sugar is best—and a heaping tablespoonful of butter to a cream; then add the white of one egg, beaten to a stiff froth, and beat together until very light. Flavor with vanilla for peach, and lemon or grated nutmeg for apple, pudding. This is one of the 'economy' puddings, but it is really very nice.

On the rare occasions when we make bread puddings, they are made very nice, and it is by no means difficult to produce them something more than the usual unpalatable means for 'saving stale bread.' But," concluded Aunt Ruth, as we rose to get our hats for our customary walk to the station to meet Fred, "we never are obliged to confine ourselves to puddings in our endeavors to be economical. A plate of stale bread is a perfect mine of culinary surprises."—*Harper's Bazar.*

SCOTCH "SPARE-RIB DINNERS."

In Scotland after the slaughter of the mart (bullock) at Martinmas, a well-to-do farmer used to give a "spare-rib dinner" to his neighbors, served in the spence, or best room. At other times, dinner was served for the whole household, gude man, gude wife, the children, maid-servants and farm-laborers, known as hinds. But on the occasion of the "spare-rib dinner" the farmer and his wife abandoned the society of their servants, and dined with their guests. Preparations for cooking began at early morn, and every thing was in profusion. Stacks of bread, heaps of vegetables, piles of chickens, loins of mutton, loads of pork, and a prodigious haggis flanked and faced the principal dish, roast ribs of beef.

The guests arrived a little before one

o'clock, at which hour the dinner was served by the maidens, who placed the meats and vegetables all on the table, and then stood back and smiled. When the guests were seated, the mistress stood at her husband's right hand, whence she directed the gude man and the maidens. As the first course was being served, she exhorted the guests to "stick weel to the skink, and no trust to the castacks"—that is, indulge freely in broth, and do not expect much to follow it. Pressing to eat was considered good manners, and the wife was expected to urge the guests so long as the meal lasted.

"I say, minister, what ails ye at the swine, that ye're no tastin' the pork," the gudewife would say to the clergyman. The parish schoolmaster would be addressed with:

"Dominie, dinna crack (talk) yersel out o' yer denner, my man; free (taste) the guse, and dab it weel wi' mistard."

"Mayersicauber and Glentulichan," naming two farmers by their farms, "ye maun tak' a spaul (leg) o' the chuckie (fowl), or a weng o' the jenk (duck), or a big seklice o' the bubblejock (turkey). Tak' a bit o' mert (bullock), Saunders Tamson; o'd man, it was felled by Jock, yer gude brither."

When the meat viands were removed, which was done by huddling them together in a large wicker basket, the gude wife took her seat opposite her husband and served cheese and pudding.—*Youth's Companion.*

REFINED TABLE MANNERS.

Refined table manners mark not only good breeding, but good feeling; and whatever else in the day is to be hurried, the dinner is not. It takes time to enjoy delicate flavors, and to appreciate those dishes which ought to be real works of art, not only in order that the gastric juice may have time to thoroughly mingle with the food, but that we may rise from the level of the animal to that of a higher order of being. Health, happiness, harmony wait on our habits, which affect our mental condition more than we can well realize. Bad temper is frequently nothing but another name for indigestion. Irritability, peevishness and dyspepsia are the certain results of bolting food when the body is weary and the mind pre-occupied. Then follow hasty words, a rasping temper-gloom and fault-finding, and peace flees from the threshold. The sunniest disposition, the most affectionate heart, cannot withstand the wear of years, and two lives, which might have blended together beautifully, are sundered as far as though an ocean rolled between.

No part of the furnishing of our houses is so generally satisfactory to ourselves as the furniture of the dinner table. We do not take much interest in the form of tables and chairs, or in the patterns and colors of carpets and curtains; and if we ever are induced to observe a little more carefully than we have done, we find them incapable of exciting interest, and often, very ugly. But a well-furnished and "elegant" dining-table pleases everybody. The lady who sits at its head looks upon it with much satisfaction; and this not only because it gratifies her pride of possession, or her desire to excel in splendor of display, but also because it is really pleasant to her sight. The visitor has probably seen during the day no inanimate thing which seemed so fair; and this not only because he loves a good dinner, and sees in this the promise of it, but also because it is more nearly beautiful than his office, his friend's parlor, and household furniture he knows, or any thing he sees in the streets.

The tendency of silver table ware has been toward smallness and compactness, and this has affected the size of smaller ware. The butter plates, salt cellars and pepper pots are very diminutive, and as a rule they are decorated in the same manner as the larger pieces, although there are many odd and striking designs. A new style of salt cellars is made in the form of a diminutive stew-pan. Others imitate shells, leaves, fruits and flowers.

THE DESSERT.

"No," replied a college youth, with a sigh; "no, Dolph, I haven't change for a five, but I should like very much to have a five for a change."

A housekeeper asks: "What is the simplest way to keep jelly from moulding on top?" Shut a small boy up in the pantry for a few minutes.

The transformations of nature are wonderful. Put a herring in a tin box with some cotton-seed oil and it immediately turns into a sardine.

A Georgia man has paid for a farm with the melons off it, to say nothing of the struggling young doctors he has firmly established in business.

Almost any man knows more than his father until he is forty years old. Then he drops into the ranks of the ignorant and begins to take lessons.

The story of mankind in all ages is told in this little aphorism, attributed to a Georgia darkey: "A man that kin make a libin' playin' de fiddle ain't ap' to pester de hoe handle."

"Papa, I'm getting up a subscription to buy such a lovely dollar doll I saw in a window yesterday." "Well, my child, is your subscription nearly made up?" "Oh, yes, papa! Almost. All I need from you is a bare ninety-eight cents."

"Ever had a cyclone here?" asked a Kansas man who was visiting a country aunt in the east. "A cyclone? oh yes," said his aunt; "Deacon Brown's son brought one from Boston a spell ago, but law! he couldn't ride it. Tumbled off every time he tried."

Gerty was sent home from school the other day because she refused to do a sum. "Why didn't you obey the teacher?" said the correcting parent. "Because she knowed how to do it her own self, and there was no use of my telling her," was the childish answer.

Said an exasperated father at the dinner table: "You children turn up your noses at every thing on the table. When I was a boy I was glad to get enough dry bread to eat." "I say, pa, you are having a much better time of it now you are living with us, ain't you?" remarked little Tommy.

An honest farmer was invited to attend a party at the village doctor's one evening, where there was music, both vocal and instrumental. On the following morning he met one of the guests, who said: "Well, farmer, how did you enjoy yourself last night? Were not the quartets excellent?" "Why, really, sir, I can't say," said he, "for I didn't taste 'em; but the pork chops were the finest I ever ate."

City Boarder—"The breakfast was not what I expected. I don't like coffee without cream or milk, and you had neither butter nor eggs on the table." Honest Farmer—"Well, yaas, that was a kind of a miscalculation, you see. Sometimes we happen to run short of butter and eggs and milk at night, and then can't have any for breakfast; but we allers have plenty for dinner." City Boarder—"I don't see how that can be." Honest Farmer—"Well, you see the train from the city don't get here till after ten o'clock."

The Kitchen.

GOING VISITING.

BY CHARITY SNOW.

MY SUBJECT may seem somewhat worn, as one can hardly take up a paper without seeing advice to visitors or visited, perhaps more particularly to those who entertain guests. Truly, it is a great art to properly entertain those who have a claim on our hospitality, but we think it is equally as great to be a model visitor. It seems that if one is a good hostess, she will make a good guest, and *vice versa*, since occupying either place, we sensibly feel what we want in the other party. Now, when we come to be that other party we should have learned our lesson so well that we shall know how best to make ourselves agreeable.

It strikes me that the object of all social intercourse should be mutual benefit, and so it may be if rightly studied and planned by both parties concerned, and there is no better teacher than experience, if we will take lessons of her. It is a safe general rule to follow, to imitate our guests as far as their manners are agreeable, and avoid the disagreeable.

But, oh, how "various" is company! Here is the comfortable old lady who has come to have a good time. She comes unexpectedly and very early. She settles in the easiest chair, folds her arms, and rocks vigorously, lifting her feet from the floor with every backward movement of the rockers, to bring them down again with a thud. She talks incessantly, tells you long stories of herself and all her relations, enters into harrowing details of various sicknesses she and her family have passed through, and calls for valerian for her nerves, which she sips at intervals.

She says she is almost sorry she came to-day, for they were going to have beef-steak for dinner, and she has no doubt the girls will make a lovely pudding. They most always do when she goes away. You quake inwardly, for baked beans is your program, and you cannot well make a change. You quake again when you reflect that your dessert is plain. The dinner hour is fast approaching, and you hastily excuse yourself, and rush frantically about your kitchen in the attempt to do two hours' work in one, when out sails your visitor, saying, "Let me come right out where you are, it is so much more sociable, and then it is a little coolish in the fore room."

She plants herself in the most inconvenient place in the room, where you constantly have to walk round her, and she watches with eagle eyes your every movement, or you fancy she does, which is the same in effect.

Arrived at the table. As a special delectation you have brewed a cup of your best coffee, and lo! she never drinks coffee. You congratulate yourself on a nice cup of Oolong, but she tells you green is her favorite tea. She never uses Oolong only as a force put. You have in your haste knocked up a minute pudding to be served with maple syrup and cream, but she says she never did like mush, and sap molasses doesn't agree with her. You offer her a piece of apple pie. You built considerably upon that as it was really nice. She looks at it doubtfully, and says she will take it if it is sweetened with molasses. She isn't fond of sugar pie, and the crust looks rather too lardy for her. But she eats a whole piece, sugar, lard and all, and compliments it by saying, "It is very good, considering how it is made."

She asks to be shown over the house, as she has heard that you have lately been

papering and painting. So, although it is now afternoon, and your beds are not made, you open your doors with secret mortification, and a word of apology for the untidiness. You cannot say "My house would have been in order if I had not had company to take my time." You think she might infer that.

She says indulgently, "Never mind! You don't care for me! Every one doesn't do their work alike. Now, I always make my beds the first thing in the morning, because nothing mortifies me so much as for my friends to see an untidy bed room." Then you are comforted (?) indeed.

She opens your closet door, saying, "I had forgotten you had this closet." And you can't help wishing you could forget it now and forever more, when you remember that your forenoon dress lies in a soiled heap on the floor, where you thrust it in sheer desperation, as you hurriedly changed just before dinner, with that dreadful woman's voice still going on, and the men coming through the wood-shed for their noon-day meal. You know it was a slack thing to do, but how could you help it?

You open the "spare room" door with a pardonable pride, for you have just got a set of new furniture, and you feel sure she must at least approve, if not applaud. But when you shut that "spare room" door, your pride has had a fall, for she has told how daughter "Marthy" has just got her a set, an entirely different style from yours, said to be the newest thing out, and certainly the prettiest of any thing she has seen for a long time. Very foolish indeed for you to care when you had the chance to get a set like "Marthy's," and took the other because you liked it best—but, after all, you are human, and can't help wishing she hadn't compared yours with "Marthy's."

She stands in the middle of your sitting room, and looks around critically, remarking that if your paint had been a shade darker, it would have corresponded better with your paper. Sure, this was the fly that had buzzed around in your pot of ointment, but you had hoped no one else would have known even that there was a fly.

And so the afternoon wears painfully away. You get up a cozy little tea of biscuit, sponge cake, cup custards, and accompaniments. She partakes of all heartily, but you find out before the meal is over that yeast bread is more healthful than biscuit, that sponge cake, though it looks nice, is much dryer than cake with fewer eggs, and that "our folks make blanc mange very often for supper, it is so nice with sugar and cream."

As she goes away, you offer to send a little lunch to an invalid grandchild, but with many thanks she refuses. Oh! no, indeed. She couldn't think of such a thing. The child didn't need it, for "Marthy" was always getting up something nice to tempt her appetite, and you lay back your little white-napkin offering with a chagrin a little deeper than you have felt before for the day.

She gives you a resounding kiss at parting, tells you she has had a splendid time and shall come again soon. She is a good woman. You respect her in many things. This is simply her way of being familiar, and treating you like "own folks."

But I am very sure you do not commit any of the same errors when next you go out to spend the day. Neither do you copy from the other good woman who comes a week later, and who is so very anxious that you shall not put yourself out. "Now, don't cook a thing! All I want is a baked potato. Don't put on a table cloth. Set the table right on your oil cloth. Don't you do so when you are alone?" She means all right, too, but you have the painful impression that she thinks you don't have much to eat, if you

don't have company, and that you never allow yourself the luxury of a table cloth, silver forks, or any other little table adornments.

But there are visitors who are welcomed at coming and deplored at going, and loved and enjoyed all the way between. You can't describe how it is done, but they make you feel that your society is what they have come for, that your interests are theirs. They sympathize with you in joy or sorrow, and what you may tell them of your daily life, falls upon ears that can understand and appreciate. If you are tidying your parlor, they help you to dust your books and knickknacks, holding you with their conversation meanwhile, so that you hardly realize that you are still about your work, instead of entertaining company. They follow you to your dining room and kitchen, and while tongues are busy, they employ hands as well, and so quietly, deftly, and handily, that your work is done before you are aware, with none of the feeling of constraint that too often attends the help of guests. They know by intuition where almost every dish goes, and the best position for every article of furniture. Blessings upon such, and they are many, who have the tact and talent of making themselves agreeable.

But now we change the picture, and show you some of the hostesses whom we are so honored as to sometimes visit. How well I recall in my youthful, timid days, of toiling up a steep hill on my way home from the village store, on a hot summer's day, with my arms full of bundles. How I wished that I dared to call at the large white house at the top of the hill for a little rest. But it was near tea time, and the lady of the house was not well.

As I hesitated, she appeared at the door and called me in. "You are tired, and I am alone, and you must stop to tea."

I demurred. If she was alone then she could rest, and must not weary herself for me.

"Just come out here, and see how easy I'll do it," she called.

And she turned up one leaf of the kitchen table, spread on a white cloth, goblets of rich, creamy milk, the nicest and whitest of yeast bread, butter and apple sauce, hard molasses gingerbread (I have never been able to make the like) apple puffs, and cheese. That was true hospitality. Often since have I sat at the table in that house on the hill, partaken of the best of food, and enjoyed the society of the entire cultured family, yet I can truly say I have never felt more honored than when taking my meal against the wall.

Another experience I might recall. The first day of the December just passed was bright, crisp and clear. The roads were smooth and hard, inviting me out for a walk. My heart went where it often goes—and my feet followed—to the little brown house, where since my earliest remembrance has dwelt one of my dearest friends. She wasn't expecting company. That would have just spoiled my pleasure in surprising her, as I delighted in doing, as I walked into her back door from my short cut across lots. What a perfect day that was, sitting in her sunshiny rooms, and taking dinner with her and her quiet, sensible husband. (The children were at school.) We played we were about fifteen. I followed her down cellar, and she exhibited her bins of apples, allowed me to peep into her butter jars, and into her closet of canned fruit. She took me over her freshly cleaned house, and we told each other what we each had for Thanksgiving dinner, and did not forget to enumerate our causes for thankfulness, and, oh—well—perhaps I hadn't better tell all we said. But strange to say, notwithstanding the pleasant fifteen-year-old fiction, some of our

personal reminiscences of the years that have flown since then, blinded our eyes with tears more than once. That dispelled the illusion. Fifteen-year-old girls don't weep over the heart-aches of years gone by.

To carry out our play to the end, she "came a piece" with me, and we parted in the midst of the cedar swamp, for I "went across" in an old wood road, as I used when a child, and in memory of old times we each gave a loud, clear whistle when we got through the woods, to notify each other of the fact.

Was it all imagination? Did I fancy it, that the household machinery went just a little easier than usual the next day? that I felt a little limberer than common? that the dial had gone back just a few degrees? Try the same yourself, and report if it was all imagination.

You are perhaps disappointed that I have confined myself only to one phase of visiting, but it seems to me that the same general principles will hold good for a visit of any length, or in any home, wherever situated.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

Good housekeeping in these days is a much more complex thing than it used to be. I am not sure that we are so fortunate as we seem in having had our tastes cultivated and our eyes educated to that degree, that beauty in the household is the object on which our hearts are set, until in some cases, comfort and peace of mind are secondary in importance. Every added luxury implies an added care. Every new ornament, the fragile vase, the graceful statuette, the pretty, carved bracket, and the curtain with its delicate drapery. Even the bunch of autumn leaves, and the trailing vines which adorn the walls, bring with them each its own temptation to the incursions of the predatory dust. Dust is a foe to be fought with increasing vigilance. A friend, whose home is perfect in its appointments, so artistic, so cozy, so full of bright surprises and charming nooks, a place to seek for repose when you are tired, said to me the other day, "I have a constant battle with the dust. Ray and I go around with our feather brushes and dusters every morning, and administer upon the different rooms in the most radical and thorough way that women can. Two hours, afterward, my dear, you would not know that we had touched the furniture."

This home stands on a city avenue, where there is a great deal of driving, and the pavement, when dry, is of a nature which throws up a fine, impalpable powder, the housewife's despair. Those who live in the country, with the beautiful, clean, green grass coming to the very threshold, have less trouble of this particular kind to contend with. But, no lot being perfect, I have observed that the mud of rural roadways has a tenacious and clinging character of its own, and that mats and scrapers are very apt to be evaded by the headlong, half-grown boys of the family, who do not mean to increase the mother's burdens; who, simply, after the fashion of youth, are not so thoughtful as they should be.

Good housekeeping should be built upon the strong foundations of self-respect, comfort and system. Were not these foundations more considered some years ago than they are at present? I am not a pessimist, yet I think it requires great strength of will and purpose in an individual to withstand the tendency of the period. The period is fond of show, of exterior adornment, of sumptuous living. Our temptation, as Americans, is to the putting of the best foot forward always.

Our boys and girls at school are not usually brave enough to acknowledge frankly that they cannot afford whatever is possible for their companions.

Each succeeding season finds the cost, for example, of graduation, a tax which not infrequently obliges the plain mechanic or workingman to withdraw his daughter from the high school, in which she is entitled to her diploma, before the advent of the day in which she is to receive it. I have seen a little girl of fourteen sent to the public school, on the final day of the summer, arrayed in finery, from top to toe, including fleecy robes, white kid gloves, satin shoes, and bouquet, the whole requiring a carriage to convey the small princess (the daughter of a dry goods' clerk or bookkeeper, growing gray on a small salary), the half-dozen blocks between her home and the school. Her mother thought it necessary, because "we could not let our Fanny look inferior to the other girls." Some of the other girls were the children of millionaires, but republican simplicity shuddered and grew faint at the mere thought that they should outshine narrow means, by any excess of splendor.

This is only a straw, but it shows the trend of the time. Much of our own housekeeping is made harder than it might be, because of our living beyond our means, and, in consequence, dragging everywhere, a clanking, slowly-lengthening chain of debt. I defy the most sunshiny temperament, if trained in the traditions of honesty, and coming of good stock, to continue sunshiny long, if there be an everlasting worry over ways and means. Far better might the living be of the plainest, the shelter of the lowliest, the apparent style of the severest simplicity, than that some of us should go, as we do, through years of life, in an incessant fret over the inability to maintain the style we desire, and also to maintain our integrity.

Good housekeeping in the exercise of a wise economy, tolerates no waste, and makes the most of all its resources. A dollar in the hands of a good housekeeper, goes as far as a dollar and a half in those of a poor or shiftless one.

At the same time its objective point is the health and the happiness of all in the house. May I add my word to that of Frances Power Cobbe, who, in a thoughtful essay, deprecates the decline of gaiety in home life? Friends, I plead for wholesome mirth, for fun at the fireside, for the cheery laugh, the bright repartee, the bubbling and effervescence of good spirits. Let your children and young people carry out into the world with them the memory of mother's good housekeeping, not merely because the house was clean, the table well spread, the chambers comfortable, and the clothing in order, but because home was an abode of joy, of peace, of love, of sweet, unshad-owed mutual confidence.

Good housekeeping ought to signify good generalship. Some of us, who are mothers, know that it is easier to do certain things ourselves than it is to teach the children how to do them. But, true kindness to children, and proper self-esteem on the mother's part, will apportion to each his or her daily duty, and insist on its fulfillment promptly and thoroughly. In the best managed household everybody shares the work as well as the play, and the parents, the mother especially, guide and control, but do not bear every burden and take every step alone.

—Exchange.

SAVE THE PIECES.

With some misgivings that it may be considered slang, I write the above title, which should be considered a solemn warning. There is hardly a department

in any household or family in the land, where this advice or command might not be given. Yet I would not have any one mean or niggardly, indeed, this same saving the pieces, gives many people a chance to do good that otherwise would be impossible. There is an old proverb to the effect that if a thing is kept long enough a use will be found for it. And is there any one, who at some time in their life has not wanted, even needed, some little thing they had allowed to be lost long before? Even if one does not care to keep the scraps for themselves, some one may be glad of them, and there is nothing on this earth of benefit to mankind that has not cost too much time and labor to allow even the pieces to be lost.

Children appreciate this more than grown people, and we see bits of broken ware, colored paper and ribbons, treasured as carefully as costlier toys. If you do not want the pieces save them to delight some little one. Is there any one who does not remember certain trifles that brought much happiness, and places where it was a delight to go, because a kind old lady had something laid away on purpose for you?

In the large cities many people live by collecting the scraps thrown away. We do not think that we may button our clothes with a boot or comb our hair with a slipper, but these are some of the forms in which old boots and shoes appear after undergoing certain processes.

The French can teach us many lessons of economy, in the kitchen and elsewhere. A single instance is enough. There are men who make a business of collecting the oats dropped by the horses at the cab stands, in the cracks between the paving stones. The quantity gathered is sufficient to sow several acres of ground; other collectors keep several hundred fowls.

The Christmas season is a time to use pieces, for it is an expensive luxury to allow ourselves the pleasure of giving to all our friends, when every gift or entirely fresh materials must be bought. Those who have a stock of pretty scraps to draw from, can make many a little gift that will spring up as if by magic and delight the hearts of friends. Many an ornament for a Christmas tree may be made from colored paper. Fresh sheets of the paper would be expensive, but is there a house where colored envelopes, silver paper (around spice), advertisements printed on colored paper, fancy pictures and gilt figures that come on cloth, tissue paper around cotton or lamp chimneys—all these and many more do not appear in course of the year. Put a good-sized box on a closet shelf, and whenever you see such things, put them in the box rather than the stove. It will take no more time, and next Christmas there will be a store from which you can make yards and yards of paper chain, horns of plenty, colored lanterns, illuminated mottoes, etc., for trimming the Christmas tree. Begin now to save the pieces, sisters, and perhaps before the holiday season comes, I will give some hints for using them. If any looking-glass is broken in the course of the year, save the pieces of that.

Lately there has been a craze for crazy patchwork, and those who have not been themselves affected by the mania, have been called on to supply their friends with pieces. Now, there are other things that are improved by the use of patchwork, which may be done by ladies who would not think they had time for a quilt. A border of crazy or sane patchwork of bright scraps will enliven a dull table cover. Holders, chair or sofa cushions may be made in the same way from either silk or woolen pieces. Even if one has not time for such work herself, the pieces

may be saved for others, either for patchwork or rugs.

This sermon might be continued indefinitely, for there is no department in our households where the text does not apply. There is practically no end to the use for what is commonly called "waste paper," but if this letter is too long there will be no room for it in our paper.

The following quotation is quite to the point:

"Archy McLean, a thrifty Scot,
Who many a coin by saving got,
Picked up a string the other day,
And stored it carefully away,
Then, chancing smile of mine to see,
Said, in his Lalland speech, to me,
'Whate'er ye find an' canna use,
Bestow it safe and dinna lose;
For though it's keptit mony a year,
'Till come in handy, hae no fear.'
* * * * *

And so he keeps for all his friends
A bureau drawer of odds and ends."

ANNA AYER.

FINISH WHAT YOU BEGIN.

Many people, and especially the young, have a way of beginning things that they never finish. It may be a piece of embroidery, patchwork, or even a garment to which they are giving a share of their time, when something a little more congenial to their taste strikes their eye, and away goes their work in an unfinished condition, to be consigned to some closet or drawer for a period of time, after which it may find its way into the ragman's cart. The early training of children has something to do with this pernicious habit. Let mothers see to it that whatever is begun by a child is completed, if of no more account than the making of a doll's dress, or the building of a cob house, and this habit will never be formed.

One completed piece of work will yield more pleasure and profit than half a dozen pieces begun and left unfinished, under the plea of waiting for a more favorable time. And besides a piece of work well done gives us a degree of pleasure that we never experience if illy done. A friend, in speaking of the reverses of fortune which she had passed through, when by the death of her husband and the loss of her property she was obliged to take in sewing for her living, recently remarked, that it was with a feeling of satisfaction that she remembered that every stitch she ever put into a coat, or other garment, was done upon honor, as "unto the Lord." I have known people to have several garments under construction at the same time, they would sew a short time first on one and then a little time on another, never seeming to care whether either garment was finished that week, or the next month, and the wonder to us was that they were ever finished at all.

I remember when young, of visiting a relative who was in comfortable worldly circumstances, but whose phrenological bump of order and system was of the most diminutive size, and who was one of those slow and easy kind of people who prefer putting off until to-morrow the very things that should be done to-day, which as a matter of course caused her to be always behind with her work. Wishing to make myself useful to her, we proposed to help her with the family sewing, when lo! out of drawers and cupboards, and closets, came the most miscellaneous lot of garments I ever saw in one house, in all stages of construction, some nearly completed, others only half done, and some only cut and basted. Some of these garments had been partly made several years prior to my visit.

Well, during a six weeks' visit I managed to give the children of the family an entire new outfit, which I trust was appreciated by at least the hard working

husband and father. Finish what you begin has been a motto with me ever since. If inclined to moralize I might add, how much of life is wasted in unfinished work. I have known a daughter set out in life, with fair prospects of obtaining a liberal education, but the way seemed longer and the path more rugged than she had supposed, and when only half through the course, to become discouraged and give up her cherished aspirations, and settle down with her life plans only half completed. Finish what you begin. If one sets out to learn a trade or profession let them learn it, by remaining under competent instructors until every detail of the business is mastered. Skilled labor is what the public calls for, and to become skilled one must give their time and service until it is accomplished.

However menial the service we enter upon, let us make it honorable by doing it well. If we do the family washing, let us do it in the best possible manner. If we sweep a room or make a bed, let us do it in such a manner that it will bear inspection. And finally let us remember that whatever we do, or say, let it appear ever so insignificant, it is open to the inspection of the great Master, who is exact in all His requirements of His children. Finish your work, for life is brief, and time is short.

The labor involved in beginning half a dozen things, would finish three of them, and make them profitable and useful. If we only put persistent labor into the matter, one completed undertaking will yield more pleasure than a dozen unfinished plans, of which may be said of us, this person "began to build but was never able to finish."

A. B.

Meridian, N. Y.

THE NOTE BOOK OF A HOUSE-KEEPER.

Number Twenty-two.

BY GLADDYS WAYNE.

It is cheering to a hungry man, coming home all travel worn or weary with the labor of the day, to find the table set out invitingly, savory dishes and the aroma of the fragrant tea or coffee giving pleasant assurance that his home-coming has been looked forward to in thoughtful provision for his comfort. The attractive home and tidy wife with the pleasant word of greeting are powerful and far-reaching in their influence, but there is nothing like a "good square meal" to refresh and cheer the "inner man."

We do not advocate that blind devotion to the shrine of many, rich, and complicated dishes which proves a serious tax in more ways than upon the family finances, nor do we believe that our husbands wish us to overtask our strength and undermine our health to pander to the appetites of those to whom it is of far greater importance that we secure the rest and refreshment which both body and soul require; but we should endeavor to provide wholesome, appetizing food for our families, taking special thought for the dear ones—the "house-bands"—whose endeavors, I am sure that amid the cares and burdens of our own lot, we do not always fully appreciate.

The old adage regarding "the way to a man's heart" we always thought in poor taste and a little ungenerous, but by a wise discrimination in these matters we may certainly wield a powerful influence for good. Remember, it was for a "savory" supper that a man once "sold his birthright."

One of Tom's favorite supper dishes is rabbit pie. After being nicely dressed, the rabbit is cut in seven or eight pieces, washed and put to soak from twelve to twenty-four hours in cold water with a handful of salt. The water is then

poured off, the meat looked over carefully, put into a kettle with a small teaspoonful or less of saleratus and covered with cold water. When it boils and foams up, throw away the water, rinse both kettle and meat with cold water to remove all the scum, then put the meat in the kettle, cover it with cold water, add salt, pepper, and perhaps an ounce of butter, cook until perfectly tender, adding more water occasionally if necessary, take out the meat. Slightly thicken the broth with a tablespoonful of flour stirred smooth in a little cold water. Mix a crust as for rich biscuit with buttermilk and butter or cream, etc. One cup (half-pint) of sour cream, two cups of buttermilk, a little salt and a teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in a little warm water with flour to make a dough not too stiff, makes a nice crust. Roll the crust about three-fourths of an inch thick; with this line a deep, buttered basin, put the meat in, having divided the choicest pieces, pour in broth to about a third fill the dish, add more butter, pepper and salt if necessary. Cover with a like crust, making an opening in the center for a steam escape, and bake till done but not too brown. Having kept the remaining broth covered and warm, when the pie is done, remove from the oven and with a tunnel pour more into the pie, adding the remainder as needed at table. The pie is better to stand covered a few minutes after taking it from the oven. If the crust is right and the broth properly seasoned, the pie is excellent. Beef, veal, chicken or almost any fresh meat makes a nice pie.

Chicken or turkey soup is another favorite supper dish. The fowl is jointed, put in cold water, seasoned with salt and pepper, cooked till it begins to be tender and then, while it is boiling briskly, a cup of rice is thrown in and cooked till done. A good way to cook a lean fowl. If the fowl is fat, a little cold water may be thrown in and the grease presently taken off, before adding the rice.

A NEW METHOD OF WASHING.

BY LUCY LOYD.

As I wish to become a member of "THE HOUSEHOLD" I will send you a very good recipe for washing as fees of admission, and some other excellent recipes in the future. I regret that I have lived so long without our valuable paper. Less than six months ago I read the first copy and subscribed at once and I cannot tell you how much I have become attached to THE HOUSEHOLD or how much I would like to know some of the helpful women who write for it.

Now I will tell you how to make the soap. Take seven pounds of bar soap, two pounds of sal-soda, one pound of lime (unslacked), two ounces of borax, one ounce of alum, one ounce of benzine (deodorized), and put them together in the following manner. Cut the soap in one gallon of cold water, melt it slowly until free from lumps (I make it in my boiler on the back of the stove), now lay the sal-soda and lime in a deep vessel and pour two gallons of boiling water over it, stir and let it settle, then pour off this lye and add to the melted soap, stir and keep hot but do not boil it; now put the alum and borax in two pint cups about half full of hot water, dissolve and add to the soap, stir well and heat together a few minutes, then remove from the fire and stir in the benzine and pour out in a tub to cool. I let mine cool over night, then cut out in cakes and keep covered in a box lined with thick paper.

The rule for using this is one pound to every seven gallons of soft water. I have medium water and this is the way I wash: I make a foamy hot suds and pour over my white clothes, punch them

down well and cover the tub quickly with a blanket and let them soak one hour, one night, or from Saturday evening until Monday morning, whichever is most convenient. Then I wring them out and put in the boiler with one pound of soap and seven gallons of cold water and boil gently twenty-five minutes more or less as the clothes may require. Rinse thoroughly in two waters and blue. After wringing out the white clothes soak the colored ones in the same water a short time and boil gently ten minutes.

If you use two ounces of alum and one ounce of borax the soap will set the colors in calico better, but will not so effectually remove the streaks. If your line becomes air-slacked use a little larger quantity. I never use this soap for my dishes or toilet, but it is most excellent to clean wooden wear and tea towels with.

If your washings are large use two tubs, one for fine another for coarse clothes; always lay the most soiled at the bottom and rub stains in a little lukewarm water before putting to soak. Allow them plenty of room for the water to pass through them, and they positively must have plenty of room in the boiler; never allow them to become packed; punch, stir and loosen them up frequently so that the water may boil through them and they will look clean and white if rinsed well. Keep all the steam in the boiler and tub that you can, as this helps remove the dirt. If you have a machine and wringer and water handy, this soap is all you need to make your washing comparatively easy. This is particularly nice to keep knit and crocheted laces white.

I learned to knit lace when but ten years old but did not learn what purl was so cannot knit from directions. Will some sister tell me how to purl?

If any one tries this method of washing will they please report.

Colorado.

PAINTING IRONWORK.

The point of prime importance, says the Painter's Magazine, is the actual condition of the surface when ready to receive the first coat. Upon this point rests the success or non-success of subsequent applications, for if not in proper condition no paint will prove permanently preservative. Now, the best state is that where there has been formed upon the surface of the iron a film of black oxide, which has been, while hot, thoroughly permeated by and incorporated with a resinous or tarry covering. This covering insures perfect success, and its thickness may be increased from time to time by additional coats of paint. If, however, a layer of hydrated oxide (ordinary rust) be once allowed to form, the successive coats of paint will fall off, their separation from the iron being merely a question of time. During the time, also, the rust has been spreading under the paint. An instance of this may be seen after out-door riveted work has been in place for some time. Usually all the riveting is done before the final painting is begun, each rivet-head in the meantime being exposed to a damp atmosphere; the paint begins to peel off the rivet-heads long before it leaves the adjacent plate, and when this occurs, nothing but a thorough scraping will give the paint a chance to adhere again. So slight are the differences of manipulation which determine whether a given piece of work shall or shall not rust away, that they may all be found in the different methods of manufacture pursued now and formerly.

Taking the case of a piece of ornamental ironwork, which in so many instances has come down to us in unimpaired

beauty and condition, it would now, probably, be forged in detail in one part of a factory, drilled, filed and fitted in another, and when completely finished, be painted in three coats of best oil paint. Formerly the smith who forged the work punched the necessary holes at the same time, fitted his various pieces together as he went on, completing each piece as he proceeded, doing all the work with his hammer, and, to quote an old book of directions to good smiths, brushing his work over with linseed oil and suspending it for some time over a strongly smoking wood fire. This will give at once a sort of elastic, enamel coat, perfectly adherent and calculated to preserve the iron to the utmost. Of course, iron work to-day is not made to undergo any such preparatory process, and the consequence is that we find it very difficult to produce good results in painting on iron surfaces. But it is pretty well established that the very best finished coat for iron is found in red lead, upon which any desired shade of lead paint may be placed with the best possible results.

A NORWEGIAN FARM HOUSE.

The first impression of an ordinary Norwegian farmstead is not very favorable. A cluster of houses, small and aged, crowd around a large dwelling house, which generally looks somewhat dilapidated. But this appearance is deceptive; for the walls being of wood, they look old in a few years and become blotched and seared by the weather. The roof is of the same material, or, in the case of the principal building, either of red tile or slab. Sometimes the dwelling house is painted white, when the effect is to relieve the sober aspect of the group. The walls are usually stout and thoroughly waterproof, plank about four inches thick being used in their construction. These planks are placed edgewise on one another, crossed and countersunk at the angles and calked in the seams with dry moss. A skin of thin wood is placed over the outside, while the interior is lined smoothly with boards. Inside there is an air of comfort and cleanliness. A table stands in the center of the chief room, and along the wall a bench runs, which serves for chairs, of which there is usually a deficiency. From pots on the floor ivy is sometimes trained upward to the roof, giving the room a festive and refreshing look. Not infrequently the worthy farmer is proud to have the dresses of his daughters hung in conspicuous positions, in order that swains who call may see that the damsels are well provided with garments in case of a matrimonial alliance. The cow houses are generally an improvement on those usually seen in England and Scotland. The building is larger and more space is allowed to each animal, while a clean wooden floor is ordinarily beneath the cattle. Little or no bedding is given. The level of the cow house is in most cases raised high enough to allow a space beneath, into which the refuse is regularly swept through an opening in the floor.—*Chambers' Journal*.

THE SENSIBLE HOUSEKEEPERS OF THE FUTURE.

I wish it were in my power to persuade young girls who wonder what they shall do to earn their living, that it is better to choose some business that is in the line of a woman's natural work. There is a great repugnance at the thought of being a servant, but a girl is no less a servant to the man who owns the shop where she stands all day behind the counter, than she is where she waits upon the table, or cooks the dinner in a pleasant

house; and to my mind there would not be a moment's question between the two ways of going out to service. The wages are better, the freedom and liberty are double in one what they are in the other. If, instead of the sham service that is given by ignorant and really overpaid servants to-day, sensible girls who are anxious to be taking care of themselves and earning good wages, would fit themselves at the cooking schools, or in any way they found available, they would not long wait for employment, and they would be valued immensely by their employers.

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

A MUCH USED BUT LITTLE KNOWN WOOD.

"Did you ever wonder what knife handles are made of?" asked a dealer in fancy woods in New York, as he handed out a shapeless block from his store of spoils from many tropical forests. "Outside of bone and tortoise shell and pearl, so called, which every one recognizes, the majority of knife handles are made out of a close, fine-grained wood, about the name and pedigree of which 9,999 out of 10,000 persons are ignorant. It is known to the trade as cocobola wood, and it comes in large quantities, millions of pounds a year, from Panama. It is of special value for knife handles because of its close texture, freedom from knots and flaws, and consequent disinclination to split. Many well known kinds of wood require varnishing and polishing and filling up of crevices before they attain the beauty for which they are famous. Of course that sort of thing can't be done in the case of knife handles, and something must be used which doesn't require fixing up. Cocobola is rarely used for cabinet making, because, being a gummy wood, it doesn't glue well. The same qualities that make it of use in the manufacture of knife handles render it valuable for the making of wind instruments like the flute. It comes to us in chunks, not in strips and planks like other woods. Sometimes these pieces will weigh 500 and 600 pounds, but generally much less than that. It costs two and one-half cents a pound now, but before freights went down and the Isthmus was opened up so thoroughly it used to cost double that price."—*Exchange*.

GENERAL NOTES.

It is not often that the water in pump-tubes is frozen on cold nights, if care is taken to let the water run down on the approach of evening, by means of the movement for opening of the fixed valve by raising the handle. Pumps out of doors, or those not frequently used, may be secured from freezing by means of a small opening a few feet below the surface of the ground, allowing all the water to run out from the upper portion in the course of a few minutes. The small opening does not interfere with the ordinary use of the pump. But when the water in the pump becomes frozen solid, it is difficult to remove the ice unless right means are adopted. If hot water is poured in, it only remains at the top, and scarcely thaws half an inch down,

A contrivance which shall drive the current of hot water directly against the ice will melt it rapidly. For this purpose, says the Country Gentleman, procure a small tube, which may be of lead (or even the hollow stem of a weed) place a small funnel in the upper end, and let the lower end rest on the ice. Now pour hot water into the funnel, when its weight will carry it directly through the tube on the ice, which will be quickly melted, the weight of the settling tube, keeping it all the time in close contact with the ice. A foot in length may be thus melted in a minute or two, while merely pouring in hot water from a pitcher would not effect as much in an hour.

DRYING TOMATOES.

In Italy an extensive business is carried on in drying tomatoes to use during those portions of the year when fresh fruit cannot be obtained. According to the Rural Record, tomatoes are grown, for the most part, between rows of grapevines. Sometimes the tomatoes are trained on the lower bars of the trellis to which the vines are attached. The tomatoes are allowed to remain on the branches until they are quite ripe. They are then picked and pressed in bags made of coarse cloth, which allows the pulp to pass through, but which retains the seeds and skins. The pulp is then thinly spread out on cloth, boards, or in shallow dishes, and exposed to the sun to dry. When it has become quite dry, it is broken up fine, or ground, and put into boxes or bags and sent to market. A large part of it is used for making soups, but a considerable portion is employed as we do tomatoes when preserved in tin or other cans. It is soaked for a few hours in warm water, and then cooked in the ordinary manner. There is a great prejudice against canned tomatoes, many being unwholesome. The acid juice which they contain unites with the solder of the tin cans, and forms a disagreeable compound.—*Exchange.*

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—My bridal gift was, and is, so thoroughly appreciated that I am anxious all should know the merits of our HOUSEHOLD, and since our minister has brought a new wife to the parsonage, I will give you the opportunity of sending sunshine into another young housekeeper's life. We like the little lady very much, and many of us who taught up to the "last minute" can sympathize with her in the trials of her new life. She can wash, though, beautifully. I know, for I live near neighbor to her, and don't I watch the lines of nice white clothes enviously? I am a poor washer as all my neighbors can testify, and I would give a good deal to learn the secret of other people's white clothes. What is it, sisters? Here this forenoon I put eighty pieces on the line and did not get through until nearly twelve. I was up at a little after five, had breakfast over, baby dressed, bed made, and water warm by seven. Then I put the clothes to soak, washed the dishes, finished the front room work and got the baby to sleep. I had the clothes half rubbed through that first water before he waked up, then a friend came and took him over to her house and kept him until almost noon. Ah, tired mothers, did you ever have such a friend as that? Then you will know how I appreciated her kindness. After the clothes were through that suds and the soiled parts soaped, I put them in a tub, poured boiling water over them and let them stand until I washed the colored ones through the first water, then washed them out and rinsed them. Now where was the fault and why didn't they

look as clear and white as our minister's wife's? If it is muscle then I fear I must always have a darker shade of linen than she, for I use all I have and am so tired this afternoon that it is hard to look on the bright side of things. But (to go from the ridiculous to the sublime) do all of you use kerosene to clean your oil cloths, wash basins, etc.? If not, try it, please. Just wet a cloth with it and use in place of water and soap.

Some one told me to put dried fruit to cook in boiling water, especially prunes, but I put them in a tin pail, cover with cold water, put on a tight fitting cover and put them on the stove. They will swell as the water heats, and be very tender and nice. Put in the seasoning at first, and leave them undisturbed until done. Dried apricots are especially nice cooked in that way.

I wish I had time to give you, dear eastern sisters, that have so much time to write long letters to THE HOUSEHOLD, a description of some of the houses out here and how the people manage.

Why don't Deborah Dare and Clarissa Potter tell us some more about those babies? I, for one, am anxious to hear from them. We have only our baby boy and he is a regular HOUSEHOLD baby. Trained by Dr. Hanaford's aid, and the Mothers' chair, fed on articles concocted according to THE HOUSEHOLD recipes, and wardrobe—you could recognize it anywhere. He is ten months old, has five teeth coming and seven through. But my letter is long enough.

Millie Nesmith, please tell us how you can fruit. ALICE COUNCILMAN.
Minnesota.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Lying in bed today while every one is busy around me I wondered if even idle hands could not find a way to help some of the busy sisters, and finding questions I could answer thought I would add my little to the great whole of THE HOUSEHOLD.

First as to the care of parrots, don't make the mistake of feeding it every thing. I have had one for twenty-five years and she is healthy and happy on a diet of bread and crackers with coffee. I always keep plenty of hemp seed in her seed cups. She has three or four peanuts every day and nut meats are always a treat we allow her, also fruit and berries of all kinds, once in a while a piece of sponge cake and once a week a cayenne pepper. Her coffee is prepared with sugar and milk. She will talk more for being kept in a cage, though I have allowed mine to come out almost every day. In summer she lives in the trees, only sleeping in her cage. Never let the cage stand in a draught. After she is in her cage at night and is a little sleepy, sit down by the cage and repeat the sentence you wish her to learn, repeat it slowly and in a low tone (as a parrot will soon learn to scream) as many as a dozen times, during the next day, whenever you are near her cage, repeat the same sentence. After learning one sentence the bird will "pick up" new things in a wonderful way. Like other pets she must be petted and she delights in having her head scratched. If she screams in the least sprinkle her well with cold water, for if she is not cured of that habit you will rue the day she came to you.

To a reader let me say there are three or more modes of making beef broth. The extract always seems sweeter to me than any other. Take two pounds of lean beef and cut in small pieces, put these pieces in a fruit can and screw the cover on, or in any tightly covered vessel. Put it in a kettle of cold water and place the kettle over the fire. As the water boils down in the kettle add boiling water. If the meat is in a glass can you can watch it without removing the cover; when it

looks almost white and as though no juice remained in it, take the bottle from the water, pour out the extract and season to taste, of course it may be reduced. Another mode and one recommended very highly to me is: Take a slice of steak and cut in small pieces, place these pieces in the oven and let them dry clear through, so dry they can be pounded to a dust, but do not sear. Rub in a mortar till a powder, pour over this powder boiling water and let it stand a moment, strain through a sieve and season.

Beef or Mutton Broth.—One pound of lean meat, one quart of cold water, boil slowly till the meat is in shreds, then strain. * Add one tablespoonful of barley, season and boil one-half hour. Chicken broth is made in the same way.

M., pick the string beans and pack in salt as you would cucumbers. When wanted for use freshen in cold water, you can tell by tasting when fresh enough. Cook as you would fresh beans adding a little sugar. I give the recipe as given to me but have never tried it.

Have you tried hot vinegar and salt for your brass, or a weak solution of oxalic acid with a little alum dissolved in it? These must be all washed off, then polish, and I know you will be pleased with the result.

Impatience, take one pound of sugar, white, brown or maple, two gills of water, and boil till it will harden slightly in water, but do not stir or it will return to sugar; add one-fourth of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar dissolved in cold water. Let it boil till it hardens in water. Have the corn ready in a pan and over it pour the candy, as soon as it can be handled, shape in balls.

A. E. G., for cocoanut cake, take one cup of sugar, one-half cup of milk, one-half cup of butter, two cups of flour, whites of three eggs beaten stiff, one teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in layers. For filling, one pint of sugar, one-half cup of water, boil till it hardens in water. Beat till stiff the whites of three eggs and pour the syrup over them stirring all the time. Flavor with vanilla and stir till thick enough to spread. Spread between each layer and over this frosting sprinkle a thick layer of cocoanut. Ice the top and heap cocoanut on it. This with a chocolate frosted cake is very handsome on the table whole.

Ignorance, I do not know what to give you in the candy line, I have dozens of recipes, but French candies have been treated in THE HOUSEHOLD and the recipe is good, so I will give you caramels.

Chocolate Caramels.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of molasses. Boil till it will harden in water then add one cup of milk, one-half cup of cream, one-half cup of grated chocolate. Boil till it hardens in water. Pour on plates and when almost cold cut in squares. G. G. B.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I had not thought of entering your columns yet, but a letter from Sarah Abbott, in the July number, urges me to write and let her know that another HOUSEHOLD reader lives in the Rock River country of Illinois. Indeed, Rock River itself is but half a mile distant from my home. May be we are close neighbors, would like to hear from her again.

I am now making something both useful and ornamental. Perhaps it would be of interest to THE HOUSEHOLD readers to know what it is and how it is made. It is a handkerchief box, and can be made from any pasteboard box. The lid of the box is all I need to work upon. Take a piece of silk, any color desired, and cover the lid, first stuffing with cotton to form a cushion. Lace the size of top of box, should be fastened at the corners by bows of ribbon to the cushion. Then take lace, as wide as the box is high, box

plait it and sew around the edge of the lid. It will make a very dainty ornament for your room, besides being handy to hold kerchiefs. Will some one please give different directions for making these boxes?

THE HOUSEHOLD was first sent to me by a friend, and since then, I could never do without it. Have now taken it for five years. I love to read the letters, to try the different knitting patterns, and lastly but not least, to cook the different recipes.

Let the "Johns" have a page. I would like to hear what they would say.
Illinois. PANSY.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Having arrived at the mature age of twenty-one, and spent the greater part of these years in trying to make something out of nothing, I think I am qualified to aid that brave young housekeeper from western Kansas; at least I will try. In the first place, keep your eyes open; if you see anything you think might possibly be made useful, or usefully ornamental, think about it a little; from cosmos something may arise glorified.

I always begin at the top of a room and work down. I wish I could imagine what a "willow ceiling" is—but it must be something quaint and rustic. Now I should get some evergreens—that don't "drop off"—holly, ground pine, or something; some bright berries, rushes, grasses, branches of acorns, etc., and make of them a graceful border, a foot wide, around the ceiling, next the muslin; also half-drooping cornices over the two windows.

Arrange a little design of pressed flowers and leaves between two sheets of white tissue paper, pasting slightly, so that they will adhere; have each sheet one-eighth of an inch wider than the panes of glass in your windows. Then paste these transparencies, by the edges only, to the upper panes of glass, or to the outer panes all around, leaving a square of pure glass in the middle. If you are not afraid it will be too dark, red tissue paper may be used with even better effect. Windows fixed in this way look well without curtains, but even they may be made from white cloth, colored either a very delicate or very dark brown, gathered full under those bright cornices and looped back with twisted, gold-colored cord. If you have a bed in the room you might manage similar curtains and cornices for that, making the curtained space large enough to hang clothes.

Now you can't make me believe you traveled westward without any books; get that husband of yours to make three shelves from a pine board—I hope you have boards—shelves four feet long and six inches wide; nail them to the wall about a foot apart,—between the windows is a good place. If you cannot nail them up bore holes in the ends and string them up on cords, with great knots under each shelf to hold it in place. Tack narrow brown paper or leather around the edge of each shelf.

On the top shelf keep a large bowl filled with flowers or greenery, a round, pasteboard plaque, covered smoothly with long moss and a cluster of red berries tacked on one side; a steel engraving, made of a woodcut pasted on a large piece of white or light colored paper. Put the bowl in the centre, the picture partly behind it, the plaque on the other side.

If there is another vacant wall space fill it with a crazy picture, made on stiff white or brown paper with a wide margin; allow the upper left corner to turn down like a scroll, and arrange behind it, on the wall, a regular "bizarre effect" of evergreens, berries, etc.

If you have a mirror ten by fourteen inches, fasten it three or four inches from

the lower right corner of a board twenty by twenty-eight inches; cover the board with that soft green moss found on old trees, shading it from the glass outward. You can stain a little box and paste a dainty little spray of leaves on it for your combs and brushes. A splasher can be made from a large square of brown paper, left hand corner slightly rolled down, right hand corner fastened with two or three little branches of oak—the acorns on—or a bunch of cat's-tails. Doth the immortal cat's-tail grow in Kansas? Have a red cloth to put on your table after the work is done; a pretty work-basket, made of any basket or box, covered with quilted or shirred cloth; a plate or a basket for fruit, a clean glass for flowers, a book or so, and your table is as cozy as can be.

In a corner by the fire put a bench stuffed with excelsior, corn husks or straw, covered with brown cloth; upon this pile cushions made of something, covered with stripes of red and brown, or plain brown with embroidery, and you will have "a thing of pleasure." Now for that floor. Here you can enter the realm of mats,—not braided mats, nor circle mats, nor any other such abomination; shun them as you would a red, green, and yellow bed-spread!—but quiet, rich-looking rugs. If I were telling the other sisters about them, I should say get a remnant of rich-looking, goldy-brown carpet, half as long and wide as you want your mat, then button-hole around this a stripe of cotton plush or plain, dark carpet, then another stripe, a little wider, of the same material of the center, then another stripe of plush; these three stripes form a border for the center, which may be embroidered. Now these rugs may be of two shades of any kind of cloth, and will surely be better than nothing. But if you can get skins of any kind you will have the most fashionable of rugs; just throw one or two in front of your cushioned lounge. Now if you have all of this or some of it, fixed, with your curtained bed in one corner, washstand, mirror, etc., near it; the shelves between the windows, with the table underneath, the stove, or fireplace, if you are so fortunate, opposite the table, the cupboard on one side of the stove, with a shelf under it, on which to wash dishes—sometime have a sink and dish rack there—the easy lounge on the other side, or near the table, a few chairs scattered around, and why isn't your room "pretty and artistic?"

DI VERNON.

New York.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD SISTERS:—I must write you, and thank you for many benefits received. First, to the sisters who so kindly responded to my inquiries about southern California, one and a half years ago. We have made the change contemplated, and are located on a ranch, in the southernmost part of this state. It is all new to us, this ranch life, but the dear one for whom the change was made, is so much improved in health, that we are all content and happy, but cannot help sighing occasionally, for some of the church, school, and social privileges we enjoyed east. Like Loraine we are looking forward to the time when, what is now barrenness, shall under our care bring forth many fruits and flowers in their season. Like her, too, our house is "unfinished and unfurnished," but in this delightful climate we manage to extract lots of fun and comfort.

I must put in my plea for non-ironing. I do like to see clothes all nicely ironed and on the clothes bars, and have spent many weary hours in bringing them to that condition of nicety that I thought necessary, but I have "lived and learned" that it is not wise for me so to do now. Of course the starched clothes, table-

cloths, napkins, pillow cases, and many other pieces must be ironed nicely, but sheets, coarse towels, the knit underwear which is so common nowadays (and much more sensible than the old style undergarments) stockings and even the children's common nightdresses, I find are just as well, and certainly do have a delightfully sweet smell, if folded carefully from the line, and laid away. Much strength has been saved to me by so doing this past year, and I've gained many hours that have been spent very pleasantly riding, hunting, and reading to my husband, whose ill health made me anxious to keep him in good spirits. Have I done wrongly? Of course my little daughters that are growing up, must be taught to iron their own clothes nicely, as well as the many other things pertaining to house and home-keeping.

Keziah Shelton, I am crocheting a gored shoulder cape from your directions in the April HOUSEHOLD, and find it very pretty.

We had rucks for tea to-night made from F. E. B.'s directions in January number, 1885, and they were pronounced very nice.

I make oatmeal gems often from a recipe in the September number, I think, that we all like. We all tire sometimes of oatmeal mush, (my husband imagines it makes him bilious, or helps the matter along. Is it so, Dr. Hanaford?) so I often make an oatmeal cake for breakfast, by taking one cup of dry oatmeal, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and enough cold water to make it very wet. Butter a dripping pan, heat it hot, pour in the batter, and baked in a quick oven fifteen or twenty minutes, gives a delicious, crisp cake, very thin and sweet, and is nice cold eaten in milk. The good man, whose teeth are not equal to the crisp cake, likes it better baked slowly half an hour or more, and it is softer when done. Try it, somebody.

Do all the sisters know that a thin bladed knife run under the rubber all around a can of fruit, helps amazingly about opening one? I lived a great many years, and waited many times for the muscle of my "better half" to open a can for tea.

One thing more, and that is that I find it a great help on Tuesday—my washing day—since I have no washing machine, and cannot command the services of my washerwoman longer, to sort out the clothes carefully and cover them with warm soap suds, sometime on Monday, much hard rubbing is saved by doing so.

LAURA A. BENSON.

Sunny Slope Ranch, Cal.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I see so many questions in your pages that I can answer, that although I am not a writer for publication, I've concluded to try.

First I will give my method of washing, and will say if your readers who have to do their family washing will try it, they will not be disappointed. I assort my clothes Saturday evening for Monday's wash into two tubs and wet with cold water, barely wetting. Then early Monday morning I shave some soap into a large boiler of water, which is heating in the wash-house, and just before breakfast I go down and put four great spoonfuls of coal oil in the now boiling water, and dip all on the clothes and leave them until all of the breakfast and chamber work is done, and everything in apple-pie order, then go down, Mary and myself, and rub out and put in clean tubs and pour another boiler of clear water, that is boiling hot by this time, over them. Now while they are steaming we wash the colored clothes and flannels through a clean, hot suds. (I will say right here I have two boilers on my stove in the wash-house.) Then put cold water enough on the white clothes to handle easily, and rub out and rinse.

There is no smell of oil about the clothes, and no trouble at all about streaks or stains. Until recently I had a wash woman who came at six and brought her girl, washed till after four, and in the short days of winter the clothes didn't get dry, and had to be brought in wet and hung up in-doors. My family numbers six, and we get all done by half past twelve or one.

Some one asks how to keep an iron sink smooth. I take a cloth with a little coal oil and rub it once a week, which keeps mine smooth. After rubbing, wash with hot suds and wipe dry. I also use the same for cleaning zinc.

My way of mending coal hods is to take a strong piece of cloth (I used ticking), cut the shape of the bottom, make some smooth flour paste, turn the hod bottom up, pour over the paste, fit your cloth smoothly, and let dry. I have used them three years mended this way.

I will tell you how I bake apples. I take nice apples and pare, then with a sharp knife take out the core, leaving some at the bottom to hold the butter and sugar that I put in. Put them on pie pans and bake in a quick oven, not too hot. When I have apples that are not sound at the core, I cut in halves and put sugar and bits of butter on. They are just as good but not quite so pretty.

I give turkeys and chickens a little salt in their food occasionally as a preventive of cholera. I don't believe there is a cure. I also put copperas in their drinking troughs once in a while, to keep them healthy.

I will now tell of my rugs. I had some bits of all wool carpets, old and too much worn to even hem and spread down. So I took them (they were washed up and clean of course) and cut them across the woof, about two inches wide, and stitched them on burlap, coffee sacking, or any thing heavy and strong, and then raveled out, and they are very nice, especially some I made of striped stair carpeting; that I cut across the warp of course. When done I made some flour starch and brushed over the lining to stiffen and make them lay flat.

I have painted the floor of my bay windows a deep chocolate color, also the corners about the fire-places, and find so much less trouble in taking up and putting down carpets, and it doesn't take so much carpeting either. Then in sprinkling my flowers in the bay windows, I can easily wipe up any water that drains through. I wipe it up with milk which keeps it shining.

My wood-work is varnished, and I use a light suds with coal oil to clean that, and find it is a good thing. I only put a small quantity in the suds.

I hope my efforts may be a help to some, and will say I find a great deal to encourage from reading of others of like trials and vexations, who by patience overcome and grow stronger.

A. A. G.

Ohio.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I write to renew my subscription to your paper. I could not do without it for many reasons. One is, I find it so pleasant to receive every month so many nice and interesting letters, which do not require to be answered, for I am very fond of receiving letters but do not like to write them.

A young friend of mine said to me: "You ought to write to THE HOUSEHOLD and send some of your nice recipes, these pickles, for instance." I told her the only objection to that would be, I got my recipe for the pickles out of THE HOUSEHOLD, and it was about the same with most of my recipes.

But I am an old housekeeper, and can perhaps give some of my experience which may be of use to others. I would tell my inexperienced friends that a nice way to prepare scraps of meat, which are not in

a good shape to put on the table, is to make them into a small meat pie. Take your bits of meat or chicken, or both together, cut them some and place in your pan; if you have some cold potatoes, slice them and mix with the meat; then if you have any cold gravy, or soup, no matter what kind, pour it in, put in water enough to nearly half fill your pan, or use all water if you have no gravy, sprinkle in salt, pepper and a little flour, also put in a few pieces of butter, then make a crust as you would make soda biscuit, place a piece around the edge of the pan, roll a piece large enough for the top, cut a good sized slit in the middle, and cover the pie, pinch it well down around the edge, and set it in the bottom of the oven to bake. Be sure your meat is nice and tender before you put it in the pie, if it is not, put it into a kettle with a little water and set in the oven, with an iron cover over, until it is tender. And when your pie is done John and Tom and Mary and Lucy will say, "I will take a little more pie, if you please."

MRS. GEORGE MERTENS.

Baraboo, Wis.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I often notice questions in the paper that I could answer, which I neglect to do, but in a late number M. C. F. asks for a remedy for nose-bleed, which I feel must be answered immediately, as such bleeding may amount to hemorrhage and endanger life. One of our girls was taken with a profuse bleeding at the nose on a very busy day in harvest, when neither man or horse could be spared to go for a doctor. All usual remedies were applied in vain, when the contracting power of alum was thought of, and accordingly a strong solution of alum water was made, in which raw cotton was dipped, and the aperture filled, which had the desired effect. She had occasion to try the remedy again with the same result. Since that she seems to be permanently cured.

I find that I am not the only one who did not understand Theresa. I, too, want to make a rug.

She says, in a late number, that to dry corn, she boils it on the cob as long as for eating. I used to do so, but it was so hard. I was told not to boil it at all, but the milk made the cutting troublesome, so I just allow it to come to a boil to settle it. Be careful in cutting not to cut deep, but scrape from the hulls the digestible part. If any be left after dinner, I cut off the outer part of the grain but do not save it, then scrape the pulp out to dry. Dry quickly, as corn sours easily. I always dry in the stove.

Nellie Browne, I want to tell you that boiling water will extract all fruit stains, and, unlike tomatoes, it is always handy. It also takes out coffee and tea stains as well. All may not know that tar is easily removed by an application of lard, and exposure to heat from sun or stove for a short time, then wash with hot water and soap. Lard will also remove green stains without the heat.

L. G. BELL.

Brandywine Manor, Pa.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have just finished reading my December number, and the blue cross reminds me that I must write to the editor, or I shall not have the same pleasure next month. I have only taken our valuable paper one year, but in that one year I have discovered that I cannot well afford to be without it.

I have gained so many rich benefits from you, dear sisters, that it would be almost impossible for me to thank you individually. Many new dishes have found their way to our table the past year, which we have taken pleasure in criticising, the verdict generally being that they are delightful, and "we will keep that recipe in the family."

Emily Hayes, we have tried nearly all your recipes, and have never yet been disappointed. May I ask you if this coming year, you will tell us your way of making bread? also the kind of yeast you use.

Let me tell the sisters my way of making soda biscuit instead of always using baking powder. Take four cups of flour, one tablespoonful of shortening, one teaspoonful of salt, one even (not heaping) teaspoonful of soda, and enough sour milk to make as soft a dough as you can roll out. Now take your salt and soda, and rub well together, then mix with the flour, next rub in the shortening, and lastly add the sour milk, until you have a very soft dough. Handle as little as possible, and have your oven hot, and you need not be afraid of your biscuit having yellow spots through them, or of smelling of soda. I find this way of rubbing the salt and soda together, a great saving to our baking powder can. Mrs. J. W.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—May I enter your charming circle, and say thank you for the paper which I have received as a wedding present the past year? and very interesting and helpful have I found it. I take great pleasure in the conservatory as I am a great lover of flowers, but as we live all in one room, I have no chance for house plants, although I try to have a few, but they do not do well.

Our home at present is a sod house, five miles south of town, in southwestern Nebraska, and if any of the Band should ever come this way, we would be pleased to have a visit, and would show them over the hills and canons. When we came here six years ago, there was not much land taken, or not until that spring, but now there is none to take. Now as one rides over the country, the corn and grain fields are to be seen instead of the buffalo grass, and there are frame houses and windmills dotting the country in every direction.

One thing I miss in this western country is the wood. There are no trees here, only along the streams, or where they are set out, so we cannot gather mosses and ferns, but there are lovely wild flowers. The sensitive plant is very interesting, for at the least touch the leaves will close up. It has a small red blossom which smells very sweet. Then we have the cactus, the snow on the mountain, and the soap plant, which has no leaves, only "long, sharp needles" as the children call them. It sends up a flowering stalk that bears lovely cream colored flowers. They will keep several days after they are picked, for I remember when I was sick the first summer we came to Nebraska, my brother brought one in and hung it up over the bed, where it kept pretty about a week. Then there are many more.

NEBRASKA SISTER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—My helpful paper has just appeared this month, and after reading the Chats in the Kitchen, and Letters to THE HOUSEHOLD, I said, "Why do not the sisters tell, for the benefit of the poor little know-nothing cooks like myself, just what kind of a pan to bake the cake in which they send recipes of?" An experienced housekeeper may know by reading a recipe for cake whether it should be baked the size and shape of a loaf of bread or the size and thickness of a Johnny cake, but I for one (perhaps the only one) cannot tell, and am often prevented from trying some of the valuable recipes for this reason alone. I read and enjoy your paper so much, and am in favor of letting the "boys" write for it whenever they have any helpful hints to communicate. I enjoy the Mothers' Chair very much, as I occupy that place in our home, and mother's chair often holds besides mamma a three-year-old little daughter and a fourteen months' old son. I often wish mothers would write more about their babies.

Although seven years a bride, I am housekeeper now for the first time. THE HOUSEHOLD is an old, true, and tried friend, my mother having taken it ten years before I began. Many of the correspondents are well known through the medium of its columns. Particularly dear Rosamond E. The first reading I did after our little daughter came was what she knew about babies, and I thought she knew everything about them when I had finished, I felt so wise in baby lore. Helen Herbert, Charity Snow, Riverside, Emily Hayes, Clarissa Potter, and a host of others, I greet you all. MABEL D.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I do not see why there is any danger of "John's" becoming "Molly" simply because he happens to know what is good to eat. Mrs. John is another of the "free boarders" at THE HOUSEHOLD table, by virtue of

your generous offer to brides. However, she says she will be "man enough" to acknowledge that she cannot do without THE HOUSEHOLD—and she doesn't intend to.

But speaking of pie and cake, I see that John in Dakota has an idea. He prefers pies. Leaving out all questions of the relative merits of the two, did it ever occur to any of the sisters that they—i. e., everybody—have got the bill of fare upside down? I mean this. We eat soup, then a "square meal" of fish, flesh, fowl or vegetable, and then, just as the stomach is "weary and heavy laden," we burden it with some pie, some pudding and some sauce, very often taken simply because the taste and flavor are good, thus overburdening our best friend, who retorts, eventually by giving us dyspepsia, with all that the name implies. Suppose the sisters give some thought to "how" rather than "what" to serve. Shall not I then be proven right? JOHN III.

Iowa.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

BEEF LOAF.—Take one and one-half pounds of round steak, raw, one thin slice of fat salt pork, chop these together with two good sized slices of stale wheat bread, add to this ten common crackers, rolled fine, a piece of butter the size of a hen's egg, melted, and two eggs. Season with pepper, salt, and sage (if liked). Mix all together, and make into a loaf like bread, put into a shallow baking-pan with a little water, cover with bits of butter, dredge with flour, and bake two hours in a good oven. Baste often like meat. Cut in slices.

RAISED DOUGHNUTS.—A little less than one-half cup of melted lard rubbed into one cup of sugar, one cup of warm sweet milk, one-half cup of yeast, one egg, one-half teaspoonful of baking soda, a little salt, and nutmeg or cinnamon: let it rise till light, then turn out on a warm dough board, but do not roll at all; let it rise till light, then fry.

PARKER HOUSE ROLLS.—One cup each of warm new milk and yeast, two tablespoonfuls each of sugar and melted lard, one quart of flour, or enough to mould firm; let it rise till light, then mould, roll out about one-half inch thick, cut with biscuit cutter, butter the tops, fold up, let it rise until light, and bake in a quick oven.

Mrs. W. B. M.

LEMON PIE.—One teacup of granulated sugar, juice of one lemon, three eggs, the yolks of three, and the white of one, and three tablespoonfuls of sweet milk. Put all in a pan together, stir until well mixed, and bake with lower crust. When almost done, whip the remaining two whites of eggs to a light snow, previously adding three tablespoonfuls of white sugar. When the pie is thoroughly done, spread the icing over the top and return to the oven to brown.

COM.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—One cup of molasses, three tablespoonfuls of shortening, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one-half cup of boiling water, and salt. Stir a little thicker than for pancake batter.

MOLASSES COOKIES.—Dissolve two teaspoonfuls of alum in one cup of boiling water at noon. Take one pint of New Orleans molasses, stir into it four teaspoonfuls of soda until the molasses foams, add one cup of lard, and stir in the alum water last. When cool add as much flour as can be stirred in with a spoon. Let this stand until morning, and bake in a quick oven.

LAYER CAKE.—Break two eggs in a teacup, then fill the cup up with sweet cream, one cup of sugar, one and one-half cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt, and flavor. Beat all together well.

COM.

POTATO CROQUETTES.—Season mashed potatoes with pepper and salt, beat to a cream with a tablespoonful of melted butter to every cup of potatoes, add a couple of beaten eggs, roll into small balls, dip in beaten egg, then in bread crumbs, and fry in hot fat.

HAM CROQUETTES.—One cup of ham, two cups of potatoes, one cup of bread crumbs, one tablespoonful of butter, and one egg. Make in balls, roll in bread crumbs, and fry in hot fat.

OMELET.—Four eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, and one and one-half tablespoonfuls of milk. Mix the whites and yolks together, and add a little salt and pepper, and turn into a buttered spider.

VERA.

SILVER CAKE.—Beat to a stiff froth the whites of three eggs, add one cup of sugar, one-half cup each of butter and corn starch, fill the cup with sweet milk to dissolve the starch, one and three-fourths cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one-half teaspoonful of soda mixed in the flour; flavor with lemon and bake in a sheet tin so as to cut in squares. To make the frosting, shave one-fourth cake of chocolate and set it where it will dissolve, boil one

cup of sugar and one-half cup of sweet milk together six or eight minutes after it begins to boil hard, when cooked add the chocolate, stir for a few minutes, and put on the cake when quite hot.

I use the yolks of the eggs for boiled custards, as we like them with this cake. If more cake is preferred, use them for the following:

GOLD CAKE.—One whole egg and yolks of three, one-half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of sweet milk, one and three-fourths cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one-half teaspoonful of soda. White frosting. Mrs. J. B. C.

OMELET.—Let a cup of sweet milk come to a boil, pour it over one teacup of bread crumbs, break six eggs into a bowl, stir (not beat) till well mixed, then add the bread and milk. Mix, season with pepper and salt, and pour into a hot skillet, into which a tablespoonful of butter has been melted, cover the skillet, fry slowly, cut in squares and turn. Serve hot. This will make a breakfast for four or five persons.

Dixon, Ill.

M. HALLOU.

MOLASSES GINGER COOKIES.—One cup of New Orleans molasses or sorghum, put on the stove and when it boils take off and stir in one tablespoonful of saleratus and one cup of brown sugar. When cool add two-thirds cup of shortening, one-third cup of cold water, the yolk of one egg, cloves, cinnamon, ginger and salt to taste, flour to roll, and bake in a quick oven. Use the white of the egg to make boiled icing for them. This makes fifty cookies. They will keep six months.

Rapid City, Dak.

A. G.

ORANGE PIE; AN EXCELLENT RECIPE.—One cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour mixed with the sugar, then add the juice and grated rind of one orange, one whole egg and the yolks of two more, (save the whites for frosting,) and enough milk to fill a rather deep pie plate half full after it is lined with crust, bake long enough to brown and set the custard. Beat the whites of the two eggs to a stiff froth, then add two tablespoonfuls of white sugar, pour over the pie and bake to a light brown. Be sure to beat the whites thoroughly before adding the sugar. If any try this, please report success.

I would like a good recipe for buckwheat cakes.

Mrs. J. D.

CURRY POWDER.—Three ounces each of coriander seed powder and turmeric, one ounce each of black pepper, mustard and ginger, one-half ounce each of allspice and lesser cardamoms powder, one-fourth ounce of cumin seed powder, to be thoroughly mixed together and kept in a well stoppered bottle.

Curry powder will be found a grateful addition to macaroni, whether plain or prepared with cheese. It is better to add it at table rather than in cooking the dish, as it may not suit all tastes, and some persons like more of it than others do. The common fault of curry powder is the too great proportion of cayenne to the milder aromatics from which its agreeable flavor is derived, preventing a sufficient quantity of the curry powder being used. I know it is good on meats and oysters, but I never heard of a pudding being made of it. I buy it ready mixed.

S. F. H. will find on each package of chocolate a recipe for making as good a drink as can be found in a city restaurant. ANNIE HUGHES.

Georgiana, Brevard Co., Florida.

TO CEMENT CHINA.—I use shellac dissolved in alcohol. Heat the pieces hot, and put the varnish on the broken edges, press tightly together, and set away for a few days, when it will be very solid, and if carefully done, will break in another place before it will come apart.

AUNTIEVIE.

TO CURE HAMS.—For two large hams, one pound of common salt, three ounces of bag salt, two ounces of saltpeter, one pound of coarse brown sugar, and one quart of stale strong beer or ale. Boil all the above ingredients in the quart of beer or ale, and when cold pour it on the hams and turn them every day for two weeks, then smoke them well.

SWEET ALYSUM.

REMEDY FOR CHICKEN CHOLERA.—I think I can tell Mary, of Massachusetts, what I have never had any experience with turkeys, but have used it for that disease in chickens for several years with good success. Equal parts of sulphur, alum, rosin, coppers and cayenne pepper, thoroughly pulverized and mixed. Give one tablespoonful in the feed, to twenty fowls, for three mornings, then miss it for three mornings.

New Jersey.

MAUD.

PLAIN CAKE WITHOUT MILK.—Two cups of sugar, four eggs, reserving the whites of two, beat to a cream, add one cup of cold water, stir in slowly three cups of flour and two teaspoon-

fuls of baking powder, flavor to taste, beat all well, then add one-half cup of melted butter. Use the two whites of eggs for frosting. This makes good loaf or jelly cake, and has never failed me. A. MCM.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Perhaps some of the sisters would like to know that milliners use any ordinary polish for ladies' shoes, to renovate old black straw hats. Mine looks like new. Brush out the dust first. Soiled white Spanish ties and fichus can be dyed black and look well.

Illinois.

GERTRUDE J.

Will some one please send the recipe for making citron preserves? KATE WHEELER.

Mrs. J. E. Cole, for earache, mix equal parts of ether and sweet oil, saturate a piece of cotton batting and put in the ear. Mrs. E. J. FISH.

Reedsburg, Wis.

When I use raisins in cake I am troubled by their falling to the bottom of the loaf. Will some one tell me how to prevent it? Mrs. G. L. C.

In reply to A. C. L. about curling ostrich feathers, I will say to sprinkle salt or sugar on a hot stove and hold the feather over it as it snaps and sputters, being careful to not hold the feather where it will burn. I have curled them beautifully in this way. Mrs. H. H. HEATH.

Diana, Dak.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send a recipe for making Bologna sausage, give weight of meat, spices and every thing, also how long to cook before being dried? By complying with this request you will greatly oblige more than one SUBSCRIBER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—How should a little girl of two and a half years, be fed? She is very delicate and nervous; has a large and excitable brain. Should she have tea or coffee every meal? Nuts and candies at her pleasure? Should she be allowed to have pieces at all times of day? Will Dr. Hanaford please reply?

YOUNG MOTHER.

If the lady that asked what would remove iodine stains, will wash the article stained in soap and water, as though there were no stains there, she will find them gone when she brings them in, if they are not when hung out.

Mrs. J. B. C.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I wish to know, and would be very glad if some kind friend would tell me just how hot-beds and cold frames should be prepared to raise cabbage, tomato, and sweet potato plants.

E. K. M.

Will some one who has had experience with gloxinias please tell me just how to treat them?

Will some one of the Band tell me if white-wash can be removed from walls so paper will stick and not stain through? If so, what with?

What degree of heat should a canary be kept in winter, and is it advisable to cover the cage during the night if the fire goes entirely out before morning? S. F. BICKWELL.

This is my way of cleaning velvet. Hold over a kettle of clean boiling water, the wrong side down, for two minutes, place on a smooth board and brush with a soft brush (I have a velvet brush) immediately, if it is a large piece and gets too dry, steam again and brush. This way is quite satisfactory to me. C. A.

I wish Dr. Hanaford, in some of his replies, would give a remedy for the disagreeable odor produced by perspiration. Some physicians advise using ammonia, but I have tried it with no beneficial results. E. C. DEANE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—M. D. in the September number asks for a preparation for sticking cards in an album. If she will get two or three cents' worth of gum tragacanth at the druggist's, take a few pieces and dissolve in a cup of water (hot or cold) she will find it makes a very nice paste. It is best to let it stand over night, the longer it stands the thicker it is, but it can be thinned with water. Keep in a cool place as it sours easily.

I would say to Snow Flake if she will lay clean sheets on the floor and pin her lace curtains over them to the carpet, she will find it more satisfactory than pinning them to the bed, and it will not be necessary to double them, or get four pieces of (two-inch wide and one-inch thick) boards, two the length and two the width of your curtains, wind with cloth or tack a tape on, fasten at the corner with clamps, or nail together forming a frame, pin your curtains to this frame, which can be either left in the house or carried into the open air, the frame can also be used as a quilting frame. LORING C.

Milwaukee, Wis.

The Parlor.

THE CHOICE.

BY MARGARET HUSTED.

It would all be very well,
If your jelly'd always "jell,"
If your cake was always nice and white,
If your bread would only be
Just like mother's—which you see
With the eye of memory—always light.
If each bit of glass and delf
Had its place upon the shelf,
And was always clean—in order standing there,
If no particle of dust,
Blot of ink, or speck of rust,
Ever marred your household chattels anywhere.
If, when you feel inclined
To cultivate your mind,
And sit down with a paper or a book,
Your husband wouldn't come,
Tired and hungry, to his home,
And ask, "Is supper ready?" with a most astonished look.
Or, if it seems to you
The proper thing to do,
To go and paint a pansy, or perhaps a four-leaved clover,
Or a stork and clump of reeds,
Where your room adornment needs,
The soup would simmer gently, and not think of boiling over.
If, when you've learned a stitch,
In artistic beauty rich,
And are crazy just to try it on the quilt you have begun,
Dirty-Face would not come in
With his most cherubic grin,
And with rents in his small trousers—more than one.
If the city cousins wouldn't
Visit you just when they shouldn't,
Nor the minister come calling, washing day,
If vacation ever came,
And your life held not the same
Weary, ceaseless round of labor till your hair turns gray.
But since these things are so,
And the household wheels won't go,
If they miss for but an hour your guiding hand,
If a work that you can do,
In the great world waits for you,
You must choose between the two—Work and Home—you understand.
Give me back my books again,
And my ruler and my pen,
Open wide for me the school room door,
Call the children round me there.
And, despite its toil and care,
I would choose a teacher's life forever more.

HER OWN DETERMINING.

BY HAZEL WYLDE.

"WHAT more can we do for her?" queried Mr. Lester of his anxious wife, after a long account from the latter concerning their daughter and her discontent. "She has had a first-rate education, I am sure, and she has improved her advantages of book learning, too, as any one would know by an hour's intelligent conversation with her. She plays the piano well, if I am any judge. And there are her drawings besides. Can she not make something out of those, if she is so bound to 'earn money,' as you put it?"

Mrs. Lester's countenance remained anxiously expressive. She herself had recounted all the foregoing accomplishments to her daughter, but had failed to satisfy Stelle's ambition. The girl's nature was not restless, yet now it seemed even intractable to the misunderstanding parents. They, indeed, had expended a good deal upon Stelle's education, as they had been wont to define the given course of study at the Fairleigh seminary for young ladies. Manager Fairleigh had, moreover, informed them that their daughter had been excelled by few of the pupils in the higher branches of learning, and they had witnessed her graduation with parental admiration. With such credentials, and with so many other considerations in her favor, why should she manifest discontent, instead of gratitude to her parents?

Stelle Lester was a girl of strong individuality. She was but eighteen when her school days ended, and she seemed lively and social enough to become the spirited member of society, which would gladly have claimed her as one of its participants. She could be as fashionable as

she chose, for her father's income was steady as well as sufficient. Her home was attractive, not only because the house itself was filled with beautiful things, and Stelle could entertain her guests besides, better than many other young ladies; but chiefly because her friends felt a certain freedom in congregating therein, a freedom of which her parents were the real cause. Still as sympathetic as they were with Stelle in her outer life, they could not discern the deeper springs of action within her being. It was a mystery to them why a girl of such capability should vex herself with unnecessary ambitions, and this, too, before she had tested the pleasures of the world, which to them as it seemed were but just opening to her.

It was not because Stelle Lester could not have spending money if she wanted, or whenever she desired. She had but to ask her fond father for it. She was possessed by the longing for it in her own right, and she was "bound to find some way," as Mrs. Lester had told her husband, "of earning it." This burning desire gave her no peace, nor she in turn her parents. Stelle's was not the calm, self-dependent nature which does most of its own thought and planning, else she would have sought her way unaided. But she was open-hearted, if rather persistent, and, fearless of what any of her young friends might think as to her quixotic ideas, expressed her intentions as freely as she felt inclined. While admiring the independent spirit of the girl, I wish that she could have directed her mind to the closer study of herself, instead of blindly striving for the purpose so poorly understood. She had studied at school without special aim, speaking of herself personally. That she was a fine scholar was due more to her aptness for learning than to appreciation of books. When she left school, her books themselves were mostly forgotten, although she retained their contents to a remarkable degree. She first thought of music as a means of carrying out her decision. She succeeded in forming a class of young pupils, but soon wearied of the monotony of drilling the unambitious minds and directing the awkward fingers. One or two in the class promised favorably under her teaching, but she was bound to these by no necessity of application, nor could she attain her object by spending her powers upon these alone. What shall she do? She began to believe herself as "knowing a little of every thing, and not much of any thing," to use her own words. She had disgusted herself in telling over her own accomplishments, and finding, as she supposed, her meager supply of capability to put any of these to account for her own benefit practically. She felt miserable. Her young companions were gay enough to irritate her, and they even tried to laugh her out of her "whims," as they termed her strange desire.

"Why! my father has not half such an income as yours," exclaimed one of her most familiar friends, "but I am sure I have no fancy for gathering together my dollars by my own exertion. I guess I shall always find some one willing to do it for me." This speaker was as independent as Stelle, but in a different manner. She was not only independent of the opinion of others, but of herself. That is to say, she was just what her remarks expressed, a negative character, contented that any person so minded should bear the burden of her support while she herself enjoyed the ease which appeared to her unphilosophical mind the chief end of human existence. Stelle Lester was not whimsical, although her parents believed so as well as her young companions. To tell the truth, they felt not a little ashamed that their daughter should be fretting about that which she

might have without an effort—money. Those of my readers who understand human nature, will readily observe that it was not the material object which thus forced the activities of the eager girl, but an innate sense of independence, a spirit crying out from within herself which would not be appeased. If her good-natured, well-meaning parents could have recognized this fact, how differently they might have advised her—assisted her rather, to comprehend herself. To this end she was to come, however, by experience chiefly. When music wearied her, she seemed undone. Society grew more distasteful to her. Home delights were any thing but delightful, and the younger children annoyed her by their exuberance of spirits and their constant demands upon her sympathies.

Stelle had a cousin of her own in a near city, and this cousin was very fond of her. An invitation came to Stelle, therefore, at a most opportune time, to pay Cora and Boston a visit of a few weeks. Cora was Stelle's friend as well as relative, and to her the latter could impart many personal thoughts and longings that she would not, frank as her nature was, reveal to any other. She had not yet communicated her present distress to Cora, notwithstanding. But Cora's sense of discernment was not obtuse, and she had discovered something in Stelle's letters of the past two months more than their inditer had intended they should convey. When any thing troubled Stelle it also troubled the solicitous Cousin Cora. Cora's invitation, therefore, was the outcome of her own quiet thought upon the difference between the letters she had lately received from Stelle and those previous. She was sure that the dear girl needed some sympathy that she was not receiving even in her extremely comfortable home. Boston gaiety was at its height at this season, and just the sort of gaiety, moreover, that Cora knew Stelle could appreciate—grand musical festivities, art receptions, and brilliant lecture courses, if, indeed, the last mentioned may be included as one among the gayeties. Cora was proud of her Cousin Stelle, though not in a vain way. Cora herself was clearly a Boston young woman. But her fine, high nature could stand out against the satirical cries of those people from other cities who affected contempt of "the literary center of civilization." She was the true type of womanly dignity and of intellectual culture combined. But few, besides her Cousin Stelle, understood the tenderness of disposition which lay beneath this outer show of individual worth. Cora was not the sort of young woman to expend any of this tender feeling feebly or upon many of her friends. But she lavished it upon her beloved cousin, who in turn, received it as she could not the same from any other outside her home. Stelle would perhaps be deemed of exceedingly peculiar temperament. She was rather impulsive, very outspoken, and honest. But she could not give any more easily than she could receive, of the expressions of affection, although Cora Snowdon knew the depth of love that was hidden from the world within her faithful heart. The two cousins were somewhat similar in this particular, as you may have imagined. Still in most characteristics they were singularly unlike, except appreciation. They appreciated one another, and each the other's interests.

To Stelle, the invitation to Boston came as a godsend. But in her present frame of mind she would never have accepted it from any other source than her Cousin Cora. She herself believed that it would do her good to have the change at this time, although Cora (as I will inform you) had been very careful not to, even in the most delicate manner, let her know

that she had any idea of a change being needed. Cora desired to discover what was the cause of Stelle's evident restlessness, so unusual to the active-minded, happy-thoughted girl whom she knew so well. Stelle had always come to her frankly with other troubles, which had flown as mysteriously as they had appeared. But now Cora felt positive that there was a real anxiety which required her own personal insight. She would be penetrating, she resolved, and learn, if possible, while she should seem intent only upon Stelle's enjoyment of the Boston pleasures. She should not press Stelle to tell her any thing unless she first received occasion. She knew that her cousin would willingly confide, else not at all.

Now, as my reader knows, Stelle's trouble was no secret from others, and of this her home friends were but too well aware. Had it been, she would have guarded it jealously from all others, and fled straight with it to the truest cousin, whose sympathy and tenderness were both most dear to her. Why was it, that she did not write in letters of her purpose, though so undefined? Simply because she had not the heart. She was too restless for the task of writing it, and I doubt if she could have sat long enough to explain herself in such manner. So soon, however, as she had read Cora's words about the visit, she spoke aloud to herself, saying: "I will have a talk with my cousin and find if she can help me out of my slough of despond. She knows me better than I am known by any other person, and perhaps she can think of something I can do at Boston. This is a slow, old place, at best!"

Cora was on hand at the station when the train in which Stelle was seated steamed along and finally stopped, showing the expectant face to the traveler as she peered forth from her window to catch if she might the glimpse. A smile of recognition was exchanged, and soon Stelle was beside her cousin in the well known carriage of her uncle, and the two were talking as swiftly as though not a moment were to be lost. The tongues of both were lively members, particularly whenever their owners came together, and so thought the manager of the lines outside, as he had so many times foregone, since he could not avoid the sound of the animated voices within the vehicle.

Stelle had already begun to feel a new awakening so soon as she espied the beaming countenance of her cousin, and Cora herself wondered if she had not "imagined, after all, the troublesome something," when she noted the bright words and the merry manner of her welcome companion. But she was not given to imaginings, and there was no cause for them in her clear understanding of Stelle's nature. She now whispered to herself that she must not be too impatient for the discovery, upon which she was all the same intent. She would await one of Stelle's quiet moods. But she did not have to wait for one of these, as that very evening, when the girls had retired early to Cora's own room, Stelle, as naturally as was her wont, introduced the subject uppermost in her mind, commenting thus: "I am fitted for nothing in this world, Cora, but just to chatter French and German like a parrot, sing and play to while away some weary hours, or dance till giddy with some foolish youth who knows almost as little as myself! People may laugh all they choose about those who seek a mission in the world. I don't know whether I want a mission or not. But I do want to be of some use besides living a vain show. I don't want my father's money to spend as though it were all I cared about himself or my life. I must find a way to command my own living, else I will starve as the poorest girl alive."

"Be not so rash, my cousin," replied Cora. "You are very young yet to talk about deserting your father's comfortable support. You would better begin, if earn money you will, by acquiring what is called pin money, and let the larger income follow in its natural course. I think you are actuated by a fine sense of independence, Stelle. But are you not allowing your impulses to run away with your better judgment? You are hardly out of school yet, although you call yourself a graduate. What should you think of me, now, should I give myself as apprentice to some trade, or gather together my mental possessions as wares to sell them?"

"Oh, you have money in your own name, because you are older than I and were your grandfather's favorite. I know how much more of it you spend upon others than upon yourself, though, and how faithfully you work, too, among your respected poor."

"I do not know how much I can say that I respect some of these," replied Cora smilingly, "for they tax my faith so often. But I do pity their wretched condition, and find enough in their lives to excite sensibility, I assure you."

"Well," said Stelle, "you seem to understand your mission. But I am a drag upon society, for which I have no taste; and a fraud upon the world, because I live without helping it or myself at all!"

"Foolish girl!" responded the elder cousin fondly. "You sadly underrate your usefulness. How little you know the importance you are to me. May I not be included in the world?"

"But I want to be independent, Cora, and do what I will with my own, which I am not contented to do with even the money given me by father."

"Independence is sometimes had at bitter cost, Stelle. We are more or less dependent creatures, you know, and often there is great comfort from this same need of humanity. What you want, is to learn yourself thoroughly. Your school education has done much for you. But it has not furnished you with that higher knowledge which comes only from patient study of one's self and her powers. Patience is your chiefest need just now, dear. Let your ability, whatever it may be, have full time to manifest itself, instead of forcing yourself to take up some occupation foreign to your nature. You will then meet opportunities and be ready for the same."

"Oh, Cora!" cried out the impulsive listener, "you have hit upon the exact truth. I am not ready for any opportunity yet. You dear, good cousin! How well you understand every thing, and me into the bargain. I had not thought of anything all this time but just the mere doing. And now I am going to prepare myself for the doing in earnest, by a real looking in instead of looking out. And then who knows what I may accomplish for myself some day? Perhaps I shall grow gray before the good time arrives!"

The girls had a laugh together, deciding that they would dream over this sage conclusion, and at least be in readiness for the following day with what it might bring of pleasure. Sunshine and happiness greeted them. Immediately after breakfast they started for a visit to the Common, for although it was late in the season, they knew how to enjoy a stroll there. In the afternoon they attended the meeting of the literary club to which Cora belonged, and here Stelle was exceedingly interested. The evening was spent at home, some young people happening in, and the hours sped merrily. The ensuing days were full of brightness and pleasure. Stelle had seen Boston many times, but this visit was enjoyed as none preceding it had been. She felt that she had already begun the desired knowl-

edge of her own self without any definite study of so obscure a subject, for she had learned first of all her ignorance of herself, in whom she felt a ray of hope, however, and her spirits brightened perceptibly. Patience did not seem so impracticable to her mind as it had so short a spell ago. A few of Cora's young friends excited her strong interest, while she acknowledged to herself that not one of these was as admirable as the cousin, however. Cora appeared to be the most admired of her sex among the large circle in which she so gracefully moved. There were some handsomer faces, but Cora's pride of Stelle was perhaps more than reciprocated by the young lady herself, who adored her "inimitable Bostonian," as she playfully pet-named Cora.

Stelle's stay at the city was shortened by a letter from her mother informing her that little Rudolph had been taken suddenly ill, and was often calling to see her. This termination to her joyous anticipations brought sorrow to both herself and her cousin. But she loved her little brother and she could not hasten herself enough to reach home and his bedside. Cora quietly sympathized with her in her distress and fears, bidding her be as calm as possible, that she might reserve strength for the trial at home. All the way, as the train seemed slowly to move—so anxious was she to arrive—Stelle's thoughts were busy upon her past conduct. Many of her impatient words to the tiny sufferer reproved her sharply. "Oh, that I had known my duty better!" she pondered, "how much more kind I had been at home, instead of selfishly seeking something beyond me. I know my mission now. It is to be a living light in the family. As Cora says, there is no need of hurrying myself further. I guess the secret of life is, to be contented in doing the duty which lies nearest us, as Cora seems ever to be doing. Her duties reach far away besides, as I mean that my own shall, if I can make any account of the power which I possess."

The train stopped at last, and Stelle had but a short distance to walk from the station. It was evening when she reached home, and tea was waiting, though she had brought no appetite. She went without delay to the sick room. Rudolph had just fallen asleep and his mother was sitting watching him. Later, when she re-entered the room, Mrs. Lester's countenance had a more hopeful expression, and the small invalid seemed better as the mother said. He reached out his thin arms for his sister's embrace as he quickly recognized her presence, and Stelle pressed the tiny palms, exclaiming, "Sister will not leave you, darling, until you are quite well again!" Stelle had always known that Rudolph was singularly attached to herself, and her heart once more smote her while she scanned the wan features and remembered that more than once she had chided the boy for annoying her when she was busy, and she had not been busy at all, only fretful and discontented!

Mrs. Lester could not imagine what had wrought so marked a change in her daughter's manner, especially as she had been summoned home so unceremoniously and for so sad a reason. But whatever it might be, she believed that it must be due to Cora's influence, which she knew had been always helpful to her child. She was one of those many mothers who see all the worth and the influence of other mothers' children rather than their own. She was a mild-tempered woman. Very different were the mother and her daughter. But she more often reprimanded her children than she praised them, yet seldom in a sharp way. Stelle had never known such sympathy from her mother as her young Cousin Cora Snowdon could feel with her. It is a sad fact,

that too many mothers misunderstand, by not comprehending, their daughters. And true sympathy cannot exist where there is not good understanding. That daughter on the other hand, must be very much at fault, who cannot find much happiness in life if she have a comprehensive, sympathetic mother! And many a son owes his best impulses and his worthiest deeds to the influence of such a parent.

As to Stelle Lester, I am sure that she was now blaming herself far more than she deserved for her former discontent, although the dawn of knowledge within her own mind had so quickly brought her something akin to contentment. Home is not the promoter of peace unless there be true joy therein, however advantageous its material belongings may seem. Even good nature, socialty and hospitality do not conserve to contentment in the family where there is any ambition above these ordinarily agreeable features. Sympathy is a divine gift. Those persons not gifted by nature with so fine a quality should attempt to win the possession by cultivation. An unselfish interest in those immediately about them, combined with active thoughtfulness, is like a few seeds planted which spring up and grow and bear good fruit.

Little Rudolph's condition visibly improved from the time of his sister's return. The doctor pronounced the danger of his malady as disappeared in a few days afterwards, and Stelle's constancy to him was very helpful to her mother, who was far from strong and looked very pale from her daily care of the sick child. Mr. Lester had proposed having a nurse for the boy when his fever had become worse, but the mother always preferred the care of her children when she could give it. When Rudolph could be taken from the bed and placed by a window in a large easy chair, Stelle amused him by explaining some of the outer scenes, or in telling him little tales about what she had seen while at Boston. Day by day the invalid mended, until at last he was at play again, but, as the doctor had bidden, very much confined to the house until softer weather.

Stelle's mental condition improved no less than her brother's physical and by degrees she had lost the olden manner of restlessness, until the whole house seemed changed by her cheerful participation in every thing that concerned the family welfare. She was diligent in her musical practice, and was a good musician, above the average performer, while her voice was very pleasing also. But the love that she was acquiring for her former neglected drawing lessons was more apparent. She had made good use of her eyes while at Boston, and now sketched from memory some charming small scenes of which she had taken bits of pictures while visiting Cora. These she should send to her cousin to see if they were true to the original. A large picture from a photograph of Cora herself was to accompany them. More than gratified was the earnest girl, when her cousin's complimentary message was exchanged for her own favors. The likeness of the former had been praised by every one who had seen it, and pronounced as even an improvement upon the original picture; while the other drawings were quickly and heartily recognized. Cora told Stelle that she must become an artist of honor at such a rate, as indeed Stelle intended, for she had secretly learned, in these well employed weeks and months, the power which was greatest within her. Under the direction of her former teacher she had made rapid progress in the art. Summer passed, and when another winter appeared, Cora again invited her cousin to visit her, and to remain the whole season and attend an art school. This was in truth a great opportunity. Stelle's par-

ents were willing that she should avail herself of it. Mr. Lester promised her that she should have every thing which would conduce to her successful progress in art, and Stelle was not now ashamed to use her father's money as means to so important an end. Indeed, some of her smaller pieces of work were already in demand, and she was willing to dispose of them at first at moderate prices, feeling sure of larger returns when her work should become better and more widely known. Her original purpose was as strong as in the days of her discontent. It was really a purpose now. She had cultivated patience and found that it had flourished as a thrifty plant. By its means she had slowly, but surely interpreted herself. The winter at Boston was fruitful of further progression in art culture, and helpful in more ways than the one intended. She returned to the city the following winter, having spent the summer at home again, and faithful study, and application to her delightful work, were not slighted for any other pleasure. Cora was delighted by the admiration her cousin's productions elicited. They had been favorably noticed by some connoisseurs of art. It was evident that Stelle was the born artist that she had always believed her, and Cora rejoiced, moreover, in the happiness which the true devotion to her work seemed to give Stelle.

Stelle having found her "place in the world," I do not know that there is need of her further history from my pen. She has never ceased in arduous study and labor from the first understanding of herself. Her natural persistence serves her herein faithfully. The mysteries of her beloved art are still attractive, and all things within range are made to conserve to the aim at perfection, which last looks a long way in the distance to her longing self, however earnest her strife for its attainment. She has a sort of reverence for those who are eminent in the wonderful achievement towards which she can not resist aspirations. But she gratefully remembers her first lesson of patience and insight received from the lips of her sympathetic cousin.

A PLEA FOR WINTER.

BY HELEN F. BOYDEN.

In my social intercourse I find it a common experience, at this time when the year is in the "sere and yellow leaf," to hear expressions like these: "I do hope there will be a few pleasant days yet to make the winter seem endurable." "Oh, how I long every day for the summer!" "How intolerably stupid the days are, I shall merely exist until spring weather." "When we shut up the doors we seem to shut out all the brightness and beauty and have to pass away the time as best we can."

Such utterances are to me simply appalling! That any one should wish away, or think almost unendurable, nearly half a year of glorious possibilities, is of itself an evidence in my mind of either a wrong education, or an ill-regulated life, or both.

We call the winter days short (and I have no doubt we do sometimes wish them shorter still,) indeed, it is an established fact that they are short, and so circulated in unnumbered almanacs, yet here at this eleventh, or possibly thirteenth, hour, I am ready to stand up and deny it! I admit that in December fewer hours are crowded in between sunrise and sunset than in June, but the difference is more than met by the length of the hours.

Ask the idler crouching over the fire, his opinion, and he will tell you he never imagined hours could be so long. Why?

In summer he could dream away the hours, lulled by the rustling of the leaves, the far off carols of birds, the hum and flutter of a thousand wings. His vitality was at too low an ebb to make much resistance. But when the cold days came a new force was given to his pulse, his circulation was quickened, his vitality increased, nature made a struggle against premature decay. His idle hours are restless, his conscience disturbed; for him there is henceforth no perfect peace until the balmy days of June.

Ask the busy housewife her opinion and she will tell you that an hour in winter is worth two in harvest time. Why, it is winter's compensation, this new life and strength! It gives us new influence and power, fresh zeal and courage, ambition, inspiration, success!

Winter has a wonderful power of transformation. There is an untold charm about a keen, cold winter's day. The rise in our spirits corresponds with the fall in the thermometer. If it is pleasant—and it usually is—and we are anywhere near a town, we are irresistibly impelled toward it. How much we see that we have hitherto unnoticed. How vividly every thing is pictured on our minds.

There is a soft, musical tinkle of bells in our ears, and before our eyes are hurried glimpses of happy faces and dainty sleighs. There are the shop windows, gay beyond description with a most splendid array of bright colors and delicate tints, and such an assortment of holiday goods as will bewilder the most evenly balanced mind. And the people, would you believe there could be such a difference? We actually do not recognize some whom we knew well six months ago. Such elasticity of step, such freedom of movement, such gayness of mien! Those pale, interesting faces, so spiritual and angelic in their pallor, have been transformed into most beautiful realizations of

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food."

Those boys and girls over on the hill coasting are a revelation to us. Why, they are like the boys and girls we used to play with in our childhood, we thought them all dead. Away off in the distance rises a mighty hill, with glistening crest and snowy sides. Midway between the base and their summit there stands a gigantic pine loaded with snow. The neighboring trees received their burdens on leafless branches and tossed them aside. Not so the pine; that bears its weight until a fierce December blast comes sweeping down upon it, and with a tremendous crash its arms are free.

So 'tis with us. They of the world may shake off care, repentance, thought; but we who are in the world and yet not of it, must hold our burdens until the mighty sweep of God's mercy dashes them away forever.

The night is drawing on, and we are shivering. But what of that! There is a charm even in a shiver.

Had you remembered what a winter sunset was? We look at it with awe, mingled with reverence and admiration. It is beyond description. When the western glory dies away the whole sky flushes into responsive feeling. The cold gray settles down over all and one by one the stars come out, and then the moon creeps up the eastern heights.

"For such a world and such a night,
Most fitting that unwavering light,
That only seemed, where'er it fell,
To make the coldness visible."

Oh, the long, delightful winter evenings! Could we spare them? We would have missed some of the choicest blessings of life had we been deprived of the evenings so full of promise. Think of the grand possibilities in the way of sleigh rides, social gatherings, neighborly visits, singing schools, literary clubs,

reading circles, and other things too numerous to mention! Then that quiet good time at home. How we recall, with Whittier,

"That dear home circle whereupon
The fitful firelight paled and shone."

The childhood, with its games and romps, its apples and nuts, its pop-corn and molasses candy, and the more lasting pleasures of maturer years, the evenings with your correspondents, with your favorite authors, with your dreaming; what a gentle and pleasant memory they leave.

There is nothing so conducive to dreaming as the flames that dance into form and being in response to your slightest will.

Why, think of the first fire that was kindled in the fall! It was like kindling a new hope in the heart. There is nothing in the cheerful glow of later days, nor the ruddy, welcome blaze of winter fires to be compared with it. Bring in the kindlings. Lay them carefully so! Now—scratch—and a little blue light goes curling up amid the shavings, grows into a pinkish flame, spreads into a yellow sheet of blaze. Now put on coal and watch the blue needles dart hither and thither, higher and higher, until they widen into golden tongues that meet and interlace. And every evening, as we sit by our open fire we try to live over that delightful first night. It was an era in our existence, it marked an event in our lives. Would life have seemed so real and full of solid enjoyment without the memory of these evenings?

There is an exquisite pleasure in listening to the fairy touch of snow flakes against the window-pane. We catch suggestions of meaning in every blast that creeps through the tree tops and whistles down the chimney. We feel an exultant thrill of possession over every star-beam that peeps into our windows.

Did you ever stand out in the broad country on a winter's night, and hear the wind come sweeping down some hill side, and roar its way through the leafless forest, clashing together the long bare branches, and whistling through a clearing, coming nearer and nearer until the very air that touched your cheek seemed moving in expectancy—then die away into silence and calm? Did you hold your breath? Did you ever feel such awe as you felt that night?

What! are you shivering? The air is too keen for you, let us go in. But see, the fire is dying on the hearth, we must not sit and dream over its smouldering light.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY CLINTON MONTAGUE.

"To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine."

The origin of Valentine's day is lost in antiquity, and can now be only speculatively fixed. By one writer we are told that St. Valentine, who was beheaded at Rome, A. D. 270, was a man of such kindness, love and charity, "that the custom of choosing valentines on his festival took its rise from thence." Again we are told that it originated from the practices prevalent in ancient Rome at the festival of the Lupercalia, held during the month of February. Lupercus was the Latin god of fertility, and the young men and maidens celebrated the festival with boisterous fun. Presents of jewelry, flowers and other trifles dear to the hearts of the Roman maids were given by the young men, and doubtless suitable returns made. Among other ceremonies, the names of young women were placed in a box, from which they were taken by young men, according as chance directed, and the couples thus thrown together were sup-

posed to be devoted to each other for a certain season. The fathers of the early church thought they detected immoral tendencies in this custom, and finding it impossible to extirpate it, changed its form, and gave the day the name of a saint.

Another theory is that the festival, in its essential if not in its precise date, is as old as the human race, being an expression of the vernal impulse common to all living beings, and which Tennyson sings in the familiar lines:

"In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove,
In spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

References to the mating of birds in the spring, and the feelings of love which thrill the breast at the season when nature wakes from her winter sleep, are scattered through all literature back to the earliest times. It is possible that the poets may have had much to do in determining the customs of our festival days, but doubtless the day partakes something of the characteristics of all the ages and the peoples who have observed it. Valentine was made its patron, and its date was fixed by his birthday, simply because his name is equivalent to *galatin*, French for "gallant." This derivation seems quite reasonable, for a like change is found in "valiant" and "gallant," both from the Latin *valens*.

The ceremonies of what is now St. Valentine's day have varied somewhat through the ages. Our own ancestry in England and Scotland have observed some very funny customs within the last three centuries. At one time valentines were fashionable among the nobility, and, while still selected by lot, it became the duty of the gentleman to give to the lady who fell to his lot a handsome present. Pieces of jewelry costing thousands of dollars were not unusual, though smaller things, such as gloves, were more common.

A gossip old gentleman named Pepys, who lived in the reign of Charles II., and whose private diary has come to afford great interest and amusement to our times, tells how he sent his wife stockings and garters for her valentine. In his diary, under date of February 14, 1666, he writes: "This morning came up to my wife's bedside, I being up dressing myself, little Will Mercer, to be her valentine; and brought her name writ upon blue paper in gold letters, done by himself, very pretty; and we were both well pleased with it. But I am also this year my wife's valentine, and it will cost me 5s.; but that I must have laid out if we had not been valentines." Two days later he adds: "I find that Mrs. Pierce's little girl is my valentine, she having drawn me, which I was not sorry for, it easing me of something more that I must have given to others. But here I do first observe the fashion of drawing of mottoes as well as names; so that Pierce, who drew my wife, did draw also a motto, and this girl drew another for me. What mine was I have forgot; but my wife's was, 'Most courteous and most fair;' which as it may be used, as an anagram made upon each name, might be very pretty." The next year, referring to the jewels of the celebrated Miss Stewart, who became Duchess of Richmond, he records: "The Duke of York, being once her valentine did give her a jewel of about £800; and my Lord Mandeville, her valentine this year, a ring of about £300." Another entry under date of February 23d, 1668, reads as follow: "This evening my wife did with great pleasure show me her stock of jewels, increased by the ring she hath made lately as my valentine's gift this year, a Turkey stone set with diamonds."

In those old days it was the custom of

young folks to go out before daylight on that morning and try to catch an owl and two sparrows in a net. If they succeeded, it was a good omen and entitled them to gifts from the villagers. Another fashion was to write the valentine, tie it to an apple or an orange, and steal up to the house of the chosen one in the evening, open the door quietly, and throw it in.

One of the most amusing customs of St. Valentine's day of which we have read is that followed in some parts of France. On the eve of the day a number of young folks would assemble together and inscribe upon little billets the name of an equal number of each sex, of their acquaintance, throw the whole together and draw them same as in a lottery, care being taken that each should draw one of the opposite sex. The person becomes Mrs. Valentine. For a year the bachelor was bound to the service of his Valentine, somewhat in the style of a knight of the middle ages, and as may be imagined he often concluded to remain bound to her companionship the most of his life.

ROMAN TRADESMEN.

BY JAMES M. ADAMS.

From a superficial view one is likely to gain the impression that the ancient Roman, whether patrician or plebeian, devoted his time and energies exclusively to either art, politics, or warfare. As a matter of fact this is not true. Society could not exist without its tradesmen and artisans. The shoemaker was as necessary to the existence of the state as was the senator. The hammer in the hands of the blacksmith was certainly as useful as the mallet and chisel in the hands of the sculptor.

Tradesmen and artisans were a very numerous and poorly paid class in ancient Rome. Shoemakers, carpenters, tailors, smiths, bakers, tanners, and storekeepers abounded on every hand. Barbers were there also, and were glad to secure victims at four cents per shave. It is not recorded whether or no their patrons were regaled with the constant stream of inane conversation which at the present day makes life a burden to those who patronize tonsorial artists. But it is believed they were, it is thought the habit is as old as the trade, and will only cease with it.

The wages of artisans per year averaged only from \$95 to \$125 with board. But their expenses were moderate. Food cost about \$40, and clothing \$15 yearly *per capita*. Shop rent \$60 to \$75. The price of manufactured articles was so low as to be suggestive of free trade, but we think the tariff issue did not enter largely into Roman politics. A pair of shoes could be obtained for thirty-six cents, and slippers were sold for thirty cents, men's gaiters fifty cents, women's gaiters thirty cents per pair. A felt hat could be purchased for \$1.00. Tunics sold at from \$16 to \$36, and togas from \$20 to \$48. As bonnets and sealskin sacks had not then come into vogue, and it was difficult to run up much of a bill with gaiters at thirty cents, and dress goods so low, it is presumed the Roman ladies did not enjoy shopping very much.

There were several varieties of shoemakers, each one making a specialty of a certain part or kind of shoe. Sculptors, it is said, made a study of certain parts of a statue, and after having completed these, turned it over to be finished by other artists. There were those who were so skillful in carving eyes that they confined themselves to this branch of the art, and did nothing but insert eyes into statues made by other sculptors. Others kept a stock of bodies on hand to which heads were fitted to order. Two statues

have been discovered where the bodies were precisely alike, although one bore the head of Augustus and the other that of Agrippa. This method brought the price of statues very low, and life size ones of marble or bronze could be bought for \$150, while at the same time those by the greatest sculptors commanded from \$10,000 to \$30,000 each.

The mechanics, owing to their being so poorly remunerated, were obliged to resort to various expedients to eke out a livelihood. An interesting story is related of a cobbler who, with infinite patience, taught a crow to say: "Hail Cæsar, victorious emperor!" Hoping that Augustus would purchase at a liberal price so gifted a bird. At times the crow would be so dull that it seemed as though the cobbler's efforts would prove futile, and he would exclaim: "I have lost my time and my trouble!" But finally the crow learned its part, and when taken to the emperor would shriek out the words vehemently. Without avail, however, as Augustus refused to purchase it. At length, seeming to realize his position, the crow croaked out in disgust: "I have lost my time and my trouble!" The emperor, amazed at this, immediately bought the bird at a good price, to the gratification of the cobbler.

Another cobbler trained a raven to fly each day to the rostrum and cry out the names of the emperor Tiberius and his nephews Drusus and Germanicus. A tradesman, who lived in the vicinity, conceiving a dislike for the bird killed it. It was an unfortunate act, for the citizens, taking issues with the cobbler, expelled the tradesman from the ward, and he was soon after assassinated. The murdered raven was buried with great ceremony.

It would seem as though the chances were all against the artisans ever becoming wealthy, and, indeed, they were; yet some of them in spite of disadvantages rose from poverty to affluence. One of these was the poet Juvenal's barber, who became to the bard's disgust, enormously wealthy. It is said a hunchbacked slave named Clesippus, a fuller by trade, having been thrown in with a candlestick and sold at an auction to a rich widow, gained her favor and upon her death became her heir. Thus the former slave became one of the richest men in the city. Ever after the candlestick was the chief deity of his chapel.

Roman tradesmen were looked upon with disdain by the higher classes. They were considered ignorant and filthy. Coriolanus contemptuously exclaims: "Bid them wash their faces and clean their teeth." The fishmongers were charged with wiping their noses on their sleeves, and others with like uncanny practices. Doubtless these charges were to some extent true, but the tradesmen were neither so filthy nor so ignorant as represented. Many of them were well educated, and read poetry with great appreciation. Lines from Virgil, Ovid, and other poets have been often found written upon the walls of their shops and dwellings.

THE CHARMS OF HOME.

Those who have read Miss Aiken's "Court of Queen Elizabeth," and the pictures it gave of the daily life of the maiden queen cannot but have been struck with the difference between the comforts and luxuries enjoyed then and now. In many respects the mechanic's or the farmer's wife in America, enjoys more real luxury than all her power could purchase for Queen Elizabeth. The coarse matting of rushes which covered her floor is a contrast to the soft wool or yielding velvet on which "Young America" treads. Her breakfast is described as usually consisting of a matchet of

bread, a chunk of boiled beef and a quart of beer. Modern housekeepers would turn up their noses at such a meal as that.

The following picture of the condition of the cities of western Europe in the fifteenth century will show in a degree the advance in the art of living since that time. "The floors of the houses being commonly of clay and strewn with rushes or straw, it is loathsome to think of the filth collected in the hovels of the common people, and sometimes in the lodgings even of the superior ranks, from spilled milk, beer, grease, fragments of bread, flesh, bones, etc." To this Erasmus ascribes the plague, the sweating sickness and kindred diseases in London, which in this respect resembled Paris and other towns of any magnitude.

The distinctive feature of this age more than any thing else, is the number of its happy, healthful homes. Formerly only the favored few, the great nobles and the wealthier merchants were able to live in ease and to enjoy even such privileges as then existed. The great majority dwelt in poverty, never expecting to improve their condition, nor to add one "thing of beauty" to the meager furnishing of their cabins.

How different is every thing in this age and country. In the humblest home you will find pictures on the wall, a musical instrument in the parlor and books and papers on the sitting room table. Instead of depending on wandering minstrels for music and for news from many lands and stories for entertainment, each home has every agent for mental cultivation and enjoyment. All over the land rises the sweet melody from thousands of tasteful parlors, where the happy darlings of the household sit enthroned before the instrument of so much innocent pleasure.

Playing on the harpsichord was one of the accomplishments of Queen Elizabeth. That princess appears to have had a taste for music, and we can imagine the delight with which she would have sat down before one of the elegant pianos of our time. But her genius remained dwarfed for want of a proper medium through which to express itself. The poet laureate says truthfully:

"Better fifty years of Europe, than a cycle of Cathay." And we say better fifty years of the nineteenth century than a hundred of the vaunted days of "good Queen Bess."

Fancy the daughter of "Piers the Ploughman" sitting down after breakfast to play on a harp or a spinnet. Nowadays a piano is almost as frequent a dweller in the house as that grim and homely incentive to better fare, the cooking stove. Many of the performances may be crude and inartistic, but better poor music in the house than none at all. The love of music is one of the most refined of our tastes, and certainly it is one of the most delight-giving.

Reading is also one of the great charms of modern life. The weekly journals give pleasure and instruction to eager millions. The fairy land of fiction lies open to the delighted senses of old and young, where, for a period, throwing aside graver work and care, they may rest their wearied feet, and give themselves up to that enchantment of the imagination which is one of our most precious privileges, and no more wrong to be indulged in, in moderation, than any of the other blessings which have been given us to solace our severer duties.

Most farm houses in America are more or less decorated with pictures and paintings. In a miner's cabin on the slopes of the Sierras I once saw a copy of one of Corot's masterly landscapes. Of course it had not the artistic finish of the original, but it served its purpose of decoration. Beautiful pictures, even chromos, add

much to the cheerfulness of a room, and much to the comfort of their possessors.

A good piano, a good picture, and a good newspaper, magazine or book—these are the three modern graces which adorn and bless American homes.

CLINTON MONTAGUE.

"ONLY."

Only an arm-chair! but what memories cluster in and around it. What sweet recollections, one after another, spring from it, till we can almost feel the loved presence which so beautifully filled it for years, but ripened at last for the harvest, has been gathered by the reaper, the only lost link which makes the home circle incomplete.

Only a tear, but nurtured in the bosom of sympathy, it fell like a dew drop upon some weary, yearning heart, refreshing and cheering it on its lonely journey.

Only a draught of cool water, held by a loving and willing hand, but to the fevered and restless sufferer, whose own weak hand refuses to perform the simple service, its worth is inestimable.

A tiny shaft, well-aimed, speeds to its work of destruction, crushing some sensitive blossom, which no after care can revive to life and beauty. Only a thoughtless act, but to the angels above, what a stain does it leave on the record.

Only a faded rose bud, treasured in some secret receptacle, but ever exhaling to one wounded heart the fragrance of love's rosy-tinted dream, long since buried among the countless treasures of the past.

Only a kiss, but it speaks of a mother's, a sister's unbounded affection, which, like a star of hope, ever shines steadily on through cloud and storm, almost seeming to gleam brighter, the more rugged, the darker the path.

"Only a child," as the funeral cortege winds its way slowly along to perform the last sad duty, resigning the only treasure back to the cold embrace of "mother earth." Is it "only" to them, yielding up so soon the tiny bud, with such a promising unfoldment, ere they have scarcely held it to their hearts.

It is but one moment, but once gone it can never be recalled. Another, still another, follows in quick succession, till years have as silently glided away from us, reminding us that the centuries are made up of vanished moments. Man's most stupendous works can all be traced to a simple origin, only a thought or deed.

It is the simple acts which make our whole lives. The little acts of kindness which there is always time and opportunity in the every-day walks of life to perform—a kind word, an approving smile, the little courtesies, the simple acknowledgements of gratitude, the little charities which brighten life's pathway.

'Tis only a bud, but in time 'twill unfold,
Revealing the beauty its bosom doth hold;
'Tis only a chord from the harp's plaintive string,
But memory awakes her treasures to bring.

'Tis only a word, a smile, or a tear,
But the heart warmly welcomes and holds it most dear;
A touch of the hand may bear its relief,
A look or a tone ease the burden of grief.

CLARE.

PROGRESS IN NATURE.

Progress is ever present in nature. This fact is too familiar to require argument. The seed grows to the flower, or to the tree, we care not which, for each fills its appropriate place in the grand panorama, unfolding itself on every hand. Under the sea myriads of workers toil on, builders of coral islands fair to see, yet man in ruthless power carries them to adorn his home, little appreciating perhaps the tiny insect whose debtor he is for such beauty. The leaves decay with each year, yet we remember the beauty of spring

rises phoenix-like from their mold, a fresh proof of the survival of the fittest, a doctrine nature ever teaches the thoughtful observer whose eyes and ears are open to the reception of great truths. The waters are ever advancing upon the land, glaciers slowly move on, generations of animals live and pass away, but nature remains the same, always serene, the great mother of them all. Knowing that from small things she works onward and upward, can we fail to realize the truth of that olden saying, "Small beginnings have great endings."

Why is man alone often a cheek upon this movement of progress, if not through blindness and failure to understand his true place in life's far-reaching plane? The Author of nature said, "Press on, striving after the things which are before." All His inanimate and many of the animate objects obey Him literally, and it remains for us, the apex of creation, to follow their example. In advancing towards the heights where fame dwells, we are simply doing our duty, yet is that all? Not quite. We are making our addition, though it be small as the widow's mite, to the great legacy of progress carried on through the passing ages. Do we realize the vastness of such a trust? Let us hope so, and endeavor to fulfill it, remembering the words,

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

J. B. M. W.

HOME.

Here is a man who has been down town all day, in the full tide of care, that, from morning to night, floods the markets, offices, and streets of our great cities. Tired, nervous, irritable, possibly a little disheartened, he starts for his home. If it is winter, when he enters, there is a bit of bright fire, that makes a bad temper seem like a sin in the contrast; a noise of children that is not dissonant; and an evident care for his comfort, telling plainer than any words, how constantly he has been in the mind of the house-mother, while breasting the stress and strife of the day; while a low, sweet voice, that excellent thing in woman, greets him with words that ripple over the fevered spirit like cool water. And the man who can nurse a bad temper, after that, deserves to smart for it. There is no place on the earth into which a man can go with such perfect assurance that he will feel the shadow of healing, as into such a home as that. It is the very gate of heaven.—Robert Collyer.

CABINET COLLECTIONS.

An examination of the Exchange Column in THE HOUSEHOLD will show that cabinets of natural curiosities are becoming common in families of culture and refinement.

It must be admitted that such collections have an educating influence. They are to children a source of pleasure and knowledge and to parents something of interest and value, that is, if they are used as object lessons. It is true that some people have cabinets and derive but little benefit therefrom. They have a collection mania and gather minerals, shells, woods, etc., together promiscuously much as children do buttons, cards and calico, simply for the sake of having no two alike. To be of real value every object in a cabinet should be studied, classified and named. A cabinet thus formed is a safeguard against gossip and slander, for it furnishes many an interesting topic for conversation in the family circle and abroad.

Mineralogy is a delightful study when pursued in connection with a collection of specimens illustrating its principles, and

when the collection is obtained by one's own efforts and is private property, the investigation becomes even more interesting, and this is also true of other sciences.

The classification of objects gathered from the great store-house of nature educates the eye to notice and the mind to compare and reason. It is a fact lamented by educators that too little attention is given to the cultivation of the perceptive faculties. Many people go through life and see but a small part of its beauty and loveliness because in youth they were not trained to careful habits of observation.

To the disciplined mind the rocks of the field speak and tell their story, the shells of the beach sing of the wonders hidden beneath the ocean wave, the leaves of the forest whisper of the mystery of vegetation and all nature breathes a hymn of praise to Him who is "in all and over all."

ELIZA H. MORTON.

Portland, Me.

OUR BOYS.

How very often we read in the newspapers something relating to "our girls." The articles in question are devoted generally to criticising and advising. Why is it that we poor girls seem in the eyes of some people to stand in so much need of all this "free gratis" advice that is showered upon us? I, for one, think it is about time the boys should share with us, and upon my word, I think they really need a little good advice and wholesome criticism. They have gone "scot free" so long, they have exaggerated ideas of their own importance.

Now I happen to be one of the girls, for which I am devoutly thankful. No one ever heard me wish that I was a boy. Not but what I like boys well enough. I don't care to be one, that is all. But I feel it my duty to give them all the help possible to enable them to become fit to associate with the paragons of perfection which we girls under the influence of the average newspaper article, may become.

To begin with, I am going to take up the subject of dress. If our boys of to-day would dress more as our fathers and grandfathers used to, we might look for more robust health in them. Where are the rosy cheeks, the sparkling eyes, and elastic step, so common in our boys of fifty or a hundred years ago? Alas! We no longer see them in our boys of to-day! How many boys out of a hundred are fitted to become husbands and fathers? But few, I am free to say, and no doubt "the style of dress has a great deal to do with it." Where are the good old-fashioned, thick-soled boots, with tops reaching nearly to the knees, that we used to see? How often do we see the good old bandana handkerchief that used to be worn to keep the throat warm? Instead of this, we see young men going about in some of our coldest days with their overcoats unbuttoned the whole length, and nothing about the neck for protection. Who ever heard fifty years ago of boys wearing anything but woolen stockings through the cold weather?

What would our grandfathers have thought had they been obliged to wear cotton hose and shoes coming only just above the ankle, through one of our New England winters? And what would have hired them to trick themselves out like clowns in a circus and go through one of our modern games of base ball? They no doubt found they could get plenty of exercise in their father's wood sheds. Every girl of that period was supposed to have a mother's kitchen where she could get all the needed exercise, and it is just as easy in fancy to build a wood shed as a kitchen.

Ah! When I look back upon the good old times, and compare the boys of that

period with those of to-day, I am heart-sick! When I reflect upon the extravagance, the dissipation, the luxurious habits of our boys, I no longer wonder they are the puny, delicate, nervous creatures that they are, and so poorly fitted to battle with the stern realities of life. Our grandfathers used to think nothing of supporting a family of eight or a dozen children; but where is the young man of to-day who cares to provide for more than one or two. Let our boys cease to be duds, or drones in the hive, and take up life's duties in a more manly way. Then we may expect to see men good and true, men worthy the love of good women.

The foregoing is about the style in which our girls are written of and advised. How does it seem to put the shoe on the other foot? Does it appear sensible? Is it probable that any of "our boys," should they chance to read what I have written, will pause and reflect upon it, take it home to their hearts, and become any better thereby? I sincerely hope they may, as no doubt there is a chance for improvement, and I for one, am sick of having the advice all on one side.

A GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

THE PLEASURES OF WALKING.

We have people amongst us who consider walking to be vulgar, and who imagine that they would lose their dignity if they left their carriage. They do not object to be driven through a country, either in diligence or coach and pair, and have the scenery served up to them, like fresh varieties on a *fete* day or new paintings in this season's exhibitions; but to ask them to tread the same quartz-grit on the hard highway which the common tramp claims freedom of, is to offer them an indignity which their lofty souls resent. After all, if we are not mistaken, the free, unfettered tramp, if he has anything like an observant spirit, has the best of it. He can make levies on all nature. For him the sunshine has a greater joy, and the moon in the falling twilight a less cold smile. The jolly miller can give him the merry laugh and the frankest hospitality; while the grandee is permitted to roll past in his carriage without having tasted such Arcadian sweets. For him is the flower-fringed by-path in the sheltering wood, and for him the moss-wreathed wayside well. "The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song" are his by prescriptive right; and if he can bear with him a pure heart, a love for honest labor, and a reverence for the Giver of all good, we think that he is happier than his richer neighbor who dare not go afoot.

No one looks so kindly and so lovingly on nature as he who walks. A long stretch on foot in the open country, in the face of the bugle-breezes of morn, in the full glory of noonday, or in the tender, fading luster and sacred shadows of twilight, is a human experience that tends alike to bestow physical strength and intellectual power and joy. The man who walks abroad with a keen eye and a receptive soul will get in one day more of the beauties of nature in all their rounded perfection—in color, in tint, and in sound—than he could obtain by the study of books through many a silent and thoughtful night.

No matter the season of nature, and no matter her mood, she is always shining and fair, even when she falls into her winter sleep of untainted and untouched silence, covered over with snow-wreaths of exquisite purity, curve, and grace. And what for matchless outline and tint can equal a snow-wreath lying across your path on a crisp, clear, winter afternoon, with the western sky all ruddy and aglow like molten ore, and the solemn pine trees lifting their dark green, feath-

ery branches midway between the unsullied stretch of snow and the deep azure of the holy twilight coming from the east, bringing with it the silent, friendly stars? Do you think that the term "friendly" is out of place with reference to the stars? I hope not.

How those glorious lights look down upon us with lingering, loving luster from the midnight skies! Each one seems as if it were an angel's eye gazing on us with watchful care. And, as we mark the constellations, and learn of their slow, silent march across the dark, solemn dome of heaven, we learn unconsciously to give them a personality, and treat them as friends. There is Orion, in his massive grandeur, moving round our sleeping world like a sentinel from above, majestic, solemn, awful—a constellation whose position seems to be assured through countless ages. Then there are the Pleiades, those sweet, seven sisters of the heavens, whose pulsating rays compass every color of the rainbow as they

"Glitter like a swarm of fireflies,
Tangled in a silver braid."

—The Quiver.

SNOW.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

There is great variety in the quality and fiber of the snow as it falls at different temperatures, in quiet, or ceaselessly worried by the wind. "Hail is the coldest corn," declares an ancient rune. However that may be, by the chaff that is driven in our faces we know that they are threshing up yonder this afternoon. At some other time it is not chaff, but heavenly grain (such as the horses of the Homeric deities may have munched) that is lavishly scattered abroad. To walk upon such snow is very like attempting to walk in a bin of wheat, and a dry, crunching sound attends each footstep. Sometimes it snows not flakes, but little fashces of crystalline fagots; sometimes, also, miniature snowballs, well packed, ready made for the sport of the invisible sprites of the storm. Again, by the fineness and softness of the flake, it appears that the old traditional goose-wife, who lives in the clouds is plucking only the down from under the wings of her flock; she is not so painstaking and fastidious at all times. Occasionally I am reminded that there is a lapidary in heaven, who takes the rough gem of the snow, and by secret dexterity—cutting, polishing, and engraving—causes it to wear a thousand lovely forms and devices. Perhaps these are the

"Beautiful things made new for the surprise
Of the sky children,"

which Saturn promised there should be on his regaining the empire of the skies. Or it may be that these crystal stars and wheels, in all curious and fantastic variations, are experiments in pyrotechnics—frozen fire-works, in which the rockets are made to take only descending curves. I sometimes please myself with imagining that when these exquisite fragments come to a common resting-place on earth, by some recondite law of attraction or correspondence they fit themselves together, point locking into angle and side matching side. Might not an ear divinely gifted detect a faint musical report when these morning stars of the snow celebrate their union? "And they all sing, melting as they sing, of the mysteries of the number six, six, six." With unadvised haste the Muse gave out the following:

"Six petals has the lily stainless white,
And six the wandering blossom of the snow;
If these their constant order could forego,
Sun, moon, and stars would break their sacred plight."

But science appears, raising the question whether the snow crystal invariably sings the song of sixes, invariably fol-

lows the law of the lily's inflorescence. The snow which falls in these obvious crystalline patterns is of the lightest and most diaphanous quality. A broken branch lies upon the ground, completely covered with this delicate counterpane, yet every twig and bud is still plainly defined. I have a fancy that I would like to see half-blown crimson roses inclosed, but not concealed, in such a cool white shrine. The season which most regard as forbiddingly ascetic—has it not its touches of refinement and luxury? Sometimes, for several nights in succession, there will fall a light film of snow, not adding, practically, to that already upon the ground, yet sufficing to remove all stains and blemishes of the day. Thus nature takes care of her complexion in winter, so renewing it from morning to morning, that it still presents an infantine softness and smoothness of texture.

—Atlantic Monthly.

THE DUTY TO BE A LADY.

It is the first duty of a woman to be a lady. Good breeding is good sense. Bad manners in women is immorality. Awkwardness may be ineradicable. Bashfulness is constitutional. Ignorance of etiquette is the result of circumstances. All can be abandoned, and do not banish man or woman from the amenities of their kind. But self-possession, unshrinking and aggressive coarseness of demeanor may be reckoned as a state prison offence, and certainly merits that mild form of restraint called imprisonment for life. It is a shame for women to be lectured on their manners. It is a bitter shame that they need it. Women are the umpires of society. It is they to whom all mooted points should be referred. To be a lady is more than to be a prince. A lady is always in her right inalienably worthy of respect. To a lady, prince and peasant alike bow. Do not be restrained. Do not have impulses that need restraint. Do not wish to dance with the prince unsought; feel differently. Be such that you confer your honor. Carry yourself so loftily that men shall look up to you for reward, not at you in rebuke. The natural sentiment of man toward woman is reverence. He loses a large means of grace, when he is obliged to account her a being to be trained into propriety. A man's ideal is not wounded when a woman fails in worldly wisdom; but if in grace, in tact, in sentiment, in delicacy, in kindness she should be found wanting, he receives an inward hurt.—Gail Hamilton.

TEMPER AT HOME.

I have peeped into quiet "parlors," where the carpet is clean and not old, and the furniture polished and bright; into "rooms" where the chairs are neat and the floor carpetless; into "kitchens" where the family live and the meals are cooked and eaten, and the boys and girls are as blithe as the sparrows in the thatch overhead, and I see that it is not so much wealth and learning, nor clothing, nor servants, nor toil, nor idleness, nor town, nor country, nor station, as tone and temper that render homes happy or wretched. And I see, too, that in town or country, good sense and God's grace make life what no teachers or accomplishments, or means or society can make it—the opening stave of an everlasting psalm; the fair beginning of an endless existence; the goodly, modest, well-proportioned vestibule to a temple of God's building that shall never decay, wax old, or vanish away.—Dr. John Hall.

—There is nothing so sweet as duty, and all the best pleasures of life come in the wake of duties done.—Jean Ingelow.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

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

MR. CROWELL:—I enclosed twenty-five pictures off of Dobbins' Soap, and sent them to Messrs. Cragin & Co., for the panel picture you advertise in THE HOUSEHOLD. This is the second one I have sent for. They are very pretty. A pretty way of fixing them is to put velvet ribbon down the sides two inches wide, and at the bottom a piece of velvet six inches wide. Have flowers stamped on, and work in ribbon work. Then put across the bottom fringe or fancy balls. When finished it makes a very pretty panel. But that is nothing to what the soap is worth. It is the best I ever used and cheapest.

Mrs. F. A. GOODSPED.
Elyria, Lorain Co., Ohio.

MR. CROWELL:—I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap for years, and will use no other. I go to Morrison, eight miles from here to get it. I consider it the cheapest soap I can use, as one bar of the Dobbins' Soap will do more washing than two bars of the so-called "cheap" soap. I think it superior to any soap that I have ever tried. Yours respectfully,

HARRIET L. LATHÉ.

P. O. box 87, Lyndon, Ill.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I used Dobbins' Electric Soap according to directions and found it as recommended, I can truly say I never did a washing with so little labor, and the clothes never looked better, even with twice the amount of labor. I can truly recommend as the very best soap in use. Very truly yours,

Mrs. J. F. TWOMBLY.

East Rumford, Maine.

MR. CROWELL:—I received sample of Dobbins' Electric Soap. I used it according to directions and am well pleased with it. I have a large family and very dirty clothes, but Dobbins' Electric Soap does its work for me. Many thanks to you for your labor-saving soap. It is the best I ever used. I will use no other as long as I can get the Dobbins' Electric Soap.

Mrs. E. J. HENDERSHOT.

Johnsontown, N. J.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I have tried Dobbins' Electric Soap, and I am happy to say that it has no equal as a family soap, much less a superior.

Mrs. I. H. PIDGON.

Wenonah, N. J.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap for the past six months, and by that means have done our washing myself, something I have not done for the past nine or ten years. I think it splendid. One bar does three washings.

Mrs. G. W. FORD.

Avon, Ohio.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Dear Sir:—I have used the Dobbins' Electric Soap, and find it every way satisfactory, and doing all that is claimed, enabling us to have the washing done easier and quicker than ever before. I hope to receive the cards soon. Respectfully yours,

Mrs. O. TOMLINSON.

Plainville, Allegan Co., Mich.

MR. CROWELL:—I, Lizzie Wonsley, write these few lines to you, saying that I have been using Dobbins' Electric Soap all summer, and I find it is the best I ever used, and I don't think it can ever be beaten.

Mrs. L. WONSLEY.

Yardley, Pa.

PERSONALITIES.

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

We are receiving so many requests for cards for "postal card albums" to be published in this column that we would suggest to those desiring such, to consider whether they are prepared to undertake the task of writing and sending 75,000 cards! We are willing to insert as promptly as possible, all requests from actual subscribers giving their full name and address, but feel it our duty to give a friendly hint of the possible consequences.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Eva M. Barker, in October, 1885, number, please send her address to Parsons, Kans.

Mrs. A. T. DREW.

Will Clara Armstrong please send her address to these ladies: Miss Laura Dodamead, Concord, N. C., and Mrs. C. W. Emerson, Hartford, Conn.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD please send me the directions for making "Household Lace," which were published in the September number, 1884, said copy being no longer procurable at the office. Will send stamps with pleasure if some one will respond.

MISS LILLIE RUEHL.

Schaller, Sac Co., Iowa.

I am very anxious to obtain the January and February HOUSEHOLDS, of 1884. Any reader who has them to dispose of will confer a great favor by sending a postal stating price to

Mrs. GEO. G. KETCHAM.

Anamosa, Jones Co., Iowa.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please ask the ladies of the Band if any of them could send me a few seeds of the mullen plant that grows wild in the eastern states. I will gladly pay what they are worth.

ANNIE L. DOBREL.

Haywards, Alameda Co., Calif.

NATURE'S LIMIT OF HUMAN LIFE.

The advance of human civilization has brought with it better habitations, better clothing and better food. These changes in methods of living explain how, in recent years, scientific men have been enabled to announce that there has been a large advance in the duration of human life. They state that within the present century the average has increased from about twenty-six to about thirty-six years. In the columns of a Philadelphia daily newspaper every week there is a list of persons who have attained to over four-score years. To many the ambition to live long is very dear. And with the advantages for personal care there seems to be no reason why that ambition may not be gratified. With means at hand, also, to avoid or to overcome the diseases which have done so much to undermine and to weaken the body, the reasons for longer life are multiplied.

Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, M. C., from Philadelphia, gives to Compound Oxygen the credit of prolonging his life until he has become the "Father of the House of Representatives." He has, in a letter to Drs. Starkey & Palen, made the following statement:

"In the early summer of 1873, a hereditary catarrh had become so bad that my breathing was a mere panting for breath. A mere breath, a sneeze, or a sigh caused such a severe pain at the base of the left lung that I felt it necessary to close up my affairs. I believe I should not have lived sixty days had I not found some potent curative. I was prejudiced against Compound Oxygen, but, seeing that it could not make me any worse, and as medical treatment had utterly failed to meet my case, in very desperation I concluded to try it.

At the end of three weeks' Treatment I was able to report an improved appetite, and the ability to sleep several consecutive hours, with a measurable relief of the pain in the lung.

I am now more than twelve years older than I was when I first tested Compound Oxygen. I have had no perceptible effusion of blood for more than eight years.

I breathe as deeply as I did at any period of my young manhood, and my natural carriage is so erect as to elicit frequent comment.

I have the highest confidence not only in the treatment itself, but in Drs. Starkey & Palen as gentlemen of skill and integrity."

In 1870, a gentleman living in Philadelphia, suffering from disease of the heart, was treated with Compound Oxygen, and entirely restored to a good condition of health. With this relief from heart trouble came relief also from corpulency, his weight decreasing from one hundred and ninety-eight pounds to about one hundred and sixty. (His case appears on page seventy-eight of "Compound Oxygen: Its Modes of Action and Results," a brochure published by Doctors Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, which they send freely to all applicants.) A few years after being treated for and cured of heart disease, he also tried Compound Oxygen for relief to his eyesight. Although, at the time of beginning, he supposed himself to be suffering from cataract, and expected to undergo an operation by an oculist, for which he had arranged, he was in a short time so far recovered as to be able to read with comfort quite fine print without glasses. When asked whether he experienced the sensations of which a few speak, during the inhalations, he said, "Oh! yes, and I felt as though I hadn't a poor relation in the world." This gentleman is Mr. L. O. Howell, still living, (in his eighty-fourth year), at No. 651 North Thirteenth Street, Philadelphia. Gratitude for life prolonged lead him now to allow the use of his name as a reference.

GOOD HEALTH BY GOOD FOOD.

The advertisement of The Health Food Company has appeared in the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD for many years. The products of the Company have been used from year to year by the Editor, by many of the regular contributors, and by a goodly array of its readers. One and all have testified to the usefulness of these improved Foods in health, and to their great value in sickness. Hundreds of mothers have announced their satisfaction at the welcome discovery that in the many perfect cereal products of this Company, some palatable and attractive nutriment could always be found, so prepared as to be easily digested by the feeblest infant or invalid. The work of The Health Food Co. is founded upon a genuine and scientific food-philosophy, and recognizes the fact that foods must differ in different conditions, and that no single food can supply a universal want. The entertaining and instructive pamphlets of the Company should be carefully read by all, and may be obtained without cost by addressing The Health Food Company, 74 4th Ave., New York, or its agents in the principal cities of the country.

Halford Sauce makes cold meats a luxury.

FIRST-CLASS TOILET SOAPS.

From a long acquaintance with the Indexical soaps made by Robinson Brothers, of Boston, I take great pleasure in saying that I regard them as excellent, always giving me full satisfaction.

Mrs. DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

The Favorite Washing Compound of the day is unquestionably JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE. It dispenses with the necessity for beating or rubbing the clothes, and does not injure the fabric.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Combination Pattern Co. in another column.

Halford Sauce for chops, steaks, soups, fish, etc.

MOTHER AND CHILD.—Dr. Hanaford's new book, Mother and Child, will be sent by mail, free of charge for postage, for \$1.00. Send to the author at Reading, Mass.

SHERIDAN'S
CONDITION
POWDER

is absolutely pure and highly concentrated.

1 ounce is worth a lb. of any other kind. It is strictly a medicine to be given with food. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like it. It cures chicken cholera and all diseases of hens. Is worth its weight in gold. Illustrated book by mail free. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. 21-4 lb. air-tight tin cans, \$1.50 by mail, \$1.20. Six cans by express, prepaid, for \$5.00. DR. J. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

SPECIAL OFFER
made only to subscribers of The Household.

WORCESTER'S
DICTIONARY
GIVEN AWAY.

A Pocket Dictionary of the English Language, Compiled from the Quarto and School Dictionaries of

JOSEPH E. WORCESTER, LL. D., with Foreign Words and Phrases, Abbreviations, Rules for Spelling, and Numerous Tables.

Profusely Illustrated. 298 Pages.

Will be mailed postage paid and Free of charge.

Buy a box of DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP where this order is presented (you have to use Soap every week, and this soap improves by age, and is BEST of all). Take off all the wrappers, wrap them up like a newspaper, and mail them to us. (Postage on them thus wrapped is only three cents.) After addressing the package to us, write across the left hand corner of it "Return to," etc., adding your full name and address. On receipt of the wrappers, we will mail to you postage paid, and free of all expense to you, one of these Dictionaries. We refer to any Bank or Grocer in the U. S. as to our responsibility.

I. L. CRAGIN & CO.,
119 SOUTH FOURTH ST., PHILADELPHIA.



THE BEST ARTICLE KNOWN FOR
CLEANING AND POLISHING
GOLD, SILVERWARE, JEWELRY,
ALL METALS AND GLASS.

PRODUCES greatest and most
lasting brilliancy.

REQUIRES least labor.
IS HARMLESS in every
respect.

Sold everywhere, and sent, post-paid, on receipt of 15 cents in stamps.

SEE THAT FULL NAME
ELECTRO-SILICON & YELLOW LABEL
ARE ON EACH BOX.
Send your address, mention this magazine, and we will send you TRIAL SAMPLE FREE.

THE ELECTRO SILICON CO.
72 John Street, New-York.

ELY'S
CREAM BALM

Cleanses the
Head. Relieves
Pain at Once.
Allays Inflammation. Heals
Sores. Restores
Taste and Smell.
A Positive Cure.



A particle is applied into each nostril. Price 50c. at druggists or by mail. Send for circular.

ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

YOU CAN DYE ANYTHING

With Diamond Dyes, for 10 cts. They never fade. 32 fast colors. They also make inks, color photo's, etc. Send for colored samples and Dye book. Gold, Silver, Copper and Bronze Paints for any use—only 10 cents a piece. Druggists sell or we send post-paid.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

MAKE HENS LAY

is absolutely pure and highly concentrated.

1 ounce is worth a lb. of any other kind. It is strictly a medicine to be given with food. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like it. It cures chicken cholera and all diseases of hens. Is worth its weight in gold. Illustrated book by mail free. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. 21-4 lb. air-tight tin cans, \$1.50 by mail, \$1.20. Six cans by express, prepaid, for \$5.00. DR. J. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

ETIQUET OF CONVERSATION.

Do not manifest impatience.
Do not engage in argument.
Do not interrupt another when speaking.
Do not find fault, though you may gently criticize.
Do not talk of your private, personal, and family matters.
Do not appear to notice inaccuracies of speech in others.
Do not allow yourself to lose temper or speak excitedly.
Do not allude to unfortunate peculiarities of any one present.
Do not always commence a conversation by allusion to the weather.
Do not, when narrating an incident, continually say, "you see," "you know," etc.
Do not intrude professional or other topics that the company generally cannot take an interest in.
Do not talk very loud. A firm, clear, distinct, yet mild, gentle, and musical voice has great power.
Do not be absent-minded, requiring the speaker to repeat what has been said that you may understand.
Do not speak disrespectfully of personal appearance when any one present may have the same defects.
Do not try to force yourself into the confidence of others. If they give their confidence, never betray it.
Do not use profane or vulgar terms, slang phrases, words of double meaning, or language that will bring a blush to any one.
Do not intersperse your conversation with foreign words and high-sounding terms. It shows affectation, and will draw ridicule upon you.
Do not carry on a conversation with another in company about matters which the general company knows nothing of. It is almost as impolite as to whisper.—*Exchange.*

—A great attraction—A magnet.

—"What distinguished people did you see when you were abroad?" was asked of Mrs. Dobbs, on her return from China. "Oh, lots of them. But the one that took my fancy was Wan Lung, the heir presumptive to the throne."

—A countryman was sowing his ground, when two smart fellows came riding by, one of whom called out with an insolent air, "Well, my good man, 'tis your business to sow; but we reap the fruits of your labor." The rustic replied, "'Tis very like you may, for just now I am sowing hemp."

—The late Thomas Gold Appleton is said once to have offered a horse for sale "for no other reason than that his owner wishes to leave Boston," the horse refusing to go over a bridge, and it being impossible to get out of Boston without going over a bridge—which statement, however, was not made in the advertisement.

—"Who left that door open?" growled Mr. Dinkle, looking up from his desk one of those freezing days last winter. "I did," answered the new office boy. "Can't you ever learn to shut a door?" "I suppose so, sir." "Well, why don't you do it?" "I'm goin' to, but you see I'm new yet, and I had so much to learn that I thought I'd leave the door till along toward the last."

—Never hunt trouble. However dead a shot one may be, the gun he carries on such expeditions is sure to kick or go off half-cocked. Trouble will come soon enough; and, when he does come, receive him as pleasantly as possible. Like the tax-collector, he is a disagreeable chap to have in one's house; but, the more amiably you greet him, the sooner he will go away.—*Artemus Ward.*



A SELF-RAISING MIXTURE of the Choicest RYE and INDIAN MEALS.
READY FOR THE OVEN IN TWO MINUTES.
Makes a light, rich loaf of old-fashioned **BOSTON BROWN BREAD.**
Requires no skill to prepare, and NEVER FAILS.
Its success has brought out numerous imitations. Every package of the **ORIGINAL** bears the name "F. M. Holmes, Boston, Mass."

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

GERMAN SIMPLIFIED

An eminently practical new method for learning the German language, especially adapted to self-instruction; 12 numbers at 10 cents each, sold separately. For sale by all booksellers; sent post paid, on receipt of price, by Prof. A. KNOFLACH, 140 Nassau St., New York.

We can cordially recommend this course of home study to our readers.—*EDITOR HOUSEHOLD.*

FOR Anthem Books, 1886 Cantatas.

Ditson & Co. offer to Choirs Anthem, Chorus and Quartet Books unequalled in quality and variety. Send for lists! Of the following Anthem Books, the first three may be called the easiest, but none are too difficult for ordinary Choirs.

Perkins' Easy Anthems,	\$1.00 or \$9.00 per doz.
American Anthem Book,	1.25 or 12.00 "
Dressler's Sacred Selects,	1.50 or 13.50 "
Emerson's Bk of Anth's,	1.25 or 12.00 "
Anthem Harp,	1.25 or 12.00 "
Gem Gleaner,	1.00 or 9.00 "
Laus Deo,	1.00 or 9.00 "
Santoral, Palmer & Trowbridge,	1.00 or 9.00 "
Vox Laudis,	1.00 or 9.00 "

Not a poor book in the list. Choir leaders who have used one run no risk in ordering any of the others.

New Cantatas for Choirs and Societies.

Christoforus, Legend, Rheinberger,	\$1.00, \$9.00 doz.
Fall of Jerusalem, Parkhurst,	1.00, 9.00 "
Holy City, Gaul,	1.00, 9.00 "
91st Psalm, Ballard,	.60, 5.40 "
Out of the Depths, Darling,	.32, 2.88 "
Rebecca, Hodges,	.65, 6.00 "
Ruth and Boaz, Andrews,	.65, 6.00 "
Herbert and Elsa, Thayer,	.75, 6.72 "
Heroes of '76, Trowbridge,	1.00 9.00 "

Specimen copies of any of these books mailed, post-free, for the retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., BOSTON.

Send to JOHN C. HAYNES & CO., Boston, (branch house of O. D. & Co.) for grand illustrated Catalogue of all Musical Instruments, Strings and Trimmings.

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING. EPP'S COCOA. BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our Breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in tins (1-2 lb. and 1 lb.) by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England.

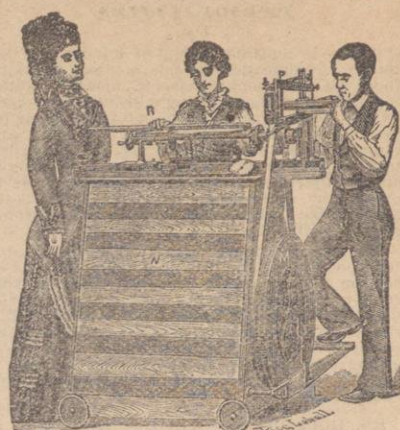
Sibley's Tested Seed Catalogue free on application. Send for it. HIRAM SIBLEY & CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y. AND CHICAGO, ILL.

ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL. THIS NEW ELASTIC TRUSS.

Has a Pad different from all others, is cup shape, with Self-adjusting Ball in center, adapts itself to all positions of the body while the ball in the cup presses back the Intestines just as a person does with the finger. With light pressure the Hernia is held securely day and night, and a radical cure certain. It is easy, durable and cheap. Sent by mail. Circulars free. EGGLESTON TRUSS CO., Chicago, Ill.

HEADQUARTERS for LADIES' FANCY WORK. Circulars Free! J. F. Ingalls, Lynn, Mass.

Cards Free. Sample Book of beautiful Cards, Novelties, Jewels, etc. Send 3c. stamp for postage. STAN PUBLISHING CO., Birmingham, Conn.



JOYFUL News for Boys and Girls!! Young and Old!! A NEW INVENTION just patented for Home use!
Prof. and Scroil Sawing, Turning, Boring, Drilling, Grinding, Polishing, Screw Cutting. Price \$5 to \$50. Send 6 cents for 100 pages.
EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

YOU CAN'T BEAT THEM. Hop Plasters.

Highly medicated for the cure of pain and disease. A wonderful strengthening Porous Plaster made from Burgundy Pitch, Gums and the virtues of fresh Hops. Cures instantly, Backache, Lame Side, Crick, Stitch, Female Pains, Sore Muscles, Rheumatism, Weak Lungs or pain in any part. The BEST plaster known. Call for Hop Plaster, 25c. everywhere.

MAULE'S GARDEN SEEDS

Be Surpassed. New Seed Catalogue for 1886. Free to all. Best published. Over 25,000 copies already mailed. You ought to have it. Send your address at once on a postal card for a copy to Wm. Henry Maule, 1555 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED for the ARNOLD AUTOMATIC STEAM COOKER

A household treasure and necessity. Better and healthier than boiling, broiling or roasting. Wanted by everybody who sees it. This is a rare chance. Send for terms at once. WILMOT CASTLE & CO. Rochester, N.Y.

LADIES, try "PARLOR PRIDE" STOVE ENAMEL, and you will use no other Polish.

Polish your Stoves and Ranges twice a year, the top once a week and you will have them beautifully enameled; an ornament to any room. Ask your grocer or stove dealer for it. Circulars, chromo and price list sent on receipt of 10 cents. PARLOR PRIDE MFG. CO., 35 FULTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

BLUEBERRY PLANTS The Blueberry is a valuable fruit, succeeds in all soils, and is a profitable fruit to grow for market.

Illustrated Descriptive Price-List free. DELOS STAPLES, West Sebeva, Iowa Co., Mich.

BIG BERRIES and lots of them can be grown if you follow our method. FREE Catalogue describes all varieties. Also EARHART black cap Rasp. A valuable novelty. 3 full crops each season. Fruits from June to Nov. HALE BROS., So. Glastonbury, Conn.

WANTED—EXPERIENCED SALESMEN TO sell M. Quad's Book, Field, Fort and Fleet. Most popular work of the day. Address DETROIT FREE PRESS PUB'G CO., Detroit, Mich.

EMBROIDERY SILK AT HALF PRICE.

We are now offering the remnants, odds and ends, of our fall work, at Factory, consisting of beautiful colors, not less than one yard in length, all good silk, at 40c. an ounce, about ten colors in each package. We call it Waste Embroidery. New Book on Art Needlework and Knitting. Price, 10 cents. Send P. O. Order or Postal Note to THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG CO., SILK MANUFACTURERS, 35 Kingston St., Boston. 469 Broadway, New York.

A FREE SAMPLE.

To introduce the great household remedy, GORDON'S KING OF PAIN, into every family, I will send a sample free to any one sending address. Mention this paper and address, E. G. RICHARDS, Sole Proprietor, Toledo, O.

Dining Room Notes, By Emily Hayes,

is a practical little cook book compiled largely from the series of papers published in THE HOUSEHOLD during the past five years under this familiar title, with the addition of many new and excellent recipes. The book is in pamphlet form, containing over 200 pages. Price 40 cents in currency or postal note. Don't send stamps. Sent postpaid, on receipt of price. Address, EMILY HAYES, Lock Box 267, - Brattleboro, Vt.

Sawing Made Easy.

MONARCH LIGHTNING SAWING MACHINE

SENT ON 30 DAYS' TEST TRIAL.



For logging camps, wood-yards, farmers getting out stove wood, and all sorts of log-cutting—it is unrivaled. Thousands sold yearly. A boy of 16 can saw logs fast and easy. Immense saving of labor and money. Write for elegantly illustrated catalogue in 8 brilliant colors, also brilliantly illuminated poster in 5 colors. All free. Agents Wanted. Big money made quickly. MONARCH MFG CO., (A) 206 State St., Chicago, Ill.



JAPANESE SOAP.

STRICTLY PURE. Best in the world for all purposes, the Laundry, Bath, or Toilet. Will not yellow, stick or green the clothes like many soaps made mostly of rosin. Contains no filthy, disease-giving greases, cleanest soap made. Positively cures and prevents chapped or sore hands. Send us seven Wrappers or Trade Marks and get the handsomest set of cards ever sent out. Sold by all grocers. Manufactured only by FISK MFG. CO., Springfield, Mass.

GIVEN AWAY

Ladies canvassing for Tea will do well to send for our Premium List. We have premiums for orders from \$5 to \$50, including Gold Band Tea Sets, Waltham Watches, etc. We send thousands of these orders every year, and have yet to hear of any dissatisfaction from those receiving them. If any lady reader of this paper wishes for a beautiful Gold Band Tea Set, they will find it to their advantage to send us a postal for further information.

ATLANTIC TEA COMPANY, FITCHBURG, MASS.

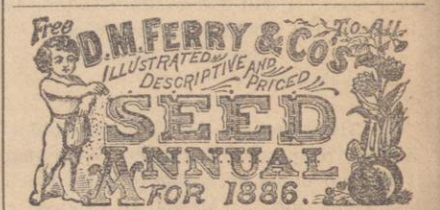
THE Art of Making Good Bread is now reduced to a certainty, and half the labor, care and trouble saved by adopting the New Process of Bread making, recommended by more than 30,000 Good Housekeepers, which ensures Good Bread at all times and in any weather. Circulars giving in detail the entire New Process will be sent by addressing MRS. M. A. GREENE, Toccoa, Georgia.

HEADQUARTERS FOR LADIES' FANCY WORK

SPECIAL OFFERS!—We will send you our 15c. Fancy Work Book (new 1886 edition), for 3 two-cent stamps. Our New 10c. book, How to use Fancy Work Materials for 4c. A Felt Tidy and Imported Silk to work it, for 20c. A FRINGED Linen Tidy and Imported Silk to work it for 22c. Florence "Waste" Embroidery Silk, 25c. per package. EVERYTHING in this advertisement for 38 two-cent stamps (76c.) Illustrated Circulars free. Address J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass.

SCRAP PICTURES—A NEW LOT 4c. for sample. A. G. BASSETT, Rochester, N.Y.

\$65 A MONTH & BOARD for 3 live Young Men or Ladies in each county. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., PHILADELPHIA.



Will be mailed FREE to all applicants, and to customers of last year without ordering it. It contains about 120 pages, 600 illustrations, prices, accurate descriptions and valuable directions for planting all varieties of VEGETABLE and FLOWER SEEDS, BULBS, etc. Invaluable to all, especially to Market Gardeners. Send for it. D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Michigan.

VIRGINIA FARMS & MILLS For Sale & Exchange. FREE Catalogue. R. B. CHAFFIN & CO., Richmond, Va.

WORK FOR ALL. \$30 a week and expenses paid. Outfit worth \$5 and particulars free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.



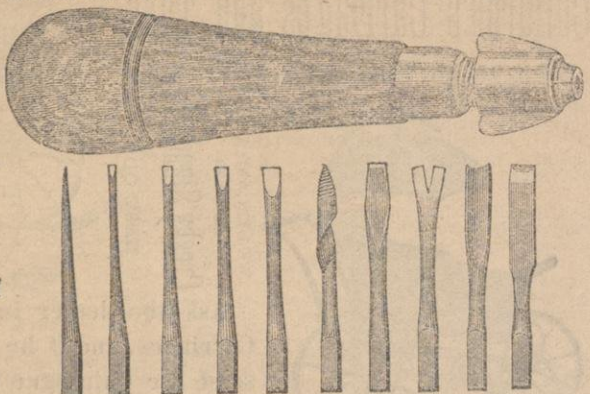
Since 1877 we have made a specialty of offering to large purchasers or those who get up clubs, PREMIUMS OF DINNER-SETS, GOLD-BAND, MOSS-ROSE and WHITE TEA-SETS, HANGING LAMPS, SILVER WARE, and a Host of other Premiums. We do the largest Specialty Tea and Coffee business in Boston,—import all of our goods, and sell them at the lowest possible prices. We would be pleased to send you full particulars, with PRICE and PREMIUM LIST upon receipt of postal and mentioning this Publication. GREAT LONDON TEA CO., 801 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

50 Cards, hidden name etc., 1 pretty ring, outfit & present all 10c. 6 lots 50c. O. A. Brainard, Higganum, Ct. SEEDS. 8 packets Flower Seeds, 10c. Catalogue, and Packet free. J. J. BELL, Windsor, N.Y.

CANVASSERS WANTED FOR FRAY'S PATENT AWL & TOOL SETS.

These Handles and Tools are first-class in every respect. The Handle is Cocobolo wood. The jaws, clamping-nut and ferrule, are Nickel-Plated. The Tools consist of a

CHISEL,
TACK PULLER,
GOUGE,
GIMLET,
SCREW-DRIVER,
SCRATCH-AWL,
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OUR EXCHANGE COLUMN.

Our friends will please take notice that this is not an advertising column. Those who want money or stamps for their goods come under the head of advertisers. This column is simply for exchanges.

We are in receipt of so many exchanges of much greater length than we can insert and taking more time to condense than we can often give, that we ask those ladies sending exchanges to write them within the required limits. Four lines, averaging 28 words, being all we can allow to each item. We wish to caution ladies sending packages, against carelessness in sending full address with each. Many complaints are received by us which would be unnecessary if the address of the sender were given on the package sent even when accompanied by a letter.

Mrs. F. E. Chase, North Tisbury, Martha's Vineyard, Mass., will exchange sea mosses and marine curiosities, for good stereoscope and views, microscope, or photo album. Write first.

Mrs. Flora Conger, De Soto, Iowa, will exchange directions and glass for cameo painting and drawing paper, for specimens, pampas plumes and peacock feathers. Write first.

Miss Ida M. Hamilton, Greeley, Col., will exchange stamping patterns, for Kensington or outline; or engravings, for stamping patterns, books or any thing useful or ornamental. Write first.

Mrs. Sue Spencer, Santa Ana, Cal., will exchange sea mosses, shells and other California curiosities, for 14 x 14 block for crazy silk quilt.

M. E. Monk, Wilmington, N. C., will exchange king and queen couch shells, for any thing of equal value.

Miss A. White, Milner, Ga., will exchange pampas plumes, Seascies and cotton balls for silk, satin, velvet and plush pieces. Write first.

Mrs. Eunice W. Luckey, Prineville, Oregon, has a few bound books to exchange for others. Write first.

A. M. Smith, box 108, Jewell City, Jewell Co., Kans., will exchange thirty-five or more kinds of flower seeds, also roots of choice native flowers.

Mrs. J. C. Commons, Paton, Green Co., Iowa, will exchange Peterson's magazines, knitted tidies and laces, for books and other things useful. Write first.

Clara L. Curtis, Ira, Rutland Co., Vt., will exchange botanical specimens, mounted and classified, for minerals. Write first.

Mrs. A. D. Perry, 92 Warren St., Syracuse, N. Y., will exchange "Gray's Botany," "Scottish Chiefs," pampas plumes or flower seeds, for piano duets or solos. Write first.

Mrs. L. M. Neltzell, Lohrville, Ia., will exchange complete outfit of infant's long or short clothing for things useful or ornamental. Write first.

Miss Olive Abbe, San Juan, San Benito Co., Calif., will exchange "Country Quarters," by Countess Blessington, plumes and minerals, for minerals, silks and outline patterns. Write first.

Mrs. E. W. Hale, 39 Trumbull St., Hartford, Conn., will exchange castor beans and ad. cards, for a caladium or pieces of print.

Miss C. E. Williams, Ruckersville, Greene Co., Va., will send eighty varieties of flower seeds, for books, or for any thing useful. Write first.

Mrs. O. H. Leonard, North Calais, Vt., will exchange American Agriculturist for 1882, complete and unsold, for Vick's magazine a year, plants and bulbs. Write first.

Mrs. Dora Hunter, Dunedin, Fla., will exchange Florida shells and grasses, for any thing useful or ornamental.

Mrs. Chas. E. Reed, Arapahoe, Neb., will exchange Demorest's magazines for '85, for bulb of Chinese Lily or *Amaryllis Johnsonii*. Write first.

Julia Tuttle, Hampden, Mass., will exchange religious juvenile papers, ad. cards, and prints size of postal, for pampas plumes or large calla mat. Write first.

Mrs. E. Odle, Wetmore, Kans., will exchange black walnuts for flowering bulbs, hardy plants or any thing of equal value. Write first.

Lillie M. Rice, Perrysville, Ashland Co., Ohio, will exchange hair switches, different lengths, and light brown color, for something useful. No specimens nor fancy work wanted.

Mrs. M. A. Packer, Hartford, Mich., will exchange samples, materials and directions for French Decorative painting, for satin and velvet scraps, fancy work, etc.

Mrs. H. M. Crouse, Knightstown, Henry Co., Ind., will exchange something for a parrot. Please write describing bird, giving age and what is desired in exchange.

Mrs. A. M. Burpee, box 175, Manchester, N. H., will exchange perennial pink seed, four colors, for black or dark color silk, satin or velvet. Any shape.

Florence Dixon, Snow Camp, Alamance Co., N. C., will exchange eighteen pieces of music, vocal and instrumental, for something of equal value. Write first.

Mrs. C. G. Hanson, Elon, Allamakee Co., Iowa, will exchange a rug machine for reading matter, Peterson's, Arthur's or Godey's magazines preferred. Write first.

Mrs. G. W. Gamble, Tallmadge, Summit Co., Ohio, will exchange dust and work cap, new and odd, for any useful or fancy article.

Lillie Decker, Stacyville, Mitchell Co., Iowa, will exchange new pieces for crazy work, for painting or embroidering on satin or velvet. Write first.

Miss M. C. B. Wood, Santa Barbara, Calif., will exchange new design for making into stamping patterns with directions for using, for oil paints. Write first.

Josie D. McNeil, Osceola, Mo., will exchange reading matter and ad. cards, for minerals, specimens and shells. State No. of cards wanted.

Mrs. James McClure, Jr., Washington, Adams Co., Miss., will exchange six cotton balls with cotton suspended, for any nice ornament for mantel or sitting room. Write first.

J. E. Reid, Peru, Ind., would like to have white Scotch pinks and *Akela Alba*, Fl. Pl., and will give choice ger. slips, or useful and fancy articles.

Mrs. H. G. Davis, Winter Park, Florida, has a nearly new No. 2 magic lantern to exchange for something of equal value. Please write first.

E. M. Caldwell, Williamsville, Ill., will paint initials for hat linings in exchange for silk, satin, or velvet scraps for crazy work.

Mrs. H. A. Smith, Ferndale, Whatcom Co., Wash. Ter., will exchange mosses and lichens, for the songs, "Murmuring Sea," "Sometime I'll Wander Back Again," or any vocal duet.

E. S. S. Crosby, box 516, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., will exchange pincushions and emery balls, for January, February and March numbers of Purdy's Fruit Recorder, for 1882. Write first.

Mrs. Isaac Knowles, box 853, New London, Conn., will exchange sheet music, vocal and instrumental, for six yards gingham, can be in three pieces, two yards each.

Mrs. Mary M. Kirk, Chester, Delaware Co., Pa., will exchange odd No's. of Harper's, Scribner's, Leslie's Magazine and Pleasant Hours, for back numbers of Harper's. Write first.

Mrs. N. E. Leach, West Point, Neb., will exchange pattern for boy's suit, (2 to 3 years,) for silks and velvets for crazy work.

Mrs. M. E. King, Fairburg, Neb., will exchange Chautauqua Young Folks' Journal, 1885, for some good instructive book for young people, history preferred. Write first.

Mrs. J. S. Nicholson, Elgin, Ill., will exchange pillow and sheet shams to match, with letter (L) in center, for any thing useful or ornamental. Write first.

Mrs. C. H. True, Edgewood, Iowa, will exchange Andrew's "Sallust," Lincoln's "Livy," for "Our Father's House," "Night Scenes of the Bible," or "Bible Looking Glass." Write first.

Requests for exchanges will be published as promptly as possible, but we have a large number on hand, and the space is limited, so there will necessarily be some delay.

We are constantly receiving requests for exchanges signed with fictitious names or initials, and sometimes with no signature except number of post office box or street. We cannot publish such requests, nor those not from actual subscribers.

We cannot undertake to forward correspondence. We publish these requests, but the parties interested must do the exchanging.

"Have you," asked the Judge of a recently convicted man, "any thing to offer the court before sentence is passed?" "No, your honor," replied the prisoner, "my lawyer took my last cent."

I am glad to tell you that since using Athlophors I am free from rheumatism than I have been in twenty years. A lady near me, who could not turn in bed for two years, has found relief from it. Rev. Mrs. A. Heath, Castleton, Vt.

Halford Sauce makes your food more nutritious.

Mrs. Newgold (in picture gallery)—"This, Aunt Eunice, is a real old master." Aunt Eunice—"Well, I shouldn't care if it was; it's just as good as some of the new ones."

You can't afford to laugh, dear girls, Unless your teeth are white as pearls— Unless your mouth is pink and sweet, And your two lips in rosebuds meet; And you cannot supply this want, But through the use of SOZODONT!

Laughter Lends a New Charm To beauty, when it discloses a pretty set of teeth. Whiteness, when nature has supplied this element of loveliness, may be retained through life, by using the fragrant SOZODONT.

In Paris they have quite a number of men known as "wakers-up," who are employed by clerks, business men and others to waken them at a certain time in the morning.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, For Throat Affections.

Dr. F. B. PHILPOTT, Salisbury, Mo., says: "I have used Scott's Emulsion in glandular diseases, and Throat affections, with uniformly good results. It is the only preparation of Cod Liver Oil I use."

Your father is entirely bald, isn't he?" said a man to a son of a millionaire. "Yes," replied the youth sadly; "I'm the only heir he has left."

"The Coca Beef Tonic of the Liebig Co., combined as it is with Coca, quinine and iron, forms a most valuable adjunct to the practice of medicine. From the experience we have had with it, we are forced to speak in favor of it, and to recommend its use. Beef, iron and quinine cannot be surpassed by any other three ingredients in or out of the dispensary, for invigorating an enfeebled system, and when such remedies can be obtained combined, from so reliable a house as Liebig's, it behooves the profession to patronize the same to the fullest extent."—Professor C. H. Wilkinson, M. D., Editor Medical and Surgical Record.

Halford Sauce the most delicious relish.

Ladies, do not fail to notice the special offer of Adams & Howard found in this issue. Their goods are all guaranteed as represented and it will pay you to read it.

See Dr. Hanaford's Card for all information about his books, medical fees, etc.

PARKER'S

NEW 1886

DOLLAR STAMPING OUTFIT.

\$7.00

Is the Price at RETAIL

for what we Offer for \$1.00.

SEE WHAT IT CONTAINS:

47 ELEGANT DESIGNS AND ONE COMPLETE ALPHABET,

One Tidy all stamped, with silk to work it; 1 book of instructions for doing the stamping, with powder pad, &c.; 1 book of lessons in Embroidery, teaching all the stitches; 1 book of 150 ornamental stitches for Crazy Patchwork. OUR MAMMOTH ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of Stamping Patterns, and the 1886 Supplement of over 80 pages of new designs. We also give with each outfit: 1 book on Knitting and Crocheting, very choice designs and explicit directions, and a FANCY BRAID AND CROCHET BOOK, teaching how to make edgings with feather edged and other braids.

Description of designs:—1 set of initials for towels, hat ribbons, &c., worth 50c.; 2 large outlines for tidies, (25c. each) 50c.; 1 design for tinsel embroidery, 5 inches wide, for end of table scarf, 25c.; 1 tidy design for ribbon work, 20c.; 1 large clover design, 7x11, 25c.; and 1 large thistle, 6x7, for Kensington painting, 25c.; 1 stork and 1 large butterfly, for lustre painting, 25c.; 1 pansy design for ladies bag, 10c.; 1 design for thermometer case, 20c.; 1 elegant spray of golden-rod, 6x11, 25c.; 1 Martha Washington geranium for plush petals, 6x10, 25c.; 1 half wreath for hat crown, 15c.; 1 design for top of umbrella case, 15c.; 1 spider's web, and 1 new disk pattern, 20c.; 1 tidy design, owl's on a tree, 25c.; 1 vine of daisies and ferns, for end of table scarf, 15c.; 1 wide braiding pattern, 25c.; 1 large bunch of daisies, 20c.; 18 other designs of roses, clematis, autumn leaves, wheat, bachelor's buttons, birds, &c., (worth 10c. to 15c. each) \$1.80; 10 small sprigs and figures for crazy patchwork, &c., 20c. Retail price of patterns alone, \$6.67. All above sent for ONE DOLLAR.

FOUR PIECES OF STAMPING DONE AT THE STORES WILL COST AS MUCH AS THIS WHOLE OUTFIT. With this outfit you can stamp thousands of articles for yourself or others.

Our New Supplement to Catalogue sent separate for 10cts., or Mammoth Catalogue complete, 25cts. For 10 cents extra we will send the above outfit and include our new edition of "Kensington Embroidery and the Colors of Flowers," which we sell singly at 35cts. This book tells the exact colors to use for all the different parts of each flower and what materials and stitches to use in working them.

SPECIAL OFFER. We will send the 35 patterns of the 1885 dollar outfit with the NEW DOLLAR OUTFIT, described above, making 82 choice patterns for only \$1.50.

For \$3 we will send our 1886 outfit complete, and \$3.00 worth of EXTRA PATTERNS of your own selection.

OUTFIT FOR KENSINGTON PAINTING. This delightful new branch of fancy work is very fascinating; by this process ladies can do the most elegant painting on plush, velvet or other materials. NO PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF PAINTING NECESSARY. No teacher is needed. The outfit contains 10 PATTERNS OF ELEGANT DESIGNS, with instructions; Windsor & Newton's paints. Put up in a neat box and express paid, for only \$1.25. Send for description of Oil Painting outfit.

T. E. PARKER, give more for the money than any one else, because he is THE ONLY ONE WHO IMPORTS AND MAKES ALL HIS OWN GOODS.

BOOKS ON FANCY WORK.

"KENSINGTON AND LUSTRE PAINTING," revised edition. Teaches how to do the work. NO OTHER TEACHER IS NEEDED, price, 25 cts. Book of "THE COLORS OF FLOWERS," price, 25 cts. Tells what colors to use; describes 70 flowers; a book every lady needs. Book of 150 ornamental stitches for "CRAZY PATCHWORK," revised edition; new stitches added; price reduced to 15 cents. Book of cross stitch designs, 25cts. "HOW TO CROCHET," choice patterns, 15cts. "DRAWN WORK," beautiful designs, 25cts. "HOW TO KNIT," elegant illustrations, 25cts. "KNITTING AND CROCHETING," price 15cts., or all these books for \$1.00. Send us ten or more names of your friends interested in fancy work, and we will send you FREE, our FANCY BRAID AND CROCHET BOOK, LARGE ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST of materials and descriptive catalogue of books will be sent FREE with every order.

GREAT BOOK OFFER!!! We will send each of the books mentioned, price \$1.95, for \$1.00.

Great Book and Outfit Offer!!! We will send our new 1886 outfit, and all the books above for \$1.75.

EVERYTHING mentioned in this Advertisement for \$5.

T. E. PARKER, Lynn, Mass.

WHEN Cowper wrote of Tea as the cup that cheers, he had never heard of Baker's Breakfast Cocoa. Tea cheers for the time being, but Cocoa cheers one through life. There is nothing more refreshing or nothing upon which a man can do a better day's work than Baker's Breakfast Cocoa. Like all good things, it must be treated with proper consideration, and pains must be taken with the making. When it is made as it should be, it is the most refreshing and delightful beverage in the world.

Life is like a harness. There are traces of care, lines of trouble, bits of good fortune, breaches of good manners, bridled tongues, and everybody has a tug to pull through.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of L. L. Hull, Clinton, Conn., on page 59 of this issue. The tool Mr. Hull offers his customers is no cheap toy affair of doubtful utility, but a most desirable article of genuine merit as we can testify from experience, having had one in use for some time and finding it all it is claimed to be. Mr. Hull furnishes the Family Scales, used for many years as one of the premiums of THE HOUSEHOLD, and hundreds of our readers will cheerfully bear witness to their excellence. We believe all Mr. Hull's goods are just as represented by him.

What to Get for Christmas, (or any other time.) We would call the attention of those to whom Christmas always brings the perplexing question, "What shall I get for Benjie or Bessie this year?" to "The Comfort Portfolio" manufactured by J. F. Tannatt, Elm St., Springfield, Mass. This little comfort is as near perfection in a small compass as any thing of its kind could well be, containing as it does every thing needed for carrying on correspondence, even to a very limited number of postage stamps, all in a very tasty case of Book cloth, fine leather or plush as the purchaser may desire and varying in price from \$2.00 to \$3.50. We think Mr. Tannatt is to be congratulated upon having produced something which meets the need of every one who writes letters.

He also furnishes our musical readers with "The Gem Music Case," which is no less perfect in its way and leaves nothing to be desired for convenience and beauty, being large enough to hold quite a large roll of music and made of stiff board covered with cloth, leather or plush, closed at the ends it protects the music perfectly, and is in every way just the thing for all musical people. Price \$1.50, \$2.50, and \$3.00 according to material.

INFANT'S WARDROBE

Ladies: we will send 10 pat. of all garments necessary for Infant's first wardrobe, with full directions, and amount required for each for 50 cts. Also 10 pat. first short clothes for 50 cts.; through Feb. and March will send with each set one garment out from cloth, ready for making. Unsolicited testimonials constantly received. COMBINATION PATTERN CO., Poulton, Vt.

FREE BY MAIL. Pamphlet with home references and questions to answer on our improved Oxygen Treatment for Catarrh, Hay Fever, Deafness, Coughs, Throat, Lung and all Chronic Diseases. Dr. JUDGE, 79 1-2 Beach street, Boston, Mass.

RIGGS' Transfer Patterns

for Kensington and Outline Embroidery, Kensington, Lustre and Hand Painting, Braiding Patterns, Alphabets, &c. A warm iron passed over the back of the pattern transfers it to the material. Complete Catalogue, 196 pp. cloth bound book (containing hundreds of illustrations. Price, 25c. New Embroidery Shade Book, giving correct colors and shade for working these patterns. New Price List, and Sample Pattern, for 10c. DRIGGS' SHADE CARDS; these Shade Cards show 290 Shades of Briggs' Imported Silk and Floss, made specially for working the Transfer Patterns. Price, 15c. Briggs' Complete Outfit, 70c. Briggs' Price List Free. Address J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass.

20 All Hidden Name Cards, an elegant 48 page floral Autograph Album, 3 French Dolls with wardrobe of 32 pieces, and 200 New Scrap Pictures, all for 25 Cents. SNOW & CO., Meriden, Conn.

YOUR Name on 36 concealed name cards, popular song book, fortune teller, games, puzzles and new samples; all for 14c. CLINTON & CO., No. Haven, Ct.

50 Chromo or 25 Hidden name Cards, name on, 10c. Samples & terms, 4c. Crown Ptg. Co., Northford, Ct.

PILES. Instant relief. Final cure in ten days, and never returns. No purge, no salve, no suppository. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy free, by addressing C. J. MASON, 78 Nassau st., N. Y.

100 New Scrap Pictures and Agent's Samples for 1886, 5 cents. S. M. FOOTE, Northford, Conn.

300 Imported Embossed Scrap Pictures, all for 10c. only 10c. National Card Co., Camden, N. J.

PATENTS THOS. P. SIMPSON, Washington, D. C. No pay asked for patent until obtained. Write for Inventors' Guide.

156 New Scrap Pictures & 50 Fancy Cards (new) mailed, for 10c. ESSEX CARD WORKS, Ivoryton, Conn.

50 Chromo, Gold Scrap, Loop Fringe, &c. Cards, sent post paid for 6c. Conn. Steam Card Works, Hartford, Conn.

120 NEW SCRAP PICTURES & 48 New Chromo and Gold Scrap Cards sent postpaid for 10 cts. CENTERBOOK CARD CO., Centerbrook, Conn.

ATTENTION! I. O. O. F. This heavy open three link badge with center link beautifully engraved, or the one with the letters F. L. T. surrounded by hard French Enamel in Red, White & Blue with engraved links sent prepaid, IN SOLID GOLD \$1. IN THICK ROLED GOLD PLATE that will wear for years 50 CENTS. AGENTS WANTED. LEWIS MANUFACTURING CO., 100 SEYMOUR ST., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

SAMPLE

COPY.



15

\$2.00 A YEAR.

CENTS.

And the most beautiful premium engraving ever given by any publication in this country is presented free to subscribers of Godey's Lady's Book for 1886.

It is conceded by press and public that Godey's Lady's Book is the best Home and Fashion Magazine published. Each month it contains the prevailing fashion in colors and black and white. Beautiful Engravings, Select Music, Household Receipts, Practical Hints on Dress Making and Housekeeping; also, a rich array of Literature, comprehending Fiction, Poetry, History, and notes on Art and Music. In addition, each subscriber will be entitled, every month, to a full size cut paper pattern. The steel plate of the premium engraving cost many hundred dollars, and the engraving is acknowledged by all who receive it to be beautiful in the extreme, and an ornament for any parlor. It requires a frame 17 x 20 1/2 inches. The picture represents a little girl who, having been naughty, has been sent out of the room, and in deep contrition, takes a seat on the stairs. The family dog, who has oft-n seen likewise served, takes his place beside her, and with his head on her shoulder, looks into her face with the deepest sympathy. This engraving is given free to every subscriber of Godey's Lady's Book. The reputation of Godey's is aptly expressed by an old subscriber, thus: "Godey's gives all it promises, but does not promise all that it gives; in a word, it exceeds its promises." All persons wishing to subscribe, should send their subscription, \$2.00, at once, as nothing is gained by waiting. Send Post Office Order, Postal Note, Check, or Registered Letter, and give your address plainly.

OFFERS TO CLUB RAISERS.—In addition to the Premium Engraving which is given free to all subscribers of Godey's, whether singly or in club, we offer the best terms and the best premiums to club raisers of any Magazine published. It will pay you to raise a club. Send 15 cents for sample copy, and address, without delay.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,
P. O. Box No. 98 H. H. Philadelphia, Pa.

WEEKLY PRESS PRIZE CIRCLES FOR TEACHERS AND SCHOOLS

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WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY,
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MERIDIAN GLOBES, 8 in. FULL MOUNTED
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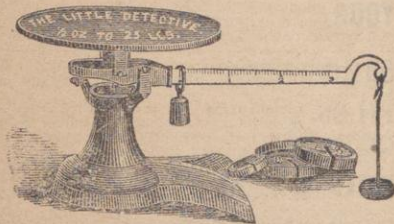
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Competition open to every Teacher and School in the United States and Canada. Sample copy of WEEKLY PRESS, containing full particulars, sent free. Address
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THE "Little Detective."

No More Short Weights.

\$10 SCALE for \$3.



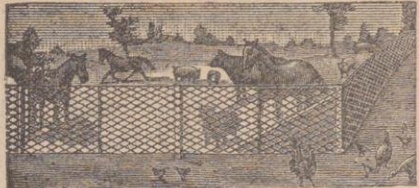
Weights from 1-4 oz. to 25 lbs.

This Little Scale is made with Steel Bearings and a Brass Beam and will weigh accurately any package from 1-4 oz. to 25 lbs. It is intended to supply the great demand for a Housekeeper's Scale. Nothing of the kind ever having been sold before for less than \$8 to \$12. Every Scale is perfect and will last a person's life time. With one of these Scales you need not complain to your Butcher or Grocer of short weights without cause, and if you have Butter, Cheese, or any article that goes by weight to sell, you need not guess at it, or trust others to weigh for you. Every family in City, Village or Country should have one. It is also a valuable Scale in every Office, for Weighing Mail matter as well as a convenient Scale for any store.

We will send one of the above Scales on receipt of \$3.00, or the Scales together with THE HOUSEHOLD for one year, to any address in the United States for \$3.50. Address
THE HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

SEDGWICK STEEL WIRE FENCE



Is the best general purpose wire fence in use. It is a strong net-work without bars. Don't injure stock. It will turn dogs, pigs, sheep and poultry, as well as horses and cattle. The best fence for Farms, Gardens, Stock Ranges and Railroads. Very neat, pretty styles for Lawns, Parks, School-lots and Cemeteries. Covered with rust-proof paint, or made of galvanized wire, as preferred. It will last a life-time. It is better than boards or barbed wire in every respect. The Sedgwick Gates made of wrought-iron pipe and steel wire, defy all competition in lightness, neatness, strength and durability. We make the best, cheapest and easiest working all-iron automatic or self-opening gate, and the neatest cheap iron fences now made. The best Wire Stretchers, Cutting Pliers and Post Augers. For prices and particulars ask Hardware Dealers, or address, mentioning paper,
SEDGWICK BROS., Richmond, Ind.

KENSINGTON STAMPING OUTFIT FREE!



Being fully aware of the great interest the ladies are taking in Kensington Work, we have prepared a Complete Outfit containing 50 Perforated Stamping Patterns on best government bond parchment paper, all different, including Sprays of Golden Rods, Pansies, Wild Roses, Forget-me-nots, Thistles, Strawberries, Outlines of Boy, Girl, Bugs, Spiders, Snails, Scallops for Skirts, Crazy Stitch Patterns, Crystal Embroideries, Borders, Pond Lilies, Tulips, &c., &c., 50 in all, ranging in size from 1 1/2 in. to 7 inches, also 1 Box Blue Stamping Powder, 1 Box White Stamping Powder, 1 Patent Reversible Pencil, and full and complete directions for Kensington Stamping and Embroidery, Kensington Painting, Luster, Metallic Flitter and Iridescent Painting, Colors used and mixing of Colors, Ribbon Embroidery, Chenille and Arasene Work, Correct Colors of all the different flowers, Description of every stitch used in embroidery, &c., making a Complete Outfit that cannot be bought at retail for less than \$4.00. To introduce FARM AND HOUSEHOLD, the large, 32 page Illustrated Magazine devoted to the interests of the Country Home and Household, we will send one of these Outfits complete free and post paid, to any lady who will send \$2.50, for 3 mos. subscription to the Magazine. Five for \$1. Money cheerfully refunded if not more than satisfactory. Address
Farm and Household, Hartford, Conn.



The Game of the "STATES" is pronounced by competent judges, the most Popular, Instructive and Entertaining Game ever published. It is a favorite wherever it may be found; can be played by every member of the company; no one is left out—ALL can take part. It is a thorough method of learning the location of the Cities and Towns in the United States. It has received the highest commendation from thousands of School Teachers, Clergymen and others, all over the country. It is not a silly, senseless game, but very instructive and amusing. It should be in every family where there are children. Buy it and see how your children will improve in the study of Geography. It will more than repay you.

Cheap Edition - 25 Cents.
Fine Edition, Elegant Tinted Cards 50 "Cents."
One and two-cent stamps will be received in payment. If not for sale in your place, send direct to the publisher, and you will receive it by return of mail.
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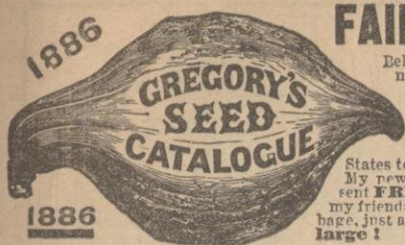
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5	Ladies' Ivory Handle Penknife,	75	3
6	Sugar Spoon,	75	3
7	Autograph Album,	1.00	3
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15	Pair Tablespoons,	1.50	5
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17	Carving Knife and Fork,	1.75	5
18	One pair Napkin Rings,	2.00	5
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34	Cake Knife,	3.50	9
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36	Six Tablespoons,	4.00	9
37	Six Table Forks, medium,	4.00	9
38	Six Tea Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles,	3.75	10
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From a chemical examination I have made of cans of Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder and Royal Baking Powder, purchased by myself in open market, I arrive at the following results:

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BROOKLYN, N. Y., Aug 4, 1884.

ELIAS H. BARTLEY, B. S., M. D.,
Chemist to the department of Health, City of Brooklyn; Lecturer on Physiological and Practical Chemistry in the Long Island Medical College.

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