



## The household. Vol. 15, No. 10 October 1882

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Sept.

G SUN  
POLISH  
Satin, Laces, Glan-  
tions, Buttons, Cutters, Mass.

MINES  
ZER

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS

OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 15.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., OCTOBER, 1882.

No. 10.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

CROSBY BLOCK, --- MAIN STREET,  
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The Veranda.

AUTUMN.

'Tis the golden gleam of an autumn day,  
With the soft rain raining as if in play;  
And a tender touch upon every thing,  
As if autumn remembered the days of spring.

In the listening woods there is not a breath  
To shake their gold to the sward beneath;  
And a glow as of sunshine upon them lies,  
Though the sun is hid in the shadowed skies.

The cock's clear crow from the farmyard comes,  
The muffled bell from the belfry booms,  
And faint and dim, and from far away,  
Come the voices of children in happy play.

O'er the mountains the white rain draws its veil,  
And the black rocks, cawing, across them sail,  
While nearer the swooping swallows skim  
O'er the steel-gray river's fretted brim.

No sorrow upon the landscape weighs,  
No grief for the vanished summer days.  
But a sense of peaceful and calm repose,  
Like that which age in its autumn knows.

The spring-time longings are past and gone,  
The passions of summer no longer are known,  
The harvest is gathered, and autumn stands,  
Serenely thoughtful, with folded hands.

Over all is thrown a memorial hue,  
A glory ideal the real ne'er knew;  
For memory sifts from the past its palm,  
And suffers its beauty alone to remain.

With half a smile and half a sigh,  
It ponders the past that has hurried by;  
Sees it, and feels it, and loves it all,  
Content it has vanished beyond recall.

O glorious autumn, thus serene,  
Thus living and loving all that has been!  
Thus calm and contented let me be,  
When the autumn of age shall come to me.

ECONOMY IN USING NAILS.

THERE is often a great lack of economy shown in the use of nails for different kinds of work. Sometimes the fault is with the foreman and sometimes with the workman. Ten-penny and twelve-penny nails are frequently employed when six-pennies would suffice a more satisfactory, as well as a more economical purpose. Every workman who has occasion to use nails of various sizes, should provide a neat nail-box, having about six compartments, for as many different kinds of nails. A suitable box for holding nails may be made of thin boards, eighteen inches long by ten inches wide, with flaring sides, and a division board through the middle. It should be provided with a suitable handle in the upper part, and such a nail box will always be found more convenient than some old dish that may be turned over at a touch.

If a workman is not sufficiently interested in choosing nails of the most suitable size for a given piece of work, the intelligent boss should point out to him the advantages of using nails of a proper

size. When one is nailing down flooring, for example, it will be found a matter of economy to use eight-penny nails, especially if the joist or sleepers are hard timber. Whenever an eight-penny nail will hold a board or stick of timber, it will be more economical to use eight-penny than nails of a larger size. In many instances, when a workman is nailing on siding, the studs, posts, or beams, in certain places may be unusually hard and gnarly; in all such places, a six-penny nail can be driven in with facility, whereas, a ten-penny nail will double up and very likely split the siding or casing before it is driven half its length.

When balloon frames are being erected, the sides of the joists are often nailed to the studs with thirty-penny nails, which argues a great lack of economy, as more than an inch in length of every nail will protrude beyond the stud. By employing for this purpose ten-penny nails which will barely extend through the joist and stud, and driving in two or three more, the joint will be rendered much stiffer, even by the use of a less weight of nails.

There is also a great lack of economy when more nails are used than are absolutely necessary for the well doing of the work, though nails enough to hold the work permanently together will be found a satisfactory sufficiency. And whatever may be used beyond a requisite number may be computed as so much clear loss.

The joists of a building are often placed only twelve inches apart. Workmen frequently drive two nails through every board into each joist. One-half the number of nails would serve the desired purpose quite as well, thus saving not only the nails but the time employed to drive them.

When making a picket fence, for example, two ten-penny nails are frequently employed at one end of a picket, where one eight-penny nail would answer quite as well, if a ribbon was nailed over all the pickets, with a few thirty-penny nails reaching well into the rails or runners of the fence. The same economy may be exercised when one is putting on battens over the joints of vertical siding. If the studs are sufficiently hard to hold a nail as well as hemlock, small eights may be employed rather than tens. And this sort of economy may be exercised in numerous kinds of mechanical operations with advantage to the work itself and with profit to the proprietor.

During the operation of building board fences, where the posts are made of hard seasoned timber, it is a common occurrence to see workmen using large ten-penny and even twelve-penny building-nails at a great disadvantage, as such nails, in most instances, cannot be driven half their length into hard wood. Economy in time, in material, also, and in completing the work in a more substantial manner, would argue in favor of using short and strong fence nails in lieu of long and slender building nails.—*Technologist.*

KEEPING WINTER SQUASHES.

Many farmers are at a loss to know how some are successful in keeping their squashes in good condition until May or June, while they lose most of theirs before the end of February; they usually attribute their want of success to causes beyond their control, when a careful investigation would show that mismanagement was the principal cause. Squashes to keep well must, first, be well ripened; second, they should be gathered before heavy frosts come; third, should be well dried; fourth, the shell should be well glazed over, and while it need not be thick it should be hard; fifth, they should be kept where the temperature is very even, never very cold, or very hot; sixth, in handling, great care should be taken not to bruise them; this is of the highest importance. Many farmers leave their squashes out until the frost kills the vines, the squashes are thus left exposed to the cold winds, and they are frequently left until it is cold enough to freeze water, and change the color of the tops of the squashes; this is fatal to their good keeping. Others, when they find that cold weather has come, hurry them in just as night sets in, and in their haste to get them under cover, they load them into the wagon as though they were stones; thus bruising nine out of every ten to a degree that causes them to rot by Thanksgiving time.

Squashes are often stored in the barn, in one heap, until they get chilled, when they are carried into a warm, damp cellar where they soon rot, and the owner is at a loss to know the reason. When stored in heaps, if the storehouse be dry, the under squashes will send out moisture in such quantities as to keep the whole heap surrounded by moisture. Squashes to keep well, should not only be kept in a dry atmosphere with a very even temperature, but they should be spread on the floor, or on shelves, so that the air can readily pass between them.

All of the soft shell and unripe squashes should be disposed of as soon as possible after they are harvested, and only the hard shell and perfectly ripe ones should be kept for winter; crookneck squashes keep best with most people; the reason probably is, they are ripe and are handled with care and are usually hung up in a dry place. The same treatment of marrow squashes would no doubt secure very satisfactory results.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

—There is the saying of an ancient philosopher that "the study of mankind is man," and we would add that the study of a farmer is the farm. To diversify profitably, the farm must be studied, tested and proven in a practical manner, just as the attorney would study his client's case, or the physician would diagnose the case of his patient. Soil, subsoil, slope to or from the sun, drainage, manures, etc., must be decided and acted upon with all the light that can be brought to bear, for this is an age of progress, and we cannot be caught napping.

The Drawing Room

HELPS FOR WATER COLORING.

THERE are so many of THE HOUSEHOLD Band who, like Aunt Rachel, enjoy poor health, that this morning, seated pen in hand, here by the sea, my thoughts wander away from painting to the far-away sisters, and I wish that many of them could be with me, enjoying the pleasant prospect, and the invigorating salt breezes.

The wild waves say many pretty things to me as they dash upon the shore, coming and going, backward and forward, with a rush and a roar, not "as the waters came down at Lodore," but rippling and splashing, one wave following up another, and breaking in foamy bubbles upon the sandy beach. Each foamy billow with its white crest as it breaks upon the shore, whispers to me, "Health, strength, and happiness, I bring to thee, then I go on, on, ever on, my mission yet unfulfilled, to others, carrying to them the same news and good will," swash, swash, never tiring, never still, so I will send by them a pleasant greeting to the Band, in the north, the south, and on the far-away Pacific shore.

But realities must take the place of weaving fancies, my thoughts must be recalled, and concentrated upon the subject of painting, so that, in this closing article upon water colors, I may be able to bring up all suggestions which may be of help to any.

In reply to Mrs. G., who inquires about other colors, besides those previously mentioned, I will say that in my first article, I started on an economical basis, so did not enumerate many, or the expensive colors, knowing that each one could enlarge their stock as needed, or opportunity presented. I have not the space to mention all colors, but will select such as will most serve your purpose in flower painting.

I mention Prussian blue, which is darker than cobalt or French blue. There is but little difference between the last two shades, but they are of finer tone, and with either of them, shading can be done more acceptably than with the Prussian. If you wish a dark maroon, use Indian red. For orange-colored flowers as ox-eye daisies, use cadmium and carmine. The former used alone is a dirty yellow. The lavender pansies are exquisite. For them use mauve and shade with the same. Either cobalt or French blue mixed with carmine will give you an elegant royal purple.

L. S., for a deep pink rose and bud, use pink madder, very sparingly at first. Where you wish to deepen the pink, use a little carmine. For the purplish shadows, put on a trifle of cobalt or French blue.

There are so many colors that you can use for the leaves, nearly all producing a pleasing effect, that I will only mention

one of the many. First, a wash of gamboge, then, of cobalt blue, afterwards, a mixture of both on the brush at the same time. Shade with sepia or burnt sienna.

L. D., when painting white flowers, it is necessary to use quite a quantity of paint. I prefer the Chinese white which comes in tubes; that which comes in bottles is said to be of the same quality, but it does not keep moist as long as that in tubes. Remove the cap from the tube, and pinch the other end of the tube, when the paint will ooze out. Put it on as thickly and evenly as possible. When perfectly dry, another wash may be necessary. Shade with neutral tint. You can also shade with black used very carefully.

You can do large flowers, like lilies, much more expeditiously with a good sized brush. To avoid the flat look, the center of each flower must be quite dark.

A. G. writes, "Shall I use much water?" Yes; when you first commence working, dip your brush in water, then work it on your palette just a little before you dip it in the color, work it on the palette again, so as to be sure of the shade, then draw it across a cloth, so as to bring your brush to a fine point. The first wash should be only a trifle tinted, and your paper will be quite damp and will bulge, but it will afterwards shrink, so that it will be perfectly smooth. After drying, put on a little more color, with less water each time you go over with your work. The final touches should be given with the brush nearly dry, working very carefully, so as not to pick up the color previously put on.

Hattie, putting in the shadows first is coming into general use. I do either way. I quote from a "sister's" letter: "I think it is a nice way to do what shading we can before the color is put on, where the leaves or petals turn, and where the shading should be on the stem, the fine lines to be put on last."

"What can a body do with the odds and ends of paints which collect from time to time?" Answer: You can purchase a ground glass tile, and a glass muller, place your pieces on the tile and with the muller grind them down till they are as fine as fine can be, then, pour on a drop or two of glycerine, mix together well with your knife, and press it into some of the empty pans from which you have used all of the paint.

I propose now to leave the subject of water colors, thanking all for the kind letters of appreciation, and expressions of good will, hoping, knowing that many have received and were thankful for the "helps and hints," written by

AUNT RACHEL.

THE SCHOOL WHERE MAN LEARNS WISDOM.

We have heard it said that experience is the school where man learns wisdom. It is in this school that we learn wisdom not found in books, and that which, in our daily life, is of vital importance to us. It is truly of great importance that we obtain what knowledge we can of science and literature. This informs the mind and opens to us rich stores of intellectual food. A well cultivated intellect is a source of great pleasure to its possessor. We may derive from it never-failing delights, and by it we appreciate the beauties and sublimities of nature and art. Such knowledge as this is of great value to us.

It develops and strengthens the mental powers, and gives to our lives a nobler, purer, and higher aim. The one who has studied deeply into the mysteries of science, and has discovered hidden wonders in nature, and is at home among the ancients, having become acquainted with them through the study of their languages has opened for himself sources of

enjoyment which those who are ignorant of these things cannot appreciate. Such a person must be actuated by nobler motives and impulses than those who have never felt the influence of knowledge upon their minds and souls.

Still there is a kind of wisdom that we need every day of our lives, which we do not find in our books, nor by the successful study of science, but in our own experience. It is an old saying that experience is a good but hard schoolmaster. Certainly the lessons learned from that schoolmaster are never forgotten.

We may, perhaps, at some time in the past have wandered from the paths of duty, committed gross errors, or, involved ourselves in difficulties from which all our knowledge of books could not extricate us. We may have suffered much on account of the error we committed, and before we were fully freed from our embarrassments, we keenly felt that we had wandered from the right way.

Many times we learn our mistakes by means of very bitter and sad experience; we pass through heavy trials and afflictions, and as almost heart-broken we come forth from the trying ordeal, if we rightly apply the lessons of experience, our souls are as gold tried in the fire, they are better and purer for the trials and sorrows through which they have passed. If we will, we may learn many valuable lessons from the experience of others, and so perhaps save ourselves much suffering.

As we see others pass away from earth, we know that we cannot always remain here, and we know from the experience and testimony of those who are passing away that a life well spent gives us pleasure at the last and eternal joy, while a life ill-spent causes the most bitter anguish.

Let us heed well these lessons. Every day we may learn new lessons from experience, and while we cannot live over the past and blot out our many mistakes, we can profit by the memory of our trials and avoid like errors while life is ours.

There is also a lesson to be learned from the satisfaction we feel, and the happiness that fills our hearts as the result of well-doing. So we will not scorn the lessons taught by experience, for from these teachings we learn that wisdom we need so much, wisdom not found in books, that wisdom which educates the soul, and makes us wise unto salvation.

MIRIAM PALMER.

—It is not enough that we wish well to others. Our feelings should clothe themselves with corresponding actions. The spring which has no outlet becomes a stagnant pool; while that which pours itself off in the running stream is pure and living, and is the cause of life and beauty wherever it flows.

PLAIN FEATURES.—Plainness of features is not at all incompatible with beauty. There is a great deal of difference between a person's being plain and being ugly. A person may be very plain, and yet attractive and interesting in both countenance and manner, and surely no one could call such a person ugly. An ugly face is repulsive. There are no rules that can be depended on for the settlement of beauty; and still less can ugliness be defined, otherwise than by itself. If we were asked to say what constitutes an ugly woman, we could not reply.

—Home is the one place in all this world where hearts are sure of each other. It is the place of confidence. It is the place where we tear off that mask of guarded and suspicious coldness which the world forces us to wear in self-defense, and where we pour out the unrevealed communications of full and confiding hearts. It is the spot where expressions of tenderness gush out without

any extent of awkwardness, and without any dread of ridicule. Let a man travel where he will, home is the place to which his heart, untraveled, fondly turns. He is to divide all pain. A happy home is the single spot of rest which a man has upon this earth for the cultivation of his noblest sensibilities.

The Conservatory.

NOTHING LOST.

Nothing is lost. The drop of dew  
That trembles on the leaf or flower  
Is but exhaled to fall anew  
In summer's thunder shower;  
Perchance to shine within the bow  
That fronts the sun at fall of day;  
Perchance to sparkle in the flow  
Of fountains far away.  
So with our deeds, for good or ill,  
They have their power, scarce understood;  
Then let us use our better will  
To make them rise with good;  
Like circles on a lake they go,  
Ring within ring, and never stay.  
Oh! that our deeds were fashioned so  
That they might bless alway.

FLORICULTURAL NOTES.

Number Seventeen.

BY MRS. G. W. FLANDERS.

"I F I had but a thousand a year," floral friends, "if I had but a thousand a year," perhaps I could make some of you a little happier, for then I might reply to all the pleasant letters that come to hand without a stamp enclosed; and I would do my best to fill every request for plants, even though the writer did not offer me anything in return, and forgot to enclose postage for conveyance, for, indeed, I should like to oblige all, but, at present, it is impossible; instead of a "thousand," I have only what my pen brings me, and it falls far short of this sum, although this is the tenth year it has been wielded in the interest of flowers.

Through the medium of these and other columns, I have a large circle of friends, scattered far and wide; my heart would gladly take in one and all, but, alas for the lightness of my purse! it will not let me make the feeling manifest, else, none should turn away empty-handed, or sue in vain for my friendship.

With this little explanation for my seeming indifference, to those who will understand it, I want to ask a plain question: Are there any who care to cultivate plants, too poor to buy them? I often receive letters to this import, but, not being acquainted with the writers, I cannot speak advisedly in regard to their position financially, but I have observed among my immediate friends and acquaintances, when it comes to the question of buying plants, the poorest ones are to be found among those possessing an abundance of this world's goods, those who have enough and to spare, but they feel so very, very poor in heart, and that I consider the worst kind of poverty. I should rather take my chance of happiness with a lean purse and a generous spirit, for the one is a blighting mildew that Sol's most scorching rays cannot obliterate, while the other needs but a few gentle beams to make it white and shining.

But, as if in extenuation, a thought suggests itself. Perhaps they do not know how very cheaply good plants can be bought. Among my descriptive catalogues of the present season, I find long lists of plants at five cents each; as far as I have tested them, they are just as good as others of the same kinds that I have paid ten, fifteen, and twenty cents for.

If, however, any from real or fancied cause, feel as though they couldn't afford

even this small sum, then let me kindly recommend them to generous mother nature. She has enough for all. Perhaps, were she less lavish of her gems, we should more highly estimate her royal gifts. It matters not whether we live in the northern or the southern states, in the eastern or the western states, or the territories. Flowers deck our woodlands, our hills, and our valleys; and our common roadside flowers that we pass unnoticed by, or look at with disdain, are petted as choice plants by those living at some other portion of the globe, where they do not grow spontaneously.

I remember a friend telling me that she saw at the centennial exposition one of our most common, unappreciated plants of the roadside and pasture land, the *verbascum thapsus*, or mullein. It came from a foreign country, and was considered rare and beautiful. It was called the American velvet plant. Verily, "a king is not honored in his own country." No, I shall not advise you to make a pet of *verbascum*, there are so many prettier and more graceful plants for the garden or window.

One of the greatest attractions in my sitting room is a basket of native vines and ferns. I filled it last September, and hung it at a north window, where it has flourished with but very little care up to the present time, August 5th, beyond my most sanguine expectations. And just here, let me whisper a secret into your ear. You will never know how pretty your own native flowers are, until you have them growing in your yards and windows. We can have a pretty display of vines and flowers, if we are not able to buy one single cultivated plant; my own yard is a mixture of natives and foreigners. I have wild clematis, cobea, bittersweet, *arisema*, *dicentra*, *sanguinaria*, *hepatica*, anemone, *cornus*, *trillium*, violets, and others that I do not recall at this moment, but I must not leave out the little *cypripedium*, as it is one of our early spring flowers. The little violets are pretty for mounds. Edge them with white, then put a circle of blue, then fill the center with yellow. The *hepatica* in different shades is also pretty for this purpose, and it is fine for ribbon beds.

Many of our wild flowers, particularly the bulbous varieties, can be potted in the fall as you would tulips, or hyacinths, and set them in the cellar if they are wanted for winter flowering. I sometimes pot ferns in the fall and set them in the cellar until midwinter. If the foliage does not keep fresh and green, cut it away. New fronds will soon put out when given the light. I select the smaller growing varieties from the swamps, and give them their native soil. I think they do much better than if potted in garden loam.

The *calla palustris* is another bog plant that can be successfully grown at the window. This, also, should be given its own mucky soil, and kept more than moist, but not always swimming. Speaking of bog plants calls to mind the *typha*, or cat-tail flag, and its reign in fashionable circles a year or two ago, for plants and flowers have their day of grace as well as other things. Madame Fashion has only to look with favor at our most humble wayside flower, or bog plant, and lo! it immediately becomes the belle of the season, and her satellites fall down and worship.

But these flags were not worshiped in their green, growing state. They were to be cut four or five feet long, dried, tied with a blue ribbon, and stuck in one corner of the room.

"Did I follow the turn of Madame's aristocratic nose?" No, indeed! not a ghost of a cat-tail ever adorned my room. But I will tell you what I did do. I went to a very shady, wet swamp, and carefully dug up some ferns, one six feet high,

and two smaller sizes. I planted them in a jar, filled it with water, and set it in the corner of my sitting room. I put in vines and flowers around the edge to fall over the sides. These I renewed as often as they began to wilt but the ferns kept fresh all summer, and put out new fronds. My fernery was much admired, even by the "Grundys," and, indeed, it was a more charming sight, to my mind at least, than a bundle of dried flags.

And now buttercups and ox-eye daisies are "all the rage." I accidentally stumbled upon a fashionable adornment this season. I made a bouquet of field daisies and buttercups, and a lady from the city of B. told me, while making a call, it was a very stylish thing, and that she would have to pay fifteen cents for a small bunch of these flowers. What an opportunity for farmers to get rid of that "hateful white weed!"

But I must tell you how I arranged these wild flowers for they called forth more compliments than any bouquet that I ever constructed. My vase was made of a scalloped tin cake dish, fastened upon a foot piece and ornamented; around the edge I laid a wide border of the white daisies, then a circle of blue wild sage, and filled the center compactly with the golden buttercups. Very simple flowers, but what a charming effect! Try it; no patent applied for.

In arranging bouquets, it is not always the choicest flowers that produce the finest effect. I am often indebted to the fields and woods for some of my prettiest ones, and I am never without one, from the time the first violet springs forth, until the last frost flower has departed. But I will not say anything more about native flowers this time, but ask you to assist me in answering a question.

A friend writes: "I want what is considered a choice collection of plants, now what shall I buy? Please answer through THE HOUSEHOLD. Can you tell her? Perhaps what I consider choice plants, would be regarded by others in a very different light, for the word, choice, conveys a different meaning to different persons. One uses it in connection with anything from distant countries, however inferior it may be. Another considers a high-priced plant a choice one, if it rarely or never blooms. Another, those that are hardest to get, and require the tenderest care. If I were to attempt a reply, I should not consider the question of price, but look to the merits of the individual plant, taking into consideration the place it was to occupy.

We may have a plant adapted to a bracket in the corner. We consider it choice because it grows luxuriantly and fills the space, but put it in the sun it soon becomes a worthless thing, so even a choice plant must be given its appropriate place to deserve the title.

In choosing geraniums, I select those bearing good trusses, free flowering with the greatest persistency of petals, and all the semi-double varieties of my acquaintance possess this last merit in a wonderful degree. If I find a geranium in my collection that drops its petals before the truss is fully expanded, I discard it at once, if it is grown only for the flowers, for I do not consider such a variety choice although it may be pretty.

Among my best single varieties I would name Mrs. Moore, Dr. Denny, Christine Neilson, Wm. Cullen Bryant, Mrs. Windsor, and "I've got it." The last is pure white, and is certainly near perfection for a single geranium. It has a good-sized truss, and it remained perfect after being fully open until I cut them away to save the plant as it was young. If any want it, I refer them to the catalogue of Ellis Brothers, Keene, N. H.

If one is preparing a collection for winter, I would recommend the flowering be-

gonias, and I like foliage plants for this season, they are as pretty as flowers. The *farfugium grande*, *aspedistra variegata*, *dracena terminalis*, *abutilon Thomsonii*, and *vexillarian pictum*, make a fine show, and stand well the uneven temperature of living rooms. I should have included *begonia argyrostigma picta*. I have found this the best one for all purposes on the list of ornamental varieties. The partridge aloe and the adder tongue cactus are both prettily marked plants, but slow of growth.

For baskets nothing can be more beautiful than *cissus discolor* with its beautifully marked leaves, but it is a sensitive thing, choice, perhaps you would call it, and hardy to be recommended for general culture. But there are the *vincas Harrisonii* and *variegata*, and *sedum variegata*, and the *peporomias* are pretty for the center of hanging pots with *sedum* falling over the sides.

But I could never "tell it all," for as I write the name of one plant, it suggests another, and the list of choice plants, as I should designate them, is long, so I may as well stop here and listen to some other opinion on the subject. One cannot greatly miss it, however, in getting a choice collection of plants if she will do as I advise, consult the place they are to occupy, as well as the catalogues.

#### AUTUMN LEAVES.

A lady in the *Floral Cabinet* says: "Much nonsense has of late been written about autumn leaves, I know, and many failures have been caused thereby. But they can be preserved so that they will be really beautiful. I have never yet seen full instructions on the subject. My knowledge has been gained by experience, which I will give for the benefit of those who yearly, 'when the melancholy days come,' gather the bright-hued leaves, press and give them one thin coat of varnish, only to have them wither and curl up.

Much depends upon the selection of leaves. Many lose their beauty. The best I know are hard and soft maple, hickory, quivering aspen, cottonwood, pear, scrub and black and white oaks. White oak leaves are beautiful, but fade soon. Sumac leaves and the crimson leaves of the sassafras are the very best. Leaves can be preserved by pressing, and then dipping them in melted wax, or ironing them with a waxed iron. But the colors are much more brilliant when ironed and then well varnished, and they will keep their colors full as long. Gather the leaves and iron them the same day, and iron them dry. A little practice will teach you how hot to have your irons. You must have a good supply of leaves, as you will spoil many.

For bouquets, bunches of leaves can be kept on the twigs by careful ironing. Frames should be large, or you must select very small leaves. Large frames will give most satisfaction. They need not be put together very neatly, as the leaves will hide all imperfections. Tack strips of pasteboard on the frame, as some leaves will not adhere to wood. If medium size, very heavy pasteboard alone will do. Put in your glass and picture first, and fasten firmly with strips of muslin pasted around the edge. Put common brown glue in a large baking-powder can, and fill two-thirds full of water, soak over night, and then boil slowly. Have it thick and hot. Pour out a little in a saucer and dip in the lower half of the leaf, press it on the frame, leaving the upper half loose. They will curl slightly after a time and have a more natural appearance. If the frame is oval, begin at the top, and finish the bottom with a rosette of leaves, having several long, slender ones, like scrub oak or sumac. On

square frames, groups of leaves can be put on the top, bottom, sides, and corners. For the center of these, use everlasting flowers, berries or acorns.

To preserve choice leaves, arrange on cards, or form into bouquets on heavy paper and frame. A pretty design is a basket made of cones or moss, arranged to look as if filled with leaves and ferns. It must be framed flat against the glass. This arrangement will be sure to please. Ferns can also be made into many lovely designs. They must be gummed on paper or put into books, as ironed, or they will curl. The secret of success in pressing autumn leaves lies in ironing them dry and using plenty of varnish. White is usually recommended. I prefer common furniture varnish. Leaves for cards varnish on one side, for bouquets on both sides. Frame immediately after the work is done. Give two or three coats of varnish. Follow faithfully these directions, and you will be astonished at the brilliant beauty imparted to the leaves. They can hardly be distinguished from wax autumn leaves. Engravings look better framed in leaves than chromos, and small oval frames, or wreaths of leaves, look well hung on the long chord above large pictures. Wreaths of grasses and everlasting flowers can be hung in the same way."

#### TULIPS.

The tulip will succeed in almost any and all soils, and considering the ease and success of its culture, it should be planted yet more extensively, and be in every garden and lot, however small. We advocate a liberal culture for this as well as for all bulbs, and the success that will attend them in a bed of soil well enriched with manure, will be highly gratifying, not only to ourselves, but also to all who behold them. Nothing can be

done to them to make them better. They should be planted under glass, to have the plants ready to transplant in early June, also as to whether or not cuttings from plants can be successfully rooted in hot beds?

L. L.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please tell the sister who inquired, in a late number, how to treat her smilax, to take up the bulbs as soon as the leaves begin to turn yellow, and shake the dirt off from them, and put them in a box or a dark place in the cellar and let them stay until fall, when it is time to re-pot them for winter.

E. H. LINCOLN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one be so kind as to tell me what is the matter with my ten weeks stock plants? I started them in a box in the house, and when they were just out of the seed leaf, I transplanted them into larger boxes, intending when they were large enough and weather suitable, to set them out in the garden. They commenced growing immediately, and grew nicely for a while, and all at once the plants would fall over and die. It did not seem like "damping off," for the stem of the plant below the ground seemed withered instead of being decayed. I gave them all the sunshine and air I could. I had seventy-five nice plants and I don't think I shall be able to save one.

PERPLEXITY.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I have a cactus that grows something like a stump. It is three years old, and about a foot high, but has never flowered. It is constantly sending off small ones like itself, and is turning brown in spots; my husband says, branching so much is killing it. Can any one tell me anything about it?—its name, when it should flower, what causes the brown spots, and how to stop them? I very much want a snake cactus. Would any one send me a small one of that or any other variety, for a small one of mine?

Oakland, Burt Co., Neb. LOCK BOX NO. 1.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to answer the sister who inquired about the California lilies. I have several kinds in my garden. They are all beautiful. I have a great many kinds of lilies and other flowers. However, none are so beautiful, and attract so much attention as the California lilies. They are the queens of the garden. They are equally as beautiful for the house. They are very hardy. Plant in the fall. Give good drainage. Plant with sand around the bulbs. If you wish them for house plants, keep them in a warm and dark place, till they are up, and give only a little water till they are above ground, then give water freely, and you will be surprised at their beauty and fragrance. I hope the sisters will try them this fall, and if they follow my directions, I think they will succeed as well as I did.

If there is anything else about their culture that you wish to know, you may ask through THE HOUSEHOLD. I have Washington, very fragrant, large, white, with bright scarlet spots, and purplatum, white with purple tinge, very beautiful; also, the lily that THE HOUSEHOLD sister calls Humboldt, orange yellow, spotted with brown. While forming buds they want to be kept wet. All California lilies want to be partly shaded. You can get the California lilies of our HOUSEHOLD florist, C. E. Allen, Brattleboro, Vt. You can get a catalogue free by sending a postal card. He is reliable.

HOUSEHOLD SISTER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to say a few words about pressing ferns for botanical specimens. I find in those sent me a great many that I am unable to classify, as they were pressed before the spores were grown. I have had several complaints of this. I do not put these young ferns into the fire, as some do, for they are beautiful for spatter work, but it seems a pity to use them in that way, when they would have made such fine specimens, if gathered later in the season. I hope no one will be offended by my telling this, but I did not know about pressing them myself until some one told me.

NATIONAL CITY SISTER.

## The Nursery.

## PHILIP MY KING.

BY DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,  
Philip, my king!  
For round thee the purple shadow lies,  
Of babyhood's royal dignities.  
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand,  
With love's invisible scepter laden;  
I am thine Esther, to command  
Till thou shalt find thy queen-handmaiden,  
Philip, my king!  
O, the day when thou goest a-woolng,  
Philip, my king!  
When those beautiful eyes begin suing,  
And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,  
Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there  
Sittest love-glorified!—Rule kindly,  
Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair,  
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,  
Philip, my king!  
I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,  
Philip, my king!  
The spirit that there lies slumbering now,  
May rise like a giant, and make men bow  
As to one heaven-chosen among his peers.  
My Saul, than thy brethren taller and fairer  
Let me behold thee in future years!  
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,  
Philip, my king!—  
A wreath, not of gold, but palm. One day,  
Philip, my king!  
Thou too must tread, as we trod, a way  
Thorny, and cruel, and cold, and gray;  
Rebels within thee, and foes without,  
Will snatch at thy crown, but march on, glo-  
rious,  
Martyr, yet monarch, till angels shout,  
As thou sittest at the feet of God, victorious,  
"Philip, the king!"

## A STORY OF A BEAUTIFUL AND MYSTERIOUS ISLAND.

BY ELIZABETH TAYLOR.

**F**AR away from America, there is a wonderfully blue sea, as blue as the clear sky at mid-day. Out of its waters, rises a little island. It is borne upward from the foam of the sea, a thing of beauty, as its tutelar goddess was believed to be by the fanciful old heathen of long ago. As Robinson Crusoe's solitary home can be sailed around and walked upon, so perhaps you could find this mysterious island where Aladdin dwelt, if I should tell you that it is not far from the country of the Bedouin Arabs, that wonderful country of the "Thousand and One Nights." One of the central peaks of this beautiful island rises more than seven thousand feet above the sea. On the north the mountains are all broken up into rocky cliffs and jagged ravines. On the southern side, however, the sharp and ragged slopes are softened with forests, while long ago, when our story first began, wild thyme, fragrant heath, and spicy herbs, made the air sweet on the upland, and below on the plains grew orange and lemon trees, luscious grapes, and brilliant pomegranates, and fluffy cotton pods. Down through the hills ran veins of gold, silver, and copper, in those days more precious than either of the other ores, while among the rocks and sands sparkled diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and sapphires. The very pebbles were of agate and jasper, and here and there gleamed the red light of the opal.

But alas! over these beautiful fruits and flowers venomous spiders spun their webs. Tarantulas, with their long and hairy legs, danced in the sweet grass, and wicked serpents slid out of sight under the rocks, and sometimes swarms of locusts settled down upon the trees and devoured them, so you see even this enchanting island was not all beautiful.

Now, you never heard of fairy folk or genii who did not believe in astonishing creeds, so these islanders were devoted to the worship of a most lovely goddess, who, as I told you before, they thought had risen from the foam of the sea, and had been floated to them in the rosy cup of a beautiful shell.

Some people thought her not exactly to be trusted to do always right, but others believed her to be all that was good and fair. At any rate, some of the inhabitants of the island were cunning workmen, and they made an image of her in marble, and shaped it so exquisitely that all who saw it, fell down and worshiped it. For, in those days, almost all the world were still in the condition of those Athenians of whom St. Paul afterwards said, they were "wholly given to idolatry." Now, because the goddess was a woman young and pretty, the services of her temple were, many of them, conducted by women.

It must have been beautiful to see the train of young girls dressed after the graceful fashion of their country. No mountain of hair built way up on their heads, no Gainsborough hats, like flat trays, hung on the back of their necks, no "pull backs" to keep them from stepping freely, and no high heels to make them mince and totter in their walk, but softly falling drapery and sandaled feet, their own flowing hair crowned with natural flowers, or bound with threads or bands of gold, and in their hands, garlands, and little birds, and beautiful vases filled with costly spices. Round their arms were clasped quaint and curious bracelets, and rings of precious stones sparkled on their fingers.

But this island was not always left at peace. Sometimes one king and sometimes another would come over the sea to rob it of its treasures, or to take its inhabitants prisoners. Sometimes the Phoenicians, before the time of King Solomon, came here in search of gold, and then the Mamelukes of Egypt, then the rich and greedy Persians, and Alexander the Great did not forget it when he was conquering the world, neither did Richard III., of England, and his Templar knights, and Helena, the mother of the great Emperor Constantine, built near the summit of the Stavro Vuno a Christian church. And so it went from hand to hand, sometimes prosperous, sometimes oppressed, but always rich and beautiful. The worshipers at the shrine of the goddess were constantly bringing offerings of gold and precious stones, tear vases of crystal, inlaid boxes of perfume, and treasures so numerous and costly that the priests dug large secret chambers under the temple in which to hide away their possessions from their conquerors and enemies.

At last there came a day when the priests hurried into their innermost hiding-place, and dropped the hastily collected treasures in great, confused heaps on the floor, and then, closing the heavy secret doors, rushed up again to the outer air, and never returned! Whether they sprang up into the very presence of the foe, and were hacked or torn to pieces, or borne down by the sharp lances, or gashed by the glistening swords, and died defending what they loved, as many brave men have done since, or whether they were carried away captive from their beautiful island, and when sailing over the blue sea, looked back, longing to follow its waves to the shores of their home, and so pined away and died, or whether they grew to love their new homes, and so forgot what they had left, we shall never know.

Years and years passed away. Earthquakes demolished the beautiful temple, fierce tempests raged over the wonderful island, great droughts parched it, horrible wars desolated it, cities crumbled away, nations perished, and the lovely gardens, by the sides of the long, low houses, faded. The great carob trees, the pride and chief support of the inhabitants, yielded their fruits to generations, and from their pods and pulp and wood, not only the islanders themselves, but all

Egypt and Syria, received food and fuel. They called the pulp St. John's bread, and thought it looked like the manna of the Israelites. Slowly, all this time, the fine dust sifted through the rocky chambers, and covered the treasures deeper and deeper, away from human sight.

But in our own time, one Aladdin of the nineteenth century, knocked upon the door of the mysterious chambers. His genii, instead of rubbing a lamp, however, worked with shovel and pickax. Day after day, week after week, they dug, watching their work carefully by night that it might not be disturbed, and at last their labors were rewarded, for back to the light they brought treasures of crystal and gold, bronze and iron, cups, bowls and vases, carvings and tiny mirrors, heads of bulls and birds, statuettes of human figures, rings with precious stones set in them, and necklaces of gold and of many-colored enamels and beads, and now all the fortunate children who visit New York, or who live there, can with their own eyes see the long-buried treasures of that island temple, for Monsieur L. P. di Cesnola was the modern Aladdin. The beautiful island is Cyprus, and these relics of a long past period of the world's history have been bought by the Metropolitan Art Museum in New York.

If, when you first look at the stained and broken glass, the bent and battered gold, and mutilated figures, you feel disappointed, stop for a moment, and let your mind pass back over the world's history since they were hastily hidden in their rocky graves. The great Christian era has risen since that time. The Roman empire has crumbled away. America has been discovered, ruled by foreign kings, and yet celebrated the centennial of her independent existence.

Do any of my readers who visited Philadelphia in 1876 remember the large and beautiful picture of Catherine Conaro, sitting in state, receiving the homage of a throng of subjects? That Catherine Conaro was once queen of our beautiful island, or, rather, her husband and her baby son were its kings. Her own home was in Venice, and when she came from there to be married to James of Lusignan, the king of Cyprus, she brought him as her portion 100,000 golden ducats, which would be about \$800,000.

Rich as she was, however, she was not very happy, for very soon her husband to whom she was fondly attached, died, and soon afterwards her dear little baby son died also. Childless and a widow, she had no heart for the grandeur and responsibilities of a throne, and abdicated in favor of a republic.

Now, if you can, examine the curiosities of the Cesnola collection, and I am sure you will wonder that they still exist and rejoice that you can gaze upon them.

## BRAVE GORGEO.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

Gorgo was a little girl who lived more than two thousand years ago in Sparta, a very famous city of ancient Greece. Her father's name was Cleomenes. He was king of Sparta. So Gorgo was a princess, a little Spartan princess.

Gorgo's home was in a palace, but you would not have thought it a very splendid dwelling-place, after all. It was built of dark stone, and its great rooms were bare and cheerless. There were no carpets on the floor, no pictures on the walls, no sofas, no ornaments, nor luxuries of any kind. How did Gorgo live, you wonder.

Several hundred years before Gorgo was born, a celebrated man named Lycurgus had given the Spartans some very strange laws. He would not allow them to have any luxuries either of food or of dress. They could sport no gay colors,

and had to dress in plain black or white, and the same fashion lasted for years. Their richest dish was a black broth with garlic in it. If it was a little bitter, it was considered all the better. As for gold or silver, there were no such things known among the Spartans. When a Spartan father wanted a new suit of clothes, or a Spartan housewife a new broom, they had to carry a bar of iron to the merchant to exchange for what they wanted. Iron was the circulating medium in Sparta. Was it not strange?

The Spartans were very strict in the training of their children. The boys, in particular, had a hard time of it. After they were seven years old, they left their mothers, and the state took care of them. They practiced running and leaping and wrestling. This was to make them strong. They were stinted in their food, and were often sent hungry to bed. They were allowed but one suit of clothes in a year, and this had to do for summer and winter. Once a year they had to submit to a scourging; this was so severe that now and then a child died. All this was done to make them hardy and self-reliant, and able to make good soldiers when they grew up.

The training of the girls was scarcely less severe. The young ladies of Sparta did not spend their time in dressing, and making calls, and pretending to embroider. A Spartan girl never wore a gay ribbon or a flounce in her life. She learned to leap and race and wrestle like the boys, and was taught to fear no danger, and to be strong and courageous. When she was eighteen she was allowed to marry.

Gorgo, at the time we speak of her, was only eight years of age, a wee bit of a thing, skipping about her father's halls. She was, we may easily imagine, a staid, womanly child, and her strange costume gave her an aged look, for little Spartan girls wore the same style of dresses as their mothers did. In her long gown of black, reaching from her neck to her heels, her white chlamys, or short cape, and the queer little cap that all the Spartan girls wore, on her head, Gorgo must have looked quite as much like a little old woman as like a little young girl.

She must have had a cheerless life of it, indeed. Her mother was dead, and her father, the long-haired, dark-browed Cleomenes was a stern, crabbed old man who became real crazy before he died. After Gorgo got too big to make mud cakes, there was not much sport for her. Sometimes she went to the temples where her father made sacrifices, and she could on a fair day go outside of the city, and see the young men and maidens at their pastimes and labors, but what she liked best was to wander about the great guard room where Cleomenes kept all his weapons and armor, and where he also received his company. Here she amused herself by donning habergeon and helm, and with her father's spear or sword playing the part of an Amazon.

One day as she was playing around the old hall, she heard a great commotion in the outer room. She had just time to hide behind a piece of tapestry, when the servants threw open the doors, and her father entered with a gaily dressed stranger beside him. Gorgo thought at first that he must be one of the gods, he was so very magnificent. He wore on his head a very high helmet with a long white plume, and his mantle was of a gay crimson color. His sandal thongs were richly gilt, and their buckles were of gold. Altogether, he was quite a brilliant-looking personage, and Gorgo, accustomed only to the dull colors the Spartans wore, was almost dazzled.

She was so very young that she could not understand much that was said, but

she heard the stranger say that his name was Aristogoras, and that he was from Ionia across the sea. It seemed that he was trying to get up a war in his own land, against Darius, the great king of Persia, which was quite a hazardous undertaking, as he was well aware, and so he had come to get Cleomenes and the Spartans to help him.

Aristogoras talked very eagerly. He told how rich the Persian capital was, and how, if they captured it, they would find more gold and silver in it than they had ever seen in their lives. Gorgo saw him take a bright, new brazen chart from under his cloak, and point out to Cleomenes, the route they would have to take.

"Here is Sparta," he said, tracing with his finger, "and here is Ionia. Down there is Susa, the city of the great king. Your Spartans could easily overcome the Persians, and you could then contend with the gods in wealth."

King Cleomenes listened with a very grave face. He was very much interested by the stranger's story, but as he was a cautious man, he told Aristogoras that he could not come to any conclusion at that time, but that if he would come again in three days, he should have his answer.

When the Ionian went out, Gorgo crept from her concealment, and she had an excellent opportunity to examine his crimson mantle, and his gold trimming, and to gaze into his dark, handsome face. For some reason or other, she made up her little mind that she did not just like this gay stranger, and she hoped he would not come again.

But on the third day Aristogoras appeared, and Cleomenes gave him audience again. "Stranger," said the king, "how far is it from the sea to the great king's capital?"

"A three months' journey," answered the Ionian, without any thought, for he lost his cunning for a moment.

Cleomenes was very angry. "You are no friend to the Spartans," he cried, "to wish them to take a three months' journey from the sea. Leave Sparta before sunset."

So Aristogoras very sorrowfully went away, and Gorgo, though she had enjoyed looking at his brilliant armor, and his gay embroidery, felt glad that he was not coming any more.

But several days afterwards, as Gorgo was with her father in the guard room, all of a sudden, the doors were thrown open with a great crash, and there stood the Ionian with the same smiling face, and bright colors. He bore in his hand an olive branch, and had come to bribe the king. First, he offered ten talents, and then twenty, and finally fifty.

The Spartans, as we have said, had no gold nor silver, and fifty talents, almost fifty thousand dollars, seemed a great sum to Cleomenes. He began to think and to look at the money. At last, he put out his hand to take it. Just then Gorgo plucked him by the sleeve.

"Father," she said, "this stranger will corrupt you, unless you quickly depart," for in her own little heart, she had a confused idea that Aristogoras was not a good man, and that he was tempting her father to do wrong.

Poor Gorgo was terribly scared as soon as she had spoken, and when Aristogoras flashed his angry eyes upon her, she wanted to run away, but her father's voice reassured her.

"Stranger," said Cleomenes, "the Spartans do not take bribes. You will have to seek aid elsewhere."

And after his visitor had departed, he called Gorgo to him, and told her that she was a good child, and that she had saved him from committing a great mistake. And, indeed, it would have been a fearful mistake. Aristogoras was mis-

erably defeated in his great revolt, and all those cities which helped him, counted their dead by thousands, mourned their empty coffers, and their tarnished honor, and deplored the day they listened to his cunning words.

Brave Gorgo! Her eight ignorant little years saved Sparta, when older years might have let the wrong go unchallenged. She was not afraid to spurn temptation, and so her name is immortal. Would all of our readers have been as brave?

#### OUT-DOOR GAMES.

As our theme progresses we must not forget to speak of athletic games and exercises, which at the present season are indispensable, and, indeed, should be counted first at all seasons.

There is every variety of out-door as well as in-door game, from the old but well-worn pastime of croquet to the more fashionable one of lawn tennis. The trouble lies not in the lack of games and exercises, but in the knowledge of the fact that they are absolutely indispensable to health and vigor. None are so poor that they cannot enjoy some sort of exercise, either walking, driving, or gymnastic exercises.

Col. T. W. Higginson, in his excellent work entitled "Out-door Papers," gives many interesting points on this subject. Among others, we quote the following passages:

"Do not say that the public is growing tired of hearing about physical training. You might as well speak of being surfeited with the sight of apple blossoms, or bored with roses, for these athletic exercises are to a healthy person just as good and refreshing. Of course, any one becomes insupportable who talks all the time of this subject, or of any other, but it is the man who fatigues you, not the theme."

A walk for a short distance on any of the avenues in a large city, would convince the majority of people that fully half the persons they met, whether young or old, were suffering more or less from lack of proper exercise. And even in the country where nature has provided boundless resources for all, free of expense, there are many who do not profit by them. Swimming, rowing, and riding, may all be enjoyed in the country, and are especially good for both boys and girls.

Something is being done in the city that has long been needed. That is, there has been a new patented "rowing machine" brought before the public, which is infinitely superior to anything yet brought out. So city boys and girls may not be destitute of country exercises.

Through this rowing machine one can get the same physical training as in real boats in the country, lacking only the water and excitement attendant on this exercise when pursued in the country. Beside this there are machines for exercising the muscles of the arm in particular. But the advent of an improved rowing machine is to be hailed with delight, since it is universally admitted that rowing calls more muscles into play, and helps to strengthen and develop the body more than anything else in out-door exercise.

When people are particularly desirous of developing their bodies and making themselves strong and well, they should also bear in mind that a regular amount of daily exercise does more good than a great deal seldom. By this means one can in time discard all notion of having a doctor.

A vast amount of matter has been and can be written on this subject, and it is needless to expatiate further, as "a word to the wise is sufficient."

CECIL H. HOWARD.

#### THE MOTHERS' CHAIR.

##### INFANT'S WARDROBE, NUMBER THREE.

Some of the mothers have written me in regard to putting flannel upon newborn babies. I do not think silk flannel will hurt the skin of any little baby. For this purpose, the flannel should be very fine, and in buying flannel, you will find it always the cheapest to buy the very best. Cheap flannel is always either very narrow, or coarse, or of a quality that will full up when washed. Unless you live in a cold climate, it is not necessary that these shirts come up high in the neck, but the important part is to keep the child warm about the bowels. Very often little babies cry because they are cold. Instead of dosing, try warming them. Warm a piece of flannel and lay on the bowels, warm the feet, and then lay something warm over the hands, and the little one will fall into a sweet sleep.

A baby that is well taken care of, will cry very little, if any, and where it does cry loud and long, I am satisfied it is from pain or neglect. I have seen mothers take a little child up from a warm bed, and stand in an open door with nothing around it, and talk for half an hour, and then wonder, after a little, how it got cold or the colic. To have a good baby, the mother or nurse must devote her time to it.

In buying baby's first cloak, you will find it economy to make it into a sack with a cape. If you use a baby carriage, the long part of the cloak is quite in the way, and the baby is always covered with an afghan. If you ride with it on your lap, it is better to cover it with another shawl. It can wear a sack until at least two years old, and then it can be used to line another.

The prettiest caps are the ones home made. First, make a cap to fit the head of silk or silesia, put a cord around the face to draw it down close to the face, cover with any of the pretty laces in vogue put on plain, a frill of wide lace around the face, and a few little bows. Those bought at the milliner's have entirely too much on them. Or a very pretty one can be crocheted of *ecru* linen thread, in plain shells, or crazy stitch, with long loops about the face for an edge, and ribbons run in at the crown and around the face and neck. I have one I have used three years with a change of ribbons, and I shall use it still this summer. Caps are much more becoming than anything else until a child is at least four years old, and then a simple sailor hat. I think there is nothing so out of taste as a little baby bonnet loaded down with trimming, be it either feathers, flowers or ribbon. No one thinks of baby's clothes if baby itself is sweet and clean.

I saw, the other day, a very pretty crib comfort made in this way. The center was a long square of pale blue nun's veiling, quilted in a large star in the center, and half-circles at the corners. Around the blue was a wide border of *ecru* nun's veiling quilted in little diamonds, wide Russian lace was laid on the blue where it joined the *ecru*; the outside edge was bound with *ecru* ribbon with pale blue bows at the corners. It was simply exquisite.

As the whole wardrobe was in pale blue and white, the mother made a scarf table cover for the table on which the baby basket stood, of white canton flannel, the edge turned and catchstitched in blue, and across each end a band of pale blue worsted canvas worked in white; the ends were finished with pale blue worsted fringe.

Very pretty strips of woven wool canvas six inches wide can be bought now at fifty cents a yard in nearly all colors, of which the most beautiful afghans can be

made, and would be quite as cheap as to crochet the stripes first.

Many thanks to the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD for the kind and appreciative letters I have received, and I am always ready to help any one who needs counsel about any of the necessary comforts for the little ones dependent on our loving care.

CHRISTIE IRVING.

#### CHILDREN'S CORNER.

DEAR CHILDREN:—Shall I tell you a true story about a pair of maltese kittens, Sanko and Sunbeam by name? Were it not that Sunbeam has a little more white on his little round face, they could hardly be told apart.

I think Mollie, their mother, who is a maltese cat, with just a dot of white under her chin, is very proud of them. She washes their faces, and purrs loudly when we speak to them. At first, she was very shy, and hid them behind some boards on the scaffold in the barn. Not until they were several weeks old, did we get an opportunity to see how handsome and cunning they were.

They soon got to like company, and when I went out, I would carry them some milk in a saucer, and call them in this way: Just touch the tip of your tongue to the roof of the mouth, and open the mouth quickly. A few calls in that way would bring Sanko in view. Sunbeam, finding no harm happened to him, would soon venture out. After awhile, they came regularly into the house with Mollie for their meals.

Although resembling each other so closely, their deportment was singularly unlike. Sanko would hide and dart out upon you in the most unexpected places, never seemingly so happy as when engaged in some mischief. In the sitting room is a small work table, upon which we sometimes find him, snugly ensconced upon some nice piece of work, and when conscious of our approach, he will look up in the most innocent manner, and purr so contentedly that we have to harden our hearts and reprove him. You know it would not be nice to have him grow up, and sit on tables when a large cat, so he must be taught what is proper for his catship. At other times, he will busy himself at the drawer of the work stand, fishing out scissors, thimble, and the like, anything he can catch his claws into.

When I am busy with my sewing, he will spring into my lap, and strive to catch the thread as it passes back and forth. Fondling only makes him desirous of showing off still more. He brushes his soft coat against my chin, runs across my back from shoulder to shoulder, as uneasy a puss as ever lived.

Sunbeam hardly ever walks demurely along, but comes in short little jumps, and will curl himself up in your lap, like a caterpillar, as quietly happy as the other is boisterous.

Such games as they have together! Over and over they roll, and run with all speed around the room; or if out doors, up into the trees and down, with wild glee, now chasing some imaginary bird, in the shape of a leaf. If you wish to see a creature perfectly graceful in all its movements, just watch a kitten as it plays with spool or ball.

AUNT CARRIE.

—A very young miss addressed her paternal ancestor at the breakfast table on Sunday morning: "Poppy, I want a new hat and a pair of new shoes." "I s'pose so. What don't you want?" remarked the paternal. "Well," answered the quick-witted little miss, "I don't want any cigars."

—One of the most important rules of the science of manners is an almost absolute silence about yourself.

## The Library.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

BY LILLIS GRAHAM.

He has followed the "footsteps of angels,"  
Passed into the "Silent Land,"  
Been robed with the garments of glory,  
And crowned by the "Pierced Hand."  
He is watching the Easter lilies  
That blossom in Paradise,  
And reading the mystical legend,  
Engraven over the skies.  
  
A star has faded from earth away,  
That burned on the shrine of song,  
But kindled again by the Master's hand,  
It is shining clear, and strong,  
And the broken lyre is tuned again,  
To a glad and happy strain,  
For the loving heart has found at last  
The links of love's broken chain.  
  
In the hush of that vast forever,  
Where the waves of that shoreless sea  
Dash ever against the foundations  
Of a city we cannot see.  
He is reaping the full fruition  
Of the hopes he cherished here,  
And the buds of poesy unfold  
In a purer atmosphere.  
  
He has gone; but the echoes linger,  
Of melodies sweet and sublime;  
They will roll through the coming ages,  
In tune with the surges of time.  
We shall hear them in life's bright morning,  
When we faint 'neath the noonday sun,  
And they'll lighten the shades of evening,  
When our journey is almost done.

## GERMAN WITHOUT A MASTER.

BY HELEN HERBERT.

I WAS deeply interested in the article under this heading which appeared in THE HOUSEHOLD for May. For many years German has been my favorite study, and if I may be allowed, I should like to say a few words to those who may think of attempting this fascinating language, as did the author of the article referred to, without instruction, relying only on books, pluck and perseverance. She is evidently well endowed with these most desirable qualities, or I fear she would have given up almost at the outset. She has fought her battle like a heroine and conquered. But I think it is probable that her difficulties were much greater than they need have been. She wished to avoid the drudgery of a grammar, and in the effort gave herself up to a drudgery still more severe, as, although "alle Anfänge sind schwer," hers was unquestionably blinder and more baffling than a beginning with simple elements would have been. It was something like a child beginning arithmetic with long division. He might learn it, of course, after hard, diligent study; but you will readily see that it would be much easier and less perplexing if he learned his addition, subtraction and multiplication table first, in their usual order. Thus, too, if you wish to teach a little girl to sew, you do not give her a dress to make, or even fine hemming or stitching, but "some simple seam to run or baste." It is the same with all branches of knowledge. The simplest beginnings are usually the best.

And so I would say to all who think of studying a language without a teacher, buy a grammar, by all means. I know many writers would advise you to discard grammar, and try an easier way. It is quite possible that I may be found in a minority. Still, if I can trust at all to my own experience and observation, I shall cling to this view of the matter, and repeat—begin with a grammar. I do not think there is an easier way. It seems to me always best, surest and most satisfactory in the end, to begin with the elements of things, and work up from them. There is no royal road to learning, and if we try to invent one, we are likely to find so much weariness and vexation of spirit by the way that it would be a relief to get back into the old beaten path again.

It is true that I had teachers in German. Some of them very good ones. One a Prussian, who helped me more about the pronunciation than all the others put together. But I have learned other languages without instruction, taking from preference the course I here advise for German. I do not think I could have made so rapid and really satisfactory progress in any other way.

I began Latin a little more than two years ago—two and a half, perhaps—in the face of obstacles that seemed insuperable. Indeed, I scarcely expected that I could go on with it. But I did, in spite of difficulties, discouragements and interruptions, such as, I trust, none of you would have to battle with. I began with First Lessons, very simple; then took up a larger grammar and learned those things which seemed most essential to an intelligent understanding of the language. After that I used a reader with notes referring to the grammar. I looked out all the references, and so fixed the rules more firmly in my mind. I went steadily on in this way, never letting interruptions discourage me, but beginning anew as soon as the pressure was lifted; and now I have not only read all required in preparation for college, but so much more that I hope to read all set down in a full college course before a long time passes.

French I have studied in a more desultory manner. I told myself in the beginning that I would not hurry or worry myself about it. But I wrote out all the exercises in two different grammars, picking my book up now and then, as I had time or strength for it. I get on very well now; am reading *Telemache*.

Still, although I insist so much on a grammar, I do not wish you to think that I forced myself through the monotonous and parrot-like drill which is sometimes required in the schools; nor do I advise you to do this in studying German. Learn the main things, and though the lesser ones escape you in some degree, enough will remain to guide your search when some difficulty in reading makes a reference necessary. Do not rely too much on your knowledge of English grammar. If you have it, well and good. It will help you to readily understand and apply the main rules. It will give you a grasp of the whole subject which will be very helpful from first to last. But it will not teach you the declensions and conjugations. It will not help you in the idioms and peculiar constructions of the language. It is for aid in these things that the German grammar is chiefly valuable.

You will have to learn them sooner or later, if you continue your study to any satisfactory end; and it will save you time, trouble, and perhaps deep discouragement, if you learn them sooner—that is, at first.

As to the kind of grammar, I cannot speak definitely. Woodbury's, Ahn's, Whitney's, Worme's—all are good. There may be better ones that I know nothing of. I would advise you to avoid "German in Six Easy Lessons," and things of that sort. You can't learn German in six easy lessons, or sixty, for that matter. Before you begin you must make up your mind to study patiently and persistently, or better let it alone. Probably books entitled "German Without a Master," will not be of much value to you either. One German method lately issued gives the exercises in Roman characters instead of German. This would seem easier at first, but I do not advise you to try it. There are few, if any, German books printed in Roman characters, and so, when you had finished the grammar and reader printed in the familiar type, you would find yourself shut out from nearly everything fine in the language, unless you went to work then, as you probably would, and learned the German

alphabet. But I fear you would have harder work to retain it in your memory than you would have had in the beginning.

I think too much stress is laid upon this matter of the alphabet. It does not materially increase the difficulty of the language. It will seem puzzling at first, of course, and you will read "s," "f," and "C," "E," times without number. But you will soon become accustomed to it, and think no more about it.

The script is more difficult and less important, especially if you are studying by yourself. It will do no special harm if you ignore it and write your exercises in the characters you are accustomed to. Then you will be saved the mortifying discovery that you can hardly decipher your own chirography, as, I confess, sometimes happened to me. If you expect to correspond with native Germans, probably you might better learn the script. Otherwise you are not likely to need it enough to keep in practice.

Whatever grammar you choose, get a standard work—the simpler the better. But distrust those which are advertised as doing away with all, or nearly all difficulty. It can't be done. Get a pronouncing reader, if you like. It will not give you the exact pronunciation, of course, that can hardly be acquired except through a native teacher, or one who has had exceptional advantages for practice in speaking the language; but it will answer for your present purpose. At first, however, I would not use it except as a guide to pronunciation while studying the grammar.

Your books procured, learn the alphabet first; accustom your eyes and tongue to easy words, learn the rules for pronouncing them, and when in doubt, refer to your pronouncing reader or dictionary. There is one good thing about German words. They have no silent letters or syllables, no elisions or puzzling exceptions, and exceptions to exceptions, such as abound in French. Once know and be able to form the sounds of the letters, and you will not have great difficulty in putting them together.

Next comes reading and writing short sentences. Your grammar will explain every step as you come to it, and one step at a time is all you need to take. The words will seem empty and meaningless at first, and will slip from your memory in spite of your best efforts. But keep steadily on, little by little. Above all, don't be impatient. Never mind how long it takes. You will learn it all in time. Gradually, insensibly almost, a real knowledge and intuitive feeling of the language will grow upon you and fascinate you. Then you will go on from real love of it. It will be a delight to you rather than a task. I have found it so. After a time you will be able to read your story, play or poem without mentally translating it, that is, as a German would read it, understanding it as it runs. This will not come at once, but when it does come, you may know that you have won a victory—a great one. Hard, patient work may still be necessary, but you have gained a certain mastery of the language which will not fail you. Your chief difficulties lie behind you. Henceforth your study will bring you pure pleasure. You will never regret the pains you have taken. A new and delightful literary world will be opened to you.

## BOOKS.

"They are the light, the guiding star of youth,  
Leading his spirit to the realms of thought,  
Pointing the way to virtue, knowledge, truth,  
And teaching lessons with deep wisdom fraught."

—E. S. Smith.

In this the nineteenth century when books pour in upon us from north, east, south and west, we should keep pace with the latest ideas in literature, as well as

have a general knowledge of works of the past. But there are only a few of the works that come to us to-day that are worth perusal and as life cannot all be devoted to reading, those whose time is more than ordinarily limited had better read one good book in a year and profit by its perusal, than twenty that can do naught but harm, since they destroy the taste for good reading.

In every case a book worth reading once should be interesting enough to be read a second or third time. We bear in mind a friend who has been reading "Life of Benjamin Franklin;" and for lack of sufficient improving reading read it over three times, each time gleaned some new and interesting facts, and also deeply impressing upon her mind the events of his life.

The mass of younger readers skim through a book in a day. Now should you question them as to the facts or improvement gleaned from the same, not one could give you a sketch of half they had read; many could not tell the title of the last book they had read.

How much better to read one a week from good and noted works, striving to cultivate a taste for a higher standard of literature, than to skim over what, though it may not be trash, is not improving nor even, strictly speaking, interesting.

This does not of course apply to the older people, of whom we shall speak later, nor to those young men who think it is not worth while to read at all. The latter at the end of life may well say,

"My only books were woman's looks,  
And folly's all they've taught me."

By reading slowly we digest well whatever we read, and are not afflicted with "mental dyspepsia," thus we lay a foundation of literary culture which we shall never regret.

Those who do read the best works, with understanding often read at all times.

It is much better to "have a place for everything and everything in its place," as the old saying tells us. If one is fond of reading aloud he may often while away an evening very pleasantly, thus enabling others to work while he entertains them. Though we may not read aloud, still it is better to read at stated intervals of time, whenever we do read, and thus by system accomplish much in a comparatively short space of time.

CECIL H. HOWARD.

## CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the sisters tell me who is the author of the following lines,

"Careless hands may mix and mar,  
Wise and sure the issues are,"

and give me the rest of the poem? If they will do so, I will gladly repay postage and trouble.

DAISY FIELDS.

Box 193, Newburyport, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I send a copy of the English sovereigns in rhyme asked for by one of your readers.

"First William the Norman,  
Then William his son;  
Henry, Stephen, and Henry,  
Then Richard and John.  
Next Henry the third,  
Edwards, one, two, and three;  
And again, after Richard,  
Three Henrys we see.  
Two Edwards, third Richard,  
If rightly I guess;  
Two Henrys, sixth Edward,  
Queen Mary, Queen Bess;  
Then Jamie the Scotchman,  
Then Charles whom they slew,  
Yet received, after Cromwell,  
Another Charles too,  
Next Jamie the second  
Ascended the throne;  
Then good William and Mary  
Together came on;  
Then Anne, Georges four,  
And fourth William all passed,  
And Victoria came—  
May she long be the last."

FRANK E.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will you please allow me to correct the error in my article on "Pronunciation of Words," where dessert is said to be

Oct.

cented on the first syllable instead of the last, "as if the dainties that follow a substantial meal were barren, unproductive, wild and desolate?"

MARJORIE MARCH.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the readers furnish the words of the poem entitled, "Affectionately Yours?" and oblige, I. M. HASKINS.

Delmore, Kansas.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one of the Band send me the poem commencing,

"High in the belfry the old sexton stands?"

MRS. ADA A. MOAK.

Cleves, Hamilton Co., Ohio.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD send me the words to the song entitled "Silver Threads among the Gold?"

MISS NELLIE A. HADLEY.

Sandy Creek, Oswego Co., N. Y.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one send me the song entitled, "A Little more Cider Sweet," or tell me where I can find it? and I will return the favor in some way.

IDA I. BEALS.

Winchendon, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to ask if some one can tell me in what poem this verse can be found, and the author's name?

"Even for the dead I will not bind  
My soul to grief: death cannot long divide,  
For 'tis as if the rose that climbed  
My garden wall had bloomed 't other side."

MRS. M. C. ROBINSON.

53 Church St., Salem, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If some one of THE HOUSEHOLD Band will send me the words and music to any of the following songs, I will return the favor, if she will tell me in what way I can do so. I can return the music if desired. "The Lone Grave on the Hillside," "The Answer to the Gypsy's Warning," "I Ask None Other to Love me Save Thee and Thee Alone," and "Flitting Away."

N. L. BOVEE.

Garnett, Kansas.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If any one will send me the song, with music, "I'll Remember you, Love, in my Prayers," and the song one line of which is:

"Some one is coming when the dew-drops fall,  
And I'll keep a little kiss for him."

in return I will send any two of the following: "Oh! Waves, Give Back my Love to me," "My Angel Boy," and "My Bright Lass."

LILLIAN L. PECK.

Moline, Allegan Co., Mich.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can some one of the many readers of your valuable paper send me the words to a song called, "O give me a Home by the Sea?" and also a song and chorus, the title of the music I have forgotten, but the chorus is this: "Take me back to my home where my father lies low,

And mother dear close by his side,  
By the graves of those fond ones I am longing to go,  
And near them to rest when I've died?"

Any one sending me the words to these songs will confer a great favor, which I will try and repay.

MRS. JENNIE STEWART.

Canandaigua, Ontario Co., N. Y.

## THE REVIEWER.

HALCYON DAYS is too well known to the readers of Wilson Flagg's charming books to need a special introduction. We know of no pleasanter companion for a day in the woods or an evening by the fireside than this collection of sketches and essays published in such convenient form by ESTES AND LAURIAT. There are chapters which bring us visions of brooks with drooping birch trees and wild flowers growing along their banks, of long, delightful walks over breezy hills, and by-ways and pleasant paths, by an irresistible charm which pervades all the author's writings; the power of placing before the reader so plainly the things he sees, his own thoughts and feelings, that for the time they are ours also.

BROUGHT TO BAY, by E. R. Roe, one of the latest new novels, differs in many respects from other books of the season. The reader is carried back to the early part of the present century and introduced to life as it was then known on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. There are striking and forcible pictures of life in those early days, of Indian captures, of the first steamboat enterprise on the rivers, of robbers and caves, and mysterious disappearances. The interest of

the reader is divided between the trials and romantic adventures and incidents attending the hero and heroine, and the faithful foster mother and friends, the true-hearted Methodist minister and his noble wife, and the chief of the robbers, who figures conspicuously in the book. After many trials the young people are of course made happy, and the book ends more pleasantly than might be expected. While somewhat sensational, it is a book which will please a large class of readers.

Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

AN ENGLISH "DAISY MILLER," by Virginia W. Johnson, is a light, rather gracefully written little story, which will serve to pass away a leisure hour. The heroine is a pretty, indulged and thoughtless English girl of the "girl of the period" type, and the hero—if there be a hero—the lieutenant of a British man-of-war. The tragic ending is unexpected and altogether too unpleasant a termination to the bright and spirited little sketch.

Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

FOR GIRLS: A SPECIAL PHYSIOLOGY, a supplement to the study of general physiology, by Mrs. E. R. Sheperd, is a little book arranged by the author for the home teaching of young girls, being especially adapted to their needs. It will be found in many cases a help and guide to mothers in such teachings. New York: Fowler & Wells.

We have reason to congratulate ourselves when we have the good fortune to take up a magazine like the September HARPER'S. Even the frontispiece has a story to tell which makes us eager to turn to the article on "Surrey," which, however, is not reached at once. The first illustration of "A Summer at York" attracts us, and we turn the pages only to find other glimpses of the sea, which make us return them to the beginning, to read the sketch which brings a breath of salt sea-breeze with it. From this to the old German historical story, with its romance and tragedy, is a change indeed, and we still have to linger over "The Visit of the Vikings," an always interesting subject, before we reach in the beauty of a spring evening, the picturesque old English homes of Surrey. Mr. Black's "Shandon Bells" fully sustains the charm of the opening chapters, and the fifth paper of "Spanish Vistas" treats of the Mediterranean Ports and Gardens. Mr. Whipple's "Recollections of Emerson" are pleasant reading. Two short stories, and two charming poems, by Boyeson and Philip Bourke Marston, with a host of good things in the editorial departments, complete the number. \$4.00 a year. Harper Brothers, Franklin Sq., New York.

One feels, in looking over the well filled pages of THE CENTURY as though the first fresh bright September mornings had lent new life to pen and pencil. The frontispiece, a fine portrait of Mark Twain, is accompanied by a sketch of the popular humorist written in Mr. Howell's always acceptable style. The opening article with its profuse and interesting illustrations from the work of the great wood engraver Bewick, is contributed by Austin Dobson. The serials are well represented, Mr. Howell's reaching an exciting crisis as it nears conclusion. Edmund W. Gosse gives a biographical sketch of the late Dante Rossetti, with portrait. There is also a pleasing sketch of the lady who was the original of Rebecca in "Ivanhoe," with a portrait, while Miss Gordon-Cumming contributes an interesting article on "Ningpo and the Buddhist Temples." An illustrated sketch of an old coast town in Maine, by Noah Brooks, is particularly attractive, as is also the second paper on "The New Northwest." There is a large amount of excellent reading, some charming poems, and readable book notices, and much entertaining matter in the editorial departments. \$4.00 a year. The Century Co., New York.

Prominent in the list of September magazines, comes the ATLANTIC, offering a brilliant array of articles, among which Mr. M. D. Conway's fine paper, "A Geologic Ramble on the Weald," is of rare interest. The attention of most readers will be given to the generous installment of Miss Phelps' charming serial, which has reached a point creating much discussion. Mr. Hardy's hero and heroine walk rather monotonously through the chapters following the late crisis. The first of a series of papers on the habits and history of the Zuni Indians, by Frank H. Cushing, promises to be an interesting feature. "Evil in Greek Mythology," by Elizabeth Robbins, is a charming sketch. The seventh paper on "Studies in the South" is given, also an interesting article by R. Fellows entitled "American History on the Stage." Mr. Bishop's serial is continued, and there is a fine chapter on "William Rufus," from Mr. Freeman's new book. Mrs. Dorr and Miss Frances L. Mace contribute the poetry of the

number, and in the editorial departments, the Contributors' Club, books of the month, etc., there is much to interest the reader. \$4.00 a year. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART for September is a remarkably fine number of this popular and artistic monthly. The literary attractions are of great merit, and the illustrations profuse and beautiful. The opening article is a sketch of Geo. H. Boughton, with portrait, and two engravings from his works. Geo. Wallis contributes a fine paper on Japanese and Chinese Bronzes with five exquisite engravings. The second paper on "Canterbury Cathedral," by S. G. Bonney, is beautifully illustrated, and of great interest, as is also the sketch of Miss North's Paintings at Kew. "The Salon of 1882," by John Forbes Robertson, is a valuable paper. "Current Art," with seven fine engravings, gives an interesting account of many of the new works of famous artists. "The Hamilton Palace Sales" is another interesting paper, on the late sale of celebrated paintings and other articles. The Art Notes, both foreign and American, offer much valuable information to the artist and student. \$3.50 a year. New York: Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for September has for its leading article a very forcible presentation, by Dorman B. Eaton, of the evils produced by the practice of levying "Political Assessments," followed by an able paper on "Oaths in Legal Proceedings," by Judge Edward A. Thomas. Thompson B. Maury, late of the Signal Office, contributes an article on "Tornadoes and their Causes," which, in addition to its scientific interest, possesses the merit of suggesting many practical measures for averting disaster to life and property from wind-storms. "Architecture in America," by Clarence Cook, is marked by a freedom of utterance that is refreshing. In this respect it deserves to rank with Commander Gorringe's celebrated paper on the United States Navy. Augustus G. Cobb writes of "Earth-Burial and Cremation," and J. F. Manning, in an article entitled "The Geneva Award and the Ship-Owners," sets forth the justice of the claims of consignors of cargoes and owners of vessels to indemnification out of the Geneva Award fund, for losses from the acts of Confederate cruisers. The Review is sold by booksellers and newsdealers generally.

LIPPINCOTT for September opens with an illustrated paper by Rose Kingsley, daughter of the late Canon Kingsley, entitled "An Antwerp Printing House," giving a description of the Musée Plantin-Moretus, in which are preserved the accumulations and relics of one of the oldest and most famous typographical and publishing establishments in Europe. In "Through Great Britain on a Drag," Octave Thanet gives the experiences of a party of friends, who made a coaching trip last summer from the south of England to the Highlands of Scotland. In "Animal Electricians," C. F. Holder of the American Museum of Natural History, describes the torpedo, gymnotus, and other fishes endowed with electrical power. "Invading the Temple of Heaven," by Charles Wood, tells how the writer succeeded in penetrating into this famous structure, in which the Chinese emperor offers a yearly sacrifice, and which foreigners are forbidden to enter. "Round about the Peaks of Otter," by A. Granville Bradley, contains much valuable information in regard to the agricultural resources of the state, and the opportunities offered to settlers from England and the north. In "Songs that have Made History," Amelia E. Barr writes of the political poems that have roused or kept alive popular excitement in different countries. The serial, "Fairy Gold," is chiefly noticeable for its pictures of New York "society life," and its bright and piquant dialogue. "Guy's legacy," by William O. Stoddard, and "Mrs. Withersell's Mistake," by Edwin Lasseter Bynner, are capital stories. The European complication is discussed in the "Monthly Gossip," with other and lighter topics, and among the book notices is a long review of Mozley's "Reminiscences."

THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW for July is worthy of more than a passing notice, the contents giving a literary treat of a high order. Among the more prominent articles is the opening paper on "Recent Japanese Progress," a subject attracting considerable attention, a fine and appreciative paper on "The Puritan Element in Longfellow," and a thoughtful criticism of "The Poetry of Rossetti," which will find many readers. "Bach and Handel" is a real treat to the music lover and student, and "The Hittites and the Bible" is an extremely interesting paper. Every page of this large magazine is filled with strong, scholarly matter, making it a necessity to thoughtful readers, to whom the pages devoted to contemporary literature will be not the least attraction of the number. \$2.50 a year. Published quarterly. The Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE for August is one of the best numbers of the season. An excellent article entitled "Machine Made Soldiers" opens the number, and is followed by a scholarly and very interesting paper on "Some Glimpses of the Prehistoric Hebrideans." There is a long installment of the fascinating serial, "The Ladies Lindores," and a pleasant sketch of I Co.

Mozley's "Reminiscences of Oxford," with selections from the same. "Sport in a German Forest Country" is a delightful out-door paper, and there is a strange, weird little story, entitled "Reminiscence of a March." "The Ladies in Iceland," a charming paper on Miss Oswald's book "By Fell and Fjord," will be read with great interest. Two fine political articles complete the number. \$3.00 a year. The Leonard Scott Publishing Co. New York.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE deserves a prominent place on the library table. Each number contains selections from the best foreign magazines and reviews, and in its weekly visits gives its readers an opportunity to possess themselves of a knowledge of the best current literature of the day. Fiction, science, history, and poetry, are all represented in its pages, the present number giving articles from The Edinburgh Review, The Cornhill Magazine, The Spectator, Frazer's Magazine, etc. Those who are the fortunate readers of this popular weekly well know its value. Published weekly by Littell & Co., Boston. Price \$8.00 a year.

ST. NICHOLAS for September offers a rare treat to the children. From the charming frontispiece to the Riddle Box it is full of interest. Even the tired fathers and mothers must laugh over the little pupil with her wonderful talent for "doing sums," the "seven little men," and the uncle in the embroidered coat, while the elder children can but enjoy Mrs. Clement's ninth paper on Art and Artists, at once so pleasing and instructive. The "Stories from the Northern Myths" bring recollections of our own childhood when such stories had a charm which has never quite departed from them. The boys on Marlborough Sands will be envied by many other boys, and the interest which grows from month to month in Mrs. Dodge's serial, "Donald and Dorothy," will be fully sustained by the present chapters. The illustrations are many and particularly pretty, and there are many charming little stories and poems. \$3.00 a year. New York: The Century Company.

The August WIDE AWAKE has so many charming articles that it is somewhat difficult to say which is the most notable. The honors are nearly divided between "The Floral Procession," No. 4, of Miss Harris' charming "Wild Flower Papers," and the sparkling little operetta, "The Rebellion of the Daisies," which will set the musical little people everywhere wild to "have an opera." There are many very beautiful illustrations, entertaining and instructive stories and poems, a fine art article, profusely illustrated, being one of the most prominent. \$2.50 a year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

OUTING for August offers many attractive features. The novelty of a journal especially devoted to the interests of pleasure seekers is one which will be appreciated as it deserves. The pages are well filled with charming sketches of summer resorts, with many illustrations, and pleasant chit-chat upon all topics of interest, gossip of sea-side and country, book reviews, etc., and cannot fail to please the reader. \$1.00 a year. Wm. B. Howland, 59 N. Pearl St., Albany, N. Y.

We have received a copy of THE AMERICAN KINDERGARTEN AND OTHER PAPERS, which gives an interesting sketch of the growth and method of the American system which differs from the German kindergarten in some important respects. We commend this little pamphlet to those who desire information upon this interesting plan of education for the very young. Published by the American Kindergarten Society. Room 70, Bible House, New York. Price, twenty-five cents.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, AND HISTORICAL NOTES, QUERIES, AND ANSWERS is the title of a little magazine which will at once commend itself to teachers and readers everywhere. Correspondents having queries to propose, either from curiosity, or for the purpose of gaining practical information will find pleasure and profit in this entertaining method of education. \$1.00 for ten numbers. Published by S. C. & L. M. Gould, Manchester, N. H.

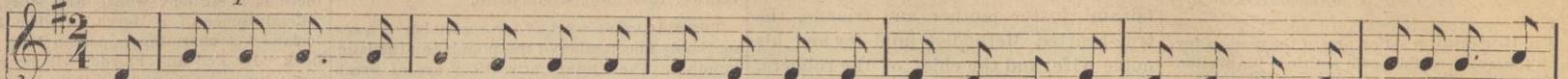
We have received a copy of INSANITY IN GREAT BRITAIN AND UPON THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE, by J. Draper, M. D., superintendent of the Vermont asylum for the insane, treating of the different phases and modes of treating insanity, compared with those prevailing in the United States. The author gives an account of his personal inspection of many of the larger European asylums which will be highly interesting to the reader.

THE HOME CIRCLE for September is one of the best numbers of this readable little monthly. The contents are varied and pleasing, and a strong religious sentiment pervades the well written articles. Altogether it is a pure and wholesome magazine which should find a cordial welcome in many homes. \$1.50 a year. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

THE FOLIO for September opens with a full-page portrait of Harry Brown. As usual its pages are well filled with matters of interest to musical readers, and there are several selections of popular music, which will find a ready welcome. \$1.50 a year. Boston: White, Smith & Co.

## KATY'S LETTER.

LADY DUFFERIN.

*Andante con espressione.*

1. Och, girls dear, did you ev - er hear, I wrote my love a let - ter, And al-though he can - not read, sure I  
 2. I wrote it, and I fold - ed it, and put a seal up - on it; 'Twas a seal al - most as big as the  
 3. My heart was full, but when I wrote, I dared not put the half in, The neighbors know I love him, and they're  
 4. Now girls would you be - lieve it? that post- man so con - sat - ed, No an-swer will he bring me, so



thought 'twas all the bet - ter. For why should he be puz - zled with hard spell- ing in the mat - ter, When the  
 crown of my best bon - net; For I would not have the post-mas - ter make his re - marks up - on it, As I'd  
 migh - ty fond of chaf - ing; So I dared not write his name out-side, for fear they would be laugh - ing, So I  
 long as I have wait - ed, But may be there mayn't be one, for the reas - on that I stat - ed, That my



ma - ning was so plain that I love him faith - ful - ly.  
 said in - side the let-ter, that I loved him faith - ful - ly.  
 wrote "from lit - tle Kate to one whom she loves faith - ful - ly."  
 love can neith - er read nor write, but he loves me faith - ful - ly.

I  
I  
I  
He

love him faith-fu - ly, And he knows it, Oh, he knows it with-out one word from me.  
 4. loves me faith-fu - ly, And I know where'er my love is, that he is true to me.



F. H. GILSON, MUSIC TYPOGRAPHER, BOSTON.

THE KANSAS CITY REVIEW OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY for August presents an inviting list of contents to the scientific reader. A fine article on "North Park, Col." by G. C. Broadhead, gives a geological sketch of the locality. There are many articles of great interest, archaeology, history, philosophy, etc., being well represented. Interesting correspondence and readable book notices, with numerous editorial notes, help to make this number one of the best we have ever received. \$2.50 a year. Kansas City Review, Kansas City, Mo.

The A. B. C. Pathfinder and Railway Guide for August contains the usual amount of reliable information regarding time tables of the railway and steamboat companies, stations, distances, fares, etc., also railway connections, and all necessary information as to postal, telegraph, and other regulations. \$2.50 a year, 25 cents a copy. N. E. Railway Pub Co., Boston, Mass.

NEW MUSIC: We have received from G. D. Russell, 126 Tremont St., Boston, the ballad, "Could You Have Seen," composed by Geo. Dana; "We Parted," song and chorus; "You're

Somebody's Darling," song and chorus, by H. P. Danks, and "Good Company," a pleasing little sketch for piano, by E. N. Anderson. From F. W. Helmick, Cincinnati, Ohio, the comical song, "Never go Back on a Traveling Man," "Always Keep a Smile for Mother," song and chorus, by C. Baker, and "The Little Playmate," simple instrumental piece by C. Baker.

Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co. begin their series of the best English translations of the classics, with Butcher & Lang's translations of the Odyssey, considered by classical scholars the finest trans-

lation. It is in large, clear type, 12mo, at a lower price than anything of the kind heretofore issued.

PLYMOUTH PULPIT, New Series, will be published in continuation of the pamphlet issue of 1869-1875, in the same general style, though with some improvements. The first number will issue the week after Mr. Beecher's resumption of preaching in October. The terms will be reduced, and single copies sold at 7 cents (formerly 10 cents); and the yearly subscription put at \$2 (formerly \$3). Fords, Howard & Hulbert, 27 Park Place, New York.

## The Dispensary.

## THE FLESH-FOOD FALLACY.

BY DR. C. E. PAGE.

"The country boor says he must have meat to make muscles; and all the while his vegetarian team is twitching him and his plow along the furrow. Where does he suppose they get their muscles?"—Thoreau.

SO MANY are ready to rush into print with bald assertions and half-facts relating to the diet question, that it is no wonder the people make slow progress in improving their habits and their physical conditions.

Says one, "Meat is strengthening, but not stimulating." The fact is, that flesh is regarded by physicians of all schools as a stimulating food, *i. e.*, as both a food and a stimulant; while beef tea has been the one stimulant always resorted to by medical practitioners, whatever other forms of stimulation may be used in connection.

Our best informed physicians are giving up the beef-tea fallacy, since standard medical journals are beginning to condemn its use, especially as a food. In view of such facts, the strangest assertion that I have ever seen in print is, that "animal food contains no more urinary and fecal matters than vegetable food," when the latter contains absolutely none at all, when grown under anything like natural conditions; and even when waste products are returned to the soil, they are transformed in nature's laboratory, before being "sucked up into the plant," unless the process of fertilization is overdone or badly done.

How about the digestibility of vegetable food? It is asserted that this class of food "passes through in an indigestive state." *Bona fide* experiments tend to prove that a man can perform more physical labor upon one meal of bread made from the entire grain, wheat meal, with enough fruit to prevent the need of much drink—more labor with less fatigue than on three "mixed" meals as commonly prepared. It would naturally follow that if two or three full meals of vegetable food are indulged in, or if the digestive organs are diseased by an unwholesome diet, some portion of the vegetable food will fail of being digested.

Several of the most incorrigible workers I have ever known, eat but once a day, and this meal a moderate one—not brain workers only, either; but some of them perform hard muscular labor daily for ten hours; notably, one who works in an iron foundry, at the hardest and most trying work. This man was the only one in a crew of fifteen, who passed the winter without a "cold," or any other symptom of disease, and probably the only one who could honestly say that he is scarcely ever tired by his day's work. The fact is, in fueling up the human machine as well as an engine, enough is enough, and all over that is not only a dead weight, it is much more and worse than that. For the animal, higher or lower, it means disease.

That "indigestion is common among cattle and horses," is quite true, but this arises from their being fed in excess, or under improper conditions, as when heated or exhausted by fatigue, or from putting them to work directly after eating. Such diseases as epizootic, "pink eye," (pneumonia,) are the product of blood poisoning from indigestion; so, also, are such disorders when "attacking" human beings. That most prevalent of all ailments, popularly called "cold," belongs to the same order of filth diseases, and, as is well known, forms the basis of all the so-called filth diseases, such as croup, diphtheria, typhoid fever, scarlet,

and other colored fevers, in which the first stage is almost invariably "a cold."

The victim of bad dietetic habits, coming to "the end of his tether," so to speak, when the accumulation of impure matters must find an outlet, feels chilly; and whether he does or does not coincidentally feel a puff of fresh air on his cheek, he thinks he has caught cold! The child who "caught an awful cold last week, from passing through a cold entry," will play in a puddle of snow water this week, on a colder day, until his clothes are soaked, and his feet, hands, and lips, are blue with cold, and "catch" nothing worse than a good appetite for his dinner, unless it be a whipping or scolding from his foolish and frightened parents. The

fact is, his system was cleansed by his last week's so-called cold, and now, being in a comparatively pure state, his system can withstand a real exposure without harm. "Rightly interpreted, the external symptoms of disease constitute a restorative process that cannot be brought to a successful issue till the cause of the evil is removed. So that, in fact, the air-hater confounds the cause of his recovery with the cause of his disease."

Personally, a life-long victim to this disease, cold, in its various phases, from the "snuffles" of crammed infancy to the "hay-fever" of gluttonous adult age, and like the world in general, a believer in the notion that it was caused by exposure to the elements, instead of, at the worst, being merely excited thereby, (the real disease existing already in the system,) in three years of vegetarianism, eating but twice a day, and in quantity not more than one-half my former ration, I have not once had a trace of this, or any other disorder, except as the result of physiological experiments with flesh-food, white bread, pastry, "coffee and cakes," etc., and three meals a day; and having thus produced the "well-known symptoms of a common cold," I have never failed to banish them by a day or two of fasting, and a resumption of the "natural" diet.

Says Professor Welch, of Yale, "I use animal food, because I have not the opportunity to choose my diet, but whenever I have abstained from it, I have found my health, mentally, morally, and physically better."

"I have also noticed (Oswald, *ib.*) that flesh food tends to check intellectual activity, not so much by making us averse to all mental occupations, as by muddling what the phrenologists call the perceptions. By its continued use, children gradually lose their native brightness as well as their amiable temper.

But the same observations oblige me to say that its deleterious physical effects have often been considerably overrated. The gastric uneasiness, even after a hearty meal of meat, (fat pork, perhaps, excepted,) yields readily to exercise in the open air. Meat does not interfere with the digestion of other food, and, above all, it produces no ruinous after-effects; its frequent use rarely becomes a morbid necessity. Besides, flesh undoubtedly contains many nutritive elements, though in a less desirable form than we might find them in vegetable substances. By dint of practice, the system can be got to accept part of its nutrient in that form, and if we are reduced to the choice of starving on starch or watery herbs, or getting fat in an abnormal way, the latter is clearly the preferable alternative."

Vegetarians who dine at ordinary tables, where exclusion of animal food is the only selection they can make, are unfortunate in this: the bread is usually made from impoverished flour that is but little more than wheat starch, and the vegetables are quite often robbed of "important elements—the very elements which many who try to be well fed are starved in—which being exceedingly soluble, are easily lost by careless or foolish cooking; and others reside most in or near the skin or husk, which a false taste excludes from our tables."

There is one danger, common to both vegetarians, and those who live on the ordinary mixed diet, that I would warn against, *viz.*: "saline starvation." I do not refer to the lack of common salt, which, indeed, goes very little way to make up for a deficiency of the natural saline elements, lost by improper cooking.

"Meat is certainly not our natural food. The structure of our teeth, our digestive

"When vegetables are soaked in cold water to keep them fresh, when they are blanched in hot water to please our eye, or when they are well boiled, and their essence drained off that we may eat the depleted residue, those soluble salines are almost entirely extracted. And what are left? Chiefly the less soluble salts of lime and magnesia—just those elements so abundant in the cretaceous degeneration of blood vessels."

Beans, peas, potatoes, cabbages, and all leafy vegetables, are readily impoverished by being soaked and cooked in too much water, and kept too long in boiling water. All vegetables cooked in water should be started in boiling water, be permitted to boil for a few minutes only, and then set back where the water will remain just short of boiling heat, until cooked sufficiently.

"Potash is the alkaline element of formed tissue; its absence is one great cause of scurvy, as well as of the waxy and, perhaps, the cretaceous types of degeneration." While scurvy, in its worst form, is now rarely met with, the scorbutic condition is not only frequently met with, it prevails to an extent entirely unappreciated by unobservant physicians. One pound of white bread contains about seven grains of potash, only about one-fourth as much as a pound of wheat meal bread in which the bran is retained. Potatoes, if peeled and steeped in plenty of water retain a little more than one-half as much potash as when properly cooked in their jackets. "The skins surpass the center about four-fold in salines."

Biddeford, Me.

## A CORRECTION.

HOUSEHOLD SISTERS:—In my offer of the "Mother and Child" to brides, I did not include all others who have re-subscribed for 1882, as some seemed to infer, but only such brides as have had THE HOUSEHOLD as a "wedding present," and have continued it for this year, or who will do so in the future. This applies to those of this year who will subscribe in the future, as I wish to show some interest in this class, as well as our friend Crowell. Those, however, who have made the mistake, need not feel badly about it, as I do not care.

DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

## DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

NO NAME. I know of nothing that can be done to remove that "soot" from the healed wound, save to open it again, scraping it out. I can see no possible use for the application of soot to a wound of that or any other character. A cloth wet in water would have been just the thing while that was fresh, very much aiding in the healing, doing no possible harm. It may be that a cloth wet in vinegar and applied, may so far neutralize the alkaline character of the soot as to change its color. It will be a safer application than the soot.

E. M. CHAMBERLAIN. The disease of the hair of which you speak, is connected with the imperfect nourishment of the bulb, or root. This is often connected with disease of the scalp, headaches, a foul stomach, and gross food. By this I mean rich and greasy food, in nutritious and difficult of digestion. Under all circumstances, it is safer to eat good beef, than pork, sausages, ham, and the like. Bread is more wholesome and nourishing than pastry, doughnuts, and mince pies! It is safer to sleep early and long, than to waste the "midnight oil over dime novels." It is safer to exercise the muscles, the body, a part of each day, than to over-tax the mind, aggravating the headache, and thus adding to the scalp diseases. Keep the head cool. If the hair is thick, do not wear chignons, or any heating articles. If there is much dandruff, make a weak solution of soda and water, wetting the head daily. Wet the tips of the fingers in salt and water, and rub the scalp thoroughly, at least, daily. This will quicken the action of the vessels of the scalp, aiding in improving it. I also think that Hill's electric brush, made in this place, would be of service in stimulating the roots of the hair. I will select for you, if you wish.



posing the design, and on the corners working only three double crochet, separated each by one chain.

8. Six chain, always alternately pass over three stitches, two double crochet on the next two stitches in the preceding round, three chain, but on the middle double crochet on each corner work four double crochet, the middle two of which are separated by five chain; finally, one double crochet, one slip stitch on the third of the first of the six chain in this round.

9. Like the preceding round, but on each corner work four double crochet, the middle two of which are separated by three chain.

10. One single crochet on the next stitch in the preceding round, then always alternately one leaflet (composed of five chain, one treble crochet on the preceding single crochet, five chain, one slip stitch on the same stitch on which the treble crochet was worked,) eight single crochet on the next eight stitches, but on each corner work three single crochet, and in connection with the middle of these work two instead of one leaflet. There are consequently only seven instead of eight single crochet on each side of these leaflets; finally instead of eight work seven single crochet and one slip stitch on the first single crochet in this round.

11. Always alternately seven chain, one single crochet on the treble crochet of the next leaflet, but on each corner instead of seven chain work ten chain, the middle two of which are separated by one quadruple crochet.

12. Two slip stitches on the next two stitches in the preceding round, three chain, then always alternately one picot (consisting of five chain and one single crochet on the first of these), one chain, one double crochet on the fourth following stitch. On the corner work one double crochet on the chain before the quadruple crochet three times alternately, one picot, one chain, then one double crochet on the chain back of the quadruple crochet; finally, instead of the double crochet work one slip stitch on the third of the first three chain in this round.

LONG ISLAND.

**"SHE IS NOT AFRAID OF THE SNOW FOR HER HOUSEHOLD."**

The fall sewing looms up before the view of most of us working mothers, in a way that robs the autumn landscape of considerable of its brightness. The items seem much like the heads of that famous hydra that grew again as fast as they were chopped off. Happy is the mother who looks in on a drawer of neatly made and trimmed garments, all ready against a change of weather, and feels that for a season her little ones are amply provided.

Catching up a "dropped stitch" of this sewing work according as the weather pressure makes it needful, is a very disheartening way. Where it is possible, one should always begin in season. "In time of peace prepare for war." I have always found it a good way for me to cut out two garments of any kind at the same time, then take both to the sewing machine, and run the seams of each in succession. Then I put the bands on one, then on the other; then work the button holes, set on the buttons, and trim one after the other. It may be only a fancy; but it seems to me to take but very little longer to do the stitching on two than on one. The finishing, of course, takes longer, but when all is completed, there lie the two new garments, a delight to the eye, and a relief to the mind, while if I had only made one, I should have put in very nearly as much time. Try it once, and if you do not like it, take the "one thing at a time" motto, next. To

see the fruit of our labors is very cheering.

"Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose."

When I can, I like to go straight through with one line of garments, until that set is finished for the season. "Make a plenty, while you are making," is an excellent rule, where you can compass it. It gives a freedom from anxiety and a feeling of wealth in some lines, however we may be cramped in others. Be sure that your pattern is a perfect fit, if you can keep the little fly-aways still long enough, and then go strictly by it, and you will save a vast deal of trouble, time and cloth in fitting over.

Where material is limited, it is well to take an account of stock before you begin, and see what you have that is available. Old knit goods, especially, can be made over into excellent underwear for children, by cutting out to the best advantage by a snug, neat pattern and they will last well through the whole season. In making over, it is well to pay no attention to the old seams, as bad misfits are apt to be the result. Consider the goods as so much new cloth, and proceed accordingly. Do not hesitate to piece out where it is needful, and make the seams flat. The garment will be just as warm, and your economy will yield you a real satisfaction, and your children real comfort. You will be like that excellent woman mentioned in Proverbs, who "was not afraid of the snow for her household," when you have all these seasonable garments laid away before the first frost.

J. E. M'C.

**SHELL CROCHET.**

Chain seventeen stitches.

1. One double crochet in sixth stitch from last, three chain, three double crochet in ninth stitch, three chain, three double crochet in same ninth stitch, fasten down to next stitch of chain, three chain, three double crochet in fifteenth stitch, three chain, three double crochet in same stitch, fasten to the chain, three chain, three double crochet in the seventeenth stitch, three chain, three double crochet in same stitch, fasten in seventeenth stitch.

2. Three chain, three double crochet in loop made by the three chain worked between the last three double crochet in preceding row, three chain, three double crochet in same loop, fasten in last double crochet of preceding shell, three chain, three double crochet in next loop, three chain, three double crochet in same loop, fasten, three chain, three double crochet in next or third loop, three chain, three double crochet in same loop, fasten, work six chain, fasten to loop in the last row but one.

3. \* Three chain, one double crochet, repeat from \* five times, putting all the double crochets in same large loop, then three chain, three double crochet in next loop, three chain, three double crochet in same loop, fasten, three chain, three double crochet in second loop, three chain, three double crochet in same loop, fasten, three chain, three double crochet in third and last loop, three chain, three double crochet in same loop, fasten down.

4. Three chain, three double crochet in first loop, three chain, three double crochet in same, fasten, three chain, three double crochet in second loop, three chain, three double crochet in same, fasten, three chain, three double crochet in third loop, three chain, three double crochet in same, fasten, three chain, fasten over first double crochet in large loop, repeat over every double crochet in scallop, fasten last three chain to little scallop in last large scallop.

5. Into every loop made on the scallop in last row, put one single crochet, three

double crochet, one single crochet, fasten the little scallop down snugly, as much of the beauty of the work depends on their finish. Commence at first row.

Another very pretty finish for this edge, after making six chain (or large loop), instead of repeating from \* five times, make ten double crochet in large loop, turn, make three chain, fasten with single crochet between second and third double crochet, three chain, fasten between fourth and fifth double crochet, and so around between all the double crochets. By leaving off scallop a very pretty insertion is made to match edging.

KEZIAH BUTTERWORTH.

**BABY'S FIRST KNEE DRAWERS.**

In putting baby into short clothes, one of the most necessary garments to be provided, but one very often neglected, is the knee drawers. For who of us has not seen the dear little creatures, who thus far have been robed in long clothes, when put into short ones, with their legs left bare and exposed to the cold and to innumerable scratches, hard rubs, and other incidents liable to unprotected babyhood. It is not only the child of poverty that is frequently left thus half-clothed, but many a little one in rich garments and with plenty of trimmings, as well as those in other ways plainly but comfortably clothed, who are left to creep and toddle about on the cold floor with the lower limbs so nearly naked and exposed. All this may be avoided by the simple adoption of knee drawers. Many a mother knows how discouraging it is to try to put full made drawers on small children, as they become soiled and wet nearly as fast as they can be changed, and seem to be burdensome also to the child.

But the knee drawers, if properly made, are little trouble, and may be worn a day as well as may the child's apron or stockings, without changing, and are so easy to wash and put on that there can be no reasonable excuse for neglecting to provide them. I emphasize this, and give it prominence, because while I have seen a vast number of babies in short clothes, I have very seldom seen the lower limbs properly clothed, and cannot see why mothers are so neglectful on this point.

As for the drawers, three-eighths of a yard in length is sufficient for one pair, and about yard-wide cloth is right. Cut the bottom as ordinary drawers, gathering into a band to slip or button over the stockings. Then instead of the top being full, taper your cloth off in the form of a letter **V** bottom side up, cut the point off your **V** leaving it about three inches wide at the top. The parts are faced, and in each top work two button-holes; these button on to an under-waist at the sides, putting two buttons of course on the waist under each arm, and your drawers are done.

It is a simple matter to change them when soiled, and thus the child can be comfortable, as it cannot with bare knees.

The drawers for winter may be made of pretty blue, pink or plaid flannel, with some of cotton flannel if you like, trimmed at the bottom for dress-up occasions. For warm weather colored linen or gingham can be made for morning wear, and white with trimmings for the baby's more ambitious suits. U. U.

**ABOUT BED ROOM CARPETS.**

I need hardly insist on the fact that the old-fashioned plan of covering every part of the bed room with carpet stuff, so as to make the carpet hug the wall, is as bad a plan as can possibly be followed. In these days everybody is beginning to recognize this truth, and the change which has taken place within the last ten

years, in the matter of carpets for bed rooms, is quite remarkable. In some instances, I notice that an extreme change, which is neither wanted nor warranted has been instituted; that is to say, instead of the carpet that at one time covered all the surface of the floor with the greatest nicety of adaptation, there is no carpet at all. This extreme change is not at all desirable. It is good to have carpets in every part of the room where the feet must regularly be placed. It is bad to have carpets in any part of the room where the feet are not regularly placed. These two rules govern the whole position, and the most inexperienced housewife can easily remember them. By these rules there should be carpet all around the bed, carpet opposite the wardrobe or chests of drawers, carpet opposite the washing stand, and carpet opposite the dressing table, but none under the beds, and none for a space of two or three feet around the room—that is to say, two or three feet from the walls of the room. The carpets that are laid down should be loose from each other, each one should be complete in itself, so that it can be taken up to be shaken with the least trouble, and each one should be arranged to lie close to the floor, so that dust may not easily get underneath.

Carpet stuff for bed rooms should be made of fine material closely woven, and not fluffy on the surface. There was a form of Brussels carpet called "tapisserie," which some years ago was very largely used. It was as warm as the thickest blanket, and it was almost like wire in fiber; in fact, it was tough enough to last half a lifetime, and it was the best carpeting for bed rooms I ever remember.

The advantages of small carpets in the bed room are many. They cause the footsteps to be noiseless, or comparatively noiseless, they prevent the feet from becoming cold while dressing and undressing, they make the room look pleasant, and when used in the limited manner above suggested, they save trouble in cleansing, by preventing dust and dirt from being trodden into the floor.—Dr. Richardson, in *Good Words*.

**A TABLE SCARF, ETC.**

Take a piece of cloth or felt any desirable color, one and one-half yards long, and one-half or five-eighths of a yard wide, two pieces of black satin, six inches wide and as long as the scarf is wide, cut out pretty cretonne flowers, after basting them carefully on the satin, and button-hole stitch the edges with embroidery silk. Then place the satin on the scarf, about ten inches from each end, and cover the edges, also the lengthwise edges of the scarf, with narrow black velvet ribbon, fastening with the embroidery silk, using any fancy stitch. Finish the ends with worsted fringe.

*Crocheted Skirt.*—I have seen two requests for knit skirts. I suppose crocheted ones would answer just as well. I always use star stitch, because it does not draw out of shape in washing. My plan is this: Take a skirt of the right size, and cut a pattern of half, folding in the middle of front and back. Begin at the lower edge, after allowing enough for a border, make a chain a little longer than required, (the second row takes it up some,) and crochet round and round narrowing at each side and the middle of the back, every other round, till within two inches of the top. Leave an opening in the middle of the back. By measuring on the pattern, you can tell if it is the proper shape. If it is becoming too narrow, omit narrowing at the sides, if too wide narrow oftener, at the back. Finish the lower edge with any fancy border, and the upper with a band.

ADA.

**BROAD HANDSOME LACE.**

Cast on thirty-seven stitches and knit across.

1. Knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit seven, narrow, over, knit three, over, knit one, narrow, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over, knit three, over twice, knit three.

2. Knit plain until you come to the last five, then over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one.

Do not make but one stitch of the "over twice." All the alternate rows are like the second.

3. Knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit six, narrow, over, knit five, over, knit one, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over, knit five, over twice, knit three.

4. Knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit five, narrow, over, knit seven, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit three together, over, narrow, knit one, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over twice, knit three.

5. Knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit four, narrow, over, knit nine, over, knit one, narrow, knit one, narrow, knit one, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit one, over twice, knit three.

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

7. Knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit four, narrow, over, knit nine, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit three together, over, narrow, knit one, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over twice, knit three. There are now forty-three stitches.

8. Knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit four, over, narrow, knit nine, narrow, over, knit three, over, knit one, narrow, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over twice, narrow, knit three.

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

10. Knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit two, narrow, over, knit thirteen, over, knit three together, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit two, narrow, over twice, knit three, over, narrow, knit one, over twice, knit three. There are now forty-three stitches.

11. Knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit four, over, narrow, knit nine, narrow, over, knit three, over, knit one, narrow, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over twice, narrow, knit three.

12. Knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit four, over, narrow, knit nine, narrow, over, knit three, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit one, over twice, narrow, knit three.

13. Knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit four, over, narrow, knit nine, narrow, over, knit three, over, knit one, narrow, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over twice, narrow, knit three.

14. Knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit six, over, narrow, knit five, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, narrow, knit three together, over, narrow, knit one, over twice, narrow, knit two.

15. Knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit five, over, narrow, knit seven, over, narrow, knit five, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over twice, narrow, knit two.

16. Knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit seven, over, narrow, knit three, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, narrow, knit three, over, narrow, knit one, over twice, narrow, knit two.

17. Knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit six, over, narrow, knit five, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit three together, over, narrow, knit one, over twice, narrow, knit two.

18. Knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit eight, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit one, narrow, over, narrow, knit five, over, narrow, knit one, over twice, narrow, knit two.

19. Like the second and other even rows.

Begin again at first row.

I know this is correct.

CLARA J. BERRY.

Stratford Corners, N. H.

**KNIT EDGINGS.**

NUMBER ONE.—Cast on twelve stitches. Knit across and back plain.

Slip one, knit one, thread over, nar-

row, thread over, narrow, thread over, knit four.

2. This and every alternate row knit plain.

3. Slip one, knit one, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, knit five.

4. Slip one, knit one, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, knit six.

5. Slip one, knit one, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, knit seven.

6. Slip one, knit one, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, knit eight.

7. Slip one, knit one, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, knit nine.

8. Slip one, knit one, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, knit ten.

15. All plain.

17. Slip one, narrow, thread over, knit eight.

19. Slip one, narrow, thread over, knit seven.

21. Slip one, narrow, thread over, knit six.

23. Slip one, narrow, thread over, knit five.

25. Slip one, narrow, thread over, knit four.

27. Slip one, narrow, thread over, knit three.

29. Slip one, narrow, thread over, knit two.

30, 31, and 32. All plain. Back to beginning.

NUMBER TWO.—Cast on three stitches. Knit across plain.

1. Knit one, thread over twice, knit two.

2. Knit two, knit one loop, purl one loop, knit one.

3. Knit five.

4. Bind off two, knit two. Have three stitches left on needle.

MONTANA MAY.

**NARROW EDGING.**

Cast on eleven stitches.

1. Knit three, make one, narrow one, knit one, make one, narrow one, make two, narrow one, knit one.

2. Knit three, seam one, put back thread, knit two, make one, narrow one, knit one, make one, narrow one, knit one.

3. Knit three, make one, narrow one, knit one, make one, narrow one, knit four.

4. Knit two, slip and bind, knit four, make one, narrow one, make one, narrow one, knit one.

I received this pattern from a friend, and liked it so much I thought perhaps some of THE HOUSEHOLD sisters might like it.

LU.

**A HOME-MADE LOUNGE.**

Ida May asks for directions for home-made lounge. I will tell her how I made one. I wanted more closet room as well as lounge, so had a box made six feet long, twenty-six inches wide, and fifteen inches high, with a cover put on with hinges, made a tick just like a mattress and filled it with excelsior, fastened it firmly to the cover of the box, then made a cover of cretonne to fit over the mattress, with a curtain all around, put on in box plaits, not very full. I sewed the curtain to the top so as to take off easily and clean. Make a square pillow of the same, and you have a lounge both useful and ornamental.

Begin again with first row.

I also made a box for rubbers and overshoes. It is twenty-two inches square, fifteen inches high, has a cover with hinges, and is finished like the lounge. There are castors on both lounge and box.

If Mrs. S. F. S. will send her address to me, I will send her directions and sample of an afghan that is very pretty.

L. G. C.

Box 1125, Ogdensburg, N. Y.

**SOLID POINT LACE.**

Cast on sixteen stitches.

1. Knit three plain, thread over twice, purl two together, knit two, thread over twice, narrow, thread over twice, narrow, knit five.

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

3. Knit three, thread over twice, purl two together, knit thirteen.

4. Knit thirteen, thread over twice, purl two together, knit three.

5. Knit three, thread over twice, purl two together, knit two, thread over twice, narrow, thread over twice, narrow, thread over twice, narrow, knit five.

6. Knit seven, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two, thread over twice, purl two together, knit three.

7. Knit three, thread over twice, purl two together, knit sixteen.

8. Bind off five stitches, or till you have sixteen stitches on both needles, knit ten, thread over twice, purl two together, knit three.

Commence at first row.

I have another very handsome lace which I shall send soon, if Editor Crowell kindly prints this one, as I have a sure feeling he is going to do.

KEZIAH BUTTERWORTH.

**HANDSOME INSERTION.**

Mrs. P. asks for insertion to match shell edge. Here is one that I like.

Cast on twelve stitches.

1. Seam two, knit two, seam two, thread forward twice, knit two together, knit two, seam two.

2. Knit two, seam two, knit one, knit loop, thread over, knit two together, seam two, knit two.

3. Seam two, knit two, seam one, seam loop, thread forward twice, knit two together, knit two, seam two.

4. Knit two, seam two, knit one, knit loop, thread forward once, knit two together, seam two, knit two.

5. Seam two, knit two, seam one, seam loop, thread forward twice, knit two together, knit two, seam two.

6. Knit two, seam two, knit one, knit loop, thread forward, knit two together, seam two, knit two.

7. Seam two, knit two, seam one, seam loop, thread forward twice, knit two together, knit two, seam two.

8. Knit two, take off on another needle one stitch and loop, knit two, replace the stitch and loop and knit separate, seam two, knit two.

C. S. WING.

**SHELL STOCKINGS.**

Cast on any number of stitches that can be divided by ten.

1. Knit one, \* thread over, knit one, repeat from \* five times, seam one, twist one, seam one.

2. Slip one, knit one, pass slipped stitch over, knit nine, narrow, seam one, twist one, seam one.

3. Slip one, knit one, pass slipped stitch over, knit seven, narrow, seam one, twist one, seam one.

4. Slip one, knit one, pass slipped stitch over, knit five, narrow, seam one, twist one, seam one.

Begin again with first row.

For explanation of terms used see March HOUSEHOLD.

A. J. H.

**THE WORK TABLE.**

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

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—In a late number of your most excellent paper, Mrs. Frank E. Allen wishes some one to give directions for "shopping bags, not too expensive, but nice, tasty ones." I know of a nice plan which is very pretty, and will cost but a trifle. I will give directions as plainly as possible, and I hope if they meet her wants, that she will try them and report success.

Get a ball of smooth twine, and a bone crochet hook. For one side of the bag knit a square (if you wish the bag to be square, though I prefer it to be rounded at the bottom,) the same as a chair tidy, after any open pattern, or it may be a plain stitch. I took a pattern from a lace curtain. When the two sides are knit, fasten them together with a strip two inches in width, knit "glove stitch," and make two narrower strips in the same stitch for handles. Now have a piece cut from a two-inch board, just the shape that the bag is to be. Starch the bag very stiff in flour starch, and stretch it over the board, tacking it at every point in the edge. When it is dry on the board, stain it with burnt umber, or any painter will do it for you; that makes it a walnut color. Varnish it, and when dry take it off the board. Line it with any pretty color, and it is done, and if made right, it will look as if it had been sawed out of black walnut. MAY S.

Will some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD please send me a sample of coral stitch?

Andover, Ohio.

MRS. E. A. BLACK.

In the "Premium Lace Pattern," in the June number, there is a mistake in the punctuation which makes it entirely wrong. Please let me correct it. In all places where it reads, "knit two together twice," it should read, "knit two together, and twice throw the thread over."

EVANGELINE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can some of your readers oblige me by giving directions for knitting slippers in honeycomb stitch?

MRS. WM. SPENCER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will Nellie May please tell me in what number of THE HOUSEHOLD she found the pattern for fringe for the olive-leaf tidy?

Also, will some one please send me a pattern for a slipper watch case, telling how it is to be made? Write first, and oblige,

MATTIE POWELL.

Box 154, Sterling, Whiteside Co., Ill.

Will A. C. D., in the June number, please send directions for infant's crocheted sacque, also directions for crocheted shawl?

BERTHA MAY.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Maud S. inquires through the Work Table of a late number, how to knit a skirt for a small child. I crochet skirts of wool which are quite pretty, and it requires two skeins of Germantown wool for a skirt. If she will send me her address, I will send her a miniature skirt from which she can learn to make one.

MRS. H. K. MITCHELL.

Franklin, Simpson Co., Ky.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If any one has patterns for dolls' bodies of different sizes, and will send them to me, I will try to return the favor in some way.

MRS. C. P. JONES.

Sonoma, Sonoma Co

## The Dining Room.

### DINING ROOM NOTES.

Number Twenty-Five.

WE WISH we could impress upon our readers the importance of coming to the table in a comfortable frame of mind. We were also about to add that one should never come to the table when over-tired, but if that were a law, how many women would go without food, would be a sum in subtraction which would appal the most learned mathematician. We cannot always enter our pleasant dining room with no feeling of fatigue, but we can try to enter it in a cheerful temper, and it is generally only necessary for one to be so herself to insure also the good temper of the rest of the family. Even the small occupant of the "high chair" knows if mamma is cross, and loses no time in following her example, consequently is fretty and uncomfortable through the day. So are we older ones who should know better, but it is difficult to be very tired and very good at the same time.

Cultivate pleasant talk at the table; don't sit as though it were a crime to speak or laugh, and don't rehearse all your bodily ills at the breakfast table. How often is a whole tableful of people turned into a company of miserable invalids, each feeling a little worse than the other, by this extremely improper and injudicious habit. It is considered very bad manners to ask a guest as to his or her "feelings" at the breakfast table, "How did you rest last night?" "You are not looking well this morning," "You must be sick, you are eating nothing," etc., until the whole company are eagerly rehearsing their aches and pains, until a stranger would imagine himself in a sanitarium rather than in a house with well bred people in usual health. If this were not so common it would be laughable, but it is a wide spread error which nothing but the ridicule it deserves will cure. Nothing so helps digestion (suitable food of course being provided) as cheerful conversation at the table, and it should be encouraged, even if one is in haste. The time spent in comfortably and properly partaking one's food is well spent, and should not be encroached upon.

There are in the late HOUSEHOLD several requests which I want to answer this morning. First, I want to say to Mrs. Frank Allen that when a "recipe calls for a cup of suet and it cannot be had," use butter in place of it. I generally use it in preference. Two tablespoonfuls of butter will be sufficient to use instead of a cup of suet, and I think it is much nicer. A nice steamed pudding is made as follows: One cup of milk, a scant cup of finely chopped suet, or two tablespoonfuls of butter, one cup of molasses, a scant teaspoonful of soda, a scant teaspoonful of salt if suet is used, two eggs, a cupful of raisins, and three cupfuls of flour. Steam in a buttered pan three hours. Serve with liquid sauce.

A good recipe for steamed pudding was given in the August "Notes," which is nice to use in winter with apples quartered or chopped (not too fine), or currants. Six good sized tart apples, or half a cup of currants.

A good rice pudding is made with one heaping cupful of cold boiled rice, one quart of milk, two eggs, a cup of sugar, and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Scald the rice in half the milk and stir till there are no lumps, add the pint of cold milk, the salt, and the yolks of the eggs beaten to a cream with two-thirds of the cup of sugar. Flavor to taste, and bake about

half an hour. When done beat the whites of the two eggs with the remainder of the cup of sugar and pour over the top. Return to the oven for a minute or two to brown lightly. A little jelly spread over the pudding before pouring the frosting over it is very nice for a change. This is good warm or cold.

There were two recipes for rice puddings given lately by Mrs. Barker, which have been favorites with us for years, and there is also a very simple one of which we are very fond, and it is really nicer than many richer puddings. Wash a coffee-cupful of rice and let it soak in cold water an hour. Drain and spread the rice on a strong cloth or napkin, in a round perhaps as large as a dinner plate. Peel, quarter and core six or eight large tart apples and pile in the center of the rice; gather up the cloth and tie rather closely, as a very little room is sufficient to allow the rice to swell. Put into a kettle of cold water, salted, (a tablespoon even full of salt is enough for four quarts of water,) heat gradually and boil an hour. Serve with braided, egg, or cream sauce. Sometimes we use a cupful of raisins, instead of the apples, leaving rather more room for the rice to swell.

A real old fashioned Indian pudding is made as follows: Scald a quart of milk, beat a scant cupful of corn meal with a cupful of molasses and a teaspoonful of salt and stir into the boiling milk. Let it cook ten or fifteen minutes and set aside to cool; add half a pint of cold milk, a heaping teaspoonful of butter, a little allspice or clove and cinnamon, and two eggs well beaten, one will do if they are not plenty, but two are better. Pour into a buttered pudding dish and bake in a steady oven three or four hours, the longer the better. When it has baked nearly an hour pour over it half a pint of cold milk, which must not be stirred, but allowed to soak in gradually. This pudding requires in all, three pints of milk, and should be allowed to stand nearly half an hour after it is taken from the oven before it is served. In baking, if it should grow too brown, cover with a pan or thick plate.

I must not forget to give Mrs. Winslow my recipe for lemon jelly; it is so easily made, and so delicate and simple, that it should be a standard dessert in very hot weather, for the children especially. Put a boxful (or one ounce) of gelatine in a large bowl with four tablespoonfuls of cold water to soften it; when soft pour over it just three pints of actively boiling water, add two and one-half cups of granulated sugar and the juice of three large lemons. Stir well and strain through flannel, or any very fine strainer. Pour into bowls or moulds, and when cold put into the refrigerator until next day. One-third or one-half can be made, in proportion, taking care in measuring the gelatine.

I want to say to L. A. Hall that when I make meringue tops to my pies, creams, etc., I always use a silver fork to beat the whites of the eggs. The lightness and beauty of the frosting depends greatly on the air beaten into the egg, and for that I find a fork better than anything else. While the "Dover" is one of the necessities in housekeeping, after a few trials with it at my meringues, I went back to the silver fork. The knives of the beater cut the egg so fine that the particles of air escape, making the frosting tough and much less in quantity. There may be a difference in the beaters, but my experience in this line was not satisfactory. Many fail also in not using sufficient sugar, or using too much. Two tablespoonfuls of sugar—I always use fine granulated—to the white of one egg is a good rule. Pies or anything with a meringue top, should always be kept in a

cool, very dry place. The moisture of which many complain is caused by dampness.

Having had many requests for a tomato soup without meat, I give a recipe which we use and like very much. Wash and cut a dozen fresh, ripe tomatoes, put them in a porcelain saucepan with half a pint of water and cook half an hour after they begin to boil. Mash fine, add a quart of good new milk, scalding hot, season with salt and pepper, a heaping teaspoonful of butter, and stir in a scant tablespoonful of corn-starch mixed smooth with a little water, or two crackers rolled fine. Let it simmer five minutes, strain into a warm tureen, and serve with crackers or little squares of toast.

With bits of cold steak or roast meats chopped fine, and a few tomatoes, a nice breakfast dish may be made. Peel and slice the tomatoes, and put them in a frying pan in which a teaspoonful of butter is browned. Salt slightly, cook five minutes and turn, cook five minutes longer and add the chopped meat, add more salt if not sufficiently seasoned, stir well together and cover closely. Place the frying pan on the back of the stove for ten minutes, and turn the hash into a warm dish, or serve on slices of hot buttered toast.

To bake them, peel and cut in halves, put them in a shallow baking dish cut side up, season with pepper, salt and bits of butter, sift a little rolled cracker over them, and bake half an hour in a quick oven. They are very nice peeled and sliced, and served simply with sugar as one would serve sliced peaches. There is also a pale yellow variety, very large and very delicate in flavor, which is served with cream and sugar. There are many different methods of serving this much discussed fruit, but almost every one is familiar with them, even the younger housekeepers, for whom these "Notes" are especially written.

EMILY HAYES.

### WHOLESALE SALMON FISHING.

One of the chief industries of Oregon is the canning of salmon at the fisheries on the Columbia river. It is probable that more salmon are canned here than at all other fisheries in the world. Last year no less than 40,000,000 pounds of salmon were caught on the Columbia river. The London Times has estimated that the total catch of Great Britain and Ireland for 1876 was 9,000,000 pounds. Thus, according to that calculation, the product of one Oregon river was more than four times the catch of the whole United Kingdom.

Of the forty millions of pounds caught in the Columbia last year, no less than sixteen millions of pounds were cured and canned for exportation. Fifteen canneries in the neighborhood of Astoria cured upon an average fifteen hundred fish daily, each fish weighing about twenty pounds. This year seventeen canneries are at work, but according to Oregon papers, all of them are not running up to their full capacity, the fish not offering in sufficient quantities. The season lasts from April until August, about one hundred days, and gives employment during that time to a large number of persons.

This industry has grown to its present dimensions in eight years. The first experiments in canning salmon were tried on the Sacramento river in California, but the business was not successful. The failure was not due to any faults of the men who embarked in the undertaking. The trouble was the fish would not run regularly enough, and so the canning industry was removed to the Columbia, where it has been found that the salmon are very regular in their habits.

The canned salmon of Oregon is sent as a luxury to all parts of the world, but

the bulk goes to England. Of last year's catch England took 105,600 cases, the Australian colonies 14,100, New Zealand 2,400, South America 1,500, and the eastern states, 57,571. The value of the fish put up on the Columbia river alone last year was \$2,500,000.

The question arises whether this industry will prove a permanent one. The large firms on the Columbia river have invested several hundred thousand dollars in the business. So far, during the operations of the canning establishments, the miraculous draught of fishes has practically remained the same, varying, of course, in quantity. There are prolific seasons with fish as with fruit or grain, but early settlers in Oregon declare they have noticed no perceptible diminution in number, taking one year with another. The Indians located around Astoria state that the fish run in the Columbia to-day as they did thirty years ago. The cod fisheries off Newfoundland, and the herring fisheries of Scotland, have been steadily drawn upon for hundreds of years and still keep up their supplies. So it may fairly be anticipated that the salmon fisheries of the Columbia will remain an important permanent industry of Oregon. —Exchange.

### THE DESSERT.

—The sun is the oldest western settler. —A tale of an old salt—The story of Lot's wife.

—Table bored—talked into indigestion by the boarders.

—The more flour a housekeeper has the more she kneads.

—A new version of an old song: I know a bank wherein a cashier lies.

—The young man of the period is one whose career has come to a full stop.

—Politeness is like an air cushion, there may be nothing solid in it, but it eases the jolts wonderfully.

—The great weakness of most people lies in the fact that their neighbors know them better than they know themselves.

—It is said "Fortune knocks once at every man's door." In most cases it must have knocked when the man was out.

—"Know thyself" may be an excellent sort of proverb, but some people wouldn't know very much if they obeyed it implicitly.

—I notice one thing, the man who rides on the cars every day is satisfied with one seat, but the man who rides once a year wants at least four.

—The young man who sent a fifty-cent scrip to New York to obtain valuable knowledge, received the following recipe: "When you whittle, draw your knife from you."

—Mike to Patrick: "Did yez ever see a flying fish, Pat?" Patrick, (with a look of wonder): "I've seen illustrations of 'em, but never an original." Mike (earnestly): "Oh, I've seen wan alive, but it was stuffed."

—Medical intelligence is more largely diffused than any other information. There is hardly a house in town where a man can complain of a sore throat or a pain in the head that somebody will not tell him what will cure it.

—A young lady was speaking to a friend who had called upon her regarding a trait characteristic of her mother who always had a good word to say of every one. "Why," she said, "I believe if Satan were under discussion, mother would have a good word to say for him." Just then the mother entered and was informed what the daughter had said, whereupon she quietly said: "Well, my dear, I think we might all imitate Satan's perseverance."

## The Kitchen.

### A VOICE FROM KENTUCKY.

AS THERE seems to be at present, among the fair HOUSEHOLD Band, no representative from this well-favored region, enthusiastically styled sometimes the garden spot of the United States, perhaps an occasional letter will not be uninteresting to those thus enjoying this pleasant interchange of thought and practical experience.

Located in so nearly a central position between the two sections known so distinctively as north and south, it is not surprising that, as a people, we possess many advantages not to be lightly esteemed, and it is scarcely egotism to say that for many, many years Kentucky enjoyed a widespread admiration for her prosperous, beautiful homes, and her open-hearted, generous people. Even when her southern sisters were bleeding under the scourge of warfare, a happy destiny seemed to weave a protecting mantle about her, and when the dark cloud cleared away her soil showed only an occasional foot-print, here and there, of the iron-hoofed war horse.

But not only in devastated towns and ruined homesteads are we to look for the real and more lasting effects of a great national struggle, and like all the states that, actively or passively, participated in perpetuating that dark blot which lay for long years on our country, Kentucky has realized a great internal change, felt far more within the homes and hearts of her people than appears outwardly. It is in the rural districts, in the beautiful country homes that this radical difference is most perceptible, and where may be most plainly read the plaintive legend, "Times are changed." Here, where inexhaustible hospitality once wrote "Welcome" in large letters over every door, and where a wonderful elasticity of accommodation could always provide for the one guest more, there is now less of life and activity, less of that ever-present joviality and general satisfaction that once told of freedom from care and ease of circumstances.

And is it necessary to say that it is the housewives, the women of the south upon whom these changes have fallen with effects the most real and palpable. Born, irresponsibly, under a system that wove invisible chains of inactivity and dependence around the hands that held the key of real shackles enslaving others, the war found and left the southern woman wholly unfitted to cope with the practical, actual duties of the household, and characterized by a guiltless ignorance of all such matters, wholly incomprehensible to her northern sisters, trained from childhood in the bracing atmosphere of wholesome activity.

And with the abrupt termination of that system, there fell, with no previous preparation, upon weak shoulders and delicate hands a burden of domestic care augmented a hundred fold by long years of indulgence in superficial luxuries now grown to necessities. The household machinery that had run so smoothly for generations back ceased suddenly, to be replaced by hands sadly inadequate to the task both in strength and skill.

But, if the heroism of southern men has gained a place in immortal song and story, not less may be said for the southern woman of the womanly bravery with which she has met and borne her heavy portion.

Not sitting down with folded hands to mourn the past or grieve for lost comforts, she has with patient disregard of physical disability, and of all fastidious instincts, instilled by time and custom,

nobly put her shoulder to the household wheel, meeting every dictate of necessity with a calm and womanly will. Throughout this southern country of ours it is but a common sight to meet women who had reached gray hairs never having made a cup of coffee, broiled a steak or kneaded a loaf of bread; women who all their life having sat or presided at tables laden with every delicacy, yet who with her own hands could not have concocted a single dish. Can you wonder, then, that when with the same hospitable, generous customs still existing, with the same demands that characterized the old regime still to be met, the weight of household care should indeed have fallen heavily amid conditions that had altered all things else, leaving now those to execute who were accustomed merely to order and be obeyed. In the contest that has been waged with ignorance and bodily inefficiency, I doubt not there have been scenes in the southern kitchen during these *post-bellum* days that would have moistened the eye of a tender-hearted northern woman with pity, and caused a heartless one to smile with amusement.

Never shall I forget the first time in all my life that I stood in my kitchen without a servant, large or small, about "the place," helpless in the truest sense of the word.

We were eight in family, myself and husband, a grown son and daughter, and four boys all large enough to render general assistance; so you would have thought the situation not a very dreadful one, nor do I think we should have been so much dismayed when the last domestic heartlessly quitted the premises, had not the unexpected intelligence arrived simultaneously that two gentlemen would drive a distance of thirty miles to take supper and spend the night with us. This complicated matters considerably, for our visitors would arrive with ravenous appetites after such a ride on an intensely cold day, and a suitable meal must be provided, and their comfort be considered generally.

Jennie, my daughter, looked at me, and I looked at Jennie, while my husband and oldest son looked compassionately at us both, visions of kitchen duties and perplexities rising before me.

We were miles from a bakery, a confectioner, or a market house, and not a friendly or a mercenary hand nearer to lend the sorely needed aid. There was evidently nothing to be done but to go bravely to the seat of war and begin operations.

"O, we will have no difficulty," I said reassuringly, "Jennie and I would be helpless simpletons indeed could we not get a simple meal for only ourselves and two visitors."

My husband looked infinitely relieved, but when I have detailed results, dear readers, results which to my mortification, I assure you to be perfectly true, you will not wonder that even while speaking, there was a vague sense of misgiving deep in my heart.

Crowding the stove with fuel with more regard to the temperature without than the rules of baking, we were already on the scene of action.

"What shall we have, mother?" asked Jennie.

"Only the simplest tea, my dear," I answered promptly; "tea and coffee, biscuit, nice corn batter bread and broiled ham; the gentlemen can surely make out with that."

Easy enough it was to enumerate the few and unpretentious dishes, but now came the tug of war.

"Let us make the corn bread first," suggested Jennie. "I have an idea it takes longer to bake than biscuit."

So together we began with careful measurements and anxious solicitude the

preparation of that bread dear to the Kentucky heart, and although by no means quite certain of success, we soon placed it proudly in the oven.

"Now the tea and coffee," suggested my aid-de-camp again, and readily assenting, we turned our attention to these beverages.

"How much tea, mother?" asked Jennie.

"We only need two cups," I answered, meditatively, "but it must be good and strong; about half a teacup of tea, I should say, and a pint of water."

In they went, and the coffee being next most cautiously measured by thoughtful guessing as to quantity, the two were soon boiling away and exhaling unmistakable fragrance. The ham was sliced thin and placed in a skillet on the rear of the stove with an indefinite idea of being in readiness, and we turned to the formidable biscuit, naturally the chief dependence of the supper table. I will say just here that in a southern household the wheat bread principally relied on and most generally used is the kind known as beaten biscuit, the *modus operandi* of which I am now competent to impart to any one desirous of learning. It is certainly a very delightful bread and most simple in construction, but, as I have found by personal experience, dependent for excellence upon a certain sleight of hand or skill by no means possessed by Jennie or myself at the time to which I refer.

Briskly we set to work administering a very full measure of salt, a very scant allowance of lard, wholly disproportionate quantities of flour and water, and then began the process of beating as we had seen old Aunt Dinah do many a day.

I beat, and Jennie beat, and all the four boys took their turn at beating, and still the obstinate dough would not assume the whiteness and lightness we deemed necessary. The evening was growing on apace, the guests had arrived and were waiting patiently and hungrily for supper, my husband and Guy looked in occasionally with that wistful look that often follows in the course of several hours, a lunch dinner, and I could only encourage them by the promise that "it would not be long now."

And finally the biscuit were ready for the oven, though I saw Jennie had rolled them far too thin, and left them forlorn looking in general; but there was no time to remedy palpable errors now, so we opened the door silently. O, horrors! In our busy preoccupation we had entirely forgotten the corn bread in the red-hot stove, and now only a black, scorched form met our dismayed eyes.

"O dear, dear!" cried Jennie, "they will have to do as best they can with biscuit."

I tried to meet the accident as philosophically as possible, but my courage was fast failing. Completely choked with the superfluity of fuel, the stove by this time began giving all manner of trouble, and naturally, the more we poked and stirred, the worse it grew. It seemed as though those biscuit would never bake, but were slowly drying up, evidently becoming each moment less palatable and tempting both in appearance and probable taste.

A hard white crust at last warranted us, however, in removing them, and with disengaged mien I began placing them as neatly as I could on the plates, while Jennie brought a dish for the ham.

"O, mother, it is just as hard and dry as the chips under the stove!" she cried, "do look at it please!"

And of what avail was my perplexed, hopeless gaze. I had simply been ignorant that a little lard and the brief action of fire were necessary to make meat what it should be, but there was nothing now

to be done but to grace my table with this additional, scarce edible dish.

"Pour out the tea, Jennie," I said in a tone of distress, but as the peculiar looking beverage flowed from the teapot, I could but gaze wonderingly at it; both in color and odor it was scarcely recognizable, a fact not to be wondered at if my measurements are remembered. I said nothing but turned to the coffee; surely the fates were in arms against me! The coffee had slowly boiled away till scarce two cups were to be drained from the slightly scorched grounds.

"Just pour in hot water, mother," said Jennie in low tones of desperation, "and I won't take any, and I'll tell the boys to eat very sparingly to-night."

And this was the supper to which at a late hour we and our hungry friends sat down. Burnt corn bread, flinty, miserably baked biscuit, ham like chips, tea of a strength that would have been dangerous could it have been swallowed, and coffee deficient in quantity and quality.

Can you imagine my feelings as I sat in my chair endeavoring to appear the agreeable hostess, dispensing reputed hospitality? We rose from the table as hungry as we sat down, and I am persuaded our guests made an early move for bed to seek forgetfulness in sleep, while the household exchanged a weary good-night as we gloomily thought of the morrow. Limited space necessitates an abrupt conclusion, but if interesting to the HOUSEHOLD Band, I can assure them that subsequent experience enables me to tell them much of practical life in rural Kentucky.

L. L. R.

### THE HOME A MEANS OF GRACE.

BY MRS. H. F. LANE.

"Will grows more and more nervous every year. I wonder what kind of an old man he will make."

"A dyspeptic and consequently a blue man, and Margaret will be in a great measure to blame, because she will not make a true home for her husband," and Cousin Sarah rocked back and forth in her low chair in a manner that indicated she was worried over her friend's future.

"What ought Margaret to do, pray?"

"Make Will's home a means of grace to him."

Bett's eyebrows lifted, as she repeated her cousin's words. "A means of grace! Then there is religion in bread and meat, cake and pies—what an idea!"

"I did not say so, but that the home ought to be a means of grace to every member of the family. The health of the soul is largely dependent on the health of the body. Many a man takes dark and despairing views of his spiritual state, and considers himself an outcast, all because Biddy insists upon serving up hot bullets and muddy coffee for his breakfast.

Poor neighbor Collins, who makes such long and melancholy speeches at our covenant meetings, is not a sinner above all others, but is simply being fried to death. Mrs. Collins hates to cook, so fries everything fryable, it being the easiest process; and her poor, dyspeptic husband, whose work is writing in a close office, is the victim to that style of cooking. She forgets, or is ignorant of the fact, that it takes four hours for fried beef to digest."

"Will Marchant isn't being fried to death," said Bett, laughing, "for Margaret is afraid of smoking up her house."

"No, but he is suffering for the comforts of a home."

"In a convenient house and with plenty of money, Cousin Sarah? You make wild statements."

"Let me tell you my experience last winter, and see if you call that house a home in the best sense of the word.

In the first place Margaret has a set of cast-iron rules which do not always conduce to the comfort of the family. I shivered through three cold days waiting for the time to arrive when they started their furnace. At breakfast there, three horrible mornings, we were as glum and as closely wrapped up as mummies, eating our cheerless meal.

'The sun will warm us up before long,' said Margaret, in her placid way. 'I never have a fire made in our furnace until the 6th, and that is one of my rules,'—as if in that fact there was all the apology needed. One day we had what grandma calls a 'biled dish,' corned beef and vegetables. As soon as I had a fair view of the meat, I knew it would be as long a friendship as existed between a turkey and a certain family I knew once.'

"You need not enlarge," said Bett. "Go on."

"The dinner was good. At supper the meat was served cold, which was well enough. The next morning more slabs were coldly set forth; at dinner number two slabs, guarded by an array of cold vegetables. 'This is the last of the meat, I do hope,' Will said at the tea table; and we were all glad to hear Margaret confirm our hopes. Now as Will has a weak stomach, and Margaret is woefully ignorant of the laws of health, I made bold to say, 'It takes four hours for that cabbage to digest, you know, and three and one-half hours for the boiled carrots and turnips.'

'There is nothing else to eat,' said Will, taking more cabbage. Now, Bett, I have learned that men are queer, and like children in one respect. They will eat what they like, no matter if they are to be miserable for hours in consequence. So I would not put on my table what I knew would be an injury to them.'

"How would you have managed any better? Corned beef is corned beef, and will not take on disguises."

"The first move I should have made would have been to take the Japanese umbrella from the fireplace and have a cheerful fire. How can one secure more real enjoyment for a whole winter than in a ton of coal? A dyspeptic is always cold, and when at the table ought to be warm, if at no other time. As to the corned beef, it is a dish I should rarely have. But if I did, I should sandwich in dinner of fresh meat, so that it would not be a bore. In the morning I would have a 'calico hash,'—you need not laugh; the great Duke of Wellington thought enough of hash to define it as being 'what is left after the fight of yesterday.' It is composed of meat, potatoes and enough of each kind of vegetable to give it a 'variety taste,' and light up the dark background of meat."

It is not in the matter of food alone that Margaret makes her greatest mistake, but in her general want of tact and thoughtfulness. I remember one of the coldest days last winter, Will came home about four o'clock. 'Have tea early, Mag,' he said. 'I haven't had any dinner, and feel sick and faint.' Bridget is out; we can't very well have tea before six, and then Margaret gave her whole attention to a company of stiff-necked dandies that were supposed to be growing near a group of grim cat-tails guarded by a huge sunflower."

"Cousin Sarah, how old-fashioned you are, to condemn such artistic work!"

"I am old-fashioned enough to think that Will's comfort and health were of more importance than table covers and chair tidies. Fancy work is a most desirable addition in home ornamentation, but health and comfort should be first considered. Oh, how I wanted to say, 'Do drop your weeds, Margaret, and attend to this man.' She ought to have cooked a nice bit of steak and made a cup

of tea with her own hands, if Bridget was out, and served it by the fire, where Will was trying to thaw himself. But no, the weeds grew, and the husband shrank into himself and became more and more gloomy. 'Nothing goes to the right spot,' was Will's remark as he ate a slice of cold bread, picked at a sardine, and looked over a plate of dry cake.

I would always keep in the winter, if I were Maggie, a little venison steak in the house. Will is fond of it, and it digests in an hour and a half. A very observing and sensible writer once said that 'the women who do all their own work do more for the comfort of their husbands than the wife who has one or two servants.'

To finish my story, Will had an unsatisfying supper, therefore was touchy and fault-finding; and to complete her blunders, Margaret had nuts and raisins brought in for a treat about nine o'clock. Now if Margaret would remember that it is a duty in every phase of human existence to have the brain superintend the doings of the hands, her hands would not serve such treats to her husband. I had my Frank but a few short years, and I am thankful to remember that I at least tried to make his home restful and a means of grace to him."

A shadow rested upon Cousin Sarah's usually sunny face, but she soon drove it away, and turning to Bett, said,

"Before long you will be at the head of another home, and do begin your married life with the determination to make a true one. Shelter your husband's weaknesses, foster all that is good, and avoid irritating him by asking him to do any of your legitimate work, such as marketing or engaging servants. If a man buys the dinner, he generally sends home three times too much; and as to girl hunting,

end is not yet, for hay harvest is at its height and next week the threshers are coming. The threshers are coming! Those four words may appear very insignificant to the uninitiated, but to those who have "been there" they contain a world of meaning. I do not wonder that the medical statistics show that there are more farmers' wives in the lunatic asylum than any other class. Poor things, I don't doubt it. I have been going all spring and summer like a well-regulated clock, am set running every morning at half-past four o'clock, and run all day, often until half-past eleven P. M. I am beginning to think with that sensible writer and woman philosopher, George Eliot, that "leisure is gone, gone where the spinning wheels and the slow wagon, and the peddlers who brought bargains to our doors on sunny afternoons, have gone," and leisure at present is nothing but a "will o' the wisp" to allure poor over-worked farmers' wives on to greater efforts. Then the cradle at our house is still on duty. It is occupied at present by baby number twelve, and the fragment of time between half past eleven and half past four is spent in "wooing nature's sweet restorer," and endeavoring to persuade the fretful baby to do likewise. My weary limbs are scarcely stretched for repose, before red dawn peeps into my chamber window, and the birds, in the whispering leaves over the roof, apprise me by their sweetest notes that another day of toil awaits me. I arise, the harness is hastily adjusted and once more I step upon the tread-mill.

In addition to all this toil and trouble we have had Mrs. Elite and her sister Miss Stylish, their nephew Bon Ton, and his cousins to make a protracted visit of several weeks, and not a shade of a darky could I get! We did have some kind of excuse for help for a few days, but for the life of me I could not tell whether it was "help" or not. But my friends have all gone now. The back of the last polonaise and dress coat has vanished in the distance. The wheat harvesters and the hay stackers have gone to work and make work for some other household, and weary and foot-sore I feel like rushing off up stairs, and locking myself up in the chamber we call peace; but instead of that, I am pouring my sorrows into the ear of a sympathizing (?) public, or, perchance, into the hospitable waste basket. But truly I can exclaim with the queen of Sheba, "the half has not been told." I trust no one will consider me inhospitable, as it would be unjust, for I know I am hospitable and so are my neighbors, but our friends are unfortunate in their selection of a time for visiting.

During the growing season farmers are very busy. Necessity compels them to hire several extra hands, and the burden and heat of the day fall with full force upon the already overworked farmer's wife. Many, many times during the summer have I prepared breakfast for Ned, the boys and the hands between five and six o'clock, and they would be off. Later, between eight and nine our guests would sit down to their breakfast, and then at twelve o'clock, as we have to be prompt with our meals, the table would again be spread for between fifteen and twenty-two persons. Is it any wonder that I have become slightly demoralized, and have come to condole with every woman who reads *THE HOUSEHOLD*, and can take in the situation?

In the August number, "grandma" asks if this life is worth the living. Well, judging from my present gloomy stand-point, I should say it is not.

But there is an after thought which brings peace like a balm to my spirit. If we ever each day do the very best we can, God will at last crown our efforts with abundant success; and in that sweet here-

after we, if faithful, can look back upon our toils and labors as but stepping stones to that gracious rest which is prepared for those who have done the best they could. A weary worker has given *THE HOUSEHOLD* a faint impression of the toils and labors attendant on her position as mother and housekeeper to a large family, and she often thinks if she were so favored as Rosamond E. she would not so often exclaim in bitterness of soul with Job, "I would not live alway."

#### BUTTER.

The first and most important thing is to have every thing sweet about the milk-room and the air pure. We wash our dairy utensils, by first using warm water to wash off the milk, and then in another water, as hot as the hand can be borne in, using soap and washing thoroughly. Never wash the churn or tray with soap. Scald all with boiling water and put out doors in the sun to dry in warm weather.

Strain the milk into the pans half full. A movable cupboard, with a screen door and slats, instead of shelves, is an admirable contrivance for dairy use, as it can be put into the coolest place in summer and the warmest in winter, or its place changed according to the temperature, as milk ought to be kept warm enough for the cream to rise in thirty-six hours. It should always be skimmed as soon as it ours, as no cream rises after, and it very soon injures if not skimmed then.

If you have neglected to skim any and it is too old, do not skim it into your cream jar as it will injure the flavor of the whole. Have a smaller cream jar for immediate use in skimming, and when full, empty into a larger one, being careful not to let any spatter up on the sides of the larger jar, for if allowed to remain there, it becomes moldy and imparts its odor to the whole of the cream. The smaller jar can then be washed after each skimming. Set the large jar into the cellar, summer or winter. Do not cover air-tight, as it causes the cream to be bitter, but lay over a cloth or board to exclude flies or dust.

Stir the cream every day and if you have neglected to do so, remove a thin skim before stirring, as there is a bitter taste to this skim. I think the neglect of these little things is the greatest cause of so much second-class butter in the market.

Always churn within a week. Put cold water into the churn, in summer, and hot in winter; churn a few minutes and draw off the water just before putting in the cream. In cold weather set it in a warm room awhile before churning, in order to raise the temperature to about sixty degrees, which is about half-way between milk warm and stone cold.

When the butter has come, draw off the buttermilk, put in cold water and churn a few times and draw off. Having had the tray previously soaked in cold water, now take it out into it and work over and salt. Use a heaping tablespoonful to a pound of butter. Place in the cellar covering with a cloth or board. On the next day work until you have only pure "beads" clear as rain-water, but do not work so much as to break the grain, causing it to be greasy.

To prevent butter from sticking to the hands, wash first in strong suds, rub them in salt, then in cold suds, and last, in clear cold water.

When butter is made into lumps it should be constantly kept in a good salt brine.

This is a good way to prepare butter tubs for use: Scald with clear water; put three or four quarts of salt in the tub, then fill full with boiling water, putting the cover on tight, shaking once in awhile to stir up the salt, and let it set a few days until wanted for use. Burn a little brimstone in the tub after the brine

is out. Fill the tub within three-fourths of an inch of the top. Keep strong brine on the top of the butter all the time.

MRS. M. H.

TRIALS OF A SOUTHERN HOUSE-KEEPER.

BY LINDA WALTON.

INTRODUCTION.

Romance is at a premium—a matter-of-fact version of facts at a discount. Few enter the office of the literary broker with the intention of investing in stock which is below par. The majority crave the fascinating sentences of fiction, and often become so absorbed in the ideal that they shed tears over imaginary ills, while real woe does not call forth a sigh.

At the risk of falling into disrepute with all who delight in the sensational, I have selected for my heroine an unsophisticated country citizeness who was born and reared near the village of B., Mississippi.

CHAPTER I.

Nita Gray's father was a cotton planter, and his comfortable income enabled him to give his six children superior educational advantages, which they appreciated and improved. Nita was talented and ambitious, and graduated with the second honor in a class of thirteen. Two months after she read her salutatory and received her diploma, the principal of the college in which she had been educated astonished her by asking her to take charge of the musical department of his school. To the surprise of the community she accepted his generous offer, and was installed as instructress with a salary of fifty dollars per month in addition to board, washing, lights and fuel.

She was fond of her vocation, and retained the pleasant position for several years. During her transitory visits to her beloved parents she was treated as an honored guest, and nothing pertaining to household duties devolved upon her. The entire responsibility of keeping house was retained by her mother, who fortunately retained her quondam corps of well-trained house servants. She was a kind mistress and her servants were loth to leave her; moreover her indulgent husband offered his former slaves tempting inducements to remain with him and his family.

Nita was a universal favorite with the blacks, and they deemed it so great an honor to serve her that it was impossible for her to learn what every woman should learn, everything pertaining to the kitchen, dairy and laundry.

While a *debutante* her desire was to cross the deep blue sea, and in a foreign land perfect herself in her strongest forte and greatest passion, music; but, woman-like, she "fell in love," and that was the annihilation of her plan.

Four years after making her *debut* into *beau monde* she visited the capital of her state, and at an inaugural ball met her destiny in the possessor of a pair of magnetic black eyes. Mr. Winters, the owner of the eyes, was intelligent and refined, and Nita found him so fascinating that she readily gave him an affirmative answer when the momentous question which decides woman's destiny for weal or woe was propounded. Her betrothed was her senior by fifteen years, but the disparity was a minor consideration in her loving eyes. Her parents could offer no objections to so eligible a proposal, and as Mr. Winters urged that the engagement be speedily consummated, an elaborate trousseau was prepared, and nuptial cards bearing the names of Nita Gray and Horace Winters were issued.

Contrary to custom the newly married pair did not take a bridal trip. The groom was a cotton planter whose mod-

erate circumstances did not justify him in employing an agent, and his business required his constant attention; hence Nita went immediately to his comfortable home near the beautiful inland town of O., Mississippi.

Mr. Winters was the only child of a doting mother, and had always lived at the old homestead. His sole surviving parent was a paragon of a provident housekeeper, and contrived admirably with the assistance of one inefficient servant to accomplish all household duties. Her one servant was maid-of-all-work—that is, she was the factotum who performed the drudgery; for "the lady of the manor" performed every duty which ranked higher than the duties of a scullion.

Soon after Nita was domiciled in the home to which her mother-in-law welcomed her as a daughter, she proposed to assist with the work.

Her mother-in-law cheerfully acceded to the proposition, and added: "I am glad to see you are not disposed to be a drone in the domestic hive. Come with me to the dairy, and I'll soon find employment for willing hands. It is useless to initiate you into the minutiae of butter making, for you have been upon a plantation long enough to require no suggestions from me. Here is the milk—here is the churn—here is everything you need at present. I'll send boiling water to scald the butter bowl and paddle, from the kitchen, in a few moments.

Nita worked diligently, and soon filled a five-gallon stone churn over half-full of cream. She churned a half-hour, but it was a cool morning, and the cream was not of the proper temperature to be speedily transformed into butter. Nothing betokened that her labor would soon be terminated, and raising the cover to see what "was the matter," she found to her dismay that the cream had risen to the top of the churn, and was about to exude from it. What was to be done? She knew not, and was in a dilemma.

At that moment the freedwoman Patsy entered, saying, "Misses Winters sent you dis here bilin' water for to scal'de butter fixins."

"Thank you for bringing it," replied Nita, and assuming a nonchalant manner foreign to her feelings, queried, "Aunt Patsy, what is the matter with this cream?"

Aunt Patsy's thick lips opened, but for a moment no answer was vouchsafed. Then in guttural accents came the reply, "Lor, chile! don't you know what's de trouble? De cream am a puffin', and needs hetting up."

"Needs heating?" interrogated Nita, her eyes dilating with surprise, "I do not see how I can heat it."

"Jes so," was the laconic reply, and "suiting the action to the word," she emptied two-thirds of the water, which was no longer boiling, into the churn. Viewing the collapsed cream with an air of satisfaction, she said, "Dar, now! dat'll fix um all right," and poured the remainder of the warm water upon the butter paddle in the bowl.

Considerably relieved and encouraged, Nita redoubled her efforts, and soon saw, not the firm, yellow butter to which she was accustomed, but a soft, white, spongy mass. "Horrors, what butter!" she exclaimed, and was in a quandary whether to remove it from the churn, or whether to empty it with the watery buttermilk into the swill-pail. The sound of the breakfast bell prevented an immediate decision, and she repaired to the dining room. A feast adapted to an epicurean appetite was already placed upon the table. The rolls were light, the steak was juicy and tender, the toast delicious, the coffee strong as it could be made and clear as nectar. Dishes of golden butter

and amber honey completed the bill of fare.

"How progresses my little dairy maid?" queried Mrs. Winters cheerfully.

"Badly," replied Nita, making gigantic efforts to "force back the briny rivulets to their source."

She dispatched a hasty breakfast, excused herself, and adjourned to the cellar, there to decide what was to be done with the ill-fated butter. She placed it in the bowl, and submerged it in water. In spite of her efforts it remained soft, and to make matters worse, adhered to the bowl and paddle. Pushing the insignia of her office away from her, she called piteously for her mother-in-law.

Mrs. Winters senior, or Mrs. Rebecca Winters, as people were beginning to call her, entered, and comprehended the trouble at a glance. Her first impulse was to smile at Nita's woe-begone expression, but she checked her risibles, and gently said, "There is no remedy. Why did you pour warm water into the cream?"

"To increase the temperature," hesitatingly answered Nita, fearing that she might inadvertently betray the sable adviser who, she was sufficiently charitable to believe, meant well in using the detrimental warm water as a specific for the foaming cream.

"Do not risk making hazardous experiments hereafter, my dear," was the kindly spoken reply.

"Will you throw the soft butter to the pigs, mother?"

"Throw it to the pigs? No indeed! That would be a wasteful expenditure, when the butter will dress vegetables, or answer as a substitute for lard. I'll finish here in a little while; suppose you go to the house and rest. You look tired."

Nita acted upon the suggestion, and in the privacy of her room shed tears over her first domestic trial, and felt chagrined that it was caused by her own ignorance. She was not sufficiently philosophical to pass unscathed through the harassing ordeal of southern housekeeping; hence she was not prepared to stand the test to which the majority of housekeepers in the south are forced to submit.

A manly tread fell upon her ear, and she essayed to dry her tears, but her husband entered the room before she succeeded in doing so.

"Tears! What can be the matter?" was his kindly-meant but abruptly worded greeting. It was a poignant probe. It was "the straw which broke the camel's back," and the bonnie wee wife sobbed, "The—soft—butter!"

"Crying about a few pounds of soft butter? I am astonished at your childish behavior. You must cultivate—rather, must learn—philosophy, which will enable you to bear not only petty trials but genuine trouble. Philosophy which, after all, is the key-note to happiness, the true wisdom of existence. It behooves you to learn that things without remedy should be without regard." The tirade would doubtless have been prolonged, but the prolix adviser was summoned to direct a tenant, and the *tete-a-tete* was interrupted. He left the room, and Nita's heart sunk to zero.

She felt ashamed of having betrayed her feelings, and in an attitude of true repentance was ready to profit by every word of lore the professed follower of Zeno should in future choose to expound. "Horace shall never again see me shed what he terms foolish tears; I'll teach myself to be a stoic. I'll —" the soliloquy was interrupted by a vociferous rap upon the door, and the soliloquist beheld the woolly pate of a black urchin protruding into her room. He doffed his brimless hat, and exclaimed, "Miss Nee-tee, I's come for to tell you them 'ar pigs o' yourn and marster's is rootin' up the flower garden. I's gwine to git 'em out, of property,

and I axed Sam to help me, and Sam he say how he won't do no sich thing, and he dun took and runned off to catch dem hosses. He say how Marse Horris sent him arter dem."

Nita was familiar with Ethiopian dialect, and readily divined the drift of the boy's remarks. Without waiting for him to bring forward a plea for reinforcements she arose, and donning her sunbonnet said, "Come, Tony, and I will assist in driving the pigs out."

Upon reaching the flower garden (in which a variety of choice seed had been recently sowed) she found a score of fine Berkshire pigs had made sad havoc among the flowers which were blooming, and had almost demolished every parterre. It was a half hour before the pigs were all routed. The trampling attendant upon the chase of course completed the work of destruction. Flushed and tired, Nita looked at the *debris*, and inwardly wished that swine had been created without the propensity to root—wished the pigs which had just made a raid upon her annual bloomers were minus a proboscis. She vented her annoyance by saying, "It is useless to try to cultivate flowers when" —the sentence was not finished. Why?

Because her Socrates, *alias* her husband, appeared, and with *sang froid* said, "I see you have been giving my Berkshire pigs a race. How do you like them? I would not take ten dollars cash for a single one in the lot."

"They have demolished the flower garden," was all Nita trusted herself to reply.

"Have they? That is unfortunate. Who was so careless as to leave the gate ajar? You can sow more seed, so the mischief is not irreparable. Remember the doctrine I advocate, and abide by my motto, "Bear all things philosophically."

Nita turned away to hide the tears which she had resolved he should not again see her shed. She remembered that he had called her first trial a "trivial affair," and wondered what he would call the second. She felt so aggrieved that she almost wished the zealous disciple of Socrates had a tantalizing Zantippe to test his forbearance. Be it said to Nita's credit that she did not for an instant think of assuming the role of the shrew who unmercifully tormented the sage philosopher. On the contrary, she was so speedily mollified by the shade of ancestral oaks that she strayed in an avenue composed of them until the last vestige of annoyance left her.

She returned to her room, and after arranging her disordered toilet preparatory to appearing at the noonday meal, exclaimed, "Eureka! I'll see if I have not discovered a way to ameliorate my trials. I intend to write each as it occurs, and by comparing one with another perhaps I shall be convinced that some of them are imaginary." Opening a memorandum-book she wrote upon its unsullied fly-leaf, "Trials of a *Debutante* Housekeeper in Western Mississippi."

Turning the pages until she found one with March 28th, 1872, printed upon it as an index, she wrote the following memoranda: Trial number one—Butter spoiled; trial number two—Pigs ruined flower garden; trial number three—Husband's lecture.

"May a kind providence protect me from another trial for some time to come. If I must bear my share of them, I beg that they come at long intervals—beg to take my unpleasant medicine in broken doses," she soliloquized, as she placed the book in her writing-desk, and adjourned to the dinner-table. Every trace of tears had vanished, and she looked so bright and happy that her liege lord inwardly rejoiced that the officiating clergyman had given him a deed to so desirable a piece

## THE KITCHEN.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

With far too many persons most of the time of labor is spent in the kitchen, unfortunately, resulting from our false habits of eating, by far, too much pastry. Often this kitchen is alike the parlor—if there is one, the sitting room and the room for toil. Much, if not most of this toil is not only unnecessary, but is extremely adverse to good constitutions of our average housekeepers. The most depressing part of this toil is connected with the preparation of dishes, not only not really needed for health, but wasting it at a fearful rate, since these "made dishes" demand the most toil, are the most difficult of digestion, and contain far less nourishment than the average plain food.

I do not hesitate to affirm that a return to the simplicity of the past, with the use of our improved foods, our increased knowledge of the laws of our being, as connected with air, sunlight, electricity, etc., would materially add to the term of human life, with a vast increase of comfort.

Most of this toil is performed under very unfavorable circumstances. The average kitchen of the less informed is low in stud, small, poorly lighted, unventilated, out of the influence of the sun, cramped, and inconvenient—unfit for human residence. And yet, this is the place where the good housewife toils on from day to day and year to year—if she long survives—where the children, especially girls, are doomed to spend most of their time, at a certain age and during the most inclement season of the year. Some of these kitchen-prisons are difficult of access, the wood, coal, water, everything being brought in a laborious way by the exhausted wife, while so dark, gloomy, dingy, and forbidding in every aspect as to make life monotonous, irksome, unpleasant and fearfully crushing to both mental and physical powers.

Let me advise my brothers to reflect upon the toils of the wife—sometimes self-imposed—and to change that kitchen, using it for a store room, or a wood room, and taking a large and airy room on the sunny side, having an abundance of light, with sufficient means of ventilation. Let it be made as cozy and convenient as possible that woman's labor need not be unnecessarily difficult. Also, let it be made as pleasant as any room in the house, since the rooms the most occupied—including the sleeping rooms—should be the most cared for in the matter of health.

Introduce a sewing machine, a washing machine, (and let the boys run them,) a wringer, a kneading machine—anything and everything to lighten the labors of the exhausted wife. Supplant the old and cumbrous, heavy iron pots and kettles, as far as possible, and introduce some improvements. Judging from experience in our family, I cannot recommend any kitchen utensils of equal value with the "granite wares," used by us for years. They are really economical—notwithstanding the first cost—pretty and even elegant, light, durable, will not break, easily cleaned, do not tarnish, are not affected by acids, (I have applied stronger acid than is used in culinary affairs, without any perceptible effect,) are perfectly safe as receptacles of acids, and fruits of all kinds, in fine, if so disposed, we do not know what charges we can bring against them, after testing them for years. All seem as good as new after years of wear. Even the wash-dish, used constantly, has its original brightness.

Let me also say to my sisters, utilize those boys. What are boys here for, if not to help their mothers, as a means of

learning how to aid the wife in future years. Do not run up and down stairs, or do any hard work which boys can do just as well. Nor will it harm the girls, if you do not wish them to grow up in selfishness, to lighten the toils of one who watched over them so tenderly, in their helpless state. Teach them to do all that you understand, and then you will have done your duty in this regard, in preparing them to be mistresses of the kitchen and the parlor.

## CAN'T COOK AS MOTHER DID.

How often is that sentence heard, and how sorry every young wife is that she cannot equal mother in her efforts at making a home. Practice and experience will make her just as good a cook and housekeeper, if she tries in earnest.

"Can't cook as mother did," reminds me of a little episode in a young wife's beginning at housekeeping. It was her first attempt at doughnut making, and when her husband took his place at the table, seeing the doughnuts he said, "Mother did not make her doughnuts in that shape."

She felt it, and few wives have not met that trial, but she simply replied, "But these are not your mother's doughnuts."

Happy thought! and happy would it be, if every young wife could be as quick to think, and not let the innocent words stir up bitterness. I have not a doubt but that husband from that day to this has never once forgot that at his table, it was his wife that was cook and not his mother. Query: Why should not husbands remember their mothers, and love the homes they leave, as well as wives, their mothers, and homes of childhood days? And still the answer is, why?

Mrs. D. M. Warner asks how to clean pampas grass plumes? I have seen a large quantity of dried grass cleaned quite recently, and it was as nice as when first gathered; in some respects, I think improved, as it was very beautifully bleached. Make a weak soap suds, and then wash carefully; have a tub, a bathtub would be just the thing, and plenty of water; take one plume at a time, wash and hang up to dry, or place it in the same position as if freshly gathered. For the grasses, take them in small bunches, and dry them as when green, being careful not to break them by rough handling. I hope this will help our sister, and, perhaps, more than one, as pampas plumes are too beautiful to be spoiled, and too scarce to be easily replaced.

Now it is sweet alyssum that claims our attention. Some one writing about flowers says, never attempt to take up a plant of that kind, it will not be transplanted. Reading it, I said to myself, "Now, it is your duty to correct that, for some one who loves the sweet flower, will not keep it when she might." I speak whereof I know. I have now a sweet alyssum in my garden that was brought me last summer. When the frost came, I lifted it carefully to a good sized pot, kept it shady a few days, then gave it a cool, sunny spot, and it bloomed all winter. At planting out time it went to the garden, and it kept right on blossoming, and it will blossom until the frost lays it low. It requires more care than some plants, as its roots strike deep and are numerous. I should not take up a very large plant, as small ones are better.

Many of us who cannot afford the new, high-priced flowers, have a deep, true love, for the flowers of our childhood days. They bring to us bright, joyous memories of the greenest fields, and sweetest flowers, seen through the roseate glass of youthful hope. No thought of the bitter-sweet of after life came to cloud our sky.

ZITA.

## CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Allow me in the first place to thank you for THE HOUSEHOLD which I am receiving as a wedding present. I never saw a copy of it until I received my first number, but, although I have received it only five months, I have learned to value it very highly, and to watch eagerly for its coming, and have resolved that it shall be made a regular visitant to our home, as long as it contains so much good reading, and so many valuable helps for the housekeeper. Housekeeping is a vocation to which I have given little attention, having spent the greater part of my earlier life in teaching, and when I came to enter upon its duties, I often found myself puzzled to know how to do my work so as to accomplish the best results, and economize time, and all I had to guide me was to recall "mother's way." But since I have been receiving THE HOUSEHOLD, and have read the many good letters from older and more experienced housekeepers, I have been many times greatly helped by following their suggestions, and I find that a number of them do a great many things as mother did, so, of course, I endorse them, as who ever knew mother to do wrong?

The cooking recipes have been a great help to me. I have tried quite a number of them, and have never once failed. I have a few nice recipes which I have never seen in THE HOUSEHOLD, and I will give one or two of them for the benefit of the Band, who have done so much for me.

I would like to inquire what Rosamond E. means by her crazy pillow.

I fully endorse Amelia H. Botsford's opinion on fancy work. I do some fancy work, to be sure, but there is very little of it but what is really serviceable. For instance, my rugs are either drawn or braided, and my tides for common use are either made of canvas worked with some unfading color, or crocheted of knitting or crochet cotton instead of thread, as they are much softer and less liable to break, and so much more quickly made. I think time could be much more profitably spent in many other ways than in knitting a bedspread, when such nice ones can be bought so cheaply.

But I have already said too much, so I will close after saying to E. A. Lake to wash the isinglass in her stove in vinegar and water.

And now for the recipes I promised.

*Variety Cake.*—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, three eggs, one-half cup of sweet milk, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, and two cups of flour. Divide this into three parts, baking two of them in long pie tins. To the third part, add one scant teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of cloves, and a little nutmeg, and two-thirds cup of raisins, seeded, chopped and dredged. Bake this in the same sized tin, and put all three together with frosting, the fruit layer in the center, and frost over the top. This makes a nice and very pretty cake.

I am not particularly fond of bread puddings, but I make one which husband pronounces delicious. Try it. One and one-half cups of white sugar, two cups of fine, dry bread crumbs, five eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, vanilla, lemon, or rose-water seasoning, one quart of fresh, rich milk, and one-half cup of jelly or jam. Soak the crumbs in the milk, then add one cup of sugar, yolks, butter, and seasoning; bake in a large dish, and when the custard is well set, draw to the mouth of the oven, and spread over with the jam or jelly. Cover this with a meringue made of the whites of the eggs and one-half cup of sugar, and bake until the meringue begins to color. Eat

cold with cream. You may in berry season, substitute ripe fruit for preserves. It is then really delicious. It is called the queen of puddings.

NELLIE DUNCAN.

Cramer, Tulare Co., Cal.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—During the years I have been a reader of our paper, I have often cast a wistful eye to the Band and felt like asking them "to open the ring and let another in;" but a moment's reflection upon my own inability to furnish articles of pleasure or profit, at all equal to the pens already enlisted, would check my aspiration until the next HOUSEHOLD came. I have glanced over every column and wondered where an item has been omitted. Rosamond E.'s experience in the nursery equals my own, and she brings up the many useful items, so much needed by inexperienced mothers; Mr. Rennie cares so well for Flora's treasures there seems to be but little to add; Gladys Wayne could not even omit railroad-ironing for a less gifted sister; and Rosella Rice keeps us so well posted in economical recipes, and the nice ways of doing "chores" our orderly mothers practiced, that I find myself in one of Mrs. Partington's "diplomas," whenever I attempt to intrude.

Just now, I feel like challenging one of Dr. Hanaford's decisions, in a late number. I hope he will be patient with a woman's meddling. He decides against the tomato, and thinks it favors the development of cancer. Now, doctor, how does it? in what way? A few years ago, it was considered a substitute for calomel in its effects. Would it not be nearer the truth to ascribe the increase of cancer in our country to calomel itself?

I once asked a distinguished physician if he had ever met a patient, suffering from neuralgia, who had never taken calomel. After deliberating he replied "No."

Some physicians ascribe cancer to the use of so much pork, and cite the Jews as proof. Well, pork may cause trichinæ, but in the other case there is doubt.

Just here, let me give a remedy for the suffering caused by poison oak, so abundant in some sections. A poultice of corn meal and hops, applied as hot as can be borne, after washing the affected parts with warm water, milk, and Castile soap, will relieve. One application is usually sufficient.

Mrs. Jackson calls for a recipe for yeast cakes made with hops. Here is mine. Boil six or seven good sized potatoes, adding a handful of hops to the water; when well done, pare and mash fine, add three tablespoonfuls of flour, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one tablespoonful of salt, and stir smooth as in making starch. Strain and pour on two quarts of the boiling hop water, and boil a few minutes. When cool enough not to scald, add a cup of yeast, and set it aside to rise. If made at night, it will be ready to make into cakes in the morning. I frequently let it stand a day before adding meal, and drying. This yeast will keep well, and make good bread. BRECKNOKSHIRE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I wish to come once more to ask a question or two about fish. Perhaps some of our Cape Cod sisters can help me. Last summer we caught a large number of mackerel, and after all the neighbors were supplied, some had to be put into the compost heap. But just at the close of the season we heard about "spiced mackerel." Straightway we prepared two dozen in the following manner: We removed the back bone, and placed them in layers in a stone jar, dusting each thoroughly with a mixture composed of one-half cup of salt, and one tablespoonful each of cloves and allspice, cov-

ered well with good vinegar, and baked slowly six hours.

They were very popular at our table as a relish with bread and butter. We thought ourselves almost discoverers to happen upon the recipe; but, lo! up come some Cape folks, and say it is an old recipe used at the cape these many years, and that they keep the year round. Now, I wish to know how to keep them, if not the year round, at least a long time, and is our recipe right?

Also, let me ask if other fish, such as perch or small fish can be cooked the same way. Is there a Cape sister who will answer these questions for a number of sea shore sisters who do not know all they wish to about saving and cooking fish?

AMITY.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD FRIENDS:—When Riverside said "boiling clothes made them yellow," she probably meant boiling in soap. We used to do the latter, but for a few years, have tried a better way, and that is to scald in clear water, after rubbing out in soap, then there is only one wringing, and that in plenty of rinsing water. Our clothes, though not "whiter than the driven snow," as some say, are sweet and clean, and will compare in whiteness to any seen, and do not get yellow by lying, as formerly. Wringing wears clothes, besides being the hardest part of the washing. This is so much easier, we would not be persuaded to go back to the old way. Mother says, give her plenty of soft soap and elbow grease, in preference to the new-fangled modes of washing. When the cistern is low, hard well water can be softened by putting a small lump of sal-soda in the rubbing water. We have tried this and know. Do not use this in the boiling water, as this would necessitate another rinsing.

I tried the laurel leaf pattern, but finding trouble near the beginning, did not try again. It seems that others have done the same, but the fault must be in ourselves, for my sister writes me that she knit a tidy from the directions, and that it is very pretty.

Did any one ever try rubbing lamp chimneys with a soft cloth every time, instead of washing with soap? We have used one nearly three years treated so, that never was washed but once, when it came from the store. I had read that wetting them would rot the glass, and cause them to break sooner. We had broken so many I resolved to try this way, and I feel well satisfied every way for we never had a brighter light. I moisten a corner of the cloth with a drop or two of water, if the chimneys are very smoky, and it is easily removed. Of course, the cloths are put in the wash often.

While telling our plans of washing a rag carpet this spring to a lady, she said "Well, if you succeed, I hope you'll let me know, for I believe you'll find it all wrinkled up, and it will never look fit to put down again." She thought much the best way was to get down on the floor, while it was tacked down, and wash with a cloth. That does when one wants to wash up spots occasionally, but for a general washing we like our way best. We ripped the breadths all apart, and pounded each one separately in two clean hot waters, with plenty of soft soap, in a pounding barrel, then rinsed each separately in several tubs of cold water, until the water looked clear. We drained them awhile on the fence, then spread them on the clean grass to dry, which did not take long. We changed the breadths when sewing together, putting the outside breadths in the center where the most wear comes. It was a hard job, pumping so many barrels of water, and the pounding, but we felt paid when it looked so nice and

bright on the floor, and we knew it was clean, with no half-way work about it. We wished the lady could see it, and if she should chance to read this, it "will let her know," as well as THE HOUSEHOLD sisters who may have the same kind of work to do.

To the one who inquires in a late number about an ointment made of sweet cream and elder, I would say that it is an excellent remedy for healing inveterate sores, as we can testify from using it in our family. Peel off the outside brown bark, scrape off the green, and simmer it slowly on the back of the stove in sweet cream or fresh butter, and use the oil that separates, for the ointment.

I wish to say to C. C. that my request about the hair pin holder was written a long time before it was printed, and that she need not trouble herself about it, as one of the Band sent me a pattern of it soon after, from which I made one, and I am well pleased with it.

If my letter was not too long already, I would tell you about a smart old lady I saw recently, while visiting in an adjoining town! She will be ninety-eight next January. She walks quite sprightly with a cane, and persists in rooming up stairs. She walked to a near neighbor's, took tea, and walked back the same day, this summer. She feels insulted, if any one offers to assist her.

But there, "time's up."

NELLIE MAY.

#### LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—What should young housekeepers do without the help of all the experienced ones who give us the benefit of their knowledge through these columns?

I can only echo what so many have said before. I second the motion of one sister that the letters be dated, that we may know when and where they are written. I sometimes wonder what climate produces strawberries in September, and roses in March.

I have been making a very pretty flannel skirt, at a small outlay of trouble and expense, and I send directions, if perchance some one else may be preparing for winter. I bought one and one-half yards of flannel which was one yard wide, and cut off one straight breadth twenty-seven inches long. The other piece I folded together in the middle lengthwise, and cut a gore from each side of it, five inches at the narrowest end, and nine inches at the other end. This left me a gored front breadth. I sewed them together in the usual way, pressed open the seams, turned up a hem one inch wide, and hemmed a pocket hole in the back. At the top of the hem I put a row of double herringbone stitch with white embroidery silk, a single row of the same up each seam, and around the broad hem of the pocket hole. A pretty knit lace from a HOUSEHOLD pattern finished the bottom, and along the lower edge of that I put the silk in single crochet stitch, and a row of single herringbone where it joined the skirt. The band, button, and button hole, finished my work, and I feel quite proud of it. If a color were desired, scarlet with black, or gray with scarlet would be pretty.

In this warm weather when most appetites are dainty, I find it hard to prepare a tempting variety of food, and in this climate it is difficult to keep bread and cakes without its heating or moulding. We have enjoyed corn pan cakes for breakfast very much. I watch eagerly for recipes for plain dishes.

I want to express my sympathy with Hester Rye who writes in a late number. Why will people say such unkind things? It is not because they are not sensitive to such remarks themselves, for they are often the most easily offended. I once boarded with a lady who was always watching for some point of attack, not that she really meant to be unkind, but she made me very unhappy. I often longed to return her kindness(?), but never could bring myself to the point. Even after I told her that a certain remark, often repeated, was very annoying, she could not give it up. So here is my hand, and let the letter to us young housekeepers come very soon.

If Mrs. Frank Allen wishes only a small bag, very pretty ones may be made of satin, silk, or velvet. Cut a piece seven inches by twenty, fold in the middle, and work a pretty figure on one side, face down at the top (after sewing up in bag shape) with a contrasting color two inches, make a shir one-fourth inch wide at the lower edge of this, line with cambric, run an elastic nine inches long in the shir, put a bow of ribbon at the shir on each seam, and a strap of the same for a handle.

I would like to hear more about the electric

brush, if it really cures dandruff and falling hair. I am not troubled with headache.

Baltimore, Md. CONSTANCE GREGORY.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I was reading in your columns this morning, "A Summer Jaunt," by Hazel Wylde. The tears came into my eyes as I read, the paper dropped from my hand, and I thought, "Oh dear! here I am at home this summer, and cannot be spared even for a few days."

Summers before, I have spent a part of my vacations, for I was a schoolma'am, sometimes in short trips down the Hudson to New York, and then back again, sometimes out to the Thousand Islands, sometimes to Ogdensburg and down the Lachine Rapids to Montreal—never far, but always bringing back plenty of health and spirits. But now I am married! and for a moment I quite forgot my tender, loving husband, and the dear little cottage home, and longed for my girlish freedom. I felt so gloomy and discontented.

I thought after all married life was only a prison in another guise. I felt like a bird in a cage into which it had voluntarily gone. Slowly I became conscious of the view my eyes were resting upon, through the open window. (It came upon me then how wrong all this was.) I wondered if even Hazel Wylde from the pilot house saw anything lovelier.

This is what I saw: Our own beautiful Champlain lying like a polished mirror before me, with the shadows of the trees on the opposite shore reflecting on the smooth surface. Farther back were the Green Mountains; some grand, huge, and dark, standing out in bold relief against the others, which were almost lost in the haze. Above them the white clouds were piled high in their fleecy loveliness; here and there on their sloping sides, could be seen patches of tender green, where some clover meadow had defied the heat and drouth and covered the poor scorched earth with its pitying freshness. And then, the breezy wood with its darker shade, where we could almost see the shadows playing at hide and seek. Here and there is a farm house, with its group of barns and out-buildings looking from here, with their glistening, shingled roofs, like a tiny village. A church spire pointing heavenward tells us our Creator is not forgotten there. Turning now toward the left, a white tent is seen. There a party of campers are making merry, some rowing, some bathing, but all happy and gay.

And now as I look back at the lake, a great, white-winged sloop has come in sight. I think it is becalmed, for it does not seem to stir. It seems like "the ship upon the painted ocean." Nearer, on our own New York side, are fields of golden grain, waving and nodding in the sun, while others have been cut and are heaped in bunches ready to be gathered home. I hear a whistle and know a train must be coming. Yes, there, winding around the hill and through the cut, comes a long freight train. How it thunders along! But it comes slower and slower; the iron horse puffs and puffs, slower and slower, and now they glide into the depot, almost at my feet.

I wonder if any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD who must stay at home this sultry weather, have been comforted as I have been this morning, by the quiet, peaceful beauty of the dear home scene.

FANNY.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Must I confess my ignorance, and say that I never saw THE HOUSEHOLD till two years ago? Not that I am ignorant of magazines and papers, but for some reason or other it was never brought to my notice till then, and ever since I read the first one I have been a strong advocate in its favor. I consider it the best paper for all classes who are interested in all that goes to make home what it should be, the haven of all good and happiness in this world.

I am not a writer, and it is possible that this will find its way into that "always-room-for-one-more" waste-basket. But any way, I will tell the sisters "what I know about" home comforts, to begin with, we don't have anything in our house too good to use every day. It is open from the front door to the back the year round. I mean by that, that we go in and out the front door, while most of our neighbors keep the front door locked excepting in times of funerals, etc., so the carpets on the stairs and halls are left for the moths to eat up because they can't "afford" to use them every day. It is just so with the parlor; blinds shut tight and curtains drawn, and if thieves do not break through and steal, moth and rust doth surely corrupt. Oh! the parlor mustn't be used every day, for "how would things look in a little while?" Well, how do they look any way, all covered up for fear of dust and the sun? For my part a little dust and a few scratches, and even a faded spot in the carpet are far preferable to the mouldy, musty smell that greets ones nostrils on entering such a room.

Why, I know of one woman who was so afraid her handsome parlor carpet would fade, that after shutting blinds and curtains she made another carpet of calico and covered it all over.

Such is life! Each one has her own way of taking comfort, and I suppose she takes comfort in thinking of her fine things all covered up so nicely that no harm can come to them. Just so with her handsome silver, all put carefully away, and taken out only on state occasions, when it has to be cleaned before it is fit to put before

company, or if the company comes unexpected, and they wish to put on the best for "Mrs. So-and-so and her daughter, who are such great strangers, and who always have everything so nice at home," there is no time for rubbing up, so it goes on to the table with the tarnish all on. How much better to use such things every day, then with a slight rub once a week they will always be ready when company comes. Let the children be used to these things every day, then they will not be making their remarks before strangers, and perhaps mortify you by saying before them, "Somebody's shined up the teapot," as I heard of once. See to it that the teapot is kept "shined up" all the time.

Our parlor fronts on the principal street, is a large room, furnished comfortably but not expensively, the best feature being the piano. (And let me say right here, that every family who have the means and the talent should have a musical instrument of some kind as the one best luxury.) Next comes the dining room, large and cool, where we can enjoy our meals without crowding. How many families I know of eat in a small kitchen with a hot fire going and the table set against the wall, and the father, mother and three or four children all crowded round the other three sides. Next comes the kitchen, not so large as we wish, but still very good size. In the winter a large coal stove in the parlor, with the fire in the kitchen, warms the dining room. Some people I am acquainted with, if they keep two fires, think it must be in the back part of the house, and every one who calls must go in at the back door.

The season of autumn leaves will soon be here, and for the benefit of those who would like to know how to preserve them, will tell how we do it. Get a paraffine candle, if it is a long one cut it in two, if it is short use it all, cut it up in small pieces, as it will melt more readily, put in a pie plate and set on the back of the stove, where it will melt slowly and not get hot. Keep it on the stove where it will keep melted but not hot. Take a leaf by the stem and immerse in it, taking it out immediately, holding the leaf up and twirling it by the stem so no drop will form on the point. It cools in a minute.

Some people never have a paper bag or string in the house. A good way to keep them is to have a box or wall pocket in the "back room" to put the bags in, instead of tearing them up. Make a ball of the pieces of string by tying them together as fast as you get them and winding them up. Such things are wanted more or less every day, and how nice it is to know where to find them.

I think a great deal of all the writers for our paper, and long may they live, and as tiny Tim observed, "God bless them every one."

TRIXIE TRIPP.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—In looking over the various letters in THE HOUSEHOLD, I became very much interested in a letter in the June number in behalf of our dumb friends, written by a sister from Boston.

Although a stranger to most of our HOUSEHOLD Band, I am in hopes our good editor will give me space to say a few words in regard to our caged birds. Our canary, as every one knows, is a great pet, and is found in almost all of our homes, and still some of them, yes, a great many of them are abused. I have kept canaries for fifteen years, and have raised many of them. I had one singer that lived to be twelve years old. Some people get the idea that a bird must not have anything to eat but seed and water. They say it spoils their song. Do our wild birds live on one kind of food? All persons ought to live on bread and water that will hold to any such logic. Give your birds their native food, and give chickweed, plantain, vegetable leaves, brown bread, cracker, and once in awhile beefsteak, just as it comes from the market. They are very fond of the yolk of a hard boiled egg. Apple is good for them. Do not give your bird any cake that contains spice. I have one singer that is seven years old, and never a day but that he has something besides his native food. He is a great singer. When any one says that feeding them green food spoils their song, they make a great mistake. I never heard of persons spoiling their songs by eating green peas or green corn.

I agree with Subscriber in regard to our dumb friends. I hope there are still more who will agree with her.

CLYTIE.

Winchendon, Mass.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Is there room in your Band for one more, though I am not a housekeeper, but a little Vermont schoolma'am less than five feet tall. I am neither witty nor wise, but I would like to talk for a few minutes with the girls who have left their homes for the first time, this summer, to teach district school.

I know, my dear girls, just how long these hot July and August days will seem to you, and how you will long for freedom to run about as you wish, instead of being shut up in the schoolhouse. You have been accustomed to finish the part of the home work assigned to you early in the morning, and have the afternoon for reading, resting, or visiting. You can no longer have this leisure time, but must spend the best part of five days in every week in the schoolroom, with a few

little children whose only aim seems to be to get rid of time with as little study as possible.

Now what I want to say to you is this: don't be discouraged if you don't find this first attempt as pleasant as you expected; don't think you have mistaken your calling because you find those theories which you formed at home on the subject of school-teaching will not work when you try to practice them. It is not best to try to work too much by theories when you are teaching, as you will find when you have tried it.

Many people have been successful through patience and perseverance who were not so at first.

You who have begun to teach ought to try several times before you give up, and if after a fair trial you find that you are not fitted for the work, try something else. Don't give up and think there is nothing you can do because you cannot teach. You may be good sewers, or have a taste for trimming hats, and dressmaking and millinery are good trades and fully as respectable as that of a teacher. If you have no talent for these you may have one for housekeeping, then cultivate it and feel as though it were just as much a gift of God as any other talent. Whatever occupation you choose, be sure you learn it thoroughly. It has been said, and it will bear repeating, that no woman, whether rich or poor, ought to allow thirty years to pass over her head without possessing some trade by which she can earn her living.

VERMONT COUSIN.

#### HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

**TO WARM OVER MEATS.**—Cut all the meat from the bone in slices, flour them, then chop your bone well, put this with any bits of gristle, into a stewpan, set it on the stove with enough water to cover, let it simmer for some time, then thicken with flour and flavor with tomato catsup. Strain and put back into the stewpan; when it comes to a boil set it on the back of the stove and drop the meat into it, just to warm it. The meat must not boil as it will harden it. Flavor with pepper and salt. Toast some bread and cut into corner shapes, and pour the hash over it. The bread must be at the edge of the dish. If the bread is very stale, pour boiling water over it before placing in the dish. If liked an onion may be boiled with the bones; it must be peeled and cut up small. Veal or turkey are nice warmed this way, with milk added to the gravy, and flavored with lemon peel instead of onion.

AUNT MAB.

**BERRY PUDDING.**—Two well beaten eggs, one pint of rich buttermilk, one teaspoonful of salt, enough flour to make a stiff batter, and lastly stir in a small teaspoonful of soda, beat well and pour into a well buttered dish; strew over it a pint of blackberries or raspberries, well sweetened, and grate over them a little nutmeg. A little butter scattered over improves it. Bake one hour. Eat warm with sugar and cream.

MRS. C. J. S.

**ORANGE PIE.**—The grated rind and juice of two oranges, four eggs, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one tablespoonful of butter; cream the butter and sugar, add the beaten eggs, then the rind and juice of the oranges, and lastly the whites beaten to a froth and mixed in lightly. Bake with under crust.

I. E. C.

**CHOCOLATE CAKE.**—Two small cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, three eggs, one cup of sweet milk, four ounces of chocolate, grated on a coarse grater, three cups of flour, one tablespoonful of vanilla extract, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar; mix cake first, and when well beaten take the chocolate, and stir it in very carefully.

AUNT PRUDY.

**CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE.**—Two eggs, one cup of milk, one-half cup of water, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of sweet milk, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Bake in thin cakes.

Filling for Cake.—One cup of milk, one-half cup of water, one cup of sugar, stir well together, set on the stove, and when it comes to a boil stir in one cup of grated chocolate; when it commences to thicken remove from the stove and add one egg well beaten.

**"THE SPLENDID" CAKE.**—One cup of sugar, one-fourth cup of butter, two eggs, reserve the white of one, one-half cup of milk, one and three-fourths cups of flour, and one teaspoonful of baking powder.

For Chocolate—One-fourth cup of powdered sugar, three tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate, the white of one egg well beaten, and a little less than half a cup of milk. Boil all together, stirring constantly. When the cake is cold, pour this mixture over it while in the pan, and do not move the cake or cut it till the next day.

KEZIAH BUTTERWORTH.

**TAPIOCA PUDDING.**—Four tablespoonfuls of tapioca soaked over night in cold water, in the morning drain off the water, take one quart of milk and the tapioca, put in a pail, and set in a kettle of boiling water, cook twenty minutes, then add the yolks of three eggs, with one-half cup of sugar and a little salt, pour in the pail,

MINNIE C.

and cook a few minutes, stirring often, then let it cool, beat the whites of the eggs with three tablespoonfuls of sugar, adding a little flavoring, I put in lemon, and pour over the pudding and set in the oven to brown. Eat cold.

PEGGY.

**CRACKERS.**—One quart of flour, one pint of milk, one-fourth pound of lard; roll very thin and bake in a quick oven. Less lard can be used, or equal parts of lard and butter.

**HUCKLEBERRY PUDDING.**—Stew the huckleberries about five minutes, sweeten to taste; cut slices of bread very thin, butter, and dip in milk; put a layer of bread, then a layer of berries, until the dish is full, and sprinkle a little sugar on top. Eat cold with or without cream. Bake half an hour, or until it is thoroughly cooked.

**CHERRY AND DEWBERRY (OR LOW BLACKBERRY JELLY).**—Boil the berries in a stone pot set in a kettle of water until the fruit breaks, strain through a bag or cloth, and to each pint of juice allow a pound of sugar. While the juice is heating put the sugar in shallow iron pans in the oven, boil the juice twenty minutes, or less if there is only a small quantity; experience teaches how long; I found from fifteen to eighteen minutes plenty with three pints of juice. Add the hot sugar to the boiling juice, let it just boil up, and then pour into the glasses.

BROWNIE.

ful of sugar, one teaspoonful of soda, one cup of flour, a little salt, stir stiff with graham, and bake.

ROSAMOND E.

#### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

I would reply to Inquirer that directions come with the balls of potash for making soap. I find, however, they call for too much grease, so I take one pound less to a ball, and add some borax, one-half pound to a ball; then, too, I only use half as much salt as called for. I should like to hear how she succeeds.

ROSAMOND E.

**ED. HOUSEHOLD:**—Will some of the sisters please tell me what will kill the carpet or buffalo bug?

MAX.

Box 558, Fitchburg, Mass.

L. A. Hall, you have my sympathy. My meringues often draw from the edge of the pie; they are sure to, if I put them in the cellar. I use a Dover egg beater, and could not do without one unless I had two. I use mine for beating cake also. Will some of the Band come to my rescue? This summer my cakes all fall. I have always before been able to make nice cakes.

Will some one give me a recipe for chopped pickles? also for putting up cucumber pickles so that they will keep until the next summer?

MRS. ADA A. MOAK.

**ED. HOUSEHOLD:**—If R. Herrick will try benzine on her carpet, I think it will take out the oil without soiling. I use it on silks of all kinds. It is very nice for that purpose.

CLYTIE.

**DEAR HOUSEHOLD SISTERS:**—Will some of you that know so much, please tell us what will prevent tin pails, dippers, etc., from rusting?

OLD SUBSCRIBER.

**ED. HOUSEHOLD:**—Can some of the sisters send me a recipe for a wash that will remove moth spots from the face, and also tell me how to remove silk-faced velvet that has been wet by accident in cold water?

A SUBSCRIBER.

**ED. HOUSEHOLD:**—I will be greatly obliged if some member of THE HOUSEHOLD will tell me how to make a pleasant drink of limes which will keep for summer use, also the right time to pick pampas plumes, and how to cure them.

SUNNYSIDE LODGE.

**ED. HOUSEHOLD:**—Will some of the sisters please send us a recipe for velvet cake?

LIZZIE.

**ED. HOUSEHOLD:**—Have any of the sisters ever used compound oxygen advertised in THE HOUSEHOLD, or do they know anything of it? If so, will they please reply, and oblige,

INQUIRER.

**ED. HOUSEHOLD:**—I would like to inquire if any of your readers know if kidney-wort is as good as recommended.

Will some of your readers please send us some simple patterns for patchwork, and will some one tell how to cook gluten flour for a diabetic patient?

INVALID.

Can any of the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD give me any information on the subject of water bugs? I would like to know all about them, and how to get rid of them.

A SUBSCRIBER.

**ED. HOUSEHOLD:**—Will some of your readers tell me how to clean white marble, removing stains and spots, also how to clean black walnut furniture?

A SUBSCRIBER.

**ED. HOUSEHOLD:**—Will some one please send a recipe for canning vegetables, such as green corn, green beans, etc.? I have tried and failed, what is the secret? Do the cans need to be soldered, or can they be sealed with wax? Please send a recipe you know to be good.

MRS. L. LORD.

**ED. HOUSEHOLD:**—I would like to inquire if any of the readers of our paper have used Mrs. D. A. Inwood's diagram of dress cutting advertised in a late number, and with what success, or if any one can recommend a diagram to one who wishes to be her own teacher. Any information on the subject will be gratefully received by,

MRS. G. S.

**MR. CROWELL:**—Please tell A. E. Lake that if she (or he) will slip the isinglass out, and rub it with a cloth wet in vinegar till clean, and then with a dry one, it will look as good as new.

I wish the sisters would try my way of clarifying drippings. Heat almost boiling hot, then turn into a pailful of boiling hot water, and stir up well. When cold the fat can be taken off the top. In this way bacon fat or ham fat can be made as sweet as fresh lard, but it takes a lot of hot water.

Nettie W., I have got a big loaf of your graham bread in my oven now. It has steamed its two hours. I hope it will be good.

LISA.

**TEA ROLLS.**—Prepare at noon two good sized potatoes (that is boil and mash fine) with one yeast cake, one tablespoonful of sugar, and one tablespoonful of salt; it should be very light by evening, then add one pint of water, two tablespoonsfuls of lard, and flour enough to make a sponge; in the morning knead, roll out, cut with biscuit cutter, spread with butter, fold together, raise very light, and bake.

I. E. C.

**PUDDING SAUCE.**—Take four large spoonfuls of fine white sugar and two of butter, stir to a cream, and add the white of one egg.

**ANOTHER.**—To four large spoonfuls of fine white sugar put two of butter and one of flour, and stir to a cream in an earthen dish; cut the white of an egg to a stiff froth and add it, then pour into the dish a gill of boiling water, stirring the mixture very fast. Pour into a sauce tureen and add essence of rose or lemon, as you prefer.

**SALAD DRESSING.**—Three eggs, two teaspoonfuls of black pepper, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of melted butter, six teaspoonfuls of sweet cream, one coffee cup of vinegar, put all together on the stove and stir until it looks smooth like cream. When cold pour over the other ingredients.

AUNT PRUDY.

**BROWN BREAD.**—One coffee-cup of boiling water turned on to one quart of graham flour, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of lard, and one-half cup of molasses; then add one pint of light bread sponge, when mixed thoroughly it should be about as thick as for a johnnycake, it should be no thicker than can be stirred with a spoon. Put it into a two quart basin and let it rise until the basin is about full, and bake one hour.

T. E. S.

**DROP CAKES.**—One egg, or not, as you please, but will need more flour if not, one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one-half cup of lard or butter, (one cup of cream instead, if you have it, is nice,) one cup of water, five cups of flour, more if you use cream, one tablespoonful of soda dissolved in the water, an even teaspoonful each of ginger and cassia, and a little salt.

Drop with a teaspoon and knife on to a buttered tin so that they will not run together. I hope I have made these plain enough for any one.

MRS. J. C. C. ELLIS.

**MOLASSES CUSTARD.**—One cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one and one-half cups of flour, one cup of sour milk, and one teaspoonful of soda. Bake in shallow tins.

**SUGAR SNAPS.**—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of ginger, and flour to roll. I hope Mrs. A. C. will try them and find them satisfactory.

COM.

**GRAHAM BREAD.**—Three cups of buttermilk, one cup of sweet milk, one tablespoon-

MATTIE G.

**CANNED TOMATOES.**—Take tomatoes that are perfectly solid, but ripe, pour boiling water over them and remove the skins; when you have skinned all you wish to can at one time, have a kettle of boiling water ready and drop in the tomatoes that you have skinned, being careful not to break them, and as soon as they boil have your cans hot and dip the tomatoes into the cans, putting in as little water as possible until it is as full of the tomatoes as you can get it, then fill up with some of the water, and seal up tight as possible. Any can can be used and you will almost think that they are just picked. Season as you would raw ones, when served.

MATTIE G.

## The Parlor.

## THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,  
The outer trenches guarding,  
When the heated guns of the camps allied  
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,  
Lay grim and threatening, under;  
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff  
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,  
"We storm the forts to-morrow;  
Sing while we may, another day  
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,  
Below the smoking cannon;  
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,  
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love and not of fame;  
Forgot was Britain's glory;  
Each heart recalled a different name,  
But all sang "Annie Lawrie."

Voice after voice caught up the strain,  
Until its tender passion  
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong—  
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,  
But, as the song grew louder,  
Something upon the soldier's cheek  
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned  
The bloody sunset's embers,  
While the Crimean valleys learned  
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell  
Rained on the Russian quarters,  
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,  
And bellowing of the mortars.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim,  
For a singer dumb and gory,  
And English Mary mourns for him  
Who sang of "Annie Lawrie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest  
Your truth and valor wearing;  
The bravest are the tenderest—  
The loving are the daring.

## COMFORT HALE.

"NOW, Comfort, you can have your hour," said Mrs. Hale, to a bright-eyed, earnest-faced little girl, one afternoon when the work was "done up," and the babies quietly taking their nap in the cool bedroom.

The little girl gave her mother a grateful look, caught her sun-bonnet from a hook in the big, square, farm-house entry, and sped away like a bird to some favorite retreat.

Aunt Rebecca, who was visiting her sister for the first time in many years, her own home being far away, looked after her little niece curiously, then turning to her sister asked, "Whatever possessed you, sister, to call that child such a queer name?"

"I can hardly tell, myself," Mrs. Hale replied, "except that when she was a wee bit, she was such a comfortable, happy little body, that I used to call her 'Mother's Comfort,' till finally it became established with all the family as her real name, and Comfort she has been ever since. Then I must say, that I like these good, old-fashioned names, that mean something, like Deliverance, Prudence, Charity, Grace, Hope and the like. I fancy that a child named thus may come to take on something of the characteristics that name indicates."

"Well, I must say that the name is an admirable fit in this case. And now will you tell me what you meant when you told her she might have 'her hour'?"

"Comfort is a quiet child, unlike the boys, and dearly loves to be alone, so every day I manage to give her one hour to herself, when she can follow her own sweet will, with no babies to hamper her, no big boys to tease her, and no thought that I want her, or that she is leaving neglected work. And I am wise enough to know that it is the most profitable hour of the day, when she comes back to me

with shining eyes, and takes up her work with new alacrity."

Our little girl was the oldest daughter of plain, farming people. The boys were older, two sturdy, rollicking fellows, who often sadly tried the patience and temper of Comfort, who loved the company of her own thoughts better than that of the noisy, teasing brothers. The voices of nature were sweeter to her at times than those of her dearest friends, though she was as loyal, loving and lovable a little maiden as the sun ever shone upon.

She would work by the hour for "the boys," as she called her brothers James and John, not "Jimmie" and "Johnnie," for neither did Mrs. Hale believe in pet and diminutive names, and the shortest and squarest name imaginable, best suited the style of the plain, hard-working father. Comfort loved her brothers, and would often pull weeds or pick apples to save them from the somewhat stern though just settlement which awaited them from the hands of their father, when, through love of fun, they had failed to do the work assigned them and proved recreant to the trust reposed in them. Comfort's "hour" the boys were forced to respect, outwardly, at least, since mother made a decree to that effect.

Later in the afternoon, as Comfort made her appearance, the content and restfulness in her face were so apparent the mother gave a significant nod to Aunt Rebecca, who asked,

"Are you never lonely, my dear, when you go away alone for so long a time?"

"Why, I don't feel alone, auntie, I have the trees, the water, the grass, the sky and the birds for company, and sometimes I think," lowering her voice almost to a whisper, "the dear Lord Jesus himself. And then," she went on shyly, "I think such beautiful thoughts, and before I know it they are in verses, just like those in the volume of poems you gave mother, only not so nice, of course," with a little air of depreciation amusing to see. "Sometimes I take pencil and paper and write them down. You won't laugh, auntie and mother, will you, for when the boys found a piece of paper I dropped from my pocket the other day, they read it, then laughed, and cried 'Hurrah for the infant poetess!'"

That night when Comfort had been asleep for hours, Mrs. Hale took the little paper Comfort had given her from her pocket and read it to her husband, as he sat tipped back against the wall.

"Sho, now!" said he, "who'd a thought it! That the little creeter could make up anything so putty as that! Why, wife, it sounds just as nice as anything we see in the papers. Leastways, I guess it does, for I don't very often read the fine print corners; but I say now, that sounds nice. Really, wife, we must manage somehow to give Comfort an education. Perhaps she'll make a great writer, and earn a power of money, and pay us back what we spend on her, who knows?" manlike, looking out for the main chance.

"I am sure she will always be our Comfort," quietly replied the wife, "and we will do our best to give her an education."

So it came to be an understood thing in the family that Comfort should go away to school when she had outgrown the district school, which she bade fair to do ere long, now that she had this delightful inducement to progress.

So Comfort lived her simple little life, went to school summers and winters, helped her mother in the household duties, not forgetting the character of go-between between the boys and their somewhat stern father, and wrote her simple little verses, until she was sixteen, when she was sent to a neighboring city to boarding school, [where for four happy years she enjoyed life as only the young, hopeful,

poetic and learning-loving girl can enjoy it, and she was looking forward with some trembling but with much earnestness to a literary life. Her compositions both prose and poetry, were highly commended by the principal of the school. Her schoolmates loved her, her home friends were proud of her, her teachers encouraged her, and to her young and ardent temperament the future looked bright and full of promise.

On what trifling circumstances sometimes does the destiny of our whole lives hinge. A lunch paper thrown beside the road by a careless school-boy was the messenger of fate to poor Comfort. A sudden gust of wind blew it into the face of the horse which was carrying Mr. and Mrs. Hale to the cars. A few hours' ride and they would be with their daughter on her graduation day, and sure were they that none would do themselves more credit than "our Comfort." But instead of the contemplated journey came a leap, a crash, and the sturdy farmer who had never known a week's illness in all his life was tenderly lifted by kind friends, and carried to his home, only to be carried out four days later, still more tenderly, for his long rest in the church-yard. But not till Comfort had been sent for, and the father had said, patting the fair cheek,

"Poor little girlie, father meant to have given you a chance to be a great woman. But now perhaps you will want to stay with mother. She'll be lonesome. Anyway, you and mother must fix it up between you."

In those days of sharp sorrow which followed Comfort thought or cared little for her future, so lately radiant with hope; neither indeed did she notice the dear mother's pallid countenance and faltering footstep, as it had been thought that Mrs. Hale's injuries from the accident were but slight. Comfort was roused to a new sense of agony when the doctor told her that her mother's hurt was more serious than at first thought, and she would probably in time become perfectly helpless.

Then Comfort knew her life work. There was the mother to be taken care of first of all, and her father's words, "perhaps you will want to stay with your mother," seemed prophetic.

"Yes, dear father, I shall want to stay with her till death do us part," her heart made answer. Then there was the general work to be carried on, for they must not give up the farm. James and John were well fitted for the out-door work, that at least was a blessing. But Comfort had not lived in the Hale family twenty years without learning that much economy and good management was necessary to make any headway pecuniarily, especially now that the father's good judgment was no longer available, and the mother's planning and hard daily work a thing of the past. The boys had always depended much on Comfort's practical good sense and judgment, and she knew they would still. Then there were the four younger children, two boys and two girls.

"I shall have them to bring up," she said to herself. "Let me see! When little Love," the three-year-old baby, "is eighteen, I shall be thirty-five, almost an old woman, an old maid at least. But I will be a good mother to the pet, and all the rest."

And so Comfort settled to her life work, and how can I tell you what she was and is to that family. At first all hope of being aught but the good daughter, the true mother-sister, the judicious maid of all work, and adviser in general, was given up. But as the first shock and the strangeness of her new position wore away, she found she could no more keep the fancies from thronging her brain than when, in childhood, she kept her "hour" alone

under the trees. And take form they would, sometimes in verse, tender and sweet, sometimes in stories which the younger ones listened to with bated breath as Comfort sat with her knitting in the winter evenings. The dear mother was made comfortable in her wheel-chair, in the warmest, cosiest corner of the old-fashioned fire-place, clad in the softest of wrappers, made by Comfort's own hands; her pale, sweet face enlivened by just the little bright bow at her throat.

"How nice your mother always looks," said a neighbor. "Invalids are so apt to look neglected, especially when they can't wait on themselves."

"That's just it!" said Comfort. "Mother has spent all her life dressing and waiting upon us children, and now she shall not look dowdy while I have the use of my two hands."

The boys said there was no use in lounging about in the stores evenings, listening to the village story tellers, when Comfort could beat them "all holler" telling stories any time. And so with stronger cords than she knew she held her loved ones around the dear fireside, and made home a place to be desired above all others.

And so the years passed on. The elder brothers married and went away. This was in the course of nature, Comfort said. It was all right. She never questioned why it was all right for them, because they were men, to make homes of their own, and be happy therein; nor why it was right for her because she was a woman to give up all such sweet prospects. But she took the added burdens patiently, and wrought with head and heart and hands to keep the dear old home, and to make the farm pay, so that she might rear the younger ones, and give them the chances in life which their different natures craved.

She found she could add something to their modest income by her pen, and so every spare moment aside from her actual duties was devoted to this object. She was extremely shy of her talent, seldom speaking of it to any one; but to a few appreciative friends she would sometimes open her heart.

"I can never make a very successful writer," she said, "for I have so few opportunities for improvement and thought. If I could read largely, or travel extensively, I could think deeper and have more subjects of interest to present. But I must write, if at all, when I am worn and weary with cares, and when between the lines I cannot for the life of me help thinking what I shall get for dinner, or where the money is coming from to buy the children's school books, pay their term bills, and keep them in rubbers and waterproofs. But all these harrassing things are as nothing to the care and anxiety for mother, which no human being can know. Never for a moment when I am awake is she out of my thoughts, and I never go out of sight of her but for a few moments at a time. It is a hard thing always to keep bright and cheerful with the shadow of death continually hanging over one's home. Never to have the cloud lifted one day even for years and years. What wonder that my stories sometimes come back to me with the compliments of the editor, saying, 'Your story is too sad for our columns,' or, 'Not in your usual vivacious style,' or 'Cannot you give us something a little more lively?' Then I put aside my heartaches and headaches, and try to give them what they ask for.

I shall never forget my first venture with the 'Enterprise,' an entrance to whose columns I had long craved. I had done my best. I knew, without egotism, that my story was good. I had read many in the same paper of far less merit. I sent on my manuscript, and waited as only those who have passed through a simi-

lar experience can wait, and when it came back to me politely declined, I felt as I should had I led my little sister Love to some one expecting her to be petted and caressed, and she had received a blow instead. I know now, after these years of added experience, that that story was one of the best things I have ever written, and that same paper has taken stories of far less merit, since my name has become a little more famous. I had my revenge, however," she added, laughing heartily, "when three years afterward I sent the same story to the same paper, and they paid me liberally for it and asked for more."

The wanderings of some of my brain-offspring would be amusing, were it not pitiful. There was a little poem, a pet child of mine, that I started every Monday regularly for a long time, and it rarely failed to find its way back to me by Saturday night. It would 'make in' in good order, all ready for a Sabbath at home, and a fresh start on Monday. Once or twice when it failed of its weekly return, I was really lonely without the little thing, and the excitement of planning where its next trip was to be. Finally, it came home one Saturday night in a new paper dress, and I laid it carefully away in a drawer with similar treasures. One story was burned in the great Chicago fire. Another was drowned in a western flood. I reproduced them both, however, and so had the satisfaction of proving that thought can outlive elemental destruction. Yes, my children are traveled, I assure you."

Comfort in her modesty did not know her worth, nor how many her brave, helpful printed words cheered and lifted, and when letters of appreciation would come to her she would say,

"I cannot realize it, that poor little I should receive such praise. They think more highly of me than I deserve. They look up to me too much, and address me as a genius who am only a servant with one talent. I believe I am of far more worth as a maid of all work than as a poet. Not that I do not enjoy my slender trill of song—but, I know my place."

She had no patience with the namby-pambyism of some writers. She once wrote to a friend on this wise:

"I have lately read in several first-class magazines articles on the dullness of New England village life. The tone of them implies that unless something were done, and that speedily, to relieve the hard barrenness of it, much suffering of sensitive spirits must ensue—much ossifying of tough ones. I have wished those finical writers might drop their useless pens and grapple with wholesome interest a few of the stern realities of farm life. I have worked hard and had many cares these many years. It irks me to see people planning to kill time, to make it hang less heavy on their hands. It is so precious to me. It flies so fast. Never one day of my life dragged. How can people with happy homes and comfortable surroundings sit down and make a serious business of studying how to keep from being miserable? Let us be glad that all have not such poverty-stricken souls."

Comfort still lives on the old farm, where you may find her any day, for truthfulness is a prominent characteristic of my little story. Her children have all proved the wisdom of Comfort's bringing up. All have homes of their own except the youngest brother, who carries on the farm, and baby Love, who is a young lady now, and who stoutly declares that she shall never leave "mamma Comfort," but shall stay with her and help care for the helpless, imbecile, but still dear mother.

For years no hands but those of the sisters, Comfort and Love, have attended to her wants. 'Tis they who have tenderly cared for her, and with a fortitude giv-

en of God, have seen the light of reason grow less bright year by year.

But in no extremity has Comfort failed to prove herself rightly named—Comfort indeed to all with whom she has to do.

Comfort has many friends. Some have never seen her face, and know her only through her pen.

One says of her, "When I get discouraged and low-spirited, I go and stay with Comfort an hour, and it rests me just to look at her face, so grave, but sweet and cheerful, and her words are always an inspiration to me, because her life itself is so true."

Her minister says, "When cavillers at religion bring up this one and that as inconsistent Christians, I am sometimes compelled to admit the truth of their statements, but when I ask them about Comfort and her religion, they can but admit that both are genuine."

Comfort is simply a plain woman, with a face in no way remarkable, except the kindness and gravity of the grey eyes, and the sweetness of the lips. These are the faces, it is said, that best outlive youth, and that catch at last the reflections of the spirit, and grow beautiful in the illumination of good deeds and pure thoughts.

Do you think I have told you a sad story, dear girls, of a life which has been a failure? Listen to her own words, spoken to me only a few days ago, and then tell me if it is not rather a full, complete, triumphant life. What sometimes seem to us as failures, God writes in his book as the grandest results of living.

"I have had my trials and limitations, but I have also had great compensations. 'Tis true many hopes lie buried in the grave of my lost youth, but I have had others equally as dear, and perhaps more worthy, which have been and are being sweetly fulfilled. I have an idea that as in the realm of nature nothing is lost, so the true life meets with no utter loss, only changes, which, accepted rightly, make as worthy and satisfactory a life as the cherished ideal would have been. Many a time have I been commiserated with upon my lot in life. Looking back over it, it seems to me like the dear old farm, sunny, checkered with shade, broken by rock and swale, with patches of gray trees and poor soil, but on the whole, homely and kindly. I would not part with any part of it. It seemeth good to me."

#### UNSEEN INFLUENCES.

Number Five.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

It is a well-established fact that we all influence to a greater or less extent every other mind with which we come in contact, and we ourselves are influenced continually, by everybody and every thing around us. There is very little that is original about us. We are made up of impressions.

People who do not in the least believe in animal magnetism, and who pride themselves upon being practical, know that John is a good boy when he plays with George and a bad boy when he plays with Tom or Sam. They acknowledge that Mary is more refined and gentle when with Mrs. A., and more coarse and boisterous when with Miss B. We all acknowledge, in a general way, the power of sympathy and association upon character, and endeavor to choose for ourselves, and for our children, suitable friends and associates, who shall have a good and salutary influence upon our minds and hearts.

We know that "evil communications corrupt good manners," but few of us realize that it is not at all uncommon for a mind to possess a certain magnetic, odyl-

lic force that can exert over certain other minds such an influence as to obtain over them active control. The person who has this power, says to the one under his influence, "It is warm," and to the magnetized it seems warm. He says "It is cold," and it seems cold. He says A. is a fine fellow, and he seems so, and B. is a scamp, and those under his influence immediately believe him to be so. He has the power of making others see with his eyes, so to speak, and believe whatever he chooses, even that black is white.

This power may be, in a preacher, a means of making "converts," and building up his church; if in a lawyer, a means of influencing the jury, if in a physician, a means of curing his patients, for nothing is so essential to a cure as to make a patient forget he is ill. If he thinks he is better, he feels better. Here is a great power for good or for evil, and all this and much more may be effected, while the operator is perfectly unconscious of his power, for many people possess this power without knowing it; and the magnetized frequently have no idea of any influence being exerted over them.

People will magnetize themselves sometimes unconsciously, by the mere force of will and imagination, and produce upon themselves real and permanent effects.

For example, a man in a fever throws himself into a perspiration by psychic force, and gets well. Or A. sees Miss B. and learns that she is heir to a fortune which he would like himself. He suggests to himself that Miss B. is very lovely, and in accordance with this suggestion falls in love with her. He wills her to love him, and she being influenced by his will, or magnetism, believes she loves him, and marries him. He finds that she has not the money he expected and that he does not love her. He ceases to will her to love him, and she ceases to love him, and both are unhappy. He may, if he chooses, will again to love her, and to have her love him, and so remedy the evil, but unless the woman possess the stronger nature, the remedy is only in his hands.

Dr. James C. Jackson says in "The Laws of Life": "In every living body there is a magnetic force. For want of a better term it is called animal magnetism. This force can pass from the body of the individual in which it resides, into the body of another individual. Brought into contact with its possessor, the subject is dispossessed for the time being of his own will, and not infrequently of his own consciousness. There is then imposed upon him a condition of physical existence which is essentially subjective to the person whose magnetism he has received; and while this force is active, he is in greater or lesser degree the absolute slave of the other. He must think as he thinks, feel as the other feels, do what the other wills him to do. There is no possibility of resistance where the subjection has been complete. There are various degrees of subjection, depending upon the measure of the magnetism infused. One may not lose knowledge of himself completely, but retaining his consciousness, and in a measure his self-control, may find that he is very desirous to do what the other wills him to do. Under some degrees of magnetization, a party can be so infused with another's magnetism as to do toward a third party what the first wills him to do, as if he were doing it of his own free will. The monkey that seized the cat's paws to pull the chestnuts out of the fire, was no more master of the cat than the magnetizer is of the magnetized, and the monkey was no more responsible for pulling those chestnuts out of the fire by means of the cat's paws than A. is responsible for the theft which B. committed under the domination of A.'s will."

He illustrates this as follows: "A cashier in your counting house handles your cash for a dozen years with thorough honesty, but a new clerk comes, and in the course of six months, your cashier has robbed your safe and run away. A minister preaches the gospel to thorough acceptance, but all at once finds himself in difficulty; a half dozen members of the church rise up against his rule. They are influenced against him by some particular individual whose power over them is complete, making them think as he thinks, and feel as he feels."

The only safeguard for the magnetized is to keep entirely away from any one who has a bad influence over them. Writers upon this subject assert that no one can be influenced against his will, and that no one can be led into evil through any magnetic power who is not naturally inclined to evil. But since, according to theologians, we are all naturally depraved we cannot be too careful to cherish in our hearts all that is good as a safeguard from evil. But we are all so weak and liable to error that after all the only way we can be safe is by yielding our wills wholly to the will of God, and continually seeking his guidance, aid and protection. So only can we be safe.

There is a sort of spiritual atmosphere, good or bad, healthy or unhealthy, that surrounds every human being, or rather, perhaps we should say that each of us has a real spiritual as well as bodily presence, and this spiritual part of us, or aura, is far-reaching, wide-spread, active and receptive. It permeates all that we have, and are, and do, so that something of ourselves goes with all with which we come in contact. The garment worn by my mother may impart to me something of her tenderness or energy of character; the easy chair of my grandmother may give me something of her tranquillity; as I grasp my father's sword, I may feel something of his courage.

In an eminent degree is this true of letters, for they carry with them the soul and heart of the writer. To read the letters of the dead is almost like bringing them back to converse with us, so much of themselves seems present to us. So that we should be careful not to write to our friends when we are sad and depressed, lest something of this depression be carried in the letter. True it is a very great relief to unburden our griefs to a sympathizing friend, but it is not the wisest way. Our friends pity us and feel uncomfortably about us, feeling themselves, so far as they sympathize with us, our griefs and trials, but they do not love us the more for our suffering; on the contrary, they gradually grow hardened toward one who is continually dwelling upon her own trials and sorrows, while the heart warms towards the one who bears them silently and patiently; and if to patience she adds the grace of tranquillity and cheerfulness, we regard her as almost a saint, and well we may, for this is only attainable by constant prayer and implicit trust in God.

There is only One to whom we may always tell every grief and trial and sorrow, assured of receiving in return perfect sympathy and love. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose soul is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee."

The idea that individuals impart something of their spirit to inanimate objects around or near them came forcibly to me, because as I sat in the chairs of my ancestors, or used their implements, or wore their clothes, I felt their influence in their several characters, but I hesitated to express the thought lest it seem absurd. But I find that others have the same idea. Longfellow says in one of his poems, all houses are haunted with the spirits of their occupants, dead and

living. (I have not the poem at hand, and cannot quote.)

Dr. Evans says of our furniture and the walls of our houses, and the same may certainly be said of our books, writing implements, and all that we have handled or used, that it is "permanently impregnated with the material effluvia and psychical emanations of our persons and presence."

How dangerous it is to buy second-hand furniture! and receive we know not what impressions with it! To be sure there are some persons who are so little alive to psychometric impressions that they never perceive the difference, so for them it does not so much matter, but then there are other very sensitive people, who should be very careful to know the antecedents of all their possessions. For them it is no joke.

It has been said that "the food we eat is permeated by the aural emanations and affected by the mental condition of those who prepare it for our tables." A peculiarity is told to prove this. If this is the case let us try to secure healthy, good-natured, and jolly cooks, and to secure this desirable end, let us have the kitchen sunny and attractive, supplied with convenient arrangements and labor-saving utensils and an abundance of material to cook. Let us sympathize a little with the woman whose tiresome place is over the hot stove, and give her now and then a few words of cheer and encouragement, and the rule will be found to work with excellent results if applied to other members of the family. "Give, and it shall be given unto you, for with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

#### NOOK AND CORNER.

##### Number Two.

BY CLARA E. SAMUELS.

Away out from the west, with the fragrance of wild roses clinging to its folds, comes a letter which runs something like this: "The new home is finished, and a very pretty home it is. It is not very large, but that may mean comfortable and cozy. It looks towards the west, and that is where the sun goes down in purple and red and gold, and dips itself into the sea. There is a long porch, too, where two rocking chairs sway back and forth among the overhanging vines, and watch the sun go down. Sometimes the red-cushioned chair holds a great, velvety black cat that opens its yellow eyes at odd intervals, and then goes off into an afternoon siesta which lasts till the "gude mon" comes home. Just around the corner is the pansy bed, and to the south are the geraniums and the bulbs—every sort of lily that you can imagine. In the summer it is very pleasant here, and in the winter it is cheery in doors. We have then the flowers and birds and sunshine. Could any one need more? As I tell you, however, the house is small, but the kitchen—ah, the kitchen must be seen to be appreciated! Such conveniences! And the parlor and the tiny conservatory, come and see them.

I am embroidering a sage green table cover with old gold, and I intend a lambrequin to match for the mantel.

Imagine a few blue morning glories in a dainty glass flower vase on my breakfast table, a fresh bouquet of lilies and roses on my bracket, pictures and books, and a chair or two, and you have the furnishing."

And that is the letter that came to me out of the west.

Do you remember this from Ruskin?

"The world does, indeed, succeed—oftener than is, perhaps, altogether good for the world—in making yes mean no, and no mean yes. But the world has

never succeeded, nor ever will, in making itself delight in black clouds more than in blue sky, or love the dark earth better than the rose that grows from it."

Yes, we all love the roses.

A girl friend who flitted away to the east when the roses of this year were falling, left behind many remembrances of pretty things in the way of embroideries. I have in memory now a tidy of felt cloth. The color was a shade of mauve, and in the center a figure of a shepherdess with her crook was stamped. This she worked in outline stitch—some of you may know it as stem stitch—with floss. Around the edge for a border, and set in one and one-half inches from the pinking edge, was an inch wide strip of garnet velvet, which matched in color the dress of the shepherdess. This border was held in place by feather stitch on either side, done in old gold floss.

Wherever this reaches you there will be something—the sea, or the river, or the great city, and, may be, the quiet village, or the green fields and the sky—but whatever it may be, it will hold something beautiful to you that time nor tide nor circumstance can take away. You will all have some one pretty thing and, may be, very many more, to ornament your homes, but, at least, you will not forget that a bit of red about a winter room does brighten it most wonderfully.

Charles Dickens in Martin Chuzzlewit made Ruth and Tom very comfortable in very tiny apartments, you remember. I know some one who was so much impressed by the savory meat pie described therein, that she made one after the same manner, and received the congratulations of her brother as well.

Think of eating a meat pie made by a recipe that Charles Dickens approved!

And now we come to a country road, winding around a hill, and crossing a quaint old bridge, and at last we are at a farm house, set like a precious jewel amid the gold of the maples. Here the lilacs and the apple blossoms come in the spring, and later the sweet-brier and tiger lilies along with the old-time annuals." And when the tea table is set with the pretty blue and white cups and saucers one longs to cry out, "Oh, how I envy you your old-fashioned dishes!" Was there wonder then that

"I began to be glad at the corner,  
And all the way to the door,  
My heart out-ran my footsteps,  
And frolicked and danced before?"

There was a braided rug, too, before the door, and this brings me back to rug making. Persian or Smyrna rugs, with their soft, rich coloring, are not to be considered in these few notes. If one has them, she will know just where the firelight will fall softly on their richness, but I am thinking of the rugs of my own fashioning. Burlap worked in the cross stitch pattern—a very wide border in two contrasting shades of the same color, a shade of darkest red inclining to brown and a deep rose color or scarlet—makes, to my mind, the prettiest of these rugs. Yet they do not hold the warmth that the heavy braided rugs that are placed in the warmest corner by the fire are wont to do. The cat has found that out long ago as well. How tedious they are in making—these braided rugs, and how long they will last after they are completed.

In the low rocker by the cool west window sits a friend who has just come back from a long ago June. She is talking as she crochets of the white tents of West Point, of the wonderful lights on the water at Coney island, and people and places that we all expect to see in that "sometime" that is all before. She is crocheting a tidy, but it is not her favorite tidy. That is of seal brown, she says, and is in afghan stitch, twenty-five stitches wide and as long as you may desire.

There are three of these strips, and at each end the strips are narrowed into a point, then they are crocheted together with canary color, and a fluffy border, also of the canary, crocheted around the entire tidy. The points have each a heavy tassel which completes the work.

A great many words might be written about house furnishing, but this really consists of coloring and grouping. It is just as necessary to think of one's chamber being furnished in light, airy, washable drapery, as to think of the winter parlor below having bits of red to brighten it.

If your chamber carpet is composed chiefly of browns, you are, indeed, lucky. Then you can have your toilet mats, pin-cushion, lambrequin, and other dainty belongings of blue, then when they are faded and old, replace them by others in scarlet or rose.

In cream-colored canvas worked with blue the mats are in every way desirable, if the blue is dark enough to be washable. In blue cambric they are quite pretty, with the cushion to match, and coverings of dotted mull and lace. The lambrequin over the window is also of the cambric covered with the mull and a wide band of lace. It is very easy to change the cambric to rose color, and behold the room has undergone a transformation, and you like it all the better that it is pretty without great cost.

It is all very well to cry "those cardboard abominations!" in derision, but they, too, are a part of feminine belongings, and have a value of their own.

How could one supply their place with a daintier grace? They belong to the chamber chiefly, however, I think, along with the airy white curtains and the lighter shades. Plain white Holland or muslin curtains with antique lace inserting, and lace edge—only the muslin holding the curtain stick between—looks well beneath the pink or blue lambrequin.

Magazine engravings are often copies of works of art that are not out of place, along with photographs and paintings on our walls, but they find themselves happily adapted to the upper story of our dwellings, along with other vanities. Hang one of these engravings over a tiny mantel draped with blue or rose, and edged with the deep antique lace, and it will soon have a cheery look which belongs to the painting of greater value below.

To them who use a clever brush, what is there to say? What, indeed, is there left to say, when their ready fingers brighten the rooms with flower panels, and landscape bits; who make the forget-me-nots blossom on dainty china, and paint the sea and shore in the heart of the pearl-tinted shell. Then there are the plaques with the sweet pea blossoms trailing across, or, may be, a spray of hawthorn. The smooth, round, white pebbles are lovely as paper weights, when thus decorated.

Since the Exchange Column was instituted, many homes evidently have felt its influence, and are rapidly gathering new ideas, concerning the many problems of life, along with the flowers and the specimens. It may seem amusing to think of a woman on the Pacific slope borrowing of a woman in Maine a kitchen apron pattern, but this is not all. An exchange of California bulbs would well repay the loan. Yes, indeed! I only gather this from the pleasant letters printed in this journal, but who does not turn her eyes lovingly to that western land where the sun goes down?

#### AN OLD REPUBLIC.

BY CLINTON MONTAGUE.

Only a few years ago, America celebrated the one-hundredth anniversary of its birthday as a nation. That did very well for us whose country, two centuries

back, nearly all belonged to the red man. Still it is hardly seemly for us to boast of our age, for our republic is a mere infant compared with some others that have existed across the water. The Swiss cantons had formed their confederacy a hundred years before the eyes of the swarthy old Florentine sailor, Vespucci, gazed on the American mainland. Andorra, in the Pyrenees, is six hundred years older. But the grandfather of republics is the little state of San Marino. Fifteen hundred years ago, when our English ancestors were idol-serving barbarians, San Marino looked down as it does now from its mountain fastnesses upon the beautiful Italian plains.

Most interesting and curious is the history of this ancient and miniature commonwealth. In the reign of the Emperor Diocletian, there stood on the shore of the Adriatic sea, the ruins of the old Roman town, Ariminum. Its advantageous situation attracted the notice of the emperor, who resolved to rebuild it. For this purpose he invited from the opposite coast of the Adriatic a number of Dalmatian workmen and artists. There came to Ariminum several hundred of these foreign masons and builders. Among them was a man of devout character and eminent Christian principles named Marino. Ariminum was rebuilt by the hands of Marino and his companions, and soon Diocletian began his celebrated religious persecution.

This was in the year of our Lord 303, and there have been very few attempts to conquer men's consciences by force, so sanguinary as this. In Ariminum alone, an old historian says, "rivers of Catholic blood flowed, not to earth but to heaven." At last, made desperate by the oppressions of their enemies, the Christians rose against the emperor. A serious conflict ensued, in which Marino took part with other churchmen, and the pagan persecutors were forced to relinquish their extortions. Soon after this, Marino determined to devote himself exclusively to the practices of his religion.

Eleven miles north of Ariminum, now the modern Rimini, was a wild, rugged mountain, called Monte Titano. To this solitary retreat Marino betook himself, and in process of time gathered about him others of like belief. Most of these were his own countrymen, who brought their wives and children with them. At the same time, many of the native Italians driven by persecution and war, sought safety with them in this mountain home. Such was the original nucleus of the smallest and oldest of all European states.

Several years passed by. Marino, in the practice of the strictest devotion, and by the rigid penances to which, as was the custom of those early ages, he submitted himself, acquired a reputation for great sanctity. The stone mason had made himself an ascetic and a devotee, and now the ascetic was made a dignitary of the Catholic hierarchy, being styled diaconess, or deacon. Once he came down from his rocky retreat to attend an ecclesiastical concilium held at Rimini. But the little community he had established on the mountain top was dear to him, and he never left it again. He died there full of years and holiness, and his tomb for a thousand years, was visited by pilgrims, and miracles were said to have been wrought by relics he had worn. Pope Gregory VI. canonized him, and Monte Titano was named after him, San Marino.

On the map San Marino occupies only a microscopic dot. It contains scarcely twenty-four square miles, its dimensions being nowhere six miles across. The sum total of its population is about eight thousand, and it can summon an army of twelve hundred fighting men. There is seldom any use for these, however, for

San Marino has had but little to do with war. The sanctity attached to the place, and the sentiments of religion, perhaps, as much as its smallness and inoffensiveness have contributed to the preservation of the republic through the changes and convulsions of the ages. The bold rock on which San Marino stands, outlined here by a church, there by a tower or a convent, has frowned over the landscape unchanged during all the ruin of the mighty around her.

What scenes this commonwealth has witnessed! The history of modern Italy has passed like a panorama before her. San Marino was still in its infancy when Constantine transferred the Roman eagle from its native haunts to the shores of the Bosphorus. Only a few years later, the republic saw the flash of the Lombard spears upon the fertile plains of Italy, and the dissolution of the western Roman empire. It saw the triumphs of Belisarius, and the conquering march of Charlemagne. It witnessed the rise and growth of papacy. The brilliant Italian republics rose, flourished and fell. From her rocky seat she beheld the glory of Venice, her neighbor, the ceremony of the Beaumenter, the great fleets of that splendid maritime power as they sailed up the Adriatic from cruises in the Levant. Later it looked upon Venice enslaved and prostrate, the spoil of the Austrian. Through all the Italian struggles of medieval times, the wars of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, the incursions of the condottiere, French, Spanish, and German invasions, San Marino withstood despotism, and to-day it presents to the world the spectacle of a prosperous and happy community.

When Napoleon, in the first flush of his early renown, appeared as the conqueror of Italy in the vicinity of San Marino, he dispatched a deputation to the sister republic tendering the congratulations and reverence felt by France for so ancient and free a commonwealth, and asked what he could do for the state. "Leave us alone," replied the president. The great conqueror took the hint and his departure, after bestowing upon the little republic four small pieces of artillery.

The constitution of San Marino is nominally democratic. In the original charter of the republic the sovereign power is lodged solely in the Arengo, or great council, in which every family had a representative. But gradually the authority has fallen into the hands of a council, called the "sixty," chosen from the ranks of the nobles, burgesses, and small proprietors. An executive body of twelve is chosen by this council from their own body, two of whom are termed presidents. Their term of office lasts only six months, and they cannot be re-elected to the supreme post until after an interval of three years. Two administrators of justice are joined with the presidents, to judge all civil and criminal affairs. These officers are all selected for their integrity, and the people are happy under their rule. They never had an investigating committee, and the total revenue of the state would not afford plunder enough for one Credit Mobilier congress-man, being only \$8000 a year.

In times of great emergency, the Arengo, or popular body, is still sometimes called. The ringing of a great bell in such a case brings all the people to the assembly. According to an ancient statute, every family must send a member, and if one fails to attend the summons, he is liable to a fine equal to about five cents of American money.

The people of San Marino are honest and industrious. Their rugged mountain land yields good harvests to the laborer. Peace, plenty, sobriety, and brotherly love, prevail in the valleys, and reign on the mountain tops. The spirit of the

saintly Marino still seems to keep watch and ward over his chosen city. His statue of the heroic size stands in one of the churches. He holds in his hand the figure of a mountain crowned with three towers. The mountain and the towers are symbolic, and they are the appropriate arms of the republic.

#### THE WORLD'S GREATEST PICTURE.

Many years ago when Augustus III., the elector of Saxony, was traveling in Italy, he saw a painting of wonderful beauty. He desired to obtain possession of it, but at first failed to do so. The divine loveliness of the picture lingered in his thoughts for years; the wish to possess it did not leave him. People sometimes say, "A great wish brings its own fulfillment." This may be true, for after thirty years of waiting and longing and trying, the prize was at last obtained.

How much do you think was paid for this picture? I will tell you. Forty thousand dollars. I doubt if it could be purchased now for twice that sum. When it was brought into Dresden, it was received with national rejoicing. It was placed in the reception hall of the electoral palace, and the throne of Saxony was removed that it might be placed in the best light.

That was in 1754, over a hundred years ago, and still all pronounce this picture, the world's greatest painting. It is so highly prized that an attendant constantly cares for it, lest a visitor inadvertently injure it. People from distant countries go to see that wonderful work, and often they are struck speechless by its divine beauty. Once, a lady was about to go abroad; she was talking with a friend before her departure who spoke of this great painting; she said, "I, too, shall admire it, I know, but I shall not be impressed beyond words."

On her return, she confessed that she, too, was silent, when she stood before that beautiful picture.

Another lover of art said, "One could look at that painting an hour each day for a year, and on the last day of the year find in it a new beauty and a new joy."

All cannot travel beyond the ocean to see the original work, but all can see copies of the "Sistine Madonna," for engravings of it or photographs are readily obtained. It was this painting that gave Raphael the title, "the divine." It was the last work completed by his own hands.

Sometimes this picture is called the "Dresden Madonna," because it is now at Dresden. Sometimes it is called the "Sistine Madoana." People do not agree about the reason for this last name. Some say it is because there are six figures represented. Others say it is because it was painted during Pope Sixtus' pontificate. The central figure is the mother of Jesus. She stands upon the clouds with the Holy Child enthroned in her arms. The mother is youthful, her face is sweet, and the infant Saviour bears a close resemblance to her. The face of each has a divine beauty, and the wonderful child seems to look into the very heart of the reverent observer.

Around them is a halo of glory composed of a myriad beautiful cherub faces. On one side kneels St. Barbara looking down, it is thought, upon the assembly of the faithful. On the other kneels St. Sixtus praying for his people. At the base of the picture two beautiful cherubs look up to the Saviour. There are several legends about these cherubs. Each can choose for himself, which to believe. It is said by some that when Raphael was painting this picture, two pretty boys leaned upon the window sill and watched the great artist at his work, and so the thought

came to him to represent them as cherubs.

Others say that the picture was finished without the cherubs and hung up for exhibition with a railing in front to protect it from injury. The two pretty boys got behind the railing and leaned upon it. Raphael, coming in, saw them, and the thought came to him that they would be a fine addition to his picture.

Still others say that Raphael wished long for an inspiration to complete his painting, and that at length as he lay in bed one morning, two cherubs seemed to lean over the foot board and smile upon him, giving him the idea he longed for.

The curtains drawn away at the sides of the picture represent the heavens for a moment miraculously revealed to us. After looking at this wonderful creation, Correggio said with joy, "I too am a painter."

I wish each of my readers might possess a copy of this great picture, and learn to understand and appreciate its beauty.

E. S. F.

#### OUR YESTERDAYS.

And they are ours, with all the record of joy, and sorrow, pleasure and pain, that fill up the measure of each passing hour. To-morrow is a misty, uncertain phantom we cannot trust. So much may happen to disappoint and dismay. Our cherished plans prove failures, storms may rise and make shipwreck of our dearest hopes and wishes, leaving us sitting amid the ashes of desolation, in loneliness and woe. But those yesterdays, ah! they are ours; each one a page in life's history, bound in a volume of months and years, and stored away in the library of memory.

The young maiden wrapped in a blissful reverie says softly to herself, "He was here yesterday. We sat together, we built gorgeous castles, illumined by love's soft radiance, and the future held the sparkling chalice of happiness so near that our lips could almost touch the brim." Surely that was a golden yesterday, and how many events coming in quick succession will be dated from that blissful time.

A heart-stricken mourner bends low above a tiny white-robed form, round which the waxen lily buds are thickly strewn, and one is drooping in the little hand. With quivering lips she says to a friend, "My baby was alive yesterday. I held her in my arms, smoothed the silken curls from the pure brow, looked into the depths of the untroubled eyes, and was happy." Surely the remembrance of those hours will follow that mother always, and that yesterday will be one of the brightest gems in memory's casket.

A crime has been committed. The newspapers are full of it. It is the topic of conversation everywhere. A stranger asks, "When was it done?" Yesterday. Ah! there is a blotted page to lay away in some one's record, a day that would be gladly dropped into oblivion if it were possible.

"I was so foolish yesterday," deplores some individual confidentially to a friend. "If I could only undo my work since yesterday morning, I would be content." "I was cruel and unkind to one who loved me, yesterday," is the confession of another. "If I could only be set back one day, I would make reparation." Alas! it is too late. There will be black lines in that fair life-book forever more.

And so they go, some bright and sparkling, and we live them over again, often times gathering strength and comfort for what may come by and by. Old Time cannot, if he would, take them away. They may grow dim as they roll farther and farther away, but memory, faithful to her trust, will recall them now and then, and so we shall not quite forget. And

'tis well they fade, else how could the poor, bruised heart endure to the end. Time drops healing balm in the bleeding wound made yesterday, grief is softened, and recollection becomes less bitter.

And those so fraught with sin and folly, 'tis well to keep them also, and by referring to the darkened pages, be warned against repetition. Leave them as danger signals on life's highway, that those coming after may be saved the regret and sorrow we have experienced.

Oh, those yesterdays! dark and bright, those we cherish and those we would fain forget. Who can take them from us? The present is passing swiftly by. How rapidly the minutes glide into hours. How relentlessly the wheel of time is turning, with so many helpless mortals bound upon it! We cannot catch and hold the golden present, we cannot bid it stay till we have repaired our errors, but on and on and ever on it bears us, without stop or stay.

The future is coming, but who can tell what it holds, or what awaits us in the far-off to be. Close before us lies the wall of that impenetrable silence, and our hands are too frail to break down the barrier and see what lies beyond. The present and the future are God's. The yesterdays are ours. He will let us keep them till we get home to the bright mansions, and then they will go to swell the boundless ages of eternity.

LILLIS GRAHAM.

#### LEAFLETS.

Number Four.

BY GLADDYS WAYNE.

The kind appreciation expressed by various members of our Band, especially in late numbers, is very precious and helpful to me, and though I cannot here say more, I must give these friends the assurance that I hold each and all in grateful remembrance, and that these dear messages of theirs have awakened new and broader thoughts on this subject, which is really a very important one.

I think we shall never fully comprehend the value of appreciation until we see it in the clearer atmosphere of that land to which heart and hope turn when we are sore oppressed by weariness, the cares and sorrows of the present life. We may be assured that there we shall be instructed in whatever is for our highest good and happiness to know, and since the faint conception that we now have of the beautiful uses of appreciation, so blesses all upon whom its right influence falls, being to the heart for warmth and vivifying power, as the sunlight to the earth in spring time, awakening to glad life all the dormant forces wherein are hidden such glorious possibilities, we may reasonably suppose that there are wondrous depths of happiness for us in the full and perfect exercise of this virtue.

Some one largely endowed with the happy faculty of expression has said, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." The "world" is but one great brotherhood, circumstances and varied influences may "make us to differ," but in many points we all meet upon the same level. In soul, in heart and mind, all mankind is near enough allied to be akin.

Do not we nearly all lack in this important quality, the just appreciation of others and of their work? Beginning at the very foundation, who among us appreciate as they should, the goodness and mercy and the wondrous works of the Giver of all good? Think of all our unappreciated blessings! It is enough to make one utterly loathe self, that creature of obtrusiveness and obtuse perceptions.

In our intercourse with others, there is

no place where appreciation fails to leave its blessing. It is our high privilege, yea, more, our sacred duty, to bestow it. To refrain from doing so, is to withhold what rightfully belongs to others. We should appreciate our public benefactors and our friends outside the family circle. But is it not within the family circle, in the daily intercourse of home life, the place where it is so much needed and would yield such rich fruits, that we find the greatest lack of appreciation?

Have we a mother with her matchless love and devotion, her unselfish, ceaseless exertions for the family good? Have we father, brothers, sisters? Have we husband or wife? Oh, let us appreciate these dear ones while yet they are with us, and while the sweet assurances of appreciative love that we may give them, can fill their hearts and lives with blessedness! Let us not be as "sealed fountains," rather let the affection within us overflow in loving, appreciative words, to quench the thirst of hearts that else may droop and wither and perish for lack of this living water that is ours to freely give.

A COUNTRY WEDDING IN THE SOUTH.

BY LINDA WALTON.

Lena North and Harry Moffett were sweethearts when they attended the rustic school-house, and received instruction from the same silver-haired pedagogue; sweethearts when the seventeen-year-old boy went off to college and the fourteen-year-old girl was immured within the walls of a boarding-school. They were lovers when the young man returned home with his diploma, and the young lady made her *début* crowned with valedictorian honors.

Mrs. Solomon Wiseacre at first smiled derisively while discussing the love affair, and said, "Lena and Henry fancy themselves desperately smitten with each other now, but it is a mere childish fancy, and they will outgrow it."

When they arrived at years of discretion they were "constant and true," and their constancy proved Mrs. Wiseacre a false sybil, hence she changed her tactics, and became a zealous prognosticator of their speedy union.

Again her prediction failed to be verified. Two years elapsed, and nothing was heard of the speedy consummation of the engagement. The worthy dame was nonplussed by the delay, and made a tour of investigation (which for the sake of appearances she called a social visit) for the express purpose of ascertaining the cause of the postponement. By adroit questions and *coup d'état*, she succeeded in discovering that the prolongation of the betrothal was attributable to those obstinate realities, limited circumstances. *Coup de grâce* enabled her to elicit the—to her—invaluable information that the reduced finances were being replenished, the trousseau was being prepared, and that the money which purchased it had been saved from Lena's salary as teacher of a public country school, also that invitations to the wedding would soon be issued.

Mrs. Wiseacre wended her way homeward highly elated that it was her happy privilege to regale the community with the particulars of the coming event, and the topic was so continually discussed that it seems strange it did not become trite. *Mirabile dictu* it did not grow stale, or wear threadbare from frequent repetition. Upon the contrary it was the favorite theme whenever the fair sex assembled in conclave, and many rosy lips reiterated,

"Fly swiftly round ye wheels of time,  
And bring the happy day."

In the meantime all was bustle and ex-

citement in Farmer North's unpretentious home. The last garment belonging to the bridal outfit was finished; the premises were thoroughly renovated; the old homestead was made as attractive as whitewash could make it; the larder was stocked with dainties suited to epicurean tastes. The extensive preparations were barely completed when the important night arrived.

The house was tastefully decorated with garlands of evergreen, the perfume of beautiful flowers was borne upon the summer breeze, bright moonlight beamed upon the scene, and enhanced everything with its silvery luster.

At an early hour the expected guests commenced to arrive, and before eight o'clock P. M., the cozy parlor and long front gallery were crowded. Not less than six hundred persons assembled to witness the solemnization of the marriage vows, and every guest was full of volubility. The subdued chatter resembled the cooing of doves; the more boisterous conversation was like the chirping of a score of jack-daws.

A quietus was placed upon volubility and mirth, and, to use a hackneyed as well as an extravagant expression, one "might have heard a pin drop" as the master of ceremonies, alias Farmer North, entered the room, and plausibly said:

"Our parlor is inadequate to accommodate the numerous friends who have honored us by assembling *en masse* upon this occasion. In order that all may obtain a fair view of the bridal party, I request that all will adjourn, and take seats upon the platform in front of the gallery. Allow me to act as usher."

As soon as the twain were made one the attendants and guests went forward to congratulate the bride and groom. As soon as persons expressed their good wishes they repaired to the parlor in order to make room for others who were waiting to gain access to the newly married couple.

"How pretty the young wife is," resounded upon all sides.

"What a pity I forgot my spectacles. What is her dress? Is it surah silk, and is the lace imitation?" interrogated an antiquated dame whose corrugated brow and sunken cheeks stamped her almost a centenarian.

"The dress is India lawn; the lace is genuine, and cost ten dollars per yard. Her aunt sent the lawn and the lace from New York," was the satisfactory rejoinder.

"Where did she get that diamond breastpin, and what is her veil?" asked a spinster who sat in a corner.

"The brooch is an heirloom in Mr. Moffett's family, and is his bridal present. The veil is a fine quality of tulle. Lena's parents are not able to afford anything more expensive," replied spinster number two.

"Well, she is off of her father's hands and there will be room on the carpet for his other marriageable daughter. The supper is decidedly, *recherché*. You know I have *carte blanche* here, so I took a sly peep into the impromptu supper hall. It is a long tent just in the rear of the dining room. O the cakes, jellies, etc., are superb!" volubly chattered Mrs. Wiseacre, who was in the communicative mood which had become habitual with her.

"Pardners git yer plasis!" shouted the stentorian voice of Uncle Ned, the negro violinist, who, with his son Tony, had been engaged to furnish music, while the devotees to Terpsichore paid homage at her shrine. The bridal set took their places upon the platform, (from which every bench had been removed,) and, as round dances were not in vogue in the neighborhood, went through the minutiae of the basket cotillion. At the expiration

of fifteen minutes the sable musicians tapped their cracked instruments, and vociferously shouted, "Seat yer pardners."

Then ensued a siege of tuning both violins, and that operation being satisfactorily perfected the bows received a due amount of rosin. A prolonged drawing of the bows across the strings of the violins warned participants to secure partners, and many entered into a square dance with zest. Uncle Ned being the senior musician played soprano, keeping time meanwhile by patting his prodigious pedal extremity. In honor of the important(?) position he occupied he wore a number twelve pair of new brogan shoes, a cast-off black suit of Mr. North's, a white shirt, and a flaming red cravat. Tony, being the junior, played alto(?), and lustily called out the figures of the mazy dance. His costume was a nondescript blending of old and new fashions, and represented every color of the rainbow. He was a lover of jewelry, and sported a dangling plated chain, red studs and sleeve buttons, and rings *ad infinitum*.

"Pardners git yer plasis for de ole Virginny reel," vociferated Uncle Ned, applying a gay bandana to his moist brow, and running his short, stiff fingers into his thin, white locks. Then he said to Tony in a stage whisper, "Now mine you be 'ticular how you bar down on de—de—de awlto. And mine you keep dat ar foot o' yourn still. Dun you tak no receptions, boy, to what your pappy sez, but mine you be 'umble, and dun you be puffed up wid yer book larnin'."

Tony had been to school, and acquired what he considered a good education. He considered himself qualified to graduate when he mastered the multiplication table, learned to read in the third reader, and wrote an almost illegible chirography. The young scholar had not taken counsel from the words,

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,  
Drink deeply, or taste not of the Pyrenean spring," consequently he was disposed to ridicule mistakes made by others, meanwhile forgetting his own solecisms were liable to criticism. He responded with alacrity, "Never you fear, father. I does not intend to make myself perspicuous by presuming a duty what revolves on you." Thereupon the interlocutors plied their bows lustily while the dancers enjoyed the Virginia reel.

Terpsichorean exercises continued upon the platform, promenading upon the gallery, and conversation in the parlor, until one o'clock A. M. At that hour the violinists played a march, and accepting the invitation extended by the master of ceremonies, the entire party adjourned to the improvised supper hall. It was formed of posts set in the ground in imitation of California cabin style, and an awning of Lowell was stretched along the sides and over the top. The capacious table was filled with every delicacy, and the guests partook of the repast with a relish, after which some devoted couples wandered under the trees, and indulged in love's young dream; many a votress of fashion repaired to the dressing room, and arranged disordered tresses; some gallants enjoyed a siesta upon the end of the gallery, and indulged in the luxury so indispensable to the majority of bearded lips—a good cigar; while elderly ladies ensconced themselves in the parlor, and discussed the bride's trousseau, and the groom's financial prospects.

"Dear me, I know Mrs. North is nearly tired to death. She will not wish to hear of another wedding in this house soon, I'll warrant. I would not be in her place for a fifty-acre farm and two cows," exclaimed matter-of-fact Mrs. Nettleby, who, according to her own expression, was always completely exhausted.

"Nor I. What a fix this house will be ought to do.

in, and what a job it will be to clean it. Setting things to rights is just as hard as preparing for an entertainment," dolefully answered Mrs. Croaker.

"I am of the opinion that this affair is a dreadful bore. I am fagged out, and almost suffocated, and I'll be glad when it is time to go home. Oh, dear!" The soliloquy was not concluded, for just then a gentleman claimed the hand of the soliloquist, and led her to the quadrille which was forming upon the platform. Gayety was at its height until four o'clock A. M., when the violins struck up Norma March as a signal for every one to go to the supper hall. They answered to the call, and found that the *debris* of the *fête champêtre* had been removed; the table was carefully laid, and an enormous bride-cake in the shape of two hearts bound by a yoke graced the center. The cake was elaborately decorated with icing, and upon its side the names of the bride and groom were written in letters formed of small white candied roses. Six other cakes contained the names of the six bride-maids and their respective attendants. When the bride-cake was cut there was much ado to discover who would win the two rings and the dime contained in it. As luck would have it, the first bride-maid and her attendant won the rings, and there were many jests as acclamation pronounced it ominous, and predicted that the possessors of the rings would be the next to take the matrimonial leap.

A young cavalier who had a horror of being what he termed a detestable old bachelor, found the dime secreted in his slice of cake. The simultaneous exclamation was, "Fate foretold," accompanied by peals of laughter.

The venerable deacon then wished health to all present, and hoped the auspicious event would soon be followed by a similar one. He cast significant glances in certain directions, whereupon cheeks were suffused with blushes, and the old gentleman straightway turned soothsayer, and smiled knowingly as he added: "From present appearances matters have reached a climax, and we may hold ourselves in readiness to receive nuptial cards at an early day."

The old clock chimed, and the revelers still tarried. Aurora peeped from her covert behind the rosy curtains of the east, and the morning star shone dimly in the socket of the new-born day ere the round of revelry ceased.

Just as the luminary of day arose in the horizon, the tired musicians placed their violins in the boxes, and received their five-dollar fee for contributing their quota towards the enjoyment of the past night. Just as the resplendent king of day kissed myriads of dewdrops from flowers and leaves the last reveler bade adieu to the agreeable host and hostess, to the happy bride and groom, and journeyed homeward.

—It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature that, when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would seem almost as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we loved in life. Alas! how often and how long may these patient angels hover around us, watching for the spell which is so soon forgotten.

—Do not talk about yourself or your family to the exclusion of other topics. What if you are clever and a little more so than other people, it may not be that other folks will think so, whatever they ought to do.

## LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

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

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

## ONE DOLLAR'S WORTH

—OF—

## FIRST-CLASS SHEET MUSIC FREE.

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

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

## INSTRUMENTAL.

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

## VOCAL.

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

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

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

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

116 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

This is one of the most generous offers ever made by any reliable firm for the introduction of their goods, when one considers that in addition to the above choice selection of music, Messrs. Cragin & Co. send the full money's worth of their Electric Soap, which thousands of the best housekeepers in the land insist is the best soap manufactured, the combined offer appears truly wonderful. Nevertheless, they will do as they agree.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.

## OUR EXCHANGE COLUMN.

Our friends will please take notice that this is not an *advertising* column. Those who want money or stamps for their goods come under the head of advertisers. This column is simply for *exchanges*.

Mrs. E. F. Godfrey, Ely, Vt., has rug stamped on burlap, white kid gloves size 6 1-4, toilet set on black card board, and books to exchange for black lace scarf, gloves or books.

Lennie Greenlee, Greenlee, N. C., has fine glass bulbs to exchange for rooted house plants.

Ida L. Beals, Winchendon, Mass., will exchange bulbs, plants, fancy work, etc., for the chromo "The Old Oaken Bucket," given with Demorest's magazine in '73 or '74. Write first.

Mrs. T. J. Lockwood, Brownville, Yuba Co., Cal., would like to exchange embroidery patterns for carriage afghans, table scarfs, etc., for scraps of blue silk for making a silk quilt.

Mrs. R. W. Burrows, Mount Vernon, Westchester Co., N. Y., will exchange a new tea-cosy, handsomely worked and made up, for a writing desk of equal value. Please write first.

J. Willis Vandercook, 27 Ft. Greene Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y., has six numbers of "The Popular Educator," to exchange for fossils, minerals, etc. Send list first.

Mrs. W. L. Hopkins, 113 Edmondson Ave., Baltimore, Md., would like to exchange works on astronomy, history or philosophy for an atlas of recent issue. Please write first.

Frances A. Feely, Patchen, Santa Clara Co., Cal., wishes to exchange bobbinet patterns for fancy advertising cards.

Mrs. Laura Springer, Oregon, Mo., would like to exchange the Atlantic Monthly for 1875 for Uncle Tom's Cabin, Ivanhoe, or David Copperfield.

Emma Dennis, Bedford, Cuyahoga Co., O., wishes to exchange patterns of crochet edge and insertions, patterns on darned net, and feather braid trimming for white and yellow grape cuttings—any lighter than Delaware.

Has any HOUSEHOLD sister seeds of the sanguine ricinus to exchange for seeds of the common or green stem ricinus or castor oil bean?

MRS. E. L. H. ARMSBY, Council Grove, Kan.

Mrs. J. S. Platt, Alta, Iowa, will exchange oil painting on canvas, plaques, or satin, for macrame lace, house plants, shells, cabinet specimens, back numbers of the Century or Harper's, pieced quilts, or rugs. Write first.

Bertie G. Fitch, Somers, Wis., has Wood's bony, reading matter and fancy work to exchange for geological specimens, shells, pampas plumes, or anything suitable for cabinet.

Miss Eda Finney, Naples, Ill., has about 80 varieties of geraniums and other choice plants and seeds to exchange for other plants, bulbs, Indian relics, cabinet specimens and sea shells, especially abelones.

Mrs. F. C. Leland, Waco, Texas, has rose quartz, flint, jasper, agate and other minerals, from Hot Springs, Ark., arrow heads, etc., to exchange for other minerals or curiosities.

Mary L. Stoddard, Skalkaho, Mont., has several copies of Benham's Musical Review and Song Journal, also a few pieces of music to exchange for Peterson's or Arthur's magazines.

Mrs. E. H. Lincoln, East Norton, Mass., will send a pretty cat pen-wiper to any one sending five stereoscopic views or twenty pieces of silk or satin.

Mrs. F. P. Claussen, Pepperell, Mass., will exchange "Merivale's History of Rome," new, "Harkness' Latin Composition," pieces of cretonne or sheet music, for pampas plumes, or dried grasses. Write first.

Lida E. Smith, Greenwood, McHenry Co., Ill., has Godey's magazine for one year to exchange for shells, sea mosses, coral, stones, or gladiolus bulbs. Write first.

A. L. Stevens, box 242, Claremont, N. H., has fine mineral specimens, ore, Turkish newspapers and postage stamps, to exchange for minerals, or curiosities of any kind. Please write first.

Mrs. Geo. A. Steele, New Helena, Custer Co., Neb., will exchange Nebraska cacti, ball shaped with showy pink flowers, for choice rooted plants or bulbs. Write first, stating what kinds.

Mrs. E. Winslow, Walpole, Mass., has a slipper pattern of apple blossoms and rosebuds, another for large chair seat, roses, carnations and leaves, the third for a bracket lambrequin, to exchange. Please write first.

Mrs. E. A. Black, Andover, Ashtabula Co., O., wishes to exchange old magazines, knit edgings, tidiess, flower seeds and slips. Please send postal with address and what you have to send to exchange.

T. L. Agans, Sidney, Hunterdon Co., N. J., will exchange a dwarf calla bulb, for a variegated lily, ten varieties of coleus slips, rooted slips of J. H. Klipart geranium, or other choice house plants. Write first.

Send something useful or ornamental to Miss A. C. Clay, Piermont, Grafton Co., N. H., and you will promptly receive in return one of the new emery bags.

A. C. Tucker, Blue Hill, Mass., will exchange a painted silk book-mark for roots of the white pond lily. Would like a polished horn; please write what you wish in exchange.

Mrs. P. O. Tyler, Downeyville, Nye Co., Nev., has magazines, Seaside novels, fancy work and specimens to exchange for something useful or ornamental, books, specimens, etc. Write first.

Requests for exchanges will be published as promptly as possible, but we have a large number on hand, and the space is limited, so there will necessarily be some delay.

We are constantly receiving requests for exchanges signed with fictitious names or initials, and sometimes with no signature except number of post office box or street. We cannot publish such requests, nor those not from actual subscribers.

We cannot undertake to forward correspondence. We publish these requests, but the parties interested must do the exchanging.

TRY THIS THE GOLDEN RULE.

Best unsectarian Religious Family Weekly. 8 pages, illustrated. On trial to Jan. 1, only 25 cents. Address, GOLDEN RULE, Boston, Mass.

## PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.

It is easier to keep well than to get well, and should be easier to arrest disease in its earlier stages than after it has made serious inroads upon the body and depressed the vital system. But it is too well known that most acute diseases, even in the hands of the best physicians, run a certain course with well-defined stages, the period of which may sometimes be shortened by careful treatment. The patient generally comes out of one of these attacks in an exhausted condition, from which recovery is slow. Too often he is less able than before to resist the cause which brought on the attack, and too often finds himself stranded on the dreary coast of permanent invalidism.

There are few cases in which warning symptoms of an unmistakable character do not precede these attacks. Premonitions come in pains, incipient catarrh, general weariness and prostration of strength, local congestions, or in one or more of the many forms in which disease first gives notice of its encroachments.

To meet the enemy on the very first line of his assault, and beat him back, if that be possible, is surely better than to let him gain access to the very citadel of life, from which he is rarely expelled until after a long and exhausting struggle.

And now we come to the question, May not our physical enemies be met and conquered on what we have called "the first line of assault," and before they have gained access to the citadel of life? We answer "Yes; in a large majority of cases." And in making this affirmative answer, we speak, not alone from our knowledge of the chemical and therapeutic action of Compound Oxygen, which we have long and carefully studied, but from the results which have followed our administration of this remarkable agent during the past twelve years.

From all we know of the nature and action of Compound Oxygen, and from what has been done through its use, we do not hesitate to offer it as a means of arresting, in their first encroachments, that wide range of diseases which come from exposure to colds, and miasmatic and malarial influences, and thus preventing the long and serious illness, and often death, which follow their assaults.

Why Compound Oxygen has the power to do this work of arresting disease, or, more truly speaking, Why it restores the power to resist and overcome disease, lies in the fact that it not only stimulates all the nerve and vital centers, thus lifting them into a new and higher activity, but purifies and enriches the blood by a larger supply of oxygen. Given this result, and healthy action gains a higher force and throws off disease.

Persons who take cold easily, or who are exposed to malarial influences, should have always on hand a Home Treatment of Compound Oxygen, to be used on the first symptom of trouble. It would be found the cheapest investment, so far as health is concerned, that they could possibly make. A single spell of sickness, brought on by exposure to the causes we have referred to, would, in all probability, cost more in medicines and doctor's fees than a supply of our Oxygen cure, to say nothing of the consequent suffering and loss of time. A Single Treatment, if used only as a preventive when occasion required, might last for six or twelve months and be the means of saving five times its cost.

We will send free our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," and our pamphlet, containing over fifty "Unsolicited Testimonials" to its wonderful curative value from persons who have used this new Treatment. Also "Health and Life," our Quarterly Record of Cases and Cures under the Compound Oxygen Treatment, in

which will be found, as reported by patients themselves, and open for verification, more remarkable results in a single period of three months, than all the medical journals of the United States can show in a year! DRs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia.

## PERSONALITIES.

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

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Mrs. C. A. Elliott write to Mrs. W. W. Thomson, Leaf, Miss.? I think she must be one of my girlhood friends, from her initials.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please ask the readers of your paper if any one has September and October numbers of "Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly," 1879; if so, would they oblige me by letting me take them to read? and I will return them as good as sent to me, or will exchange other numbers of the same year if they would rather.

So. Lancaster, Mass. MRS. L. A. WHITE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If there is a sister of our HOUSEHOLD Band living in Sparta, Wis., or south or south-west, in neighborhood of Levering's school-house, will she send her address to Springfield, Mo. MRS. MILLIE RAYMOND?

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I see in the columns of our valuable HOUSEHOLD that some of the ladies have in contemplation an autograph album of all the subscribers of our paper; as I would value such a one very highly, I ask the ladies to send their autographs to me. Will return any favors.

MRS. MAGGIE MITCHELL.

New Brighton, Pa.

[ESTABLISHED 1817.]

## CARPETS.

J. H. PRAY, SONS & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

WILTONS,

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And every grade and variety of Foreign and Domestic Carpeting, Oil Cloth and Matting.

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## WILL BE SENT FREE.

Four beautiful Fancy Chromo Heads to every one who is using, or has used, Brown's Iron Biters. Write, stating disease for which medicine was taken, benefits derived, &c., giving correct address, to BROWN CHEMICAL CO., Baltimore, Maryland.

The best preparation known in market for restoring gray hair to its original color is Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer. Try it!

## A LITTLE DARKEY'S STORY.

Under a great pecan tree on the lawn before the "big house," Sam and Pumble sat down to consider and consult, or, as they expressed it, "study up what us gwine to do."

"Shall I tell a story?" asked Pumble.

"Does you know a good one?" inquired Sam.

"Dis story's gwine to be a new one," said Sam, "bekase I'll make it up as I go long."

"Tell ahead," said Sam.

"Wunst upon a time——" began Pumble.

"What time?" interrupted Sam.

"Shut up! Wunst upon a time, dey woz a man. An' dis heah man lighted up his pipe, an' started out on de big road. An' he went walkin' along, along, an' walkin' along. An' walkin' along, an' walkin' along——"

"Dat man was gwine all de way, wuzn't he?" interrupted the listener.

"He had gone nō way hardly yet," said Pumble, "but he kep' walkin' along, an' walkin' along, an' walkin' along, an' walkin' along——"

"Stop dat walkin', now," said Sam, "an tell what he done when he got froo walkin' along."

"He came to de place he was a gwine to," said Pumble.

"Did he, sho' enough?" exclaimed Sam. "I wuz kinder skeered he wudn't neber git there. What did he do nex'?"

"De nex' t'ing he done," said Pumble, impressively, "wuz to turn right roun' an' go back whar he cum from. And that's all."

## STICK TO THE BROOMSTICK.

Did you ever see a woman throw a stone at a hen? It is one of the most ludicrous scenes in every-day life. We recently observed the process—indeed we paid more attention than the hen did, for she did not mind it at all and laid an egg the next day as if nothing had happened. In fact, that hen will now know for the first time that she served in the capacity of a target. The predatory fowl had invaded the precincts of the flower bed, and was industriously pecking and scratching for the nutritious seed or the early worm, blissfully unconscious of impending danger. The lady now appeared upon the scene with a broom. This she drops and picks up a rocky fragment of the Silurean age, and then makes her first mistake—they all do it—of seizing the projectile with the wrong hand. Then, with malice aforethought, she makes the further blunder of swinging her arms perpendicularly instead of horizontally—thereupon the stone flies into the air, describing an irregular elliptical curve, and strikes the surface of the earth as far from the hen as the thrower stood at the time, in a course due west from the same, the hen then bearing by the compass north-north-east by half east. At the second attempt the stone narrowly missed the head of the thrower herself, who, seeing any further attempt would be suicidal, did what she might have done first, started after the hen with an old and familiar weapon. The moral of which is: Stick to the broomstick.—*Providence Herald.*

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12 Basket Plants,	12	12 " double,	12	mixed 1	1
12 Begonias,	12	12 " Golden Bronze, 8	1		
12 Bouvardia,	31	12 " Sweet Scented, 12	1		
12 Carnations,	12	12 " Ivy Leaf, 6	1		
12 Centaurea,	4	18 Gladiolus, mixed	12		
15 Coleus,	12	12 " Everblooming, 12	1		
12 Chrysanthemum,	12	10 Roses, Hardy Perpetual, 10	1		
12 Cigar Plant,	1	12 " Climbing, 8	1		
8 Cyclamen,	1	12 " Moss, 3	1		
12 Lantanas,	12	12 " Salvia, 4	1		
12 Smalls,	12	15 Tuberosa, double, common, 1	1		
12 Daisy, double,	1	12 " Pearl	1		
12 Feverfew,	3	15 Pansy, choice strain, mixed 1	15		
12 Fuchsias,	12	8 Primrose, single, mixed 1	12		
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Petunia, Double, 1.00

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Verbenas, .40

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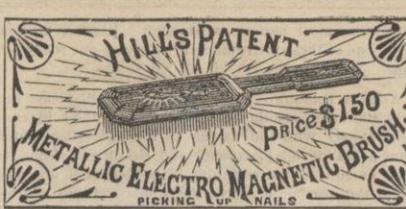
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given the most perfect satisfaction. Reader, do you want one of these instruments? We have one ready for you.

AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense and risk of remailing it. The amount of the premium to be deducted depends upon the number of subscribers obtained, but can be readily ascertained by a reference to Nos. 74 and 89 of the Premium List on 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.

OUR WEDDING PRESENT of a free copy of THE HOUSEHOLD for one year to every bride, has proved a very acceptable gift in many thousands of homes during the past few years, and we will continue the offer for 1882. This offer amounts practically to a year's subscription to THE HOUSEHOLD to every newly married couple in the United States and Canada, the only conditions being that the parties (or their friends) apply for the present within one year from the date of their marriage—enclosing ten cents for postage, and such evidence as will amount to a reasonable proof that they are entitled to the magazine under this offer. Be sure and observe these conditions *ruthily*, and don't forget either the postage or the proof. Nearly every bride can send a copy of some newspaper giving notice of her marriage, or the notice itself clipped in such a way as to show the date of the paper, or a statement from the clergyman or justice who performed the ceremony, or from the town clerk or postmaster acquainted with the facts, or some other reasonable evidence. But do not send us "names of parents" or other *witnesses* who are strangers to us, nor "refer" us to *any body*—we have no time to hunt up the evidence—the party making the application *must* do that. Marriage certificates, or other evidence, will be returned to the senders if desired, and additional postage is enclosed for the purpose. Do not send money or stamps in papers—it is unlawful and extremely unsafe.

The appearance of a serial story—a novel departure for THE HOUSEHOLD—will be welcome to all the readers of "TOM KINKLE AND HIS FRIENDS," by their old favorite Moses Fagus. The story, which promises to be of great interest as a faithful picture of backwoods life, will be commenced in the next issue and appear every month until its conclusion.

[From the Springfield Republican.]

### A GENEROUS ACT

That Will be Appreciated by All Who Care for Their Complexion and Skin.

It is not generally known that the nervous system has a wonderful influence over the skin, but this is a fact known to medical men who have given much of their time to the study of diseases of the skin. No one can have a clear and fair complexion unmixed with blotches or pimples who is very nervous.

Whatever tends to a healthful condition of the nervous system always beautifies the complexion and removes roughness and dryness of the skin. Some skin diseases are not attended by visible signs on the surface, but an intolerable itching that renders life miserable.

We copy the following deserving and interesting compliment from the *Tribune* which says: "Dr. C. W. Benson's New Remedy, 'SKIN CURE,' is received by the public with great confidence, and it is regarded as a very generous act on the Doctor's part to make known and prepare for general use his valuable and favorite prescription for the treatment of skin diseases, after having devoted almost his entire life to the study and treatment of nervous and skin diseases, in which he took great delight. He was for a number of years Physician in charge of the Maryland Infirmary on Dermatology and anything from his hands is at once accepted as authority and valuable.

The remedy is fully the article to attack the disease, both internally, through the blood, and externally, through the absorbents, and is the only reliable and rational mode of treatment. These preparations are only put up for general use after having been used by the Doctor in his private practice for years with the greatest success, and they fully merit the confidence of all classes of sufferers from skin diseases." This is for sale by all druggists. Two bottles, internal and external treatment, in one package. Don't be persuaded to take any other. It costs one dollar.

### OH, MY HEAD!

WHY WILL YOU SUFFER?

Sick headache, nervous headache, neuralgia, nervousness, paralysis, dyspepsia, sleeplessness, and brain diseases, positively cured by Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills. They contain no opium, quinine, or other harmful drug. Sold by druggists. Price, 50 cents per box, two boxes for \$1, six boxes for \$2.50, by mail postage free. Dr. C. W. Benson, Baltimore, Md. C. N. Crittenton, New York, is wholesale agent for these remedies.



Trifling with Billiousness Won't Do. In this way chronic disease is brought on. A disordered liver is the consequence of a foul stomach and obstructed bowels, and the very best preparation in existence to put them in perfect order and keep them so, is TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

### HEART DISEASE

IS YOUR HEART SOUND?

Many people think themselves sick and doctor for kidney or liver troubles, or dyspepsia, while the truth were known, the real cause is at the heart.

The renowned Dr. C. W. Benson, startlingly says "one-third of my subjects show signs of heart disease." The heart weighs about nine ounces, and yet man's twenty-eight pounds of blood passes through it once in a minute and a half, resting not day or night! Surely this subject should have careful attention.

Dr. Graves a celebrated physician has prepared a specific for all heart troubles and kindred disorders. It is known as Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator and can be obtained at your druggists, \$1. per bottle, six bottles for \$5 by express. Send stamp for Dr. Graves' thorough and exhaustive treatise. (1) F. E. Ingalls, Sole American Agent, Concord, N. H.

### HEART TROUBLES

#### OUR LOOKING GLASS.

IN WHICH OUR ADVERTISERS CAN SEE THEMSELVES AS OUR READERS SEE THEM.

We endeavor to exclude from our advertising columns everything that savors of fraud or deception in any form, and the fact that an advertisement appears in THE HOUSEHOLD may be taken as evidence that the editor regards it as an honest statement of facts by a responsible party. Nevertheless the world is full of plausible rascals, and occasionally one may gain access to our pages. We set apart this column in which our friends may give their experience in answering the advertisements found in this magazine whether satisfactory or otherwise. State facts as briefly as possible, and real name and address every time. And we earnestly request our readers when answering any advertisement found in these columns to be particular and state that it was seen in THE HOUSEHOLD, and we think they will be pretty sure of a prompt and satisfactory response.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I wish to say to your readers that I sent for a black package of Diamond Dyes, and it is all it claims to be. Hoping it will receive an extensive circulation, I will say to the ladies all, do as I did, send for one package, and you will be sure to get more.

MRS. J. E. BAKER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Seeing the offer for the Golden Rule in your paper, I immediately sent for it. Am much pleased with the paper.

Rochester, Mass. H. E. L. HATHAWAY.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Seeing the "Wood Dish Drainer" advertised in your paper, I sent for one, and wish to say that I find it very convenient and labor saving for one who does her own work. Would not like to be deprived of mine now.

MRS. W. B. ELY.

MR. CROWELL,—Sir:—This is to certify that I read in THE HOUSEHOLD the advertisement of Hill's Patent Magnetic Brush. As I was a chronic sufferer from nervous trouble, especially nervous headache, (I lost so much sleep in consequence of it, sometimes, it seemed as if my brain would be crazed,) I sent to the Hill Brush Co. and procured one, and can safely say, that in one week I have slept more than in three previous weeks. I follow the directions, and once more I enjoy nature's sweet restorer, sleep, for its gentle application enables one to sleep naturally, without making a drug-store of one's stomach by the use of narcotics. I feel it my duty to recommend it to the many readers of THE HOUSEHOLD. Try it, ladies; it will soothe away pain, no matter where it is located, in less than five minutes' brushing. I am truly grateful to you for giving it space in your magazine, and doubly grateful to Mr. Hill, for doing so much for suffering humanity. I shall take great pleasure in recommending it, also THE HOUSEHOLD. Will you please publish this and oblige a subscriber?

MRS. NOAH ANDRELL.

If it is headache of any kind that troubles you, you need never have another attack. Send \$2.50 to Dr. C. W. Benson, Baltimore, Md., and he will send you by return mail 6 boxes of his Celery and Chamomile pills and they will permanently cure you. Of druggists, 50 cents a box.

### LETTER FROM JO.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have never had a great desire to see myself in print, but I have received so much help from many of you that lately I have thought, though I have but a mite to offer, I ought to give that, so here it is. I am the fortunate possessor of a "handy husband," and a sewing machine; but the latter, owing to my ill health, was not of much use, unless I could catch the former in an idle moment and get him to do my machine work. He was always very willing to help, but it was a great trial to me. I did not like to trouble him with my work, and I could not afford to hire, so I often worked away by hand. One day I asked him, if he could not fix it in some way so I could turn the wheel by hand. He went to work, and the result far exceeds my most sanguine expectations. I can sew as fast as any one now, running the machine by hand, and without the least injury to my health.

This is the way he did it: He took three pieces of hard wood, two about five or six inches long. He cut slots and bored holes in these where he found it would be necessary. One of these he inserted firmly in the lower side of the table at the back; the other he attached to the wheel, in place of the shaft that goes to the treadle. The third piece is sixteen or eighteen inches long, with one end smoothed for a handle. It is inserted in the slots cut in the other pieces, at the end and center, and fastened with pegs. By simply moving the handle up and down, I can run the machine as fast as with the treadle, and much easier. Of course, I cannot have both hands to guide my work, but that difficulty is largely overcome by practice, and health is more important than convenience.

I hope this may serve as a hint to some weakly sister, and that she can find the "handy" man who will fix it for her. I do not know whether such an arrangement has ever been patented, but I am sure it would be a great boon to many a woman if manufacturers would furnish such an attachment with every sewing machine. I hope this may be a help to some one.

I want to thank Persis for that recipe for yeast cakes she gave two or three years ago. I have used it most of the time since. I find it the most satisfactory in this climate (California) of any I have tried. Several of my friends are using it too, and like it. We cannot buy yeast cakes here that are good for anything, but hers keep good.

I might thank many others, for I have received helpful hints from many, and have been much interested in all the letters. I do not mean to say a word about Rosamond E., much as I like her. I am afraid between the praise and the blame she will be spoiled.

If I had as ready a pen as some, I would like to tell you about my Fourth of July, away up in the Sierra Nevada mountains. We climbed over the huge granite rocks, watched the river as it went rushing and roaring over and among them, in a continual succession of waterfalls, and drank from the natural soda fountain that comes bubbling up through the seams in the rocks. We had neither firecrackers nor fireworks, but it was truly a "glorious Fourth," and will be long remembered as one of the brightest we ever knew.

Some one asks for a recipe for corn meal pudding. I think mine the best I have seen. Scald one quart of milk, stir in one-half pint of corn meal and one tea-spoonful of salt. When cold, add two or three well-beaten eggs. Put it in a cloth or tin mold and boil two hours. Serve with sweet cream or syrup. I have said enough, so I will stop. JO.



## DOBBINS' ELECTRIC STARCH POLISH

more than doubles the stiffening qualities of STARCH, Ironing is done with half the labor, Linen made proof against dampness, and with a good Polishing Iron any amount of shine you like.

Those who have become disgusted with worthless stuff mis-called Starch Polish, will find the

## DOBBINS' POLISH a Delight!

Its composition is the best in the world for giving extra body to Linen, and producing a first-class laundry finish—and then it only costs 6 cents a week for a competent housekeeper to produce that beautiful finish for which laundries are paid \$1.00 to \$1.50.

Those who know how to do things nicely are always delighted with

## DOBBINS' ELECTRIC STARCH POLISH.

BEWARE OF CHEAP AND WORTHLESS COMPOUNDS MISCALLED STARCH POLISH.

## ASK FOR DOBBINS'.

The GENUINE has the signature of J. B. DOBBINS on the label.

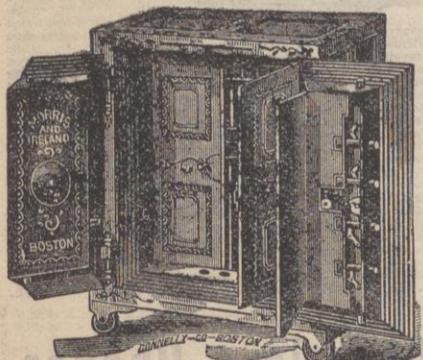
## HOW TO GET THE GENUINE DOBBINS' STARCH POLISH.

As a rule by asking your grocer for it; but in some cases grocers will try to push off their stock of inferior makes before purchasing ours. In such cases send 25 cents—in money or postage stamps—and state that you saw the advertisement in Brattleboro HOUSEHOLD, and the Polish will be sent by return mail.

Address all letters to office of DOBBINS' ELECTRIC STARCH POLISH, Nos. 132 & 134 N. Fourth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Morris & Ireland's  
NEW IMPROVED  
EIGHT FLANGE FIRE-PROOF  
SAFE.

CHAMPION RECORD IN THE  
Great Boston Fire, 1872;  
Great Haverhill Fire, 1882;  
Great Hopkinton Fire, 1882;  
Great Attleboro Fire, 1882.



THE ONLY EIGHT FLANGE SAFE MADE IN THE WORLD.  
AND CONTAINING

Patent Inside Bolt Work,  
Patent Hinged Cap,  
Four-Wheel Locks,  
Inside Iron Linings,  
Solid Angle Corners.

Send for Prices and Descriptive Circulars to

MORRIS & IRELAND,  
64 Sudbury Street, BOSTON, MASS.

## CONVENIENT ARTICLES

Mailed for the prices given, and worth the money:  
Toilet Box, containing 200 *ne plus* Pins, 6 white  
Toilet Pins, 6 black Toilet Pins, 25 satin finished Hair  
Pins, and 12 shoe buttons; price 10 cents.

Pocket Nail Cutter and Cleaner, the best  
thing for the purpose ever invented, and indispensable  
where neat, well kept nails are desired; 20 cents.

Combined Pocket Tape Measure, Mirror  
and Pin Cushion, nickel plated; 25 cents.

Pocket Drinking Cup, of polished metal, telescoping  
together, and enclosed in a tin box; 30 cents.

Vest Pocket Scale, weighing half ounce to eight  
pounds, suitable for fishermen, and adapted to other  
purposes; handsomely nickel plated; 35 cents.

Elegant Birthday Cards; 5, 10, 15 and 25c. each.  
Do not fail to give complete postoffice address, including  
state. Address

CHENEY & CLAPP Booksellers and Stationers,  
BRATTLEBORO, VT.

THE  
"LITTLE DETECTIVE."

## No More Short Weights.

## \$10 SCALE FOR \$3.



Weighs from 1-4 oz. to 25 lbs.

This little Scale is made with Steel Bearings and a Brass Beam, and will weigh accurately any package from 1-4 oz. to 25 lbs. It is intended to supply the great demand for a Housekeeper's Scale. Nothing of the kind ever having been sold before for less than \$8 to \$12. Every Scale is perfect and will last a person's life time. With one of these Scales you need not complain to your Butcher or Grocer of short weights without cause, and if you have Butter, Cheese, or any article that goes by weight to sell, you need not guess at it, or trust others to weigh for you. Every family in City, Village or County should have one. It is also a valuable Scale in every Office, or Weighing Mail matter as well as a convenient Scale for any Store.

We will send one of the above Scales, on receipt of \$3.00, or the Scales together with THE HOUSEHOLD for one year, to any address in the United States for \$3.50. Address, THE HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt.

## GUSTIN'S OINTMENT.

This really valuable Ointment is now for the first time offered to the public. For many years its extraordinary curative virtues have been handed down from generation to generation in one family, who, with their friends, have been the only ones benefited thereby. The recipe for making it was obtained in the last century from the Indians by one of Vermont's early and distinguished physicians, and used by him during his life with wonderful success. It will perform what is promised for it, and we now offer it as standing without a rival for relieving and curing

Piles, Burns, Bruises, Bites and  
Stings, Chilblains, Chapped  
Hands, Sore Nipples, Etc.

For the Piles its truly wonderful effects can only be fully appreciated in its use by the afflicted one. It is equally beneficial for the speedy cure of Sore Nipples, no harm coming to the infant. The Ointment is neatly put up in tin boxes, and will be sent post-paid to any part of the United States or Canadas on receipt of 25 cents. Liberal discount to the trade.

THOMPSON & CO.,  
12—  
Brattleboro, Vt.

We take pleasure in speaking a word in praise of this Ointment. It has been used in our family for several years and always with the most satisfactory results.

ED HOUSEHOLD.

## MAKE HENS LAY.

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, one teaspoonful to one pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor Me.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$500 free. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

## Dobbins' Starch Polish.

## HOW DASHINE

An important discovery by which every family may give their linen that beautiful finish peculiar to fine laundry work. Ask your Grocer.

J. B. DOBBINS,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

THE  
Little Detective!

These Scales, which we have offered to furnish our subscribers for the past two years on such favorable terms, are giving such universal and complete satisfaction to those who have received them, that we are anxious that all who are in need of anything of the kind should avail themselves of the present opportunity of getting a really nice article at a very low price. We have sent

## HUNDREDS

OF THESE

## SCALES

to our readers and thus far have not learned of the first instance where they have failed to meet the expectations of the purchasers, while we have received many

## Unsolicited

## Testimonials

to their convenience and value. We give a few to show the estimation in which these scales are held by those who have used them.

ROCKLAND, MASS., April 20, 1881.  
MR. CROWELL,—Sir—I received the Little Detective scales from you all right. I find them to be in every respect what they are advertised to be, and like them very much. As I make and sell butter, I find them very useful. I would advise every one who is in want of scales of that size, to get the Little Detective, for I think they are perfectly correct. MRS. J. M. WETHERBEE.

HILLSBORO' UPPER VILLAGE, N. H., March 10, 1881.  
EDITOR HOUSEHOLD,—Sir:—The Little Detective has arrived in good order, and after repeated trials gives perfect satisfaction. The only question with me is how I have kept house twenty years without it.

Yours very respectfully, MRS. SUSAN S. WILSON.

SOUTH SHAFTSBURY, Vt., April 25, 1881.  
MR. CROWELL:—I received the Little Detective scales last Saturday, and am very much pleased with them. They are so simple yet accurate. They are much better than some spring scales that I have examined that were nearly double the price. I think all the HOUSEHOLD sisters who have no scales would buy them if they knew how handy and nice they are. MRS. L. W. COLE.

WESTFORD, WINDHAM CO., CONN., July 18, 1881.  
GEO. E. CROWELL,—Sir:—In May I received from you a Little Detective scale, manufactured by the Chicago Scale Co. The scale came in good condition, and agrees exactly with "Fairbanks," is very nicely adjusted, and is a great convenience, is the best scale for the money I have ever seen, in short gives perfect satisfaction.

Yours respectfully, STEPHEN B. TIFFET.

## REMEMBER

WE SEND THESE SCALES, TOGETHER WITH

## The Household

for one year, for only \$3.50. Our New England orders are filled directly from this office, while those from more distant points are supplied from the manufactory at Chicago, thus reducing the express charges to the lowest figure. We also sell these scales for \$3.00 each, and in either case warrant them to be as

Accurate and as Serviceable

as the ordinary \$10 scale of other manufacturers. Address all orders to

THE HOUSEHOLD,  
Brattleboro, Vt.



Published by G. & C. MERRIAM, Springfield, Mass.

## LATEST—LARGEST—BEST.

1928 Pages, 3000 Engravings.

4600 NEW WORDS and Meanings.

Biographical Dictionary

of over 9700 Names.

## THE BEST GIFT

For all times,

HOLIDAYS, WEDDING, BIRTHDAY,

ANNIVERSARY, or any other day; for

PASTOR, TEACHER, PARENT, CHILD, FRIEND.

# SONGS, One Cent Each

1 Baby Mine.  
5 The Old Cabin Home.  
6 The Little Ones at Home.  
12 See That My Grave's Kept Green.  
13 Grandfather's Clock.  
18 Where Was Moses when the Light  
24 Sweet By and By. [Went Out  
26 Whoa, Emma. [Maggie.  
33 When you and I were Young.  
36 When I Saw Sweet Nelly Home.  
48 Take this Letter to My Mother.  
49 Model Love Letters—comic.  
53 Wife's Commands—comic.  
54 Husband's Commandments.  
56 Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane.  
58 Marching Through Georgia.  
60 Widow in the Cottage by the Sea.  
65 The Minstrel Boy.  
70 Take Back the Heart.  
72 The Faded Coat of Blue. [Night.  
77 My Old Dutch, Mother, Good.  
84 I Will Smile to Night Love.  
86 Listen to the Mocking Bird.  
88 Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still.  
94 Sunday Night when the Parlor's  
95 The Gypsy's Warning. [Full.  
102 This But a Little Faded Flower.  
104 The Girl I Left Behind Me.  
105 Little Buttercup.  
107 Carry Me Back to Old Virginny.  
112 The Old Man's Drunk Again.  
116 I Am Waiting, Essie Dear.  
119 Take Me Back to Home & Mother.  
120 Come, Sit by My Side, Darling.

We will send by mail, post-paid, any ten of these songs for 10 cents; any twenty-five songs for 15 cents; any fifty for 25 cents. We will send all the above one hundred songs post-paid for 42 cents. Remember we will not send less than ten songs. Order songs by NUMBERS only. Send one or three cent postage stamp. Valuable Catalogue Free. Mention this paper. WORLD MANUF'G CO., 122 Nassau Street, New York.

# The New GRAPES Prentiss,

Pocklington, Duchess, Lady Washington Jefferson, Venetian, Early Victor, Moore Early, Brighton, Noah, Lady, Worden, etc., etc. C. J. Price reduced. Warranted true to name. All the older varieties in large Illustrated Catalogue free. T. S. HUBBARD, Fredonia, N.Y.

ONLY, FOR 75 BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS FOR NEEDLE-WORK.  
A very beautiful collection of designs for Borders, Corners, and Centres in making Tidies, etc., on Java Canvas Holbein Work, Worsted Work, Buff Cloth, etc., etc. Every lady should have them. No. 1 contains nearly 25 Designs for Worsted Work, Canvas Work, Crochet Work, etc. No. 2 contains nearly 25 Designs for Holbein Work, Honeycomb Canvas, etc. No. 3 contains Designs for Bur-lap Rugs, Mats, Small Carpets, etc. Send 15 cents for the three books. Send also for our catalogues of 1,500 useful articles and Christmas gifts.

BURT & PRENTICE, 46 Beekman St., N.Y.

# FIVE MUSIC BOOKS,

of a very superior character, for use during the ensuing Fall and Winter.

**The Peerless.** SINGING SCHOOLS. (Price 75 cts.) A new, fresh and every way desirable book, with abundant material for the instruction of singing classes, and for social singing. By W. O. Perkins.

**Song Bells.** FOR COMMON SCHOOLS. Price 50 cts.

Has had a year's trial, with universal approval, in a multitude of schools. Large variety of wide-awake songs. By L. O. Emerson.

**Light and Life.** FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS. (Price 35 cts.) Great success has attended this exceptionally fine collection, which has been before the public but a few months. Euthusiastic commendations wherever used. By R. M. McIntosh.

**The Choral Choir.** For Choirs & Conventions. (Price \$1.00.) It is the companion book to THE PEERLESS, is larger, and has a much greater number of pieces for choirs. The singing class course is the same as that in the smaller book. By W. O. Perkins.

**The Welcome Chorus.** FOR HIGH SCHOOLS. (Price \$1.00.) This book, although of recent issue, has come to be regarded as a standard book for use in the higher schools. By W. S. Tilden.

Any book mailed, post-free, for the retail price.

**OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.**

## FREE TO ALL.

I want you all who read this to do a little pleasant work for me, in which I will PAY YOU WELL. Send your address on a postal card, and say in what paper you saw this notice, and I will send you, free, a copy of *The Home Companion*, a very interesting paper, full of good things, also supplements, containing portraits of Garfield, Mrs. Garfield, their Children, his Mother, his Physicians, Guitale, &c., and advertisements of various articles that will be given as premiums to those who raise clubs for the paper. All please send.

**H. C. NEWTON,**  
Troy, New Hampshire.

## CANVASSING AGENTS WANTED!

Everywhere, either male or female, to solicit orders for portraits painted from all kinds of small pictures. Old established and reliable house. Liberal inducements offered and constant employment given. Exclusive territory. For full particulars enclose 3c. stamp and address.

**North American Photo-Copying Co.,**  
25, 27, 29 and 31 East 3d St.,  
JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

**YOUR NAME!** In this *Minnie B. Rose*  
style type. A 50 sheet new Chromo Cards 10c. 14 pkgs. \$1.  
Ags. make 50 per cent. Please send 20c for Agent's  
samples. Premium List &c. Blank Cards at  
NORTHFIELD CARD WORKS, Northfield, Conn.

**40** Large Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name,  
10c. Postpaid. G. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

## CHICAGO SCALE CO.,

147, 149 & 151 Jefferson St., Chicago.

MANUFACTURE MORE THAN

300 Different Varieties.

Buy the Best Quality at Lowest Prices.



2-Ton Wagon Scales (Platform 6x12) - \$10

3-Ton, 7x13 - \$50 | 4-Ton, 8x14 - \$60

All other sizes in proportion. All Scales perfect.

Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Beam, Beam-Box and building directions with each Scale.

The "Little Detective," for Family or Office, \$3.

Sold by dealers everywhere. Send for price-list.

**FANCY DRESS PRINTS.**  
**EDDYSTONE PRINTS**  
**WEAR BEST.**  
**MOUING PRINTS**  
**ALWAYS RELIABLE**  
**& DURABLE.**

## SHOPPING BY MAIL!

MISS MARJORIE MARCH, 231 N. Twelfth St., Phila., makes purchases of every description for ladies and gentlemen, with discrimination and taste. Orders by mail, from all parts of the country, promptly executed. Samples sent free. For references and information send for circular. Address as above.

**FANCY WORK** A BOOK OF INSTRUCTIONS AND PATTERNS FOR ARTISTIC NEEDLE WORK. Kensington Embroidery, directions for making, numerous kinds of Crochet and Knitted Work. Patterns for Hand Bag, Scrap Basket, Tidy, Mat, Oak Leaf Lace, Piano Cover, etc. Tells how to make South Kensington, Outline, Persian, Tent, Star, Satin and Feather Stitches, etc. Price 36 cts., or twelve three-cent stamps; 4 Books, \$1.

## WORSTED CROSS-STITCH PATTERNS.

A BOOK of 100 Patterns for Worsted Work, etc. Borders, Corners, Flowers, Birds, Animals, Pansies, Stork, Deer, Roses, Elephant, Comic Designs, 8 Alphabets, etc. Price 25 cts.; 8 Books \$1. 4 large Tidy Patterns, 10 cts. **SPECIAL OFFER**—All for 18 Three-Cent Stamps.

J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass., box T.

**50** ALL Chromos, new designs, with name 10c. Free present with each pack. We give the best premiums ever offered Agents. Tuttle Bros., No. Haven, Ct.

## HOUSEHOLD PREMIUMS.

We offer the following list of PREMIUM ARTICLES to those who are disposed to aid 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 subscribers for one year each, required to obtain it free:

No. PREMIUM. Price. Subs.

1 One box Stationery. \$0 50 2

2 Indelible Pencil, (Clark's,) 50 2

3 Embroidery Scissors, 50 2

4 Name Plate, brush, ink, etc. 60 2

5 Ladies' Ivory handle Penknife, 75 3

6 Sugar Spoon, 75 3

7 Autograph Album, 1 00 3

8 Package Garden Seeds, 1 00 3

9 Package Flower Seeds, 1 00 3

10 Half Chromo, Autumn Leaves, or May Flowers, 1 00 3

11 Butter Knife, 1 00 3

12 Turkey Morocco Pocket Book, 1 00 3

13 One vol. Household, 1 10 4

14 Fruit Knife, 1 25 4

15 Pair Tablespoons, 1 50 5

16 Call Bell, 1 75 5

17 Carving Knife and Fork, 1 75 5

18 One pair Napkin Rings, 2 00 5

19 Six Scotch Plaid Napkin Rings, 2 00 5

20 Six Teaspoons, 2 25 5

21 Rosewood Writing Desk, 2 50 5

22 Rosewood Work Box, 2 50 5

23 Fruit Knife, with Nut Pick, 2 25 6

24 Child's knife, fork and spoon, 2 50 6

25 Gold Pen with Silver Case, 2 50 6

26 Six Tea Knives, 2 50 7

27 Six Nut Picks, 2 75 7

28 Gilt cup, 2 75 7

29 Photograph Album, 3 00 7

30 Spoon Holder, 3 00 8

31 Family Scales, (12 lbs., Shaler,) 4 00 8

32 Pie Knife, 3 50 9

33 Soup Ladle, 3 50 9

34 Cake Knife, 3 50 9

35 Pickle Jar, with Fork, 3 50 9

36 Six Tablespoons, 4 00 9

37 Six Table Forks, medium, 4 00 9

38 Six Tea Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles, 3 75 10

39 1 doz. Teaspoons, 4 50 10

40 Family scales, (24 lbs., Shaler,) 5 00 10

41 1 doz. Tea Knives, 5 00 10

42 Sheet Music, (Agent's selection,) 5 00 10

43 Carving Knife and Fork, 4 00 12

44 Hf. Chromo, Morn'g or Even'g, 5 00 12

45 Butter Dish, covered, 5 00 12

46 1 pair Napkin Rings, neat, 5 00 12

47 Syrup Cup, 5 50 12

48 Gold Pen and Pencil, 6 00 12

49 Six Table Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles, 5 50 14

50 Caster, 6 00 14

51 Cake Basket, 6 50 14

52 Croquet Set, 6 50 14

53 Family Scales, (50 lbs., Shaler,) 7 00 14

54 Webster's National Dictionary, 6 00 15

55 Clothes Wringer, 7 50 15

56 Folding Chair, 7 50 16

57 Six Tea Knives, silver plated, ivory inlaid handles, 7 00 16

58 Card Receiver, gilt, fine, 7 00 16

59 Celery glass, silver stand, 7 50 16

60 Fruit Dish, 8 00 16

61 Gold Pen and Holder, 7 50 17

62 Butter Dish, covered, 7 50 18

63 Spoon Holder, 7 50 18

64 1 doz. Tablespoons, 8 00 18

65 1 doz. Table Forks, medium, 8 00 18

66 Photograph Album, 10 00 18

67 Caster, 8 00 20

68 Syrup Cup and Plate, 8 50 20

69 Cake Basket, 10 00 20

70 Elegant Family Bible, 10 00 20

71 Stereoscope and 50 views, 10 00 20

72 Folding Chair, 8 00 24

73 Sewing Machine, (Beckwith,) 12 00 24

74 Cash, 6 25 25

75 Child's Carriage, 10 00 25

76 Chromo, Sunlight in Winter, 10 00 25

77 Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, 12 00 30

78 1 doz. Tea Knives, silver plated, ivory inlaid handles, 14 00 30

79 Ice Pitcher, porcelain lined, 15 00 30

80 Photograph Album, 18 50 30

81 Silver Watch, 20 00 45

## THE HOUSEHOLD.

Monthly Circulation, 54,000 Copies.  
ADVERTISING RATES.

Unobjectionable advertisements only will be inserted in THE HOUSEHOLD at 50 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion—14 lines making one inch. By the year \$5.00 per line.

The following are the rates for one-half inch or more:  
 1 m. 2 m. 3 m. 4 m. 6 m. 1 yr.  
 Half inch, \$3.25 \$6.00 \$8.75 \$11.50 \$16.50 \$30.00  
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 Two " 11.50 21.50 30.00 37.50 60.00 90.00  
 Three " 16.50 30.00 41.00 50.00 71.50 130.00  
 Four " 21.50 37.50 50.00 64.50 90.00 170.00  
 Six " 30.00 50.00 71.50 90.00 130.00 235.00  
 Eight " 37.50 64.50 90.00 118.00 170.00 300.00  
 One column, 50.00 90.00 130.00 170.00 235.00 400.00

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Reading notices 75 cents per line nonpareil measure—12 lines to the inch.

Advertisements to appear in any particular issue must reach us by the 5th of the preceding month.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1882, by Geo. E. Crorell, at the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

A BLUE CROSS before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed.

Our readers are earnestly requested to mention THE HOUSEHOLD when writing to any person advertising in this magazine. It will be a favor to us and no disadvantage to them.

The Government Chemist Analyzes two of the Leading Baking Powders, and what he finds them made of.

I have examined samples of "Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder" and "Royal Baking Powder," purchased by myself in this city, and I find they contain: "Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder."

Cream of Tartar  
Bicarbonate of Soda  
Flour

Available carbonic acid gas 12.61 per cent., equivalent to 118.2 cubic inches of gas per ounce of Powder.

"Royal Baking Powder."

Cream of Tartar  
Bicarbonate of Soda  
Carbonate of Ammonia  
Tartaric Acid  
Starch

Available carbonic acid gas 12.40 per cent., equivalent to 116.2 cubic inches of gas per ounce of Powder.

Ammonia gas 0.43 per cent., equivalent to 10.4 cubic inches per ounce of Powder.

Note.—The Tartaric Acid was doubtless introduced as free acid, but subsequently combined with ammonia, and exists in the Powder as a Tartrate of Ammonia.

E. G. LOVE, Ph. D.

NEW YORK, JAN'Y 17TH, 1881.

The above shows conclusively that "Cleveland's Superior" is a strictly pure Cream of Tartar Baking Powder. It has also been analyzed by Professor Johnson of Yale College; Dr. Gent of the University of Pennsylvania; President Morton of the Stevens Institute; Wm. M. Habershaw, F. C. S., Analyst for the Chemical Trade of New York, and other eminent chemists, all of whom pronounce it absolutely pure and healthful.—*Hall's Journal of Health* for April, 1882.

## THE DINGEE &amp; CONARD CO'S BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING ROSES

SPLENDID POT PLANTS, specially prepared for House Culture and Winter Bloom. Delivered safely by mail, postpaid, at all postoffices 5 splendiferous varieties, your choice, all labeled, for \$1; 12 for \$2; 19 for \$3; 26 for \$4; 35 for \$5; 75 for \$10; \$100 for \$13. We GIVE a Handsome Present of Choice and Valuable ROSES Free with every order. Our NEW GUIDE, a complete Treatise on the Rose, 70 pp. elegantly illustrated, *free to all*.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO.

Rose Growers, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

LADIES ONLY Think, we will send 12 elegant fringed Table Napkins, two imitation silk embroidered Handkerchiefs, 1 pair silver-lated Hair Crimpers, 1 Auto. Album, 100 Album Verse and large Pictorial Story Paper, post-paid, for 3 monts \$1, if you will cut this out and return with 44 cents. This appears but once. MISCELLANY PUBLISHING CO., BOSTON, MASS.

KATOPA The best polish for silverware and jewels out. Send 10 cents for package. KATOPA POLISH COMPANY, Howard, Kansas.

ROYAL  
BAKING  
POWDER  
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in Cans.*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall Street, N. Y.

JAMES PYLE'S  
PEARLINE  
THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR  
WASHING AND BLEACHING  
IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER.

SAVES LABOR, TIME and SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor should be without it. Sold by all Grocers. BEWARE of imitations well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.

BARRETT'S  
DYE HOUSE  
3 WEST STREET, BOSTON.

PURE  
FLAVORING EXTRACTS  
and brands of  
Genuine Selected  
SPICES  
by superior strength & flavor  
are preferable to all others.  
THOS. WOOD & CO., Boston.

Send 3c stamp for 17 Pages of Music  
in the GREAT ILLUSTRATED FOLIO.  
WHITE, SMITH & CO., Boston.

THE  
MOST  
RELIABLE  
FOOD  
IN THE WORLD  
FOR  
INFANTS  
AND  
CHILDREN  
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS  
RIDGE'S  
FOOD  
FOR  
INFANTS  
AND  
INVALIDS  
THE  
BEST  
DIET  
FOR  
INVALIDS  
AND  
OLD PEOPLE  
FOUR SIZES  
35 65 125 175  
Woolrich &  
ON EVERY LABEL.THE STUDENT'S  
PHOTOGRAPH OUTFIT

This Scientific production cannot fail to interest, amuse and instruct every person who sees it. With any one by following the directions, Can Make Their Own Photographs. It contains all of the needed Chemicals for working; Printing Frame, Silver, Toning and Fixing, Wash men, Fixing, &c. Everybody wants one. It is something now, and not only does it furnish amusement but by its use the operator becomes familiar with many interesting chemical experiments. Packed securely in a neat case with full directions which are so simple that any Boy or Girl can, with a little study and patience make a good photograph. Price by mail, Fifty Cents. Postage stamps taken. WORLD MANUF'G CO., 122 Nassau Street, NEW YORK.

Price List and Circular  
OF THE  
Amoy Tea Comp'y,  
WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALERS IN  
TEAS, COFFEES, & SPICES,  
333 Broadway, Providence, R. I.  
Branch Store, 245 Broad St.ESTABLISHED 1878.  
PRICE LIST OF TEAS.

## Black Teas.

Amoy Oolong,	50c, 60c	Japan & Oolong,	50c, 60c
Foochow	50c, 60c, 75c	Japan & Formosa,	60c, 75c,
Formosa	60c, 75c, \$1	Formosa	\$1
Eng. Breakfast,	50c, 60c,	Eng. & Eng. Breakfast,	50c, 60c,
	75c, \$1		75c, \$1
Assam,	75c, \$1	Gunpowder & Oolong,	60c,
Basket Fired Japan,	75c, \$1	Gunpowder & Formosa,	80c,
Orange Pekoe,	75c, \$1	Orange Pekoe,	75c, \$1

## Mixed Teas.

Japan & Oolong,	50c, 60c	Japan & Formosa,	60c, 75c,
Foochow	50c, 60c, 75c	Formosa	\$1
Formosa	60c, 75c, \$1	Eng. & Eng. Breakfast,	50c, 60c,
Eng. Breakfast,	50c, 60c,	Eng. Breakfast,	50c, 60c,
	75c, \$1		75c, \$1
Assam,	75c, \$1	Gunpowder & Oolong,	60c,
Basket Fired Japan,	75c, \$1	Gunpowder & Formosa,	80c,
Orange Pekoe,	75c, \$1	Orange Pekoe,	75c, \$1

## Green Teas.

Japan,	50c, 60c, 75c, \$1	Java,	30c
Old Hyson,	50c, 60c, 75c, \$1	Old Gov't Java,	35c
Young Hyson,	50c, 60c, 75c	Male Berry Java,	40c
		Mocha,	40c

## PRICE LIST OF COFFEES.

Java,	30c	Rio,	25c
Old Gov't Java,	35c	Maracalbo,	28c
Male Berry Java,	40c	Mocha & Java,	38c
Mocha,	40c	American Java,	20c

PRICE LIST OF PURE SPICES,  
PER POUND.

Black Pepper,	40c	Allspice,	40c
White Pepper,	50c	Mustard,	50c
Cayenne Pepper,	50c	Cassia,	80c
African Ginger,	25c	Clove,	50c
Jamaica Ginger,	50c	Nutmegs,	\$1.25
Cream of Tartar,	50c	Mace,	\$1.10

We allow one-half as much towards a premium, on Coffee and Spices as on Tea.

## Directions for Forming Tea Clubs.

Take your blank sheet from house to house, and solicit their orders, and you will find, as have hundreds of others, that what looked like a very difficult matter, is easily accomplished.

Many Agents have secured orders enough to obtain a dozen or more premiums, and you can do equally as well. Persistent effort well directed will accomplish much.

Please write names plainly, with price per lb. opposite.

Mixed Teas unless otherwise ordered will be two-thirds black, and one-third green.

Persons not able at one time to send orders to the full amount of premium, can send orders, with cash, to the amount of \$5.00, for which we send a receipt, which should be returned to us when they have sufficient for a large premium. We will then forward the premium desired.

Orders can be sent by Cash, Post Office Order, or Registered Letter, or we will send to any part of New England, C. O. D., on receipt of \$1.00 on \$10.00 orders and \$2.00 on \$20.00 orders to cover express charges, if the goods are not accepted. The amount sent will be deducted from your bill.

Cash in full must be sent when goods are ordered by freight, as we cannot send goods C. O. D. by freight.

Checks or Postal Orders should be made payable to J. FISHER MOORE.

We warrant our Teas, Coffees, and Spices, to be strictly pure, and give the best of satisfaction. As we buy in large quantities, and strictly for cash, we are able to offer better goods, and premiums, than ever before. Persons receiving goods and premiums, will oblige, by writing us if satisfactory.

OUR PREMIUM LIST.  
WITH A \$2.50 ORDER.

We give Photograph, Autograph, or Scrap Album, or a set of Silver Plated Spoons, or 12 Figured Goblets, or 6 Engraved Goblets, or a Covered Glass Cake or Fruit Dish, or a Majolica Pitcher, or a Pair of Vases, or a Covered Vegetable Dish.

## WITH A \$5 ORDER,

12 Silver Plated Spoons, or 12 Tea or Coffee Cups and Saucers, or a very pretty Pair of Vases, or a Toilet Set, 3 pieces, or a Smoking Set, or a Silver Plated Pickle Jar and Tong, or a Silver Plated Covered Butter Dish, or Wash Bowl and Pitcher, or a Fancy Clock, or a Decorated Lamp with Shade and Reflector Complete, or a set of Knives and Forks, or a Britannia Tea-Pot.

WITH A \$10 ORDER,  
Stone China Tea Set, 56 pieces, or a Stone China Chamber Toilet Set of 10 pieces.WITH A \$12 ORDER,  
Maroon, Pink, or Blue Band, Gold Line, Chamber Toilet Set, 10 pieces, or a Quadruple Plated 5-Bottle Caster.WITH A \$20 ORDER,  
Moss Rose Tea Set, 44 pieces, or a Stone China Dinner Set, 106 pieces, or a very Beautiful French China, Gold Band Tea Set of 44 pieces.WITH A \$25 ORDER,  
Waltham Watch, Solid Silver Cases.WITH A \$30 ORDER,  
Stone China Dinner Set, 125 pieces, Wide Gold Band French China Tea Set, 44 pieces, beauties, or a French China, Moss Rose, Gold Line Tea Set, 44 pieces.

We warrant our Goods to be just as represented, or they may be returned, and money refunded.

All Goods packed and delivered at depot, free of charge.

Persons not caring for premium offered may deduct 25 per cent. in cash.

We will send samples of any of our Teas on receipt of 10 cents.

Without a premium, we will send Tea, by mail, post paid, at regular prices; this will enable you to thoroughly test our Teas.

Hoping to hear from you at once, we are, Yours truly,

AMOY TEA COMPANY,  
333 Broadway, Providence, R. I.

Mention "THE HOUSEHOLD."