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# THE HOUSEHOLD

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

ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 6.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., JULY, 1873.

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## The Household.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

GEO. E. CROWELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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

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### THE OLD, OLD HOME.

When I long for sainted memories.

Like angel troops they come,

If I fold my arms to ponder

On the old, old home,

The heart has many passages

Through which the feelings roam,

But its middle isle is sacred

To the thoughts of old, old home.

When infancy was sheltered

Like rose-buds from the blast,

Where girlhood's brief elysium

In joyousness was passed;

To that sweet spot forever,

As to some hallowed dome,

Life's pilgrimage bends her vision—

'Tis her old, old home.

A father sat how proudly,

By that hearthstone's rays,

And told his children stories

Of his early manhood's days;

And one soft eye was beaming,

From child to child 'twould roam;

Thus a mother counts her treasures,

In the dear old, old home.

The birthday gifts and festivals,

The blended vesper hymn

(Some dear one who was swelling it

Is with the Seraphim.)

The fond "good nights" at bed time,

How quiet sleep would come,

And fold us all together

In the old, old home.

Like a wreath of scented flowers

Close intertwined each heart;

But time and change in concert

Have blown the wreath apart.

But dear and sainted memories

Like angels ever come,

If I fold my arms and ponder

On the old, old home.

### HINTS TO CARPENTERS.

THE American Builder believes that

there is much labor in vain in the

ornamentation of houses, especially

wooden houses. It tells carpenters

before making and fixing a quantity

of ornament to be sure that it is good,

and goes on to say:

There are many things that you

do and many others that an architect

—if there be one in the case—will

often instruct you to do, which are

neither tasteful nor in good construction. Of course there are exceptions. You may be sure of this however, that the more elaborate and covered with ornament and carving the building is, the more you are going on the wrong track. Real beauty consists not in added features but in the body of the work itself, and this fact should always be borne in mind.

The principles of carving wood for outside ornament is wrong. We would not say it is to be discarded altogether, but still we have that leaning. Cut work, and that of the simplest kind is the best. Complexity in forms and ornament is mostly bad. It not only requires unnecessary labor to produce, but there is actually vexation in the mind of the spectator. When people see a thing that is so crowded with intricate work, that it takes them trouble to make it out, it is tolerable good evidence that such work is not exactly what is wanted.

Give great attention to the sizes and proportions of doors and windows and pay especial attention to the sizes and construction, and never if possible, conceal its principles, but let them form the basis of the ornament. Moldings, cornices and miter are not to be put in exposed positions. It is surprising what an excellent effect can be produced by cutting, even with little or no molding or carving.

### PLEASURE GROUNDS.

Extensive grounds devoted to lawns and gardens, if properly kept, are apt to be found expensive luxuries, which but few feel disposed to invest in judiciously, however much they may admire their beauty. Much money is often spent on grounds which is an actual waste; too much is attempted, and expenses invariably exceed calculations, when we think we have made our estimates most liberal. It is better to have one acre well planned and neatly kept, than ten acres less thoroughly done.

With a judicious selection of a few trees of different varieties of evergreen and deciduous, should be introduced a choice variety of shrubs, on which we should depend largely for ornamentation. Clumps of shrubbery often have a beautiful effect; and once planted, require little further care for some years. The spiræas, lilacs, syringas, deutzias, forsythias, honey-suckles, japonicas, etc., are among the desirable varieties to select from.

Of trees, we have the various pines, spruces, firs, maples, ashes, oaks, lindens, magnolias, tulip-tree, elm, etc. Others there may be which would be desirable in extensive grounds; but we think that a selection can be made from these that would meet the desires of the most fastidious for most grounds.



### SHAMS AND IMITATIONS.

BY MRS. DOWNS.

I CANNOT think how I shall be able to turn this carpet this spring," said a careful housekeeper the other day.

"Dear me, how dreadfully it does seem that one cannot have enough to be comfortable with in this world; I mean to get along without appearing shabby—Oh! if there is anything on earth that I detest, its shabbiness."

"Ditto, I, myself," soliloquised her audience of one.

It is a query as to how much money it takes to keep from appearing shabby. I know that whenever I feel as if I should like to have a new silk dress, I coax myself into the belief that my half worn silk is getting shabby; to be sure there is a great deal of wear in it yet, but a new silk of some lovely new tint, or heavy black, with soft purple glow through its midnight folds; was there ever a feminine heart that was quite content with the silk gowns already possessed?

I think the innocent cocoon has much to answer for. I find often times that the shabbiness exists about one's personal belongings and in one's home surroundings more as one looks at them one'sself, than as others see them.

If you are cheery and hospitable, is your guest a churl, that he or she should descry the crack in the plate, or the frayed table linen?

"Do you know whether Mr. C's means are quite liberal?" asked an acquaintance one day.

"I have no means whatever of knowing," I replied.

"Well, do you know," she continued, "that I dined there the other day, and they actually had cotton napkins?"

Now it would never occur to me to examine the texture of a napkin, the texture of the social fabric is of so much more consequence, and it is such an unkind thing, you know, to criticise those whose salt has been freely offered you, and eaten with you in confidence.

I know a rather snobbish sort of a person who has a horror of anything that is not genuine.

The "real thing" is her hobby. "I haven't a plated spoon in my house, not one," she remarked.

"How fortunate you are," I say,

and still more fortunate to be able to distinguish between the real and the false; in these days, the veneer, the varnish, the plating and the dyeing is done so perfectly that one scarcely knows except by the extra cost of an article, when one has the genuine and when the false.

And if one is going to be so very particular, it must be merely a matter of money that will give the genuine article. Only rich people can have solid silver for their table uses and ornamentation, and so many very genuine people who have artistic tastes and conceits, lack the wherewithal to carry them out.

And some young mechanic's wife, or some teacher whose brains are worth a monied value to the rising generation, must perforce abjure the goods in which the silk is brought upon the outside, (a cheap article, but dressy and tasteful looking, and so much less expensive than the real silk that it is within their means to buy) because, "It is not the real thing, and it shows a vulgar and ostentatious disposition to buy an imitation of anything."

The difference that troubles me is with the people that have the things, and not the things at all.

If my friend shows me her set of Christmas spoons and tells me with some emphasis that they are solid silver, I look at them with provoking indifference rather than with the interest I flatteringly felt at first over a Christmas gift. One does so dislike in this world to be surprised at anything.

"You have a very pretty service," said one lady to another, admiring the silvery and glittering array of the tea table, "but do you know I have not the slightest desire for such things? I think the real French china far preferable to plated ware."

It is a good female philosopher who takes such a comment for what it is worth.

Underneath the glitter and the polish is the baser metal to be sure, but who cares that the thing is not worth its weight in solid coin, so long as it is tasteful and pleasing to the eye, and for aught you could tell is as handsome as the real thing!

I have tried not to look with covetous eyes upon an old family relic consisting of six massive pieces made out of a bag of Spanish silver dollars; and when I think of the many tasteful and convenient articles a bag of Spanish dollars would buy — of the light and glow it would purchase in some rare painting that would, from my walls look down upon me as a joy forever it is small satisfaction to think that a remnant of staid Scotch respect-



tability is locked up in sacks of cham-  
ois and unventilated cupboards. I go  
into little new homes sometimes,  
where two young creatures have  
mated and "set up housekeeping,"  
and everything is so "spick and span,"  
everything smells so of varnish, and  
fresh paint and lime, and "Wide  
Awake" and "Fast Asleep," over lit-  
tle cheap new brackets representing  
the joys to come, stare at you in their  
glaring pinks and greens and blues  
from gilt mouldings. By the way how  
do people who insist on the real thing  
get along with gilt picture frames?  
the gold framing for pictures in the  
genuine article would be expensive.

Now these little new homes dot our  
villages and crowd our cities, and  
the love of each pair is like that of the  
first pair in Eden.

Dear me! after all there isn't much  
of anything else that is genuine in  
this world, and so much like the real  
thing as this mated first love! Given  
this, and one could get on very well  
with plated ware and a new coat of  
varnish once and awhile.

But when this light, this "small  
flame" vanisheth from the household,  
then indeed silver and gold will  
hardly compensate, though they bur-  
den the table with tankards and in  
the cupboard with cups of molten  
riches, they will not pay for the loss  
of that little light on the altar.

How do I know, Madame, as you  
sail like a ship into harbor, with  
silken canvas spread to the breeze,  
that you have not a hole in the heel of  
your stocking, or that your outside  
gear is not made up at the expense of  
the sub-strata of materials?

You may wear the real thing out-  
side, how do I know that you are any  
more genuine for it?

There is my neighbor Hodge, he is  
one of the politest men you ever saw.  
The ladies are always telling his wife  
how polite and nice is Mr. Hodge—  
but he will argue about trifling things  
to his wife till he sets all her nerves  
on a rack.

If she puts the window down he will  
urge the most cogent and convincing  
reasons why the window should be up.  
If she sees a crack in the wall and  
would like to have it filled up, there  
are the most important considerations:  
why the crack should remain as it is.  
Hodge's dog sometimes worries the  
cat half to death. She will scratch  
and skirmish for a time, but by and by  
the cat hurries around the corner with  
the dog in full chase. So with Mrs.  
Hodge, who gives in to the fact that  
his nature has such a large capacity  
for making great considerations of  
petty trifles that she will dodge around  
the corner oftentimes rather than  
skirmish to the end.

Don't I know that Hodge is not so  
genuine in his politeness? but what  
does it matter? The world smiles  
upon the counterfeit if it passes for the  
real coin. Then Mrs. Hodge, who is  
always in such high spirits, life is such  
a perpetual frolic with her, she has all  
she wants, and yet is life the real  
thing with her? Is her gold genuine,  
and the silver solid all through? Does  
she not in bitterness of soul feel her-  
self a fraud, when she weighs herself  
in the balance and finds herself want-  
ing?

I do not love cheap things better

than many others. I do not like imi-  
tation laces and cotton point collars;  
who does? yet they are worn; and  
there is linen at half the price, and  
the best of people can get nothing  
sweeter and whiter and purer than  
fine linen.

Snobbish and underbred people are  
like imitation laces; there is a lack of  
fibre about them. The real gold is  
the heart that is true to you, envies  
not, cavils not, scorns not, believes in  
you, sustains you and is your rock of  
defence when the storm overtakes  
you. All else may be sham and imita-  
tion in life and nobody will be hurt,  
but let a little of the pure gold of love  
and trust remain to the weakest of us.  
Fine gold becomes dim and silver per-  
ishes in the using of it, but the con-  
stancy of a true life never is over-  
come.

If one pure soul in life has found in  
you or in me something to love and  
rust, and build their faith upon, then  
we have that genuine metal in which  
only there is real joy of possession.



#### THE HAREBELL'S LESSON.

"Tell me, little Harebell,  
Are you lonely here,  
Blooming in the shadow,  
On this rock so drear,  
Clinging to this bit of earth,  
As if in mid air,  
With your sweet face turned to me  
Looking strangely fair?"

Are you never weary  
Of this darksome mold,  
Where no sunlight falleth,  
Where 'tis bleak and cold?  
Why you look so happy,  
Sure I cannot tell:  
I would learn thy secret,  
Pretty, bright Harebell."

"Lady," said the wild flower,  
Nodding low its head,  
"Though this spot seems dreary  
Though the sunlight's fled,  
Know that I'm not lonely,  
That I ne'er despair:  
God is in the shadow—  
God is everywhere!"

#### TO MANAGE CUTTINGS.

IN selecting a cutting a great deal  
depends upon a judicious choice;  
if the slip is too young and full of  
fresh sap, it will fade away from too  
much evaporation, and if it is too old  
—that is, hard and woody, it will take  
a great while to strike root.

You must take a cutting that is  
partly ripened, and is from a vigorous  
shoot, yet is a little hardened at the  
base.

It is also essential to have a bud or  
joint at or near the end of the cutting  
as all roots strike from it, and the  
nearer it is to the base the greater  
your chance of success.

Plant your cuttings in common red  
pots, filled half full of rich loam, and  
two inches of sand on top (sifting  
sand will do but not sea sand,) wet  
this thoroughly, and put the cuttings  
close around the edge of the pot; for  
if the bud joint comes in contact with  
the surface of the pot, it seems to  
strike root more quickly. Pull off the

lower leaves before you plant the cut-  
ting. Press the wet sand tightly  
about the tiny stem, for a great deal  
of your success in raising the cuttings  
depends upon the close contact of the  
sand with the stem. When the cut-  
tings are firmly planted, cover them  
with a glass shade if possible, for it  
will greatly promote the growth of  
the plants.

Moisture, light and heat are the  
three essentials to plant life; without  
them no cutting will start.

Shade for two or three days from  
sunlight, but don't let the sand become  
dry; then give all the sun you can ob-  
tain; keep up a good supply of mois-  
ture, and you can hardly fail to root  
most of your cuttings.

Cuttings of roses, verbenas, olean-  
ders, heliotropes, etc., can also be  
rooted in small vials filled with warm-  
ish water, and suspended from the  
window casement. Select the cuttings  
as above described; pull off the lower  
leaves, and insert the end for about an  
inch, into the vial, tie a string about  
its neck, and hang in the sun. If a  
bit of cotton wool is wrapped about  
the cutting where it goes into the  
neck of the vial, and it is kept wet, it  
prevents the rapid evaporation of the  
water.

When the tiny roots show them-  
selves, about an inch or more in length  
fill up the vial with a rich composted  
soil; let it hang for two or three days  
longer, then break off the glass care-  
fully, without disturbing the roots,  
and pot the plant.

Managed in this way the roots re-  
ceive no check, and the plant will  
grow vigorously. The cutting can be  
taken from the water and the roots  
planted in pots, but they will cling  
together, and are not as naturally dis-  
posed as when the glass is broken off  
after the roots are covered with soil.

If the water evaporates a third or  
more in the vial, it must be filled up  
with warmish water.—*Floral Cabinet.*

#### SPATTER WORK.

Select a few graceful and delicate  
ferns, take a piece of cardboard, a  
dressing comb, a tooth brush, some  
small pins, or, better still, needles,  
and a little black writing-ink poured  
into a small plate—for you are apt to  
get too much on from your inkstand.  
Arrange your leaves on the cardboard  
and fasten them in the desired position,  
with pins placed erect: hold the flat  
side of the comb parallel with the ferns  
and after just touching the end of the  
brush to the ink—for you cannot get  
too little at a time—rub it briskly and  
lightly backward and forward across  
the teeth of the comb, always using  
the coarsest end. The shading will  
soon begin to appear.

Continue the process till it grows  
very dark close to the leaf. Work it  
all gradually lighter towards the edge  
of the card-board. When the ink is  
perfectly dry, and not before, take  
out the pins and remove the leaves,  
when the fern forms will appear. The  
effect varies with the texture of the  
material on which the work is done,  
and with the depth of the shading.  
If it is done on card-board, it is very  
pretty for lamp shades or card baskets.  
Done on light shades of velvet, it is

very pretty for sofa pillows, chair bot-  
toms, pin cushions, or even neck-ties.

These fern forms look well on white  
wood ornaments, or on glove boxes,  
fans, table mats, fire screens, etc.  
On wood, the spattering is rendered  
more durable by giving it a coating of  
gum shellac dissolved in alcohol. On  
damask, the fern forms are beautiful  
for table mats, or on square swiss  
muslin, pin cushions and toilet sets,  
especially if they are lined with col-  
ored silk, the effect is charming.  
Some prefer the bright-colored inks,  
instead of black. For things to be  
washed, indelible ink may be used.

#### A BEAUTIFUL HANGING BASKET.

W. F. Massey writes the Country  
Gentleman about his "beauty" of a  
basket: A general fault in the prep-  
aration of these baskets is the putting  
of too many rapid growing plants in  
them. The basket I wish to describe  
has but four varieties. First, the sur-  
face is covered with the creeping  
moss-like succulent "Pilea muscosa."  
This plant will stand any amount of  
dry air in winter, and still preserve  
its Lycopod look. Secondly, dropping  
over the edge of the basket, is "Tor-  
renio Asiatica," an old plant, but a  
charming creeper, and produces its  
blue velvety flowers in profusion if  
allowed heat enough. Third, in the  
center of the basket, is a plant of the  
charming dwarf Coelus, "Beauty of  
St. John's Wood," which I have al-  
ready described. Fourthly, the wires  
are occupied by the delicate "Mau-  
randia Barclayana." This arrange-  
ment will make a most charming bas-  
ket—much better than so much rank  
growing "Parlor Ivy."

#### SUMMER FLOWERING BULBS.

Such bulbs as gladiolus, tuberosa and  
tigridias require to be kept dry during  
winter, but the tuberosa is very im-  
patient of cold weather, being a na-  
tive of the Malay archipelago. Its  
time of rest is during the dry season,  
the temperature being still warm.

The gladiolus is not so particular,  
and will not suffer, provided it does  
not actually freeze, it should also be  
kept quite dry. They are often kept  
in greenhouses under the benches,  
and a very good place it is, being  
quite dry. The bulbs are thinly spread,  
otherwise they are apt to start into  
growth, which materially weakens  
them. Dahlias also require looking  
over, and should be placed where no  
danger of frost can come; under the  
benches is a good place for them. In  
the absence of the bench a good, dry  
cellar will answer well.

#### TO CRYSTALLIZE GRASSES, FLOW- ERS, ETC.

Dissolve six ounces of alum in one  
quart of water, boil until dissolved;  
steep the grasses or flowers in the  
solution while hot. By the time the  
water is cold, the crystals will be  
formed. If the crystals are too large,  
add more water. Separate the little  
branches gently, taking off the super-  
fluous lumps. Fern leaves, oats, flax,  
and the long feathery grasses are the  
most beautiful for crystallizing.





## HINTS ABOUT HAIR.

THE present fashion of arranging ladies' hair, with the profusion of ornamental coils, puffs, frises, is exceedingly detrimental to the natural growth of that "crowning glory." The head is over-heated with false hair and the weight of the *coiffure*, which comes in one spot, on the top of the head, drags the hair out, and causes the round bald spot so frequently seen when ladies are *en dishabille*. The larger number of hair pins necessary to fasten the ornamental hair in a manner to give it a natural effect are also injurious to the scalp, breaking off the hair where they are pushed in, and often getting tangled in its meshes, so when withdrawn each one will have a snarl attached. In the fashionable mode of hairdressing, the natural growth is an insignificant part, sometimes more in the way than otherwise, for all the show it makes in the great pyramid that is heaped up in such luxuriance; it is therefore neglected and left in a most careless condition. None would ever suppose that long hairs were the growth of years, observing how, in many instances, they are tangled and ruthlessly pulled out. Unless women have a large coil of natural hair they ignore it entirely, and strive to hide what little they possess by rolling it in a small knot on the back of their heads to be covered by the false switches. The state of the majority of ladies' hair at the present time is truly lamentable. The front locks are broken and burnt off with crimping and curling with hot irons. The bald spot on top is fast widening its circle; the scalp head, which is "never seen," is left undisturbed from shampooing, and the hair, which should be silky from brushing, and free from snarls, receives no attention save the rough handling necessary to tuck it out of sight.

No one can be neat in person with a dusty scalp, or carelessly kept hair. A little hair, when in fine order, is always beautiful. Even if very thin, if it is soft and glossy, and evenly parted on a clean white scalp, it is more attractive than the crimp, frizzled, half scorched hair, of which we see so much now-a-days. There are occasions when ladies have not time or inclination to dress their heads with false hair. It is then that the real condition of the hair is seen.

It is very pleasant comfort for most persons to have their heads combed, brushed, and gently rubbed by dexterous hands. The mother when fatigued at night, is greatly rested, and her headache charmed away by the tender hands of her daughter carefully brushing and arranging her hair. There are many men who derive much pleasure from having their heads shampooed at home, and anticipate the Sunday afternoon's combing as one of the luxuries that cannot be purchased at the barber's. It is an accomplishment that every girl and woman

should possess—the knowledge of combing and caring for the hair in a grateful and agreeable manner. Women who selfishly proclaim that they "have no knack of combing any one's hair," and never allay a headache or promote another's comfort by shampooing his hair, are deformities.

Gray hair always betrays the care the head has received through life. In observing white heads conspicuous in a congregation, there will be found a marked contrast between those that look as if they were brushed and kept in a silvery, shining condition by the loving hands of some daughter or grandchild, and those presenting a shock of grizzly hairs, looking as if they might have been combed with a three-legged stool.

The hair should be thoroughly washed with warm water and Castile soap at least once a month. The color of the water, after the first rinsing will expose the necessity of this hair-bath. To wash and dry the head in a thorough manner, without pulling out the hair, or causing discomfort to its possessor, is an art. Snarls should always be brushed out. Combs in long hair are usually more or less destructive. Soda or borax, which is so generally used in washing the hair, is highly injurious. It destroys the nutrition supplied to the scalp and dries the hair, causing it to break and become unmanageable. To preserve the hair in good condition, it should be brushed every night until it is soft and glossy. Rubbing the scalp with a little bay water or weak spirits of any kind will keep it white and free from dandruff. Fine-tooth combs should never be used for scratching or cleaning the scalp. They were never invented but for one purpose.

"False" or ornamental hair should be carefully kept to be enduring. The habit of some persons of laying their coils upon the bureau, or hanging them on the gas fixture at the side of the glass, on removing them from their head at night, is extremely untidy, as they become dusty and uncleanly from this exposure. Switches can be kept in good order for a long time if well brushed, and placed in boxes when not in use.

## THE FOLLIES OF FASHION.

BY A WOMAN.

Another hurtful and ridiculous fashion is in the high heeled boots, which have again worked around from our great grandmothers. A slight heel is an advantage in walking, but these high heels, with the excessively small surface and the sharply beveled sides, make walking a service of pain and difficulty. Besides, they destroy the shape of the leg, which is something to be considered. They throw the weight forward and bring the strain on the shin, and consequently they diminish the back muscle, the calf, and convert the fore part into an ugly bow. The shape of our shoes and boots is in itself an outrage against common sense; but we women are not alone in this absurdity, nor are we to blame, so that as the papers deal with our own follies especially, we may be let off without any personal and peculiar reproof thereof.

But what can we say of the fashion which dyes the hair, paints the cheeks, blackens the eyelids with antimony to make the orbit look larger and the lashes longer, or that expands the pupils with belladonna, no matter at what cost of complexion or future eyesight? What, too, can we say of the fashion which uncovers the arms and neck in the evening, after having clothed them during the day in flannel or velvet, or in warm wadded stuff? Women threatened with bronchitis or rheumatism sit all day in a room muffled up to the throat in thick material; at night they uncover below the shoulders, and go out in the cold winter air with just an opera cloak thrown over their shivering skins. But this is fashion, and none of us dare disobey it; none of us dare to go out in the evening with dresses made after the pattern of our morning ones, or wear in the morning low bodices and short sleeves, to at least equalize the risk and inure us to the evening attire without danger.

There is no intrinsic reason why we should not be sitting in low bodices and short sleeves at this moment, though we will make it ten o'clock; but if we were, we should be thought mad or bad, or both, and not even our staunchest friends would stand by us. But wholly one thing or the other would be a wiser system than the present, and would be productive of fewer catarrhs, bronchial affections and consumptions. Ah! it is a sad thought which springs up from that last word! If we could only see, as those removed from our own sphere would see, the criminal folly of sacrificing beautiful and valuable lives to the fashion which imposed naked necks as a rule for evening costume! Many a sweet young creature, who would have lived into happy old age as a beloved wife and happy mother, has gone to an early grave because of that ball or party at which she caught cold from exposure. But fashion so willed it; and neither mother nor daughter had strength to resist her impalpable but absolute decree.

We all obey her, young and old alike, those who should keep their beauties sacred, and those who have none to show—the delicate who have to be kept alive by art and care—the lean who are too ugly for any one to find pleasure in the contemplation of their ankles—the wrinkled and the gross: we all parade ourselves in evening society without more disguise than a bit of gauze or lace can give, and only a few of us that, even when well on into the fifties, consider it quite superfluous for anything to be gained by concealment. As to the extent of which we cut down our bodices, that is a matter too painful to be discussed. It is a race among us who shall wear the dress the lowest and show the largest expanse of shoulders. And yet we mean no harm; we only mean to be fashionable. That is the worst of it.

The nicest women among us—pure, high-minded women, who would rather die than be guilty of an impropriety, if it appeared like an impropriety to them, and whose very innocence makes them unsuspecting of evil, yet become accustomed, as every one must, more or less, to an

objectionable fashion, and follow it in pure simplicity of nature as a thing without meaning or effect. Also the nicest women among us are those who always follow—who have not sufficient boldness of mind or manner to make a public protest against anything indorsed by the majority—women who are not touched by the evil or a baleful custom, and by whose own purity is eliminated the poison of a mischievous fashion. They follow, and their moral support bolsters up the bad habit, and gives countenance to the bad followers thereof. But what can we say when originality is still censured as unwomanly, and a public protest, be it even against evil, is set down as "strong minded and unfeminine."—*Broadway Magazine*.

## ABOUT HATS.

One of the first trades started in America, was that of making hats. One reason for this, was doubtless the abundance of furs. We find that very early in the colonial history, premiums were offered to promote their manufacture. The Assembly of Virginia in 1662, offered a premium of ten pounds of tobacco, for every good fur or wool hat made in the province. In 1672 John Clough, John Tapping, and other hatters of Mass., sought exclusive privileges for their business in Massachusetts Bay. The general court promised they would grant it to them when it should appear that "they should make good hats, and sell them as cheap, as those from other parts."

In 1675 the exportation of wool and raccoon furs was prohibited from the province. In 1631 hat making had become so general in the colonies that the felt-makers of London petitioned Parliament to prohibit the exportation from the colonies, and their prayer was granted, and a fine of £500 imposed upon any one in the colonies to export any hats, or for assisting, the penalty was £40.

It was estimated that 10,000 beaver hats were made in New England and New York alone, and notwithstanding the law which remained in force till the time of the Revolution, the hatters found means of sending large quantities to the West Indies, Spain, Portugal, and even to Ireland.

In 1810 the amount of hats manufactured was \$15,000,000, employing 15,000 men and boys and 3000 women.

At the present time, machinery is used to do much of what used to be done by hand, and some 4000 men now do the work required to manufacture some \$20,000,000 worth of hats sold.

## RECIPE FOR A LADY'S DRESS.

The following recipe for a lady's dress occurs where one would least expect it, in the works of Tertullian.—"Let simplicity be your white, chastity be your vermilion, dress your eyebrows with modesty and your lips with reservedness. Let instruction be your ear-rings and a ruby cross the front pin of your head. Employ your hands in housewifery, and keep your feet within your own doors. Let your garments be made with the silk of probity, the fine linen of sanctity, and the purple of chastity."





## THE TRUNDLE BED

As I rummaged through the garret,  
List'ning to the falling rain,  
As it patted on the shingles,  
And against the window pane.  
Peeping over chests and boxes,  
Which with dust were thickly spread,  
I saw in the farther corner  
What was once a trundle bed,

And I drew it from the recess  
Where it had remained so long,  
Hearing all the while the music  
Of my mother's voice in song—  
As she sung her sweetest accents,  
What I since have often read—  
"Hush my dear, lie still and slumber,  
Holy angels guard thy bed."

As I listened, recollections  
That I thought had been forgot  
Came with all the gush of memory,  
Rushing, thronging to the spot,  
As I wandered back to childhood,  
To those merry days of yore,  
When I knelt beside my mother,  
By that bed upon the floor.

Then it was with hands so gently  
Placed upon my infant head,  
That she taught my lips to utter,  
Carefully the words she said,  
Never can it be forgotten,  
Deep are they in memory graven—  
"Hallowed be Thy name, O Father!  
Father! Thou who art in Heaven."

This she taught me: then she told me  
Of its import great and deep;  
After which I learned to utter  
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"  
Then it was with hand uplifted,  
And in accents soft and mild,  
That my mother asked "Our Father!"  
"Father, do thou bless my child."

Years have passed, and that dear mother  
Long has mouldered 'neath the sod,  
And I trust her sainted spirit  
Revels in the home of God.  
But that scene at summer twilight  
Never has from memory fled  
And it comes with all its freshness  
When I see my trundle-bed.

## EARNEST WORDS WITH PARENTS.

## NUMBER FIVE.

NEARLY allied to the persuasive, is the bribing method of spoiling children. Here, again, let me not be understood to condemn the principle of rewarding fidelity in family government. This is just and proper, when rightly applied. But rewarding spontaneous and voluntary obedience on the part of the child, is quite another thing from offering rewards to induce or restore good behavior. In the first case, real merit is compensated; in the second, a price is paid the child for doing what obligation and duty demands of all. In the former instance, there is an acknowledged allegiance to parental control, and submission to parental authority; in the latter, the proffered reward becomes the prevailing motive to action, and loyalty is sacrificed to selfishness. Paying children for being good, is not the exercise of authority, nor can it secure obedience. It is a ruinous bargain; a bounty upon impudence and insubordination.

In all such traffic, disobedience becomes a currency in the family market to purchase any desired indulgence. If a slight offence will induce the

mother to give a single piece of pie, cake or candy to her rebellious child, stubbornness will purchase more, and a fierce open war, still more, to gratify a craving, perverted palate, and to weaken the sense of filial obligation. The price paid for a tardy compliance, induces the child to act from wrong motives, and hence, becomes a bribe in the hands of the parent. Who can fail to see the fearful train of evils that must follow such a process of family government? And yet, is not a better method than those here described, when adopted, the exceptions and not the rule, in our American families?

I may now inquire for the true method of family government? It is based upon authority divinely established. The very relations of parents to children, demand absolute and unconditional control, on the one hand and obedience on the other. But this obedience is not like filial love and faith, intuitive. Every child of common capacity, turns to his mother for food, and with instinctive confidence, seeks her sympathy and protection in the hour of fright and danger. He cannot be taught to love and confide in that mother; for affection and confidence spring up spontaneously in the young heart. But not so with obedience.

The mother sometimes wonders and is grieved that her darling, so affectionate, so confiding and so dependent, does not always, and instantly, regard her wishes and obey her commands. But I can tell her the reason. That child has no natural impulse in that direction; has no idea of submission. The habit of obedience is yet to be created under parental discipline, and is wholly the work of education. Hence, it must follow that insubordination in the family, is not so much the fault of the children as of their parents. Had the mother fully conscious of her right and duty in this regard, employed her authority and strength to secure obedience to her commands, during infancy and childhood, stubbornness would be unknown in that family. Should she then become angry with her children, for faults which her own fault has cultivated and encouraged?

The child must be taught obedience. The mother has failed to enforce that lesson, and hence, her disappointment and grief. In the exercise of mistaken kindness, she failed to check the first indications of insubordination, and thus lost control over her child, and laid the foundation for the misrule and ruin which naturally follows. But it may not be too late even now, for her to establish her authority and correct the evil. Let her do this, without delay, and at any expense.

And how shall this authority be exercised, so as to prevent the consequence of disobedience? Authority, like gravity in the material world, must always be the controlling power in the family, but it may generally be conceded, "a power behind the throne;" always acknowledged and constant in its influence, but its sceptre invisible. It operates without friction and holds in subjection the conflicting and struggling passions, during the forming periods of childhood and youth.

Authority, is mild and gentle in its more effective aspects. When the mother makes it the basis of her government, it is not necessary for her to assume sternness and severity towards her children, nor to command them in a harsh and abrupt manner. The more gentle, courteous and kind, in her expressions, the better, if they understand them as the mandates of authority to be instantly obeyed. Even the reason for her requirements may be explained, when she can properly leave the child to reflect upon the course of conduct recommended, with a view of securing his approval. But if a question of obedience is pending, no reasons should be given. The principle of simple submission to authority must first be settled and cheerful compliance second. Reasons should never be offered as an inducement to secure obedience. If the mother stops to parley with her rebellious child, he will surely gain the victory.

Nor is this view of our subject inconsistent with indulgence. The mother may indulge her children in all that is beneficial and harmless, and forbear with them when in fault, and yet exercise over them absolute and supreme control. Indeed, this very indulgence increases her power to control them, and when her authority is justly and gently exercised, it serves to strengthen their love and confidence. But when maternal authority is sacrificed in an attempt to win and hold childish affection, it is always a failure.

Children enjoy for a time, the mother's excessive indulgence, but they soon learn her weakness. As years roll on, insubordination becomes intolerable and severe punishment necessary. Then they come to view her imbecility with mingled emotions of pity and contempt. Indulgence without government, always tends to this result; and just here the mistake is made in family discipline.

## EXPERIENCE.

## BIG BROTHERS AND LITTLE SISTERS.

"There's always two sides to everything," said a positive, boyish voice outside my window this morning.

"There ain't two sides to a string," answered a smaller voice, equally positive and equally regardless of grammar.

But while I smiled at the speakers the words of the first fitted into my thoughts aptly, for I had just been reading a pleasant little volume called "Talks with Girls," in which the duty of sisters to young brothers was particularly set forth; and I was thinking how, as I read that chapter, a pair of bright eyes looked over my shoulder, and their owner said:

"That's so; the girls do plague us awfully. I just wish you'd write another book, and give it to 'em harder!"

But "there are always two sides to everything," and it is the other side about which I want to talk to you boys, a few moments.

There was once a tiny girl toilingly going through her Sunday-school lesson, and it was observed that, as she studied, the small face grew more and more clouded, until at last she

lifted up her voice and wept loud and long, whereat there was great consternation, until it occurred to somebody to ask what was the matter.

"Because—because"—sobbed poor little Polly, "the verse says, 'Add to your godliness, brotherly kindness,' and it that's kindness like Tom's I don't like it at all!"

What did she mean! Well, I suspect she meant that Tom was just such a brother to her as a great many of you are to your little Pollies at home. I suspect she knew what it was to have her dolls hung up in the apple trees, and her kittens' tails tied together, and to be leaped out from behind doors and growled at in some dark corners. I imagined she had been tickled and pinched and locked into the closet; she was used to being called a pickle and a cry-baby, and a little pug, and to trotting with patient feet upstairs, downstairs, out to the orchard, into the tool-room, hither and yon, on errands, for the doing of which she received only a tweak of the ear or a careless jest in place of thanks.

Yet, I also suspect that Tom was a generous lad, who despised a "sneak," and who, if he had seen another boy abuse or torment Polly, would have promptly offered to bestow on that individual a black eye. I have no doubt that in the play-ground or at school he was good-natured and honorable, disdaining a "mean" action and emulous to be manly. He would open wide eyes of astonishment at any suggestion of cruelty in his conduct towards his sister, and reply with honest candor;

"Why, it's only Polly; she don't mind."

Ah, boys! "only Polly" has a tender little heart, and it aches many a time, when you don't know it, with the string of your careless teasing. The words you utter so lightly, and forget in ten minutes, are arrows to her sensitive little soul, and the tricks which seem to you so trifling are weighty trials to her.

"Well," says Tom, "it's so silly of her to mind; because she knows we don't mean anything."

That is one view of it. I suppose if she was a boy, or grown up, or wise, she would not mind; but being just Polly, little and weak and silly—if that is what you call it—she can't help it. You know if you squeeze a rubber ball tightly in your hand it will expand again into as round a ball as ever, and you cannot even see the place where it was compressed. But if you try the same experiment on a handful of rose-leaves the result will be very different. And rose-leaves are not much more easily crushed flat than Polly's feelings. It seems absurd to Tom; but then it's a fact, and facts you know, even if they are ever so much in the way, cannot be disregarded. Wouldn't Tom be the truer gentleman if he accepted facts and spared Polly's feelings even at the loss of a little fun? After all, is the fun so amusing it can't be replaced with something better? Then, too, Polly loves Tom so dearly; she is so ready to believe in the extent of his strength and wisdom and ability, if he will but leave her faith undisturbed by teasing pranks. Tom has a warm heart under



his jacket, and I think he privately enjoys Polly's love and admiration; but I also think it is a pity he covers up his feelings so carefully, and rather snubs Polly's kisses. For the day will come when the little sister's love will be valued at its worth, and it may wished for in vain.

Once we were going on a grand fishing excursion from Cheerywold, and word was brought that a certain famous traveler would like to join us. He was a man that had ridden elephants in India, and polar bears at the North pole, for all I know! He had hunted lions, and been lost in jungles and frizzled in hot countries and stiffened in Arctic regions, and been all over the world; he had been a soldier too; and everybody who knew what courage and patience and nobility made up the man. You can imagine how the boys shouted at the prospect of having such a fishing companion, who could tell stories of everything they wanted to know, and answer all their questions, and who liked boys, too!

Well the reality was just as delightful as we all expected, which is saying a great deal, as every one knows who has ever belonged to a debating club and discussed the question about the pleasures of anticipation. After we came home I said to the famous traveler:

"Which of the boys did you like best?"

And he answered promptly, "Jack." So I asked why, because I thought he would have said Tom, or Dick, or Harry, and this is what he said:

"Because he went back after we were started to kiss his little sister, and wasn't ashamed of it either."

Then this brave, wise man—the bravest man I ever knew—told me a secret. Said he:

"The real promise for a boy's future is shown in the way he treats his little sisters."

"Dear me!" thought I, "what a loving time your little sisters must have had!"

But I didn't say that. I only wondered how many of the Toms I know would be willing to have the hope of their future manliness measured by their treatment of their little Pollies.

But oh, my dear boys, I think my traveler was right; for the most truly brave soul is tender towards the little and weak; the most manly heart is the one that loves most; the greatest are the most patient; and the St. George's who are sure to conquer the dragons abroad, are gentlest with the Pollies at home.—*Christian Union*.

#### NAMING CHILDREN.

One of the most common, foolish and mischievous habits is that of naming babies after historic characters, or persons who have achieved contemporaneous distinction. The smaller the chance the children have of ever achieving any resemblance to those with whose title they are crushed from the first, the greater the likelihood of the bestowal of such titles. A narrow and ignorant man, living in some rural and semi-civilized region, is more inclined to call his boy, born under every disadvantage of circumstances, after some celebrated

poet or scholar, than a wealthy and cultivated citizen would be on whom fatherhood had fallen. A woman to whom fate has always been unkind, whom poverty and toil have narrowed and vulgarized, blindly reaches out toward the ideal by stamping her graceless and commonplace daughter with a name acquired from a popular romance. It may be said that fair names may exercise a favorable influence, and serve as models and patterns for the namesake. So they may, if there be any similarity or concord between the two; but when there is not, when the two natures are opposite, perchance antagonistic, the heavy capital overweights and weakens the slender column. Names, to be beneficial and inspiring to their bearers, must either find or beget corresponding tendencies.

The injury William Shakespeare, John Milton, George Washington, Daniel Webster, and a hundred others have done at the baptismal font, can never be reckoned. Hundreds of promising and naturally clever boys have been spoiled by indiscretions of nomenclature. How can a sensitive and competent youth, with an ardent proclivity to and many gifts for literature, obey the bent of his inclination when everybody is aware that he is William Shakespeare Jones, or Smith, or Brown, or anything else? He inevitably shrinks from comparison, dreading lest his efforts, creditable as they may be, should be made contemptible thereby. Can a healthy, impulsive, warmblooded lad, with George Washington thrust upon him, be expected to accomplish anything, knowing as he must that George Washington has always been portrayed as the most unnaturally perfect and momentous of mortals? Who shall say how many retiring, cloistered natures, have been embittered by discovering in their first thinking years how ridiculous their parents had made them by styling them Napoleon Bonapart? Of course they wrote only their initials, and then were perpetually mortified to hear themselves called Nota Bena Wiggins or Take Notice Simpson.

Boys bubbling over with animal spirits, and fond of adventure, have doubtless been driven to vicious extremes by having John Calvin or John Knox tacked to their patronyms. The entire law of their being prevented them from imitating those ascetic theologians, and so they deliberately became profligates from contradiction and from a vague sense of the wrong that has been upon them. I have known Melancthons and Wilberforces to be thieves, and Solomons and Solons to be circus clowns; and I make no question but the former went in disgust to the opposite extreme, or that the latter were resolved to caricature the ancient sages by becoming the most melancholy of fools.—*Galaxy*.

#### THE READY RECKONER.

"Father, do you remember that mother asked you for two dollars this morning?"

"Yes, my child, what of it?"

"Do you remember that mother didn't get the two dollars?"

"Yes. And I remember what little girls don't think about."

"What is that, father?"

"I remember that we are not rich. But you seem in a brown study. What is my daughter thinking about?"

"I was thinking how much one cigar costs."

"Why, it costs ten cents—not two dollars by a long shot."

"But ten cents three times a day is thirty cents."

"That's as true as the multiplication table."

"And there are seven days in the week."

"That's so by the almanac."

"And seven times thirty cents are two hundred and ten cents."

"Hold on. I'll surrender. Here, take the two dollars to your mother, and tell her that I'll do without cigars for a week."

"Thank you, father; but if you would only say a YEAR. It would save more than a hundred dollars. We would all have shoes and dresses, and mother a nice bonnet and lots of pretty things."

"Well to make my little girl happy, I will say a YEAR."

"O, that will be so nice; but would it not be about as easy to say ALWAYS, then we would have the money every year, and your lips would be much sweeter when you kiss us."

#### THE PUZZLER.

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

ANSWERS:—1. Be good if you would be happy, be persevering if you would be great. 2. At the movement of his wand he awakened the dead or sank the living to sleep. 3. Grecian Bend.

4. S O N G 5. D O M E  
O Y E R O M E N  
N E R O M E N D  
G R O W E N D S

6. Rare, rear. 7. Board, broad. 8. Skate, steak, Kate's. 9. Ocean, canoe. 10. Odor, door, rood. 11. Lade, deal, lead. 12. Teach, cheat. 13. Sure, ruse. 14. Owls, slow. 15. Wolf, fowl. 16. Raw, war. 17. Ails, sail. 18. Lett, felt. 19. Horse, shore. 20. Eat, tea. 21. Lowell. 22. Warren. 23. Acton. 24. Newport. 25. Rowe. 26. Weston. 27. Townsend.

The following answers to puzzles in May number were accidentally omitted in our last issue:

5. D O R A 6. D A R I C  
O V E N A N I S E  
R E S T R I V A L  
A N T I I S A R I  
C E L I A

7. Shaw, wash. 8. Grown, wrong. 9. Step, pets. 10. Rose, sore. 11. Char, arch. 12. Dray, yard. 13. Middlebury. 14. Devastate. 15. Legislature. 16. Hereditary. 17. Sympathize. 18. Chronicles. 19. Portorico. 20. Candia. 21. Fogo. 22. Disco, Mingan, Cuba, Joannes, Andama, Jessa, Staffa. 23. Funen.

#### ENIGMA.

1. I am composed of sixty-one letters.

My 17, 22, 32, 9 is an entertainment, but add my 18, 25, 21 and it ascends into the air.

My 23, 14, 11 is a metal, but add my 42, 19, 24, 61, 52 and it is a mechanic.

My 3, 26, 49 is an insect, but if we add 20, 56, 43, 39, 19 it becomes one of the battlefields of the republic.

My 5, 12, 1, 34 is a mark, but add 31 and it will terrify, but add 12, 34, 28, 44 and it is an image.

My 2, 57, 22, 59 is a water plant, but add my 13, 33, 9, 45, 29 and it becomes a musical instrument.

My 34, 28, 51, 6 is a flower, but place before it 8, 19, 36 and it becomes a Greek name.

My 55, 41, 54, 38 is a powder, but add 19, 16, 11 and it becomes a useful personage.

My 7, 37, 47 is an insect, but place before it 60, 41, 19 and it is an imposition.

My 35, 58, 15, 30 is placed on the table, but if we add 10, 7, 50, 57, 4, 56 it becomes an undress.

My 40, 39, 59 is a cut, but add 37, 3, 34 and it becomes a fierce animal.

My 48, 53, 27 is a blow, but add 38, 46, 61, 45, 15 and it becomes a people mentioned in the Old Testament.

My whole is one of the proverbs of Solomon. J. M. E.

2. I am composed of seventeen letters.

My 6, 7, 8, 9 is what most people like to do.

My 9, 5, 7, 8, 14 is the cry of the auctioneer.

My 1, 2, 3, 16, 17 is a pause.

My 12, 11, 15, 7, 13, 12 is one name for a locomotive.

My 4, 10, 13 is a useful piece of tinware.

My whole is what the writer is, at present, engaged in doing.

#### ANAGRAM.

3. Elt su merbrene neh ew moar  
Eht sfredni ew veale hindeb,  
Adn tel rou hotugths og thorf ot hemt  
Ni leifgens rupe dna nikd.

#### CHARADES.

4. My first is a church; my second is of importance to ruminant animals; my third is shining; my whole is a town in Scotland.

5. My first is a girl's nickname; my second and third is her desire; my fourth is three-quarters of a wild animal; my whole is a small quadruped.

JOHN.

#### SQUARE WORDS.

6. A useful article; falsehood; a mineral; a point.

7. A country; a meadow; intimate; part of woman's labor. J. S. B.

#### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

8. An American author. To support life; a place of strife; a kind of grease; a suggestion; a support in building; a messenger; to conclude; a standard; a seat and a bed.

JOHN.

#### TRANSPOSITIONS.

European Cities.—9. To hurry. 10. A North American cape. 11. A lake in Europe. 12. Useful tools. 13. A range of mountains. 14. A town in Massachusetts.

#### ELIMINATIONS.

Contract each word by omitting the middle letter.

15. A state—an article of extensive merchandise. 16. A weapon—part of a ship. 17. A vehicle—to struggle.

18. A color—a boy's name. 19. A bible name—a nobleman. 20. A classical author—a fruit.





### JUST THE BOOK FOR EVERY HOUSEHOLD.

#### BITS OF TALK.

HAVE you seen it, and read it, these "Bits of Talk about Home Matters," by H. H.?

A dainty little volume, containing some forty brief chapters, in each of which you can get a "bit" that is a gem of itself independent of the others; each one also, not only valuable, or charming in its way, but suggestive of much more than is written in the book; for the author is a skillful artist, wooing the reader by the literary excellence and tone genius of her pen, as well as the words which she utters. She stimulates thought, but never wearies the mind, and writes with a brave, strong, tender and true womanly heart.

These "Bits of Talk" will, as a matter of course, make different impressions on different minds; not a few of them will provoke criticism; from some of the author's conclusions there will be wide dissent; each chapter will be a study to many, while you will often find a poem, in these sweet, tender pages. It is the love of a womanly heart for the little ones, a plea for justice to be meted out to them,—for their rights to be held sacred in the eyes of all, that will win the heart of every true parent, or friend of children, to the oft severe, yet winsome words of H. H.

The opening chapters on "The Inhumanities of Parents," will cause many to say that the author must have seen uncommon hard cases of parental discipline or neglect; and yet you will say, that there is more truth in her facts than first appears.

Her views of corporal punishment will be dissented from by many, both parents and teachers; (for we consider this a book which every teacher ought to read) by such as hold it an indispensable fact, that to "spare the rod, is to spoil the child," and that there is no governing children without summary applications thereof.

But H. H. maintains that the "rod" may mean punishment and discipline of any kind; Webster thus defines it, and so, as we well know it is often to be thus understood in the Scriptures. You will only need to read what our author says upon the effects of blows upon the tender flesh, and more upon the nervous temperament and sensitive nature of a child, to make you stop for a moment and consider the subject, and see if some other mode of punishment may not be substituted for whipping, and to better effect in the end.

And more than this, any one having to deal with children—with the larger boys and girls also, will be led by the earnestness of this little book, to study the ways of children more, to learn, human nature, and to rule one's own spirit while attempting to rule another.

The chapter on "Needless Denials" is one of the most touching, as well

as truthful in its sentiment, of any in the book. To think how often a child is snubbed and needlessly denied some harmless pleasure, which would fill its little heart with such gladness as we, children older grown, can scarce realize, is enough to make the heart ache for them. And the idea that children are to be treated rudely and without politeness, merely because they are children, is here brought before the reader so that many a parent may perhaps for the first time realize that they are guilty, unconsciously, of this rudeness.

The very titles of some of these "Bits of Talk," suggest a whole chapter to the readers mind, such for instance as "The Awkward Age," "Boys not Allowed," and others equally pithy. Here H. H. pleasantly hints how young people may be helped to pass the ordeal of the awkward age with the least possible embarrassment, instead of parents or others in the family adding to their discomfit, as is often done, by attracting attention perhaps, to this bashfulness or awkwardness in fast growing boys and girls.

"The Republic of the Family" hints of freedom, not a despotic government, and shows there are rights due children from parents, as well as children to the older ones. Love should reign supreme, while right and justice to each and all is to be meted out.

There are "bits" of stories given with these "talks," one most sweet and rare, is "A Day with a Courteous Mother," where each child is treated as politely by the mother, as the mother is thoughtfully by her loving boys and girls. Then there is "The Apostle of Beauty," such a little gem, and "Choice of Colors," a tender prose poem, once read, never to be forgotten. We can fancy we can see that little poorly clad girl looking in at the show case, gay with colors, saying; "I choose that color," and in her enthusiasm forgetting the cold and rain outside. And this bright thought from H. H. is easier read than practiced by us. "Why," she says "should days ever be dark, life ever be colorless? there is always sun; there is always blue, and scarlet, yellow and purple. We cannot reach them perhaps, but we can see them, if only through a "glass" and "darkly," still we can see them, we can choose our colors.

We have noted only a few chapters of the book, the last "Wanted a Home," which is not the least. But if we have created in any a desire to read those "bits" who has not yet done so, our aim is accomplished; for no one can read it and not receive benefit, if only from having their own thoughts stimulated about these "Home Matters."

#### AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.

The number of newspapers published in English speaking America, is about 5,319. It is difficult to state with exactness, for they spring up and die by hundreds during every year. Delaware has only 13, and New York 806. New England has most newspapers in proportion to its population, and the country journals have the largest average circulation

being 1,000 copies weekly. In New York and Pennsylvania they will average about 700; in the valley of Mississippi proper, about 350; and in the South about 250.

There are about 550 dailies, varying in circulation from the neighborhood of 200 daily to 100,000. New York is the great center of newspaper commerce. There are 32 dailies in that city—six in German, two in French, one in Scandinavian, and the rest in English. Seven of these dailies are known as "the New York Associated Press," and supply all the rest of the country with news which they sell. They print 112,000,000 sheets annually and receive 2,500,000 dollars from advertisements. Their total receipts are about 5,600,000 dollars.

The other 25 dailies print 110,000,000 sheets annually, and their receipts are about \$3,100,000 in all. So it will be seen that the New York daily press alone has an income of \$8,700,000, contributed by the public for the purpose of knowing the news of the day. The other periodicals of the city, semi-weekly, weekly, monthly and quarterly, issue 156,000,000 copies during the year, and their total receipts are about \$17,000,000. Philadelphia is next after New York in number of dailies, of weeklies, and of other periodicals, and also prints the greatest quantity of sheets in a year.—*New York Times*.

#### ENVELOPES.

How many "equivocal blessings," not to say "curses," have envelope manufacturers been subject to, when in reality the fault is not with them but with the users. Every one wants a heavy, hard paper, that will write well and this obtained they find it difficult to make "the plaguey thing stick." Of course the maker is accused of using a poor quality of gum, but it is a mistaken idea, for the firmer and better the paper the greater the difficulty becomes.

A thin, soft paper always sticks easily, because the gum penetrates it when put on, and lays in a thin coating that at once allows the dampness to penetrate when moistened to use. But the hard paper that writes so well resists the gum, and it usually dries upon the surface by evaporation, as paint does upon iron. For this reason, when used, the trifling moistening from the lips or tongue does not penetrate through the gum to the paper, and that remaining dry is hard and stiff and curls up, pulling away from the body of the envelope in order to return to its former position—partly open.

Pass the flap of the envelope between the lips in such a way as to moisten both sides of it, it at once becomes soft and pliable, the object is attained, and no expressed or repressed innendoes are necessary.

#### THE REVIEWER.

RESCUED AND LED. Henry Hoyt: Boston.

These are two beautiful volumes from a well known house, from which a large number of really valuable books is annually furnished to the reading public. The first illustrates the power of Christian kindness in the elevation and renovation of our fallen humanity, as seen in this instance, in reclaiming a ragged, degraded and ignorant canal-boat driver, rescuing him from superstition and crime, and making him a useful citizen—a

capital book for boys. LED has a similar object, a crippled girl playing the heroine, and by her mild and gentle spirit, her exercise of a true faith and forgiving spirit, softening hard hearts, and wonderfully moulding those within her influence. Both are beautifully bound and are really excellent books. Sent free on the receipt of the price, \$1.50.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for June, beginning the forty-seventh volume, contains the conclusion of "Old Kensington," by Miss Thackeray, and of "The New Magdalen," by Wilkie Collins. Charles Reade's fascinating story, "A Simpleton," will still be continued. The June number contains sixty-seven illustrations. The illustrated papers cover an extensive variety of topics. In "Cheap Yachting" a graphic description by pen and pencil is given of a yachting tour in Buzzard's Bay. Mr. Lossing contributes an interesting paper illustrated by rare pictures from the celebrated Lord Rawdon collection of sketches made a century ago, and relating to revolutionary scenes and incidents in the neighborhood of Boston and New York. A beautifully illustrated article on "The Wine Islands of Lake Erie," among other things tells the thrilling story of Lieut. John Y. Beall's privateering expedition. Henry Blackburn, formerly editor of London Society, contributes an entertaining description of a tour in the Harz Mountains, the "Toy Country of North Germany," with twenty-nine characteristic illustrations. Charles Nordhoff exposes the evils of our present system of prison management, and in answer to the question, "What shall we do with Scroogs?" suggests making a penal settlement of Alaska. Another entertaining installment is given of "Recollections of an Old Stager." The five editorial departments, occupying thirty-five pages of the magazine, are unusually comprehensive and interesting.

There is a summery feeling about the woodcut of the quack-advertisement-defied rock, at page 694 in the June number of "OLD AND NEW;" and so there is about the fauciful story which it illustrates. This is called "The Iconoclast of Sensibility," and narrates how Mr. Willoughby Aspen "bonnetted" the rascal who had painted quack names on a magnificent rock, with his own paint-pot. In contrast, there is a wintry feeling about Rev. Charles T. Brooks's poem, "A Winter Sunrise on the Hudson." Two other papers in this number will attract attention.—Rev. E. E. Hale's article on "A Good Appetite," and a straightforward and simply-told narrative of occurrences in McClellan's first campaign in West Virginia, in 1861, by an engineer officer who took an important part in it. Besides Mr. Brooks's poem, there is a short one called "Misunderstood," by Nora Perry. Of the editorials, one is on the proposed new "unobjectionable orthodox" magazine to be started in New York. Mr. Hale makes some very good fun out of the "U. O.," as he calls it. The other editorial is a rather fiery explosion in favor of an international copyright-law. The serials are continued with good success. The Criticisms, the Record of Progress, and the Music Reviews, are as usual good.

The opening article of the June number of Lippincott's Magazine, under the title of "A New Atlantis," describes, in a lively and very agreeable manner, the scenery and society of Atlantic City and its characteristics as a watering-place. The illustrations which accompany the article are numerous and appropriate. In this issue "The Roumi in Kabylia," which has proved a most attractive record of travel in a comparatively unknown region, is brought to a close. "Our Home in the Tyrol," by Margaret Howitt, is continued. This series of sketches is invested with an unusual charm. The contributions to fiction in the current number of Lippincott's Magazine are the continuations of Mr. Black's "Princess of Thule" and Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis's "Berrytown." "Our Monthly Gossip" presents, among a variety of short and pithy articles, a sketch of the family of Mr. Gladstone, the British prime minister, and a fugitive piece from the pen of Prentice Mulford, entitled "The Raw American." With the forthcoming issue, Lippincott's Magazine will enter upon its twelfth volume.

THE POULTRY WORLD. Hartford, Conn.: H. H. Stoddard. Monthly. \$1.25 per annum. This is a neat magazine which cannot fail to be welcomed to the poultry raiser. It is filled with excellent hints, advice, etc., for those who keep fowls of any kind, either for pleasure or profit, and is profusely illustrated.



## STILL LIKE DEW IN SILENCE FALLING.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. Still like dew in silence falling, Drops for thee the nightly tear; Still that voice the past recalling, Dwells like echo on my ear. Still, still, still.

2. Day and night the spell hangs o'er me, Here forever fixed thou art; As thy form first shone before me, So 'tis graven on this heart. Deep, deep, deep.

## BAILEY. S. M.

EDWARD CLARK.

EARNESTLY.

1. O where shall rest be found— Rest for the wea-ry soul? 'Twere vain the o-cean's depths to sound, Or pierce to ei-ther pole.

2. The world can nev-er give The bliss for which we sigh; 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.

3. Beyond this vale of tears There is a life a-bove, Unmeasured by the flight of years; And all that life is love.

## BURLINGTON. 7s.

E. CLARK.

CANTABILE.

1. Soft-ly now the light of day Fades up-on my sight a-way; Free from care, from la-bor free, Lord, we would commune with thee.

2. Soon for us the light of day Shall for-ev-er pass a-way; Then, from sin and sor-row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

## MERCY. 3s &amp; 6s.

MRS. E. CLARK.

1. Sin-ner! come, 'mid thy gloom, All thy guilt con-fess-ing; Trembling now, con-trite bow, Take the offered bless-ing.

2. Sin-ner! come, while there's room—While the feast is wait-ing; While the Lord, by his word, Kind-ly is in-vit-ing.

3. Sin-ner! come, ere thy doom Shall be seal'd for-ev-er; Now re-turn, grieve and mourn, Flee to Christ the Sa-viour.

## SHEPHERD. S. M.

E. CLARK.

1. The Lord my shepherd is; I shall be well supplied; Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want beside, What can I want be-side?

2. He leads me to the place, Where heav'nly pasture grows, Where living waters gently pass, And full salvation flows, And full sal-va-tion flows.

3. If e'er I go a-stray, He doth my soul reclaim, And guides me in his own right way, For his most holy name, For his most ho-ly name.

4. The bounties of thy love Shall crown my future days; Nor from thy house will I remove, Nor cease to speak thy praise, Nor cease to speak thy praise.





### THE HOUSEKEEPER'S SOLILOQUY.

BY KATE WOODLAND.

Well, at last my house is all cleaned;  
From garret to cellar I've been,  
Not a cobweb I'm sure's to be seen,  
Or grease spot how ever so thin—  
I've whitewashed, and papered, and scrubbed,  
And dusted, and polished all through,  
Till I'm sure that I ought to be dubbed  
Royal mistress of household ado.

Now if I could only sit down,  
And composedly fold up my hands,  
And say that my work was all done,  
And duty had no more demands,  
If when clean, it would only stay clean,  
How pleasant and nice it would be,  
To feel that no dirt could be seen,  
And nothing expected of me.

But no, that is never the case:  
I must daily look over each room,  
Little fingers and foot prints erase,  
And be busy with duster, and broom,  
My watch must be careful and close,  
My hand must be willing and true,  
For if I should sleep at my post,  
The enemy's work you would view.

And 'tis thus with some Christians I've thought,  
Who confess all their folly and sin,  
And cleanse their heart out as they ought,  
From impurities gathered within,  
And then feel safe and secure,  
And neglecting the duster and broom,  
Their lives become vile and impure,  
Long before the next cleaning day comes.

Yes, the Christian's life's something like mine—  
If the heart is kept loving and pure,  
And governed by precepts divine,  
That can patiently work and endure  
The dust which self-righteousness leaves—  
The cobwebs of envy and pride—  
The dark stains which selfishness gives,  
Must be constantly banished aside.

If I strive with a daily survey  
To keep my house comely and neat,  
I must watch o'er myself as I may,  
That my life may be full and complete;  
For a house is not home if the heart  
Lies unswept of its passions and sin,  
And Patience can best do her part,  
If Love is the matron within.

### BREAD MAKING.

MRS. R. B. G.'s request in THE HOUSEHOLD in March number for directions for making good wheat bread, brought an exclamation of,—that's simple enough, any one can tell her how to make bread! But as my eye met, for a second time,—“Won't some of your readers give directions for making good wheat bread?” such an imploring tone accompanied it, that my first attempt at bread making came forcibly and vividly to mind, which, with the disheartening result, I shall never forget; and I thought if Mrs. G. has met with no better success than I did, she must be discouraged, and a bit of my experience, with its final successful triumph, may cheer her heart, and lighten her burden, for it is a consolation, though a poor one, to know that others have been in the same plight, as also an incentive to persevere if they have been crowned with success.

But as I had recently become a member of this enormous HOUSEHOLD; and not having made the acquaintance as yet of my sisters, I felt a delicacy in attempting to instruct others when my object in entering its circle was to

sit at the feet of my elders and be taught. I thought surely among so wise and experienced a band some one would come to her aid with full particulars in our April number. When my paper came to hand, the first thing I did was to look for bread making; as I found nothing on the subject I took a more thorough search which only confirmed the first result. As in her disappointment I see her, in imagination, attempting to make bread with no increased light, my sympathy prompts me to leave my housecleaning and accompany her to the ample kitchen and in a remote corner by ourselves, work, while I give her the benefit of my experience, and should there be a novice within sound of our voices she too may be profited.

Now Mrs. G., as the foundation of good bread, and the requisite step is—good yeast, we will proceed at once to make that article. You need a pint of good yeast to set it with, and be sure it is such; if you have none you can procure it at a bakery, or go to some one you know to be a good bread-maker, for she will never attempt to make bread unless she knows the yeast is good; for one may as well expect good johnnycake from sawdust, as good bread from slow or sour yeast. We will fill the tea kettle and set it over the fire as we shall need a plenty of boiling water. Take a pint of good hops, tie in a bag, this salt bag is just the thing; pare a large potato, slice and put with the hops into a kettle and put about a pint of water on them. Boil about twenty minutes and watch it that it does not boil dry, but add no more water than is necessary. Get ready an earthen jar, put in a teacupful each of sugar, salt, and flour. Mash the potato and to the other ingredients pour the boiling hop tea—pressing it all from the bag and mix thoroughly together. Now pour four quarts of boiling water over the whole and let it stand till it cools to blood heat, and then stir in your pint of yeast. It will require two or three hours to cool. Now cover up and place near the stove, or set in the sun, and in twenty-four or twenty-eight hours you will find the surface covered with a scum which remove with a skimmer. Have ready another jar or pan, put a colander over it and pour the yeast through it, and throw the sediment away. Yes, it does look thin and worthless, but we will try its virtue and give it a chance to speak for itself; put it into a jug, first fill it with boiling water then pour it out and allow the jug to cool, to be sure it is sweet; then cork tight and put into the cellar. This quantity of yeast will keep sweet in my family of four, in the heat of August till the very last is used; but it must be corked tight and kept in the cellar.

I will now give you the experience of my first attempt at bread making and you may laugh as much as you please, although at that time I thought it no laughing matter. My sister left school but a short time previous to her marriage to a clergyman, and as he was not blessed with an abundance of this world's goods, she was to become maid of all work, and having a limited knowledge of housekeeping with all its responsibilities, it was decided that I should leave school and accom-

pany her—she was going some two hundred miles from home—as our mother thought “two heads would be better than one;” which I doubt as regards my knowledge of bread making, as you will shortly see.

When we were fairly settled and in order, the first business was to make bread. We both thought we could make bread! Such a simple, common, article of food, we had never made any, but we had made both cake and biscuit which had been pronounced faultless,—and bread at home was always unexceptionable and never having heard any difficulty about compounding it thought there could be none, while we knew it to be quite a knack to make cake—but, I said, I will step into Mrs. Abel's and ask her, to be sure of success.

Her directions were as follows:—“Mix some flour with warm water, add this yeast, (giving us some of that article,) let it stand till morning then mix into bread and in about two hours it will be light, when mould it into loaves and bake.”

I took upon myself the making of that first batch of bread, feeling confident that I should do myself great credit, and write home of the excellent light, white bread, I saw in imagination coming from the oven. I followed my friend's directions minutely, and here are my two or three loaves, not light, white and excellent, but black and heavy as lead! About as palatable, nutritious, and digestible, as flour and water would have been, mixed and baked immediately. At this state of affairs my brother-in-law coming in, saw at a glance something was wrong and asked “what's the matter?” Sister replied, that I had had poor luck with my bread, and the flour could not be good, for I did exactly as directed! Turning to the table he began to laugh (while I cried) and caught up a loaf, and attempted to play ball with it, by throwing it against the wall, but I can assure you there was no bounding back, and I am not positive but that it left its impress in the wall. I think it was sufficiently hard to have done so! He said “never mind, better luck next time.” I suppose Mrs. Abel thought we had common sense, and judgment enough not to bake bread till it was light; but who ever knew a school girl to have any of either in culinary work? I do not think there could have been a particle of lightness about that bread. What ever became of it I don't know. Never a bit of it went into our mouths. It may be in existence yet; I hope it will never cross my path! I wrote home but nowhere chronicled my bread; but was heartily glad at the end of three months to return home and continue my studies, for the mathematical problems, at which I was a dull scholar, seemed more easy of solution than bread making.

If sponge does not get light it must not be mixed into bread and if bread does not rise it must not be baked or you will have such bread as my first. These things we did not know, neither how it should look when light, although I was eighteen, and my sister older, but we had always been kept in school, and when I was married three years later, I knew but little if any more about bread making than when

I tried to make bread for sister. I understood that my mother-in-law felt very badly that her son had married a girl just out of school, who knew nothing about housekeeping. My extravagance would certainly be ruinous to him!

And my side of the house feared it would come pretty hard for me (as I married for love and not money) for I meant to try and be a help-meet by being my own servant, and I thought I knew as much as any newly married young lady about domestic affairs. But when I was many hundred miles from home and could no longer run to mother for council, I discovered my ignorance and gladly would I have exchanged all my accomplishments for a knowledge of housekeeping and cookery; but I worked, and observed, enquired of my friends, and persevered through discouragements; I had the will and was determined to find the way! I had been married over nine years before I hired my first day's help. Had my husband been any other than one of the most patient and kind of men, ever encouraging me with—“you'll learn, don't be discouraged,” etc., never by look or word censuring me for my ignorance or poor cooking, I should have found it still more difficult and discouraging. He has helped me bear my burden while carrying his own. I think he has sufficient cause to apply for a divorce on the ground of my ignorance of cookery, but as he has not, I suffer no fears that he will do so at this late day. My friends occasionally tell me that “I hear you have the reputation of being a superior cook,” which I think is a mistaken idea; I feel unworthy of the compliment, but I have improved wonderfully on the first undertaking and can see much room for greater acquisition.

At supper time we will pay another visit to the kitchen and set sponge and give our yeast a trial. Pare one large potato, and while it is boiling, put a pint of milk in a tin pail and set it in a kettle of water to heat, for if it is put next the fire it very easily scorched and has a disagreeable taste. Mash the potato very fine and when the nights are so cold (in May) that it needs to be warm, but in the summer milk from the cow will be warm enough. Lastly stir in a coffee-cupful of yeast. Cover up and set it on the stove hearth or on the reservoir anywhere so that it will not get chilled. Yes, bread can be made with neither milk or potato, but the potato keeps it moist and the milk makes it white and imparts a delicious sweetness. I will get up in the morning and mix the bread that you may see how I manage it. So to bed we must rest our minds and bodies.

Five o'clock, but that is early enough; though our sponge has risen before us and must receive immediate attention, for it may not only sour, but the longer bread is making the darker it will be and its sweet flavor destroyed. It may not taste sour, but it will not have that sweetness which bread that rises quick and receives timely attention invariably has. I will sift the flour as I always do for all purposes. You see we have more than we mixed last night, or



rather, it is very light, full of small bubbles and nearly fills this two quart jar, and last night it was not much more than half full. No more milk or water for we shall make but two loaves; I will stir the flour in the sponge with a spoon. I never put any saleratus or soda in bread, and as little as I can in any food, as it is very injurious, yet I know of housekeepers who think they cannot make bread without it. It is too stiff for the use of the spoon, now I will use my hands keeping them well floured that the dough will not stick to them. You see my bread is stiff, not hard. I will flour the moulding-board, and mold it fifteen minutes. It must be kept warm so I will open the oven door and set it on a stool beside it and cover up with a towel and while breakfast is being prepared it will get light; it must be turned around every few minutes that all sides may get the heat. We shall have time to eat our breakfast, as it will take some time for it to rise.

When I get up at four o'clock on baking day, I can get my bread baked by seven o'clock. In fact I am obliged to manage my work in that way in the summer, for I cannot stand the combined heat of the sun and cook-stove. I consider one hour before breakfast worth two after, for labor.

Why, yes! to be sure it is light enough to mould into loaves. Our pan is small and it came near running over. The yeast is speaking for itself. Just an hour since I mixed it. I mould it again this time half an hour, it is easier to mould it in this way in a kind of rope form than in one solid mass, and in separate pieces, each loaf by itself, mould one loaf a few minutes and then take another one and change from one to another till the half hour is up. The bread pans are deep, about three inches, and our loaves are small. Moulding makes bread white and I will cut into this dough that you may see how it looks; you see how even the pores are, and fine, there are not some moist places, while others are dry; that is what moulding does to bread; it is the hardest part of the work. It is time to put it in the tins. We will put them on the stove hearth and turn around occasionally that they may rise evenly. Should we neglect it and let it get too light our bread would be dry and tasteless as a chip. Have you never eaten such bread? I have, and have had the misfortune to make such; but I have seen housekeepers who did not know what ailed their bread. I could have told them it was raised to death!

I did not think sixteen years ago that I should ever be giving instructions in bread making, rather if I was so fortunate as to learn, I should consider it a great acquisition; but since I came to Minnesota I think I have gained that knowledge, and have great sympathy for any who are ignorant of the art. Just look at our bread up to the top of the tins! fairly peeping over to see if we had forgotten it; it must go into the oven at once where it will need to stay just about three-quarters of an hour, and turned around in a few minutes that it may bake evenly.

When my oldest daughter was born

I promised myself if she lived, that she should be versed in baking, boiling and broiling! this I did not forget and she is now fourteen years old and can dress, roast or fricassee a fowl, cook all kinds of vegetables desired with it; broil or fry a steak superior to myself, and her pies and cake equal my own make. Bread she cannot make yet, as she is a slender child, and I consider it about as tiresome a job save washing, as is demanded of a housekeeper. If I am spared to see her into womanhood I mean she shall be taught the mysteries of housekeeping so if she has them to perform or superintend, she will know when it is well done. My boys too, shall be taught their part of housekeeping and a little of the girl's also! Then if they are so unfortunate as to marry girls ignorant of its ways they may with patience bear a part of their burden, as has their father, as well as assist them.

I think our bread must be done by this time, just three quarters of an hour, how evenly browned, light and spongy, bearing no semblance whatever to the first attempt of

SISTER SARAH.

#### CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

BY U. U.

#### TWO SORTS OF ECONOMY.

We find going the rounds in the newspapers a scrap something like this: A school boy on being asked, "what is economy?" replied "paring potatoes a thin paring." To this the paper adds "a pretty good definition."

But that depends. If you have only a few potatoes and plenty of time; or if that vegetable is scarce and high priced, and you have no pig or cow to which to feed the parings, then it is true economy to pare them with the least possible waste of material. If, on the other hand, you have plenty of potatoes, and not plenty of time, if you are on a farm where there is stock to consume whole potatoes as well as parings, or have even a single pig, cow or horse to eat them, then where is the economy in your taking narrow, thin parings, working carefully about twice the time that you would in taking off the skin "just as it happens?"

And yet there are housewives who carry their saving habits into these little things, not even stopping to think whether it is economy or not, where in many cases it is an absolute waste of time and no real saving in the end. As for this word economy, we must learn to define it something according to the circumstances of the case. We must define it for ourselves and not for others, we must use our judgment in deciding whether saving of time or saving of material matters most to us, and act accordingly. When this subject claims thought and our best judgment then there will be no needless waste, and true economy will be made a household science.

We are often told that there is enough food wasted in many American families, to support a family as frugally as cooking is managed in France, and there is much truth in the asser-

tion. Indeed, we do not doubt but there is reckless waste in many families especially where the base is mostly left to servants to manage for themselves. But we think we are quite right in assuming that the average New England housewives, at least, is a prudent manager, and is she not often too much so for her own health or soul's good?

Take it in France where food is not plenty as on our broad acres; where an overcrowded population demands the closest economy of material, and yet where labor is cheap and easy to be secured, so that every bone and every crumb must needs be utilized in some way, towards supplying human food. There economy may needs have a different application than with us, and yet be no more truly carried out than with many in this country where no such need exists, and where labor is in constant demand.

If the Western farmer finds that he can raise corn for fuel cheaper than he can get it otherwise, in fact, that there is no market for his corn which will pay his time for raising it and getting it into the market, then where is the waste of burning it, even supposing it would go towards helping the human race. If fruit is so abundant in some localities, and some seasons that the farmer has not time to gather it all in, room to store it, or a ready market where he can dispose of it to advantage, there is no waste to let farm stock luxuriate in orchards as is in some cases done? Or with a good supply of fruit is it economy for the farmer's wife and daughters to be careful to take thin parings? Yet we buy our apples at high rates, and must economise in their use then we can ill afford to waste fruit with the parings.

In meats too there is, in many families, true economy in saving of scraps, bones, trimmings, etc., to be utilized in some way as for soups and gravies. But if there is use for these pieces in other ways; if the dog needs the bones, and the chickens the trimmings and cold bits of fresh meat, especially in winter, where is the saving for the hurried busy housewife spending time to utilize them for the dinner table?

And to this same principle may be carried out in many things connected with our kitchen affairs, and, indeed in every department of household management. An intelligent and skillful manager, knows that it will not pay her to spend half a day laying her patterns one way, and then another, so as to get out a dress at the saving of half a yard of twelve cent print, and yet, if she has only a small pattern and cannot get more of the same then it may be reasonable to spend a little time in planning how to make the best of it. And she knows too that it does not pay to piece cheap material more than can be helped—that sewing a half yard or yard over and over seam, to save a little in the length of cotton, is waste of time where time, as with most of us, is of account.

Neither is there economy in saving every scrap of calico to spend time to put it together in patchwork, or bits of flannel to draw into fancy rugs, if one must take the weary hours after other work is done, or, perhaps, days

and weeks to do this toilsome work. There is economy in even well-to-do people, patching and darning to a certain extent, and again, there is waste, yes, wickedness, in the overworked house mother putting patch upon patch, where the garment has served a good term of service. If absolute necessity demands this, then it is true economy and heroism, but often it is habit more than necessity or frugality. As there is a withholding that tendeth to poverty, so there is a saving which overtakes the body, impoverishes the mind, and contracts the soul of those who make it the end of their lives to practice it. True economy may be saving in time as well as material, in strength as well as saving of filthy lucre.

#### FOR THE DAIRY.

We lately saw a recipe for keeping dairy utensils pure and sweet, which we mean to try, as we think it cannot but be advantageous. Keep close by the table on which the milk things are washed a large or small tub, according to the size of your dairy. In this slack some good quick lime, enough to make a thin whitewash; fill with water, cover closely to keep out dirt and dust. The lime will settle, leaving a saturated solution of lime water over it, as clear as spring water. wash the utensils as usual; then dip each article into the cask of lime water, giving them a quick turn so that every part will be emerged in the lime water; then set them up to drain and dry, and the purification is complete." We presume, in the case of a churn, cheese tub, cheese press, or other large article, that pouring the lime water over it will answer the purpose just as well, though using the lime water up sooner than by dipping into the cask.

The lime in the clear water instantly neutralizes the acidity of the milk which may yet remain in the seams or cracks of the milk vessels. The lime keeps the water pure all summer, and the loss of water by evaporation may be made up by adding clear water when needed, as the lime settled at the bottom will keep up the strength of the saturated solution.

#### FIVE WAYS TO DESTROY ANTS.

1. Pour, copiously, hot water, as near the boiling point as possible, down their burrows, and over their hills, and repeat the operation several times.

2. Entrap the ants by means of narrow sheets of stiff paper, or strips of board, covered with some sweet, sticky substance. The ants are attracted by the sweets, and sticking fast, can be destroyed as often as a sufficient number are entrapped.

3. Lay fresh bones around their haunts. They will leave everything else to attack these, and when thus accumulated, can be dipped in hot water.

4. Pour two or three spoonfuls of coal oil into their holes, and they will abandon the nest.

5. Bury a few slices of onions in their nests, and they will abandon them.



## HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

**DANDY PUDDING.**—One quart of milk, when scalding add the yolks of four eggs, four tablespoonfuls of corn starch, and four tablespoonfuls of pulverized sugar beaten together, let it boil four or five minutes, stirring until it thickens, flavor with lemon and pour in a mould. Beat the whites of the eggs and four tablespoonfuls of pulverized sugar to a stiff froth, spread over the pudding when cold, and set it in the oven to brown for a few moments.

**ORANGE CAKE.**—Beat together the yolks of four eggs and one cup of white sugar, then add one-quarter cup of melted butter, one-half cup of milk, one and one-half cups of flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Bake in two long tins. Make a meringue of the whites of two eggs, one-half orange, grated, and one cup of pulverized sugar, spread between the cakes, putting one cake on top of the other.

E. T.

**APPLE PUDDING.**—Pare and core six nice apples, leaving in halves, and stew till nearly soft. Let come to a boil one pint of milk; mix well together the yolks of two eggs, one large tablespoonful of corn starch and a little milk, stir into the boiling milk, cook two or three minutes, sweeten to taste, flavor with lemon, pour into a pudding dish; place on it the pieces of apple, putting jelly into each core cavity; over the whole spread the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth, sprinkle with sugar, and set in a quick oven till nicely browned. Serve with cream. DORCAS.

**GINGER SNAPS WITHOUT LARD OR BUTTER.**—One pint of molasses, two teaspoonfuls each of soda, salt and ginger, mould dry as possible and roll very thin.

S. J. P.

**COCOANUT CAKE.**—Three cups of sugar, one full cup of butter, four cups of flour, one cup of sweet milk, three eggs, one grated cocoanut, one teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar.

**BEAUTIFUL CAKE.**—Five eggs, three cups of sugar, two cups of butter, five cups of flour, one cup of sour milk, one-half of a nutmeg, one pound each of raisins and citron, one teaspoonful of saleratus.

**HICKORY CAKE.**—One cup of sugar, one egg, one-half cup of butter, two cups of flour, one cup of walnut meats chopped a little, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one cup of sweet milk.

**PARKER HOUSE ROLLS.**—Two quarts of sifted flour, one pint of cold boiled milk, one tablespoonful of melted lard, one-fourth cup of white sugar, a little salt, a cent's worth of yeast if you wish them for breakfast. Sponge up all these ingredients about four o'clock in the afternoon, before going to bed knead them up, but do not use any more flour. If your yeast is good, they will be light, then roll out about a quarter of an inch thick and cut out with the cover of a pint tin pail, spread them with melted butter, double them over together, and let them rise again from twenty minutes to half an hour, then bake in a quick oven.

M. L. L.

**PICKLED CABBAGE.**—*Dear Household:*—Allow a Georgia housekeeper to offer her receipt for pickling cabbage. Select firm, fresh cabbage heads and quarter them, then rinse in cold water, and carefully pack in a jar, sprinkling each layer of cabbage well with salt; set aside for twenty-four hours. Press out the brine that has accumulated, and roll each piece of cabbage in pulverized ginger, allowing as much ginger to adhere to the cabbage as possible, then place in a jar and to every layer of cabbage sprinkle heavily with mace, cinnamon, turmeric, red pepper, and whole grains of black pepper, white mustard seed, and a little sugar. Scald with good vinegar and let it stand thirty-six hours, then pour off the vinegar without allowing the spices to escape; refill the jar with fresh vinegar, and add a few more mustard seed and a little sugar. Keep the cabbage pressed down under the vinegar, if necessary use a

weight. If your vinegar is good the pickles will be ready in two weeks. MRS. A. V. A.

**A GOOD PIE CRUST.**—*Mr. Crowell,* *Dear Sir:*—If Mrs. S. C. C. would like to know how to make good piecrust I will give her my way: Make your dough pretty hard, take one-half for the upper crust, roll out, spread on a thin coating of lard or butter, sprinkle on a little salt and flour on one-half of it and double over and roll out again, and so on as many times as you please, (I usually do so four or five times,) the last time put your lard all over, sprinkle on your flour, roll your dough up, cut off as much as it will take to cover a pie. This will be nice and flaky and wont grow hard.

**DUMPLINGS.**—Ruth wishes to know how to mix and cook dumplings in soup so that they will come on the table light and spongy. I have a way of my own and I think they are nice. One quart of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one of saleratus wet up with sweet milk if you have it, if not water will do, and if you do not use cream of tartar sour milk will do. Make them small, and after your potatoes get well to boiling drop in your dumplings, let them boil smart fifteen or twenty minutes, try them with a fork, and when done take them out. If they stay in too long they will be heavy. This is my experience.

H. E. W.

**DILATORY BUTTER.**—*Mr. Crowell:*—I have been a reader of your paper for about six months, as my daughter is a subscriber for it, but had never thought of writing anything for its column, until the February number came, with its article on dilatory butter. Sympathy for a weary sister, induces me to take my pen and give her a simple and sure remedy. Sour your cream, or rather let it stand in a warm place, near the kitchen stove perhaps, until you are sure that it is sour, before you put it in the churn. Stir it thoroughly twice a day, testing the temperature and acidity by tasting it each time. Do not keep it warm enough to melt the cream or the particles of butter in the cream, and when you are sure that it is thoroughly sour, if it is too warm to produce good solid butter, reduce the temperature by setting it away in a cold room for a while. When reduced to the right temperature, churn it, and if the butter does not come in less than one hour's churning, your experience will be different from mine.

L. A. C.

**EXTRACT LEMON.**—One pint of alcohol, one ounce of oil of lemon. This can be bought for seventy-five cents, and will fill ten common extract bottles, besides being stronger and purer. The same rule is good for all extracts.

**CORN CAKE.**—I saw some recipes for corn cake in your paper. I wish every one would try mine. Mix well one pint of meal, two tablespoonfuls of wheat flour, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar; mix with one pint of sweet milk, one egg, and a piece of butter the size of an egg.

COM.

**WHITE MOUNTAIN CAKE.**—*Mr. Crowell:*—I saw in the March number of THE HOUSEHOLD a request for a White Mountain cake recipe. This is the one my sister uses: One-half cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three and one-half cups of flour, one cup of milk, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and one teaspoonful of soda. Put the soda in the milk and stir the cream of tartar in the flour. Bake the same as jelly cake, only instead of jelly between each layer put frosting.

*Frosting for the same.*—Beat the white of one egg to a stiff froth, stir into it seven teaspoonfuls of pulverized white sugar, flavor with lemon or vanilla. My sister copied this from the Rural New Yorker five years ago, she has used it and knows that it is good.

DODD.

**DUMPLINGS FOR SOUP.**—Make in the same way as you would make cream of tartar or sour milk biscuit. Do not have broth enough to boil over them when cooking, if there is too much dip out some, and place the cakes on the sliced potatoes. Cover closely and steam ten minutes.

S. H. C.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

**MR. CROWELL.**—*Dear Sir:*—Through the kindness of a friend I received your excellent paper last year; and the beginning of this I renewed my subscription, feeling that I could not be without the paper that devoted itself to our departments almost entirely. I can scarcely tell which department I enjoy the most. I have found excellent recipes in it. I have a few that I have tried, and find them excellent, and would like other readers of THE HOUSEHOLD to try them.

In a late number of THE HOUSEHOLD S. B. M. asks for a good recipe for making cocoanut cake. This one I prefer to any other: One tumbler of sweet milk, one tumbler of sugar, one-half tumbler of butter, three eggs, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and flour enough not to make it too stiff—a little experience will tell you about how much. Bake in four different dishes. I use pie plates. When baked have your frosting ready, and put the four cakes together with frosting between and cocoanut sprinkled on the frosting; not too much cocoanut or the pieces will fall apart when cut. I use the desiccated, and Schep's desiccated cocoanut I always find good, and is so much less trouble than to buy the cocoanut and prepare it.

Mrs. Dora A. wishes a recipe for making a cake without eggs. I think this is good. One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, two of sour milk, two of currants, five of flour, one teaspoonful of soda and spice to taste.

**Fruit Cake.**—One pound of sugar, one pound of butter, one pound of flour, one pound of currants, two pounds of raisins, one-fourth pound of citron, eight eggs, one tablespoonful of molasses, one cup of sour milk, a teaspoonful of soda, spices of all kinds. Bake two hours in a moderate oven. This will keep a long time.

Mrs. H. E. C. wishes a recipe for White Mountain cake. Make a cake as you would for silver cake, bake in separate dishes, and put frosting between and on top. There have been several recipes for silver cake, so I will not send another.

If H. M. will try this recipe for yeast, I think she will have no trouble. Take a small handful of hops and put in a bag kept or purpose, and boil in four quarts of water, add one quart of sliced potatoes, and boil until done, take out the potatoes and mash, and add one cup of sugar, one-half cup of salt then pour over the hop water, if not enough to make four quarts pour more water over the hops, so as to get more strength out of the hops, and pour it to the potatoes; when cool enough, add your yeast. When light it will bubble and sparkle. I think it keeps much longer for not having flour in it. For four loaves of bread use one cup of yeast.

Would some one of the many readers of THE HOUSEHOLD give me a recipe for tapioca pudding?

A Young Housekeeper wishes to know how to pickle cabbage. Cut the cabbage as fine as you like then throw it in a pot of boiling water, and let it cook until it is tender; then tie it up in a cloth for twenty-four hours, or until it is thoroughly drained; then season to taste with salt pepper mustard and grated horse radish; mix well together, then pack into a jar and pour scalded vinegar over it.

E. M. F.

**MR. GEO. E. COWELL.**—*Dear Sir:*—Can any of your contributors give me direction for making a bouquet of skeleton leaves? what kinds of leaves are best, and at what season of the year they should be gathered?

I think S. A. M. would like either of the following recipes for cooking macaroni:

Cover the macaroni with milk and let it stand one hour, or until soft, then add a little salt, put cheese over the top and bake half an hour.

Boil the macaroni in water with a small piece of butter and salt, and when done serve with stewed tomatoes.

MRS. K.

**MR. CROWELL.**—*Dear Sir:*—One of your correspondents wishes to know how to cook dumplings in soup, light and spongy. If she will use Royal Baking Powder she will have no more trouble. Use by the rule for biscuit without shortening.

In answer to J. E. L., would say, to make a soft cake for Washington pie, use one cup

of sugar, a piece of butter as large as a hen's egg, two eggs, two cups of flour, half a cup of milk, one small teaspoonful of Royal Baking Powder sifted in with the flour.

SUBSCRIBER.

**MR. EDITOR:**—Please tell Dorcas ink spots or iron rust may be removed from cotton or linen by using lemon juice and common salt, or Davids' salts of lemon. Exposure to a hot sun after rubbing will aid in evaporating the stain.

The only way for Mrs. O. C. to keep things looking "just so," is to "have a place for everything and everything in its place."

If Mrs. L. N. F. H. will try this see will find it very nice.

**MINNEAPOLIS COCANUT CAKE.**—Take three eggs, and the yolk of another, one cup of white sugar, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two tablespoonfuls of sweet milk, one cup of flour, a teaspoonful of baking powder and a teaspoonful of salt. The eggs and sugar must be beaten very light before the other articles are added. Bake in jelly tins, in a quick oven. It will make six. Take the whites of the eggs, beat to a stiff froth, add half a cup of fine sugar, and a cup of Schep's desiccated cocoanut, use this mixture for the inside and the top of the cake. MRS. G. W.

Will some one please inform me how to make light colored beeswax white?

S. H. C.

I should like to ask through THE HOUSEHOLD for a recipe for ink that will not injure by freezing?

DODD.

Will some one furnish directions for taking off the rough coating on sea shells and muscle shells?

A. V. A.

If Mrs. S. C. C. will use three pints of flour, one coffee cup of lard, a teaspoonful of salt, and just cold water enough to make it work smooth, her pie crust will not harden after baking. Do not mix the dough but little.

**MR. CROWELL.**—*Sir:*—In the April number of THE HOUSEHOLD a Young Housekeeper asks how to pickle cabbage, and as I have a recipe we think nice and has kept from October till now with no mould on it, will send it. Take a large cabbage, boil it in salt and water till tender enough for the table, (I boiled two green peppers with it,) then chop fine, drain all the water from it, put it in a jar, pour over it boiling hot vinegar sufficient to cover it, in which I put mace, ginger and cloves to taste, also a cup of white sugar. Tie it down tight while hot, and if the vinegar is good there will be no further trouble.

Ruth wishes to know how to make and cook dumplings in soup. Make the same as cream of tartar or sour milk biscuit, put on a tin pie plate, set on the top of the soup and cook in the steam.

I wish to send a recipe for Parker House Rolls, as I think them easier made than by the rule in April number. One quart of flour, one-half pint of milk, one-half cup of yeast, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of sugar; scald the milk, and when cool put in the butter, sugar and yeast, make a hole in the flour and put in the milk without stirring, when it is all risen over the flour, stir up, let it rise again, then mould and let it rise again, mould and cut in round cakes, spread a small piece of butter on one-half, fold over the other half, put in the pan to bake, and let it rise again. I put them together at nine o'clock in the morning, and kept warm they will be ready to bake for tea.

MRS. E. R.

**MR. CROWELL.**—*Sir:*—Will some kind reader of THE HOUSEHOLD inform me how to make muffins without yeast? Also, how to make frosting that will not cleave from the cake when it is cut?

I notice in the April number that J. E. L. wishes to know how to make Washington pie that will be soft. I will give her my recipe, and I think she will like it. Take two cups of sugar, one egg, one cup of thick sour cream, one cup of sour milk, one even teaspoonful of soda, and a little salt. Bake in a quick oven, and when done put the jelly between, and just before putting on the table I sift a little powdered sugar on the top of the pie. The above is for four pies.

E. A. A.





## DO AS NEAR RIGHT AS YOU CAN.

The world stretches widely before you,  
A field for your muscle and brain;  
And though clouds may often float o'er you,  
And often come tempests and rain,  
Be fearless of storms which o'er take you—  
Push forward through all like a man—  
Good fortune will never forsake you,  
If you do as near right as you can.

Remember the will to do rightly,  
If used will evil confound;  
Live daily by conscience, that nightly,  
Your sleep may be peaceful and sound.  
In contests of right never waver—  
Let honesty shape every plan,  
And life will of Paradise savor,  
If you do as near right as you can.

Though foes' darkest scandal may speed,  
And strive with their shrewdest of tact,  
To injure your fame, never heed,  
But justly and honestly act;  
And ask of the Ruler of Heaven  
To save your fair name as a man,  
And all that you ask will be given,  
If you do as near right as you can.

## THE NEIGHBOR-IN-LAW.

BY MRS. LYDIA M. CHILD.

"So you are going to live in the same building with Hetty Turnpenny," said Mrs. Lane to Mrs. Fairweather. "You will find no one to envy you. If her temper does not prove too much even for your good nature, it will surprise all who know her. We lived there a year and that is as long as anybody ever tried it."

"Poor Hetty!" replied Mrs. Fairweather, "she has had much to harden her. Her mother died too early for her to remember; her father was very severe with her; and the only love she ever had, borrowed the savings of her years of toil, and spent them in dissipation. But Hetty, notwithstanding her hard features, and sharper words, certainly had a kind heart. In the midst of her greatest poverty many were the stockings she knit, and the warm waistcoats she made, for the poor drunken lover whom she had too much sense to marry. Then you know she feeds and clothes her brother's orphan child."

"If you call it feeding and clothing," replied Mrs. Lane. "The poor child looks cold and pinched, and frightened all the time, as if she was chased by the East wind. I used to tell Miss Turnpenny she ought to be ashamed of herself to keep the little thing at work all the time, without one minute to play. If she does but look at the cat, as it runs by the window, Aunt Hetty gives her a rap over the knuckles. I used to tell her she would make the girl just such another sour old crab as herself."

"That must have been very improving to her disposition," replied Mrs. Fairweather, with a good-humored smile. "But, in justice to poor Aunt Hetty, you should remember that she had just such a careless childhood herself. Flowers grow where there is sunshine."

"I know you think everybody ought to live in the sunshine," replied Mrs. Lane; "and it must be confessed that you carry it with you wherever you

go. If Miss Turnpenny has a heart, I dare say you will find it out, though I never could, nor I never heard of anybody that could. All the families within hearing of her tongue call her neighbor-in-law."

Certainly the prospect was not very encouraging; for the house Mrs. Fairweather proposed to occupy was not only under the same roof with Miss Turnpenny, but the building had one common yard in front. The very first day she took possession of her new habitation she called on the neighbor-in-law. Aunt Hetty had taken the precaution to extinguish the fire; lest the neighbor should want hot water, before her own wood and coal arrived. Her first salutation was: "If you want any cold water, there's a pump across the street; I don't like to have my house slopped all over."

"I am glad you are so tidy, neighbor Turnpenny," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "It is extremely pleasant to have neighbors. I will try and keep everything as bright as a new five cent piece, for I see that will please you. I came merely to say good morning, and to ask if you could spare little Peggy to run up and down stairs for me, while I am getting my furniture in order. I will pay her sixpence an hour."

Aunt Hetty began to purse up her mouth for a refusal; but the promise of sixpence an hour relaxed her features at once. Little Peggy sat knitting a stocking very dilligently, with a rod lying on the table beside her. She looked up with timid wistfulness as if the prospect of any change was like a release from prison. When she heard consent given, a bright color flushed her cheeks. She was evidently an impressible temperament, for good or evil. "Now mind and behave yourself," said Aunt Hetty; "and see that you keep at work the whole time: if I hear one word of complaint you know what you'll get when you come home." The rose color subdued on Peggy's pale face, and she answered: "Yes, ma'am," meekly.

In the neighbor's house all went otherwise. No switch lay on the table, and instead of "Mind how you do that; if you don't I'll punish you," she heard the words: "There, dear, see how carefully you can carry that up stairs. Why what a nice handy little girl you are!"

Under these enlivening influences Peggy worked like a bee. Aunt Hetty was always in the habit of saying: "Stop your noise and mind your work." But the new friend patted her on the head and said: "What a pleasant voice the little girl has! It is like the birds in the fields. By-and-by you shall hear my music-box."

This opened wide the windows of the little shut-up heart, so that the sunshine could stream in, and the birds fly in and out, caroling. The happy child tuned up like a lark, as she tripped lightly up and down stairs on various household errands. But though she took care to observe all the directions given her, her head was all the time filled with conjectures what sort of a thing a music-box might be. She was a little afraid the kind lady might forget to show it to her. She kept to work, however, and asked no questions; she only looked

very curiously at everything that resembled a box.

At last Mrs. Fairweather said: "I think your little feet must be tired by this time. We will rest awhile, and eat some gingerbread."

The child took the offered cake, with a humble little courtesy, and carefully held up her apron to prevent any from falling on the floor. But suddenly the apron dropped, and the crumbs were all strewn about.

"Is that a little bird?" she exclaimed eagerly. "Where is he? Is he in this room!"

The new friend smiled and told her that was the music-box, and after a while she opened it, and explained what made the sounds. Then she took out a pile of books from one of the baskets of goods, and told Peggy she might look at the pictures till she called her.

The little girl stepped forward eagerly to take them, and then drew back, as if afraid.

"What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Fairweather. "I am very willing to trust you with the books. I keep them on purpose to amuse children."

"Aunt Turnpenny won't like it if I play."

"Don't trouble yourself about that. I will make it all right with Aunt Hetty," replied the friendly one.

Thus assured, she gave herself up to the full enjoyment of the picture books; and when she was summoned to her work she obeyed with a cheerful alacrity that would have astonished her stern relative. When the labors of the day were concluded, Mrs. Fairweather accompanied her home, paid for all the hours she had been absent, and warmly praised her docility and diligence.

"It is lucky for her that she behaved so well," replied Aunt Hetty; "if I had heard any complaint I should have given her a whipping, and sent her to bed without her supper."

Poor little Peggy went to sleep that night with a lighter heart than she had ever felt since she had been an orphan. Her first thought in the morning was whether her new neighbor would want her services during the day. Her desire that it should be so soon became obvious to Aunt Hetty, and excited an undefined jealousy and dislike of a person who so easily made herself beloved. Without exactly acknowledging to herself what were her own motives, she ordered Peggy to gather all the sweepings of the kitchen and court into a small pile, and leave it on the frontier of her neighbor's premises. Peggy ventured to ask timidly whether the wind would not blow it about, and received a box on the ear for her impertinence.

It chanced that Mrs. Fairweather, quite unintentionally, heard the blow. She gave Aunt Hetty's anger time to cool, then stepped out into the court, and after arranging divers little matters, she called aloud to her domestic:

"Sally, how came you to leave this pile of dirt here? Didn't I tell you Miss Turnpenny was very neat? Pray, make haste and sweep it up. I would not have her see it on any account. I told her that I would keep everything so nice about the premises. She is so particular herself, and it is a comfort to have tidy neighbors."

The girl who had been previously instructed, smiled as she came out, with brush and dust pan, and swept quietly away the pile, that was intended as a declaration of frontier war.

But another source of annoyance presented itself which could not be so easily disposed of. Aunt Hetty had a cat, a lean, scraggy animal, that looked as if she was often licked and seldom fed; Mrs. Fairweather also had a fat, frisky, little dog, always ready for a caper. He took a dislike to poor poverty-stricken Tab the first time he saw her, and no coaxing could induce him to alter his opinion. His name was Pink, but he was anything but a pink of behavior to his neighborly relations. Poor Tab could never set foot out of the door without being saluted with a growl and a sharp bark that frightened her out of her senses, and made her run into house, with her fur all on end. If she ventured to doze a little on her door-step, the enemy was on the watch, and the moment her eyes closed he would wake her with a bark and a box on the ear, and off he would run.

Aunt Hetty vowed she would scald him. It was a burning shame, she said, for folks to keep dogs to worry their neighbors' cats. Mrs. Fairweather invited Tabby to dine, and made much of her, and patiently endeavored to teach the dog to eat from the same plate. But Pink was steadily resolved that he would be scalded first—that he would. He could not have been more firm in his opposition if he and Tab had belonged to the different sects in Christendom. While his mistress was patting Tab on the head, and reasoning the point with him, he would at times manifest a degree of indifference, amounting to toleration; but the moment he was left to his own free will he would give the invited guest a hearty cuff with his paw, and send her home spitting like a small steam engine. Aunt Hetty considered it her own peculiar privilege to cuff the poor animal, and it was too much for her patience to see Pink undertake to assist in making Tab unhappy. On one of these occasions she rushed into her neighbor's apartments, and faced Mrs. Fairweather, with one hand resting on her hip, and the forefinger of the other making wrathful gesticulations.

"I tell you what, madam, I won't put up with such treatment much longer," said she; "I'll poison that dog; you see if I don't; and I shan't wait long, I tell you. What you keep such an impudent little beast for I don't know, without you do it on purpose to plague your neighbors."

"I am really sorry he behaves so," replied Mrs. Fairweather, mildly. "Poor Tab."

"Poor Tab!" screamed Miss Turnpenny. "What do you mean by calling her poor? Do you mean to fling it up to me that my cat don't have enough to eat?"

"I did not think of such a thing," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "I called her poor Tab, because Pink plagued her so that she had no peace of life. I agree with you, neighbor Turnpenny; it is not right to keep a dog that disturbs the neighborhood. I am attached to poor Pink because he be-



longs to my son, who has gone to sea. I was in hopes he would leave off quarrelling with the cat; but if he won't be neighborly, I will send him out into the country to board. Sally, you will bring me one of the pies we baked this morning. I should like to have Miss Turnpenny taste of them."

The crabbed neighbor was helped abundantly, and while she was eating the pie, the friendly matron edged in many loud words concerning little Peggy, whom she praised as a remarkably capable, industrious child.

"I am glad you find her so," said Aunt Hetty; "I should get precious little work out of her if I did not keep the switch in sight."

"I manage children pretty much as the man did the donkey," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "Not an inch would the beast stir for all his masters beating and thumping. But a neighbor tied some fresh turnips to a stick, and fastened them so that they swung before the donkey's nose, and he sat off in a brisk trot in hopes of overtaking them."

Aunt Hetty without observing how very closely the comparison applied to her management of Peggy, said:

"They do very well for folks that have plenty of turnips to spare."

"For the matter of that," answered Mrs. Fairweather, "whips cost something as well as turnips; and since one makes the donkey stand still, and the other makes him trot, it is very easy to decide which is the most economical. But neighbor Turnpenny, since you like my pies so well, pray take one home with you. I am afraid they will mould before we can eat them up."

Aunt Hetty had come for a quarrel, and was astonished to find herself going home with a pie.

"Well, Mrs. Fairweather," said she, "you are a neighbor. I thank you a thousand times."

When she reached her own door, she hesitated for an instant, then turned back, pie in hand, to say:

"Neighbor Fairweather, you needn't trouble yourself about sending Pink away. It's natural that you should like the little creature, seeing he belongs to your son. I'll try to keep Tab indoors, and, perhaps, after awhile they will agree better."

"I hope they will," replied the friendly matron: "we will try them awhile longer, and, if they persist in quarrelling, I will send the dog into the country."

Pink, who, was sleeping on a chair, scratched himself and gaped. His kind mistress patted him on the head.

"Ah, you foolish little beast!" said she, "what is the use of plaguing poor Tab?"

"Well, I do say," observed Sally, smiling, "you are a great woman for stopping a quarrel."

"I learnt a good lesson when I was a little girl," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "One frosty morning, I was looking into my father's barn-yard, where stood many cows, oxen and horses, waiting to drink. It was one of those cold, snapping mornings, when a slight thing irritates both man and beast. The cattle all stood still and meek till one of the cows attempted to turn round. In making the attempt, she happened to hit her next neighbor;

whereupon the neighbor kicked and hit another. In five minutes the whole herd were kicking and hooking each other with all fury. My mother laughed and said, 'see what comes of kicking when you are hit. Just so I've seen one cross word put a whole family by the ears, some frosty morning.' Afterwards, if my brother or myself were a little irritable, she would say, 'take care children; remember how the fight in the barn-yard began; never give a kick for a bite, and you will save yourself and others a deal of trouble.'"

That same afternoon the sunshiny dame came stepping into Aunt Hetty's rooms where she found Peggy sewing as usual, with the usual switch on the table beside her.

"I am obliged to go to Harlem on business," said she, "and feel rather lonely without company, and I always like to have a child with me; I will pay her fare in the omnibus."

"She has got her spelling lesson to get before night," replied Aunt Hetty. "I don't approve of young folks going a pleasuring and neglecting their education."

"Neither do I," rejoined her neighbor; "but I think there is a great deal of education that is not found in books. The fresh air will make Peggy grow stout and active. I prophesy she will do great credit to your bringing up."

The sugared words, and the remembrance of the sugared pie, touched the soft place in Miss Turnpenny's heart, and she told the astonished Peggy that she might go and put on her best gown and bonnet.

The poor child began to think that this new neighbor was certainly one of the good fairies she had read about in the picture books. The excursion was enjoyed only as a child can enjoy the country. The world seemed such a pleasant place, when the fetters are off, and nature folds the young heart lovingly to her bosom. A flock of real birds and two living butterflies put the little orphan in a perfect ecstasy. She pointed to the fields covered with dandelions, and said, "see how pretty? It looks as if the stars had come down to lie on the grass."

Ah, our little stunted Peggy had poetry in her, though Aunt Hetty never found it out! Every human soul has the germs of some flowers within, and they would open if they could only find sunshine and free air to expand them. Mrs. Fairweather was a practical philosopher in her own small way. She observed that Miss Turnpenny really liked a pleasant time; and when winter came she tried to persuade her that singing would be excellent for Peggy's lungs, and perhaps keep her from going into consumption.

"My nephew, James Fairweather, keeps a singing school," said she, "and he says he will teach her gratis. You need not feel under great obligations; for her voice will lead the whole school, and her ear is so quick it will be no trouble at all to teach her. Perhaps you would go with us sometimes, neighbor Turnpenny? It is very pleasant to hear the children's voices."

The cordage of Aunt Hetty's mouth relaxed into a smile. She accepted the invitation, and was so much

pleased that she went every Sunday evening. The simple tunes, the sweet young voices, fell like dew on her dried-up heart, and gently aided the genial influence of her neighbor's example. The rod silently disappeared from the table. If Peggy was disposed to be idle, it was only necessary to say:

"When you have finished your work, you may go and ask whether Mrs. Fairweather wants any errands done."

Bless me, how the fingers flew! Aunt Hetty had learned to use turnips instead of the cudgel.

When Spring came Mrs. Fairweather busied herself with planting roses and vines. Miss Turnpenny readily consented that Peggy should help her, and even refused to take any pay from such a good neighbor. But she maintained her own opinion that it was a mere waste of time to cultivate flowers. The cheerful philosopher never disputed the point, but she would sometimes say:

"I have no room to plant this rose bush, neighbor Turnpenny; would you be willing to let me set it on your side of the yard? It will take very little room and will need no care."

At another time she would say:

"Well, really, my ground is too full. Here is a root of ladies' delight. How bright and pretty it looks! It seems a pity to throw it away. If you are willing, I will let Peggy plant it in what she calls her garden. It will grow of itself, without any care, and scatter seeds that will come up and blossom in all the chinks of the bricks. I love it. It seems such a bright, good-natured little thing."

Thus, by degrees, the crabbed maiden found herself surrounded by flowers; and she even declared of her own account, that they did look pretty.

One day, when Mrs. Lane called upon Mrs. Fairweather, she found the old weed-grown yard bright and blooming. Tab, quite fat and sleek, was asleep in the sunshine, with her paw upon Pink's neck, and little Peggy was singing as blithe as a bird.

"How cheerful you look here!" said Mrs. Lane. "And you have really taken the house for another year! Pray, how did you manage to get on with the neighbor-in-law?"

"I find her a very kind, obliging neighbor," replied Mrs. Fairweather.

"Well, that is a miracle!" exclaimed Mrs. Lane. "Nobody but you would have undertaken to thaw out Aunt Hetty's heart."

"That is probably the reason why it never was thawed," rejoined her friend. "I always told you that not having enough sunshine was what ailed the world. Make people happy, and there will not be half the quarrelling, or a tenth part of the wickedness there is."

From this gospel of joy, preached and practiced, nobody derived so much benefit as little Peggy. Her nature, which was fast growing crooked and knotty, under the malign influence of restraint and fear, straightened up, budded and blossomed in the genial atmosphere of cheerful kindness. Her affections and faculties were kept in such pleasant exercise, that constant lightness of heart made her almost handsome. The young music teacher thought her more than almost hand-

some, for her affectionate soul shone more beamingly on him than on others; and love makes all things beautiful.

When the orphan removed to her pleasant little cottage on her wedding day, she threw her arms around the blessed missionary of sunshine, and said: "Ah, thou dear, good aunt, it is thou who has made my life Fair-weather!"

### "BEST ROOMS"

BY MELLIE WILLOW.

I have always wondered what some people have best rooms for. It really is a mystery; for they always keep them closed and dark—no ray of sunlight ever peeps through the curtains or falls upon the carpet or pictures. Everything is cold and stiff, and a sort of awe-inspiring atmosphere pervades the entire room, and you feel involuntarily like raising your hat and making a profound bow when you enter.

A few times a year the apartment is aired, and two or three times opened for "grand company." But how uncongenial everything is! One feels just like walking on tip-toe; the children are sure to talk in whispers and there is a pervading feeling that the carpet is too nice to walk on, the chairs too easy to be enjoyed, the pictures too beautiful to be commented upon, the books too handsomely bound to look at and read. So you sit bolt upright and talk politics and theology until you get as rigid as your surroundings.

Now, I don't like such rooms! I don't believe in having things that are too nice to be used; they always make me nervous. If I have a nice dress, I want to wear it: If I have a nice pleasant room, I want to enjoy it when I have leisure, and not when I have a room full of company to entertain.

I always think soft carpets are to walk upon, easy chairs to lounge in, beautiful pictures to look at and admire, handsome books to read and talk about.

How I love to throw open the "best room" now and then and spend a quiet evening there; have father and brother put on their dressing gowns and slippers—mother bring her knitting, and sisters their crochet and embroidery; have some one read a good entertaining story, or a sketch from some favorite author,—then play an innocent game of some sort, laugh and talk just as much as you please, or sing a pleasant, cherry song with the piano for accompaniment.

Presently father will begin one of his long thrilling stories of his early life in a new country; mother will look complacently around upon the family group and think what a happy change time has wrought. How bright and happy those faces are around that hearthstone! Soon the clock gives warning that 'tis an hour past bed time—and where has the time flown? Happy good nights are spoken, and happier hearts think there is no place like home, and there isn't.

Now, this is what I call enjoyment, and putting our "best room" to a proper use; and I am confident that if more parents thought so, and would labor to make home the happiest place



on earth, there would be far less of dissipation and crime among our young men, than there now is.

There is nothing that sheds such a glow of warmth through the soul as the feeling that there is one place on earth where we can find rest, and that is home; a place where we can enjoy the society of those most dear to us, and where all is peace and happiness.

Parents, open your "best room" occasionally, when only your own family is to grace it and see how much comfort you can take, and how great an amount of happiness you will afford those over whom you have control.—*Western Rural.*

#### THE BEST WAY TO LABOR EASILY.

A scholar may be able to write in a dogged manner, with a determined resolution to grind out a given task at all hazards. So a person may put whip and spur to his overworked and dragged out energies, and engage in manual employment as the sullen culprit goes scourged to his irksome labor. If one must sit with pen already dipped, and woo his ideas and tumble his dictionary for suggestive words, he will be very apt to write and erase, to change and alter repeatedly before the sluggish thoughts can be satisfactorily expressed. Thus it is also with manual labor; if one can not engage in it as a buoyant urchin bounds away to the play-ground, every thing will drag heavily.

If the thoughts do not come rushing across the orbit of the soul in rapid succession, as the fleet shadows of summer clouds chase each other over the landscape, lay the pen aside, touch no newspaper or book, and walk or ride out in the park, the fields or groves for an hour or more. Throw off all anxiety and care let down the tension which has held the entire system up to concert pitch for many days, and try to feel that you have nothing to do for three years. Then after an invigorative relaxation, dip the pen, and the well arranged thoughts, in most appropriate language, will flow along as smoothly as excellent ink from the pen when writing on parchment. After writing an hour, drop the pen in the middle of a paragraph, and recreate for fifteen or twenty minutes by the clock: after which resume the writing, always exercising rigid authority over self, to stop entirely before the monitor within says every faculty has been overdone.

A manual laborer who will apply himself faithfully for eight successive hours, with half an hour's intermission, will accomplish much more, and feel better, than if he were required to drag along for fourteen or sixteen hours. The housekeeper who would perform a great day's work, without overdoing, must stop and rest for ten or fifteen minutes every hour. If a person can accomplish but little—who is ever hurrying and always behind—will sit or lie down perfectly idle for an hour, or until he or she feels that labor would not be irksome, and, when the clock indicates a certain hour, have the mind prepared to do something, he or she would be surprised to see what a pleasure there is in virtuous industry and how much

can be accomplished when one feels right. The great difficulty with most writers and manual laborers is overdoing. He who goads his already overtaxed energies to write hour after hour, when the faithful monitors within have repeatedly given the alarm that he has applied himself far beyond the limit of propriety, will find, when it is too late, that he has been burning the candle of life at both ends. He who will not overdo can perform surprising tasks. It is not the vast amount of labor in the aggregate that prostrates one's physical and mental system; but it is the habit of overdoing in the performance of every task.—*Technologist.*

#### FALSE MOTIONS.

It is not always those who seem most busy who accomplish the most work. This was illustrated the other day in a very forcible manner.

The foreman of one of our large newspaper offices was showing a gentleman, who knew nothing about the printing business, over the establishment. In the composing room he watched with wonder and admiration the thousands of little bits of metal passing with a steady click, click, like the noise of a piece of machinery, into the polished sticks which the compositors held in their hands. The foreman asked him to point out the man whom he considered the fastest compositor.

The gentleman answered, "that is easily done: that tall, young fellow over there seems to set twice as much as any one in the room. His hands fly about so fast that I can scarcely follow his motions."

"Wrong," said the foreman; "our fastest compositor is that quiet-looking young man by the side of the one you have pointed out."

"He seems very slow and deliberate," said the visitor; "his hands do not move nearly so fast as those of his neighbor. It cannot be possible he sets more type."

"It is true," replied the foreman. "The secret is that he picks up a type every time he goes for it. The other man makes what we call 'false motions'; his hand goes twice to the case for a type, and though he seems to be doing a great deal of work, his stick fills slowly in comparison with that of his deliberate neighbor, who never hurries, uses just the amount of action sufficient to accomplish his purpose, and does not set one muscle in motion unnecessarily."

Half, more than half of the energy used in the world is expended in "false motions." Men dash about in a great hurry as if they had all the business of the city on their shoulders and at the end of the day find that they have accomplished about one hour's solid work. Get your eye well on the object, think a little and then go for it. One shot for which a steady aim is taken, will accomplish more than a volley of random shots.

Take things easily; as the song says—"It's always best to take things in a quiet sort of a way." The amount of strength expended in "false motions" would be enough to place every-

one in the world beyond the reach of want could it be utilized.

Keep cool, don't fume and fret and bother yourself, but think how a thing is to be done and then do it. Avoid "false motions;" let every move you make mean something, and be an advance toward the end you seek. Make as many friends in your progress, too as you can, and no enemies.

#### ENJOYING LIFE.

It is singular to what an extent people believe happiness depends on not being obliged to work. Girls are considered well married if their husbands are wealthy, and boys considered provided for if enough can be left them for support, and enough surplus to play "business" with. Bosh! Honest, hearty, contented labor is the only source of happiness, as well as the only guarantee of life. The gloom of misanthropy is not only a great destroyer of happiness we might have, but it tends to destroy life itself. Idleness and luxury induce premature decay much faster than many trades regarded as the most exhaustive and fatal to longevity.

Labor in general instead of shortening the term of life, actually increases it. It is the lack of occupation that actually destroys so many of the wealthy, who have nothing to do but play the part of drones, and like them, make a speedy exit, while the busy bee fills out its day in usefulness and honor.

#### LIVING BY THE DAY.

I compare, says John Newton, the troubles we have to undergo in the course of a year to a great bundle of faggots, far too heavy for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once. He mercifully unties the bundle, and gives us first one bundle, which we are to carry to-day, and then another, which we are to carry to-morrow, and so on. This we might easily manage, if we would only take the burden appointed for us each day; but we choose to increase our troubles by carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load before we are required to bear it.

William Jay puts the same truth in another way. We may consider the year before us as a desk containing three hundred and sixty-five letters addressed to us—one for each day—announcing its trials and prescribing its employments, with an order to open daily but the letter for the day. Now we may be strongly tempted to unseal beforehand some of the remainder. This, however, would only serve to embarrass us, while we should violate the rule our Owner and Master has laid down for us. "Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself."

—If you are a wise man you will treat the world very much as the moon treats it—show it only one side of yourself, seldom show too much of yourself at a time, and be calm, cool, and polished; but look at every side of the world.

—Knowledge cannot be acquired

without pains and application. It is troublesome, and like deep digging for pure water; but when once you come to the springs, they rise up and meet you.

#### BANKING HOUSE

OF

#### JAY COOKE & CO.

PHILADELPHIA, May 29, 1873.

The 7-30 First Mortgage Gold Loan of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, is to be closed, in accordance with the following resolutions adopted by the Board of Directors, on the 13th of May:

Whereas, The Northern Pacific Railroad Company has built and has in operation, over Five Hundred miles of its line, through a favorable and valuable country:

And, Whereas, A large and growing way and through traffic is already assured to the Company over its Road thus far completed:

And, Whereas, The Company has earned title to about Ten Million acres of its Land Grant, and placed a large part of this in market, and the same is being rapidly settled by immigration, foreign and domestic, and sales thereof have been made at an average price of nearly six dollars per acre, to such an extent that a Sinking Fund has resulted, out of which the redemption and cancellation of the Company's bonds have been begun:

And, Whereas, It is believed that on these results the credit of the Company is so established as to render inexpedient the payment of so high a rate of interest as 7 3-10 per cent. on future issues of its bonds:

Therefore, Resolved, That the Loan of the Company, under its present issue, bearing 7 3-10 per cent. interest, be limited to a total amount not exceeding Thirty Millions of Dollars, and that no issue of bonds, hereafter, by this Company, beyond the said Thirty Millions, shall bear a higher rate of interest than six per cent. per annum.

Resolved, That the Finance Committee be directed to arrange with the Fiscal Agents for the closing out of the 7 3-10 Loan, as indicated in the preceding Preamble and Resolution.

The President of the Company, in forwarding these Resolutions to the Fiscal Agents, writes the following letter:

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY,  
President's Office, 23 Fifth Avenue,  
NEW YORK, May 15th, 1873.

Gentlemen:—I have the pleasure of enclosing to you a copy of a Resolution passed unanimously by the Board of Directors of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, on the 13th of May, instant.

This Preamble and Resolve are in entire harmony with my own views and wishes, and agree in spirit and policy with the letter which I addressed to you on the 11th day of December last.

The completion of our Road to the Missouri River, and our control of the trade of Manitoba and Montana—the beauty and productiveness of the Red River Valley, and the valleys of Dakota—the value of the large Government trade to the Upper Missouri, for the carrying of most of which we have this year contracted—our having in operation and under contract, 185 miles of road on the Pacific side, between Puget Sound and the Columbia River,—the very successful inauguration of our Immigration system, the large arrivals from Europe of bodies of Colonists of the very best character, destined to our Land Grant, and the steady movement of settlers from various parts of the Union to the country tributary to the Road,—all this should, in my judgment, justify us in elevating the standard of our credit.

I trust that when the limit of the present Loan is reached, the Company will find itself able to negotiate a six per cent. loan for the prosecution and completion of the enterprise.

Respectfully Yours,  
G. W. CASS,  
President.

THE LIMITED REMAINDER OF THE SEVENTY-THREE LOAN IS NOW BEING DISPOSED OF, and on the basis of previous sales will soon be absorbed.

As the bonds of this issue are made receivable in payment for the Company's land at 1.10, they are in constant and increasing demand for this purpose, and will continue to be after the loan is closed—a fact which much enhances their value and attractiveness as an investment.

Other securities are received in exchange, at market rates.

For the limited period during which the Loan will be on the market, the 7-30 Bonds may be ordered from any of the Banks and Bankers that have hitherto sold them. All needed information will be furnished by the various agents of the Loan, and also by

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the liver, stops the circulation of the blood, mem-

orizes follows, and, in fact, clogs the action of the

very organs that caused the cough.

Liver complaint and dyspepsia are the causes of

two-thirds of the cases of consumption. Many are

now complaining with dull pain in the side, the

joints sometimes costive and sometimes too loose,

on one coated, pain in the shoulder blade, feeling

sometimes very restless, and at other times drowsy;

the food that is taken lies heavily on the stomach,

accompanied with acidity and belching of wind.

These symptoms usually originate from a disor-

dered condition of the stomach or a torpid liver. Persons

so affected, if they take one or two heavy colds, and

if the cough in these cases be suddenly stopped, the

lungs, liver and stomach clog, and remain torpid and

inactive, and before the patient is aware of his situa-

tion, the lungs are a mass of scars, and ulcerated,

and death is the inevitable result.

Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup is an expectorant

which does not contain any opium, nor anything

calculated to check a cough suddenly.

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with the gastric juice of the stomach, digests easily,

nourishes the system, and creates a healthy circula-

tion of the blood. When the bowels are costive,

skin sallow, and the patient is of a bilious habit,

Schenck's Mandrake Pills are required.

These medicines are prepared by Dr. J. H.

SCHENCK & SON, Northeast corner of Sixth and

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ton, and JOHN F. HENRY, 8 College place, New

York, Wholesale Agents. For sale by Druggists

generally. 10-12

## Household Premiums.

We offer the following list of PREMIUM ARTICLES to those who are disposed to and in extending the circulation of THE HOUSEHOLD. With the number and name of each article, we have given its cash price and the number of new subscribers, for one year each, required to obtain it free:

No.	PREMIUMS.	Cash Price.	No. of Subscribers.
1-	One box Initial Stationery,	\$0 50	2
2-	Indelible Pencil, (Clark's,	50	2
3-	Embroidery Scissors,	50	2
4-	Ladies' Ivory handle Penknife	50	2
5-	Name Plate, brush, ink, etc.,	1 00	2
6-	Autograph Album,	1 00	3
7-	Package Garden Seeds,	1 00	3
8-	Package Flower Seeds,	1 00	3
9-	Half Chromo, Autumn Leaves,	1 00	3
10-	Winter Wren or May Flowers,	1 00	3
11-	Butter Knife, (silver plated),	1 00	3
12-	Turkey Morocco Pocket Book,	1 50	4
13-	Set Jet Jewelry,	1 00	4
14-	One vol. Household,	1 75	5
15-	Six Teaspoons (silver plated)	2 00	5
16-	Six Scotch Plaid Napkin Rings,	2 00	5
17-	Rosewood Writing Desk,	2 25	5
18-	Rosewood Work Box,	2 50	5
19-	French Velvet Photo. Album,	2 50	5
20-	Gold Pen with Silver Case,	3 50	7
21-	Photo. Album, (Bowles & Co.),	4 00	8
22-	Any two vols. Household,	2 50	7
23-	Peters' Musical Library,	3 00	7
24-	One Knife, (silver plated),	3 00	7
25-	Package Garden Seeds,	3 00	7
26-	Soup Ladle, (silver plated),	3 50	8
27-	1 doz. Teaspoons, (silver plated),	4 00	8
28-	Set Chess Men,	4 00	8
29-	Pump and Sprinkler (Page's),	4 00	8
30-	Family scales, (12 lbs., Shaler),	4 00	8
31-	Six Teaspoons, (silver plated)	4 00	9
32-	Six Dining Forks, (silver plated)	4 00	9
33-	Family Scales, (24 lbs., Shaler)	5 00	10
34-	Chromo,	5 00	10
35-	Sheet Music, (Agent's selection),	5 00	10
36-	Alarm Clock,	5 00	12
37-	11. Chrono, Morning or Evening,	5 00	12
38-	Gold Pen and Pencil,	6 00	12
39-	Carving Knife and Fork,	6 00	12
40-	Spoon Holder, (silver plated),	6 50	14
41-	Accordeon,	6 50	14
42-	Croquet Set,	6 50	14
43-	Family Scales, (8 lbs., Shaler),	7 00	14
44-	Clothes Wringer, (Colby's),	7 50	15
45-	Webster's National Dictionary,	8 00	15
46-	Syrup Cup and Plate, (silver plated)	8 50	15
47-	Harper's Fireside Library,	6 75	16
48-	Fruit Dish, (silver plated),	7 00	16
49-	Harper's Bazar, one Vol., bound,	7 50	17
50-	Gold Pen and Holder,	7 50	17
51-	1 doz. Teaspoons, (silver plated),	8 00	18
52-	1 doz. Dining Forks,	8 00	18
53-	Photo. Album, (Bowles & Co.),	10 00	18
54-	Stereoscope and 50 Views,	10 00	20
55-	Elegant Family Bible,	10 00	20
56-	Violin,	10 00	20
57-	Set of Plans and Views of	10 00	20
58-	Model House,	10 00	20
59-	Eight Day Clock, with alarm,	10 00	22
60-	Child's Carriage, (Colby's),	10 00	25
61-	Cash,	6 25	25
62-	Crayon Portrait, from any picture,	1 00	25
63-	Castor, (silver plated),	10 00	25
64-	Platina, (Busson's),	12 00	24
65-	Cake Basket, (silver plated),	10 00	25
66-	Nursery Stock,	10 00	25



## The Household.



A BLUE CROSS before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed. Do not wait for an agent to visit you, but enclose a dollar in a letter, giving name and post office address plainly written—including the State—and direct the same to Geo. E. Crowell, Brattleboro, Vt.

CANADA SUBSCRIBERS will please remember that we require 12 cents in addition to the regular subscription price to prepay the American postage.

WE CANNOT CHANGE THE DIRECTION OF A PAPER unless informed of the office at which it is now received, as well as the one to which it is to be sent.

THE HOUSEHOLD is always discontinued at the expiration of the time for which the subscription was paid. Persons desiring to renew their subscriptions will please remember this, and by taking a little pains to send in good season save us a large amount of labor.

TO ANY OLD SUBSCRIBER, who, in renewing a subscription to THE HOUSEHOLD, will send us one new subscriber, we will mail free, a copy of the Attractions of Brattleboro, advertised in another place, or the same will be given as a premium for two new subscribers.

NEW PREMIUM. For seven yearly subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD we will send a copy of Great Industries of the United States, a book of 1300 pages and 500 engravings, retail price \$3.50. This is one of the most entertaining and valuable works of information on subjects of general interest ever offered to the public.

OUR PREMIUM ARTICLES in all cases are securely packed and delivered in good condition at the express office or post office, and we are not responsible for any loss or injury which may occur on the way. We take all necessary care in preparing them for their journey, but do not warrant them after they have left our hands.

PERSONS who neglect to inform us of any change required in the direction of their papers until several copies have been lost must not expect that we will send others to replace them. We mail the papers in every case to the address as given us, and make all changes in the direction of them that may be required of us, but cannot make good any losses which may occur through any neglect on the part of the subscriber.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD have been appointed in several states as follows: P. L. Miller, East Holliston, Mass., for the state of Massachusetts; H. M. Fletcher, Newport, N. H., for New Hampshire; G. W. Jenks, Quindnick, R. I., for Connecticut and Rhode Island; O. E. Goodrich, Allegan, Mich., for Michigan and Indiana; and J. Ransom Hall, Waverly, Iowa, for that state. Persons desiring local or traveling agencies in those states will apply to the General Agents for the same.

AGENTS WANTED.—We want an agent in every town to solicit subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD. A good sized list can be obtained in almost any neighborhood, and a valuable premium secured with very little effort. We have sent many beautiful chromos, albums, etc., to persons who procured the requisite number of subscribers in an hour's time. It is not necessary, however, for an agent working for any premium to get all the subscriptions at one place or to send them all in at one time. They may be obtained in different towns or states and sent as convenient. A cash premium will be given if preferred. See Premium List in another column.

AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense and risk of remailing it. The amount of the premium to be deducted depends upon the number of subscribers obtained, but can be readily ascertained by a reference to Nos. 61, 77, 86 and 111 of the Premium List on the opposite page. It will be seen that from 25 to 40 cents is allowed for each new yearly subscriber, according to the size of the club. In case the club cannot be completed at once the names and money may be sent as convenient, and the premium deducted from the last list. Always send money in drafts or post office orders, when convenient, otherwise by express.

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they do now, but it required

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earth sparkled and bubbled as

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the most effective combination of a pure tonic, a wholesome laxative, a refreshing febrifuge, and a powerful antibilious agent at present known. The immediate and permanent relief that it affords in cases of chronic constipation, biliousness, stomach complaints, nervous depression, fever, rheumatism, dropsy, piles, headache, heartburn, and flatulency, has become a proverb in every civilized portion of the American Continent.

Sold by all Druggists.

ANY ONE MAY ACT AS AGENT in procuring subscribers to THE HOUSEHOLD who desire to do so. Do not wait for a personal invitation or especial authority from us, but send for a sample copy, if you have none, and get all the names and dollars you can, and send them to us, stating which premium you have selected. If a premium is not decided upon when the list is forwarded, or if other names are to be added to the list before making the selection, let us know at the time of sending, that all accounts may be kept correctly. Keep a list of the names and addresses and when a premium is wanted send a copy of this list and name the premium selected. It is no use to order a premium until the requisite number of subscriptions have been forwarded in accordance with the instructions given in our Premium List. All articles sent by mail are prepaid. Those sent by express are at the expense of the receiver. In ordinary circumstances a premium should be received in two weeks from the time the order was given.

Unexceptional advertisements will be inserted at the rate of fifty cents per agate line of space each insertion.

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THE PERUVIAN SYRUP Vitalizes and Enriches the Blood, Tones up the System, Builds up the Broken-down, Cures Female Complaints, Dropsy, Debility, Humors, Dyspepsia, &c. Thousands have been changed by the use of this remedy from weak, sickly, suffering creatures, to

strong, healthy, and happy men and women; and invalids cannot reasonably hesitate to give it a trial. Caution.—Be sure you get the right article. See that "Peruvian Syrup" is blown in the glass. Pamphlets free. Send for one, SETH W. FOWLE & SONS, Proprietors, Boston, Mass. For sale by druggists generally.

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THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST.

The Steinway Pianos, for FULLNESS, CLEARNESS and PURITY of TONE and THOROUGHNESS of WORKMANSHIP, are unequalled. The majority of the leading artists throughout the world prefer them for their own use and concede to them the highest degree of excellence.

EDWARD CLARK, Agent, Brattleboro, Vt. Also, Agent for the Behning & Klitz Pianos, and the Estey Cottage Organs.

## WALTHAM WATCHES.

To meet the demand for a smaller watch for gentlemen, the American Watch Company have introduced a new grade known as Size 14, which is a medium between the usual gentleman's watch and the ladies' watch.

This watch is made on the three-quarter plate model, with extra jewels, chronometer balance, and contains all the recent improvements. The gold and silver cases are finished in the best manner and in the usual variety of patterns.

This watch is a decided improvement on any watch now made of the same size, being about one-half the cost of the imported watch of similar size.

A circular containing full information will be mailed to any address on application.

HOWARD & CO., JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS, 222 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 6-5d

STENCIL AND KEY CHECK OUTFITS. Cheapest and best. Catalogue with full particulars and samples free. 6-1f E. M. DOUGLAS, Brattleboro, Vt.

FOR FAMILY USE. THE HALFORD LIECESTERSHIRE Table Sauce, The Best Sauce and Relish Made in any Part of the World FOR Family Use. Pints - - - - 50 Cents. Half Pints - - - - 30 Cents. For Sale by all Grocers.

## GROVER &amp; BAKER'S CELEBRATED Sewing Machines

Emphatically the Machine for the Household. GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, 149 Tremont Street, Boston. 3-12adv BRANCHES IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES.

SEE or write Dr. Dodge of Human Blood Experiments and Heart Dropsy Cure notoriety. Cures guaranteed. New Era. 6-3adv



A BALSAM AND TONIC

FOR THE CURE OF

## Coughs, Colds,

BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA,

INFLAMMATION OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS,

WHOOPIING COUGH,

AND ALL CONSUMPTIVE DIFFICULTIES.

THREE FACTS.

FIRST.

There are certain localities in the Western States where Consumption is a very rare disease, and sick people removing to these sections soon recover from any form of Lung complaint.

SECOND.

In these localities the PRAIRIE WEED grows very abundantly, twining among the grasses, its blossoms perfuming the air with a fragrance very grateful to men and cattle.

THIRD.

DR. KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MS.,

has prepared a Medicine from this weed which has remarkable healing properties in all Throat and Lung diseases, whether mild or severe, whether recent or of long standing. The medicine in every case has removed the pain and suffering, and as one gentleman cured by the PRAIRIE WEED said, "The peculiar health-giving properties of the Prairies are contained in this remedy."

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

PRICE, - - - - - \$1.00.

BATH, ME., Feb. 17, 1873. MR. KENNEDY. Dear Sir, I sit down to pen you a few lines this evening, to inform you that the Prairie Weed you sent me last fall has done me much good; truly I have not words to express my gratitude to you for it. My health has not been so good for the last twenty years as it has been since I commenced taking the Prairie Weed in November last. I thank you thousands of times for it. Not one night since last December have I been obliged to sit up one hour with phthisis since I have been taking your medicine. I have two bottles left yet; and I cannot thank you enough for your kindness to one that is poor and no money. But my health is so improved this winter that I can work all the time at light work, so I more than pay my board, and that is what I have not been able to do for a long time. Truly I have reason to rejoice with joy to think that I have found something to help me. I ever remain your humble servant. M. MARIA LEACH.

APRIL 3, 1873. DR. KENNEDY. Dear Sir,—I am glad to inform you that the Prairie Weed has helped me. I have used five bottles; and my cough has stopped. I have not spit up any more lumps after taking the first bottle. My pains are not half as many as they were; and my sleep is sweet. I am a very delicate lad, and weigh more now than I ever did in my life. I have scattered your Prairie Weed circulars all through the country; and this is very little to do for you who have done so much for me. Yours truly, JACOB BACON, Cleveland, Tenn.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN,—I respectfully state that in May, 1872, I caught a cold so severe and deep, that since July I have so far lost my voice as to be unable to sing; lost my appetite, and become unfit for business; had cold sweats nearly every evening; that in January and February I spent above fifty dollars for pills and powders, with four doctors, who pronounced me in consumption, and said I had not long to live. That within three weeks I have been induced to try Dr. Kennedy's Prairie Weed, and, having taken three bottles, I am now enjoying a good appetite, have strength for my daily business; and last evening (April 10) I some six times led (in their singing) a prayer-meeting of above a hundred voices. These statements are no exaggeration. Attest: HUGH McDOUGAL, 37 Melrose Street, Boston, April, 1873.

DR. KENNEDY.—I am an old woman seventy-six years of age, and I want to tell you what the Prairie Weed has done for me. I had been sick on my bed nineteen weeks, with a violent cough, pain in my stomach and sides. Nothing would stay in my stomach; and I was so reduced by coughing, I could not raise myself from the bed, when a friend brought me a bottle of the Prairie Weed. The first spoonful seemed to me to rest my stomach and soothe my cough; and, before a week had passed, I was able to sit up in my chair, which I had not done for five months. I have used two bottles; and I am now able to do my work about the house, and have not felt so well in health for many years. I have been cured by the Prairie Weed; and I wish every one with a cough, or stomach weakness, would try your wonderful medicine. THERESA LINTON, Carver Street, Boston.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

Buy a Bottle of the Medicine.