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THE HOUSEHOLD

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

ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 8.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., MAY, 1875.

No. 5.

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THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

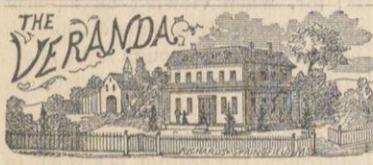
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COTTAGE MUSIC.

BY MARY FRANCES ADAMS.

When the cottage door is open, and the air is bright and clear,

Then the sound of children's laughter echoes on the listening ear,

And the fall of little footsteps, pattering on the rustic floor,

Gently lures the tired woodman to his peaceful home once more.

Oh, the music of young voices, oh, the tuneful little feet,

How they rise and fall together, keeping time in cadence sweet!

Like the ever-moving planets making harmony above,

So the happy notes of childhood vibrate on the cords of love.

On the settle sits the grandsire, with his eyes so old and dim

That the little sunny faces seem like fading dreams to him;

But he hears their merry voices, and it almost makes him young,

As he tries to catch the meaning of each little prattling tongue.

Oh, the merry laughing voices, how melodiously they flow,

Bringing to the old man's memory, happy days of long ago,

When he, too, could shout with gladness, when he, too, was bright and bold,

Long before his children's children told him how the world grew old.

And the music of young voices, long as this fair world shall last,

Will re-link the joyous present with the half-forgotten past:

And the ring of little footsteps, pattering on the cottage floor,

Will be heard the wide world over, till there shall be time no more.

—Christian Weekly.

BEAUTIFYING NEW GROUNDS.

ORNAMENTAL trees, when set out in new plantations, are commonly only a few feet high, even if they are ultimately to grow to a spread of fifty feet in diameter. If the owner gives them their full allotted space at the commencement, the surface of his grounds will remain bald and unshaded for many years. Hence it is common to set them out more thickly, with the intention of thinning out as

they begin to encroach upon each other. This will answer well, provided the owner is sure he will give them the necessary thinning in time. Such kinds as maples, black walnut, chestnut, honey locust, linden, etc., if only six or seven feet high when taken from the nursery rows may be set temporarily within ten feet of each other; and during the first six or seven years, they will not encroach upon each other; while at the same time an agreeable amount of foliage and shade will be soon afforded by them. But the difficulty is, they will be left to stand too long; and the full rounded, natural symmetry of the heads will be likely to be seriously interfered with before they are cut away.

We advise every one, therefore, to look carefully before he sets out many trees closely together around his newly erected house. We not unfrequently see the largest kinds of both deciduous and evergreen trees set within a few feet of each other. A young Norway spruce, for example, when three feet high resembles a handsome shrub, and the trees are often set so as to appear well if they should never grow larger. The owners seem hardly to comprehend how they are to be fifty feet high in half a short lifetime, with a spread of branches on the ground thirty or forty feet in diameter. Sometimes we see the young evergreens transplanted within a single yard of a carriage drive. If they grow well, they must soon be cut down, shortened in heavily, or suffered to close up the passage before many years. It will be best, therefore, always to give ample space between the borders of roads and walks, and plantations of trees — because their forms will always be fullest and most perfectly developed nearest to such open passages, and we do not wish to spoil the best forms by cutting out, and lay open the bare stems and meagre branches of the trees beyond them.

If you wish your trees to grow up with perfect, rounded heads, or with rich, grand, broad-spread branches, never allow two adjacent trees to touch each other at the extremities of their longest limbs. If you wish to have a group of two or three or more stems, supporting tops that shall form one rounded mass, they may of course be nearer, but other trees should give this rounded mass plenty of space. The same remark applies to a belt, copse or continued mass of trees. — Register of Rural Affairs.

MAKE THE FARM ATTRACTIVE.

Some of the reasons why farmers' sons are so generally inclined to leave

home as soon as they are able to take care of themselves, are given by a writer in this forcible style, and it seems to us that he has the balance of truth on his side. Let the farmers read it and see if the guilt lies at their door; if so, try the other way and note the result:

"I know of many farmers who say their sons do not like the farm, and have gone into the cities. Any one who passes through the country can say this is true. I think in nine cases out of ten the fault is with the farmers themselves. There are many men who own large farms, and have money at interest, who live in a very inferior style. Too many farmers' homes are large and cheerless inside, and the outside is ditto. Now, when a farmer's son does go out into the world, and has a chance to look around for himself, and sees such very different manners and customs prevalent in our large cities and towns, the contrast is so great that he imbibes a dislike for the old, cheerless home, and hard, close life led upon it.

When a farmer owns a farm and has it paid for, and has money at interest then I contend he should pay some attention to the inside comfort and adornment of his home. He should see to it that the social instincts of his family are cultivated by music, family reading and discussions upon the general topics of the day. I think if such measures should be carried out the great majority of farmers' sons would not be in such a hurry to leave home. Treat your sons kindly; remember that you were boys yourselves, and that you wanted a day for recreation, fishing, gunning, etc. They will work hard enough to make up for it.

Above all, don't, Mr. Farmer, deter your sons from reading; supply them with books and papers and strive to have them spend their evenings at home. Make the old home so attractive that they will prefer it to lounging round in stores, hotels and drinking saloons. With the farmer lies the responsibility of making the habits of his sons, deny it who may."

—Anything which adds to the beauty and cheerfulness of a home adds to its permanent value. There are many gems in the floral creation which, when once implanted in the soil, will continue to grow in beauty year after year, and remain joys forever to the fortunate possessor. All will admit that this department of nature is well worthy the study of man. "Flowers are not the trifles which many think them to be, or God would not have bestowed the care on them that he did."



QUIET PEOPLE.

QUIET people seldom get full justice done them, except by their immediate friends. It is your noisy, racketty folk who secure most of the world's ready acclamation. The man who talks commonplaces at the top of his voice, who is in the habit of perpetrating preposterous jokes, and laughing consummately at the same, and who makes a point of thrusting himself into conversations, whether he understands them or not, runs a much better chance of being dubbed a clever fellow than does he who rarely speaks unless he is thoroughly acquainted with his subject, and who is addicted to advancing his opinions in a hesitating, timid fashion. Even when boisterous people have been found to be shallow imposters and to partake largely of the character of the drum, which looks big and is so extremely hollow, many persons still feel a sort of admiration for them, and they receive more credit than is their due. Their boldness which, in many instances, amounts to positive impudence, secures the half-admiration of those who feel, and rightly, that it is useless their attempting the same kind of thing, and who are frequently completely eclipsed when brought into contact with a forward being of the kind under notice.

These are led to feel, moreover, that they compare unfavorably with him in another, and, in the eyes of a sensitive being, a more important aspect. He is addicted to indulging in extravagant protestations of friendship at a moment's notice; after an acquaintance extending over half an hour he will slap your back with considerable force—indeed, with more force than is pleasant, looking at the matter from a physical point of view—and ram his arm through yours with an amount of energy which should speak volumes for the warmth and sincerity of his feelings toward you, and finally walk off with you with an air of easy proprietorship which ought to be very flattering to your vanity—i. e., if you are at all liable to glory in the fact that it is competent for you, more than for the majority of your fellows, to make a very favorable impression in a short space of time. Quiet people, on the other hand, are slow in manifesting warmth of feeling, and you will not often find them slapping comparative strangers on the back, or linking

arms with people of whom they have not a thorough knowledge.

Occasionally, of course, you may do so, for the contagion of example is so great that these passive beings are sometimes led to imitate the ways of their more dashing brethren. But, in the event of their doing so, they invariably only succeed in bringing down humiliation upon themselves. There is a hesitancy about what they do which plainly indicates the effort they are making, and they demonstrate in many ways that they are half ashamed of what they are attempting. When they talk loudly there is a quaver and a hardness in their voices, showing that they are departing from their ordinary rule of life. While attempting any extravagant manifestations of good feeling it is customary for their faces to assume a sheepish expression, and the evidence of their uncomfortableness is completed by a series of blushes.

Nevertheless, it must be admitted that those who know most about human nature, and are the greatest adepts at studying character, have justly a decided partiality for many quiet people, feeling that genius is apt to be shy, and that sincerity is often diffident, while, on the other hand, an excess of clatter often only hides innate weakness or serves as a cloak for ulterior designs or mean motives. Certain it is that the man who gushes upon slight provocation is invariably but a broken reed to rely on when one has to battle with the fierce waves of adversity; while the retiring individual often proves a tower of strength, and shows himself possessed of depths of character of which no one has hitherto been disposed to give him credit.

Why is it that these retiring people are so fond of being left to themselves, as they most undoubtedly are? How is it when they enter a room filled with people, to most of whom they are comparative strangers, they have a weakness for getting into some obscure corner and of screening themselves from general observation by a book or a collection of prints or photographs, the probability being that the books, prints, or photographs interest them but little? It seems likely that all this is owing not so much to want of capacity, or natural shyness, or timidity—though it may in some cases be largely due to this—as to their inability to adapt themselves to a promiscuous assemblage, an inability which they probably feel and lament over. Addison was a bashful man when in company, but there is no reason for supposing that his shyness arose from a sense of his inferiority to the majority of people whom he was called upon to meet. Indeed, there is no doubt that in richness of idea and power of expression few who came near him were anything like his equals, much less his superiors. Yet, the fact remains that he was undoubtedly shy. His case is illustrative of the fact that timid men are not necessarily noddles, as some superficial observers seem inclined to imagine.

Probably, if the truth were known, many of the quiet people under notice feel the most profound contempt for the majority of those who contribute to the noisy gabble which passes current in drawing-rooms and at dinner-

parties. More probably still, at the same time they are aware that they are unable to satisfactorily contribute a large share thereto. Somehow or other, the few sentences they do hazard giving utterance to do not seem to fit in with the flow of talk, and their only effect appears to be an unpleasant one, which recoils on the heads of the speakers. This simply arises from the fact that they cannot adapt themselves to all circumstances, the result being that they are only able to talk satisfactorily and well with those who thoroughly understand them, and whom they thoroughly understand. They may sometimes be above the generality of folk, they may occasionally be below, but it is not so much a question of highness or lowness as it is of adaptability. In witness thereof may be cited the fact that a host of mediocrities are in the habit of talking at almost all times with singular ease, albeit the greater portion of what they utter is conventional nonsense.

Still, nonsense is better than nothing, and the order of beings under notice would do well to be less severe in their condemnation of it. They may rest assured that they would appear to more advantage when engaging in the most vapid of dialogues than they do when retiring in corners and building castles in the air, or thinking contemptuously of the intellectual weakness evidenced by those whom they are regarding. A little attention to the matter would soon enable a man to cease to attract notice on account of his quietness without causing him to become boisterous.—*Selected.*

WHO IS A GENTLEMAN?

A gentleman is not merely a person acquainted with certain forms and etiquette of life, easy and self possessed in society, able to speak and act and move in the world without awkwardness, and free from habits which are vulgar and in bad taste. A gentleman is something beyond this; that which lies at the root of all his pleasure is the same spirit which lies at the root of every Christian virtue. It is the thoughtful desire of doing in every instance what others should do unto him. He is constantly thinking, not indeed how he may give pleasure to others for the mere sense of pleasing, but how he may avoid hurting their feelings. When he is in society, he scrupulously ascertains the position and relations of every one with whom he comes in contact, that he may give to each his due honor, his proper position. He studies how he may avoid touching in conversation upon any subject which may needlessly hurt their feelings—how he may abstain from any allusions which may call up a disagreeable or offensive association.

A gentleman never alludes to, never appears conscious of any person's defect, bodily deformity, inferiority of talent, of rank, of reputation, in the person in whose society he is placed. He never assumes any superiority to himself—never ridicules, never sneers, never boasts, never makes a display of his own power, or rank, or advantages—such as is implied in ridicule, or sarcasm, or abuse; and he never indulges in habits or tricks, or inclinations, which may be offensive to others.

INFLUENCE OF A SOFT VOICE.

Yes, we agree with that old poet who said that a low soft voice was an excellent thing in woman. Indeed, we feel inclined to go much further than he on the subject, and call it one of her crowning charms. How often the spell of beauty is rudely broken by coarse, loud talking! How often you are irresistibly drawn to a plain, unassuming woman, whose soft, silvery tones render her positively attractive! In the social circle, how pleasant it is to hear a woman talk in that low key which always characterises the true lady! In the sanctuary of home, how such a voice soothes the fretful child and cheers the weary husband!—*Lamb.*



FLOWERS THAT NEVER WITHER.

There are flowers that never wither,
There are skies that never fade,
There are trees that cast forever
Cooling bowers of leafy shade.
There are silver wavelets flowing
With a lulling sound of rest,
Where the west wind softly blowing
Fans the far lands of the blest.

Thitherward our steps are tending,
Oft through dim oppressive fears,
More of grief than pleasure blending
In the darkening woof of years.
Often would our footsteps weary
Sink upon the winding way,
But that, when all looks most dreary,
O'er us beams a cheering ray.

Thus the Father who hath made us
Tenants of this world of care,
Knoweth how to kindly aid us
With the burdens we must bear;
Knoweth how to cause the spirit
Hopefully to raise its eyes
Toward the home it doth inherit
Far beyond the azure skies.

There is a voice that whispers lowly
Down within this heart of mine,
Where emotions the most holy
Ever make their sacred shrine,
And it tells a thrilling story
Of the great Redeemer's love,
And the all-bewildering glory
Of the better land above.

O, this life with all its sorrows,
Hasteth onward to a close!
In a few more brief to-morrows
Will have ended all our woes.
Then o'er death the part immortal
Shall sublimely rise and soar
O'er the star resplendent portal,
There to dwell forever more.

THE AQUARIUM.

ONE of the first principles in constructing a tank for an aquarium is to give the water the greatest possible exposure to the air. The simple rectangular form is the best. This is generally constructed of iron and glass; the iron should be japanned and the glass French plate to insure brilliancy and strength. The breadth and height of the tank should be about one-half of the length. Cheap tanks can be made of wood and glass, the frame and bottom being of wood and the sides of glass. In order to make the joints water-tight care must be taken to get a proper aquarium putty or cement. The following is a good recipe: Put an eggcupful of oil and

four ounces tar to one pound resin; melt over a gentle fire. Test it to see if it has the proper consistency when cooled; if it has not heat longer or add more resin and tar. Pour the cement into the angles in a heated state, but not boiling hot, as it would crack the glass. The cement will be firm in a few minutes. Then tip the aquarium in a different position and treat a second angle likewise, and so on. The cement does not poison the water.

It is not advisable to make the aquarium of great depth; about eight inches of water is sufficient. In regard to the light great care must be taken. Too much often causes blindness, and is a common source of disease. The light fish receive in rivers comes from above; and an aquarium should be constructed so as to form no exception to this rule. All cross lights should be carefully avoided, at least if the light is very strong. Never place the aquarium in front of a window so that the light passes through it; for, when viewing an aquarium, the source of light should come from behind us. Not enough light is as injurious as too much, and causes decay of the vegetation.

Having constructed a water-tight aquarium, the bottom is strewn over with clean sand to the depth of one to three inches; on this a little gravel is spread; then a few stones or rock work. Heavy, large rocks should be avoided; they displace a large amount of water and increase the danger of breaking the glass sides. Pumice-stone, well washed, is the best kind, being light and with a rough surface suitable for the rooting of plants, etc.; and if fancy forms are desired (bridge work, etc.), the pumice-stone can be cut quite easily to the desired shapes.

The plants are rooted in the sand and the vessel left at rest for a week for the plants to vegetate. In obtaining plants procure all the roots and see that they are well rooted. If fungus should form add snails; they will completely destroy it. After the plants are well started add the shells and amphibious animals. Many shells are not needed. Snails act the part of scavengers; and where the different elements of an aquarium are rightly balanced two or more snails will be found sufficient.

If amphibious animals are introduced, the rock work must extend above the surface of the water, or a float of some kind must be substituted. It is impossible for them to live under water all the time, and they would die without some such arrangement.

The turtles claim first rank. The spotted water turtle, and the painted water turtle, will be found to be the best for the aquarium, and should be procured when very young, as they are very destructive when old. The tritons, the red salamander, the crazy fish, are all suitable, and present a very odd and yet a very natural look to the aquarium.

In selecting the fishes there is no boundary to the number to be obtained, but experience has proved that comparatively a few only thrive in confinement. Among these, and the first, is the gold fish. He can live for months without introduced food and is, without comparison, the most hardy,

standing remarkable changes in the temperature; and he is the most gaudy and attractive. A large number of the fishes prey upon each other and will only do for the aquarium when in the young state. Among these may be mentioned sun fish, common pickerel, and yellow perch. The rock fish, is a great addition and is found very plentifully in our streams. The common black catfish, is another worthy of a place. So also is the transparent minnow.

But few fish can live in an aquarium; and the needless crowding together, so often seen, is very hurtful to health, and causes sound, strong fish in a short time to become weak and poor. The great difficulty in keeping an aquarium is to secure enough oxygen for the fish. To a slight degree it is the duty of the plants to supply this; but if too much vegetation be present decomposition takes place and ruin follows. It has been demonstrated that only a small amount is necessary to absorb the carbonic acid given off by the fish and amphibians; consequently, if the water be daily aerated with a syringe, it will absorb an abundant supply of oxygen for the animal life, and the trouble arising from the decay of much vegetable matter will be lessened or altogether avoided.—*Scientific American.*

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

The Night-blooming Cereus belongs to the family of the cactuses, of which more than 500 species are known. Their native region is tropical America, though they extend on both sides of the equator, over 75 degrees of latitude.

The Cactus is a very juicy and vital plant, growing with jointed stems and branches; often covered with sharp spines and seldom having leaves. Subjected to great extremes of drought and moisture it has in its succulent structure resources of moisture which enable it to flourish verdantly for six months without rain, on torrid plains and arid summits and crags, while all other vegetation is parched and seared.

The Cereus is a sub-division of the family, including all the cactuses that have long, angular or round stems, and hollow, elongated flowers. There are three species of the night-blooming cereus described in books we have had access to. One belonging to the group of cereuses called Torch Thistle, which grow erect with slender stems, and two others to the group of creeping cereuses, having slender stems that hang down like cords, and putting out roots or filaments along the stem by which they may cling to walls or trees.

The former have a large, beautiful white flower, delicately, though not greatly fragrant, which when mature and strong is succeeded by fruit of a scarlet, shining color, having the size and form of a hen's egg.

The two latter have a large flower, sometimes a foot in diameter, with a dark brown outside, petals perfectly white, and a golden interior, and a perfume of prevailing and exquisite sweetness. The light reflected from its vivid calyx, which is filled with a beautiful radiation of recurved sta-

mens, trembling around a central stylus, gives the center glow and effulgence like a star.

The above descriptions of the flower will apply strictly to each of the two last named varieties of night-blooming cereuses, and fulfil all the description in the books of the cereus grandiflowers, though one variety has a six-sided, and the other a four-sided stem. The season of flowering is July and August, and oft times several flowers will open in one night, and on successive nights. They begin to open about 7 or 8 o'clock in the evening, are fully blown about midnight, and close never to re-open, before morning.

The cereus group are all natives of the hotter parts of the cactus region. The grandiflower was first brought to England from Jamaica about two centuries ago, for the Royal Garden at Hampton Court.

These plants should be grown in hot-houses, though during the hot weather of summer, may be placed in the open air with protection from great rains. They are cultivated in loam or leaf mould, mixed with sand

flower-stem is cut off, the bulb has nothing to do but to prepare itself with vigor for blossoming in the ensuing year. We pay great attention to the protection of the leaves of both hyacinths and tulips, and never allow them to be interfered with until nature indicates, by the decay of their points, that the bulb is preparing for rest. We then follow a course with both hyacinths and tulips which we believe many do not; that is, we take them up before the leaves are quite decayed, and for this reason—we believe that both of them after the bulbs have attained this period of growth, are only weakened by remaining in the ground, because the offsets are living upon the parent bulb, and consequently, weakening it for the flower of the following year. If a cultivator wishes for stock, he should let his bulbs remain until the leaves are quite decayed. If he wants his bulbs to flower in beauty again, he should follow the practice above mentioned.

When taken up, the bulbs should be removed to a shed sheltered from the sun, but free to the air, and any earth adhering to the fibers or roots should remain for some little time; after two or three days they should be looked after, and the loose earth shaken from them; and, as the leaves decay, they should be occasionally removed. We have generally placed our bulbs at first on the ground, in the tool-shed, and, as they got dry, removed them to an airy shelf. When the leaves are nearly decayed, we place them in very shallow baskets, and allow as much air as practicable to be between each root to harden them, turning them every two or three days. By this treatment, and rubbing off any portion of mold attached to the bottom and sides, they are in a fit state to be placed for the summer in a dry room; and, by a little occasional attention, the rough and outside coat will, by a gentle side-pressure of the thumb, be effectually removed, and exhibits the appearance of the bulb clean, smooth, and in good condition.

This latter operation is best performed in the end of August, and at that time remove the remains of such parts of the root of the former year as may not have dropped off previously to this time. It is hardly necessary to state that any bulb in an unsound state, either from appearance of decay, or from having been injured in taking up, should not be put with those intended for future planting.—*The Garden.*

OPEN-AIR WINDOW BOXES.

Among our readers are many whose surroundings restrict them to engage only in cultivating plants in and about the house, converting a sunny or bay window into a green-house in winter, and moving their plant stand under the veranda, or into the open air when warm weather approaches. This, with the planting of an outside window box in summer, the growing of hanging baskets, ferneries, or Wardian cases, and ivies for permanent it might be added, are about the limit to which

they can indulge in such decorations. It is, however, a pleasure to know that with these a beautiful show of plants and flowers may be maintained continually throughout the year with little trouble and expense.

We give an illustration of this ready means of growing plants and flowers, which is adapted for ornamenting the windows of any room, either inside or outside, be it in the first or fifth story of a building, as some living rooms are in the city. These are boxes made to fit the window-casing or sill, and planted with scarlet geranium, mignonette, the pretty blue lobelia, verbena, and even roses, etc. Morning glory, ivy, Maderia vine, or other climbers are planted at the ends of the box, to be trained on wires up and around the windows.—*Home Florist.*

THE ROSE GARDENS OF FRANCE.

The rose gardens of France are celebrated. Acres of roses bloom in them for the perfumer. Heliotrope, mignonette and other floral plants are found side by side with them in dense masses. The air is heavy with almost sickening fragrance, and for miles around the breezes bear the sweet tidings that they "have flown over the gardens of Gaul in their bloom."

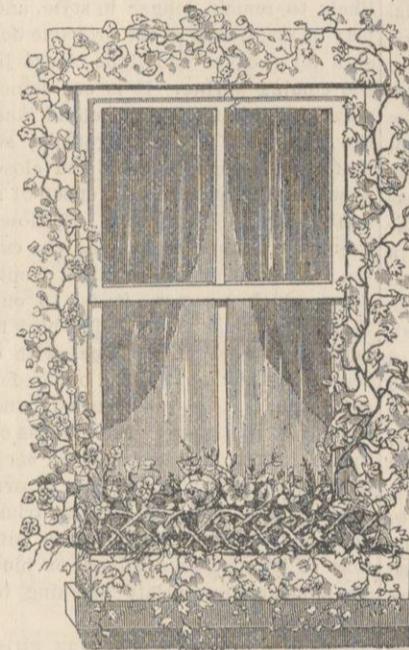
But who has heard of an English lavender field? Very few certainly in this country. Fewer still have seen one. Yet within thirty miles of London these lavender fields have become quite an extensive and recognized industry, and there is annually produced in England alone, sufficient oil from the plant to manufacture 30,000 gallons of spirits of lavender, besides a large quantity, the total of which is unknown, to be used in the production of other perfumes with more pretentious names.

This plant is at the best between three years of age and seven. The harvest time is the first week in August. The flowers are then cut and taken to the distillery, followed by an innumerable number of bees, which insects are especially fond of them. Here the essential oil is pressed out and is ready to be mixed with the proper ingredients to make lavender water.

—I will tell Florence Snow how I keep my rose all right. I have one a year old that flourishes finely; it has a sprout that has grown twenty-two inches in less than three weeks. I take droppings from the hen roost, put in a bucket, and pour boiling water on it; let it cool, then water with this once or twice a week, not very strong. It suits many plant, but the fuchsia is not bettered by it.

A LOVER OF FLOWERS.

—When climbing roses fail to run, which is often the case, the remedy is to cut away all but three or four of the strongest shoots, and permit none but these to grow the first season. Give the plant plenty of manure—liquid manure—manure of almost any kind or description. By this means be added, are about the limit to which to almost any extent desired.



OPEN-AIR WINDOW BOX.

or pounded brick and lime rubbish, in pots well drained with cinders, instead of potsherds or fragments of broken pots, as the latter retain too much moisture for the delicate and succulent roots. They should have rest after flowering, either by removing to a colder temperature and withholding water, or if they are kept in a hot-house the water should be lessened. They should be kept almost without water from October to March, and then watered profusely while coming into flower. They may be readily grown from cuttings placed in sand, but before they are set they should lie in a dry place for two or three weeks, until the cut end has had time to dry.

HOW TO TAKE CARE OF BULBS.

As soon as their beauty of flower is over, we always cut off the flower-stems just below the lowest flower, and for this reason:—the hyacinth and tulip both seed freely, particularly the latter; if the bulb is forming seed, its strength is wasted in a great measure by that process; whereas, if the



A CHARMING WOMAN.

A charming woman, I've heard it said
By other women as light as she;
But all in vain I puzzle my head
To find wherein the charm may be.
Her face, indeed, is pretty enough,
And her form is quite as good as the best,
Where nature has given the bony stuff,
And a clever milliner all the rest.
Intelligent? Yes—in a certain way;
With the feminine gift of ready speech;
And knows very well what not to say
Whenever the theme transcends her reach.
But turn the topic on things to wear,
From an opera cloak to a robe de nuit—
Hats, basques, or bonnets—twill make you stare
To see how fluent the lady can be.

Her laugh is hardly a thing to please;
For an honest laugh must always start
From a gleesome mood, like a sudden breeze,
And hers is purely a matter of art—
A muscular motion made to show
What nature designed to lie beneath
The finer mouth; but what can she do,
If that is ruined to show the teeth?
To her seat in church—a good half mile—
When the day is fine she is sure to go,
Arrayed, of course, in the latest style
La mode de Paris has got to show;
And she puts her hands on the velvet pew
(Can hands so white have a taint of sin?).
And thinks—how her prayer-book's tint of blue
Must harmonize with her milky skin!

Ah! what shall we say of one who walks
In fields of flowers to choose the weeds?
Reads authors of whom she never talks,
And talks of authors she never reads?
She's a charming woman, I've heard it said
By other women as light as she;
But all in vain I puzzle my head
To find wherein the charm may be.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

DRESSES FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

THE fitting out of a little girl's wardrobe is often quite a serious question to the diligent, careful mother. She is not desirous that her little one shall be rigged out in the extreme of fashion, after the manner of a French doll, but she does want to see the child dressed nicely, and with such degree of deference to the prevailing fashions in children's dresses, that she may not feel uncomfortable and odd. The matter has been simplified much by the manufacture of cut paper patterns of all children's garments; and the introduction of ready-made dresses, aprons, sacques, and in fact, all parts of a child's wardrobe, both for under and outer wear, has tended to make the question of little difficulty to the mothers possessed of plethoric purses. But to the thousands of mothers to whom the expense of dressing their little girls is really a matter to be gravely considered, the problem is not so easily solved. It is imperatively necessary that they should superintend the making of their children's clothes, if not take all the stitches therein with their own busy fingers. They have hailed with delight the aid that carefully prepared patterns can give, and for their help we record a few hints about the prevalent modes for little girls.

No style has obtained more favor than the pleated waist for young girls. This is now used for dresses of all kinds, both expensive and cheap materials, and is likely to continue pop-

ular, since it is so becoming to slight, girlish figures. The pattern given of this waist is merely the plain lining upon which the pleated outside is to be laid; if you are careful in fitting this neatly to the figure, the pleats are very easily laid upon it. This lining is cut to fasten behind,—stout gray drilling should be used for it,—and it should have one dart in front, and be cut high in the neck and with short shoulder-seams, and should not extend below the waist-line. The material of the dress should then be basted on this lining in small pleats like tucks, and the long stitches concealed under the pleats serve to hold these permanently in place, and also attach them to the lining. Sometimes rows of machine-stitching are used to hold down these pleats, and often chain-stitching, with heavy silk is used. This adds a unique finish to the basque; but, in our opinion, it is prettiest when invisible stitching is used. From four to nine of these small pleats are laid in each back and front; they are turned toward the middle of both back and front, and the space on each side, under the arms, is left quite plain. Below the waist, the outside material should be long enough to form pleated basque ends over the hips; these should be more or less full, in proportion to the child's stoutness across the hips. These basque ends should not be lined, but merely hemmed with blind stitches. A belt of the dress goods should be stitched on over the pleatings. Around the neck put a pleated fraise of the material, and make the sleeves in plain coat-shape, trimmed with pleating about the wrist. For a little girl of five years, a yard and a quarter of twenty-seven-inch wide goods is required to make the waist; and for older girls, use the same rule, adding one-quarter of a yard for every year.

With this waist, a good way is to make a trimmed skirt and omit the over-skirt. This skirt should be gored closely in front, and have a full back breadth. Line the skirt by all means, it is thereby rendered warmer and will outlast several unlined skirts. Trim the skirt with side pleatings to match the waist, put it on in three rows of pleating stitched on each side; or they may be in the form of pleated flounces, or pleatings may alternate with gathered flounces. In any one of these ways a skirt may be very prettily finished.

Next in favor to the pleated basque, is a very pretty plain basque modeled after one of Worth's designs for ladies. It is not intended for the very youngest of little girls, but is rather appropriate for those who have already reached their teens. This basque has two points in front, is made with one dart and gracefully curved side bodies. It is fastened with buttons and button-holes down the front. The bottom of the basque needs only a large piping, and the close sleeves can be finished with a pleating, around the centre of which is placed a piped band. The neck may be finished with a standing collar, a pleated fraise, or a flat collar with pleating laid within it.

For overskirts two very pretty models are shown. The first is in the form of an apron which is quite deep in front with a round outline which

slopes upward at the sides. At the back the ends meet, being finished with fanciful double revers, which are trimmed in the same way as the bottom of the overskirt. Another pattern is of the round overskirt, so called to distinguish it from the apron, because it has a long back breadth. The front breadth, however, is cut in a variety of ways, is pointed, sometimes, and sometimes round. A fanciful way is to cut it with a point on the left side, and fasten it with a row of buttons and button-holes, on the same side. The bottom of this skirt should be trimmed with pleatings to imitate the underskirt or with fringe. The woolen fringe, the twisted zephyr and ball fringe, are very much in favor for young girls' costumes. The apron overskirt is very pretty trimmed with this. It might also be remarked here that this overskirt is often made without the revers spoken of at the back, but with the ends tied together with sashes.

For over-garments, the French sacque and the English walking jacket are almost equally in favor. The former, being of later introduction, is likely to remain longer in style, and may be mentioned as the probable design for sacques and light cloaks in the coming spring. It is cut somewhat longer in front than behind, and the front part is cut diagonally, so that though single-breasted and close about the throat, it has the effect of a double-breasted garment. If, however, the mother prefer, she can cut the same garment with straight front, after which manner, it is, to our thought, quite as pretty. The back is cut in the easy French shape, with a seam down the middle, and one under each arm. It is not slashed, and should fit neatly over the fullness of the tournure. The material for such sacques is dark blue, black or brown beaver cloth, and the favorite trimming is a border of fur. Stylish buttons of jet, oxydized silver, or blue steel, make appropriate finishing to the garment.

For the materials of young girls' costumes such as we have described, serges, and all wool plaid goods should be used. Of the former, dark brown is the favorite shade, and plum color, wine color, and navy blue are also much worn. Very rich materials are often used also; is by no means uncommon to see young girls in entire suits of velvet or velvet faced and trimmed with gros grain silk.

Another fancy is to make the basque and apron of the suit of camel's-hair, and the sleeves and skirt of velvet and silk of the same shade. But mothers possessed of good taste prefer to see them dressed with more of simplicity appropriate to their years, and so select the least expensive goods. For some reason the hues selected now are always dark, and it is almost as uncommon to see a child dressed in gay colors on the streets of our cities as to see a lady in such attire. The plaids that have been worn have been universally of grave, quiet colors in shades of brown or gray, or if red is used with black, it is the dull cardinal red, almost as dark as a maroon red. The only Scotch plaid seen is what is called the Forty-Second Highland plaid, of mingled blue and green, and

of this small bars have the preference in choice.

Brown in the dark nut shades is undoubtedly the favorite shade for children at present, and a strange caprice of wealthy mothers is to use brown trimmings with white. It is the fashion among the wealthy and those who have their children taught at home to dress little girls in white all the year round. Their suits are to be made for cold weather of pique and Marseilles, cut in the Gabrielle pattern, high in the neck and with long sleeves. These are accompanied with dark brown accessories; that is, brown stockings and sash, and for outdoor wear, there is a long brown sacque of velvet or fine cloth, brown leggings, and a brown velvet cottage bonnet, or brown felt hat, or a lace cap trimmed with brown ribbon.

For the smallest girls, if they are sent to Kindergartens, the pretty little sailor dresses are worn; these are made in gray trimmed with brown, or black with scarlet, or in two shades of blue. These dresses are made with sailor waist or with the box-plaited waists that have three pleats in front and back, when of plaid, the skirts of such dresses are pressed in kilt pleats, with two or three rows of plain cashmere stitched around.

Dark stockings are universally worn by little folks now, as well with white dresses as with colored ones, and made of warm woolen they are much more sensible than the white cotton hose that little ones were condemned to wear a few years ago, for the sake of fashion. Those with stripes are worn by the smaller ones, but for older girls solid colors matching the suit are chosen. Kid gloves in sizes for little girls from two years and upward are now imported. Cloth gloves for children are also seen as perfectly fashioned and finished and giving as perfect a fit as those made for their mammas. Round felt hats are much worn, but for the younger ones, the cottage bonnet of silk or velvet is preferred. Small linen collars with embroidered and turned points, and cuffs to match, are also shown for the little folks, but the pleated ruffs of sheer muslin are prettier and much preferred to these.—*Fireside Friend.*

DRESS REFORM.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I cannot forbear to say a few words in sympathy with sister "Octavia," in the April HOUSEHOLD, for she has spoken my own feelings. I cannot say, with her, that I do not wear overskirts, polonaises, and trimmed skirts, for I do. I was brought up to dress very plainly, and never wore anything of the kind, nor any jewelry at all, except a very simple pin that had been my sister's, to fasten my collar, till two months before I was married, and don't know that I ever should, but for that event, for I never cared for dress. My mother used to say that when we remembered why we were obliged to wear clothing at all, on account of our sin and shame, she did not see how we could find anything in it to be proud of, or to wish to put on more than was necessary. My husband admires rich clothing and jewelry, and thinks that Christians have a right to dress as ele-

gantly as their means will permit. One of his first acts after our engagement was to present me with a set of jewelry, and pierce my ears. He did not like to do it himself, as he feared giving me pain, but I told him if it was done at all, he would have to do it, for I certainly should not let any one else. Now if I could only know positively that my Saviour was displeased with my wearing these rings, I don't think I would ever wear them again to please any one, for I do think I value His approval more than anything else.

A few weeks before marriage, I went to spend a few days with a dear friend and schoolmate, with the first overskirt I had ever worn, the jewelry spoken of, and a contrivance on my head, which somewhat resembled my own hair. With the freedom which our long intimacy warranted, she spoke of the change, adding, "I always told you that a little dress would make a wonderful difference in your appearance, but you never would listen to me." I attended Mr. Moody's church then, where there were a good many poor people, in plain clothing. Would our sister dress as plainly as she does now, if she attended one of our fashionable city churches? Perhaps she says she would not attend a fashionable church; but if the very few that might be called anything else, were at too great a distance, or the services in an unknown tongue, then what would she do?

I dress about as plainly as I can, and feel at all at home in our church society, though it is small, and less aristocratic than many others. I have said many times, "O I do wish ladies would wear plain dresses, such as they did ten and fifteen years ago;" but if I should wear them now, it would make my husband very unhappy, and I don't know what the result would be. He would be ashamed to go anywhere with me, while now he is unwilling to go anywhere without me. But here is one thought; it is very nice in warm weather, to put on a suit, and not have to put on anything else over it; but if we wear plain dresses, with neither overskirt nor polonaise, we are obliged to wear a shawl or something else over them; and I must confess the other way seems pleasanter to me now. They need not be elaborately trimmed, or hitched up and piled up in deformities, or the dress long enough to sweep all the dirt of the street. We can be independent in these matters, and simply make them look neat and tasteful. Then on the other hand, it is very pleasant to sit down sometimes, without being obliged to take up an overskirt or polonaise every time, to avoid sitting on it. But so many thoughts that I would like to express, crowd into my mind on this subject, that I must stop, else our good editor may refuse to publish them at all.

I should love to talk them all over with some earnest, consecrated Christian, who was living in daily communion with our Saviour; I do not think such an one can go far out of the way. I have often wished, with Kate Mortimer, in "Stepping Heavenward," that God had given us plain rules; but I suppose He has given all that are necessary. Will not sister Octavia let us hear from her again?

If she lives in Chicago, I should like to see and talk with her.

One word to sister Marah before I close. She thinks I must be a happy woman with such a husband. Yes, I am a happy woman, and I thank God every day that I live, for this, His precious gift to me. But "the heart knoweth its own bitterness," and a burden has come into my life that has seemed many, many times too heavy to be borne by any human being. Different arrangements have made it much lighter for the past year, but there is still a shadow that may not be removed for many years. So dear sister, when you pray for strength in your own trials, please remember me too, that I may have patience to bear mine submissively. MRS. L. S.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—For more than a year I have been the delighted recipient of your bounties; and now I feel that duty calls me to make some slight return for benefits received through your pages. I hold in horror the very idea of being numbered with that class who are always receiving and never giving.

Thanks to the writer of "Our Book Club." Our town has dramatic clubs and a dauncing club, but no one, I presume, has ever thought of a book club, the very club that we need more than all other clubs. If I can succeed in picking up a book club it may be a first rate club with which to knock down some of our prevailing evils.

Dear Octavia, I think with you that there should be a dress reform association, and that every christian woman in the land should be a charter member. Fashion is a tyrant; and American women are slaves; slaves to the merciless monster, Fashion. I would by no means have the ornamental, the beautiful banished from woman's toilet. I believe it is right for every lady to attire herself carefully, tastefully; and if her time and means will admit I see no great impropriety in her even dressing elegantly. But this foolish extravagance in dress, this great waste of time, this constant straining after the new and novel, all that is absurd, barbarous, or in any way injurious to the health I would consign to an ignominious death.

For the sake of future generations, dear sisters, let us be up and doing. Women have proven themselves brave and gallant soldiers when their dearest interests were threatend by an invading foe. Let us now confirm that fact; for are not our lives and the lives of our children in peril? Does not fashion smile blandly upon us and them, and do we not know that he is a deceitful and crafty murderer? Then let us slay the monster, or drive him from the land; and then let us make our own fashions, being governed by common sense and good taste. With a little artistic skill, which almost every woman possesses and may cultivate, we can devise our own styles, something that will become our personal individuality, and something that we can wear twenty years if we choose, without being the subject of ungracious remarks. If women could only be brought to their senses on this important subject of dress it would be like the dawning of the Millennium.

E. E. M.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING A CLOTH BASKET.

Take a yard of cotton cloth (either old or new) and color a dark blue, by using chemical bluing. Then tear the cloth into strips an inch wide, fringe on both sides, leaving six threads in the middle. Take a wire 23 inches long, and allow a few inches for lapping the ends, wind it with the fringed cloth about four times around. Take two strips each 30 inches long, twist each slightly then fasten the ends of the two strips on one side of wire hoop, and the other two ends on the opposite side, have eight of the same (two strips each) leaving them three inches apart. Next tie all together in the center, eight inches from the bottom. Then take two strips again, each 18 inches long, and begin to sew them on where the others are sewed, putting the other ends (of the two strips) three inches from the one just sewed on (instead of across the wire hoop as the others were) and sew on eight in all. Then comes next row. Take two strips each 10 inches long and commence to sew, in the center, between the other loops, or where the others are sewed, looping the other end of strips in the center of next space and so on filling up each space. This finishes the lower part of the basket, except the pieces going across the inside of the basket to hold flowers, four or more strips can be used. The strings make of single strips 20 inches long, sew on where the lowest loops are put on, and brought together at top and sewed together. Remember to twist all the strips in the basket. Let me hear from Ida W.

MR. CROWELL:—Let me give a bit of my experience as regards night dresses for children. I have a little boy of twenty months and as cold weather came on, I made him some night dresses of cotton flannel with legs to them, that he should not be exposed even if he got uncovered.

Soon after putting them on I noticed that he did not sleep well and grew cold toward morning notwithstanding the abundance of covering he had over him. He gradually lost his appetite, looked blue and pinched and was losing flesh. After enduring this about six weeks, vainly trying to find what ailed him, we consulted a physician. He told us that he was not properly dressed at night. He said that cotton flannel was not the material for children for when it gets wet it clings to them and is cold as ice. He also denounced the idea of making legs to the dresses; said that the limbs should not be separated but should come together. His directions were, to make a night dress of flannel long enough to lay on the floor half a yard, just like a big bag; run a string in the bottom of this and when the child goes to bed tie it up. In this way the legs cannot get out and there is perfect freedom of motion. We did so at once, and it worked like a charm. No more lying awake nights and wondering what the trouble is. The little fellow sleeps soundly and awakes in the morning refreshed and with a good appetite.

I feel so pleased with the result that if any other mother is troubled in the same way I would advise her to "go and do likewise." MAY.

A NEW NEEDLE.

A new needle, said to have been invented by a lady in San Francisco, has no eye. In the larger end it is pierced longitudinally to the depth of about a quarter of an inch, and the hole is provided with a screw thread. The advantage claimed is that the needle will make a smaller hole in the fabric than is caused at present by the bulk of thread around the eye of the old-fashioned implement.



THE RABBIT ON THE WALL.

The cottage work is over,
The evening meal is done;
Hark! throughout the starlight stillness
You hear the river run.
The little children whisper,
Then speak out one and all;
"Come, father, make for Johnny
The rabbit on the wall."

He, smilingly, assenting,
They gather round his chair;
"Now, grandma, you hold Johnny—
Don't let the candle flare."
So speaking, from his fingers
He threw a shadow tall,
That seemed a moment after,
A rabbit on the wall.

The children shout with laughter,
The uproar louder grows;
Even grandma chuckles faintly,
And Johnny chirps and crows.
There ne'er was gilded painting,
Hung up in lordly hall,
Gave half the simple pleasure
Of this rabbit on the wall.

JOE BENTON'S COAL YARD.

JOE BENTON lived in the country. Not far from his father's house was a large pond. His Cousin Herbert had given him a beautiful boat, elegantly rigged, with masts and sails all ready to go to sea on the pond. Joe had formed a sailing company among his schoolmates. They had elected him captain. The boat was snugly stowed away in a little cave, near the pond. At three o'clock on Saturday afternoon the boys were to meet and launch the boat. On the morning of this day Joe rose bright and early. It was a lovely morning. Joe was in fine spirits. He chuckled with delight when he thought of the afternoon. "Glorious!" said he to himself, as he finished dressing. "Now I've just time to run down to the pond, before breakfast, and see that the boat is all right. Then I'll hurry home and learn my lessons for Monday, so as to be ready for the afternoon, for the captain must be up to time."

Away he went, scampering towards the cave where the boat had been left, ready for the launch. As he drew near he saw signs of mischief and felt uneasy. The big stone before the cave had been rolled away. The moment he looked within he burst into a loud cry. There was the beautiful boat which his cousin had given him, with its masts and sails all broken to pieces, and a large hole bored in the bottom.

Joe stood for a moment motionless with grief and surprise; then with his face all red with anger he exclaimed,—"I know who did it—the mean scamp! It was Fritz Brown; and he was mad because I didn't ask him to the launch; but I'll pay him for this caper, see if I don't." Then he pushed back the ruined boat into the cave, and hurrying on, some way down the road, he fastened a string across the foot-path, a few inches from the bushes.

Presently a step was heard, and Joe eagerly peeped out. He expected to see Fritz coming along, but instead of

that it was his Cousin Herbert. He was the last person Joe cared to see just then, so he unfastened the string, and lay quiet, hoping that he would not see him. But Herbert's quick eye soon caught sight of him, and Joe had to tell him all that had happened, and wound up by saying—"But never mind; I mean to make him smart for it."

"Well, what do you mean to do, Joe?" asked Herbert.

"Why you see Fritz carries a basket of eggs to market every morning, and I mean to trip him over this string, and smash 'em all."

Joe knew this was not a right feeling, and expected to get a sharp lecture from his cousin. But, to his surprise, he only said in a quiet way:

"Well, I think Fritz does deserve some punishment; but this string is an old trick: I can tell you something better than that."

"What?" cried Joe eagerly.

"How would you like to put a few coals of fire on his head?"

"What! burn him?" asked Joe doubtfully. His cousin nodded his head with a queer smile. Joe clapped his hands. "Bravo!" said he, "that's just the thing, Cousin Herbert. You see, his hair is so thick, he wouldn't get burnt much before he'd have time to shake 'em off, but I'd just like to see him jump once. Now tell me how to do it—quick!"

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing, thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." There, said Herbert, "that's God's way of doing it, and I think that's the best kind of punishment that Fritz could have."

You should have seen how long Joe's face grew while Herbert was speaking. "Now, I do say, Cousin Herbert," added Joe, "that's a real take in. Why, it's no punishment at all."

"Try it once," said Herbert. "Treat Fritz kindly, and I am certain he will feel so ashamed and unhappy, that kicking or beating him would be fun in comparison."

Joe was not really a bad boy, but he was now in a very ill temper, and he said sullenly:—"But you've told me a story, Cousin Herbert. You said this kind of coals would burn, and they don't at all."

"You are mistaken about that," said Herbert. "I've known such coals burn up malice, envy, ill-feeling, and a great deal of rubbish, and then leave cold hearts feeling as warm and pleasant as possible."

Joe drew a long sigh. "Well, tell me a good coal to put on Fritz's head, and I'll see about it."

"You know," said Herbert, "that Fritz is very poor and can seldom buy himself a book, although he is very fond of reading, but you have quite a library. Now suppose—but no, I won't suppose anything about it. Just think over the matter and find your own coal. But be sure to kindle it with love, for no other fire burns like that." Then Herbert sprang over the fence and went whistling away.

Before Joe had time to collect his thoughts, he saw Fritz coming down the lane carrying a basket of eggs in one hand and a pail of milk in the

other. For a moment the thought crossed Joe's mind, "what a grand smash it would have been if Fritz had fallen over the string!" but he drove it away in an instant, and was glad enough that the string was put away in his pocket. Fritz started and looked very uncomfortable when he first caught sight of Joe, but the good fellow began at once, with, "Fritz, do you have much time to read now?"

"Sometimes," said Fritz, "when I've driven the cows home and done all my chores, I have a little piece of daylight left; but the trouble is, I've read every book that I can get hold of."

"How would you like to take my new book of travels?"

Fritz's eyes fairly danced. "Oh, may I? may I? I'd be so careful of it."

"Yes," answered Joe, "and perhaps I've some others you'd like to read. And Fritz," he added, a little slyly, "I would ask you to come and help sell my new boat this afternoon, but some one has gone and broken the masts, and torn up the sails, and made a great hole in the bottom. Who do you suppose did it?"

"Oh, Joe! I did it; but I can't begin to tell how sorry I am. You didn't know I was so mean when you promised me the books, did you?"

"Well, I rather thought you did it," said Joe, slowly.

"And you didn't—" Fritz couldn't get any farther. He felt as if he would choke. His face was as red as a coal. He could stand it no longer, and so off he walked without saying a word.

"That coal does burn," said Joe to himself. "I know Fritz would rather I had smashed every egg in his basket than offered to lend him that book. But I feel fine." Joe took two or three somersets, and went home with a light heart, and a grand appetite for breakfast.

When the captain and crew of the little vessel met at the appointed hour, they found Fritz there before them, eagerly trying to repair the injuries, and as soon as he saw Joe he hurried to present him with a beautiful flag which he had bought for the boat with a part of his egg money. The boat was repaired and launched, and made a grand trip, and everything turned out as Cousin Herbert had said, for Joe's heart was so warm and full of kind thoughts, that he never was more happy in his life. And Joe found out afterwards, that the more he used of this curious kind of coal, the larger supply he had on hand,—kind thoughts, kind words, and kind actions.

"I declare, Cousin Herbert," said he, with a queer twinkle in his eye, "I think I shall have to set up a coal yard."

I should be glad to have all of you, my young friends, engage in this branch of the coal business. If every family would be careful to keep a supply of Joe Benton's coals on hand, and make a good use of them, how happy they would be. Joe was sowing righteousness, when he put the coal on Fritz's head, and he had "a sure reward" in the pleasure which it yielded him. Pleasure is one part of the reward of sowing righteousness. This is sure.

The other part of the reward is moisture.

profit. This is sure also. Sometimes the profit of sowing righteousness is found here in this life.

EARNEST WORDS WITH PARENTS.

Number Eighteen.

Let parents open to their children the Book of Nature, and trace with them its ample pages. What a fruitful field for mental culture and refinement is here spread out before them. The heavens above, with their rolling planets and shining stars; the varying winds and floating clouds; the dew that collects upon the grass; the gently falling rain that distils from the clouds; the frost, ice and snow which appear in their season; the storm which gathers among the mountains, roaring and flashing with terrific thunder and forked lightnings, and pours itself in deluging torrents upon the valleys below; the ever-changing seasons, which "give seed-time and harvest," and come freighted each with its own pleasures and blessings. What objects and themes for youthful contemplation. What sources of instruction, if the inquiring mind of childhood is properly directed.

The child in the flower garden may take numberless lessons in discriminating colors and odors, and in learning the names and characteristics of the different flowers that adorn the landscape and delight the senses. He may cultivate a taste for the beautiful in nature, and a fondness for that rich science which opens at this point, into the wide world of vegetable creation.

The child in the cultivated field should learn to distinguish between the different grasses and grains. Each kind has its own peculiar stalk and leaf and blossom and seed. The field of herd's grass differs from the barley, oat and rye field; and the kernels all differ from each other, after the harvest. Now, how many in the schools are put upon the study of the higher English, classics and ornamental branches, who are profoundly ignorant of the most common and useful facts by which their childhood was surrounded. And yet all these facts might have been known perfectly, and much profitable discipline secured, had their parents done their duty, and early called their attention to the object lessons of nature in the garden and the field.

The child in the orchard, and in the woods, should be taught early to name at sight, the apple, pear, peach and plum trees; the beech, birch and maple, with their various species; and the evergreens which defy the chilling blast and icy grapple of winter. He should know them by the color of their bark, the slope of their leaves, and the taste of their fruit; and he should understand their comparative utility for the purposes of food, fuel and lumber. A knowledge of such facts would lead the young to inquire into the philosophy of the vegetable world; to study the relations of the plant and tree to the elements which surround them, and finally, to investigate the process by which plants grow under the influence of heat, light and

Still further; the child among the minerals of nature, may be profitably employed in learning the nature of the soil, and the names of the different rocks and metals with which he is so familiar. The different soils and their adaptation to the different crops which the farmer expects them to yield; the manner of enriching and cultivating them; the time and seasons of casting the seeds, nursing the plants and getting the harvest, are facts which every boy should understand—and the girl the corresponding facts in her own domestic department.

The difference between the common metals, iron, lead, copper, silver and gold, their uses and comparative values, and the localities from which they are obtained; why gold is more valuable than silver, and silver than copper, and copper than lead when used as coins; and why iron is the most valuable of all metals when used in the arts, are facts which every child can and should understand even while in the home school of nature. A knowledge of these facts will lead to the science of agriculture, housekeeping, mineralogy and geology, and lay the foundation for a successful business life.

And finally the child may be introduced to the animal world. Domestic animals first attract his attention. These become his companions and his delight. The dog, the cat, the cow, the horse, are watched and trained and enjoyed in the pasture of every day life. The first business of the parent is, therefore, to teach the child the distinctive natures and habits of these animals. This instruction will tend to awaken new interest in the whole subject of animal existence, and will lead the young learner to study the history of the wild animals that roam our forest, and occupy other countries. From a knowledge of the domestic fowls which affords the child so much pleasure, he learns to listen with delight, to the songs of the birds that frequent the groves about his dwelling, and to study, with interest, their varying forms, colors, notes, habits and history. And ere long, under proper encouragement, he is ready to search the whole field of natural history, for new objects of interest. And home instruction in the animal kingdom finds an endless variety of objects in the department of insects. They fill the air we breathe, the water we drink, and occupy every foot of land upon which we tread. In species they are countless, in variety almost infinite. Now, the child is familiar with many of these short-lived but evidently happy little creatures. Give him a microscope and teach him to study with care, their habits and history. And the water, also, teems with its own inhabitants, the funny tribes and the shell fish, all objects of great interest and profit for home lessons and instruction. EXPERIENCE.

NAGGING.

This term, according to one of our leading literary authorities, means "not scolding, reproof, or outright punishment, but being always at a child"—finding continual fault with him about little things. Though the gentleman to whom we are indebted

for this definition addresses his admonition with respect to "nagging" to teachers, it occurs to us that parents might without injury take the matter to heart.

It is not always easy for us to distinguish between what is essential and what is an accident of development in our children. For the former we must have long, patient, and judicious training, reaching from infancy to maturity, slowly weeding out elements that are noxious, and as slowly incorporating those that are wanting, just as we graft pears upon quince roots or apples on the thorn tree. For the accidental qualities, we have only to wait their outgrowth. Yet these qualities, mainly, and not the essential ones, provoke "nagging," of which mothers far more than fathers are apt to be guilty.

At one time in the life of a boy, and this applies to girls as well, he delights to get into the ink. Look out, then, for stains on the carpet, scribblings in your choicest books, and blotches on handkerchiefs, aprons, dresses, and table-covers; they are as certain to come as March winds, and almost as trying; but they go of themselves, and "nagging" neither hastens nor delays their departure. Dancing a chair about on one leg while sitting, is another stage that nervous children have to go through, and it lasts till they grow into easy self-confidence. Though excruciating to the susceptible looker-on, patience is the only true remedy. Mild expostulation and pleasant ridicule may hasten the progress of the disorder to a happy termination, but it will cure itself in time.

Slamming doors and leaving them open, mark another regular stage in the growth of every boy. Life is too short in the juvenile estimation to shut them quietly, perhaps to shut them at all; and about this time, all along before and after, he has too much on hand to stop to wipe his shoes when he comes in from the muddy street. What matters a little mud? As he sits by the stove, warming his feet and leaving traces of their presence, what more natural than that he should whistle or sing a comic song or a psalm-tune comically? He doesn't mean anything wrong by it. The boy nature, exuberant, effervescent, overflowing, must work itself off in some manner or dangerous consequences will ensue, the very worst of which would be ill nature resulting from suppression. "Nagging" does no good at all; it only makes matters worse.

Caval with muddy feet and slamming doors are images in pencil on the house, finger-marks on the windows, especially of a frosty morning when they are so tempting as tablets, trials of the new jack-knife on the dining-table or the pillars of the front porch, marginal readings on spellers and arithmetics in hieroglyphics that not even Champollion could have deciphered; the boy's name in unformed chirography scrawled in chalk or pencil everywhere—on the coal bin, the barn door, the parlor window-sill, the walls of his sleeping room; all these testify to the presence of the boy in the house. Can he help it! Are such things to be allowed? By no means;

they are to be borne with, kindly rebuked, perhaps and the activity that engenders them turned into a channel large enough and attractive enough to absorb it all. A damp cloth will remove the chalk and finger marks; erasive soap will take off the plumbago, tartaric acid obliterate the ink spot; but what can eradicate from the child's character the effects of perpetual "nagging"?

The time comes fast enough when there will be no little careless hand to make a "muss" on the clean table-cloth, no tiny fingers to scatter things round, no clatter of childish feet on the stairway. Fresh paper may cover all the marks on the hard-finish, paint may conceal the ambitious handwriting on the woodwork, and those traces of boyish pranks that still remain, the mother's eye and heart may cherish as sacred to the memory of the dead or the absent, as something she would not willingly be without.

In a genial, wholesome, tolerant, loving atmosphere, the boy and girl will go through the various stages of growth from childhood to adult life, dropping whatever is in its nature juvenile, little by little, as naturally as the bean-vine drops its seminal leaves; but the forbearance and loving patience of the wise father and judicious mother who under innumerable provocations refrained from "nagging," will not be forgotten.—*Tribune.*

THE PUZZLER.

We will send a copy of *THE HOUSEHOLD* for one year to the one who first sends full and correct answers to The Puzzler for any month.

ANSWERS:—1. A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver. 2. Oleander. 3. Price, trice, rice, dice, nice, vice, ice, ace.

4. War and love are strange compeers, War sheds blood, and love sheds tears.

War has spears, and love has darts, War breaks heads, and love breaks hearts.

5. Henry W. Longfellow.

6. C E N T 8. V I N E
E V E R I D E A
N E R O N E A R
T R O T E A R S

9. Heliotrope. 10. Snowdrop. 11. Larkspur. 12. Nasturtium. 13. Marygold. 14. Polyanthus. 15. Japonica. 16. Myrtle. 17. Periwinkle. 18. Monkshood. 19. Foxglove. 20. Spiderwort. 21. Violet.

ENIGMAS.

1. I am composed of eighteen letters.

My 17, 13, 15, 1 is a bird.

My 8, 2, 4, 10, 5, 13 is a boy's name.

My 1, 12 is a pronoun.

My 14, 9, 26 is a tree.

My 11, 6, 3, 7 is a plant.

My whole was one of England's noblest statesmen.

2. I am composed of thirteen letters.

My 5, 2, 8, 4, 10 is an animal.

My 9, 6, 12, 7, 1 is a receptacle.

My 3, 6, 11, 13 is a Persian governor.

My whole is a body of water on the map of North America.

3. My 1, 2 has the sound of one letter.

My 3, 4, 5 some people are noted for.

My 6, 7 transposed is the abbreviation for one of the states.

My 8, 9, 10, 11 is much used by surgeons.

My 12, 13 is a preposition.

My whole was distinguished as one of the most prominent sons of New York.

M. D. H.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

4. My first is in date but not in palm. My second is in sheep but no in lamb. My third is in lemon and also in lime. My fourth is in hour but not in time. My fifth is in oval and also in round. My sixth is in ounce and also in pound.

My seventh is in grass but not in grain. My eighth is in dew but not in rain. My ninth is in humble but not in proud.

My tenth is in low and also in loud. My eleventh is in lawyer but not in fee. My twelfth is in cedar but not in tree.

My whole is something all housewives should read, To learn how in housekeeping arts to succeed.

HATTIE E. B.

CRYPTOGRAPH.

5. Lbz mfwfs kbez orftt gjt kjgt, Gjt ospggfsfe kpwf gfuvojoh, Vip lblft a evsobdf ng gjt lpvui Aoe jffgt hut bijnofz avsojoh; Lbz dbdi ssvf vpubo rivo gjt tjiu Eps elbs gjt evnft ljhis gfs, Aoe nomz siptf vip tnplf sisntfmwft Gbwf ljtft epo a tnplfs.

CHARADE.

6. It comes from regions unknown, and afar, And whither it goeth, we know not, Nor what is its errand—a mystery still, Nor what is its message, or lot.

The peasant looks up to the starbright sky, And he shudders and signs the cross, To his darkened mind the mystery brings

A warning of war, or terrible loss.

But the student smiles, as he watches the train,

Flung like fiery banners abroad, He knows the mystery bodes no ill, But is sent by the kind, good God.

O'er this glorious land we love so well, Brooded at night this mystery fair, But it shone to us like the covenant bow,

The seal of a peace we may ever wear.

SQUARE WORDS.

7. Dancing girls in Egypt; to gain knowledge; pertaining to apples; a scripture name; a kind of tape.

8. To drop; a disease; a musical instrument; to sneer.

ARITHMOREM.

9. LBI)MTKMH(ASK

SKC

BCBM

BAH I

BHTH

BHTH

JUMBLES.

Names of Rivers.—10. Crammeri.

11. Moonacusa. 12. Oonni. 13.

Zamano. 14. Simsroui. 15. Lastcir.

16. Kroonae. 17. Tomopac. 18.

Larches. 19. Line. 20. Saranaks.

21. Hetiw.



KNIFE AND SAUCER versus FORK AND CUP.

BY S. E. D.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD: — I would like to say a few words upon a subject suggested by Olive Oldstyle in her letter of February. Let me preface by saying that no one enjoys her contributions to *THE HOUSEHOLD* more than myself, and I heartily agree with her and the Martyr in their exposure of the fashionable follies of the time. But when she eulogizes Henry Ward Beecher for protesting against being forbidden by good manners the privilege of using his saucer to cool his coffee, or his knife to eat with, with due deference to herself and the reverend gentleman in question, I think for once fashion is in the right.

To be sure, it would be martyrdom indeed, to attempt to eat with the old fashioned, short, two-pronged fork; but with the modern four-pronged silver or silver-plated one, which is now as necessary to every household as silver spoons were in our grandmother's day, eating is a different matter. I deny that there is any "chasing of food about the plate" with such a fork, and held in the hand spoon fashion, it is certainly a more graceful way of conveying the food to the mouth than with the knife. And those who bid defiance to custom in this respect will almost invariably be found committing greater offences against good manners; in fact show me the man who eats with his knife and I will show you the man who puts that very knife into the butter.

Probably a great deal of the prejudice against the modern fork and its use arises from a misapprehension or perhaps a half-apprehension. People attempt to convey food to their mouth with the old steel forks and declare it is the most foolish and unnatural way of eating ever invented. Others attempt to use silver forks after the manner of steel ones and say it is the "most ridiculous kind of a fork they ever saw."

In regard to the cup and saucer question, it is not often that Fashion is a labor saver, and when she is even in the smallest degree is it best to quarrel with her? If tea and coffee are poured into the saucer there must be cup plates or a spotted and stained table-cloth, the one entailing more dish washing, the other more washing and ironing, and surely in most households there is already enough of either. But this is by no means the only objection. A saucer full of liquid is not the easiest thing to get to one's mouth especially for a child. The old adage "There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip," applies with more force to the saucer. Then as far as my experience goes, if the drink is poured into the saucer, the bottom of it gets too cold. When I was a child I was allowed to have weak coffee which I was taught to pour into my saucer, but I soon

made the discovery that the last swallow of every saucerful became stone cold, no matter how soon I drank it after pouring. So without the least regard to fashion, probably, indeed several years in advance of her, I adopted the plan of drinking from my cup and have no desire to change. And I was not aware that people were required to "scald their mouths;" I supposed the use of the spoon was permissible until the beverage became cool enough to be drank from the cup with comfort.

And, my dear Olive, there are people, very good people too, no doubt, who think napkins a useless innovation, men who come to the table coatless and wipe their mustaches across their shirt sleeves. Is fashion arbitrary to consider this a breach of good manners?

And there are those who think it the acme of hospitality to allow a guest to help himself. "Help yourself, M. D.," said such an one to my husband on one occasion, "I ain't no hand to help folks," and he and his hired man set the example by helping themselves with their own spoon from the one dish containing a heterogeneous mass of stewed wild fowl, vegetables, gravy, etc.

Now I don't think you, Olive, would advocate this kind of table manners, and yet isn't it just as arbitrary to draw the line one side of the knife and fork question as the other? I can't quite agree with you when you say, "for mercy's sake let us eat and drink in peace," for that must really mean "let each one do as he or she pleases."

Fashion is or ought to be the exponent of civilization and refinement, and there is as much scope for the exercise of these at the table as elsewhere. Children should be taught to eat properly as well as to act and speak properly.

AROUND THE DINNER-TABLE.

A merely bounteous table is not always welcome or appetizing. Two or three dishes, well prepared and daintily arranged, are superior to a dozen carelessly and inartistically put on. Hospitality is often confounded with profusion, and some of us are apt to believe that we play the host ill unless we persuade our guests into eating a great deal. This sort of entertainment is simply material, though it is commoner than we think.

The pleasures of the table should appeal to the eye and mind as well as to the palate. Form should be consulted; grace should be indispensable. The savor of food gains much from its setting and its accompaniments. A few flowers, perfect order and neatness, with congeniality and sympathy about the board, will ensure what an Apician feast might not.

The day of uniformity in table as well as other furniture has passed, the present fancy being for oddness and variety. This, apart from picturesqueness, is both convenient and economical, since the breaking of one or two pieces does not necessitate the purchase of an entire new set. It is not unusual now to see on elegant breakfast-tables each coffee-cup different from its neighbor and no two of

the plates alike. But it is at tea—most informal of meals—that the greatest variety and the prettiest effects may be produced.

Flowers have come to be indispensable to many tables, and they will be, ere long, let us hope, indispensable to all. They need not be rare nor costly. They are so beautiful, even the plainest and poorest of them, that nothing else can supply their place. A few green leaves, a dozen wayside daisies, a bunch of violets, impart a charm and awake in us the touch of nature.

But more than all that is on the table is the spirit brought to it. There can be no high enjoyment of the senses unattended by sympathy. Disquietude of mind at table is the precursor of indigestion. They who are invited to dinner and take thereto anxiety and discontent defraud the host of a proper return for his hospitality. No one has a right to go socially where he does not hope to give some sort of compensation. The tablecloth should be the flag of truce in the battles of every-day life. We should respect it and, in its presence, commend ourselves to peace.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

A GOOD APPETITE.

At certain seasons, as in spring and summer, the appetite of even the most robust is apt to fail, and the relish for meats and heavy food to wane. This is all right enough, for animal diet in warm weather heats the blood, tends to headaches, and is generally unwholesome unless sparingly used. On the other hand, fresh vegetables, berries, fruit and bread are cooling, corrective and what the palate most craves. Don't be afraid to go without meat for a month or so, and, if you like it, live purely on vegetable regimen. We warrant that you will lose no more strength than is common to the time, and you will not suffer protracted heat as when dining on the regulation roast.

Many persons regard a hearty desire for food as something unrefined, indelicate, and to be constantly discouraged. That is a greater or more harmful mistake than that of coaxing the appetite. It is just as necessary for the man who works only with his brain to eat beef and mutton as for the man who labors solely with hands. The stomach and the brain are twins; the former being the elder, and having prior right to care. Let that be well provided for, and it will sustain its brother.

The people who strive to check a wholesome and natural appetite are the people who regard dinner merely as a feed, not the centre of an agreeable social custom and as the domestic event of the day. We are sorry for them, as they must regard eating at all a prosaic duty, obligatory on them, because they have a bias in favor of living. We all know that we must eat to live; but we by no means live to eat simply because we enjoy what we eat. We are not gormands because we relish chops nor are we invalids because we want strawberries.

A good appetite is a good thing, but not if it is to be worried by urging or by neglect.—*Ibid.*

THE DESSERT.

—The surest way to have fish at supper in the country is to just drop them a line beforehand.

—A young man in Ohio recently opened a clothing store, and was sent to jail for it. Reason: the clothing store belonged to another man.

—A young dandy sang two mortal hours under the boudoir of his lady-love, when he was electrified by a "thank you" from her window by her "other fellow."

—The adage that "Providence helps those who help themselves," don't apply to those who help themselves to the best there is on the table, and leave their fellow-boarders to skirmish for the rest.

—"Go it, old fellow," said two idle scapegraces to an honest laborer at work. "Work away while we play; sow and we'll reap." "Very likely, my lads," replied the old man, coolly; "I'm sowing hemp."

—"J. Gray—Pack with my box five dozen quills." There is nothing remarkable about this sentence, only that it is nearly as short as one can be constructed, and yet contain all the letters of the alphabet.

—Reading the great Spurgeon's declaration, "A cigar is a thing to thank God for," a Navy Yard school boy bought a cigar. He was afterwards seen hanging over a fence, but he was not giving thanks.—*Wash. Chronicle.*

—A gentleman drove a sorrowful looking horse into town last Saturday, and, stopping in front of Bank Block, he requested a small boy to hold him a moment. "Hold him!" exclaimed the boy; "just lean him up against the post—that'll hold 'im."

—"Make you a coat, sir?" said a suspicious tailor to a suspected customer. "Oh, yes, sir, with the greatest pleasure. There, just stand in that position, please, and look right upon that notice while I take your measure." Customer reads the notice: "Terms cash."

—They tell a story about a funny fellow who put the saddle hind part foremost upon his horse while in a condition of dizziness, superinduced by fire-water. Just as he was about to mount, a German friend came up and told him his saddle was on wrong end before. The horseman gazed for a moment at the intruder, as if in deep thought, and then said: "You let that saddle alone. How do you know which way I am going?" And the gentleman from Germany passed on.

—Young ladies may find a grain of interest in the following Scottish-marriage Act, passed in the reign of Margaret, commonly called Maid of Norway, A. D. 1238:—It is ordain'd that during the reine of her maist blessit Majestie ilk maiden layde of baith highe and low estate sall ha'e libertye to bespeake ye man she lykes best; albeit gif he refaises to take her till his wife, he sall be mulct in ye sume of ane hundred pundes or less, as his estate may be; except and alwaies gif he make it appeire that he sall be free."



LETTY'S HEADACHE.

BY MAJASA.

HOW do you do, Letty? beautiful day isn't it?" and the lively caller seemed to bring with her some of the spring sunshine, as she entered the half-darkened room.

"Oh, I've got a wretched headache," was the plaintive reply, as the occupant of the big rocking chair languidly dropped a magazine, "and have been trying to amuse myself with the stories, but they're all so dull."

"You deserve to have the headache, Letty, such a close, hot room;" and with the familiarity of the dearest friend, and darling room-mate of former years, she opened the shutters and raised the windows, while her companion with flushed cheeks, faintly remonstrated saying:

"I'll surely take cold, I'm not so strong as when we were at school together."

"Do you know the reason, Letty?"

"Perhaps it's because I don't have you to take care of me, Ethel, and—"

"Open the windows, and take you out walking and so on," interrupted her vigorous friend.

A succession of sneezes followed, then the window went down with the accompanying remark:

"We've let in a little fresh air anyhow."

"Wouldn't you please bathe my head, Ethel, with camphor?" asked the suffering young lady, in a sorrowful tone.

"No ma'am," was the prompt and seemingly ungracious answer; "but I'll do something better, get you ready for a walk in this glorious sunshine. Where's a brush? let me put up your hair," and the energetic friend threw off her wrappings, and proceeded to arrange the disordered locks, while the feeble protest was soon silenced.

"Not that heavy braid," and the switch was tossed back to the bureau.

"But how will I look on the street? what would sister Eva say?"

"I'll arrange your vail so no one will be the wiser, and never mind 'sister Eva,' I'm the presiding genius just at present, please to remember. Now for the shoes, oh, dear, high heeled gaiters!"

"My rubbers are in the closet," was the meek reply.

"Well," after much tugging at the tight sandals, "how cold your feet must be squeezed so tight, I wouldn't wear such tight shoes, Letty, if I had to follow the advice of the clerk to the woman who couldn't find a pair large enough, 'just you go home and put on your thinnest stockings and come back and try on the box.'"

"Oh, Ethel, you are just as funny as you used to be," replied Letty, laughing in spite of herself.

"Now I don't mean it all for mere sport, dear," was the grave answer. "Don't you remember how Dr. H. used to tell us that tight shoes made

the feet cold, drove the blood from the feet to the head, and of course one would have the headache?"

"Yes, I believe I do remember something of the kind, my waterproof is in the closet," continued Letty, quite willing to turn the tide of conversation.

"And your hat?"

"On the top shelf."

"This heavy affair?" said Ethel, trying it on, "I'd have a headache worth talking about, if I wore it an hour; haven't you something more comfortable? seems to me women might turn their attention to inventing articles of wearing apparel that would not be so generally burdensome. Oh, here's another hat, wear this—it's ever so much lighter."

"That's last winter's style, what would sister Eva say if she should happen to meet me on the street? and—"

"Never mind, I can twist this accomodating vail so as to produce 'the same effect,' as sister Eva, and her fashionable friends would say. Now let me fix the fire and the room," three or four sticks were laid in the stove, two opposite windows slightly raised, and all the shutters thrown wide open to the sun. Then the two friends stepped out on the street.

"It is a beautiful day," exclaimed Letty, striving to keep pace with the active Ethel.

"Delightful," was the cheery reply, "this pure air, and clear sunshine makes me so glad and happy; I pity poor, tired mothers and housekeepers, whose never-ending work leaves them no time and strength for a brisk walk like this."

A merry chat followed, first one corner was turned, then another, and in three-quarters of an hour the pedestrians stood once more in Letty's room, filled with fresh air.

"Will you have the camphor now, Letty?" asked her friend, as she closed the windows and stirred the fire.

"No, thank you, Ethel, I left my headache in the street, I do feel so much better, thanks to your kindness, my true friend, what, going? come again soon, my good Mentor."

NERVOUSNESS.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

The causes of nervousness are almost as numerous as the physical sins of the race. There is no effect without a definite cause, no sickness, no physical suffering only so far as the laws of the body, or the conditions of health have been molested or disregarded. If the stomach may be overtaxed, by exercise, labor (dyspepsia) or the muscles abused by exposure and overtaxing (rheumatism) so may the nerves become deranged and diseased by a total disregard of the conditions of healthy action.

Labor and necessary rest are two of the most important conditions of health, of course, with a proper regard to nourishment; with far too many labor is the most prominent consideration.

A love of gain, a passion for display and an undue anxiety consign far too many to a condition not naturally differing from total or partial insanity. A few crush the powers of the body

or of the mind by hard labor, more, vastly more fret themselves to death; we struggle with the present evils, moan over their huge proportions, bewailing our sad fate, as if the worst possible, while we are often about as much troubled in reference to the past, magnifying the ills through which we have safely passed, and then look to

the future for occasions for murmurings, seeing in the dim distance the distinct outlines of frightful ills, peering into the future with undefinable forebodings, as if eager to gloat on some spectral calamity, as a means of making ourselves miserable—a kind of superstitious desire for romance. We utter our door and stove "oaths" by slamming the one and kicking the other in nervous spitefulness, though with no special design, it may be only manifesting outwardly the unrest, the irritability and the "nervousness" within. We are "wound up" to a high pitch of nervous irritability and we must run till the power is exhausted. We worry and fret and scold and repine, and repine and scold and fret and worry, changing the order but retaining the spirit, apparently with a strong desire to make ourselves unhappy. This too often is our most successful effort unhappy ourselves and making those so around us as far as our influence is felt. Such, of necessity, are thin and haggard, the countenance aciduous. It scarcely need be said that scolding and worrying exhaust more, destroy more muscle, waste more vital force and actually demand more nourishment than the hardest physical labor.

A want of sleep is prominent among the causes of this nervous irritability. Rest and sleep at night are among the necessities of our being, without which perfect health and physical happiness is utterly impossible. Females, as a class, need more of both than males—mothers more especially. It is an unfortunate circumstance that when the nervous system is the most depressed, the most irritated and consequently demanding rest that too often it is with the most difficulty secured. In other words, when the nerves are "unstrung" they cannot easily be sufficiently quieted to admit of natural sleep. Since sleep depends, to some extent, on the natural condition of the nerves, it follows that their derangement must also derange sleep. And while sleep is the medicine for the nerves any derangement in this particular must be unfortunate. It may be poetical to burn the "midnight oil," and it may gratify a depraved taste to read a yellow-covered novel or sew, when good and honest people should obey God's laws by securing needful sleep and rest and recuperation, but the penalty is sure, and its removal cannot be effected by a few regrets or by medicine so long as the causes remain. Stop the fountain and the stream will cease to flow. To thus disregard God's laws is practical suicide.

Again, many of our usual condiments, our mustard, vinegar, pepper, salt and the irritants as a whole, used in excess, as they so generally are, do much toward producing this sad derangement of the nerves. These results are effected directly by the irritation of the nerves and indirectly

through their influence on the organs of digestion. Many articles of food the more stimulating and irritating, those exceedingly difficult of digestion, of necessity exhaust the powers of the body, draw on the nervous energy, wasting much of this force, so much needed for other purposes. This exorbitant demand for nervous force, for the sole purpose of disposing of doubtful aliments, with others so injurious to health that they cannot be called doubtful, is but a prodigal waste, an unwise appropriation of power needed for far more useful purposes. This exhaustion, this irritation, this goading and fretting of the powers of digestion, often without mercy, not only wastes the energies of the body, but must produce a nervous excitement and unrest, through the absence of sleep—nearly allied to insanity,—a condition in which far too many of our women are struggling with "giant despair," fretful, unhappy and sometimes morose.

These influences constantly tend to produce melancholy, a tendency to look on the shady rather than the sunny side, while by a law of our being, the cherishing of such forebodings must constantly tend to add to the existing evils. And here it is well to remember that brain labor and of course nervous excitability and whatever may exhaust the nervous system will ever prostrate the physical powers, and demand more nourishment, at least, of a certain kind, than mere physical effort. These remarks apply with equal force to business men, insane in their ceaseless struggle with opposing forces, eager in their pursuit of the phantom of happiness and untiring in "labors oft and perils oft," the body exhausted and the mind constantly goaded to increased effort, and the nerves, like the strings of the musical instrument, from too great a tension, ready at any moment to snap. Such are on the rack by day and by night, the cares and perplexities of the counting room unwisely carried home, and then like Pilgrim's pack carried to what should be the couch of sleep and rest, there to sit like the incubus of night-mare, disturbing dreams, or rather producing the most frightful of them. It is not strange, under such circumstances, that we alike have female and male victims of hysterics! It follows as certainly as effects succeed causes. If we unduly exhaust nervous power we must pay the penalty. Nature never allows the frauds of chancery.

CHAPPED HANDS.

The easiest and simplest remedy for chapped hands is found in every store-room. Take common starch and grind with a knife until it is reduced to the smoothest powder, and then every time the hands are taken from the suds, or dish-water, wipe them, and while they are yet damp, rub a pinch of the starch thoroughly over them, covering the whole surface.

WARTS.—If Elliott will frequently apply muriatic acid to the wart only, it will soon disappear. In the absence of this, scrape enough soap from a common bar to make a poultice and wear at night, and the wart will eventually dissolve. The same is true of corns.

J. H. H.



HINTS TO YOUNG WRITERS.

BY U. U.

WETHER to write or not to write, is a question that has been pretty thoroughly discussed in THE HOUSEHOLD, but how to write, and suggestions in reference to authorship as a study has but slightly been touched upon in these pages. And at first it may seem that a journal like this is scarce the place for such subjects to be introduced; yet as THE HOUSEHOLD proper embraces aspiring young people, some ambitious for literary distinction, and all, we hope, wishing to express their thoughts in a presentable manner when occasion requires, we see no good and sufficient reason why a few hints may not properly find a place here, especiaill y as so many among our readers seem interested in the matter.

Hints we say, because we shrink from presuming to attempt more; knowing how rare a thing is real literary excellence, and knowing also that, while critical in reading another's productions, we find our own pen too often faulty in the execution of its self-appointed work. And yet no writer, having had a few years experience, can have failed to learn something of their art, knowledge, which may be of advantage to our younger friends, if only by its stimulating them to attempt greater excellence for themselves.

It is desirable that any person of fair intelligence and education should understand the proper form of preparing manuscript for the press, even though they may never aspire to test the bright, or the dark side of authorship. Not only may business require this of both sexes, but there may be occasions when one would like to speak to the public through the press, upon some subject in which they are interested, even though it were no more than to write a letter, or send a recipe to the columns of this journal. To know how to do it, saves one's self mortification, and saves an editor untold perplexity, which comes from ill-prepared matter often offered for inspection.

And, as it is the physical aspect of the manuscript that first attracts the editor's attention, and as some may care to follow us no farther than upon these outside appearances, we will give a few hints, to commence with, upon the mechanical part of writing, which though they may be nothing original may, perhaps, be of use, to some among our younger friends, who have had little or no experience in such work.

In the first place it is desirable that manuscript for publication be neat and comely, rather than elegant; and that the hand-writing be plain and uniform rather than given to flourishes, with attempts at display. What is called "fine writing," whether we use the word in its outer or inner sense is, as a general thing, at discount. Ed- ed by exclamation points in every sen-

tors and printers do not like to tax their eyes in trying to decipher hair marks, whatever our private correspondents may be willing to do in the case.

White paper is preferred to tinted, and good, bright ink instead of pale stuff that is sometimes used. Above all avoid paper and ink of similar tints, such as are so much now in vogue for letter-writing. If you have ever seen a compositor setting up type, you have noticed that the manuscript is some little distance from the eye, and that the printer must turn his glance from paper to type keeping the run of both, as it were, at once. Thus if the writing is very fine, the words crowded close together, or the paper and ink at fault, his labor is increased, and mistakes in typography are much more liable to be made than from fairly written manuscript. Says a most skillful writer in reference to this subject: "Do not despise any honest propitiation, however small, in dealing with your editor. If your document be slovenly, the presumption is that its literary execution is the same. An editor's eye becomes carnal, and looks to a comely outside."

Paper of medium size is preferred—so we have been told by editors and publishers—to large sheets, like foolscap, for instance. If one writes but little, the commercial note, always at hand, answers a good purpose, but a better size is what is called packet-note, or another kind, "contributor's paper," made purposely for the press. This last comes in single leaves; but if we use folded paper it is better to cut it apart before commencing to write, which is a convenience to both ourselves, and the editor into whose hands our manuscript may fall. Thus in writing, a leaf can be hastily shoved aside with no turning the paper, and thus the editor is saved the trouble of separating the sheet, as is the usual custom before sending matter to press.

Let every article be properly paged, and written only on one side of the paper. This last is a rule with editors as inflexible as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and to disregard it, generally condemns a contributor to the waste basket at once. It is well to regard the rule if writing anything to a publisher, which we have the least idea may be printed, or that any part of the communication may be of value, such as letters, questions, or anything of the kind that may be sent an editor.

As a matter of course you are careful to spell correctly, to punctuate properly, and to divide the sentences, or paragraphs, as they should stand in point. Abbreviations are to be avoided, and a word spelled out fully as it would be to be printed. To write Jan. for January, or No. for number, in the body of an article, has a slovenly look, and such things cause the editor to frown as it necessitates his writing out the word, or else letting it go slipshod into print.

Be sparing of dashes and of under-scoring your words. If you notice the works of the best writers, you see that they are able to stand alone without being italicized to any considerable degree, or attention attract-

tence. It is a common fault with young writers to underscore, and put in quotation marks without number. These, the critical editor will quite likely strike out, for if printed as the manuscript left the writer's hands, it would present a rather ludicrous appearance, to say the least. Frequent italics are also in bad taste, and show a species of egotism in the writer, as though attention were being called to a particular word or sentence, as being noticeably attractive. Those of our readers who have seen Mrs. Dugay's "Lucy Maria" letters cannot but have observed this peculiarity in them. The clever author, knowing well the habit of girls in writing letters, designedly did a great deal of under-scoring in Lucy Maria's name, all of which is purposely printed, showing out this faulty style, and thus, as we take it, giving a silent lesson to writers upon the folly of putting too many italics into these private letters or articles.

With these brief hints as to externals we leave the remainder of the subject for future papers.

HOW POSTAGE STAMPS ARE MADE.

In printing, steel plates are used, on which two hundred stamps are engraved. Two men are kept hard at work covering them with the colored inks and passing them to a man and girl who are equally busy at printing them with large rolling hand presses. Three of these little squads are employed all the time, although ten presses can be put into use in case of necessity. After the small sheets of paper upon which the two hundred stamps are engraved have dried enough, they are sent into another room and gummed.

The gum used for this purpose is a peculiar composition, made of the powder of dried potatoes and other vegetables mixed with water, which is better than any other material, for instance, gum arabic, which cracks the paper badly. This paper is also of a peculiar texture, somewhat similar to that used for bank notes. After having been again dried, this time on little racks, which are fanned by steam power for about an hour, they are put between sheets of pasteboard and presses in hydraulic presses, capable of applying a weight of two thousand tons.

The next thing is to cut the sheets in half; each sheet of course, when cut, contains a hundred stamps. This is done by a girl with a large pair of shears, cutting by hand being preferred to that of machinery, which method would destroy too many stamps. Next they are pressed once more, and then packed and labelled, and stowed away in another room, preparatory to being put in mail bags for dispatching to fulfill orders.

If a single stamp is torn, or in any way mutilated, the whole sheet of one hundred is burned. About five hundred thousand are burned every week from this cause. For the past twenty years not a single sheet has been lost, such care has been taken in counting them. During the progress of manufacturing, the sheets are counted eleven times.

THE REVIEWER.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. Nos. 1604 and 1605, of *The Living Age*, bearing date March 6th and 13th respectively, have the following contents:—Life of the Prince Consort, *Quarterly Review*; The Last Journals of David Livingstone, *Macmillan's Magazine*; Leonardo da Vinci, *Edinburgh Review*; On the Limits of Science, by Wm. Forsyth, Q. C., M. P., *Fraser*; Early Kings of Norway, by Thomas Carlyle, *Fraser*; German Home Life, by a Lady, *Fraser*; Thoughts about Thinking, *Cornhill*; Miss Cobbe's "Hopes for the Human Race," *Spectator*; etc., together with instalments of "Three Feathers," by Wm. Black, "Miss Angel," by Miss Thackeray, and "The Story of Valentine and his Brother;" also a short story entitled "Charlia," and the usual choice poetry and miscellany. With fifty-two such numbers, of sixty-four large pages each, (aggregating over 3000 pages a year) the subscription price (\$8) is low; or still better, for \$10.50 any one of the American \$1 monthlies or weeklies is sent with *The Living Age* for a year, both post-paid. LITTELL & GAY, Boston, Publishers.

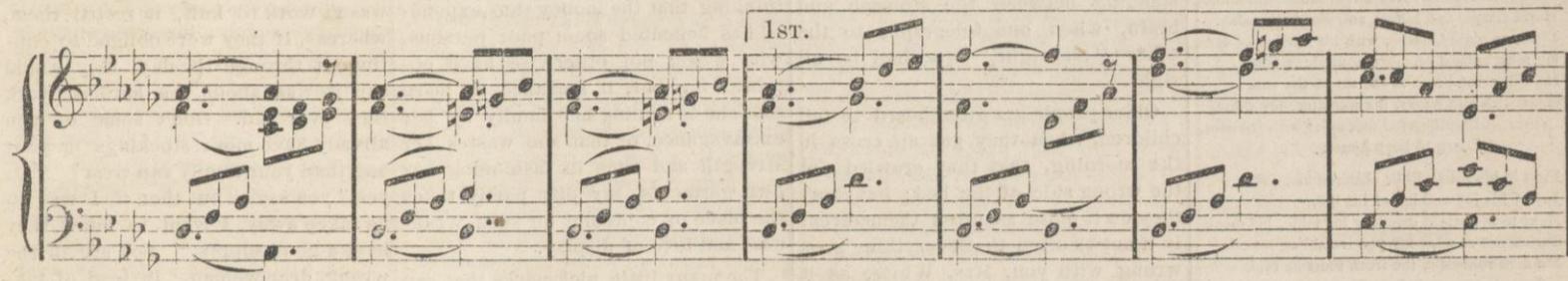
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for April is received. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes contributes a characteristic article on Crime and Automatism; T. B. Aldrich gives in prose A Midnight Fantasy which marries two famous people, and in poetry, Across the Street; John Greenleaf Whittier has a poem entitled The Two Angels; and other poems are, Immortelles, by Edgar Fawcett; Calling the Dead, by Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt; Diana, by James Maurice Thompson; Urvasi, by Helen Barron Bostwick, and Our Comrades, by M. B. C.; Mark Twain nearly completes, he tells us, the education of a "Cub" Pilot, in Old Times on the Mississippi; George E. Waring, Jr. has a capital army sketch called Campaigning with Max; Rose Terry Cooke gives a piece of domestic antiquarian history in The Thing which Hath been Shall be; Henry James, Jr. continues his novel, Roderick Hudson, with IV., Experience; Allan B. Magruder relates A Piece of Secret History, President Lincoln and the Virginia Convention of 1861; and Frank B. Sanborn gives The True Nature of his plans in The Virginia Campaign of John Brown; T. S. Perry has a critical article on William Blake; and there are twenty pages and more of careful Book Reviews and Notes on Art and Education. Terms: 35 cents a number; \$4 a year, postage free. H. O. Houghton & Co. Boston.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for April is received. Miss Mary A. Hallock has a charming design, delicately engraved by Marsh, on the first page, illustrating "The Proud Lady of Stavoren," a poem by Elizabeth Akers Allen. Prof. Wells, who writes about German Parliaments, was himself a victim of the famous "March Revolution," in Berlin, while a student in the University of that city. This pleasant paper has a historic as well as personal interest. Col. Waring gives us a chatty and pleasant "Farmer's Vacation" paper; the subject being "Hollow-land." The first of the illustrated series of papers on American cities is also given; Mr. Edward King writing enthusiastically about Baltimore, which he styles "The Liverpool of America." Mr. Riden's article on "Death-Dealing Trades" should be read by everybody—especially the law-makers. There are three short tales: a remarkable sketch of life in the North-Eastern woods, entitled "Young Moll's Peevy," a thoughtful and suggestive story; "The Statue of a life," by George P. Lathrop; and "Truls, the Nameless," by the young Norwegian-American, Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, now Professor at Cornell. Dr. Holland's "Story of Sevenoaks" gives us a glimpse of camp life in the woods, and shows us Mr. Belcher as a confidential friend, and speculator; and Jules Verne's people keep moving in their mysterious way. "The Shakespeare-Bacon Controversy," by E. O. Vaille, gives an apparently fair and very readable condensation of the arguments on both sides of this vexed question, "The Old Cabinet," by the way, taking up the question of Bacon's poetry, and putting in a plea for the "true and only Shakespeare." There are poems by Julia C. R. Dorr, Harriet McEwen Kimball, Dr. Coan, Helen Barron Bostwick, and B. F. Taylor—the latter pleasantly suggesting some familiar pictures of country life under the title of "The Psalm-Book in the Garret."

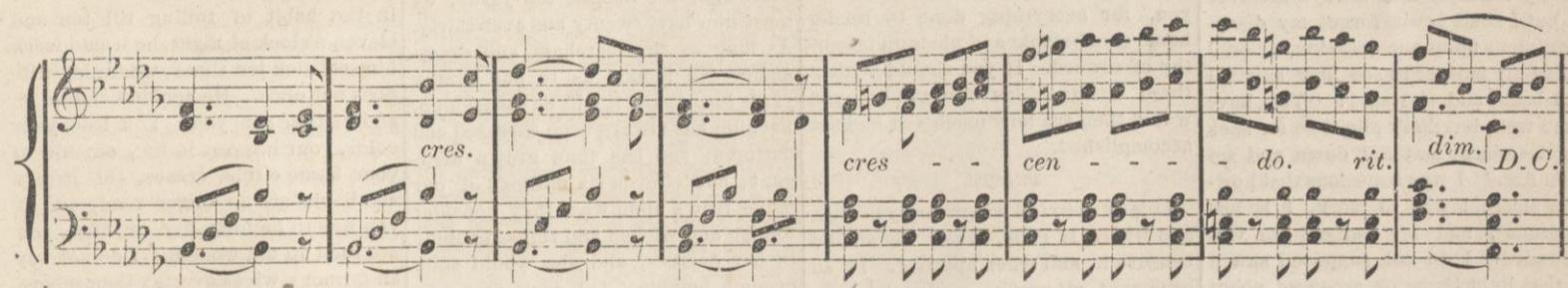
MOUNTAIN REVERIE.

WILBUR BUZZELL.

ANDANTE CON ESPRESSIONE.



Omit 2d time.....





LEARN TO KEEP HOUSE.

Beautiful maidens—aye, nature's fair queens, Some in your twenties and some in your teens, Seeking accomplishments worthy your aim, Striving for learning thirsting for fame; Taking such pains with the style of your hair, Keeping your lily complexions so fair; Miss not this item in all your gay lives, Learn to keep house, you may one day be wives.

Learn to keep house.

Now your Adonis loves sweet moonlight walks, Hand clasps, and kisses, and nice little talks. Then, as plain Charlie, with his burden of care, He must subsist on more nourishing fare; He will come home at the set of the sun, Heart-sick and weary, his working day done, Thence let his slippers feet ne'er wish to roam,

Learn to keep house.

First in his eyes will be children and wife, Joy of his joy and life of his life, Next to his bright dwelling his table, his meals, Shrink not at what my pen trembling reveals. Maidens romantic, the truth must be told, Knowledge is more than silver and gold; Then be prepared in the spring time of health, Learn to keep house tho' surrounded by wealth.

Learn to keep house.

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

BY GYPSY TRAINE.

CHORES.

WHEN I was a little girl, the word chores meant to me, washing dishes and potatoes, sweeping the kitchen, bringing in the eggs and filling the wood-box. Our wood-box, by the way, was an old fashioned settle fitted into the fire-place. When I was inclined to be lazy, I threw a few handfuls into one part of it, but, sometimes, I would get enthusiastic and not only pile up both partitions, but threw the wood back into the fire-place, thinking what a long respite I should have. Of course, at such times, I expected much commendation for my industry and always received it, but I shall never forget my disappointment upon one occasion, when I called my mother to see how smart I had been, and she said: "You have done well, but don't pile it so far back for the sparks may fall down and set it on fire." I was conscious that however smart I was to work, I lacked judgment, and my self-esteem was wounded. I do not suppose I saw it in that light then, or reasoned about it, but there was the consciousness of some fault on my part. I was not over cautious as a child, but I have since learned, as all must, that strong, earnest effort is praiseworthy, but, if it is not judicious, or if extended in the wrong direction, it, like my wood, may catch fire and all be lost.

As it is in childhood, so it is all along through life. Some mornings you arise strengthened and refreshed, and as you look out over the earth, it seems so beautiful and soul-inspiring that you go about your work, with a full and happy heart. Your hands do the mechanical part of your labor, but your thoughts roam far away, and with light step and cheerful brow you quickly finish the chores, with scarcely a feeling of languor. As you look at the clock, you wonder how it is that you got through so much sooner

than usual. Again, you arise dispirited and dissatisfied, and the kitchen looks dull and uninviting. You loathe the dishes you have prepared for breakfast, and as you go from one chore to another, your heart cries out against this monotony of household cares, and you wonder if it will always be so. Each of us have probably experienced this, but most of us never stopped to inquire the cause or cure. We know that is so, that it has been so, and we expect that it will be so. Our physician would probably tell us that our systems are out of order, that when there is a right understanding between the stomach and brain, when one telegraphs to the other "all right," we shall be all right.

Older people are often heard to tell children, when they get up cross in the morning, that they crawled out the wrong side of the bed; but don't they do it quite as often themselves? Is it not as often that everything goes wrong with you, Mrs. White, as it happens that your Willie is cross and impatient, only in your case you can govern yourself? If this is true, don't scold him when he lets fall the basket of eggs, or stumbles against the table knocking off the lamp, acting as though he had lost his wits; you would much better give him a dose of physic.

I have found that the list of what were chores to me as a child has become so lengthened out, that some days it is all chores. Aside from the morning work which occupies a few hours only, there is the pickle to scald over, the stockings to mend, and hosts of other jobs, which give rise to the "picking-up day," and I venture to assert that when the shadows of night close o'er this day, you are more fatigued, and less satisfied with yourself, than on many days when you had some heavy, steady work to do, simply, because you cannot see what you have accomplished. Do not let this trouble you, for everything done to render home comfortable and pleasant is worthy of reward. If you should neglect these little things for awhile, you would then see how much you had not accomplished.

FINERY.

It is hard to tell where finery begins, and where it ends, when we should censure it, and when approve. If all ornament, all unnecessary articles are finery, then we must uphold it in a measure. Who would want his home bereft of all these pretty, graceful adornments that make it home, that distinguish one home from another. Those handsome embroidered slippers of Mr. Wing's may be no prettier than Tom Blood's, but then, Lizzie did not make his. The poet sings of "beauty unadorned," but we all know that a pretty girl is all the sweeter with a rose in her hair and a knot of ribbon at her throat, while a plain woman often owes her attractions to her dress.

Where are we to draw the lines between useless and useful ornaments? It seems to me that each one should be able to decide for herself, and not only able, but should consider it her duty thus to do. If it gives her friends pleasure to have her well and

fashionably dressed, and she is sure she can afford without harm to any one, let her indulge her own taste. It is not the world at large, but ourselves and friends that we should strive to please. If her conscience does not approve her course, then she should abide by its dictates at all hazards. If Mrs. Drew's husband likes to see her best in plain apparel, or if his means require that she should practice economy, then let her act accordingly. For my part, there are few things more offensive to me than an over-dressed woman, and when I see one, I try to soothe my feelings by thinking that the money thus expended has benefited some poor persons, who would not otherwise have obtained it; but, if I chance to learn that she is ruining her family by her extravagance, or that she wastes her strength and time in fashioning her own garments, my pity partly takes the place of contempt for such weakness and love of display.

The many little nick-nacks that can be made useful as well as ornamental, that are pretty without being elaborate, in whose manufacture other duties are not neglected, should be found in every house. They give a grace and charm to a room which it would not otherwise possess. But when you find a housewife embroidering a tidy, sitting in the midst of dirt, with neglected children, pleading that she is so fond of fancy work, but she never did like housework, don't you ache to take her by the shoulders and shake some sense of her responsibility as a wife and mother into her soul?

Spring is upon us, and as we see the many beautiful fabrics displayed in the shops, we may or probably shall be tempted to buy what many of us cannot afford. Some of us, perhaps, could get new suits if it did not cost so much to have them made, or, if the same quantity of material would make a dress as used to suffice, where, a few years ago, we bought ten yards, we must now have twenty and even thirty. As long as the merchant and dressmaker can induce us to put twenty yards into a suit, it will be the fashion. Fashion has always been caressed and flattered, and has thus grown arrogant; but let even six millions of our ladies frown upon what they consider foolish and wicked and refuse to abide by her decrees, and she would soon become humble. Let each of us do what we can to hasten the day which will relieve us from this tyranny. The trouble is we are not independent enough; we fear too much the tongue of Mrs. Grundy, but first in proportion as we cultivate our minds will our dread of the old lady be diminished, in fact, we shall come to regard her with the disdain which she deserves.

REST.

I do not refer to that heavenly rest which we all hope sometime to possess, but rest here on earth, rest for the poor, tired housewife. I believe, if you will search the world over, among all the housekeepers of the land, you will find none who do not enjoy more leisure and relaxation from toil than the farmer's wife. From the cock crowing in the morning till late at night she is ever busy. Step, step, all the forenoon and until after the

dinner is cleared away, and then stitch, stitch, make, darn or mend till tea-time. In the evening if no other work is to be done, you may hear the steady click of her knitting needles until long after the rest of her household are locked in slumber.

Knitting work is the bane of her life, and yet, she loves it so much that every spare moment she can get she snatches it up as though it were an old friend. You shouldn't do it, if you have a leisure minute, rest. Let your hands be idle, or use them in turning the leaves of some interesting book. I have heard women say it wasn't work to knit, it rested them, whereas, if they were obliged to continue it through the day, they would say it was about the hardest work they ever did. Don't some of you already have more stockings in your bag than your family can wear? "O, yes," you say, "but then if I was to be taken away, I want to know they have a good supply." You are in the wrong, dear woman. Instead of taking rest of body and mind, running out into the fresh air rambling in the woods, with the baby, if you have one, and thus lengthen, or, at least, live out your allotted number of days, you continue this ceaseless round of duties and drop down into the grave, a victim to overwork. This extra labor that you have done in hopes that your family will not miss you too sorely, only makes it the easier for number two, who profiting by your example and industry, takes life at its best.

I presume there are some who actually feel guilty if they sit down with no work in their hands. I know of a man who boasts that his wife was never idle, and, to tell the truth, I think she is proud of the compliment (?) at any rate, she seems to exert herself to keep up this reputation.

The farmer's work is generally done at dark, and he is at liberty to read or visit during the evening. If he was in the habit of toiling till ten and eleven o'clock at night, he would work himself sick ten times, where his wife does but once. He couldn't endure it, and neither can you. You lose your color, your interest in life, outside of your home circle, ceases, the papers and books are no longer read, and if you live to be forty-five or fifty, you are then an old woman. I do not say all farmer's wives overtax themselves, but are there not too many who answer to this description? In justice to yourself, your husband and children, who do not desire you to do this, will you not, when you have opportunity, just lay aside the cares which you have carried about you, and by some means best suited to your taste, as a visit, a ride or walk, a game at home, listening to, or reading a good book, divert the mind and rest the body? So shall you not only reap but bestow much happiness. Did you ever think that when your Father shall call you away, then your home must do without you? No doubt if the departed could step back into their old places, most of them would be astonished to see how little they are missed. To husband your strength that it may bless your dear ones, is far better, than to exhaust it, that they may bless your memory.

SALT RISING.

Will not some one tell me, in detail, how to make salt-rising bread? Some of the good sisters who have had experience—and succeeded; for I, myself, have had experience, but it proved a poor teacher in spite of the old adage.

When I was married, some years ago, I knew nothing about salt-rising only what my step-mother had once told me, "It is not fit for anybody to eat." My husband's mother being a New Yorker had brought him up on it and he thought he could eat no other; yeast bread he could not tolerate. He took me a thousand miles away from home and we went to board with a woman who prided herself upon her salt-rising bread, and indeed it was the sweetest and best bread I ever have eaten. It was just as delicate as pound cake. My husband was profuse in his praises, and hoped I would learn to make it. It was very easy to make, for our landlady, Mrs Jones, said so.

In a few weeks we went to house-keeping, and then came the tug of war I went to Mrs. Jones before leaving and asked her to tell me all about it. Now Mrs. Jones being one of those women who make cooking and baking the highest aim of their lives, looked with utter contempt upon one that knew less about those things than herself, and with supreme jealousy upon any one that equalled her—for none excelled her. Hence, it was with a feeling much like that which David Copperfield experienced in the presence of Steerforth's servant, that I approached her on the subject.

"How to make salt-rising? Why there's nothing to tell."

"But what do you put it?" I said.

"Oh, a pinch of salt, a little soda, and a teaspoonful of sugar."

"Well, but what makes it rise?" I said in despair.

"Why, it just rises itself!" and that was about all I could get out of her on the subject. She finally agreed to stir up some "emptyings," as she called it, for me, when I wanted to bake. So one morning before breakfast I sent my little pail over to her and it soon came back with about a quart of batter which I was instructed to keep warm till it should rise, and then make my bread. I set it near the stove and kept it about as warm as yeast ought to be kept, looking at it every five minutes to see if it was "coming." In two or three hours I became discouraged and resolved to go at any risk and inquire once more of Mrs. Jones. I found her in the kitchen kneading up her bread, and meekly intimated to her that my bread had not come yet. She laughed a kind of withering laugh and told me it had not had time yet.

"How shall I know when it is ready?" I ventured to ask.

"When it gets full of bubbles," was the rejoinder.

I betook myself home and began to watch for "bubbles." About noon I saw a few sickly ones coming up through the watery looking surface, and with them my spirits rose. Two, three o'clock came and I thought there were probably bubbles enough now, so I made up a little "batch" of dough, using a little more warm water, when

I began once more my vigils. I went to the kitchen every few minutes to see if the provoking thing was coming. My husband asked me what I was doing, and I said, "Oh, I'm baking." I thought if he would only go out somewhere and stay until I was done I would be so glad, but there was no school that day in the college where he taught and he was enjoying the day with me. I would not for the world have betrayed my anxiety to him.

I worried and stewed till about dark, when I thought I would bake it anyhow. When I took it out of the oven you might have used it for a mallet—it was as hard and as heavy as a stone, and my heart was not much lighter, though it may have been softer.

I awoke the next morning with a sense of depression as though some evil had befallen us, and in a moment the thought of my bread flashed upon me. I made biscuit for breakfast but when we sat down to the table, my husband inquired for the bread I baked yesterday. I could conceal it no longer, and with the feeling of a culprit I brought it out and showed it to him. Oh how he laughed at me for all my anxiety over so small a matter. He threatened to tell Mrs. Jones, but I begged so hard that he finally promised to never reveal to her my awful secret. I verily believe I felt as guilty as though I had stolen something from Mrs. Jones. I thought I could never look her in the face if she knew how I failed. This may have been all very silly and no doubt it was, but it is true nevertheless. You may be sure I never went to Mrs. Jones for information after that.

I began, after that, a series of experiments "on my own hook," but each time I had a bowl of batter to throw away. A friendly ditch in our back yard, which stood full of water, hid the stuff from sight if not from memory.

One happy day a lady friend of my husband's came to spend a few days with us, and from her I received my first real lesson in making salt-rising. While she was with us she made some bread for me while I watched her carefully. After that I succeeded in making good bread while the flour lasted that I then had. Finally we got some new flour and then my trials began once more. I shed many copious showers of tears and made many donations to that self-same ditch. Soon after, I learned that my back door neighbor knew how to make the miserable, troublesome article of diet. One day when I was trying to bake, I went and asked her if she knew—eh—what was the m-m-matter—eh with my bread, and my tears began to flow. The upshot of it was, she took some of my flour and tried it, and lo! it did not come for her either. She pronounced the flour not good, and I was comforted. How I tried and failed, and succeeded and failed again, I will not trouble you to hear, for is it not written indelibly on my mind or heart or somewhere where it hurts me still?

Even to-day I cannot count on success. Sometimes I make good bread and sometimes I do not. If some of our New England sisters know of any sure method of making it I would be glad to know it. Or is it true, as

a lady told me the other day, that it takes a witch to make it?

Tell me just how to make the "emptyings." Should I make a sponge after the emptyings rise, or should I make it immediately into loaves? How stiff should I knead it, and how long?

VILETTE.

THAT "MISERABLE BREAD."

Good wheat bread is said to be the staff of life, which is as emphatically true as the saying that poor bread, sour, bread, soggy bread and bread of any other quality in which the element of "good" does not preponderate is one of death's surely fatal weapons. Sour and unhealthy bread of any sort sends to premature graves more victims who have dragged out a miserable existence than war, pestilence and famine. We can look to the days of boyhood, to the period of youth, early manhood and maturity and call up immense numbers of friends and associates who sickened from no other cause than the slowly operating and fatal influence of unwholesome bread, and who died for want of good bread. Untold numbers of our most estimable citizens scarcely know what good bread is, and a much larger number still who esteem themselves as makers of good bread never have known how to make good bread, even when they are supplied with the best of flour.

Wife and the writer once went to visit a distinguished author and authoress, his wife, who had written a book on domestic economy. Notwithstanding all the excellencies of the book it lacked the simple direction to enable one to make good bread. This authoress supervised her own domestic affairs and always made her own bread, which her friends and neighbors averred was always sour. When we paid them a visit the bread was so unwholesome that it was exceedingly difficult to eat a small piece.

Soon after we commenced keeping house, a lady cousin, who was noted for making soggy and sour bread, reproved wife for "fussing so much with her dough." She averred that she "couldn't afford to spend so much time fussing with the dough." She worked at her dough only when no other duties required her attention. We were wont to visit them periodically for twenty years, and we were always treated with that same sour, soggy and unwholesome bread. Those friends were laid in their graves long, long ago. They were built to live a hundred years, and had it not been for this insidious influence of bad bread they might have been alive to-day.

If the flour is of prime quality, everything will depend on manipulation and management. For thirty years past wife has made our own bread, and during all that period not a single loaf of poor bread has been produced. Our servant cook will take

flour of the choicest brand and produce bread that will give an alligator the dyspepsia. Wife will take the same sort of flour, the same domestic appliances, and bring out the beautiful, almost snowy white and spongy wheaten loaf which is a delightful luxury. Our kitchen servant will manage the golden cream from the

milk of our one thousand dollar cow, and produce butter that appears more like lard than any other substance. Wife will manage the cream the next week, and in the same pantry, the same pans, the same churn, butter-bowl and ladle, bring out as beautiful gilt-edged butter as can be found in the market. These facts go to prove that certain stereotyped practices in making bread will spoil flour, of the best quality, for human food.

The best recipe for making good bread is to find some person who never makes a poor loaf. Then let the learner go to his or her place and take lessons in the peculiar, careful and discreet manipulations and management of the flour and dough until she can produce bread that is fit to be called the "staff of life." If it requires six months to learn the lesson, let the task be completed.—*N. Y. Herald.*

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR SISTERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—I have for a long time read your interesting, instructive, and valuable communications to THE HOUSEHOLD Band in silence, but in the last December number I read an excellent article, with the exception of one error, which I cannot forbear to point out. The piece was entitled, "The Ideal Housewife," and had much valuable advice and many beautiful sentiments and I can but wonder that the writer should express such an absurd argument as I deem it. But to explain it fully I will quote a little from the article mentioned, viz: "If we really needed strawberries at Christmas, or peaches in mid-winter, without doubt nature would have supplied them without the aid of Mason's jars."

Now why should the writer have specified strawberries and peaches any more than wheat, corn, potatoes or apples which nature does neither supply at Christmas or mid-winter. It seems to me with the aid of Mason's jars (or many other kinds of jars) that the task of preserving fruits for winter use is a very light one compared with the task of reaping, binding, stacking, threshing, and grinding the wheat for our bread which I fear we would starve without in winter although nature does not supply it then. And potatoes must be dug and stored away, apples gathered and put where they will keep safe from the freezing winter, vegetables gathered and put where they will be protected from the keen winter frosts which are much greater tasks than the putting up of a few cans of fruit. We would certainly have to live like Indians, on meat alone if we provided no provisions for the winter merely because nature did not supply them then; and I think nature who bestows such delicious fruits in summer, kindly bestows the wisdom to us to preserve them for use in the cold famine season.

I do not approve of neglecting exercise and recreation to toil in the heated kitchen, but when fruit can be so quickly and easily preserved for winter use I think it prudent to employ a few of our many bright and beautiful summer days in storing away what I may call blessings for winter days.

S. C.

DEAR SISTERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—Will each one of you do me a favor? I wish you to take your pencils and cross off my name in each one of your papers from the beautiful poem of "The Boys." I sent it as a good selection and an echo of my own feelings. Can any one tell me the author's name?

Dear Marah, I am sorry if I misunderstood you, I thought you were homesick for your maiden home and expecting what so few receive—our parent's love in after life. I am ill myself now, and the physician thinks I must not write to you again for a long time, so I have requested a friend to write you these few lines.

JULIA A. CARNEY.

DEAR EDITOR:—I have been a silent member of THE HOUSEHOLD Band for the last five years, but when I read such letters as we get from sister Grace and the many other sisters, so full of love, sympathy, and truth too, I cannot keep silent any longer. It is the truth that in our younger days while full of health and strength we do not think enough of saving of the abundance for after years. Yes, younger sisters, it is your duty to take care of your own selves physically that you may last longer and be able to do more, to provide for the happiness of your families.

Make home the happiest and pleasantest place for the children, a place where they can enjoy life the best of any place on earth, and enjoy them while they are with you, for it will not be long before they will all be gone, some to homes of their own, others to that long home from which they never return. But I will say no more, but leave the room for those who are bettes qualified to edify than myself.

S. A. B.

Baraboo, Wisconsin.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Your visits for the present year have been adding many pleasures to our little family of friends. I do not know that you have even been in Bowling Green before; but since your appearance you have been the favorite of all. We are living at the Gerard House and none of us are housekeepers, but hope to be some day. "Has your next number come?" is quite frequently asked at our supper table. I understand that two or three of our lady friends intend inviting you to their own homes. We have concluded that your superiority to others of your kind, consists in adapting yourself to the wants of the American household.

You are pre-eminently a practical journal. I like your decorations of country homes; advice to parents; the spirit of Christianity which, never intruding itself, finds a breathing place in every number. I like the sprucing up spirit, which your pages are likely to awaken in the farmer's home, and make this heretofore frequently neglected spot, the dearest, and sweetest, and best on earth. I would like to know that THE HOUSEHOLD visited every family—especially every farmer's family; as farmers are the people, who to a great extent will give tone to, and preserve the true moral dignity of the country from ruin. The only marvel to me is, that you can visit us at so little cost.

We "take you," in conjunction with the "Christian Standard," and hope that many years will find a place for you at our own fireside. Very truly yours.

JO. HANNEN.

DEAR MARAH:—Ever since you first came among us I have thought of you with a tender pity that I can never express. I do so long to help you! Oh, Marah, you hope none of us feel your bitterness; but I doubt not that many in THE HOUSEHOLD Band suffer as you do. Some do, I know, for their hearts have been opened to me; but baby hands have taken away some of their bitterness, or added some sweetness which is just as well. You are sick now; so am I, but think I am regaining my health which has been lost to me for three long, weary years.

I am at "Our Home," Dansville, Livingston Co., New York. Can you not come here for a little while? I have known a short separation to do more towards effecting an understanding between husband and wife than anything else could. Your husband needs pity too; if he holds unsealed fountains of affection which long for vent, he needs pity; and if he is destitute of affection God pity him for his very barrenness.

Good bye; I wish I could see you.

CELIA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—As Mr. Crowell has so kindly permitted me to join this happy HOUSEHOLD Band, I will make you a short call. I have only a moment to stay.

Thank you, Mabel, for your kind wishes. Sunshine and I have opened a correspondence and in time trust we will become good friends. Would it be asking you too much to have the same privilege with you?

J. H., Savannah, Ga., I should be pleased to exchange specimens with you. I am still expecting that package you were to send me "in a few days." Many thanks to Kate Holmey, and Harry Collins for specimens of wood. I have now one hundred and thirty-five specimens. I have wood from Spain, Africa, England and thirteen of our states. The average size of my wood is two inches long, one and one-fourth inches wide, one-fourth of an inch thick. Should be pleased to receive specimens from the many readers of THE HOUSEHOLD. Address Florence M. Hurd, Havana, Ill., box 189.

Lovingly your friend, PEARL.
Havana, Ill.

SISTER ALLIE:—I want to write a few words to you for I know how dreadful it is to be so "blue." I have been sadly troubled in that way and know when you feel cheerful you think how it does no good, and makes you so miserable you will try to rise above it and not be blue again. But the very next time you are just as powerless as ever to see any "silver lining" to the cloud hovering over you. It is there nevertheless, and duty to yourself as well as others requires you to seek its light. Enumerate your blessings, and foremost among them place your kind husband. Think how many are not happily situated in that respect and remember many a heart has been pierced to its very core by the loss of

a kind companion. I know it troubles your husband to see you wearing a long face, and I urge you to struggle against it. You will never regret any effort you make to add to his happiness. I speak from experience; I had one of the best of husbands but death has torn him from my embrace. Try to imagine how desolate your heart would be without yours, and, though he comes home too tired to go out with you, be thankful you can enjoy his society at your own fireside. I've said try to imagine, and yet I know you cannot approximate, you must experience to know anything about heart desolation.

Doubtless it would be pleasanter for you to live where you could see more passers by; but do not think you are "so lonely" when your children are about you, and you have a kind husband to lean upon.

My few words are getting numerous, therefore I had better close, hoping you will succeed in being more cheerful, so that your husband can give you the commendation mine did me, "you are doing better."

AFFLICTED.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Is the hearthstone broad enough to permit all the sad and all the joyous ones who would to gather around and feel the cheer and the sympathy which are so freely given to the needy ones? If so may I venture to draw my chair within the charmed circle for the first time?

I have been a member of THE HOUSEHOLD Band ever since it had a being, and I think the tie which binds us together grows stronger and dearer each month. I have one of the happiest homes in all the world, a husband who is patient and kind and does all in his power to make my life bright, and two of the dearest little boys; but sometimes I get so weary and almost, yes, I fear I must say quite, impatient with the little ones that I feel like crying out in my weariness and weakness, "Who is sufficient for these things?" But, Oh, weary mothers who like me come so far short of what you always thought a mother should be, and of doing as you want to do, what a blessed thing it is that Jesus has said "My grace is sufficient for thee," and "As thy day is so shall thy strength be."

I wonder if our Editor knows how many hearts are gladdened and homes brightened by the monthly coming of THE HOUSEHOLD; if he does I am sure he cannot grow "weary in well doing."

Long live our HOUSEHOLD and God bless its Editor and hold up his hands that his strength fail not in the noble work he is doing, is the prayer of

MRS. H.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

CORN BREAD RECIPES.

Hoe Cake.—One pint sifted meal, one teaspoonful of salt, pour over the meal some boiling water, stirring with a spoon, sufficient to partially scald the meal; add sufficient cold water or sweet milk, to make a soft dough, but not so thin as a batter. Work the dough well with the hand; it may be baked on the griddle in round cakes or on a clean hoe laid on the stove, if

there is any preference for the hoe; in either case the griddle must be hot enough to slightly brown, and dry meal sprinkled upon it to keep the cake from sticking. Wet the hands in water, take sufficient dough up to make a cake, roll it in the wet hand into form, and quickly place upon the hot hoe or griddle, which is sprinkled with the dry meal, dip the hand in water and pat the cake, until it is less than half an inch in thickness; the fire must be hot, but not sufficient to burn, as the secret is in baking the cake quickly, in a few minutes the crust will be formed, and the cake must be turned with a knife. Bake until done, send to the table immediately, eat with butter or milk.

The hoe cake requires a little practice to make it good. I like corn bread and can make it to suit the taste of others, as well as my own. But I do not want any mixture of flour in meal, with one exception—batter cakes require a little flour.

Mush or Hasty Pudding.—The water must be boiling; damp the meal by sprinkling a little water into it stirring it at the same time. A brisk fire under the boiling pot—the meal damp; now for a long handled wooden paddle to stir the mush; as the meal is to be sprinkled into the boiling pot, handful by handful, patiently letting the meal boil until the required consistency is made, always expecting evaporation to leave the mush some thicker when done. The consistency being a matter of taste; continue stirring for five minutes so that no lumps of dry meal are left, and also to prevent the scorching on the bottom; if the directions have been closely followed so far the pot may be set upon a lid and covered so that it may continue to cook for half an hour, stir occasionally.

Mush thus made will have no sour meal taste, is wholesome food for the invalid, makes a nice breakfast dish, sliced when cold rolled in meal and fried.

S. E. B. F.

—Have a box for every kind of spice, and have them labeled.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

CORAL.—Will you or some reader tell me how to clean coral that has got soiled by keeping? Mine is the painted.

Also where steel knives can be silver plated, and the cost?

FARMER'S PUDDING.—I will send you a recipe for a pudding that I know is nice. One cup of pork chopped fine, one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup of sugar, one cup of raisins, one cup sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, and spice to taste. Steam three hours.

LAURA.

GOOD CORN BREAD.—Take one egg, one tablespoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of cream or melted butter, some salt, and stir all together, then add one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of saleratus, one cup of flour and one cup of corn meal; beat well together, and bake in a quick oven about twenty minutes. Sweet milk can be used, but add one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and one-half teaspoonful of saleratus. A READER.

LAURENCE, Kansas.
ORANGE SHORT CAKE.—Take three large oranges early in the forenoon and prepare the same as for sauce, then about half an hour before tea time take one cup of butter milk, one-half cup of sour cream, one egg, one-half teaspoonful of soda and a little

salt; mix about as thick as gingerbread and bake in three jelly tins. When done put the orange between the layers of cake, then make a soft frosting of the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth and one-half cup of pulverized sugar; spread on the top and set it in the oven to brown. MRS. JAMES.

TO PICKLE BLACKBERRIES.—I will send L. C. my recipe. Three quarts of blackberries, one quart of cider vinegar, one quart of sugar; no spice is required. Put all together at the same time into a kettle and boil ten or fifteen minutes.

GREEN TOMATO PICKLES.—Walla-Walla, asks for a recipe. One peck of fresh green tomatoes sliced; sprinkle salt over them, let them stand one night, drain well, put in a kettle with cider or vinegar and water and scald twenty minutes; skim out and drain, throw out the vinegar and water, add one ounce each of pepper, allspice, and cloves, one-fourth pound of mustard seed, one pound of sugar; simmer all day on the back of the stove.

CUCUMBER PICKLES.—I will inform N. H. my method. Take small fresh cucumbers free from spots, soak them in two parts vinegar and one part water four days, then put them in the pickle jar; take the best of cider vinegar, cloves, mace, pepper, cayenne, ginger and mustard seed; boil them together and pour it on while hot. If the vinegar is good they will keep a long time.

TO PICKLE RIPE TOMATOES.—To one gallon of ripe tomatoes peeled, add two tablespoonfuls each of mustard, black pepper, and allspice, one each of cloves and salt. All the seasoning must be ground. Cover with vinegar and let them scald but not boil for three or four hours.

SWEET TOMATO PICKLES.—Four quarts of cider vinegar, five pounds of sugar, eight pounds of fruit, two ounces of cinnamon, one of cloves, one teaspoonful each of allspice and salt; scald the vinegar and sugar together, skim, add the spices, boil up once, and pour over the fruit; pour off and scald this vinegar twice more at intervals of three days and then cover close. This recipe is also good for plums and peaches.

TO PICKLE RIPE CUCUMBERS.—Take firm, ripe cucumbers as soon as they turn yellow; pare them, take out the seeds, cut them in strips two inches in width, let them lie in weak salt and water eight hours; then prepare a syrup of one gallon of cider vinegar, five pounds of sugar, for eight pounds of cucumbers; add cinnamon, mace, and ginger, boil twenty minutes, then strain. After drying the cucumber with a soft cloth, put it in the syrup, and boil until soft; skim the pieces out carefully, lay them in a colander to drain, then boil the syrup to the consistency of molasses, pour it on the cucumber and keep in a cool place.

SPICED Currants.—Five pounds of ripe currants, four pounds of brown sugar, one pint of vinegar, one tablespoonful each of allspice and cloves, and a little nutmeg; boil one hour or until quite thick. To be eaten with meat. M. B. M.

BROWN BREAD.—*Ed. Household*:—I send for insertion in THE HOUSEHOLD a recipe which I think very good. Four cups of Indian meal, two cups of rye meal, a scant cup of molasses, a teaspoonful of soda, and a little salt. Mix with cold water to a stiff batter, but not so stiff it will not run at all; place immediately in the oven and bake from two to two and a half hours. It is difficult to tell by writing just the right stiffness to make it, for if it is too hard the bread will be dry, if too soft it will be inclined to be heavy. If the right degree is obtained good bread will be the result.

H. E. M.

SPONGE CAKE.—In February number a lady asks how to make a sponge cake without using soda or saleratus; the following recipe will do it. Take one-half pint each of sugar and flour and five eggs; take the yolks of the five eggs and sugar, mix together; beat the whites separate; put all together and stir lightly. E. E. W.

MR. CROWELL,—*Dear Sir*:—I noticed in the last HOUSEHOLD an inquiry for recipe for pickling blackberries; I send mine.

PICKLED BLACKBERRIES.—Four quarts of blackberries, one pound of sugar, and one pint of vinegar. Scald the berries but not boil them; boil the syrup sufficient to keep one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, nutmeg, allspice, cloves, etc. Can jam the berries if preferred. Will send pudding recipe.

COTTAGE PUDDING.—One pint of flour, one egg, piece of butter one-half the size of an egg, one cup of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar and one of soda. Bake twenty minutes in a quick oven; to be eaten with sweet sauce.

LIGHT CAKE.—One egg, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of sweet milk, one and one-half cups of flour, one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and one-half teaspoonful of soda. Very nice for tea.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

TEA CAKE.—Take one pound of flour, one pound of sugar, three-fourths of a pound of butter and ten eggs; cream the flour and butter together, beat the eggs light, the yolks and whites separately leaving out the whites of two eggs; mix and beat well. Take one-third of the mixture and put it in a square pan and bake it plain; take another third and mix with it slips of citron; and bake in a square pan; with the remaining third put French currants well washed, dried and rolled in flour, and bake as above; take a cup of sugar to the whites you reserved and make an icing for your cakes, which spread on while warm, and mark into squares or diamonds with a knife to make it cut better. This will make two cake baskets full for tea drinking.

MARY.

MR. CROWELL:—As some have inquired about canning strawberries, I will give my recipe. I fill the cans with berries and then dissolve the sugar in a little water and pour it in not fill them quite full, then put them in a kettle of cold water and let them boil fifteen or twenty minutes, after I take them from the kettle I fill them up with boiling sweetened water and then screw the tops on and let them stand until cold and then screw them up again. I have no trouble with mine and they are very good when I open them.

Mrs. E. WHITE.

GINGER SNAPS.—I have tried a recipe for ginger snaps which I like very much. Take one cup of sugar, half a tin full each of molasses and butter, some ginger and enough of flour to make it stiff. If you think you cannot roll it out it will be just right.

FROST WORK.—If you wish pretty frost work on windows, place evergreens outside of them, about three inches from the panes; in the morning the panes will be covered with leaves.

GRACE GORDON.

MR. CROWELL:—One of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD asked how she could color a hair switch. I will tell her how I colored mine. I got quarter of a yard of black cambric, rolled the switch loosely in the cambric, then put it into an iron kettle with water enough to cover and let it boil till it was the color I wished. Perhaps she will have to take it out two or three times and rinse in cold water to see if it is dark enough. I have tried it several times and know it to be a sure way.

S. A. G.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

DEAR SISTERS:—The lady who has been “waiting so long to hear how to make sponge cake with snow,” has indeed shown herself an example of patience; but I beg she will not charge upon me the trial of this grace, since, as soon as the question appeared, I made haste to tell all I knew about it, presuming it was the words which I have put into the mouth of the heroine in a story that gave rise to the inquiry. But for some reason the letter was doomed to oblivion; perhaps it did not reach its destination, or maybe our worthy editor is like the man who, when I told him that we went to a snowbank for eggs, stoutly declared that nobody should put such eggs into a cake for him, and so hesitated to countenance the cheat, or maybe he has a careless apprentice who sometimes lets letters slip through his fingers. Anyhow, we have actually made these sponge-cakes at our house, and pronounced them faultless. It is only of the property of

lightness which these eggs can boast, of course, the richness must come from the other ingredients. We use them in plain cakes, nor would we recommend any other cakes ever to be made. The equivalent for an egg is one cooking spoon, not tablespoon, rising full of snow, and should be added the last thing before stirring in the flour; the cake is made and baked in all respects as if the ordinary kind of eggs were used, stir briskly and hurry into the oven. The secret is probably in the snow-crystals, for you know biscuits are lighter where the mixing milk is chilled. If a definite recipe is desired we would suggest the following: One cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half cup of milk, cooking spoon twice heaped with snow, about two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, lemon to flavor.

As we read the various letters in our dear HOUSEHOLD our soul sometimes burns for expression, but I desist at present for the sake of those whose inquiry I seek to answer, as if my single page would not be so likely to fall out by the way as if it were longer. Hoping this will reach its destination,

A. W. Q.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I wish to know through thy recipes how to paint chairs, whether they must be varnished after they are first painted and also what kind of varnish is best.

Also a remedy for roaches as the borax does not exterminate them. I have heard of a weed growing, perhaps thy numerous readers would know what it was.

E.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some please give me, through your columns, a recipe for making tapioca pudding made without milk, and to be eaten warm. I have eaten (a good while ago) a pudding which, I think, was made in that way, but never could obtain the recipe. I think the recipes in THE HOUSEHOLD in themselves are worth the price per year. This is the first time you have heard from me, but always reckon among your friends.

BELLE.

MR. CROWELL:—I am a new reader of THE HOUSEHOLD having subscribed in October. I enjoy it very much, but turn first to the recipes, then to the floral department. I am fond of cooking and like to try new things. You would think I was fond of flowers, could you see my window garden tonight, with its fragrant hyacinths, carnation pinks, petunias, verbenas and ivies.

I was much interested in Aunt Matilda's account of washing with Dobbin's soap, in the February number. If it won't be too much trouble, I would like to ask some questions through THE HOUSEHOLD. Do you use it to wash flannels, and how? Do you use it to rub on white clothes, or only soap them, as the directions say? I have used it once and think I shall like it much.

I notice in the February number M. H. A. in speaking of canning corn, says: “Add one ounce of tartaric acid to six quarts of corn, and put up in tin cans.” Now I have not much chemical knowledge, but it seems to me that the tartaric acid and tin cans would not agree, any more than salt and tin. How is it? I think the first aim of a cook should be to find out if a thing is healthy as well as palatable.

The fly question has its share I see. I am interested in that; I have used mosquito netting at the doors and windows when I could not get wire netting, which is cheapest in the end. Anything to keep out the flies, I always fight it out on that line, if it takes all summer. On my door screens I have an India rubber band that slips on over two stout hooks, one on the door, the other on the casing, which causes the door to shut with a bang, as soon as you let go of it.

I made a discovery two summers ago, about flies, that astonished me much, I mention it here so as to find out if any one else has noticed it. I was sitting by my window one day in September and noticed a fly trying to crawl up the glass, it kept falling and seemed very clumsy. I touched him with the point of the needle I was sewing with, when to my surprise I saw several tiny creatures run from his body; I captured one on the point of my needle, and examined him in a strong light. It looked like a young flea, the body and legs of a light brown, the shell

hard, six legs, no long hind legs like a flea. I saw no more until this last August, one very hot evening after the room was lighted a number of flies began to buzz around, the thought occurred to me to see if I could find any like the one I saw the summer previous. I lighted a candle, caught one in my hand, put it on the melted tallow of the candle, to my surprise five “parasites” tumbled off; then of course this thing became exciting, all the family joined in the search. To make this long story short as I can, we killed about a dozen or more flies and seven had from five to seven “parasites” on them. Think of that ye that live in boarding houses, where flies are thicker than plums in the pudding! I have seen it stated that it was a well-known fact, that flies carried diseases, and it seems reasonable; they certainly carry live stock with them. Let us beware of flies. I must stop or Mr. Crowell will never let me speak again.

M. J. P.

Lynn, Mass.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I will be much pleased if Mrs. L. C. will give me, through THE HOUSEHOLD, her recipes for coloring blue, green, and canary colors on cotton. Please to give full and explicit directions and oblige a sister of THE HOUSEHOLD Baud. I would also inquire if the above mentioned colors are durable? What effect has sunlight, also washing? M. E. L.

Pitt's Point, Bullitt County, Ky.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one of your readers tell me how to harden the soap made by the recipe in the December number of your paper. Also how to prevent it from being lumpy after adding the cold water? That I have made by the directions is spongy. If I could only make it firm and hard, I should be delighted with it. Would it be best to use salt? if so, how much? I am very desirous to know and heartily insist upon some one telling me very soon. M. C.

Eatonton, Ga.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—A young inquirer asks an expression of opinions on using silver knives and forks in preference to those not plated. I have a half dozen that have been in constant use for nine years, they were replated about a year ago, those not used common will last longer of course. I would have silver knives and forks and spoons if I had to sacrifice something else to get them, it is such a comfort to wash them and put them away and not have to rub them. Knives with metal handles for \$8 per dozen ought to be durable. Ivory handles cost more, and composition handles are not durable, as hot water or replating will injure them.

APPLE PIES:—I don't know as others have been troubled with the juice running out of apple pies, but I have, and I have learned a remedy, and that is, not to put any water in them till they are baked, then add two or three tablespoonfuls of hot water. I use cream to shorten pie-crust, it is much nicer and must be healthier than lard, it seems to me.

The advice given in THE HOUSEHOLD has been valuable to me many times, for which accept thanks.

MRS. F. L. C.

Brighton, Mass.

DEAR SIR:—Perhaps the members of THE HOUSEHOLD do not all know that sewing-machine grease can easily be removed by rubbing the spots with soap and cold water; also that white nubias, scarfs, etc., can be nicely cleaned by wrapping them in a cloth after sprinkling them well with flour, they should stand several days and then shaken well to remove the flour, if necessary repeat the process and they will look as nice as new ones; we have tried it.

PHILIS.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Will Aunt Leisurely please tell us how she cooked her ham, which was so delicious?

How can I color light blue army cloth, brown or dark blue, so it would be pretty for boys' clothes?

Please give me directions for making frosting for cakes.

I would be pleased to learn anything about packing household goods, for moving on the cars, which some one “who knows all about it” may feel disposed to tell me through your paper.

MRS. K. W.



THE THREE ERAS.

BY LEAL N. SEVELLON.

Boy, with locks of golden hair
Full of sunshine tangled there.
From the orb that fills thy days
With its rainbow-fibered rays;
Back reflecting, from thy face,
Gleams of beauty, heaven's own grace;
Open throw thy heart to love,
Let in heaven from that above:
Keep the sunshine in thy heart,
Painting there the flowers that start;
It shall warm thy soul to bloom,
In the land beyond the tomb.

Manhood, with thy hair of brown,
Dark with shadows falling down
From the clouds that flook thy life
With the shades of joy and strife;
Enter in thy heart and sow
Precious grain, which there may grow
Food for thee and many more,
Winter sendeth to thy door.
Heed thou not the c'ouqs that lower
O'er thy head in evil hour;
Know that all thy springing grain
Needs the sunshine, needs the rain.

Ab, old man, thou hast been out
Barehead, in the snow-storm's rout,
Winter, with its driving flakes,
On thy head a glory makes,
As an ancient mountain-top,
Where the weary ages stop.
While the wind blows fierce and cold
Through the forests stripped of gold,
Enter in thy heart and sit
Where the fireside comforts fit;
Let the yule log warm the air;
Christ may hold his birthday there.

—*Rural New Yorker.*

A WOMAN'S CRUSADE OF TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Number Five.

THE SERPENT OF THE HEARTHSTONE.

BY MRS. JULIA A. CARNEY.

IN those old days—call them good, or call them bad, as suits you best, I, for one, am glad to live in the days of “modern improvement”—but in those old days, ere stoves were used, when large stones furnished the yawning chasm yclept a fireplace, with a hearth, which, like its owner's coat, had passed from sire to son for many generations, they told a tragic story, “The Serpent of the Hearthstone.”

It was a large and hideous snake, which lived under an old hearthstone, and every night, about twelve o'clock, would creep out and feed upon the best provisions it could find. It was noticed that he took only the provisions that were cooked, and had an especial liking for the those that were well-cooked. He was never known to touch unsavory fragments. Yet although the stone was removed with much fear and great care, the good old minister being called to witness the ceremony, no trace of his snakeship was ever visible, neither was there any outlet where he could have escaped.

Still after every crevice large enough for a decent snake to creep through was closed, the ravages were continued. The anxious mother was therefore compelled to keep her pantry well-stored with tempting provisions, lest his snakeship should be obliged to

explore other portions of the domicil in quest of a meal.

Of course, in these less credulous days, this story could not obtain a moment's belief. We should at once surmise that there was some courting going on in that kitchen, about the hours when dread of his Satanic Majesty, in form of a serpent, had sent the little ones to bed, and forbidden the “old folks” to intrude, and that love did not live upon air in those times.

We possibly, some of us, may believe that the foolish story was invented by the old folks, like the “old man in the coal hole,” which used to frighten the children of professedly Christian parents to an unquestioning obedience.

However this may be, if the fable was a device of the older members of the family, to warn the younger ones against late hours; or of the young folks to account for their midnight raids upon the puddings and pies, the sweetmeats, and all other kinds of meats; it still has a lesson.

Dear sisters, there is still a serpent of the hearthstone! Not a midnight serpent only, he comes at all hours. Not devouring a portion of our food, but infusing his slimy poison into nearly every dish, and then allowing careful mothers and fond sisters to urge it upon the lips they love.

Men who would scorn to enter a bar-room, or a liquor saloon, whose temperance principles would not allow them to drink a glass of brandy or even wine at home, and who would consider it wrong to offer it to their guests, are yet unconsciously partaking of the vile stuff at their own tables, and are thus poisoned both physically and morally by loving wives.

If this seems a startling statement, examine your recipe books. Look at the household department of all our papers. Is it probable those recipes are filled with “wine,” “brandy,” etc., if no one uses them? I have in my hand a religious paper. Its “Hints to housekeepers” department is edited by a lady whose books upon temperance are called “ultra” by most people. Yet here is a synopsis of the first recipe: “Stale sponge cake,” is to be “well soaked with wine,” then a rich custard poured over it, then white of eggs frothed for the top.

Now we all know how much of any liquid “stale sponge cake” must absorb, before we could call it “well-soaked.” Yet this is the pudding which this public advocate of temperance would have her sister housekeepers place before their husbands, sons, and daughters. This is not the only recipe in the column of like nature. Nearly every one of the list contains some form of alcoholic beverage, to be disguised by sweets and spices, and then placed before our families and our guests. And it concludes with six recipes for turning innocent and healthful fruit juice into poison.

Yet this is a religious, temperance paper. Its editor is a Christian minister, and I do not believe its publishers would allow an employee in their large establishment who was intemperate. We must give the opponents of temperance credit for one thing—their conduct is at least consistent with their principles.

After reading such housekeeping “hints” and then in the literary department, finding constant reference to wine or brandy as a social beverage or a remedial agent, while even the otherwise excellent sermon, from a well-known and eloquent preacher, speaks of “the rich wine of Life,” thus almost blasphemously comparing the gospel to that which the gospel bids us “look not upon,” how can we marvel that our inebriate asylums are filled to overflowing, and that a large proportion of their inmates, are the wives and daughters of our wealthiest men.

Sit down to the table of the city merchant, lawyer, or man of even moderate means in any pursuit. The pudding has its wine sauce, the mince pie its brandy, the cake has its spoonful of brandy or cup of white wine, for “the recipe says so,” the catsup its measure of brandy also, for the same weighty reason also, I suppose for there is no other, while the brandy peaches are highly praised and partaken of with evident relish. The whole is usually followed by a glass or two of wine.

Even in the country, and among farmers who have abandoned even the traditional liquor in harvest time, we still find the domestic wine. “Perfectly harmless,” the boy thinks, “did not mother make it?” He has helped gather the grapes, or pick the currants, he knows “it is only a little fruit-juice.”

So he goes out from his holiday dinner with an excitement of brain and nerves which are mistaken for mirth, and by and by, perhaps not many years after, comes a holiday which that stricken family cannot celebrate as was their wont, because the darling boy has gone down to a drunkard's grave.

Widely and more widely every year spreads the pleasant custom of New Year's calls. Can we not make coequal the influence which shall banish wine from the table of welcome and refreshment?

Truly there must be much good in the young men of this generation, that so many of them resist this constant array of temptation. In the ball-room, in the home, even in the sanctuary of God, the wine cup is found, and whether proffered by fair hands, and urged by smiling lips, or held forth by venerable men, and sanctioned by well-meaning but thoughtless Christians, it is alike a snare.

Women talk of their sufferings, and urge as an argument for suffrage, their desire to vote down intemperance. Can we be sure this will be the effect, while so many of them fail to use, and some even misuse, the influence they now have?

If we see young women urging the wine cup upon the young men of their acquaintance, can we pity the drunkard's wife? If mother's make the domestic wines, can we feel sure that their votes would exclude the less insidiously tempting foreign liquors?

* * * * *

The above rather rambling remarks are the substance of our address, with which I had been requested to open our woman's weekly temperance meeting. The brief or synopsis prepared for the occasion has since been

published, but as it was merely in a paper of slight and local circulation, I do not hesitate to place them here where they really belong, and mention the fact, only, lest some one should say, “I have seen that story before.”

“You may think, dear sisters,” I said in conclusion, “that these remarks are uncalled for here, at this time, as you will all remember our unanimous vote of a few weeks since upon the resolution, ‘we will banish alcoholic liquors entirely from our culinary preparations.’ We all remember also another resolution upon which, I am sorry to say, the vote was not quite unanimous, as a few of our ladies remembered fashionable friends in the city, who would offer them wine, and expect it in return; ‘we will not offer it to our visitors, nor continue to visit where it is offered to us.’

I think the experience of the last few weeks has probably convinced this doubting few, and that they are ready to-day to join us in our most ultra resolutions. But, how many of you, my sisters, have remembered that domestic wines are alcoholic liquors? How many of you have made gooseberry, raspberry or currant wine, as usual this summer, and are even now watching the ripening grapes and preparing to convert them into wine?

Think a moment; you are not so far from your school days as to have forgotten your knowledge of chemistry; you cannot have fermentation without producing alcohol. You destroy this in your bread, by the baking process, and please let me put a caution here, out of its place, perhaps, always cool your bread for some hours with as slight covering as will protect it from dust and flies, and thus let all trace of alcoholic and carbonic acid gases pass away from it, before you venture to place it upon your family table.

Your currant or raspberry vinegar are harmless, they have passed to the acetic fermentation and the alcohol is destroyed. You stop your fruit juices at the vinous stage of fermentation, bottle and seal them carefully, putting them in a cool place that the alcohol cannot escape, and then say, ‘it is only fruit juice!’

Does fruit juice really make a more innocent alcohol than corn, rye, or barley juice? Does the fact that you have prepared it yourself make it any safer beverage for your husband and children? Nay, verily it is placing the temptation in a more alluring form, before many who would never think of yielding to it elsewhere. It is indeed ‘seething the kid in its mother's milk,’ to thus employ your own loving labor for the destruction of your own families.”

As I closed, a lady present arose and in an excited manner said, “All that sounds very well, but has any one present ever known in their own observation of any real harm coming from home made wine?”

“Yes;” replied a low, but firm voice, “I have.”

We all started, for knowing the speaker well, and loving her dearly, we yet had not expected a public expression of her feelings. In appearance she might have been a young girl of twenty, instead of the mother

of girls nearly that age, as she really was, for time deals very gently with the gentle. As she arose, her face was very pale, but in a moment the flush mounted to her cheek, and the light to her eye, as she said, "I have this very summer, but a few weeks since, been, by a sad experience convinced of the truth of what we have now heard.

Like many others, I had supposed our home-made wines harmless. Of course, if I had given as much of thought to the question of chemical change produced by fermentation, as I did to the minor matters of mashing and straining, the preparation of sugar, etc., I should have known that my harmless fruit juice could not become wine, without becoming intoxicating. This I did not do, and thus, like several of my neighbors, I picked my currants and pressed their juice as usual, making the wine as innocently, so far as my own intuitions went, as I did the jelly.

I thought myself very successful and that my wine only needed age to be equal to the best. So it was put away with great care, and I intended to again try my skill when our grapes were ripe.

We had working for us a boy of about fourteen years. He was small for his age, very slender, and of more than average intelligence. As he was also gentle and pleasant in his manner, and very obedient to us, we soon became much attached to him. His lonely lot also moved our sympathy, for he was an orphan with few relations, and fewer friends. So we came to regard him as almost our own, and resolved to employ him and watch over him so long as he needed our care.

For several days in succession he was obliged to leave his work and lie down because his head ached so badly. His face was flushed, and his eyes shone with unnatural brilliancy. His words also seemed incoherent and I feared brain fever, yet as we were so far from town we did not call a physician but each day used simple home remedies, and each morning he returned to his work, declaring himself entirely cured.

At the same time we noticed a sad change in the boy's manner. He became constrained, avoiding all conversation and seeming to shun even our attempts to sympathise with him in his sickness. To our every day question, "Do you feel quite well again?" he would hurriedly reply in the affirmative, and the least suggestion of sending for a physician was sure to cause in him an agitation that amounted to terror.

We knew not what course to pursue. At once unwilling to excite a nervous system that seemed already to have received a severe shock, yet afraid we were not doing our whole duty towards the orphan boy in not sending for a physician, we were in much perplexity. The secret was soon revealed. We found him sleeping among the concealing straw stacks one afternoon, and one of my wine bottles near his hand empty. When his drunken slumber was over, he seemed almost relieved to find his sad story known to us. He said he liked the taste so well, as he occasionally

sipped a little while engaged in assisting me to prepare it, that he was afterwards tempted to purloin a bottle of it for his own use.

At first he only mingled a little with the water which he drank during his summer day's labor, but finding it difficult to do this without the knowledge of his fellow laborers, he afterwards took it without the water and liked the taste still better. He confessed with tears that his appetite for it became so strong that he scarcely hesitated to take one bottle after another until it was nearly all gone. He knew of course he must sometime be found out, and it occasioned him much mental suffering and constant anxiety. He felt as if he rather die than lose our good opinion, and, as he said, the only love he had ever received since his mother's death. Still, even with this great agony tugging at his heart, he continued to purloin the wine, and drink it in secret until our discovery of the fact.

You will, of course, not need my assurance of the thorough change in my sentiments with regard to the making of wine. The few bottles that were left I poured into the gutter with my own hands, and my grapes will all be used in other and better ways than leading any of my fellow beings into temptation. We shall try to undo, as far as in our power, the evil already done to a destitute orphan, and hope to lead him, after his sad experience, to see that entire abstinence is the only path of safety."

A hush was upon every heart as she closed, a hush which no one seemed willing to break.

At last the lady who had asked the question arose and remarked that "this, although a very interesting, was probably an isolated case and the lad might have inherited an appetite for liquors from an inebriate father or mother."

I was about to reply, with I fear some indignation, that it was "not the question we were considering whether intoxication by home-made wines was a very common thing, but whether they were capable of producing intoxication, or even leading to an appetite for stronger stimulants."

At this moment an aged lady arose and with trembling steps came forward to a place in the centre of the audience. Her voice was at first heard only by a few, but as she proceeded it grew louder with enthusiasm, and as we all eagerly bent forward to listen, while a stillness as of death passed over the entire assembly, she spoke.

"I also, have a little experience to relate, and you will pardon me, my children, for I am old enough to call most of you by that name, if I prove how little accustomed I am to public speaking by my want of skill in relating it.

Like the young sister who has just spoken, I had supposed the wines we made in our own homes perfectly innocent. It seems now, a singular delusion, knowing as we all do that we manufacture it by fermentation.

Last summer I visited a friend in a town quite a distance from here, so far that carefully avoiding names I shall consider it no violation of the excellent rule, 'Never relate out of a

house what you observe in it,' if I give you an account of my conversion to the faith of 'no home-made wines for me.'

My friend was one of a large family, or rather she occupied the position of 'son's wife,' in a very large family. Yet in this family the 'sons' wives,' whose number was little less than legion, were never transformed to daughters; perhaps because there was an unusual number of daughters without them. Neither did the 'daughters' husbands' ever become sons.

So it occurred that as the children grew numerous under each roof, and each one's children were prettier and smarter than all the rest, and ought therefore to be special favorites with the world in general, and the poor bewildered grandparents in particular, dissension arose. Each one had the handsomest carriage and the fastest horses; each one was more fashionably dressed and received more attention from other ladies of good society, than any of the others. With one exception, and she considered herself ill-used both by Providence and her worthy husband, that she could not command those appendages to wealth which seemed to her envious vision, displayed by her brothers and sisters in very spite towards her poverty.

These jealousies, growing year by year, as the children grew old enough to share in them, and Mary was promoted in school to a class above Sarah, or Henry won the prize which Fred expected, had at length become so serious as to threaten a law suit with regard to some business matters in which several of the brothers were engaged.

At this juncture, the pastor to whom they were all attached by many ties, for he had united nearly every pair of them all in marriage and had striven to comfort many of them as they laid some precious one away, to rest in the sleep that knows no earthly waking, interfered to effect a family reconciliation. With much labor, and many persuasions, with a careful investigation of the real causes of difficulty, and more careful sifting of false suspicions, with a patient tracing of unfounded rumors to their sources, and an eloquent exhortation to each one, in the seclusion of their own homes during his pastoral calls, or his own when they visited him there, he had at last accomplished this almost Herculean task.

The occasion was to be celebrated by a grand family reunion at the house of the oldest brother, the old home-stead not being large enough nor the aged parents able to endure the trouble and expense incident to so large a gathering. Meanwhile, as there were quite too many children who were elated with the prospect of a large party and lots of goodies, to have its occasion a secret, there was much neighborhood gossip and many surmises as to the possibility of the reconciliation being lasting.

Most people however, thought it

would at least result in preventing the law suit, for the brothers were all shrewd business men and too economical in regard to fees to willingly endure any unnecessary litigation. It was at least a good result to have open discussion cease, even if little envyings and rivalries continued.

When therefore, as the guest of my friend, I accompanied her to this family party, I found quite a little crowd of happy faces, and there is no doubt that they were the index of happy hearts. Most of them really loved each other and had many memories of past kindnesses to recall their better feelings to these relations from whom they had become so sadly estranged. All the virtues are great beautifiers, and the forgiving love, which was to be the presiding spirit of the occasion had not failed to brighten every eye and be reflected from every face.

Alas! alas! that there should have been another and far different spirit present there. Scarcely had the good pastor invoked the blessing of God upon the happy reunion of those who, kindred in birth, had been so long sundered in life, and the tears which sprang to many eyes been banished by the merry jest, and responding laugh, while our music was the clatter of knife, fork and spoon,—very good music, too, when one is hungry—than my eye caught the flash of wine bottles upon the sideboard.

To a questioning look which I gave my friend, she responded in a low tone. 'Only home-made, never fear, brother H. always makes it himself, in large quantities, each kind of fruit in its season, from pie-plant and gooseberry to grapes. His wines have a great reputation in the market.'

Entirely reassured by this statement I partook of the sumptuous dinner and joined in the prevailing mirth. I did not hesitate to take a glass of currant wine after dinner, for a thought of its intoxicating power had never crossed my mind. Soon after I noticed an anxious glance from our host toward Alice who was extending her delicate hands with her empty glass to be refilled. He filled it courteously but silently. A few moments more and the same hand was extended with the same glass emptied of its contents.

He hesitated now, 'Be careful, Alice,' said he, in the lowest tone possible, 'my wines are stronger than those of most manufacturers.'

With a jeering laugh, and a bitterly sarcastic tone, she withdrew the glass, and accusing him of penitently refusing to fill it, told him she was not accustomed to becoming intoxicated.

All this with an air of defiance, and a voice so loud as to draw instant attention of all present.

With a coldly courteous bow, the gentleman addressed placed a full bottle of wine by her glass, and our hostess rising at the same moment, we all left the table, and most of us the room.

Not so the half-frenzied Alice. Her usually gentle and somewhat pale face was flushed now with excitement, and in harsh, hard tone, she disclosed her determination to 'drink as much as I please in spite of that stingy old fellow.'

Another glass was swallowed before I knew she was not following us from the dining room, and another would have followed it, if I had not dashed it from her upraised hand. Then at my earnest solicitation, a number of guests assisted me in taking the bottle from her hand, and her husband

stepping forward with a brow like a thundercloud, gathered her slight form in his arms, and carried her into another apartment.

I have never ceased to regret that she was not immediately taken to a secluded apartment, and the door locked from all but a few of the older friends, while means were taken to soothe her at once to sleep. Our only excuse is that in our first bewilderment, we did not realize the fact that her half-maniac state was the result of the wine she had drank.

Like many other persons of usually quiet and gentle demeanor, her anger when aroused, was something fearful to witness. Most of those present at first supposed she was merely angry with her brother-in-law for his hesitation in filling her glass. It was not until with flashing eyes, burning cheeks, and sarcastic tones she had spoken words of bitterness to nearly every one of the party, that she sank into a state of stupor, which convinced every one what was her real condition.

Alas! it was then too late! Harsh words had been spoken and echoed, for the juvenile proverb, 'cross is catching' is true of us all.

Another circumstance which must have had its influence upon the unhappy termination of this pleasantly opened day, was that all the guests there assembled had partaken, more or less freely, of this same innocent, domestic wine. I doubt if any liquor of foreign manufacture, ever wrought more misery in as short a space of time, for mental suffering is more acute than physical pain.

To conclude this sad story, I will only say, that the papers of agreement which had been carefully prepared for signature, which ceremony was to take place soon after dinner, were burned, the lawsuit is not yet concluded, and the unhappy woman, whose careless use of 'a little fruit-juice' was the cause of the dissension, was never, even in death, forgiven by her stern husband, and his iron-hearted family.

She had loved him devotedly and passionately; in her childish beauty, she had been the petted plaything of his milder moods. He never spoke tenderly to her after being taunted that day, by one of his brothers, with her folly and weakness. He heard her called his 'drunken wife,' and his love, if such it could be called, went with his pride. He seldom spoke in his own home, and his wife's heart was crushed by his stern demeanor. She died recently, and her infant, the same little darling whom I had cared for so tenderly, while its mother was unfitted for her holy duty by having partaken of the demon draught, soon followed her. I did not mourn for them.

As she lay upon what we all felt was her death bed, her husband entered the room, she had been ill but a few days, and in charity I wish to believe, he did not realize her nearness to the shining shore. As he stood with moody brow, looking down upon her, she opened her eyes.

A faint smile stole over her face, a pleading look came to her eyes: 'Forgive me, darling,' was her low murmur. Perhaps he did not fully com-

prehend its meaning. No answering look or tone was given. The next moment it was too late!

This grief for her loss was probably as sincere, as it was terrible to behold. Her marble monument is the most stately in the beautiful cemetery in which she is laid. Yet a little of the forgiveness which one mortal should give to another, would have saved her, for her death was morally a suicide. After that day of festivity, she grew perfectly reckless in regard to her own health, saying to her friends, she wished to die, as her husband no longer loved her, and she had done mischief enough in the world already. Her sickness was the immediate result of the most careless and needless exposure to a violent storm, and its termination I have told you. Yet was she not more sinned against than sinning? We all partook the same sparkling beverage. She carelessly drank deeper, or perhaps it was because her brain was weaker, her nerves more easily affected, her passions more easily excited. Not all of us are made of iron, as were her husband and his family, but did not God make also the weaker ones of earth?

Reverently, therefore, do I vary the words of His apostle, and say: 'Because home-made wine caused my sister to offend, I will make no more while I live, lest I cause some other fellow being to offend.'

As she closed, a low murmur of sympathy ran through the room, broken by many sobs, and it needed but to await the ebbing of emotion's tide, ere we passed a resolution, reiterating that of a few weeks before, but which specially forbade the manufacture or use of domestic wines.

Most of us thought our work was over now, and that our own husbands and babies might receive our future undivided attention; although, to do ourselves justice, I do not think they had been as much neglected during our work of reform, as might have been the case during a series of more fashionable gatherings.

Our good president requested us to meet once more the next week, saying that one part of our duty, she thought, had been forgotten. She wished us to think upon the subject before the next meeting, and probably others would come to the same conclusion. She preferred that the suggestion should come from some one else, if possible. So we retired to our homes, like little ones from sabbath school, with a problem to be solved by our own powers, or the help of others, and like them, we were sure to return next week, to see if we had the true solution.

Perhaps some who glance over this page, may say: 'Pshaw! what a fuss to make about a trifles. If we can stop the use of rum, whiskey, gin, brandy, and such liquors, we need not fear for what wine, cider or beer may do.'

My good sir, or madam, it is not a trifles to daily with vice in any form. Folks don't become drunkards at one jump, without any intervening steps, any more than they usually become murderers, without ever having yielded to angry passion, or struck one wrathful blow.

Yesterday I heard an intelligent man, who believes in "moderate

drinking" say to his wife, "I declare, old Jake is getting to drink too bad. He drinks too strong liquors. He used to drink the lighter liquors, moderately, did so for some years, but now he drinks clear alcohol. Even whiskey don't satisfy his appetite now. He must have something stronger."

"Why," said I, shuddering at the thought, "he will soon be a subject for spontaneous combustion, will he not?"

"Well, it is really dangerous for him now, to go near a lighted lamp or a blazing fire. It seems as if the breath from his mouth was ready to blaze, it is so saturated with alcohol."

"Splendid subject for cremation!" interposed an irreverent wit, and we turned to pleasanter topics, for who really cared for his fate, so the earth was rid of his loathsome presence. Yet he was once a man, and was still a husband, and father to a large family. Who can estimate the sum of their misery, and degradation? He had drank the "lighter liquors," beer and cider probably,—as he was poor,—for several years. Who can tell the story of transitory hopes, and agonizing fears, that accompanied him upon his downward path? Too many, alas! can find them seared into burning brains, hidden in aching hearts or buried amid the fragments of a wrecked life.

"Oh!" says another, a portly and well-dressed professor of religion, "if we can only shut up the saloons, bar-rooms, and low grog shops, we shall have done all I wish. The wines and cordials we use at home do no harm."

Ah! my good sir, how much is in that little "we!" Why have not the poorer classes, as much need of their coarser stimulants, as the aristocratic "we" of their costly ones?

I wanted so much to ask that same question of the gifted author of "We and our neighbors," when I read in that work, the following sentences. First the mistress and maid are discussing the possibilities for a dinner to be prepared hurriedly, for guests invited by a careless husband, without due notice to those most deeply interested.

Mary says: "Well, there's wine-jelly, but I believe the wine's out," to which her mistress unhesitatingly replies, "I'll go down and order a bottle of wine sent in."

A few hours later, ere yet the dinner is eaten, the lady is conversing with her sister, who says, after mentioning her, as yet, unsuccessful efforts to reform a poor inebriate, who promises penitently, only to err again; "I couldn't help thinking what a shame it is that there should be any such thing as rum, and that there should be people who make it their business and get their living by tempting people to drink it. If I were a queen, I'd shut up all the drinking shops, right off!"

To which burst of girlish indignation her sister answers, "I fancy if we women could have our way we should do it pretty generally."

"Well, I don't know about that," said Angie. "One of the worst shops in John's neighborhood is kept by a woman."

These two little dialogues occur upon the same quarto page, and the author meant no inconsistency. For one I cannot see why Bridget and Patrick have not as good a claim to the indulgence of their taste for rum or whiskey, why Hans and Katrine are not as justly entitled to their beer, as are Eva and Harry to their wine-jelly. Nor with their coarser natures, stronger physical frames, and greater amount of out-door exercise, are their stronger stimulants any more liable to lead to intoxication.

How know we when we place wine-jelly before our guests, whose half-overcome appetite we may revive again, or to which of them we may have given the first taste for that which shall destroy both happiness and usefulness?

We need to reform even our best literature. One of our most earnest temperance writers, recently speaks of young men who have "all the wine drained out of their lives" by sensuality, and in the next paragraph, warns them against "even a moderate use of wine or strong drink."

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Number Fifty-four.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

Friends, it seems to me, sometimes, that it does not concern anybody!—and when I am in that mood, these monthly talks of ours are the hardest work that the month brings to me. I have talked to you so long and so frequently, that I often feel as if you must all be tired of me; and nothing but the kindly words you have spoken to and of me, the glimpses you have given me of certain warm, bright corners in your hearts, in which there is a place set apart for your unknown friend, give me strength and courage to go on.

Then there is another thing that troubles me. These interviews of ours have ceased to be mere literary efforts, and have become the familiar talks of friend with friend. It is as if we were sitting together face to face, and, perhaps, hand clasped in hand. Many of you come to me with your troubles, your perplexities, and your cares. Many of you write me letters that the "world know not of," and they give me texts for my poor little sermons. Well, out of all this there grows a seeming assumption on my part of superior wisdom, or superior goodness,—and as I said, it troubles me! I tell you what I think, and what I believe, and what I would advise, until the great I seems almost painfully prominent—and it makes me wish I were safely hidden away somewhere, behind the shelter of a *nom-de-plume*.

But what are we going to do about it? Stop talking in this familiar way, and write learned Essays on Household Economy, the Unity of the Races, or the Rights of Man? By taking that course, I really believe I could keep my own personality, this troublesome *Ego*, pretty much in the background.

Ah! friends, if you could only know how often when I seem to be speaking to you, I am talking out of the depths of my own heart, to my own heart!

We women are a good deal alike after all; and far apart as we may be in circumstances and education and the discipline of life, few words can be spoken to any one of us, in truth and soberness, that do not apply in a greater or less degree to all. If you could only know how often I whip myself over somebody else's shoulders! Be the spirit never so willing, the flesh is very weak, and it is hard to keep it up to the high plane of earnest endeavor. We all find it so; and there is but a hand's breadth between the strongest and the weakest, the simplest and the wisest, the highest and the lowest. May God show us each others needs, each others yearnings, each others temptations and each others burdens; and then, reaching across the hand's breadth that widens under our imagination into a gulf that at times seems well-nigh impassable, may He teach us how best to help each other.

We were going to say something more about common sense, were we not? A terribly prosaic theme, and the last one that the young folks of our *HOUSEHOLD* would be likely to choose. When one is talking of geniuses, and beauty, and grace, and elegance, he may be tolerably sure of an audience. Bright eyes will be fixed upon him, and sparkling faces will greet him whithersoever he turns. But when it comes to anything so decidedly commonplace as common sense, why then—circumstances alter cases, and it is quite possible the speaker will find himself addressing a begrimed array of empty benches. Yet the world could better spare all its geniuses and all its beauties. Common sense is the "little leaven that leaveneth the whole lump;" and without it life would be one unending series of errors and mistakes.

Parents need it in the management of their children. Nothing, not even religion, can supply its place; and it is the great secret of many a mother's success in rearing her brood. It commands respect; it inspires obedience; and, at the same time, it has the tact and clear-sightedness that avoids collisions. This last means a great deal. Did you ever think of it, mothers? What did the Apostle mean when he said—"Parents, provoke not your children to wrath," but just this thing—this avoidance of needless collisions? Johnny, it may be, has a high temper; he may be stubborn and rebellious. Have you any right to forget, or to overlook, those peculiarities of his temperament—traits that he may have inherited from you, or from his father? When you know that a certain tone of voice, a certain mode of address on your part, always irritates and annoys the lad, have you any right to use it? Perhaps you have discovered that if you peremptorily, and half angrily, order him to do a thing, he sulks, and hangs back, and obeys unwillingly; whereas, if you ask him to do it with a pleasant inflection of the voice, and a smile, he will run his little legs off in his haste to do your bidding. Does not common sense teach that you should ask, rather than order?

"Well," says some one, "I believe in the good, old fashioned doctrine of

obedience. Children must be made to mind."

Yes. But if a child can be made to mind happily and good-naturedly, is it not all the better for him and for you, too? Is it the unhappiness, the unwillingness, that imparts a saving grace to the act of obedience? O, mothers! Do not make the path too rough and hard for the little feet! There are snares and stumbling-blocks enough without any of your adding. Anger, and impatience, and irritability are as poison to the young soul; and while you must guide and govern, you have no right to provoke and irritate.

The same rule applies to hundreds of other cases. Common sense teaches that a mother should study the character and disposition of each individual child. Children are not machines, to be wound up by a certain number of turns of the crank, and so set going. If they were, a mother's work would be wonderfully simplified.

Each member of the family has his or her idiosyncrasies and peculiarities. No two of them can be managed precisely alike. One needs stimulating and urging forward; another needs to be quieted and held back. One can bear the utmost plainness of speech, and on the whole rather enjoy it; while the same words would crush the life out of his brother, and completely dishearten him. One child is careless about his person, while another is a miniature dandy. One is frank and outspoken almost to a fault, while another is painfully timid, and lacks "back-bone." To treat them alike, to give them precisely the same teaching and training, would be to spoil both. Yet here again is the common sense that gives tact and judgment imperatively needed. Nothing so rankles in the heart and brain of a child, as the cruel sense of injustice that oftentimes darkens its life. To so rule her little kingdom that while there is no iron law to which the strong and the weak, the gentle and the ungentle, the timid and the bold, the impetuous and the phlegmatic, must each submit in precisely the same degree and fashion,—while there is no Procrustean bed upon which all must lie—each shall feel that he has entire and impartial justice done him, is no light nor easy matter. To be strictly just, is harder than to be generous.

And just here, mothers, there is something for us to think about. The strong have rights that the weak are bound to respect. We are apt to forget that, and regard only the reverse of that proposition.

"You always side with the weakest, mother,—right or wrong," said a youth, once on a time, to a lady who shall be nameless. To do so, is the most natural thing in the world, and with certain temperaments it is almost inevitable. Yet great injustice may often be done by just that tendency. I leave this thought for you to ponder over. Maybe we will return to it some other day.

Common sense helps us to a right understanding of ourselves, and to a just estimate of our powers. It teaches us, too, to do what we *can*; not always what we would choose. It teaches that if we have our bread and butter to earn, and cannot earn it in

the way that seems the most pleasant to us, and the most congenial to our tastes, it is better to try some other way, rather than to beg or to starve. I was in New York last winter, the guest of one who has won for himself so high a place in literature, that many who are beginning the ascent are glad to cling to the skirts of his garments; and he is glad to help them, in so far as he can. But it was pitiful to know the numbers of young men who came to him with the same sad story. They had adopted Literature as a profession, and they were starving. Would he read their little stories, or poems, or essays, and then give them a note to some editor? Would he introduce them to Mr. Bryant, or to Dr. Holland?—and last and saddest, would he give or lend them money? One day he came into the library with a saddened face.

"W— has been here again," he said. "He wanted fifty cents to pay for his dinner. And he wanted me to hear his verses, and see if I could sell them for him."

"What did you do?" I asked.

"I gave him the money," he answered, "as I have given it to him before. But I cannot sell his poems for him. If an editor wants a thing, he will take it; if he does not, he will not be persuaded by me, or any one else."

"Have you read any of his poems?

"Oh, yes! They are good enough. But that's just the trouble. Hundreds of people write 'good enough' verses; and there is not room for them all. Now why don't these bright young fellows go to work at something that will secure them their dinners? They come here with their pockets full of manuscripts, and think themselves rich. But no alchemy changes the paper into gold, and their purses grow leaner and leaner while they are waiting, and the first thing they know, they are cold and hungry. If they have ever so much genius, they must do something to support themselves, while they are making their way. That is common sense, if I could only make them believe it."

THE BANK NOTE.

The following amusing scene, which occurred recently in an American family, will be found not uninteresting to our readers. The chief role is played by money, the prime mover in such affairs. An eye witness recited to us the occurrence in the following words:

One evening that I took tea with an intimate friend of mine, while we were seated at the table, Mr. Baker, my friend's husband, while absentmindedly feeling in his vest pocket, found a five dollar note which he had no recollection of putting there.

"Helloa!" he exclaimed, "that is no place for you, I should have put you in my pocket-book. Here, wife, don't you want some ready money?" and he threw the note across the table to her.

"Many thanks," she replied; "money is always acceptable, although I have no present use of it." She folded the note and put it under the edge of the tea tray, and then proceeded to pour out the tea and attend to the wants of her guests.

At her right sat Mrs. Eaton or Aunt Susan, whom we all knew as an acquaintance, who, from time to time spent a week with Mrs. Baker. Her visit was just at an end, and she was about to return home that evening. As Mrs. Baker was pouring out her tea it occurred to her that she was in her aunt's debt for certain small matters, and when she had an opportunity, she pushed the note under her plate, saying:

"Here, aunty, take this five dollars in part payment of my debt."

"Very well," she replied, "but the money does not belong to me. I owe you fifteen dollars, my dear Grace, which you lent me last Saturday. I had to pay the taxes on my little house, and had not the ready money, and Grace lent it to me," exclaimed Aunt Susan.

Grace, an orphan, was a cousin of Mrs. Baker. She and her brother Frank boarded with her, and made a very pleasant addition to the family circle. She was studying music, and her brother was a clerk in a mercantile establishment.

As soon as Aunt Susan received the note, she handed it to Grace, saying:

"I will give you this now on account, and the rest as soon as I get it."

"All right," answered Grace, laughing, "and since we all seem in humor to pay our debts, I will follow suit. Frank, I owe you something for music you bought me; here is part of it;" and she threw the bank note across the table to her brother, who sat opposite.

We were all highly amused to see how the note wandered around the table.

"This is a wondrous note," said Mr. Baker, "I only wish somebody owed me something and I owed somebody something, so that I could come into the ring."

"You can," said Frank. "I owe Mrs. Baker, or you, it's all the same, for my board; I herewith pay you part of it."

Amid general laughter, Mr. Baker took the note and playfully threw it again to his wife, saying: "It's yours again, Lucy, because what belongs to me belongs to you. It has completed the round, and we have all had the benefit of it."

"And now it must go around again," replied she, gaily. "I like to see money circulate; it should never lie idle. Aunt Susan, you take it; now, I have paid you ten dollars."

"Dear Grace, here is another five dollars on my account," said Aunt Susan, handing it to Grace.

"And you, Frank, have received ten dollars for the music you bought me," said Grace, handing it to her brother.

"And I pay you ten dollars for my board," continued he, and the note once more rested in Mr. Baker's hands. The exchanges were as quick as thought, and we were convulsed with laughter.

"Was there ever so wonderful an exchange?" exclaimed Grace.

"It's all nonsense," cried Mr. Baker.

"Not in the least," answered his wife. "It's all quite right."

"Certainly," said Frank, "when the money belonged to you, you could dispose of it as you would; I have the same right. It is a fair kind of exchange, although very common."

"It shows the use of money," said Aunt Susan; "it makes the circuit of the world, and brings its value to every one who touches it."

"And this note has not finished its work yet, as I will show you, my dear husband, if you will give it to me again," said Mrs. Baker.

"I present you with this five dollar note," said Mr. Baker.

"And I give it to you, Aunt Susan, —I owed you fifteen dollars, and I have paid my debt."

"You have, my dear friend, without doubt; and now, dear Grace, I pay you my indebtedness, with many thanks for your assistance."

"I take it with thanks, Aunt Susan," replied Grace; "and now the time has come when this wonder working, this inexhaustibly rich bank note must be divided, because I don't owe Frank five dollars more. How much have I to pay yet?"

"Two dollars and sixty-two cents," replied Frank.

"Can you change it?"

"Let me see; two thirty-eight, yes, there is the change, the spell is broken, Grace, and you and I divide the spoils."

"This bank note beats all I ever saw. How much has it paid? Let us count up," said Grace.

"Mrs. Baker gave Aunt Susan fifteen dollars, which Aunt Susan gave me—I gave Frank twelve dollars and sixty-two cents—Frank gave Mr. Baker ten dollars, altogether fifty-two dollars and sixty-two cents."

"It's all nonsense I tell you," cried Mr. Baker, again, "you all owe each other what you owed before."

"You are deceived, my dear, by the rapid, unbroken race this little sum has made; to me it is as clear as daylight," replied Mrs. Baker.

"If it is all nonsense, how could the note which you gave Mrs. Baker, if nothing to me or to you, be divided between us two?" asked Grace.

Mr. Baker didn't seem to see it very clearly, but the others did, and they often relate this little history for the amusement of their friends.

HUSBANDS, ATTENTION!

BY GYPSY TRAINE.

I want to talk with you a little while. Most of THE HOUSEHOLD articles have been addressed to wives and mothers, and the poor creatures have been advised, scolded and dictated, until, I daresay, half of them think they are the most imperfect creatures in the world, and they ought to praise God from morning until night for giving them husbands to keep in check their natural depravity, while half, yes, two-thirds of you, look with condescending pity upon the helpmeet you have individually chosen out of all the world to administer to your comfort. Now, honestly, isn't it so?

Perhaps you say as a New Hampshire lawyer said to me once, "THE HOUSEHOLD will do for women and children;" yes, and it will do for you too. And didn't this same lawyer read it on the sly, and don't you do it, also? Don't you form a part of each household, and an essential part? It rests with you, equally with the wives

and mothers, to make that home the cheeriest and most restful spot on earth to your families, or the place where discord and disunion reign.

Well, now, my friends, I want to call your attention to some of your failures in domestic life. Perhaps sometime, I may flatter your self-love and extol your virtues, but this time prepare to put your noses on the grindstone.

Are not some of you guilty of reading your newspaper in contented ease, while your tired wife brings in the wood and water? Shame on you, if you are able to do it. Every time you allow her to do this, you degrade your manhood.

But then, you do take so much comfort, it seems a pity to bestir yourself, when she can do it just as well. See here, my good fellow, there was a time when you desired to stand well in her eyes, and occupy the first place in her heart. Have you lost that ambition? If you have not, you would be startled could you know just what she thinks of you when you are so thoughtless of her welfare. It is a little thing, isn't it? yet there are many little things that make the heart sick.

Are you a farmer, and do you have your mowing machine, your reaper and your horse-rake, while you refuse to buy a sewing machine for your wife? "O," but you say, "my machines save hiring help." Just so, and a sewing, or washing machine might not only save hiring a girl, but a long doctor's bill, to say nothing of the suffering your wife endures, not only while under the doctor's care, but long before she gives up her duties.

You don't stop to think that these helps might add a few years to her life. You don't think. You have been so accustomed to seeing your mothers toil the long day through, that it never occurs to you there is a better way.

If you, Mr. Harry, have a washing machine in your kitchen, and a sewing machine in your sitting room, then you may skip over this part of my talk, but I will find some fault with you, never fear. Don't I happen to know that although you love your wife very dearly, you have not taken the trouble to tell her so since the first weeks of your honeymoon. She don't care, you think, if you think about it at all. I read an article upon this subject once, where the writer said that the wife should not desire nor expect professions of love from her husband, that she should realize that her position was so secure, and should so trust him as to not care for any verbal expression of affection. The author was a man without a shadow of doubt, and he was ashamed to sign his name.

No loving woman ever penned such words. You pet your dog and your horse, who can only minister to your physical comfort, while the wife who sympathizes with you in sorrow, who rejoices in your successes, who watches with you in sickness, who toils daily to make your life happy, yes, who willingly gives her own life, if need be, to preserve yours, plods on, from day to day, without any recognition of her devotion. You take all these blessings as a matter of course, and make answer, if reproved: "Why, she is my wife." Don't I beg of you,

in behalf of the dear woman who pines for a tender word or a gentle caress, don't wrap your cloak of dignity around you and think it unmanly to acknowledge the deep love you really cherish for her, though it is so far hidden by the cares and trifles of this world, that she sometimes doubts it. There are so many homes that might bloom so radiantly in an atmosphere of love, that are now chill and dark, only because the members will not let each other see how necessary they are to their happiness.

Before you were married, if you were going out to ride, how delightful it was to drive up to your sweetheart's door and invite her to go too. If you are called out a few miles now, where the delay is short, do you think to ask your wife to go? You know you don't. It isn't like you, you are selfish, you see. It pleased you to ride with your sweetheart; you couldn't see her every day, and embraced with rapture every opportunity to do so, but now there is no novelty in riding out with the woman who has washed your dirty stockings for six years. You are wrong there; just try it and see. When you go to harness your horse, tell her in the hearty way you used to do: "Put on your bonnet, lassie, and keep me company for a mile or two." Why man, you wont know your own wife, when you return!

I know some men who are perfect tyrants at home, that pay the most devoted attention to their wives in society, and others, who entirely ignore their wives in company, who in the home circle are pattern husbands. For the first class, I have only the most supreme contempt, but the second do wrong because they do not know it is wrong. It is to you I am talking now. God never yet made a woman without throwing in a grain of vanity, therefore it is pardonable in a certain degree. When you

bestow upon your wife no attention in the social circle, her vanity is wounded, and she feels neglected, thinking that others will construe your conduct in a worse light than she does; that is, she imagines people say, "He doesn't prize the bird now that he has caged it," and to have them suppose that you no longer care for her, although she knows it is not true, causes her many a sharp pang. I don't advise you to play the lover in public, but by a few attentions, quietly thoughtful, you can inspire her with gratitude, and show to others that, because you are a married man, you do not consider yourself at liberty to devote your time to every lady except your wife.

A man may be as meek as Moses, but he cannot live with a woman any number of months without sometimes saying and doing things he ought not to say and do. Woman's organization is infinitely finer than man's, and it is just as impossible for him to always understand her, as it is for you to help turning a somersault when your sled goes "hurrah boys" against a gate post on a crusty morning. Hence so long as this world stands, there will be misunderstandings between man and wife, and sometimes bitter words. Some couples seem to like to quarrel, "it is so sweet making up." But there is not always a reconciliation,

although there should be. A man that wrongs his wife in any way, or gives her pain, and is not afterwards sorry for it, and acknowledges his error, is lacking in generous manhood—if I dared use strong language, I should say he is either a brute, or a boor.

Do tell your wife your affairs? When business troubles you, do you go to her first for advice and comfort? If you do not, try the plan, and you will be surprised at her sagacity. Many a man has gone down to the grave, utterly ignorant that he had a smart wife. You do not believe it? I know it is so. See the man who takes his own life, because he isn't brave enough to face his difficulties and work for his daily bread, and then watch the widow as she gathers her forces together, strengthens out the tangled web he left behind, and, by the power of her strong mind, the mind that notes the effect, even if she does not know the cause, keeps her family together and fights bravely to hold her place in the world. There is something heroic in that. Now if any of you, friends, are discouraged, perplexed with business cares, there is no surer place in this world than in the heart of your wife to confide your troubles. Trust her love and courage, and if that should fail you, still cling to the ship, and do not bequeath a suicide's name to your family.

One word more, and I close. Not only tell your wife your cares and troubles, but all the pleasant things you may hear. She is obliged to stay at home the greater part of the time, and the news of the day from your lips, or some rare thing from the book you are reading, will wonderfully brighten her drudgery. Then talk! Cultivate this gift. Don't retort that your wife's tongue runs so fast you don't get any chance. If necessary, enter into a bargain that you shall have the floor half the time.

It is my interest in you that has prompted this lecture, and I trust you will so far improve that the next time I shall have only words of commendation.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

MR. CROWELL.—*Dear Sir*—Having seen an account of Dobbins' Electric Soap in THE HOUSEHOLD, I thought I would try some of it. I went to Williamsport, purchased some, brought it home, and yesterday I tried it. I found it to work like a charm. Where it always has taken till after dinner, yesterday I was all done at 10 o'clock. Up in our neighborhood this soap was not known of, but I have spread the news like wild-fire. I shall use no other soap after this and I think if the soap was better known here, there would be a great deal of it sold.

Newberry, Pa. MRS. E. R. W.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been induced to try Dobbins' Electric Soap, and my verdict is that it is magnificent, and I want every woman that reads THE HOUSEHOLD to try it right away. I made our grocer send to Portland for a box of it, and he has now in two weeks only, eight customers that will use nothing else. Washing is the most laborious and at the same time one of the most necessary duties of housekeeping and it entirely devolves upon the weaker sex to do it, and we should all interest ourselves to see that every woman avails herself of the greatest labor-saver I have ever found, Dobbins' Electric Soap. Won't some of your readers who have tried this soap

say to the rest of us through THE HOUSEHOLD what they think of it.
Saccarappa, Me. Mrs. M. A. J.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—May I say a word to your thousands of readers all over the country, in regard to an article I see mentioned in your columns? If I may, it is this: Try Dobbins' Electric Soap, once, and see what you think of it. Try it for your own interests, not for mine, nor for its manufacturers. I have used it for years, and I would no more use any other soap than I would fly. I am not going to tell of its merits for that would take all of your paper, just try it and it will tell its own story, and I will guarantee that its story will be a surprise to many.

MRS. C. A. CALDWELL.
South Boston, Mass.

HOUSEHOLD.—Dear Sir:—In a recent number of your paper I see you speak of Dobbins' Electric Soap, and knowing that too much cannot be said in its praise, I want to add a word. I manufacture a clothes washer and one of my first tasks after perfecting the washer, was to satisfy myself by actual experiment which soap was the best and most economical and would present the best results. After trying them all I found that Dobbins' Electric Soap was wonderfully in advance of all others, and I cheerfully give the benefit of my experience to all, especially to those who use my washer. It is white as snow, and an analysis I had made proved it to be perfectly pure and free from all injurious ingredients. It was very important to me to have a good soap used with my washer, as any fault of poor soap, would surely be laid to the washer. Dobbins' Electric is the best soap in the world.

J. C. CARMAN,
Dexter Washing Machine.
Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—In looking over your pages sometime since my attention was caught by a letter from "Aunt Matilda," praising Dobbins' Electric Soap. I read it and thought over it, read it again next day, and finally sat down and wrote to the address Aunt Matilda gave, (I. L. Cragin & Co, Philadelphia, Pa.) asking for information regarding this wonderful soap. In reply I got a bar of soap, by mail, with a letter from its manufacturers saying the soap could speak for itself and tell what it was and what it could do. I used it, and my opinion is that "Aunt Matilda" didn't say half enough in its favor. It is splendid. I got our grocers, Hunt & Austin, to order some of it and already Santa Barbara is busy talking of Dobbins' Electric Soap.

MRS. J. S. POLLOCK.
Santa Barbara, Cal.

The publishers of the New York Tribune assure us that its subscription list was never larger than at present and that it is constantly increasing notwithstanding the hard times which has seriously curtailed the circulation of most if not all the other large dailies in the country. This fact alone is sufficient indication of the esteem with which the American public regard this journal and the appreciation it has for well directed efforts to cater to its tastes. The thirty-fourth anniversary of this enterprising paper was celebrated by its removal to the new and elegant building the association recently erected—the most elegant quarters ever occupied by the craft. May its shadow never grow less.

GREAT SPRING TONIC. Hegeman's Cordial Elixir of Calisaya Bark, a pleasant Cordial which strengthens and improves the Digestion; an excellent preventive of Fevers, Fever and Ague, &c., and a great Renovator and Tonic for Invalids and debilitated persons. The good qualities of this preparation have been fully tested and proved by almost every family in New England. HEGEMAN & CO., New York, Sole Manufacturers. Sold by all Druggists.

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IF A MAN WANTS A BOTTLE OF WHISKEY, let him buy it and take it home like a man, and not sneak home with a bottle of "Bitters," or "Cordial," and pretend that it is medicine. If he wants a tonic that is something better than a temporary stimulant, he should get a bottle of Peruvian Syrup, (an Iron Tonic,) that will vitalize the blood and give durable strength to the system.

A COUGH, COLD, OR SORE THROAT, requires immediate attention, and should be checked. If allowed to continue, irritation of the Lungs, a permanent Throat affection, or an incurable Lung disease, is often the result. "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" having a direct influence on the parts, give immediate relief. For Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Consumptive and Throat Diseases, TROCHES are used always with good success.

We learn that Messrs. Biglow & Main, so well known all over the world as the leading publishers of Sunday-school song books, intend to bring out a new book in April, by the favorite authors, Messrs. Lowry & Doane. These authors have worthily earned their high reputation by their many beautiful songs in "Pure Gold" and "Royal Diamond," and we are assured that the forthcoming work will be a worthy follower to its illustrious predecessors.

CONSUMPTIVES, TAKE NOTICE. Every moment of delay makes your more hopeless, and much depends on the judicious choice of a remedy. The amount of testimony in favor of Dr. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, as a cure for consumption, far exceeds all that can be brought to support the pretensions of any other medicine. See Dr. Schenck's Almanac, containing the certificates of many persons of the highest respectability, who have been restored to health, after being pronounced incurable by physicians of acknowledged ability. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup alone has cured many, as these evidences will show; but the cure is often promoted by the employment of two other remedies which Dr. Schenck provides for the purpose. These additional remedies are Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic and Mandrake Pills. By the timely use of these medicines, according to directions, Dr. Schenck certifies that most any case of Consumption may be cured.

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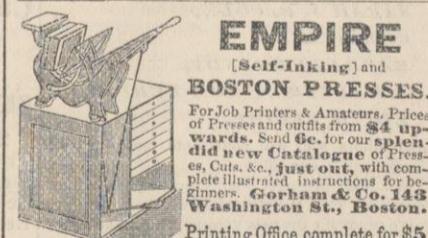
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ANOTHER LIST

DESIGNED FOR COUNTY AGENTS.

The campaign of 1875 is to be conducted mainly by COUNTY AGENTS of whom we have already appointed a large number. We hope to have one in each county in the United States before January, 1875. These agents receive a circular containing terms, etc., and giving the quota of subscribers to be raised in each county, based upon its population, location, and other circumstances and the person who shall send us the largest list of yearly subscribers from any County in proportion to the quota assigned to it, before May 1st 1875 will receive

A SEWING MACHINE, worth \$75.

For the Second largest list we will give

AN ELEGANT SILVER TEA SET, worth \$50.

For the Third

A SILVER WATCH, worth \$35.

For the Fourth, Rogers' Group of Statuary

THE FAIRY'S WHISPER, worth \$25.

For the Fifth
A CHILD'S CARRIAGE, worth \$20.

For the Sixth

A CRAYON PORTRAIT, worth \$15.
(Life size and copied from any picture.)

For the Seventh,

A BECKWITH SEWING MACHINE, worth \$12.

For the Eighth, Prang's Brilliant Chromo,
SUNSET IN CALIFORNIA, worth \$10.

For the Ninth

Family Scales, (24 lbs.) worth \$5.

For the Tenth

A Gold Pen, worth \$3.

Remember these premiums are to be given to the agents procuring the largest number of subscribers *in proportion to their quotas*—so that all have an equal chance, and the most valuable premium may be earned by the smallest list.

To Single Subscribers.

We have on our subscription books the names of several thousands of **SINGLE SUBSCRIBERS**. A single subscriber is not necessarily an unmarried one but merely one whose copy of **THE HOUSEHOLD** is the only one taken at his or her postoffice. Those who receive this paper in wrappers (except in a few of the large cities where all are wrapped) will understand that they are single subscribers and therefore interested in this paragraph. Now it is just as easy for us to send fifty or a hundred copies to an office as one and we much rather do it, so we call upon those friends to send us lists of subscribers from their postoffices and not compel us to wrap each paper singly—you have no idea of the large amount of work it causes every month. No matter if you don't get but one name besides your own. That will be two and that will make a bundle. Read what we will do for you: To the single subscriber who shall send us the largest list of yearly subscribers from their own postoffice we will give

A BECKWITH SEWING MACHINE, worth \$12.00.

For the Second largest list we will give
A Family Clothes Wringer, worth \$7.50.

For the Third,

A PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM, worth \$5.00.

For the Fourth, a copy of
GREAT INDUSTRIES OF THE U. S., worth \$3.50.

For the Fifth,

A GOLD PEN WITH SILVER CASE, worth \$2.50.

Many of these single subscribers will, we hope, become County Agents and thus compete for the other prizes also.

4thly and to Conclude.

To the agent sending subscribers from the GREATEST NUMBER OF POSTOFFICES we will give a copy of

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For information regarding postage, etc., see items in our Desk on last page.

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Turns gray Hair dark. Removes dandruff, heals humors of the scalp and makes the Hair grow thick and glossy.

1868. 1875.

THE HOUSEHOLD For 1875.

Friends, one and all, thanking you for your presence and patronage in the past, we herewith present you with our

PROGRAMME FOR VOL. 8TH.

A New Volume!

New Type!!

New Contributors!!!

New Subscribers!!!!

A Better Paper for Less Money!

We take much pleasure in announcing to our readers that in addition to retaining all of our present excellent corps of contributors for the coming year, we have secured the services of several new writers of rare ability, the whole forming a list unequalled by any similar magazine in the country, and insuring to the readers of **THE HOUSEHOLD** for 1875 a volume of unusual attractiveness and value. Among our new contributors will be found ROSELLA RICE, who under the *nom de plume* of Pipsissaway Potts, wrote the well known and universally admired series of articles entitled "The Deacon's Household," and ETHEL C. GALE, formerly a prominent contributor to *Hearth and Home*. Our readers will be pleased to know that these ladies will contribute regularly to our columns. MRS. DORR will continue her admirable series "To Whom it May Concern," in which all are concerned—in short our bill of fare is to be of the most unexceptionable quality as will be seen from the following

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS FOR 1875.

*Mrs. JULIA C. R. DORR,
Mrs. JULIA A. CARNEY,
ROSELLA RICE,
ETHEL C. GALE,
ANNA HOLYOKE,
Dr. J. H. HANAFORD,
Prof. HIRAM ORCUTT, (Experience,
Rev. BERNICE D. AMES,
Mrs. SARAH E. AMES,
HELEN THORNTON.
C. DORANICKERSON, (Kitty Candid,
MARY CUTTS,
Mrs. ELISA E. ANTHONY,
ELLEN LYMAN, (U. U.)
LIZZIE E. PINCOTT,
ALICE W. QUIMBY,
OLIVE OLDSCHOOL,
E. D. KENDALL, (E. D. K.)
AUNT LEISURELY,
GYPSY TRAINE,
SARAH J. B. COLE,
CHRISTABEL,
BARBARA BRANDT,
A MARTYR OF THE PERIOD,
EDITH ELLIOT,*

and others who will contribute more or less frequently to our columns.

We shall procure, wholly or in part, a new dress for **THE HOUSEHOLD**, which we hope to have ready for the new volume, and make other improvements in its appearance from time to time as may be desirable and practicable.

At the same time, notwithstanding the extra expense we have incurred and the increased value of the paper in consequence, the price will remain the same, though many publishers are adding from 25 to 50 cents to their publications without making any improvements, on account of the new law requiring prepayment of postage after January 1, 1875. In fact **THE HOUSEHOLD** will ACTUALLY COST A LITTLE LESS than heretofore as we shall send it for the coming year prepaid for

One Dollar and Ten Cts.

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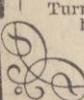
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for its value in subscriptions to The Household. In other words for \$200 (and \$20 to prepay postage), we will send Two Hundred copies of The Household for one year, and an Estey Cottage Organ worth \$200, or one of any other style or price on the same terms.

Hundreds of families can now be supplied with these beautiful and valuable instruments without any money and with but little trouble.

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Remember that one yearly subscription to The Household counts as One Dollar toward a Cottage Organ of any style or price desired.

We have also a similar arrangement with the manufacturers of one of the best Sewing Machines in use so that any one may have

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for its value in subscriptions to The Household. That is, for \$60 (and \$6 to prepay postage), we will send Sixty copies of The Household for one year and a Weed Sewing Machine worth \$60, or one of any other style or value on the same terms.

Ladies here is a chance for you. The Weed is a well-known and first-class machine, and this offer places one within the reach of nearly every person.

Subscriptions may commence at any time and be sent from any number of Post-offices—the more the better.

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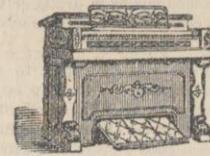
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No.	PREMIUM.	Price.	Subs.
1	One box Initial Stationery,	\$0 50	2
2	Indelible Pencil, (Clark's,	50	2
3	Embroidery Scissors,	50	2
4	Name, Plate, brush mk, etc.,	60	2
5	Ladies' Ivory handle Penknife,	75	3
6	Autograph Album,	1 00	3
7	Package Garden Seeds,	1 00	3
8	Package Flower Seeds,	1 00	3
9	Half Chromo, Autumn Leaves, Winter Wren or May Flowers,	1 00	3
10	Butter Knite, (silver plated.)	1 00	3
11	Turkey Morocco Pocket Book,	1 00	3
12	Set Jet Jewelry,	1 50	4
13	One vol. Household,	1 00	4
14	Six Teaspoons, (silver plated)	1 75	5
15	Pair Tablespoons, (silver plated)	2 00	5
16	Six Scotch Pl'd Napkin Rings,	2 00	5
17	Rosewood Writing Desk,	2 25	5
18	Rosewood Work Box,	2 50	5
19	Gold Pen with Silver Case,	2 50	6
20	Photograph Album,	3 50	7
21	Any two vols. Household,	2 00	7
22	Six Tea Knives, (ebony handles.)	2 50	7
23	Pie Knite, (silver plated.)	3 00	8
24	Soup Ladle, (silver plated.)	3 50	9
25	1 doz. Teaspoons, (silver plated.)	3 50	8
26	Family scales, (12 lbs., Shaler.)	4 00	8
27	Six Tablespoons, (silver plated.)	4 00	9
28	Six Dining Forks, (silver plated.)	4 00	9
29	Family scales, (24 lbs., Shaler.)	5 00	10
30	1 doz. Tea Knives, (ebony handle.)	5 00	10
31	Sheet Music, (Agts. selection)	5 00	10
32	Alarm Clock,	5 00	12
33	Ht. Chromo, Morn'g or Even'g	5 00	12
34	Gold Pen and Pencil,	6 00	12
35	Carving Knife and Fork,	6 00	12
36	Spoon Holder, (silver plated.)	6 50	14
37	Accordeon,	6 50	14
38	Croquet Set,	6 50	14
39	Family scales, (50 lbs., Shaler)	7 00	14
40	Clothes Wringer,	7 50	15
41	Webster's N'tional Dictionary,	6 00	15
42	Syrup Cup and Plate, (silver plated.)	8 00	18
43	Six Tea Knives, (silver plated)	8 00	18
44	Fruit Dish, (silver plated.)	7 00	16
45	Gold Pen and Holder,	7 50	17
46	1 doz. Tablespoons, (silver plated.)	8 00	18
47	1 doz. Dining Forks, (silver plated.)	8 00	18
48	Photograph Album, (Bowles & Co.)	10 00	18
49	Stereoscope and 50 views,	10 00	20
50	Elegant Family Bible,	10 00	20
51	Violin,	10 00	20
52	Eight Day Clock, with alarm,	10 00	22
53	Child's Carriage,	10 00	25
54	Cash,	6 25	25
55	Castor, (silver plated.)	10 00	25
56	Flutina, (Busson's)	12 00	24
57	Cake Basket, (silver plated.)	10 00	25
58	Chromo, Sunlight in Winter,	10 00	25
59	1 doz. Tea Knives, (silver plated.)	14 50	30
60	Photograph Album,	18 50	30
61	Webster's Unabridged Dictionary,	12 00	30
62	Crayon Portrait, from any picture,	15 00	35
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64	Silver Watch, (Waltham.)	20 00	45
65	Ice Pitcher, (silver plated.)	20 00	50
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68	Zero Refrigerator,	30 00	80
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70	Cash,	35 00	100
71	Lawn Mower, (Allen & Co.'s.)	45 00	100
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73	Sewing Machine, (Weed.)	60 00	60
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82	Cooper's Works, (Library Edition, 32 volumes.)	144 00	350
83	Cash,	400 00	1000
84	Piano, 7 Oct., (Bening and Klix.)	500 00	1000
85	Piano, splendid 7 Oct., (Bening & Klix.)	700 00	1500

Each article in the above list is new and of the best manufacture.

A full description of the Premiums are given in a circular which will be sent to any address on application.

Specimen copies of THE HOUSEHOLD are sent free to those wishing to procure subscribers.

New subscribers and renewals are counted alike for premiums.

It is not necessary for an agent working for any premium to get all the subscriptions at one place or to send them all in at one time. They may be obtained in different towns or states and sent as convenient. Keep a list of the names and addresses and when a premium is wanted, send a copy of this list and name the premium selected.

All articles sent by mail are prepaid. Those sent by express are at the expense of the receiver.

CENTRAL VERMONT RAILROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Leave Brattleboro at 4:20 and 8:

THE HOUSEHOLD.



DON'T FORGET that we want a SPECIAL AGENT in every county in the United States. Many are applying for these special agencies and all are pleased with the terms we offer. If you can attend to the business in your county it WILL PAY YOU WELL to do so.

A BLUE CROSS before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed. Do not wait for an agent to visit you, but enclose \$1.10 in a letter, giving name and post office address plainly written—including the State—and direct the same to Geo. E. Crowell, Brattleboro, Vt. Don't send Personal Checks, we cannot use them.

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

SEE OUR OFFER of Organs and Sewing Machines for their value in subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD. We hope to send at least one of each into every county in the United States and Provinces in the next twelve months.

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

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

LESS THAN ONE MONTH remains before the award of our Special Premiums. While many are competing for these premiums, the hard times and unfavorable weather combined have seriously impeded their progress and the probability is daily increasing that some large premiums will be awarded to quite small lists. There is ample time remaining for a good agent to enter the field and secure a good premium.

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

THOSE OF OUR READERS whose subscriptions do not expire with this number and who have not already sent us the postage for the remainder of their time will please do so at once that we may give them proper credit as we place their names upon our books for the new year. Send ten cents for the full year and in that proportion for shorter times. This is a matter of but few cents to each one, but it amounts to hundreds of dollars to us. The new postage law, like many others, will doubtless cause some confusion at first, but after it gets into working order it will, very likely, be found an improvement upon the old one.

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

AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense and risk of remailing it. The amount of the premium to be deducted depends upon the number of subscribers obtained, but can be readily ascertained by a reference to Nos. 60, 77, 86 and 111 of the Premium List on the opposite page. It will be seen that from 25 to 40 cents is allowed for each

new yearly subscriber, according to the size of the club. In case the club cannot be completed at once the names and money may be sent as convenient, and the premium deducted from the last list. Always send money in drafts or post office orders, when convenient, otherwise by express.

NO CHROMOS. We are happy to state that we have thus far been able to keep up our subscription list to a healthy standard without going into the chromo-humbug business. We cannot afford a good picture and THE HOUSEHOLD at the price asked for the latter alone, and a poor picture we will not offer, though we have had them urged upon us many times at a few cents per dozen and warranted "equal to those given as premiums by some of the best publications in the country." No, thank ye, we don't want them. We will however send any of our readers such pictures as they may wish, post paid on receipt of the retail price, from the "premium" two cent daub to the genuine chromo worth from \$5.00 to \$25.00, and send THE HOUSEHOLD for 1875, prepaid, for \$1.10 whether they order any picture or not.

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

AS TO POSTAGE. While nearly every one of our subscribers has responded promptly to our call for the postage on THE HOUSEHOLD a few have neglected to do so, mostly from oversight probably. Occasionally a subscriber asks why we do not prepay the postage without expense to them as some other journals do, to which we reply that at the price asked for THE HOUSEHOLD we cannot afford it. Publications which have a subscription price of from \$3.00 to \$5.00 or more can well afford to pay their own postage, but among the cheaper journals every one that advertises to pay postage without expense to the subscriber has increased its subscription price from twenty-five to fifty cents within a year to meet this additional expense. Others, including THE HOUSEHOLD, keep the subscription price at the old figure and ask the subscriber to pay the postage of ten cents extra. The difference between these two methods is from fifteen to forty cents for each subscriber as will readily be seen.

A TRIAL TRIP. In order to give every housekeeper in the land an opportunity of becoming acquainted with THE HOUSEHOLD we have decided to send it on trial THREE MONTHS—postage paid—for TEN CENTS, to any one not already a subscriber. This offer affords an excellent chance for the working ladies of America to receive for three months the only publication in the country especially devoted to their interests, at a price which will barely pay us for postage and the trouble of mailing. We trust our friends who believe THE HOUSEHOLD is doing good, and who are willing to aid in extending its influence, will see to it that everybody is made acquainted with this offer. This trial trip will be especially an aid to our agents in affording each one an opportunity of putting THE HOUSEHOLD into every family in his county at a trifling cost, where it will be read and examined at leisure, which will be the very best means of swelling their lists of permanent subscribers. We make this offer for a few weeks only, so get on board while there is room.

THE HOME FLORIST is a finely illustrated, handsomely printed, well filled volume of some 90 pages, designed as a book of instructions, relative to the proper means of managing plants for the adornment of American homes. The size of this work and the number of its pages is no indication of its value, for it actually contains more practical information concerning the selection and cultivation of plants and flowers than would be expected in an ordinary treatise of thrice its size. Every page is literally crammed with facts and items of useful knowledge suited to the wants and circumstances of all classes of cultivators but which will be found of especial value to the inexperienced and those who have but limited time and space to devote to the beautifying of their rooms or premises. The author is a practical Florist, one of the firm of Long Brothers, of Buffalo, N. Y., well known as among the most en-

terprising and reliable houses in the business. We believe this volume will be of great value to the ladies of the country and we propose to add it to our list of premiums, sending a copy, in paper, for two subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD, or a copy bound in cloth for four subscriptions.

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