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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. 20.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., DECEMBER, 1887.

No. 12.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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CROSBY BLOCK, - MAIN STREET,
BRATTLEBORO, VT.

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The Veranda.

THE OLD YEAR.

Lo, now, when dark December's gathering storm
With heavy wing o'ershadows many a heart,
Beside us the old year, with mailed form,
Stands waiting to depart.

Weighed down as with a ponderous tale of woe,
How dim his eyes, how wan his cheeks appear!
Like Denmark's specter king, with motion slow
He beckons the young year.

—Thomas Buchanan Read.

HOMES FOR THE PEOPLE.

SIZE of structure: Front, 22 ft. Side, 28 ft.

Size of rooms: See floor plans.

Height of stories: First story, 8 ft., 6 in.; second story, 8 ft.

Materials: Foundations, wood posts; side walls, pine siding; roof, shingles.

Cost: \$800, complete. Ordinarily, the cost of a cottage like this would be from \$1,200 to \$1,300. The principal savings are effected by using posts for foundations, by omitting cellar, by using cement chimney flues, and by using paper in place of plaster. All these things are minutely described in the specifications.

Many unthinking people, and even some builders, who ought to keep up with modern improvements effecting their trade, will say: "Oh! let us build as our grandfathers built."

The actual fact is that this cottage is warmer, stronger, healthier, more convenient, as well as amazingly lower in cost, than if built by old methods.

Special features: Can be built on a 25-ft. lot, leaving a passage of 3 ft. at the side.

There is no cellar, but a wood and coal bin is provided. The side porch is large enough to accommodate an ice box, so that a cellar is not a necessity.

An earth closet, well lighted and ventilated, is provided, reached from the side porch. The objection may be raised that this is at the front and inside of the house. There is a double boarded and papered wall to separate it from the house proper, and as it does not connect with any room, if it is properly attended to, there is no danger whatever of its being objectionable in any way. It is easily reached with no exposure to the weather, by passing from the kitchen to the side porch, which is covered by the main roof. A well-made earth closet is so inoffensive that it is often kept in a sleeping room. With the working plans and specifications for this design, two styles

of earth closets are illustrated and described.

A double terra cotta chimney in the center of the house provides for fires in any of the rooms. It is thoroughly protected against danger from fire.

Should the family be large, the dining

room may be converted into a bedroom, and the parlor used as a living and dining room.

The space under the stairway is utilized for a large pantry. The parlor alcove accommodates a sofa.

The two small upper panels of the front

room, glued on lathing, which makes a very substantial, enduring and handsome wall covering, that can be painted, or papered with ordinary wall paper, at any time, the same as plastering. Its cost is about one-half that of plastering.

The hall and stairway walls are finished entirely with wood underlaid with paper.

All interior woodwork is finished in its natural color.

The working plans, large sheets of details, specifications, bill of quantities, color sheet, a large sheet of details for building cisterns and earth closets, and blank contracts for this design will be furnished by the Co-operative Building Plan Association Architects, 63 Broadway, N. Y., for \$15.

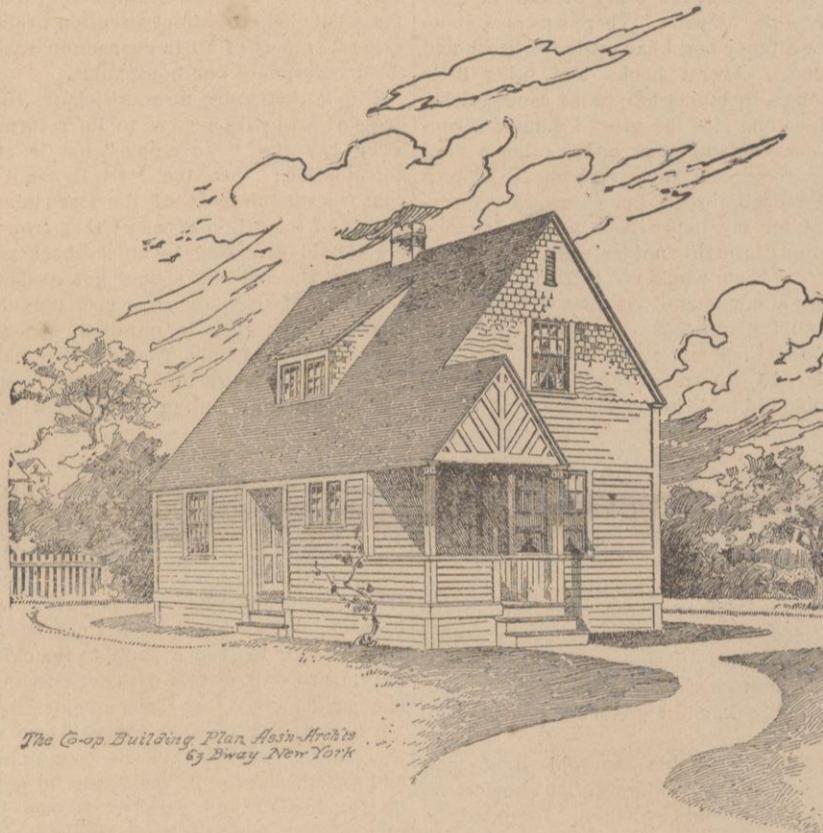
Unless our full working plans and specifications are used it cannot be expected that a contract can be made at the figure given above, as these explain fully the peculiarities of construction and finish which secure the saving in cost.

THE RAPID WALK.

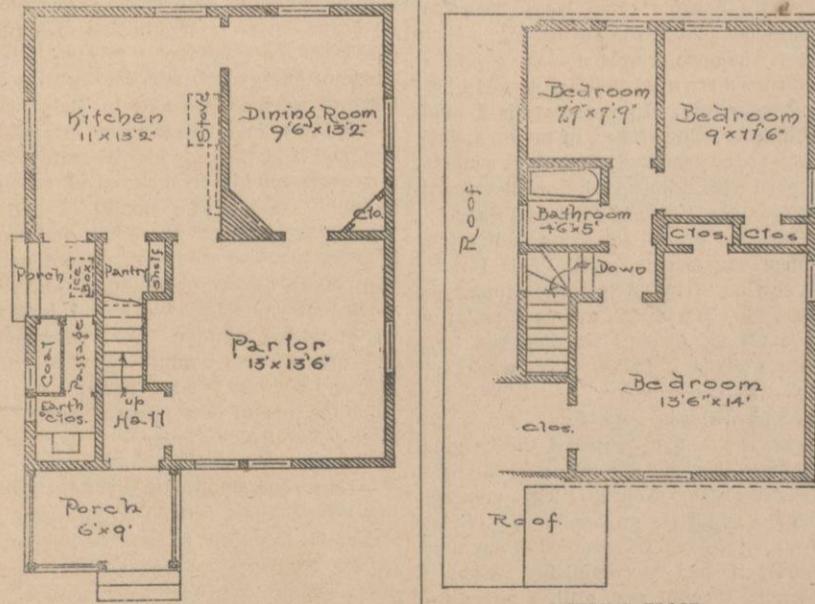
Attention is urged by a writer in Wallace's Monthly, to the walking gait, as the first to be developed in a colt or young horse, and by which a great degree of practical proficiency is attainable. He enforces this idea by estimates and examples:

"We have known numerous road-bred horses that would walk from four and a half to five miles in an hour without urging, and many, in fact, most well-bred road horses, could be taught to cover greater distances than this in the same time if it were not for the pernicious custom (as we think) of putting the colts to the trot as soon as they are in the harness and before they are really bridled. Every farmer's boy knows that he can do a better job of work—plowing, harrowing, or working corn—with a fast walking team which makes the dirt fly than with a slow one. The saving on a farm when the horses walk three miles an hour, or even when they walk two miles and a half, is twenty per cent, or in other words, the fast team can rest a whole day in the week and yet do as much work as the slow team—do it easier and do it better. When work is pressing or weather uncertain, the fast team is a treasure. While every effort has been made to increase the speed of the trotter, the draft-horse men have been working for pounds, with little regard either for muscle or walking speed. It is a very great mistake to suppose that the draft horse cannot be trained to walk rapidly. We have been breeding to a Percheron for four years that often walks nine miles in one hour and fifty minutes, over a hilly road, and his colts are all rapid walkers."

—During frosty weather apples should be kept in a drawer or cupboard with the light completely shut out. When a thaw comes, open the drawer or cupboard, but by screens or other means still keep the light excluded. Thawed in the light the apples rot.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.



FIRST FLOOR.

SECOND FLOOR.

door are glazed, to light the lower hall and stairway. The upper hall receives full light from the dormer window.

A bath-tub is provided on the second floor, with a pump to draw water from a cistern or a well. The bath costs but little when hot water is not introduced, and is a very great convenience.

The floor of the first story is protected

against the entrance of cold from underneath, by the use of paper—one of the best non-conductors of heat or cold.

The finish of the interior walls and the ceilings is as follows: The walls of all rooms are wainscoted to a height of three feet, with yellow pine; the walls, above the wainscoting, and the ceilings are papered with heavy red or gray manilla pa-

The Drawing Room.

A GUEST CHAMBER.

BY MARY MARTIN.

OUR house was finished, a cozy little home-nest as one would wish. So, at least thought Fred and I, and then it was ours, a satisfaction not computed by dollars and cents. It was furnished throughout with one exception, the guest chamber. This could not be without that formidable foe—debt.

We had resolutely clung to our purpose from the start, to deny ourselves what we could not at once pay for, no matter what tempting allurements might be offered by way of installments and easy payments—we closed our eyes and stopped our ears. But I was troubled. Some friends were coming from the old home in Connecticut. How could I get on without that room?

Then I bethought myself. The Dartford Trust Company would soon declare its dividend. I owned ten shares left by my maternal grandmother. Sometimes it paid seven per cent., always six. With that I would furnish the room. Sixty dollars would purchase a decent set and carpet. I could have straw matting. It was settled, but alas! a week later a letter from the treasurer stated that owing to fire and flood and other unforeseen causes the Dartford Trust would that year pass its dividends. It was settled again. I must fall back on other resources. I had been no friend to the dry goods box and cretonne furnishings. It looked now that I should step from my pedestal. I stepped.

Fred went to his work at seven in the morning, returning at half-past six at night. I could only count on his help in the evening. This he gave willingly and ten dollars from his month's wages. In my pocket-book there were two dollars and fifty cents of unappropriated money, making twelve dollars and fifty cents total amount for outlay.

I began by reading various articles on household adornment, fixing and furnishing, especially what I had despised—the cheap ways. With help of these articles I proceeded as follows:

I procured some pearl gray paint in two shades, light and dark, with which Fred painted the wood-work, base boards, panels, and window casings dark, remaining light. He also painted the side ceiling light gray. He thought at first he could not accomplish this well, but practice and perseverance brought him off conqueror. For a border, I bought a primrose pattern with velvet edge in garnet, which contrasted prettily with the paint. For carpet, I bought straw matting which cost four dollars. Of a neighbor who possessed an attic I purchased a bedstead, high posts and head board, old-fashioned extremely. As I would not allow her to give it to me, I paid fifty cents for it. With saw and hatchet Fred reduced the size, according to directions we saw in a journal, then, after two washings in strong soda water, painted it like the room. I had plenty of good bedding, and for a spread used an album quilt given me by the young people of the village at the time of my marriage. It was of bleached muslin and Turkey red, a very pretty pattern in patchwork, with one hundred and sixty-eight names. If I had bought a spread it would have been of Nottingham lace over Turkey red, with shams of same. For curtains, there were two windows, I bought white Holland, sixteen cents per yard, and two cheap fixtures which Fred put up. I made no lambrequins. Next I bought a willow rocker, price five dollars.

Then I sat down to contemplate. I wanted a bureau very much. I must have one, but my fund was reduced to one dollar and that would not buy it. My room looked bare without, besides where should I put my toilet set, and other little appointments. I referred to my household articles which from time to time had helped me. One writer had made a substitute from an old chest found in the attic. I had no attic and no chest, besides I doubted my ability to follow directions. Nearly all had a bureau to start with, or somebody gave one. In one case an old-time secretary bought at a bargain, was used. I had nothing. I sat in my rocker staring at the blank wall. A happy thought struck me. I would have Fred place a broad shelf between the two windows under the mirror. A pair of brackets could be bought for twenty cents. He did so, and over it I spread a linen scarf etched by myself in crimson cotton. Here I placed my toilet set of gray and crimson, and two match receptacles. One a large shell from the Pacific coast, the other similar in size, from the Atlantic. There was also room for a fancy box I had made for brush and combs, several books and other little things, including two brass candlesticks. Upon one side the glass I hung a cornucopia for combings, on the other a similar receptacle for stray bits. A deep closet with broad shelves served as drawers for my improvised bureau, but one supply brought another want.

The room would not be furnished without a commode. At first I thought I would place there the one in my own room, then my genius—which Fred declared I was rapidly developing—pointed to an old table in my kitchen used on occasion as side-board. It was three feet long, two wide, and of convenient height. Fred put two sides of planed boards and a shelf between. I made a curtain for three sides from the best part of an old crimson tycoon rep, and nailed a piece of white oil-cloth over the top. The pitcher and bowl were placed upon this or the shelf beneath. A towel rack—a wedding present—was placed above. A splash of linen to match the shelf-scarf, tacked at the back, and I was much pleased with the effect.

For the table, an old light-stand brought from the Connecticut homestead was all I could summon. I painted the legs pearl gray and covered the top with a piece of crimson felt, over which I spread a cheap tidy of lace. Two odd chairs completed the furnishing, as my stove was open fire-place where a pair of andirons were used that had served a half century before. Upon the walls I hung two pictures, a painting of my own, done when at the seminary, the other, a motto, worked with crimson floss on silver cardboard, "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep."

One rug graced the floor, thirty-four inches long, twenty wide. This I made by sewing strips four inches long, one wide, four in a bunch, upon a foundation of old tick, placing the bunches very close together. It is some work but looks pretty.

When all was paid for I had in my pocket book five cents of the original twelve dollars and fifty cents, as the paint was bought very cheap. This does not include materials on hand. My friends from home could be received at any time, besides I had accomplished what I thought I could not, still, I never lost sight of the fact that I was a nineteenth century woman, and a New England woman.

BEAUTIFYING OUR HOMES.

During the last ten years there has been reform in the matter of household decoration. The heavy furniture, highly-col-

ored carpets, heavy tapestries, and the gaudy wall-papering, have given place to household furnishing which is artistic and harmonious. This reform in the popular taste has affected both palace and cottage, and there is an eager desire in every quarter to conform to the best canons of taste in the adornment of our parlors, dining rooms, and bed chambers. One of the best features of this reform is its relative inexpensiveness. Of course, it costs a great deal to fit out a house in such a way as to please a cultivated taste. But on the whole, artistic furniture and ornamentation is cheaper than was the somber and inelegant furniture of the past.

For this reform we are, in a large measure, indebted to aestheticism, which has persistently taught the doctrine that the ordinary things used by mankind may as well be handsome as ugly. A picture or a cup, or any table utensil, costs no more if wrought artistically, than if made by the most clumsy workmanship. Of course there are some extravagances connected with aesthetic reformation, but these only help to attract attention to the general subject of art in connection with the decoration of our households.

The aesthetes are now criticising the dress of man with a view to its reform. They say the "stove-pipe" hat is an abomination; that the "swallow-tail" coat is a reminiscence of the Darwinian theory of the origin of man; that trousers should give way to knickerbockers, and that the male leg should not disdain the light of open day. It is a notable circumstance, that in out-door sports, such as lawn tennis, foot and baseball playing, bicycling, and so forth, our young men are adopting the suggestions of the aesthetic school.—*Exchange*.

NEVER BECOME A HOUSEHOLD DRUDGE.

A woman should never allow herself to become a mere household drudge, and when she finds she has no time to read an occasional good book, to write a letter to a friend, to read a story to the children, or to walk or talk with her husband she may conclude that there is something wrong somewhere in her domestic economy, and the more quickly she recognizes and remedies the evil, the better it will be for herself and family. If she is obliged to do her own family sewing, every tuck or ruffle that she puts on her children's clothes is a crime. The hour or hours spent in making an elaborate dress that baby will look "lovely" in is a waste of energy that a mother who does her own work cannot afford. Baby will look quite as lovely in her eyes in a plain slip, and if he has only his elaborate dress to recommend him to the eyes of others, he might rather pass unnoticed. Give the matter serious thought, oh tired housekeeper, and see if you do not daily take many unnecessary steps, and do much that you might, without injury to any one, leave undone. Rest your body and improve your mind, keeping your face and heart as fresh as possible, as you value the love of your husband and children.—*Rural New Yorker*.

—Keep your children in school. Nothing but sickness should keep them at home. It is unfair to both teacher and child to let every little unusual occurrence serve as a pretext for non-attendance.

—Let us take the airiest, choicest, and sunniest room in the house for our living room—the work-shop where brain and body are built up and rewarded; and there let us have a bay window, no matter how plain in structure, through which the good twin angels—sunlight and pure air—can freely enter. This window shall be the poem of the house. It shall give

freedom and scope to sunsets, the tender green and changing tints of spring, the glow of summer, the pomp of autumn, the white of winter, storm and sunshine, glimmer and gloom—all these we can enjoy as we sit in our sheltered room, as the changing years roll on.—*Chicago Tribune*.

The Conservatory.

THE BLUE JAY.

Like rustling bits of paper they cling,
The dead oak leaves,
To boughs where the rain thrush used to sing
In the summer eve.
And scattered acorns have kept their hold,
As if loth to fall,
And, hark, I hear through the frosty cold
The bluejay's call.
Blue as the air is the calling jay,
And straight flies he
As an azure blossom torn away
From a wind-blown tree.
He has been to look for cracks and chinks
In the big corn bin,
And is laughing to think how the farmer thinks
He can't reach in.
But he knows he can, and he screams and calls
And laughs, "Ho! ho!"
And pecks at an acorn, down it falls!
Does he heed it? No.
Yet the little oak-nut, ripe and brown,
He does not see
Nor heed, may some fine day be grown
To a great tree.

—*Mrs. Clara Doty Bates.*

WONDERS OF PLANT LIFE.

A WORLD of curiosities is revealed in the arboreal kingdom. The banyan tree is said to be capable of sheltering not less than seven thousand men, and is still continuing to extend its branches over new territory. The roots spring from the limbs of the tree, and, falling like ropes, they enter the ground, and in process of time become thick, stout pillars, each tree forming a grove by itself.

The baobab or monkey-bread tree is another most extraordinary production of nature. Imagine to yourself a tree, thirty feet in diameter at the base, and only forty feet high, with the trunk rapidly diminishing toward the top, and then spreading out into what looks like a little forest. In one of the old trees the branches form a spherical head a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet in diameter, the center branch rising to the height of sixty feet, while others drop over the main trunk, and conceal it from view. Some of these trees have been hollowed out, and a space made large enough to hold twenty to thirty men, without any apparent injury to the tree. The baobab must be the slowest growing plant in the world, as it is supposed to be one of the oldest. A tree has been cultivated in the gardens at Kew over forty years, and thus far it has attained the height of only four and a half feet. Some of these trees are estimated to be five thousand years old, and dates are cut in the bark which were made in the fourteenth century.

Early travelers in China and Tartary speak of a "plant of flesh and blood, with the shape and appearance of a lamb, having feet, head and tail distinctly formed, and its skin covered with soft down." The lamb is said to grow upon a stalk three feet high, and to turn about and bend to the herbage which serves for its food; and when the grass fails, it dries up and withers away. There is some foundation for this queer story in the existence of a singularly-shaped plant, with a sort of woolly covering; and, in order to heighten the general effect, the natives trim the plant, and adjust the long, light, silky hairs that cover it in such a style as to give it the appearance of a wool-clad animal.

A slender, erect shrub grows in India, to which the name of the telegraph plant

has been given, because of a resemblance to railway telegraph signals in the motion of the tri-foliate leaves, the two side ones rising and falling alternately for a time, when they rest for a season, and being most active in the early morning. Sometimes many of the leaves may be seen in action at once, and then again only a few seem to be inspired with motion, which shows that their action does not depend upon the wind.

The silk-cotton tree grows in the Bahama Islands, where there is scarcely any depth of soil; and, in order to meet this emergency, the roots extend over a very long stretch of the ground, showing themselves near the surface, while the round and rather slim trunk is supported by six or eight regularly formed buttresses, that have a purely artificial look, and are large enough to conceal a man from the view.

There is the cinchona tree, from the bark of which, formerly known as Peruvian bark, is derived the invaluable quinine. Coca is a native of South America, and its leaves have long been used by the people of the region where it grows, as a stimulant and supporter of animal strength, enabling them to work hard for days with very little food, and to perform long and rapid journeys on foot without fatigue. More especially in operations on the eye, and in dental surgery, the product of this plant is found to be of inestimable service, as cocaine produces insensibility to local pain, without affecting the general system, like ether and chloroform. Then, again, there is the eucalyptus tree, which has made such malarious regions as the Pontine Marshes safe and inhabitable, and by its rapid growth revolutionized the appearance of the landscape in many parts of the earth.

The value of the plant-world, not only in furnishing the pulpy material of which paper is manufactured, but also in supplying the paper itself outright, may not be fully appreciated by all our readers. It is well known that the Egyptian papyrus, in early days, was the main source from which any thing like our modern paper was derived. This was a reed that grew by the brooks, with stem six to ten feet high, and about an inch in diameter. These were peeled, the pith cut into thin slices, which were then laid side by side, with the edges touching one another. After being sprinkled with water, a heavy pressure was applied, and they were thus united into one piece. It may not be so generally known that there now grows in Asia a tree the bark of which is made into sheets about a yard square, and these are used for all the ordinary purposes of paper, being very tough and durable. The soft and beautiful Chinese rice-paper is not the product of any part of the rice plant, but it is the pith of a tree which, by the aid of a lathe and sharp instrument, is cut into very thin and delicate rolls.

The lighting materials furnished by trees is another thing worth noting; among which may be mentioned the Japanese wax tree, which bears bunches of fruit, growing like grapes, and containing a species of wax, used in making candles. Another tree is found in the Pacific islands, known as the candle-nut, which yields a large amount of oil, the kernels being strung together on a stick and lighted as a candle. We may also mention the candle tree, the fruit of which is three or four feet in length, and about an inch in diameter, and of a yellowish color, "hanging from the tree so as to present the appearance of wax candles, and in such abundance as to give the idea of a chandler's shop."

One would hardly expect to find any thing like soap growing on a tree, but there is such a production in tropical

America, the rind of what is called the soap tree fruit forming a strong lather when it is immersed in water.

The substance known as vegetable ivory is the product of a tree which bears a fruit about the size of a man's head, and weighing about thirty pounds, each containing forty nuts, which are very solid, hard and white, and much resembling the genuine ivory. With such a load to carry, we are not surprised to learn that the stem of the tree, which is less than a foot in diameter, may be seen, not only very much bent from its upright position, but actually crawling on the ground.

There are several kinds of trees from which our ordinary cork is derived, and by a wise provision of nature, when the outer coating of the bark has ripened, it may be removed without injury to the inner bark, which continues growing.

The bamboo blowpipe, as it is generally called, although it is only one and a half inches in diameter, grows to the height of fifty or sixty feet, and for about sixteen feet it has no joints. It is known as "the rifle of the Indian," and in his hands, or rather in his mouth, becomes a formidable weapon for blowing poisoned arrows.

These are a few specimens of the rarer curiosities of the plant world, but the list might be extended almost indefinitely.—*Exchange.*

THE MADEIRA.

Among the many dear old friends who still cling closely to us, and twine their tendrils as closely about our hearts as they do about our homes, the Madeira holds an honored place.

I have never seen it growing in greater luxuriance anywhere than over the front of my southern home, whose entire front is draped with it, and now in September, is covered with delicate, feathery, perfumed, creamy white sprays. A little niece of mine has compared it to a lady dressed in green satin, with a white lace overdress. Wishing no harm to the unfortunate lady, I should rather say an avalanche of snow flakes, for very little of the green is visible just now.

I do not think we half appreciate the Madeira, for aside from its value as a screen, and an artistic drapery for sharp angles and sunny windows, it is quite an addition to bouquets, for the slender, curving sprays, would give a delicate grace to the stiffest bouquet. A corsage knot of scarlet salvia, Madeira sprays and ferns was much admired when worn by a girl friend of mine the other evening.

Then where could you find a prettier leaf?

A rounded ovate in shape, dark green, waxy and almost transparent in texture,

there are few climbers whose leaves equal it in beauty. Other good points are its faint, sweet perfume, its perfect hardiness—in our climate—and its soldier-like adaptability to all circumstances.

Planted in moderately rich soil, the tubers in large masses, I have taken out clumps of them, all knotted and matted together, as large as a peck measure. The hottest summer suns only delight the Madeira, and its quick, rank growth is a perpetual surprise to one. When I was a little girl I used to tie bits of white paper to the vine to see how far it would grow in a day and night. But give this vigorous climber plenty of room and a strong support, for it soon domineers over less sturdy nature, and if you lift up a mass of the green growing vines, you will easily see why an ordinary string snaps like a cobweb.

The Madeira does not grumble over a poor soil, but the richer you make it the better it will repay you, and if for the first year after planting your bulb it should be somewhat sickly in growth and the leaves stunted and yellow, be sure

that there is some hardship in the way of soil or situation, to which the old soldier is trying to accustom himself; give him one summer, then, in which to establish himself, and next spring after your other climbers have started, and you are mournfully disgusted with the ways of this lazy sluggard, up he will come like Jack-in-the-box, and win in the race after all.

KATE ELICOTT.

BIBLE FLOWERS.

Those unacquainted with the subject will simply be astonished at the wealth of floral imagery contained in the bible, no less than the number of plants, flowers, fruits and shrubs mentioned therein, and of which, it may be noted *en passant*, not one-twentieth part is known to the average reader of the Scriptures. The holy land is one of those favored countries which, like the greater empire of the far east, might justifiably have arrogated to itself the designation, "Flowery Land." The indigenous "flora" is rich beyond belief, even in our days. The wild rose, varieties of free-growing lilies, sweet-smelling stocks, fine-odored mignonette, many colored crocuses, gorgeous anemones, the bridal favorite myrtle, every species of gladiolus, pungent narcissus, and the yellow and white water lilies have here their native habitat; they grow wild, and positively luxuriate in their freedom.

Even the wilderness, given over now as in former times, to herds and flocks, is carpeted with gay-colored gems in the moist days of early spring. In ancient times, many favorites were as carefully cultivated and sedulously tended as the most ardent floriculturist could desire. Naturally the Jewish poet and Hebrew seer made these "gems of heaven's own setting" subservient to their teaching. Their rarest images, their fairest allusions, their most telling illustrations, were culled from the fields. More intensely than the modern singer did the ancient Jewish writer draw from the transient flower and ephemeral blossom lessons of enduring worth. Apart from this, the passion for flowers is eminently eastern. To this day the Persian will sit before his favorite flower in mute adoration, taking a kind of sensuous pleasure in its beauty.

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A NOTE ON WATERING POTTED PLANTS.

In the operation of watering potted plants, persons not practically familiar with plant-culture are apt to make serious mistakes. Cultivators find by experience that an excess of water at the roots is very injurious to almost all plants, and hence it is usual to direct that great caution be used in the application of water, especially in winter. The result is that frequently the opposite extreme is fallen into, to the great injury of the plants. From the moment that the soil becomes so far dried that the fibers of the roots cannot absorb moisture from it, the supply of the plant's food is cut off and it begins to suffer.

Some plants can bear the loss of water with more impunity than others. Some again, and the heath family among the rest, are in this way soon destroyed. The object in watering should be to prevent this stage of dryness being reached, at least during the time the plant is growing, and at all times in the case of those of very rigid structure. At the same time, that excess which would sodden the soil and gorge the plants is also avoided.

Within these limits the most inexperienced persons may follow sound directions for the application of water with safety. But whenever water is given to pot plants, enough should be employed to wet the soil thoroughly, and the difference between plants that require less or more water should be made by watering more or less frequently, and not by giving greater or less quantities at one time.—*Farmer's Gazette.*

WINTER FLOWERS.

A single bud or blossom, a very modest plant in the dreary time of winter, often gives us more pleasure and genuine delight than a whole garden full of the most exquisite flowers during the summerly abundance. This is the chief reason why the Chinese primrose has such a firm hold on our affections. It blooms during the dark days of December and January. Keep the young plants growing and repot when required.

We hardly know of any class of plants that may be grown with as little care and trouble and give better satisfaction as a winter bloomer than the hyacinth. It is a general favorite, and deserves to be, as it has no rival in variety and delicacy of color, in fragrance and in ease of cultivation, and can be grown in water, moss or any light soil, in pots or boxes, in the house or in the garden. We prefer, and strongly recommend to our friends, the single sorts, which grow stronger and more perfect than the double ones and are fully as pretty. To produce flowers in early winter, the bulbs should at once be planted in pots in good soil, or placed in damp moss or in the hyacinth glasses—kept for sale by all florists—and put into a moderately cool and dark place (cellar) until the roots well-nigh fill the pot or glass. They are then ready for flowering and may be placed in the window or conservatory. For spring flowering out doors, the bulbs can be planted at any time between now and winter.

HYACINTHS IN GLASSES.

1. If you choose your own bulbs, look for weight as well as size; be sure also that the base of the bulb is sound.

2. Use the single kinds only, because they are earlier, hardier and generally preferable for glasses.

3. Set the bulb in the glass so that the lower end is almost, but not quite, in contact with the water.

4. Use rain or pond water.

5. Do not change the water, but keep a small lump of charcoal at the bottom of the glass.

6. Fill up the glasses with water as the level sinks by the feeding of the roots and by evaporation.

7. When the bulb is placed, put the glass in a cool, dark cupboard, or in any place where light is excluded, there to remain for about six weeks, as the roots feed more freely in the dark.

8. When the roots are freely developed, and the flower spike is pushing into life (which will be in about six weeks) remove by degrees to full light and air.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Mrs. Flanders or some sister tell me through THE HOUSEHOLD, if a rooted leaf of the wax plant will make any thing but the leaf? If it does, how long will it take it to form other leaves, and will it bloom?

Mifflin, Tenn. MRS. M. C. SPARKMAN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters please tell what cultivation to give an English violet to make it bloom?

A SISTER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters tell me how to make an Easter lily bloom? How to plant the bulb and what treatment to give it? and oblige,

AUGUSTA GEORGE.

Pawtucket, R. I.

The Nursery.

WIZARD FROST.

Wondrous things have come to pass
On my square of window-glass;
Looking in it I have seen
Grass no longer painted green—
Trees whose branches never stir—
Skies without a cloud to blur—
Birds below them sailing high—
Church-spires pointing to the sky,
And a funny little town
Where the people, up and down
Streets of silver, to me seem
Like the people in a dream,
Dressed in finest kinds of lace;
'Tis a picture, on a space
Scarcely larger than the hand,
Of a tiny Switzerland,
Which the wizard Frost has drawn
'Twixt the nightfall and the dawn;
Quick, and see what he has done,
Ere 'tis stolen by the sun!

—Frank Dempster Sherman in *St. Nicholas*.

ONE XMAS EVE.

"WHOA, Dobbin, whoa." Dr. Sinclair gave the reins a quick jerk as they neared a large cradle hole which he had not seen through the driving storm. He was too late. The sleigh overturned, throwing bundles, buffalo robes and Bessie Sinclair out into the soft snow, with the doctor himself in a most undignified position. Before he could get up and seize the reins, Dobbin, terrified at what she had done, or blinded by the storm, turned about so quickly as to break a shaft, then stood quietly, as if satisfied with the mischief she had done. Dr. Sinclair helped Bessie up from beneath the blankets, and put them all back into the sleigh, when he discovered the broken shaft. The wind was rising.

"It's too provoking!" exclaimed Bessie. "There was the Christmas tree at the mission this evening, and I had promised to go down at five o'clock and help. Where are we papa?"

"Ten miles from home, in what they call Egypt, and five miles from the station at Quincy. I am afraid we can't get home to-night. We will go on to the next house and see if we can get another sleigh."

"All right, papa," replied Bessie, cheerily, "if we can't get home to-night, I'll make the best of it," choking back her disappointment as best she could. "If I can only get home before my party to-morrow night! What a strange Christmas Eve it will be!"

They were making the best of the way along the loose road, old Dobbin following meekly behind. Back from the road they saw a weather-beaten house which promised warmth at least, and Bessie was chilled through. The wind had risen to almost a gale, and the air was filled with snow.

"Come right in out of the snow," exclaimed the farmer, before Dr. Sinclair had finished his explanations. "You can't go on to-night, this is a regular northeaster. We've got a house full, but there's always room for one more. Two this time, isn't it?" and he gave a hearty laugh as he ushered them into the large, warm kitchen.

"This is Dr. Sinclair, from Pennox, mother," the farmer said, as a motherly-looking woman came forward. "They have broken their sleigh, and will stay with us to-night. Maria, you get supper on to the table, and, Electa, you make some ginger tea, the girl is eanamost chilled. Rob, you go put up his horse."

Mrs. Martin helped Bessie off with her wraps, and soon had her in the warmest corner, her feet in the oven, drinking the hot tea. Electa and Maria looked at her shyly as they hurried to and fro setting the table.

There were several other children younger, two older boys and these two

girls of about Bessie's age. No wonder the farmer had said he had a house full. Bessie was glad, if her Christmas must be spent here, to have so many and such jolly companions. Could she not in some way add to their happiness, instead of proving an interruption to their pleasure on this evening. She would try.

After the early supper, Mrs. Martin sent the three girls into the front room. Here Bessie found the cause of the excitement of the younger children. A tall Christmas tree occupied one corner. It was as yet untrimmed, save with strings of pop corn and red chequered apples.

Electa colored as her eyes followed Bessie's. She felt somewhat afraid of the doctor's daughter, who looked so stylish in her blue flannel dress and was so tall and fair.

"Tom and Jennie wanted a tree, they saw one over to Plympton last year," Electa said half apologetically, "so Rob and Will got it for them, and they have trimmed it ready for Santa Claus. They think he must be tired of filling stockings by this time."

Bessie laughed at the quaint conceit. The sight of a tall green tree was pleasant on Christmas night.

"And you are going to fix it this evening. Please may I help?" she asked eagerly.

The girls looked at each other and hesitated, then Maria said, "We haven't many presents, only things we've made. Will and Rob go to school at Plympton, and it costs so much."

"Please may I see them?" replied Bessie, gently. "I always make presents, instead of buying. I think it is nicer."

So Electa brought in the little pasteboard box containing the work of many hours. A pair of roosters made of squash seeds with red flannel combs and real feather tails, suspended from a rod, when swayed would peck each other savagely. There were mittens, wristers, a hood, a rag doll and other useful articles.

"These are nice," Bessie said as she looked them over. "You have done better than I—Ugh," as the wind howled again.

"Will and Rob have whittled out some toys for them," remarked Electa, pleased with Bessie's admiration. "We wanted to do more, but we couldn't think what."

"Let's make some this evening," proposed Bessie.

"We haven't any thing to make them out of," objected Maria.

"I didn't mean expensive things, but just what you have in the house. I do all sorts of things for children. I glue advertising cards back to back for Xmas cards, and—didn't I see some white birch bark in the kitchen, and you have a rag bag and apple seeds?"

"Yes, indeed," exclaimed Electa, eagerly. "We will make lots of things if you will show us, we never thought of using bark and rags."

"We'll go out and set the boys to work," proposed Maria. "Mother has sent the children to bed."

It was a long, pleasant evening. The boys emboldened by Bessie's delight with such unpromising material, brought out unsuspected treasures of moss, leaves, lichens, and even caught the spirit of invention so far as to propose some ideas themselves.

The birch bark was invaluable. Dr. Sinclair made two books, writing Christmas poems on the thin sheets. Bessie showed Electa how to fashion some napkin rings, and Maria how to make some chickens fluffy and natural, from balls of yellow and black worsted. They made straw frames, lichen brackets, and easels from coils of white wire, and apple seed mice. When these were added to the tree, Bessie thought of a package of trifles she had bought for the mission tree. Dr. Sin-

clair brought it in, and Bessie added the finishing touches. Gay cornucopias of candy, gilt balls and a white-winged angel at the very top, and a few simple toys, and real Xmas cards for the older ones.

What a rare treat this evening had been for Electa and Maria. Bessie had seen so many places of which they had only read, and could recite such wonderful gems of poetry. The wind held high carnival all night, but went down with the sunrise. Christmas morning was clear and beautiful, with high snow drifts and impassable roads. No one cared for this except the two strangers, who knew that the home friends would be anxious, and they were in a hurry to start.

The first thing, however, was the Christmas tree. The children could hardly wait until after breakfast, so impatient were they to learn what Santa Claus had brought them. They were delighted enough with the profusion of pretty trifles. Bessie's presence proved an added pleasure. She taught them new games and sang several songs.

Then Rob and his father went out with their oxen to help break the roads, and Will went down to the barn with Dr. Sinclair to see about repairing the sleigh. So well did they succeed that by noon all was in readiness for their departure. Bessie was radiant at the prospect of reaching home in time for her party. So with many promises of letters and visits in the near future, Bessie bade her new friends good-bye.

They found Mrs. Sinclair anxious indeed, but their return relieved her mind, and the party that Christmas was the happiest of the year.

They did not forget the family at the farm house. The next mail took them a package of books and pretty holiday trifles. Bessie and the two girls grew to be fast friends, so she never regretted her tip-over.

WILLAMETTA A. PRESTON.

AMY'S GIFT.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

When Mrs. Dalton went down into the parlor one December afternoon to see the Rev. Mr. Hill, her little daughter Amy went with her. Mr. Hill was very much interested in the plans for a Christmas tree, to be given for the poor children of Ryland chapel, and he had called to solicit aid from Mrs. Dalton.

"I have been promised dolls, toys and candy, by every lady I have called upon," he said. "I want each one to do what she can, remembering that every little helps. There are calls on every side for money just at this time, but I hope to have my tree well filled. These children have never had a Christmas tree. You know the chapel was finished only last January, and I have gathered my Sunday school by going from door to door and hunting up the poorest and lowest. I issued the Christmas tree tickets last week, and the little creatures were nearly wild with joy."

"I cannot do much," said Mrs. Dalton. "We have been obliged to economize very closely this year in order to make both ends meet, but I think I can send two large cakes and half a barrel of apples."

"That will be an excellent contribution," said Mr. Hill, "and perhaps you will help us trim the tree?"

Mrs. Dalton readily promised this, and after talking a little while of the wretched condition of the poor people among whom he labored, Mr. Hill went away.

Mrs. Dalton went back to her sewing, but Amy did not accompany her. She curled herself up on one end of the parlor sofa to "have a good think."

She wanted to help with the charity Christmas tree, but did not know how. Her heart ached for the poor little chil-

dren about whom she had just heard, but she had no money to make their Christmas happy. She had counted the pennies in her bank only the day before, and knew that sixty-five cents would not go very far. She had prepared presents already for her mother, father and the cook, and she had thought to spend the sixty-five cents for a fan for her cousin Nellie.

But all at once a bright idea came into her mind. She remembered that she knew how to knit mittens. She might make half a dozen pairs for the Christmas tree.

"Mr. Hill said that every little would help," she thought, "and I think perhaps the children might like mittens."

She ran up stairs and put on her hood and cloak, emitted the money from her savings bank into a little leather pocket book, and was soon on her way to a fancy store, to buy some Saxony wool.

How glad she felt as she walked along that she had paid that visit to her grandmother's farm in September, for grandma had taught her how to knit and had watched and directed her, until Amy could turn out a mitten as neat as grandma's own.

Saxony yarn of a bright scarlet was fifteen cents a hank. Amy asked for four hanks, regretting that she had not more money, for four hanks would make only five pairs of mittens.

"What are you going to do with all this, child?" asked the good-natured woman behind the counter.

"I am going to knit mittens, ma'am," answered Amy modestly.

"You are a small girl to be able to knit," said the woman, "and who are the mittens for?"

Amy hesitated, blushed and looked down.

"I am going to give them to a charity Christmas tree," she said at last.

The woman smiled, then took another hank of wool out of the drawer.

"I'll make you a present of this," she said.

Amy thanked her heartily and went out, clasping her bundle closely.

She did not tell her mother what she was going to do, for she thought she was doing too little to talk about, and as Mrs. Dalton was very busy just at this season, she did not notice that Amy was busy, too.

It took a day and a half to knit each mitten, no matter how hard she worked, but two days before Christmas the whole six pairs were done, much to her satisfaction.

Then she took Bridget into her confidence, and that afternoon Bridget carried the bundle containing the mittens to the chapel, and left it there on a pile of dolls, toys, and boxes of candy.

Mrs. Dalton worked nearly all the afternoon over the tree, and was tired out when she came home at night.

"There was scarcely a useful article sent," she said to her husband at the supper table, "but each child will get an apple or an orange, about five cents worth of candy, and a toy of some sort. Somebody sent half a dozen pairs of mittens, but I did not see them. Mr. Hill took especial charge of them, I believe. He said he wanted to distribute them himself."

Amy's heart beat fast. She was conscious of a sudden heat in her face, and wondered if her mother would notice it. But Mrs. Dalton began to talk of something else, and soon forgot all about the incident of the scarlet mittens.

A couple of days after Christmas, Mr. Hill came to see Mrs. Dalton again. He wanted to tell her how the Christmas celebration had passed off. Amy listened to him eagerly, deeply interested in every word he said.

"I wish the good friend who sent those mittens had sent a hundred pair," he said as he rose to go at last. "I gave the six pairs to my six best scholars, and they were delighted with them. You ought to have seen how quickly they put them on. I wish I knew who sent them."

Amy was far too modest to speak, but her heart fairly sang with joy. In trying to help a little she had helped a great deal, and the thought made her happy for many a day after Mr. Hill's visit.

THE LITTLE WORN-OUT SHOES.

The favorite retreat of the Empress Josephine was the castle of Malmaison. There, free from all the reserve and ceremony of the court she was very happy, and treated all about her with the greatest kindness and goodness. This encouraged the young girls of her household to ask her one day to gratify their curiosity by showing them her diamonds, which were said to be very numerous and beautiful.

The good empress caused a large table to be brought in, and spread upon it all her caskets of jewels. The young girls opened their eyes very wide indeed, quite dazzled by so many brilliant and precious stones, and the empress was much amused with their silent admiration.

"Young ladies," said she, at last, "do not be envious of a luxury which cannot give happiness. It has given me more pleasure to receive an old pair of shoes than all these diamonds spread before you."

The girls began to laugh, thinking it was a jest.

"Do not laugh, my children," said the empress. "Yes, indeed, the present which gave me the most real pleasure in all my life was a pair of old, thick, leather shoes. You shall hear the story:

When I left Martinique with my little daughter Hortense, to go to France, I was far from being rich. The cost of my passage on the ship had taken nearly all my money, and I had much trouble to make even the most necessary preparations for the voyage.

Hortense was very gay and lively; she liked to dance negro dances and sing their songs, which was a great amusement to the sailors, and as they were very attentive to her, she much enjoyed their society. Whenever I wished to take a nap, she went up on deck, and there, the object of general admiration, she went through her exercises to the satisfaction of every one.

An old sailor, the mate of the ship, was particularly fond of her, and whenever he could spare a moment from his duties, he devoted himself to his little friend.

At last with running and dancing all day long, my little girl's shoes were quite worn out. Knowing that she had no others, and fearing that I would not allow her to go on deck if I knew the state of her shoes, she hid it from me for some time. One day she came to me with blood upon her feet. I asked her in much alarm if she were hurt.

"No, mamma."

"But see, my child, your feet are bleeding."

"It is nothing, mamma, I assure you."

I insisted upon knowing the truth, and found that her shoes were quite worn out, and her foot was terribly scratched with a nail. We were only half through the voyage, and until we arrived in France there was no way to get a new pair of shoes. Much distressed that my poor Hortense should be obliged to remain a prisoner in our disagreeable little cabin, I wept with her, and could find no remedy for our grief. At this moment, our friend, the mate, came in. He asked, with his rough frankness, why we were crying. The sobbing child hastened to

tell him that she could not go on deck any more, because she had torn her shoes and I had no others to give her.

"Oh, that is nothing," said he, "I have an old pair in my chest; I will go and look for them. You, madam, will cut them to fit the little one's feet, and I will sew them as well as I can. On board ship, one must accommodate one's self to every thing. One should not be proud nor dainty, if one only has what is necessary."

Without giving us time to reply, he went up to find the shoes, which he brought to us with a very triumphant air. We set to work—I cutting, and he sewing with great zeal, and by evening, my little girl could again please herself with dancing and jumping, to the amusement of every one.

My gratitude to the old man was sincere, and I have often reproached myself that I did not ask the name of this good sailor, known to us only as Jacques. I should like to do something for him, now that fortune has favored me."

This story, told with a charming simplicity, interested and touched deeply the young girls to whom the Empress Josephine related it.—*Exchange*.

A CHANCE FOR OUR BOYS.

For some years past there has been a prejudice against teaching American boys any handicraft or trade. Our apprentice laws have fallen into disuse; then the trades-unions have discriminated against lads who wished to become mechanics. One valid reason against training a boy to a particular handicraft was

the progress of invention, which steadily supplanted manual labor by ingenious machinery. Then, there are so many opportunities for making money in trade and speculation that ambitious young Americans are eager to enter the fields of commerce, to become politicians, and do any thing, in fact, rather than confine themselves to the farm, the shop, or the manufactory. And so it comes about that when any work requiring technical skill is required, foreigners have to be employed. Such Americans as must work at the mechanic trades find themselves at a disadvantage when competing with trained foreigners. Americans lay the brick, but the stone-masons are from Europe. There are native plasterers, but the ornamental work is nearly always entrusted to a German. There are American and English carpenters, but the fine joiner work in hard woods, and the carving and other decorations are necessarily entrusted to the French technically trained workman. Americans paint houses, but for the frescoing and decorative work the Italian, French, or German has the call.

A change has occurred of which our people have not taken advantage. It is quite true that machinery has supplanted manual labor in the manufacture of clothing material, but no inventor can take the place of the artistic workman. We have too many traders and speculators. An advertisement for a book-keeper or a salesman is answered by a thousand persons, whilst skilled and artistic workmen are so scarce that we are forced to import them from Europe. What we need is such an extension of our public school system as will give to our boys and girls the same advantages of art education as those possessed by the young French, German, and Italian workmen. We want technical industrial schools. There are too many book-keepers, salesmen, merchants, and politicians in the United States. It is a mortifying fact that the most keen-witted, inventive, and intelligent people on earth allow themselves to be beaten in many of the industrial arts by foreigners who have not the same natural

capacity, but who have the advantage of an excellent technical and artistic education. American fathers should see to it that their sons and daughters are taught occupations in which foreigners now excel, and in which there is no danger of competition in the way of improved machinery.—*Exchange*.

SPIDERS' EYES.

The more you study into things, the more wonders you will find, even in things so small as the eyes of a spider. Eight is the usual number a spider has, and in each branch of the family they are differently arranged to suit their way of life. Those which live in caves, or dark holes, and need to see only before them, have all the eyes in a group on the front of the head. Spiders which live in a web have the eyes raised so that they can see all about them, and those of the family which travel about and hunt their prey have them more scattered. They are very beautiful, too—looking under a microscope like round polished diamonds.

—Parents, impress upon your children from early infancy that their actions have results, and that they cannot escape consequences, even by being sorry when they have done wrong. Respect their little secrets; if they have concealments, fretting them will never make them tell, and time and patience will.

THE MOTHERS' CHAIR.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I want to tell your readers what I have learned about an oat meal diet for a baby, with the hope that it may be of use to some one.

In the March number of THE HOUSEHOLD, there was an article signed C. C. Soon after reading it, my husband and I adopted a baby, then two months old. The child had been weaned at the age of six or seven weeks, and was fed condensed milk at first, then fresh cow's milk with water added to it. When I went after the little mite, a trip of four hundred miles, she was with a kind aunt of mine, who had had the care of her one week only. Baby had been sick all the time since she was weaned, and her stomach soon rejected whatever food was given her.

What a dreary ride home I had! The poor baby cried all night, and although every one in the car must have been greatly annoyed, all seemed full of sympathy for both her and me, and several ladies kindly helped care for the suffering little one. After reaching home she grew somewhat better, and for a while we thought she would have no more trouble.

But after a few weeks the vomiting commenced again, and soon she was unable to retain any food longer than a few moments. The saffron recommended by some one in THE HOUSEHOLD did not help her, nor did any thing else. Her little face was pinched and blue, eyes sunken, she fretted and moaned continually, and I had little hope that any thing could be done to save her, when I remembered C. C.'s experience, and prepared some food exactly as she directed, although I hardly expected baby could keep it down, but she did, every bit of it, and never vomited again for several months.

The next day after beginning with the oat meal, the fretting was all stopped, and in ten days Miss Baby was apparently well, for which our thanks are due to C. C., whoever she may be. But for that article, I am certain the child would have died.

Once afterwards a new supply of oat meal proved to be bitter and unfit for use. We live a long way from town, my husband was sick and it was impossible to get any more oat meal for a week, so baby was fed milk and a little water with

it instead. Before the week was over she was quite sick again, but recovered in a few days after we got new oat meal for her. She is now seven months old, and apparently in perfect health, and never wakes at night. She cut four teeth a month ago, and four more are nearly through. She has had no trouble whatever with stomach or bowels.

Some one thought it would be hard to cook the oat meal long enough without burning it. I find no difficulty as I use a double kettle which cost but a dollar and a quarter. A small tin pail set into a kettle of water would answer the purpose.

At present, I use a teacup two-thirds full of rolled oats, and one and two-thirds cups of water, with a little salt. This I put on to cook while preparing breakfast and boil three hours. Then after cooling it a little, so as not to scald the milk, I add one-half teacup of cream, and nearly or quite as much new milk as there is of the gruel. This amount is enough for the day, excepting the first meal in the morning, which consists of new milk and rolled cracker and a little cream added.

All babies would not, perhaps, be able to take as rich food, but it agrees with ours as well as any thing could, and so far she is a remarkably strong, healthy and good-tempered baby, notwithstanding the extreme heat of summer.

I like rolled oats better than oat meal, because the food needs no straining. When ready for use it tastes like sweet cream.

I feed her every four hours now, and never lay her down with her bottle for company, but take her on my lap to feed her instead. When she is through, if time for her nap, I lay her down and she goes to sleep. If not her sleepy time, she will sit in her chair or on the floor, and amuse herself with her playthings for a long time.

I clean the bottle very thoroughly every time after using, then turn it upside down to drain. I do not use the long-tubed nursing bottles—had one, but did not like it as well as the rubber caps. It is easy to see if any milk is left in them. The gruel is too thick to run through the rubber unless the hole is cut larger. The cap, too, is washed after using and put in a cup of cold water.

Now, I have not intended to convey the idea that oat meal is the only food fit for a baby raised by hand. I have seen many strong, healthy children raised without it, and never heard of using it for babies until I read of it in THE HOUSEHOLD, but I am satisfied that nothing else would do as well for our little girl. I lived several years in a Scotch settlement, and often heard the people there speak of the old country people as being more healthy than the Americans, and they all agreed in thinking that the use of oat meal in childhood was one of the principal reasons for it.

Much of the fretfulness and crying of babies is due to uncomfortable clothing. If mothers would only stop sewing skirts to those abominable wide bands, they would save both themselves and the helpless little wearers of the skirts much discomfort. A better way for either long or short skirts, is to sew them to loose waists, with long sleeves for the flannel ones, a seam under the arms, the neck and shoulders cut by a well-fitting pattern. Open the shoulder and under-arm seams, and fasten them down flat, work buttonholes in the back of the waist, and sew on very small, flat buttons, and then see how much more quickly and easily the dressing process can be gone through with, and how easy it is to avoid the uncomfortable wrinkles that wide skirt bands are always getting into. With skirt, waist and sleeves of soft white flannel, no shirts are needed, except in cold weather.

MRS. P. H. B.

The Library.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

"Thou hast received gifts for men."—Psalms 68:18.

Christmas gifts for thee,
Fair and free!

Precious things from the heavenly store,
Filling thy casket more and more;
Golden love in divinest chain,
That never can be untwisted again;
Silvery carols of joy that swell
Sweetest of all in the heart's lone cell;
Pearls of peace that were sought for thee
In terrible depths of a fiery sea;
Diamond promises sparkling bright,
Flashing in farthest reaching light.

Christmas gifts for thee,
Grand and free!

Christmas gifts from the King of love,
Brought from His royal home above;
Brought to thee in the far-off land.
Brought to thee by His own dear hand;
Promises held by Christ for thee,
Peace as a river flowing free.
Joy that in his own joy must live,
And love that Infinite Love can give.
Surely thy heart of hearts uplifts
Carols of praise for such Christmas gifts!

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

DECEMBER IN HISTORY.

BY CLINTON MONTAGUE.

THE last month in our calendar takes its name from the fact that in the old Roman calendar the year was divided into ten months, the last of which was called December, or the tenth month. Though etymologically incorrect, the name has always been retained for the last or twelfth month of the year as now divided. In the Athenian calendar it was the last half of Apellaeus and the first half of Poseidion. It was the month Cas leu of the ancient Hebrews. The Saxons called it *winter monath* or winter month, and *heilige monath*, or holy month, from the fact that Christmas fell within it. In the French Revolutionary calendar, December is represented by the last two-thirds of Frimaire and the first third of Nioose.

In the Romulian calendar, December had thirty days; Numa reduced the number to twenty-nine; Julius Cæsar added two days to these, giving the month its present length. As the winter solstice falls in the month of December, the average length of the days is less and of the nights greater than in any other month of the year. Martial, the Roman poet, applies to the month the epithet *canus* (hoary), and Ovid styles it *gelidus* (frosty) and *fumosus* (smoky). The Saturnalia occurred in December, which is therefore styled *acceptus geniis* by Ovid, and this also explains the phrase of Horace, *liberatae Decembri utere*.

The festival of the Saturnalia was one of the most remarkable of the Roman holidays. At first it did not extend beyond one day, but Augustus gratified the people with two additional days of sport and festivity. Universal joy and harmony prevailed during this festival, in commemoration of the peaceful and happy age in which Saturn flourished. No serious business was allowed, but all kinds of amusement and indulgence marked this period of license. A distinguished feature of the festival was the custom which elevated the lowest servants to a temporary equality with their masters, who patiently bore every freedom of remark from their menials, and even submitted to the keenest sarcasms. All classes exchanged gifts, the commonest being wax tapers and clay dolls. These dolls were especially given to children, and the makers of them held a regular fair at the time.

The great festival of Saturn was celebrated during the republic on the nineteenth of December, but after Cæsar's reform of the calendar on the seventeenth. Augustus decreed that the seventeenth should be sacred to Saturn and

the nineteenth to Ops, his consort. Henceforward it appears that the seventeenth and eighteenth were devoted to the Saturnalia, and the nineteenth and twentieth to the Opalia, a festival of Ops. The Emperor Caligula added a fifth day, "the day of youth," *dies juvenalis*, devoted no doubt to the sports of the young. But in popular usage the festival really lasted seven days, during all the later Roman period.

Saturn (Saturnus) was an ancient mythical king or deity of Italy, to whom was ascribed the introduction of agriculture and civilization. According to tradition, he reigned on the Capitoline hill, and after his death was translated to the abodes of the gods. His reign was called the golden age of Italy. With his wife Ops, the representative of plenty, he was regarded as the protector of agriculture and of all vegetation which tended to the benefit of man, and he carried in his hand a crooked pruning knife. In later times he was identified with the Greek Cronus, and still later with Chronus, time. In this latter character he appears in art, bearing a scythe, is winged, and has an hour-glass by his side.

The prominence given to candles at the festival of the Saturnalia points to the custom of making a new fire at this time. The custom of solemnly kindling fires at the summer solstice, (Eve of St. John,) has prevailed in most parts of Europe, and there are traces of the observance of a similar custom at the winter solstice. In ancient Mexico new fire was kindled amid great rejoicings at the end of every period of fifty-two years. The Scandinavian "yule tide" was notably one of these national customs. Many of the customs of both the Roman Saturnalia and the northern yule tide have mingled with the observation of the great Christmas holiday as kept by modern nations.

Christmas (Christ and mass) is the most important festival of the Christian church. Its institution is attributed by the decretal letters to Pope Telesphorus, who died A. D. 138, and throughout the subsequent history of the church, it has been one of the most noted of Christian solemnities. At first it was the most movable of the Christian festive days, often confounded with the Epiphany, and celebrated by the eastern churches in the months of April and May. In the fourth century the urgency of St. Cyril of Jerusalem obtained from Pope Julius I., an order for an investigation to be made concerning the day of Christ's nativity. The result of the inquiry by the theologians of the east and west was an agreement upon the twenty-fifth of December.

The chief grounds for the decision were the tables of the census in the archives of Rome, and although in the opinion of some of the fathers, there was not authentic proof of the identification of the day, yet the decision was uniformly accepted, and from that time the nativity has been celebrated throughout the church on the same day.

The great saint whose day occurs during December, is St. Nicholas, the children's Santa Claus. His day is the sixth, but at the present time he is commemorated at the Christmas tide, except in Russia and Greece, where his festival is kept on the eve of the sixth. This saint was born in the fourth century, at Patara, a city of Asia Minor. From his earliest infancy, he signally displayed the piety and benevolence for which his whole life was remarkable. While still a youth he was deprived of his parents, and the wealth he thus early inherited, he forthwith distributed to the poor. So prominent were his piety and good works, that he received the patronage of Constantine the Great, and by him was appointed Bishop of Myra. After an unjust imprisonment and a glorious death, his body

was preserved with great honor at Myra, and his name was enrolled upon the lists of saints.

Legend furnishes abundant interesting material concerning this saint, some parts of which are as miraculous as other portions are poetical and pleasing. Here is one of the poetical legends which may have a grain of truth in it: A nobleman who had three marriageable daughters on his hands, was reduced to deplorable poverty, and being unable to support his children, was upon the point of abandoning them to their fate. St. Nicholas, hearing of the sad plight the family was in, went one night to the house and tossed a bag of gold in through the window. With this unexpected gift the nobleman portioned his eldest daughter. Another nocturnal visit of the saint provided in the same manner a dowry for the second daughter. Surprised at this repeated generosity, the beneficiaries set to work to discover the author of their good fortune, and the good man was caught while performing his third deed of benevolence. He, however, secured a promise that what he had done in secret should be kept from the public. I suppose ladies could keep a secret no better than than now, for in a short time it became a custom among the inmates of the convent of Myra to place silk stockings, a probable imitation of the silken purses of gold, at the door of the abbess, with written words recommending themselves to St. Nicholas. It is no weary flight of the imagination to trace the modern custom of hanging up the stockings back to the time of the secret offerings of the kind-hearted bishop of Myra.

St. Nicholas is the patron saint of Russia to the extent that all the czars bear his name. He is also the patron saint of New York City, and his image stood at the prow of the first emigrant ship that ever sailed into New York harbor. The first church built in New York was named after him. New York City has a St. Nicholas club whose members meet annually on the saint's night, and smoke fragrant nicotine in pipes whose stems are of surprising length.

In the old English church St. Nicholas' day was honored by the election of a boy bishop with great pomp and ceremony, but now, as with us, the day is closely associated with Christmas.

A VISIT TO "THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET."

BY MRS. JULIA A. CARNEY.

Now that the summer sojournings by the seashore or on the mountains, by the lakeside or in woody glen, are over, and we have returned to life's round of work and duty once more, it is time to recall some of our experiences for the pleasure of those who stayed at home. Large as is the army of pilgrims and wayfarers, in these days of rapid transit, the number of those who remain in more or less comfortable homes, is necessarily very much greater. If all who go should note down their experiences, the result would be disastrous indeed to the most good-natured editor. But as the larger number find the whirl of business or pleasure ready to engulf them upon their return, I will venture to write of a quiet nook where I found the reality of one poetic ideal.

Few of us are so unfortunate that our hearts do not respond to the well known lines,

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood."

Those of us who have passed the half-

century line, remember "the old oaken bucket" in our father's well, or, at least,

as part of the pleasure of a visit to grandpa's.

So when during my delightful visit to

beautiful Humorock Beach, Sea View,

my niece informed me that we were near the scenes of the poet's "fond recollections," I gladly accepted her invitation to ride over there. It was a lovely day, and as we passed through the piney woods the air was balmy with their health-bringing odors. Other places of beauty and interest were on our way, but we were too intent upon finding the poet's home to linger among them. The "pond" and the "mill that stood by it," we soon identified, at least, to our own satisfaction, being born in Yankee land.

The "cot" did not appear so easily, but a pleasant looking, two-story house in whose porch we saw an open well with curb and sweep and iron-bound bucket of "ye olden tyme," proved to be the place we sought. It stands a few yards distant from the "cot" (which has been removed), but the kind owner of the present residence showed us a small, diamond-shaped light of glass which he said was the only relic of the old house which had been preserved. It was not as large as a fair-sized hand, and it would take a large number of them to render even a small cot pleasant. They were set in a tin frame, the gentleman, whose father was a foster-brother of the poet, explained to us.

He told us that the handle and two staves of the bucket remained lying around the premises until a few years since, but being considered worthless, he did not know what became of them. It is possible some enterprising Yankee may even now be converting them into relics which may prove a fortune to his children's children, for while the language in which it is written, is spoken and sung, so long shall the heart-song reach other hearts.

The present bucket is a fac-simile of the old one, only as a gentleman of our party remarked, "we have to imagine the moss." It bears the inscription, "Old Oaken Bucket.—1817—13th Jan., 1785." The first being the year in which the poem was written, the last the date of the poet's birth. Of course, we drank our fill of the water, and a little girl of the party insisted upon carrying a diaperful of it to the pet horse, which the good steed drank dutifully from her hand, although not thirsty.

We were shown a volume in which the poet's name written by himself in a fair, round hand, "Samuel Woodworth, Feb. 12th, 1797," interested us more particularly from the fact that he was then only twelve years old. Each letter and figure was smooth, and regular as copper-plate, and only their large size showed the school boy.

The book itself was a curiosity. Its title page stated that it was "A View of the Life, Travels and Philanthropic Labours of the late John Howard, Esq., LL. D., F. R. S. By John Aiken, M. D." Then followed three lines from Seneca, but as they were not translated, I preferred not to copy them. Then followed several names of individuals who were apparently acting as publishers to the book closing with "also the Proprietors of the Boston Book Store." The date was 1794. Think of that, visitors to the Hub. There was once such a place as "the Boston Book Store." I would like much to know its location, but no street or number was thought necessary. It was the Book Store.

We were kindly shown a compilation of the poet's writings in two volumes, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, but were informed it was now out of print. It opened with a brief biography by his friend and co-editor of the New York Mirror, George P. Morris, who speaks of him in terms of affectionate admiration. They were partners in establishing the Mirror, which was almost the first attempt at elegant literature, at a time (1823) when

Bryant was studying law, Whittier was still a farmer boy, and Hawthorne and Longfellow were college students. A hasty glance at the contents of the volumes showed no poem that has been placed upon the world's list of heart-songs, save the one whose melody had drawn us to its author's early home, as pilgrims to a shrine. It is probable that, like many another brilliant young man, he threw his hopes of enduring fame upon the sparkling but shallow waters of professional journalism, which gave him back what he needs must have, a support for his family.

His friend gives a much pleasanter account of the writing of this poem than one I had previously heard or read. He states that the family were at the time living in New York, and that the writer returning home to dinner one hot day, drank with eager relish a glass of cold water and said, "That tastes good, but it is not so good as I used to drink in childhood from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well at my father's house."

His young wife, herself a lady of fine taste and considerable talent, said, "Why, Samuel, that is almost poetry. Why cannot you write a poem upon that subject?"

He did so in compliance with her suggestion, and while human hearts beat more quickly to the thought of home, the popular song should perpetuate the memory of the appreciative wife, no less than that of the loving husband.

He died Dec. 9th, 1842, at the age of fifty-eight. The "rock" and the "cataract" are both now gone, the former being made useful as a millstone and the latter destroyed by its removal. It is probable they were both magnified by the boy's eyes and the poet's imagination.

Driving slowly past "the orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood," gathering wild flowers by the wayside, as mementoes of the visit, we recrossed the "bridge," gave a last, long look at "the wide-spreading pond and the mill that stood by it," and then drove back to Humorock, feeling richer in thought for the day's experience.

If any readers of this sketch should be tempted to imitate our example, I pray them to remember that the place is a private residence, and not encroach too much upon the kindness of its genial owner and his pleasant family.

CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any one tell me where I can get the music, and words, too, if possible, of the songs, the chorus of one of which is,

"Hard times, hard times,
Come again no more,
Many days you have lingered,
Around my cabin door.
Oh, hard times,
Come again no more;"

in the other the words occur, I think at the last of each verse,

"For these hard times?"

Also, can any of THE HOUSEHOLD Band tell me where I can procure an instrumental piece for the violin, called "The Wrecker's Daughter?" I will willingly pay all expenses.

VIOLA B. TIPTON.
Vancleave, Marshall Co., Iowa.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the Band send me the words and music of the following songs: "It's Love that Makes the World Go around," "The Beautiful Island of Sometime," and "When You and I Were Young, Maggie?" I would gladly return the favor in any way I can.

MRS. W. SCOTT HUNTLEY.
Box 486, Great Barrington, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I wish through the columns of your valuable paper to inquire if any one can send me the song entitled "The Three Friends at Parting," commencing with the words,

"When shall we three meet again?"

MRS. ROBERT ROUNDS.
Morganville, Clay Co., Kansas.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any reader of THE HOUSEHOLD send or tell me where I can find the poem, "The Ride of Collins Graves?" It commemorates an incident connected with the bursting of the Massachusetts dam. I believe

that it was published in 1875 or '76. I will repay postage and return the favor in any way possible.

MRS. E. Y. LEWIS.
Benicia, Solano Co., Calif.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD please send me the words and music of "The Gypsy's Warning," and "Sword of Bunker Hill?" I will return the favor in any way I can.

IRMA KOONTZ.
Aztec, New Mexico.

THE REVIEWER.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, by George Lowell Austin. In this book Mr. Austin gives to the world that part of Wendell Phillips' life which really belongs to the people and which many, especially young, readers are not acquainted with. He was an acknowledged leader in every effort seeking the good of humanity, and it would be impossible to write the life of such a man, without also writing, however briefly, the history of his times. Mr. Phillips came prominently before the public in the year 1837, and from that time onward until his death, he was in a large sense a public man, although at no time in his career was he regarded as a statesman.

Price \$1.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: Clapp & Jones.

SOME THINGS ABROAD, by Alexander Mackenzie, is a very interesting and readable book of travel, written in a much more fascinating manner than these books usually are because places and things were seen and are described in a fresher and different light. The author touches upon many little points which really make the individuality of a people, but which are too often overlooked, and he also possesses a quiet humor which makes his book doubly enjoyable. The descriptions of Norway are particularly interesting, and one can learn a great deal about the people and the country, in fact, one can almost imagine one's self with Dr. Mackenzie throughout the journey. An interesting portion of the book deals with Constantinople and an account is given of Robert College, founded by an American, Christopher Robert, through the influence of its first president, Rev. Cyrus Hamlin. There is also a description of a girls' school belonging to the Women's Board of Missions, the teachers in which are from New England. Price \$1.50. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

IN PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS, by Count Leo Tolstoi, translated from the Russian by Mrs. Aline Delano, is a little book made up of four or five stories, in very large print which one is apt at first sight to think a child's book, but there is much more in it than a child will perceive or understand. It is a powerful statement of the principles of the great Russian's religion, and in these simple and touching stories, bare of all ornament, Tolstoi has made profound comments upon human life. They can, and will be read by young and old, for they have the singular simplicity of style of the ancient scriptures. Price 75 cents. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

THE BOOK OF FOLK STORIES re-written by Horace E. Scudder. This little book is written in a way to make it perfectly intelligible, and may be easily read and understood by children of eight or ten years, thereby giving themselves much pleasure and amusement, as well as helping in the study of reading. The book contains the stories of "Cinderella, or the Glass Slipper," "Beauty and the Beast," "Jack and the Bean Stalk," "Dick Whittington and his Cat," "Little Red Riding Hood," and many others suitable for younger children. Price 60 cents. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Brattleboro: Clapp & Jones.

PRIZE SELECTIONS, arranged by C. W. Moulton, is a handsome volume of choice poetical selections, the quotations are all numbered and properly arranged, though without any connection as to subject, and the publishers offer a series of prizes to the persons who are able to name the authors of the greatest number of selections. Aside from the interest of the search for authors, the plan will be a benefit in making young readers acquainted with the works and lives of the best English and American writers of verse. Price \$1.00. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

STORIED HOLIDAYS by Elbridge S. Brooks, is a capital collection of stories, all but one of which, readers of St. Nicholas and Wide Awake are well acquainted with. Each of the stories deals with some English or American holiday. Among

the historic characters which appear in its pages are King James and his little son Charlie, Sir Thomas More and his daughter Margaret, William Penn, Francis Bacon, and many others less familiar to the reader. Mr. Brooks has a rare charm in writing these stories, and has succeeded in making them both instructive and interesting. Each story has a full page illustration, and the volume appeals strongly to the young readers for whom it is intended. Price \$1.50. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

THE SONG OF ROLAND. Translated by John O. Hagan, M. A., with an introduction of forty-five pages on the Legends of Charlemagne, is the first English translation of the "Chanson," and supplies something which was wanting to English literature. We cannot doubt that by its aid that poem, so long unknown among us will be made permanently familiar to English readers. Price 75 cents. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: Clapp & Jones.

LITTLE POLLY BLATCHLEY, by Frances C. Sparhawk, is a pleasant, quiet story for little girls, its principal character, Little Polly, being evidently modelled upon some household darling, who, though one of the naturally good children, had her little outbursts of temper occasionally, which makes the story all the more natural and interesting. The book is beautifully printed and bound, and well filled with pictures. It will be a welcome addition to the literature for children. Price \$1.00. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

IN PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS, by Count Leo Tolstoi, translated from the Russian by Mrs. Aline Delano, is a little book made up of four or five stories, in very large print which one is apt at first sight to think a child's book, but there is much more in it than a child will perceive or understand. It is a powerful statement of the principles of the great Russian's religion, and in these simple and touching stories, bare of all ornament, Tolstoi has made profound comments upon human life. They can, and will be read by young and old, for they have the singular simplicity of style of the ancient scriptures. Price 75 cents. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

BABYLON. The twelve bound numbers of this little magazine make one of the handsomest volumes of the year, for the three and four year olds, with its jolly stories and jingles, its puzzles, pictures, and its beautiful cover. Price 75 cents. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

Prof. Soley's capital new book, THE BOYS OF 1812, is to be published immediately at two dollars and fifty cents, instead of three dollars as announced. It is full of spirited illustrations by F. T. Merrill and Hendry.

The demand for the limited, Japan paper, edition of THE SONG OF THE RIVER, published by Estes & Lauriat, has been so great that the edition has been practically exhausted, and the price is advanced from four to six dollars.

JACK THE FISHERMAN, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, is such a pathetic little story that one cannot help wishing it had been left unread, but there is a certain charm about Miss Phelps' writings that it is hard to resist. If the book could reach the class of people from which the picture is drawn it would undoubtedly do much good. Price 50 cents. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Brattleboro: Clapp & Jones.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for November opens with a charming frontispiece entitled, "A Fairy Tale," from a painting by F. S. Church, accompanied by an anonymous sonnet interpreting the idea of the picture, entitled, "A Child Shall Lead Them." Edwards Roberts gives us a delightful account of the attractions of southern California in, "A Santa Barbara Holiday." The article is beautifully illustrated. Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis devotes this, the concluding por-

tion of the sketches, "Here and There in the South," to life in the Arcadian country of Attakapas, Louisiana, with beautiful illustrations by W. Hamilton Gibson. "Chantilly: The Chateau and the Collection," by Theodore Child, is an important article and gives a full account of the marvelous estate recently presented to the Institute of France. The serial novels, "Narka," by Kathleen O'Meara, and "April Hopes," by W. D. Howells, are finished in this number. There is an important paper on "The Winter Climatic Resorts of Three Continents," by Mr. William Smith Brown, two short stories, "The Story of Arnon," by Amelie Rives, and "As Man and Two Brothers," by George Parsons Lathrop and several other excellent papers. The poetry of the number is specially good, and the editorial departments contain their usual abundance of good reading. \$4.00 a year. New York: Harper & Brothers.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for November opens with a complete novel, by Virginia W. Johnson, entitled "The Terra Cotta Bust." It is a romance of Italian life, delicately and gracefully told. The series of undergraduate sketches of life in colleges of the United States is brought to a close by R. S. Rounds' "Social Life at Amherst College." "A Modern Spartacus," by Felix L. Oswald tells of the adventures and exploits of a bandit, and is a sketch of much interest. Another interesting article is Prof. John Johnson, Jr.'s, "The School Boy as a Microcosm," in which the customs, morals, and economic principles of the average school boy are shown to reflect those of semi-civilized periods of the human race. "The Story of a Stanza," by John R. Tait, and "A Sketch in Usher," by Arlo Bates, together with several poems, and The Monthly Gossip and Book-Talk, finish a most excellent number of this magazine. \$3.00 a year. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE for November has for its opening pages a very interesting article on "Mount Tacoma," written by Dr. C. D. Hendrickson, in which he describes an ascent to the highest attainable point on the north side of the mountain, the article is fully illustrated, one of the illustrations, "A View of Hendrickson's Falls" forming the frontispiece. There is a generous installment of Edgar Fawcett's "Olivia Delaplaine," an article on "Paul Hayne and His Poetry," by Maurice Thompson, "The Grand Army of the Republic," by Gen. Lucius Fairchild, "The Christening of America," by Abby Sage Richardson, "Cyclopia," an entertaining description of old forges and charcoal furnaces of Pennsylvania, by P. D. Nott, "John Pettigrew's Wooing," by Virginia Baker, and "Autumn Flowers," by Sarah F. Goodrich and Edith M. Thomas. There are many other good articles and several poems, by Henry Abbey, Helen Chase, George Edgar Montgomery, Bradford Torrey, and others. The editorial department and that devoted to sermons is well filled. \$3.00 a year. New York: The American Magazine Co.

THE AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN AND ORIENTAL JOURNAL for September, opens with a very interesting illustrated article on "Gold Ornaments from U. S. of Columbia," by Geo. F. Kunz, followed by the fourth of the series of papers on "The Puget Sound Indians," by Rev. M. Eells, and "The Creator in the Religion of the East," by Wm. Tucker. Rev. Stephen D. Peet gives a most interesting and instructive article entitled, "Some Problems in Connection with the Stone Age," in which many illustrations are given of relics found in different parts of the country, the article contains much valuable information for all who are interested in this study. The remainder of the magazine is well filled with its usual store of thoughtful and scholarly papers. Published bi-monthly. \$4.00 a year. Chicago: F. H. Revell, 150 Madison St.

OUR LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN for November, comes filled with pretty pictures, stories and verses, and is as bright and instructive a magazine for the little ones, as can be made. \$1.00 a year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

THE FORUM for November. \$5.00 a year. New York: The Forum Pub. Co., 97 Fifth Ave.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for November. \$4.00 a year. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE for November. \$2.00 a year. Philadelphia: T. S. Arthur & Son.

THE CHURCH MAGAZINE for November. \$2.00 a year. Philadelphia: L. R. Hamersly & Co.

ST. NICHOLAS for November. \$3.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY for November. \$1.50 a year. Boston: The Russell Publishing Co.

BABYHOOD for November. \$1.50 a year. New York: Babyhood Pub. Co., 5 Beekman St.

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

THE PANSY for November. \$1.00 a year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

BABYLAND for November. 50c. a year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

The Dressing Room.

HINTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

BY MAXFIELD.

SANTA CLAUS is very busy at this season, and during the next few weeks will employ a large and able corps of assistants in all parts of the world. I cannot say that I have the honor of being in the old gentleman's confidence, though I have had a peep at many of the pretty things prepared for the approaching festival.

One, designed for a young society lady, is a party bag to hold gloves, slippers, opera glasses, fan, etc., made of a very large white brocade silk handkerchief. This was sewed across one end and for ten inches up the side. Across the bottom was a four-inch point lace slightly fulled, while the top was gathered four inches from the end, and decorated with a large bow of delicate pink ribbon.

Another bag for more general use is made of a yard of ecru pongee, sewed up across each end and ten inches up each side, thus leaving an open space in the middle. Slip a large gilt ring over the end to the middle, and trim the ends with a silk fringe in which gilt is mingled. The decorations may be done in outline or ribbosene.

An odd but useful knitting bag has for its foundation a large, well-shaped horn, thoroughly cleaned and nicely scraped. Bore tiny holes in the edge of the large end, and fasten on a silk bag, which must be fulled considerably to allow room for the ball, finishing at the top with a draw string and tassels. The needles fit nicely into the hollow horn, while the bag holds the work and ball of yarn. When not in use suspend from the back of a chair or from the corner of a fancy table.

Fir pillows are so common as to hardly need mention. There are various methods of preparing the filling, but the better way is to leave the slender tips from one to one and one-half inches long and pull the leaves from the coarser pieces. This makes a lighter and more springy filling than if the pieces are larger or all the needles pulled from the stems. The filling is put in green as it has thus a richer and more lasting fragrance.

Pongee is often chosen for these pillows, but the old-fashioned silks and crapes that can be found in almost any attic are more desirable. An old printed foulard silk works in nicely for this purpose, and if you wish to send a delicate souvenir to a friend, make from a bit of stout cotton cloth, a bag not more than eight by ten inches, fill with the green fir, draw up the top with a string and fasten securely. The covering should be large enough to allow the miniature pillow to slip in easily, considerably longer and hemmed down two inches at the top, or faced with a bright ribbon. Finish by tying a ribbon at the top in such a manner as to form a bag with ruffle. This should be fastened on the back of a large easy chair, or placed on the bed between the pillows after the shams are arranged. Large pillows made in the same way are newer and more stylish than the square ones. The leaves of the sweet flag, sweet fern, or even those of the sweet-scented geraniums and lavender may be used in the same way as the fir and pine.

A useful present for a gentleman is a blotter made of several sheets of suitable size, with cover of real or imitation leather on which a bit of painting is done in oils. Put together in the form of a book and on the upper left hand corner fasten a flat bow of rich ribbon.

Those who use spectacles will appreciate a wiper made of two pieces of fine

chamois skin cut in some fancy shape, as a maple leaf, button-holed at the edges with embroidery silk, and fastened together with a bit of narrow ribbon.

Fancy cards or small chromos of suitable shape, fastened to a length of ribbon, or even silk fringed at the ends, make desirable book marks. Another style is made by pasting down the flap of a new square envelope of thick, rich paper, and cutting off the corners at a distance of two and one-half inches from the points. These are to be slipped over the corners of the leaves to mark some favorite passage or the place where one is reading, and must be embellished with mottoes or sprays of flowers done in water colors; the cut edges may be scalloped or notched.

At this time various uses may be found for pressed ferns, flowers, leaves, sea weed and dried mosses. Fastened on white tarletan or tulle they make lovely transparencies, banners, lamp shades or decorative fans.

A handsome brush case is in the form of a bellows, cut of stout pasteboard and covered with plush, the handle being of a different color and tied with ribbons. On the front embroider a spray of roses, doing the flowers in bits of silk and ribbons, and the leaves and stems with chenille.

A new pin-cushion cover is made of a bit of plain scrim of suitable size, simply hemmed and edged with a wide lace fulled at the corners.

Before the edge is finished, threads are drawn for the width of half an inch in two parallel rows each way of the cloth, intersecting each other, and leaving a square in the center and at each corner. In these open spaces run a bright ribbon of proper width and fringe the ends which must fall to the edge of the lace. This is fastened over a plain satin cushion of the same color as the ribbons. A silk cushion must always have a lining of thick cotton cloth. Bran is a good cushion stuffing, but must be thoroughly heated to destroy insects and eggs. A favorite pin cushion is in the form of a bag made of stout cloth and covered with bright silk. A good size is eight by seven inches, the latter being the length. This is the size before it is sewed up. Stuff this firmly to a depth of five inches, gather the lining closely and fasten, afterwards cutting off the superfluous cloth. Over this tie the silk in such a way as to leave a two-inch ruffle at the end, and slip over a muslin case on which you have executed a simple design in outline. Trim the top of the muslin with lace and tie with ribbons. A more elaborate cushion is made of three of these bags, the ribbon enclosing the necks of all. A little sachet powder in the stuffing is an improvement.

A penwiper in the form of a butterfly is pretty and easily made. From fine black broadcloth or thick silk cut a shape as much like a butterfly as possible. Buttonhole the edge with colored silk, and put on the spots with silks and beads or use paints. The body is formed of a bit of black velvet rolled in shape and wound with yellow sewing silk; use beads for eyes, and a bristle for the antennae. When the body is fastened in place, add under wings a little smaller than the top, and if on absorbent material, black or some dark color.

The small boy of the family will be pleased with a skate bag of some stout material, with button and strap. Put in a strong lining, and work his initials on the front.

One of the prettiest of the many new tidies is in the form of a fan. Open a fan of the size you wish the tidy, and cut a lining of muslin, on which you must arrange overlapping lengths of narrow ribbon or silk as far down as the cover of the fan extends, turning in each strip at the outer edge in such manner as to

form a point. The bottom of the piece is covered with plush, on which the sticks are outlined with fancy stitches, or tinselled cord, just which was used to fasten down the overlapping edges of the ribbon. Line the whole with silk, add a handsome three-inch lace to the edge, and a bow at the end of the point or handle. The bow goes at the top of the chair, the fan spreading over the back. All colors of silk may be used as in a crazy quilt, or a succession of several shades of the same color, according to the furniture on which it is to be used.

In decorating with spruce or other evergreen, it is better used if the small twigs are broken off and wound with twine on a stout cord or small rope. If wanted for lighter work the tips may be sewed on folded strips of heavy brown paper.

We made very handsome mottoes last year by using a background of red glazed paper with letters cut from cotton batting. First outline the letters on thin paper, lay this on a sheet of wadding which in turn rests on another paper, then with sharp scissors, cut through all three together, and the edges will be clear and sharp. These letters have much the appearance of snow, especially if sprinkled with a colorless mucilage, and dusted with powdered isinglass. A stitch or two carefully taken will fasten these letters to the background.

Pressed leaves and sprays of evergreen may be frosted by daubing with strong mucilage, and dusting or rolling in powdered isinglass, coarse epsom salts or even common salt.

For coarse work in distant corners, tiny flecks of cotton give all the effect of snow if artistically disposed.

The fine gray lichens which may be torn in large pieces from the rocks make lovely backgrounds for mottoes if fastened smoothly to pieces of cardboard and edged with red alder berries, using letters cut from red paper. Or the foundation may be of red paper with letters of the lichens.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

I want to tell how to make a few useful articles for Christmas gifts, trusting they may be new to some, if not to all.

BAG FOR DUSTER.

This is made nine inches in width and thirty-six inches in length, without allowing for turnings. One end must come to a point. Commence to cut this by folding goods in half from one end, and slope seven inches. Now you can sew your lining to your material on the wrong side of goods and lining, leaving a small space to turn. Fold the straight end of the goods over to form a pocket of eight inches. Stitch the work on your machine a short distance from the edge, around the pocket, too. Take a large ring, say two inches across, and draw the pointed end through eleven inches, measuring from the point. Sew each edge of goods to each side of the ring. This will make a fold in the goods and look quite pretty. You must make a bow of two colors of ribbon, two inches wide, and sew it on one side of pointed corner to bag. Trim the bottom with gilt stars and crescents, alternating each, and one at point of corner. This bag can be made larger for soiled collars and cuffs. Any pretty curtain material can be used for the outside, and farmer's satin for the lining. Use a gilt ring.

SCRIM TIDY.

One and one-quarter yards of scrim will make two tidies by dividing lengthwise. Make a hem on each end of about three inches, then draw out three threads of the scrim to run in the narrowest ribbon made (this is a quarter of an inch

wide). Repeat this three times, then use red, pink and blue ribbon; repeat this seven times, leaving the drawn threads between each three; finish by working a long stitch into a square of nine threads. Three threads must be drawn around each square. Work in silks of red, pink and blue. Make an eyelet of silk in the center of each square. Finish each end with pompons of red, pink and blue. Put them about two inches apart. Draw the tidy together in the middle with a small cluster of pompons. Or you may make your tidy of the long stitch embroidery alone, working several rows and drawing some threads from the scrim between each row, and tie the center by a pretty bow of ribbon.

BAG FOR SOILED LINEN.

A receptacle for soiled handkerchiefs, cuffs and collars can be made by taking a Turkish towel of pretty design, sew it together until within six inches of the fringe on the wrong side, then turn the fringed ends over and make a hem in the folded part of about two inches, leaving a space for strings on each side. Use satin ribbon two inches wide of two contrasting colors. Olive green and red look pretty. Make a large bow of the two colors, tie it and sew it on the side of the bag. Run the ribbon in at each end so that it will form strings to hang by of the two colors.

ANOTHER BAG.

A bag suitable for gentlemen can be made by covering a piece of pasteboard with satin or any material not too heavy. The board must be about nine inches deep and eighteen inches round. Gather a pretty strip of silk and sew to the covered band of pasteboard, run the edges together, and draw the end together to form a bag. Sew a tassel of silk to the end. The silk must be about seven inches in depth.

Make three points of velvet six inches in width, and seven in depth. You can line these scallops, and work them in button hole stitch, or trim them with a pretty tinselled cord. Sew these to the top of your bag to form a lambrequin. Hang by strings formed of cord or ribbon ten inches long. Sew a cord around the edge of the bag. Make a plain bag for the lining of any thin material and baste to the inside. If you use ribbon, use more ribbon and form a bow.

FOOTSTOOL.

This is made in seven strips of crochet worked in afghan stitch, of seven pretty colors, or you may repeat some of the colors. Drab, red, blue, olive green and maroon are pretty colors. Take the form of your stool and divide into seven pieces. Work each in afghan stitch. Then put the whole together with crochet, and finish the top with bows and ends of wide satin ribbon, olive green and red. Put the bows through a large steel ring. Use a stout lining for the bottom of the stool. This stool must be something like a crown in shape, but you can use your taste.

AUNT MAB.

HANDSOME CROCHET LACE FOR WOOL.

Make a chain of twenty-two stitches.

1. One double in third, fourth and fifth stitches of the chain, chain two, miss two, one double in each of next ten stitches, chain two, one double in each of last four stitches; turn.

2. Chain two, four double in the center of the cluster of four double in the preceding row, chain two, miss two doubles in the preceding row, one double in each of next eight stitches, chain two, one double in each of last four stitches; turn.

3. Chain two, one double in second, third and fourth stitches, chain two, one

The Dining Room.

THE DINING ROOM.

IF ONE wishes good and beautiful furniture it must be paid for with something. The price may be so many dollars, or it may be so much knowledge, study and time plus a smaller amount of money. If the thing is worth the having, it ought to be and must be paid for in some way. A room that is furnished slowly with thought and some study is a double delight. A great deal of pleasure and knowledge may be gained besides the really valuable furniture. A good table, side-board, or set of chairs should last for generations. There is a sort of responsibility in the purchasing of household gods, which will be, and must be for the comfort or discomfort of others besides our own personal selves. We do well "to make haste slowly," and with time and patience select only what is in itself good and best for its use. A thing a man or woman works for or studies over has a greater value than that for which one only empties one's purse. A rare old table or side-board that one has waited and looked a half dozen years to find, when found and placed in just the right corner of the dining room, has an especial worth besides its money value. The things in daily use should be strong, simple and honestly made. The furniture of the dining room must be substantial and serviceable. One reason that old furniture is much sought after now, is because it was well and honestly made, and is really more serviceable than the modern tables and chairs in ordinary use.

The table for the dining room should be heavy and substantial enough to stand firmly in its place. There is no reason why it should not be a handsome table. Our extension tables are not and cannot be finely proportioned. When closed to their smallest size the leg supports are usually heavy and clumsy, and when pulled out to their full length the table has an insecure, weak look. For ordinary families there is no reason why one should not have a solid, handsome table, of good convenient size for the room, with solid, substantial legs and cross-bars. Then a small side table or a table with flap leaves may be added to the length of the usual table on extra occasions. The moving of a small table across a room, or even from one room to another, is not more work than the troublesome process of jerking and pulling an extension table to its full length, and lifting the heavy extra leaves, and shoving and pounding the pegs into their proper holes. The extra side table can always be of use, but what service can the unsightly case of extra leaves be to any housekeeper? It is only something to be stowed away in a closet or back entry to catch the dust in its corners, and be moved with trouble on sweeping days. The best of extension tables will occasionally get out of order at exactly the wrong time.

Eastlake says: "Few people would like to sit on a chair, the legs of which were made to slide in and out, and were fastened at the required height with a pin." There would be a sense of insecurity in the notion eminently unpleasant. You might put up with such an invention in camp, or on a sketching expedition, but to have it and use it under your own roof instead of a strong and serviceable chair would be absurd. Yet this is very much what we do in the case of the modern dining room table."

There are good designs for tables found in many of our books on household art. Any one may hunt up a good skillful carpenter, choose his own design, and order his table the right size for his room.

A small table may be made the same height as the other, and used as a side or carving table, and be added to the ordinary table on extra occasions. In this way you have two tables of your own chosen design, suitable for your room, and made of wood selected by yourself, and the money paid for them goes directly to the workman employed. If you have chosen your design well you will have tables firm and solidly made, so as to last for generations and be heirlooms in the family, and symmetrical and restful to your own eyes all the days of your life.

The chairs for the dining room should be strong and serviceable, without meaningless or glued-on ornament. The parlor and bed room chairs may be used daily, but the dining room chairs must do service at least three times every day, and should be strong as well as comfortable. If any one is happy enough to own a set of strong, high backed, old-fashioned chairs, with cross bars between the legs, they will probably be better, handsomer, and stronger than most of the new designs found in the shops. Many, though, would value these old chairs too highly to let them fall to the hard usage of a dining room. It gives a pleasant variety to have the chairs for the head and foot of the table different from the others. It would be worth while to wait and take trouble to select these two of especially good workmanship, perhaps honored with some carving. They need not necessarily be alike, and could be selected or picked up at different times, one one year and the other later. They will be well worth the waiting for, if you find at last exactly the things you want.

The dining room side-board is so important a part of the room that it should be selected deliberately, as it cannot be well discarded and set aside for any change of fashion. You may be able to find somewhere a rare old side-board, a piece of early English or of Italian carving, or more common one of our grandmother's of the Queen Anne period, with the six small carved legs, and the long shelf with many closets and drawers below! But these treasures are rarely found now. There are modern side-boards of good design. A piece of furniture that is expected to see many years of service should be of the best workmanship and design of the period. A table with shelves above, may do temporary service as a side-board until one is ready to purchase a really good thing. In your choice be careful that all the ornamentation used is good, honest work. It is better to content one's self with simple lines cut in solid wood, rather than have any amount of carved machine work, glued on in unsightly excrescences. In furniture as in character it is well to be better than you appear, rather than appear better than you are.

An open fire is a cheerful thing in a dining room, but it must be so managed as not to cause discomfort to those seated at the table near it. If one must sit through a dinner party with flushed face and aching head, the delightful open fire becomes something besides an aesthetic pleasure, if the room is small, at least provide a screen to protect your guests.

The mantel-piece for the dining room is often made with shelves above for china and other dining room treasures. Shelves or an over mantel can be added at any time to an ordinary mantel-piece—we wish we might still have the old chimney closets. If we may not have these we may at least have cases on the walls with glass doors to keep safely and at the same time show plainly the color and shapes of the beautiful and rare china within. These cases may be of any size to suit the

dainty things put in them, they may be long and narrow with one shelf only to hold a half dozen priceless cups. Often above doors or windows a shelf can be managed for vases or plaques. A shelf is sometimes put all around the room, but this is hardly practical; for china that is in daily use should be behind doors away from dust. The largest love for "old blue" cannot make it a pleasant thing to eat from dusty dishes, and open shelves in a dining room should be filled with vases and plaques for ornament, and not with china in constant use.

As it is customary to use heavy furniture, often of oak, and to have richly colored walls in a dining room, the wall background and room coloring is rich and dark, probably for this reason it is customary to hang oil paintings in this room. Portraits or pictures of animals are said to belong here. I see no reason why the subject of a picture should be restricted for this room. Of course oil and water colors should not be hung together, as one takes from the coloring of the other, but I should say the one question about a picture is whether it is good, and not whether it is wild game, a landscape or a child.

Sunshine is the chief blessing in a dining room. If you have sunshine, then you may have flowers; as a matter of beauty, thrifty plants, even if they have not one flower, are restful in color, and the growing things give pleasure. The housewife lingers after breakfast and looks at one and another, pinches off a dead leaf, fastens a vine or ties up a stalk, and forgets for a moment the next care or anxiety. If you cannot have fine paintings, you can always have some green growing things in your dining room. In summer a rustic box of wild ferns in the fire-place is a great addition. A city house with little sunshine can have at least one pot of ferns, or a flowering plant. A small, handsome plant is one of the prettiest things possible for table decoration. It takes the place of a vase of flowers, and is a little less common. When flowers are in the windows on benches or stands, a half curtain hung from the middle sash on a wire with rings, is very convenient at night, to draw behind the plants to protect them from the cold, and it also makes a pretty background for your foliage. If you have inside curtains, the half curtains, may be made of Madras muslin. If you have not heavy curtains, ordinary Turkey red gives a good warm color at night, and is bright against the green of the plants.

Put any color you can on your tables and see how both your white cloth and your uncovered boards set off these colors. Don't think necessarily you must get a colored "set" at once, there is a special charm in variety. A pretty pitcher in one color, cups of different patterns and shapes found one at a time each with its own beauty of color or drawing, you may find.

If you can paint china, make a set of breakfast plates and if you are a beginner be content to work with red and gold, covering the surface fairly well with color. The choicest old India sets are in red and gold. The choice Japanese kaga ware is also in these colors. The red china paint wears better than the blue, and is easier for a beginner to manage. This work in one color can be done at odd times or in evenings about as easily as work with pencil, and the practice in one color in china painting has the same good effect that the practicing of scales has in music. Set designs in blues, yellows and olives, are effective and also good practice.

The great thing on the table, after good food is good color. The old India china is strong and serviceable and makes a safe beginning, because one can always add to it, and the color is one that does

not injure others. Do not despise the cheap Japanese counters. The little round twenty-five cent Japanese dishes, with just a few coarse dashes of blue on them, look a deal better on the table for a baked pudding than a white stone ware one costing exactly the same money. A green or blue butter dish makes the yellow balls of butter more golden. An odd spoon holder or cream jug. These little things are easily picked up. It is only to watch for them, and almost before one knows it the table takes on an air of grace and grows into a study of colors before our eyes.

There are many other things as embroidered curtains, embroidered tea cloths, side board covers, doilies, etched, or embroidered in outline or with mottoes; all these are a part of the dining room luxury and decoration, but all these come more properly under the class of embroideries. I would say have at least a small book shelf in the dining room. I know no room in the house where books may not be. A dictionary is often asked for when a disputed point comes up at table. A shelf is needed in the kitchen for cook books and some light reading for the servant, and we need not be less kind to ourselves or banish our friendly books from any room in the house, but rather let them overflow into any cozy shelf or corner of dining room or hall.—*Demorest's Magazine.*

THE DESSERT.

—“Oh,” exclaimed a young lady ecstatically, “wouldn’t it be lovely to paint those flowers?” “No, dear,” responded another, “they look nice enough without being painted.”

—Parent—“So you want to marry my daughter, eh? The question is, though, do you think you can support yourself and a wife?” Prospective son-in-law—“Aw, don’t trouble yourself on that point. I’ll leave that entirely to you, don’t y’ know?”

—“I hope our chatter does not disturb you, sir,” said a miss to a gentleman who was composedly reading a paper in the midst of the hubbub caused by half a dozen vivacious school girls. “Oh, not at all,” was the reply, “I have eight daughters of my own.”

—Mrs. Young (to friend seeking one dollar for aid society)—“I can’t afford to give you much, for I have a large family to support.” Friend—“Why, you are just married.” Mrs. Young—“Yes, but our servant has a mother and eight children depending on her for food.”

—“And what kind of a wife has Charley got?” “A very superior woman, educated, refined, stylish, and all that sort of thing.” “And is she at all domestic? Does she do her own housework?” “No, I think not; but she has a good deal to say about the way other women do house-work.”

—Uncle Jeff—“Look a’heah, you Heny’ Clay White. How many times has I tol yo’ smokin’ ll shawten yo’ life mo’n half?” Young H. C.—“Well, Uncle Jeff, yo’ been smoken mos’ all yo’ life, an’ yo’ is putty ole man.” Uncle Jeff—“Dat’s all right, you fool nigga! I se eight-fo’ now, and ef I hadn’ smoked when I was a boy, I might a’ been mo’n a hundred years ole by this time.”

—“What other business do you follow besides preaching?” was asked of an old colored man. “I speculate a little.” “How speculate?” “Sells chickens.” “Where do you get the chickens?” “My boys fetch ‘em in.” “Where do they get them?” “I doan know, sah. I se allers so busy wid my preachin’ dat I ain’t got time to ax. I was a gwine ter inquire de udder day, but a’vival come on an’ tuck up all my time.”

The Kitchen.

THE NOTE BOOK OF A HOUSE-KEEPER.

Number Twenty-six.

BY GLADDYS WAYNE.

IT IS a relief to feel that the fall's work proper, as canning, pickling, preserving and drying fruit, as well as harvesting the vegetables, is over, nothing of that sort of work remaining except making the sour-kraut and pickled cabbage. Last year the hints on pickling cabbage so kindly given me by a HOUSEHOLD sister did not come in time for use, but it so happened that we had very good success in making our pickled cabbage; it kept well and was pronounced nice by all who like cabbage in that way. Our sour-kraut, also, was extra nice, remaining good till spring. It is too late for the recipes to be timely for this year, but I may give them in time for next.

As Tom detests salt pork we delay the butchering as long as possible (and not detract too much from the profits) in order to have cold weather for keeping part of the meat fresh for some time. This year I think I will try Aunt Harriet's plan. She cuts the meat, fat and lean, in slices as if for immediate use, puts it in a spider, or frying pan, seasoning well with salt and pepper, cooks it till nearly done (probably two-thirds) then packs it in a jar, each time reserving in another dish most of the grease that fries out. When all is cooked heat this grease all up together and pour it over the meat. Cover the jar closely and keep in a cool place. When required for use, take the desired quantity, finish cooking, using as much of the gravy as desired, and it will be found very nice.

Spare-rib is a favorite dish. We always save the spare-ribs entire, with the other fresh pork; if hung in a cold place spare-ribs keep nicely for some time. When we wish to cook a mess, we have enough cut up in suitable pieces, wash it and put it in a dripping pan, season well with salt and pepper, add water to nearly half fill the pan, place in a hot oven and bake till done, basting frequently with the liquor in the pan, and turning the meat occasionally while cooking that both sides may cook alike. When done the meat will be tender, juicy, and lightly browned, and the liquor done down to a rich gravy. Mashed potato and sour apple sauce are suitable accompaniments. Baked potato is also excellent with spare-rib. Also beet pickle, pickled cabbage, or tomato pickles.

While on the subject, although it is too late for the recipe to be timely for this season, I must give you my recipe for tomato pickles, that are excellent with fresh pork or roast beef.

Green Tomato Pickles.—Cut the tomatoes around in slices, nearly one-fourth inch thick, cover with cold water, adding to each gallon a handful or two of salt, let them soak over night, drain well from the salt and water, put into a porcelain kettle or other suitable dish, cover with good vinegar, adding spices, cinnamon and cloves, both unground, whole mustard seed and red pepper, one pepper and a handful each of the others ought to be sufficient for two gallons of the uncooked tomato. Cook till tender, put them in a jar. Keep a weight on to hold them under the vinegar, and keep the jar closely covered, in a cool place. More or less spices, or different ones, can be used, according to taste. But let us avoid too many kinds of food at any one meal.

In frying fresh pork, Aunt Chatty's way is to put the slices in a spider, or

frying pan, season with salt and pepper, add a little water to raise a steam, cover closely and cook briskly till the water is all done away and the meat is thoroughly done—not overdone—meanwhile watching it and turning it as necessary to insure proper cooking and the right degree of brownness. When done pour the contents into a meat dish, set the spider over the fire and when very hot pour in a little water, shake it about and pour into the dish of meat to obtain a brown bottom to the gravy. She thinks this method renders the meat better and tenderer.

Buckwheat cakes are nice with any kind of fresh meat gravy; if not obtainable wheat pancakes are good instead. They are nice made without eggs.

Wheat Pancakes.—One quart, level measure (or four cups), of sifted flour, one quart of buttermilk (not new), one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of saleratus moderately heaped and dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of warm water. Beat well and bake quickly on a hot, buttered griddle. If superlative flour be used, a little less is required; if the buttermilk is not very sour (it should not be too rich either) perhaps a little less saleratus. And if the cakes seem too thick tilt the griddle immediately after putting on the cakes. If mixed too thin wheat pancakes will be heavy, also if milk is too thick.

MEALS IN HASTE.

It may occur in any household that guests come unexpectedly to dinner, supplies suddenly run short or an extra luncheon is to be put up. For a young housekeeper these emergencies are very trying; the routine of the ordinary daily work gives no aid, nothing but the experience which she has not yet had can be of much assistance. In time each person acquires a fund of ideas that are of use to her on such occasions. From this stock older housekeepers may help the younger, so I offer a few suggestions that may prove of use to some readers of THE HOUSEHOLD.

Your first step is to "take an inventory," as a housekeeper of my acquaintance always expresses it. She goes to her pantry and closets, shuts the doors and usually comes out with an idea awakened by the sight of materials. Merely trying to think what you can get for dinner is not nearly so effective as seeing just what you have in the house.

The next point is to consider in what particular item your intended meal lacks. Is it meat? If you have remnants left from a former meal see what you can do with them. I will mention a few ways in which they may make presentable dishes.

Meat croquettes of any kind of meat chopped fine, well seasoned, mixed with beaten egg, rolled in crumbs and fried. Meat dumplings, slices or spoonfuls of chopped meat, rolled up in biscuit dough, and either baked or steamed; meat shortcake; hashes and meat fritters.

If there are no fragments of meat, see what substitutes are at hand. Canned or salt fish may be used to make palatable dishes. Codfish may be boiled, may be picked up fine, freshened and cooked in milk, may be scrambled, scalloped or made into chowder.

Eggs are another substitute. Boiled, poached, fried, scrambled, scalloped, creamed or served in as many of the "five hundred different ways of cooking an egg," as the cook books or the ingenuity of the housekeeper can suggest.

Soups are also very useful to add to a rather scanty meal. Tomato, potato, corn, asparagus, pea, fish, all make nice and easily prepared soups and remnants of vegetables can often be utilized in them. A small dish of mashed potatoes

left from a previous meal and not enough to serve by itself, will often make all the soup needed for dinner, and also be more relished than in its original form.

If vegetables are lacking and no canned ones can be had, cereals may to some degree fill their place. A great variety of such food preparations are now for sale and many of them can be cooked in a very few minutes. They also are valuable if the bread supply is short. Some people prefer one kind and some another, but a few pounds of some prepared grain may well be found in every store-room. Hominy, cracked wheat, oat meal, and pearl barley, are but a few of the cereals now attainable by most housekeepers.

When bread is needed in a hurry, if a hot fire is ready, biscuit can be made and baked in a few minutes, or muffins, rusk, sally lunn all of which are made of wheat flour. Graham gems, corn gems and johnnycake, require a little longer to bake. Emily Hayes gives directions in THE HOUSEHOLD for making gems with a slow fire. Griddle cakes of various kinds and the numerous mush, graham, corn meal and those made of the Health Foods, are resources when the bread box is nearly empty.

For dessert, plenty of fruit forms the simplest and easiest to be prepared but it is not always attainable. Custards, corn starch puddings, sago, tapioca or chocolate creams can be made quickly. Slices of stale cake may be steamed and served with a nice sauce. Cracker puddings are little trouble. A simple bread pudding may be made by stirring bread crumbs in to boiling milk salted and slightly sweetened; this when served with a good sauce, is much nicer than you would expect.

But finally the best way about emergencies is to keep things on hand as far as possible. A few cans of fish, corned beef, or some salted fish, or a ham, or dried beef may be in the store-room ready for the time of need. Packages of cereals too inexpensive as well as useful to be omitted. Crackers, cookies, ginger snaps, or any cakes that keep for some time, are valuable to have in store. There are fruit puddings which will keep for several weeks and cut in slices and heated are as good as if just made.

Many other things of the sort will suggest themselves to the mind that ponders over this subject. I have only attempted to give hints, as recipes for all I have mentioned would take too much room. A bright housekeeper often originates or adapts her own recipes according to the material on hand. After all, "necessity is the mother of invention."

CHEERFUL PEOPLE.

Oh, the charm of a cheerful face! What can equal it? It has a missionary work all its own. Its simple presence makes even animals happier. Dogs know the difference between the cheerful and the surly man. They gambol about the former wherever he appears, and shrink away from the latter, or treat him with indifference.

And when the cheerful person comes into the room where people are out of sorts, or ill, or have "the blues," they brighten up in spite of themselves; for few people are ever so cross or so ill that the voice and face of a cheerful person will not make them brighten up just a little.

If there were only a sure and certain recipe for making ourselves cheerful! It would sell better than any cosmetic ever put upon the market, for the cheerful face can never be unpleasant to look upon. How glad we should all be to try the recipe; to have the power of cheering everybody up, to have the joy of seeing

everybody's face brighten the minute we came in sight! It would be such a satisfaction, too, to be sure of a warm welcome wherever we went; for the cheerful person is always given a warm greeting. It is only natural to desire sunshine in the house.

"The sight of you just does me good, sure," I heard an old woman say one day to one of these sunshiny people.

"I'd like to have ye in a glass case, ma'am, that I might look at ye and keep my heart warm."

Every one is sensible of the atmosphere of cheerfulness, of hope and energy, which surrounds it, and of the happiness it sheds abroad; every one admires and welcomes it in others, and wishes that he also possessed it; every one acknowledges that it is one of the chief blessings with which man is endowed.

Then why not cultivate it in ourselves? Whatever is absolutely essential to the happiness of man, is within his power to obtain—if not in full measure, at least to a very fair degree. And, although there may be other things that we covet more earnestly, a cheerful spirit is a very important ingredient in human happiness. Some are, of course, born with sunny natures. It is as natural for them to look bright, to shed sunshine about them as it is to breathe. They could not help it if they would. It is spontaneous, inevitable to them. We cannot all have this, of course, but we can all cultivate cheerfulness, if we only will.

We can so foster and cherish it that after a few years the world will not suspect that it was not a hereditary gift handed down to us from generations.

There is scarcely an evil in life which we cannot double by pondering upon it: a slight scratch, by constant rubbing and irritation, can become a serious wound, and a slight illness be made by worry to end in death.

A man has no more right to interfere with his neighbor's happiness than to injure his property, and he cannot indulge in perpetual ill-humor and spleen, in complaint, in airing gloomy forebodings, or in carrying a sad, sour or frowning visage, without very sensibly diminishing the enjoyment and comfort of others, and thus violating their rights.

The power of enjoyment is in itself a faculty capable of improvement, and as practice always enhances power, it is an excellent thing to form the habit of enjoying. A mind accustomed to look upon the bright side of all things will repel the dampness and mildew of care by its genial sunshine. A cheerful heart paints the world as it sees it, like a beautiful, sunny landscape; the melancholy, morbid mind depicts it a sterile plain, and thus life takes its hues of light and shade from the soul upon which it rests. The world is a mirror, reflecting ourselves. Smile upon it, and it gives us smiles in return; frown upon it, look sad and sour, and it gives back sadness and sourness in return.

We may rob misfortune of half her power and all her frowns, by meeting her with a smiling face. Can we not look at the stars when the sun has gone down? Are not the heavens blue when the earth is dark?

The consistent endeavor to look at the bright side of things will gradually produce and fix the power of doing so. One who is always extracting the actual and possible woe of every thing with which he deals, can hardly hope to be bright and cheery; but if, instead, he seeks for the silver lining to the clouds, life will assume for him a brighter aspect, and he cannot fail to secure a full measure of happiness. There is no path but will be easier traveled, no load but will be lighter, no shadow on heart or brain but will lift sooner in the presence of a determined cheerfulness. Cultivate cheerfulness if only for personal profit.

You will do and bear every duty and burden better if you are habitually cheerful.

Cheerfulness depends largely upon good health. It is very difficult for the wearied, hard-worked housekeeper to preserve a cheerful temper under all the difficulties of household work. Fires will not burn, bread will not rise, the milk turns sour, the children will do some irreparable piece of mischief, and either one of these things is sufficient perhaps to prove the last straw upon the back of the overworked, weary woman, who has been on her feet since morning, busy with the hundred and one little things that only she ever thinks of doing, and whose nerves are strained to the highest tension. She suddenly breaks out into a real tempest of fret and fault-finding, for which no one is prepared, not knowing any thing of the previous strain, and the husband goes out in anger, convinced that his wife has a "fearful temper," while the children shrink away, saying to each other, "How cross mother is!" while she, poor soul, has to get over her little outburst as best she can, suffering mentally, probably for the wan of self-control that personally aggrieved every member of her family, and mortified that she cannot be always as sweet-tempered and pleasant as "when she was a girl."

O busy housekeepers, don't try to do too much. Half the women patients in the insane asylums to-day would be useful members of society if only they had not worked so hard and so fast. There is that in the nature of housework, and in the bringing up of a family which demands incessant effort, and that effort falls generally upon some one member of the family—the wife in nine cases out of ten.

No matter how much sleep she loses at night, how much she worries over baby's troublesome teeth, or little Dick's croup symptoms, she must go through the daily treadmill all the same. She gives herself no rest. She does not know, or if she knows, she is heedless of the fact that she is burning the candle at both ends. She tries to economize in help, keeps no servant, or only one where two would have plenty to do, and lets mind and body wear out. If she could only learn that it is better to "let things go" sometimes, if by so doing she can preserve her health, get time to rest an hour or two, and so secure the health which gives the strength to be cheerful, to shed about her that sunshine which will cause her children to "rise up and call her blessed," to remember home as the sunniest place in the whole world.—*Exchange.*

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

Number Twenty-seven.

BY THERESA.

The old rule for sheets before sewing up, is to measure off five yards apiece, but after the shrinkage and the hemming, which must be very wide at one end for the top, the allowance for tucking in at the bottom is altogether too short for small people, and presumably the number of tall persons equals that of the opposite class, with toes that need the same protection. The better way is to allow five and one-eighth yards for each sheet, making an inch wide hem on each end alike, then they can be turned either way after laundrying, and both ends worn alike. When stripping the beds to make daily, throw the ends used for the head that week over the chair the same way every time, and there can be no mistaking head for foot.

The five or ten-pound bags that table salt comes in, are useful for storing many articles, and for various purposes, but if one has more than is needed, rip and sew

two together for a dishcloth, a necessary, but homely article. Get hold of the right end (which you can tell by trying) of the thread on the chain stitch side of the sewing, and it can be more quickly done than time spent in telling how—as all brides may not know—using the thread for sewing them up, and if time is plentiful, run a hem with the same all around, which will strengthen them. Make two or more, so as to have a clean one every week.

Clean napkins that are only unfolded and laid in the laps of company once, and without blemishes, need not be washed every time, but smoothed out with a hot iron, folded in the same creases, and put away for the next time. Do not, however, let them lie around and get soiled before doing this, or the plan will not work well. Washing wears them more than using as with other articles. Do not make them stiff and unyielding with starch, for it is any thing but pleasant to have them sliding off, and on to the floor as likely as any way. If a thin streak comes in the center from folding the same way every time, iron and fold crosswise, and they will last much longer. None but persons known to be scrupulously neat, are included in the word "company" above. All that are polluted by those addicted to unclean habits, should be given a bath without delay, or they might accidentally be placed again for decent people to use. For visitors remaining a few days, it is well to mark their initials on one corner with a lead pencil, if they have no napkin rings, and each will have his own.

Who has not been so annoyed as not to take any pleasure in attending most any public gathering, by having the smoke of the "vile weed" puffed in their faces, no matter which way they turned, oftentimes while trying to avoid it, only getting into it thicker and thicker! The practice seems to be on the increase, if possible, and what can be said or done more than has been by able pens, and eminent persons, to put a stop to the use of the weed, which is not only offensive to others, but is poison to the users, and what is still worse, is laying the foundations of untold misery to future generations. Nothing short of the millennium, I fear, will rid the land of this and other equally foul blots. Let us hope that the glad morning will dawn on us soon.

Vera, your ginger snaps, in the August number, certainly have a good taste, but as you said, must be kept in the cellar some time before eating, to become moist. Though not praised by all, one of the family pronounced them "the best we've had."

Having had good success with the following recipe for years, I will copy it that others may have the benefit of one that is "tried and true."

To Pickle Green Tomatoes.—Slice the tomatoes in three slices each, sprinkle plenty of salt between each layer, let them stand twelve hours, if not longer, then scald up in clear water, in brass or tin (I use the latter.) Boiling makes them soft. Skim them out, drain thoroughly through a colander, then put them in jar, sprinkling spices, cinnamon and cloves between each layer. Turn on vinegar, cold, while the pickles are hot, then it will strike through good. Slice horseradish roots, and scatter throughout the jar, which not only keep the vinegar good but also improve the taste. A teacup of sugar to a gallon jar also improves them very much. Lastly, cover them in the jar with several layers of nice horseradish leaves, and replace them carefully every time after lifting one side to take out the pickles when needed.

With a soft bit of cloth, or the fingers, rub with fine clean ashes, damp table or teaspoons, either silver or plated that an

occasional dish will discolor. There is nothing better for removing tea stains from cups and saucers. Mind the ashes are entirely free from lumps of coal, or any thing that will scratch the silver.

How I have wanted to remonstrate when dish washers threw all the white or black handled knives and forks into the dish pan to soak, new and old together! The blades alone should be dipped in water, and laid one side to soak a few minutes before washing, not long enough to rust, and wipe the handles with a damp cloth only. With this treatment, they will look like new many years, and the handles will not rust out if riveted on, or come off if only glued on.

HOUSEKEEPING MONEY.

If every man would pay his wife a weekly sum for housekeeping, clothing, etc., he would find that in nine cases out of ten, her management of the fund would increase not only his comfort, but that of the whole house.

If she is equal to the task of being a wife and a mother, she is also equal to the task of supplying and paying for the daily necessities of the home. If she is head manager, she will take pride and pleasure in making one hundred cents go a great way—much further than a man could make one hundred and fifty go.

She will also make calculations about the expenditure of the weekly sum, will lay by a certain amount toward buying such and such supplies in quantities; will learn that there is no economy in buying soap by the bar, starch or sugar by the pound. She will systematize her affairs, keep her books—a day-book and a ledger—and exhibit her well-kept accounts with pride and delight. The very fact that the expenditure of the money belongs to her will sweeten her life, give new zest to her occupations, and make her a happy and more contented wife. To most women, the idea of asking for money is abhorrent. They put it off from day to day, the dread of it is so great. They will wear expensive clothes in the kitchen rather than ask for the money needful for the purchase of a plain calico dress.

Shrug your shoulders if you choose, you unbelieving husband, and say, "I never knew such a woman."

I beg your pardon, but I must contradict you. The woman you call wife, I do believe would rather suffer with the toothache than ask you for money. This is no false statement; most women do shrink from asking the head of the family for money needful for boots, clothing, and the common necessities of life; it is neither agreeable nor pleasant to them, and they should not be forced to do it. If they do their appointed work, the money to carry it on should be freely offered, monthly or weekly, as may be desired.

Some husbands have seen how much their mothers suffered for the want of money even when their fathers were rich, and they profit by the fact and give their wives a generous supply, never forcing them to become applicants for it, and by so doing they greatly increase their domestic happiness. Place confidence in a woman's ability to act, and she will repay it; doubt her executive powers—refuse her responsibility—and you may rue it.

The subject of money-supplies in the home opens a wide field of thought to the husband. Will he cultivate it? Many wives of the middle class have been accustomed to earn their own support, to purchase their own wardrobes before they were married. But after marriage all is changed; they must ask for what they require rather than have it paid to them quarterly. At first their wants are few, or all supplied, but one or two years alter their outlook, and it becomes very

dreary. Can the husband understand this? I know not. He will tell you, "My wife has all she asks for," never dreaming how many days it requires to summon her courage to ask for necessities.

"An utterly false statement," exclaims some one; "there's no woman afraid to ask for what one needs." May I ask you to inquire of your own wife how she feels on such occasions? Unless she is afraid to speak the truth, your eyes may be opened, somewhat.—*Country Gentleman.*

WASHED OR UNWASHED BUTTER.

In introducing this question to the butter makers of THE HOUSEHOLD, we are aware that a majority will favor the washing system, having never tested the other method, and to corroborate and strengthen the washing system, we shall undoubtedly be referred to the creamery method. It is true the creameries turn out fine butter for immediate use, but the question is, are the keeping qualities of their butter improved by the deluge of water used in its manufacture? And is there not a perceptible loss of sweetness and flavor caused by too much drenching in cold water? While we admit that cold water is indispensable to the butter maker through the heated term, yet at all other seasons of the year good butter can be made without its use, and such butter has a flavor and sweetness and aroma not found among the washed brands, and for long keeping we decidedly give it the preference. As a matter of course it must be well made, and every requirement for making good butter fulfilled, and it must also be well worked, every particle of brine pressed out before packing, which can be done by letting the butter stand until the second day for the last and final working. We have packed butter in September for winter use, and found it the following May in a good state of preservation. And this is more than we can admit of washed butter kept for the same length of time.

Some butter makers hold to the opinion that salt is not a preservative of butter. But if salt is a preservative of meat, why not of butter? An excess of salt in either case is unnecessary. An ounce to the pound is sufficient to keep butter in a sweet condition, all the other requirements being duly observed. The public taste in regard to butter appears to have materially changed in the past few years. Instead of packed butter, the demand now is for freshly made butter in small packages. Packed butter will soon be numbered with the things of the past.

Butter is never better than when first made, but at the same time, it sometimes becomes necessary that farmers pack for winter use, and it is very desirable that it be made in the proper season and kept in as perfect condition as possible.

Sisters, while the Johns and Ichabods meet in conventions to discuss the butter question, let us, if our editor is willing, discuss the question through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD.

A. B.

Meridian, N. Y.

IN THE ABSENCE OF SCALES.

One and one-third pints of powdered sugar weigh one pound.

Two and three-fourths teacups (level) of powdered sugar weigh one pound.

One pint (heaped) of granulated sugar weighs fourteen ounces.

Two teacups (level) of granulated sugar weigh one pound.

One pint of coffee "A" sugar weighs twelve ounces.

Two teacups (well heaped) of coffee "A" sugar weigh one pound.

One pint of best brown sugar weighs thirteen ounces.

Two and one-half teacups (level) of best brown sugar weigh one pound.

One tablespoonful (well heaped) of granulated, coffee "A," or best brown sugar equals one ounce.

Two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar or flour weigh one ounce.

One tablespoon (well rounded) of soft butter weighs one ounce.

Soft butter the size of an egg weighs one ounce.

One quart of sifted flour (well heaped) weighs one pound.

Two teacups of soft butter well packed weigh one pound.

Miss Parloa says one generous pint of liquid or one pint of finely-chopped meat packed solidly weighs one pound, which it would be very convenient to remember.

Teaspoons vary in size, and the new ones hold about twice as much as an old-fashioned spoon of thirty years ago. A medium-sized teaspoon contains about a drachm.

Four teaspoons are equal to one tablespoonful.

TO WASH FLANNEL.

I have been a reader of THE HOUSEHOLD for a good many years and have never tried to write any thing. Now, I see one sister asks to know how to wash flannel, and I will give her my way, my mother taught me many years ago, and I always have nice-looking flannels. When I begin to wash I fix my rinsing water, have it as near the same heat that I wash in as I can, and put in a little soap, not to have a strong suds, but make it smooth to the hand, then I put only one piece in to wash. As fast as I wash I wring, rinse and hang out, and add more warm water, if needed. In that way you will have nice, white, soft flannels, and they will not shrink. Embroidered flannel looks nice if washed in that way. I am an old lady now, and have used this method many years. D. T. TRIBOW.

KITCHEN WALLS.—The walls of a kitchen should always be painted, and a light color is to be preferred. They will need washing twice a year, or at the most every three months. If they are plastered or kalsomined, it is a good plan to tack clean newspapers just back of the tubs and table, to protect the wall as much as possible.

—To wash silk handkerchiefs, soak them first in cold salt and water for ten minutes or longer, then wash out in the same water and iron immediately.

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been a subscriber for three years and often thought that I would write and tell THE HOUSEHOLD Band how much I like our paper. Although an old housekeeper, I find many useful hints, and many good recipes, but they nearly all want butter, milk and eggs. Now if some one would tell us how to make nice things without them, it would be a great help to some of the southern sisters at least.

Elsie Elton, in the September number, wants to know how to make good raised doughnuts. I will send my recipe.

Raised Doughnuts.—Two potatoes, two heaping cups of sugar, two cups of new milk, one cup of yeast, one cup of butter, nutmeg. Set to rise like bread, have it rather warm, mold over in the morning, let it rise again, roll without much molding and cut out like cookies, with a large hole in the center. Let them rise before frying.

Hoping to know you all better sometime I will close. P. R. E.

Stanton, Marion Co., Fla.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been a member of our Band for nearly five years, and each year have appreciated my

HOUSEHOLD more and more. I have found so many thoughts in unison with my own regarding the care of children and the home.

Every year I have resolved in my own mind to write you, thanking you for your ever helpful hand in hours of need, and I really felt I ought to contribute my mite to this good paper, as every little helps. I feel I must be selfish in not sending in my little contributions from time to time, for perhaps they might be of some assistance to the sisters.

I noticed Elsie Elton asked for a good recipe for raised doughnuts. I would like to have her try mine. They are pronounced good by many friends.

Raised Doughnuts.—Make a pint of milk just lukewarm, stir in a teacupful of shortening and flour enough to make a thick batter, and add one-half a yeast cake previously dissolved in a little warm water. Place it where it is warm to rise. When light, work in two cups of sugar, two eggs, one teaspoonful of cinnamon or nutmeg, one teaspoonful of salt. Knead in flour till stiff enough to roll out. Cut in shape and let raise again. Fry in hot lard. I like to roll them in sugar, but that is a matter of taste and materially adds to the labor.

In answer to Mrs. H. S. Harrison, I would like you to try my mustard pickle.

Mustard Chow Chow.—Sort your pickles to your own fancy, and let stand in a weak brine over night. I use every thing possible to get, small pickles, small white onions, green tomatoes, cauliflower, celery, beans, etc. Pour over hot the following recipe: Six tablespoonfuls of dry mustard, one and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of flour, one-half cup of good vinegar. Scald a few minutes until quite thick, stirring constantly to prevent burning. You can double this dressing according to amount prepared.

I hope my first letter will be welcomed by the Band.

CHICK COLVIN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Though it has been but a short time since your bridal gift reached me, I feel now like an old member—which emboldens me to speak. I cannot tell you how much I enjoy your journal. I can see my way clear in numberless things now, which before were unfathomable mysteries. I would be so glad to hear from some member of THE HOUSEHOLD who lives in Florida, near the Gulf coast, as I expect to make my home in that portion of the country ere long.

Mrs. J. Beckley, Portage, Mich., asks for a recipe for giblet pie. I trust she will like mine, and wish to know her success. Wash and clean well the giblets, put them in a stew pan, season with pepper, salt, and a little butter rolled in flour; cover them with water and stew them till they are very tender. Line the sides of your pie-dish with paste (rich pie dough) put in the giblets, and if the gravy is not quite thick enough, add a little more butter rolled in flour, and let it boil once. Pour in the gravy, put on the top crust, leaving an opening in the center, in the form of a square; ornament this with leaves of the paste. Set the pie in the oven and when the crust is done, take it out.

DAUGHT.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Soon after I was married I commenced looking for a good magazine or paper devoted to housekeeping. After an examination of several, THE HOUSEHOLD was the choice, and my John was going to send the money for it when a friend called our attention to the advertisement where it was given free as a wedding present to brides. I was agreeably surprised, and sent the required evidence at once. It was amazing to me at the time to think you would make such

now. If once a reader of THE HOUSEHOLD, always a reader.

I have found that one of the most trying things for a new beginner, is having a change of food on the table. The recipes have been valuable to me. I wish to note one especially in the February number, Lila S.'s delicate pudding for tea. I used the juice of canned apricots and found it to be not only delicious but inexpensive and easily made.

Tell Mrs. D. S. Crane to starch her collars and cuffs in hot starch, the hotter the better it is. Dip in and rub the starch through and through with the fingers.

Pat hard with the hand and be sure every thread is wet with it. Let it dry thoroughly. Then cold starch them, roll up and iron in fifteen minutes, or let them lie longer if desired. She will have no trouble with their blistering.

I will also send her a recipe for molasses cookies which she will find to be good. One cup of butter, two cups of molasses, one teaspoonful of cloves, one tablespoonful of ginger, flour to make a stiff batter. Mold with the hands into small cakes, and bake in a steady, rather than a quick oven as they are apt to burn.

I will add another recipe which is excellent.

Cocoanut Cream Cake.—One cup of sugar, one half cup of butter, two eggs, one-half cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour, one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in layers and spread with cream filling while warm, and sprinkle with cocoanut.

Cream Filling.—One-half cup of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of butter, one dessert spoonful of corn starch wet with part of the milk. Cook over hot water.

Will some of the sisters please tell me how I can keep a copper tea-kettle bright? I can brighten it with soda or salt and vinegar, but it will turn dark in a short time.

Can any one give me a good recipe for hot slaw?

I am glad Florence asked the question about young chickens, as I am interested in poultry myself, and am trying to glean all the information I can.

MRS. MINNIE BUNNELL.
Waynesville, O.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I think I can be of some assistance to M. C. F. in September number in regard to several questions asked. My first thought was that I would leave it to some one else to do but I've concluded that is too often done, and many sisters by so doing are left without answers to their questions, and often-times important ones to them.

The first one was for salad dressing without oil. I think this a very nice recipe. One cup of sweet cream, (perfectly fresh,) one tablespoonful of sifted flour, two well beaten eggs, one scant teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of red pepper, one teaspoonful of made mustard. Heat cream almost to boiling, stir in flour previously wet with a little cold milk, boil two minutes stirring all the time. Set aside for a moment or two, long enough to cool from boiling point, then add the eggs. When quite cold whip in the salt, mustard and pepper, and if salad is ready, add three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and pour at once over it.

In regard to summer desserts there are quite a number that are easily made, and very nice when left on ice for a while. Custards of various kinds, jellies made from gelatine, served with or without soft custard, ice cream, varied by freezing different kinds of fruit with cream, peaches for instance, make a delicious dessert, some berries are excellent frozen in that way, strawberries or raspberries. Fern Dale gives a very nice recipe in the September number. I think it will be

useless writing out recipes of these desserts referred to, knowing if you wish to try any of them, they can be found in the back numbers of THE HOUSEHOLD, but if you should have any trouble just let it be known.

Potato Puffs.—I think potato puffs very nice. Boil and mash the potatoes until very light, season with butter, pepper and salt, soften with a little milk and brown in the oven.

Scalloped Potatoes.—Pare and slice raw potatoes, place in a baking dish, in layers with butter, pepper and salt, and a very little onion chopped fine, between layers, cover the whole with milk and bake an hour.

Strawberry Shortcake.—I make same as short biscuit. Roll very thin, placing two rolls in same pan with bits of butter between, then when done it is no trouble to split them, and they will be much lighter than when opened with a knife. Before serving, place plenty of sugar and berries between. Peach shortcake is also very nice made in this way.

Washing doubtful calicoes I shall have to pass by for some one with experience to answer.

For taking spots out of a carpet, I should make a warm suds with white soap, with a very little ammonia added, sponge the spots well and rinse in clear water, wiping as dry as possible afterwards.

The soup stains in the woolen dress ought to come out by using benzine freely. If one application won't do, repeat two or three times, placing a clean white cloth under the spots every time, and using clean ones to rub with. I have been successful in this way.

I have tried to answer your questions as plainly as possible and hope they will prove satisfactory.

Salome, in August number, asks why raisins should settle to the bottom in cake. I think the trouble must be in not using flour enough. The same rule with raisins takes a small half cup more flour than without. Then when seeded and floured, they should be well scattered through the loaf when baked. Try this way.

I get so much benefit from this paper myself, that it is very pleasant to feel that I may be able to help some one else, but I am afraid this letter will be condemned as too long for publication, if I do not say good night to you all, in a hurry.

Providence, R. I.

FRANC.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I should like to tell THE HOUSEHOLD sisters something of Santa Cruz and its surroundings, for the eastern papers in speaking of California, seldom find any part of it worth naming but Los Angeles and San Francisco, whereas Santa Cruz contains a population of five thousand inhabitants, in winter, that swells to nearly twenty thousand in summer, it being the Long Branch of the Pacific coast. In a few years we expect to be a rival of both Long Branch and Newport, as a summer resort, and Florida as a winter home. We are making rapid strides towards all the "modern improvements," having the free water system, a library, the electric light, horse cars, the esplanade of redwood, fifteen feet wide and one-fourth mile long. The streets and walks are rapidly being covered with bitumen, found in immense quantities near here, over a foundation of stone.

Our drives are what they should be. The most popular being around the bluffs past the light house, driving park, and mission road. The best for scenery is up the mountain side winding around, sometimes under, sometimes over the narrow gauge railroad, past the California powder works, up, up, above the fog into the sunshine and Big Tree grove. One of the wonders of the world ought to be. The largest of these trees has had forty feet broken off and still stands three hundred feet with a circumference of eighty-four feet. Here is "Gen. Fremont," that has a hollow so large that a family spent a winter in it, and a company of thirty soldiers lodged in it at night.

Santa Cruz county contains 300,000 acres of timber and open land, sloping from the top of the Santa Cruz mountains to the Pacific ocean

Dec.

and Monterey bay. It is well watered by living streams, which together with the annual rain fall of twenty inches, and the fogs that roll up from the sea every night, furnish abundant moisture necessary to secure good crops. The temperature varies but little. Last year the lowest stood thirty-one degrees above zero, and highest eighty-eight degrees above. I have lived five years here and had just two glimpses of snow — on the top of the highest mountain range, being 4,000 feet above the level of the Pacific ocean.

The winter and summer seasons are so similar, and so softly, steadily change into each other, that with sweet pinks, pansies, roses, heliotrope, strawberries and raspberries, peas, beans, tomatoes and potatoes growing, and fresh out in the garden every month in the year, we hardly know which of the seasons we are in. The rule is a little more rain in winter and a little more sun in summer.

Some one visiting California said we had nine-tenths climate and one-tenth business. A case of sour grapes we thought, not our nice sweet grapes either, for they succeed remarkably well on the hillside and table lands. Many are planting vineyards there as it pays well, grapes easily keeping till New Year's day. As a sample of size, a bunch of the Barbarossa weighed twenty-five pounds and a single berry of the Gordo Blanco measured three and a half inches, exhibited at our last district show.

Fruit trees and vegetables grow better on the open level land but up the coast it is all dairy land, and to murder an old quotation, a thousand cattle on a few hills. Thousands of pounds of butter are made each month. The cream is taken from the milk, while yet warm, by the patent separator, and churned by steam right into butter thus saving time and doing away with unnecessary labor. When ready for market it is molded in two-pound rolls, or four-pound squares.

How much I wish some of the sisters could see our flower gardens. One wet day two years ago I just stuck in the ground a six-inch cutting of the double white and pink fuchsia, and to-day it is eight feet high and covered with flowers. Its mate, a Gen. Grant geranium, has kept by actual counting, one hundred blossoms continuously from November till August. The pepper, acacia, and lemon verbenas grow out in the garden to the size of common apple trees, and so on. Now don't get an idea that oranges grow wild everywhere, and gold found the same. We have to work and contrive just as others do, if we do have long summers and no cold winters. A dollar is only a dollar and will buy only a dollar's worth. Yet in some ways we do manage differently. The grain farmer raises nothing but grain, miles and miles of it, and the fruit dealer all fruit, the vegetable grocer vegetables, and then each of course buys of the other. Then every one who can manage it goes camping for days or weeks in the summer, with gun, rod, cooking utensils, bedding, generally a tent, and any kind of a team and vehicle that will convey. They are here a day and further on the next, until time is spent, and faces brown, they are ready for home life again.

The working man's greatest drawback to financial success is the ever present Chinaman. His face so "childlike and bland" hides a brain not very inventive but his faculty for imitation is remarkable. One showing is enough no matter how difficult the task. Having no family ties, no property, no expensive habits, living on pork, cabbage, and rice, he can make money where no one else can. Would he remain in his native element, so to speak, the laundry, he would be a great acquisition. The fine polish he puts on shirts, collars and cuffs is a starching mystery, known only to himself. This is the other side of life in California.

The cake recipe that I asked for in the July HOUSEHOLD I found in August number.

If Ida has no appliances for grinding her shells smooth, she can clean them with nitric or muriatic acid. But use it carefully, greasing them where she does not wish cleaned for the acid eats furiously.

I would like to take a steady stare into the work room of THE HOUSEHOLD at the samples of knit lace. THE HOUSEHOLD I enjoy so much because it never branches off to hammered brass, pottery, or the latest fashionable craze, and when the business day, full of tedious details is over, leaving the nerves ready to snap, and worse still in sleep, dreams to repeat it all, I settle myself, for "the night" with "ten minutes through THE HOUSEHOLD," at other people and their ways, resting the brain by turning the thinking powers in other channels, a sure remedy for nervous insomnia, scoring another for THE HOUSEHOLD.

SANTA CRUZ.

DEAR SISTERS: — Our good paper made its monthly visit to me to-day, and while reading the different letters, my heart warmed towards you, and I wanted to "reach out my hands" and thank you for your kind words of help and encouragement. "Have you never been a silent listener to the well-merited praise of a dear friend? And while listening you could hardly refrain from adding a word. Such was my feeling after reading your pleasant messages, and if you will

only let me share a place however small in the "Round Tower" of your hearts, you will be helping one who prizes every good thing extended by the sisters of the Band.

Lou's letter, in a late number, met a responsive thrill, for with her my besetting sin is a quick temper. Though how much better had the first "falling out" never happened! Since my dear children came to me, I have, in a measure, gained control of that unruly member, the tongue. Oh, how easy when vexed or annoyed to let fall the unkind word which the next instant we would give so much to unsay. The little faces of our children should be a help and guard, for any of us know that not a word or look escapes the bright eyes of the little ones. One day, not long ago, when household cares were unusually perplexing, my little four-year-old looked up and said, "Mamma, can't you laugh hard?" It was like a reproach, and I took a few moments from the worry and care to ask God's help and guidance, and to help me to suppress the frown, and have only smiles for my little ones.

Jael Vee's letter to the The Mothers' Chair was to me a whole sermon. I wish to thank her for all the good suggestions. I have two dear ones who nightly kneel at my knee. I well remember how hard it was at first to pray before them, and to answer the many eager questions, to make them understand that their Heavenly Father loved them far more than their earthly parents whom they love so much, and I pray the memory of their childhood's prayer, "Now I lay me," will influence their after lives to noble and worthy purposes.

I wish the mothers of the Band would write more of their experience in the training of children. I fear this is beyond the limits of a first letter, and will close with the best wishes for all the Band.

MRS. E. CHAMBERLAIN.

Brockton, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD: — I have been a reader of your paper about seven years and should feel lonesome without it, and have often wished I could know of something I could say from experience. Probably lack of confidence has caused me to hesitate to add my mite, but in the present (October) number, K. E. H. asks to know what to do with a canary that has lost his feathers from his head and neck. I have a bird (canary) in his eighth year, and the first two years he had no feathers on his head and neck. A friend of mine said he had a skin disease which caused the skin to become dry and wrinkled, and proposed my rubbing on a little warm sweet oil to soften the skin. I did so about once a week, and in the course of a few weeks I saw some pinfeathers starting out, and soon he had a nice covering of feathers, and he has shed his feathers at moulting time each year, but no bald head and neck since. I hope you will try it, and have as good result as I did. Here I will say I have raised thirty birds, and any information I can give the sisters in that line, I will do so.

Mrs. Sanborn would like to know what to do with her English ivy. I should advise putting a raw oyster in the earth near the roots, say as often as once in two or three months, and wash the leaves every week in cool water to prevent the slugs from breeding on them. I think you will have new leaves come out. Do not let the earth get hard and crusty, but loosen it up once in a while with a — I use the points of a hairpin gently — and I think you will be encouraged to find a good result. I got this advice from a florist, and feel confident you will have a nice ivy as I did. A little charcoal mixed with the dirt is good if you cannot get the oysters.

I would say to L. D., if she will iron her linen perfectly dry before beginning to polish, she will have no trouble with blistering.

It is a good thing for red ants to have a greased plate in the cupboard where the ants come, and they will collect (mostly) in the night on that, and then scald them off, and repeat, and after a time you will catch them all up. I have not had them trouble any thing else when I had a greased plate for them "to eat off of."

I have taken up a good deal of space in your columns for the first attempt, so will wish the sisters good luck if they try these. K. L. S.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD: — Aunt Rachel flatters herself that she was a welcome visitor to many of the Band a few years ago. It is again her privilege to peruse the familiar columns of THE HOUSEHOLD, and in looking over the September and October numbers it seemed as if one was greeting old friends, and welcoming new ones.

Cecil Leigh, Helen Herbert and Emily Hayes, each received her share of thought, but one feature of "The Dining Room Notes" I missed, and that was the recipes for using the "Health Food" productions, but the advertisement of their "Wheatena" attracted attention. Sisters, try it. I use it, and think it nice, substantial and satisfying.

Marjorie's writings did not greet me, and I miss others, amongst them the departed Hans Dorcomb, a great sufferer, but a patient one, who, we read, was glad to go home. She belonged to the invalid band, and occasionally her name appeared in the columns of the "In-

valid's Visitor." Here it occurs to me that there must be of the many readers of THE HOUSEHOLD some invalids who would be glad to know of the society and their monthly publication. By sending a postal to Mrs. K. S. Burr, Williamson, N. Y., one will receive a sample copy of the magazine. In that will be all particulars.

I find, too, the chatty letters, breathing a spirit of helpfulness, each one anxious to contribute of their knowledge, a pleasing feature, is it not? and one essential to the happiness of THE HOUSEHOLD. But Mr. Editor will consign this to the waste basket, if I do not stop with only good wishes.

AUNT RACHEL.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

CARAMEL CAKE. — Two eggs, one cup each of butter and sugar, one-half cup of milk, two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and one-half teaspoonful of soda; bake in three layers. The following is used between the layers: Two cups of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of milk and butter the size of an egg. Boil ten minutes. Stir until thick, then flavor. Spread between layers, and also on the outside as in jelly cake.

MOLASSES COOKIES. — One cup of molasses, two-thirds cup of lard or butter, one-fourth cup of sweet milk, dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in the milk, a little salt, one teaspoonful of ginger and flour enough to roll.

LEMON PIE. — One lemon, one cup of sugar, two eggs, a little salt, one cup of cold water, and one rolled cracker. First beat the eggs and sugar very light, then add the juice of the lemon, grate the rind and chop the pulp very fine. This will make two pies with cover.

LYFORD SPONGE CAKE. — One and one-half cups of sugar, two eggs, a piece of butter the size of an egg, one cup of new milk, nutmeg, a small teaspoonful of soda, just before putting into the oven put in a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and two and one-half cups of flour.

MOLASSES COOKIES. — Two cups of molasses, one cup of lard, one tablespoonful of soda, little salt and one tablespoonful of ginger; beat five minutes, then add one cup of water and flour to roll. These will keep a long time.

MRS. MARY A. LINSCOTT.

South Berwick, Me.

PANCAKES. — One quart of sour milk on as much dry bread at noon time as it will soften, then after tea with a spoon break the lumps as fine as you wish, then if you have eggs add two or three, though they are good without any eggs, one-half cup or less of good yeast, salt to your taste, and white flour enough to make the batter a little thicker than you wish to fry on a griddle, and in the morning add a little soda in water to sweeten and thin them.

A READER.

CHOW-CHOW PICKLE. — One quart each of small white onions, green tomatoes cut in halves, string beans and cucumbers, one head each of cabbage, cauliflower and celery, six green peppers, three green muskmelons, one gallon of cider vinegar, three cups of sugar, one cup of flour, one-half cup of mustard, one ounce of turmeric. Separate the cauliflower, and boil in salted water until tender, boil onions and beans separately in salted water, chop the peppers, seeds and all, very fine, also the cabbage, and cut the melons, celery and tomatoes in small pieces. Rub smooth with a little cold vinegar, the mustard, flour and turmeric, add to the vinegar and sugar that is near boiling, and stir constantly until thick as paste, taking care that it does not burn, then pour hot over the pickles, and mix well. Put into glass cans and seal.

GOOD PIE CRUST. — Three cups of pastry flour, one full cup of lard, one cup of ice water, and a dessert spoonful of salt. Handle as little as possible. When your upper crust is ready to put on, spread it with lard or butter, then sift a little flour over the top, put on the pie, fasten the edges, take to the sink and hold it slanting so the water will run off, and dash on cold water enough to moisten the flour, put in the oven and bake. It is very convenient to

prepare a quantity of flour, lard and salt in this way, rub well together, then set in a cool place, and use as you need, by simply adding the water.

OYSTERS IN JACKETS. — This is a nice breakfast dish. One pint of nice, large oysters and a nice piece of bacon cut in very thin slices. Take one slice, place an oyster on one-half the slice, fold the other half over, and pin the oyster in by running a wooden toothpick through. Put in a spider and fry without seasoning. When done send to the table hot. Do not remove the picks. This is delicious with buckwheat cakes in winter. I hope the sisters will try this, as it is a very appetizing dish.

HELEN H.

TO COOK RICE. — Take a cup of rice, wash in two waters, put three pints of cold water to it, boil as you would potatoes, and stir oc-

casionally. When done turn into a colander, sprinkle on a little more salt, turn into a dish, sprinkle on a little more salt, and it is ready for the table, and the grains are all whole and delicious. The water makes good starch, gruel, or, with two or three eggs, a good pudding.

Hyde Park, Mass. MRS. FREEMAN HATCH.

COCONUT PUFFS. — Mix two cups of coconut with one cup of powdered sugar, the beaten whites of two eggs, and two tablespoonsfuls of flour or corn starch, drop on buttered tins and bake quickly.

VERA.

CREAM CAKE. — One cup of sour cream, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, three eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, and salt and spice to taste.

AGUSTA GEORGE.

Pawtucket, R. I.

COCONUT CREAM CAKE. — Did you ever make a coconut cream cake? If not try this. Make a sponge cake by taking five eggs, one goblet of sugar, one goblet of flour three teaspoonsfuls of baking powder, and three table-spoonsfuls of cold water. Beat the eggs separately and put the whites in last. Bake in four layers.

FILING. — Soak the coconut half an hour in one-half cup of sweet cream. Wet up a cup of sugar with water and boil till it hardens, then pour your coconut and cream into this, flavor with lemon and stir till it thickens, then spread between layers and on top.

SUET PUDDING. — One cup of suet, one and one-half cups of molasses, one cup each of sour milk and raisins, two heaping cups of flour and one teaspoonful of soda, salt and steam three hours. This pudding I sometimes make and set away and cut in slices and steam as I want it. It's just as good and some think better. I have kept it a month in winter and the last would be as good as the first.

PUDDING SAUCE. — Put one cup of sugar in a tin pan, pour one cup of boiling water over it, put in a lump of butter the size of a walnut and a teaspoonful of lemon extract, and thicken with one tablespoonful of corn starch or flour. Make this fresh each time.

CHOCOLATE CANDY. — Put one cup of brown sugar in a spider, grate one ounce of chocolate and stir into the sugar as it begins to boil, put in one-half ounce of butter and flavor with vanilla.

MRS. B.

GINGER SNAPS. — One large cup of butter and lard mixed, one coffee cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one-half cup of water, one tablespoonful each of ginger and cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water, and flour for a pretty stiff dough.

CORN BREAD. — Two heaping cups of Indian meal, one cup of flour, three eggs, two and one-half cups of milk, one tablespoonful of lard, two tablespoonsfuls of white sugar, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonsfuls of cream of tartar, and one teaspoonful of salt.

SPONGE CAKE. — One and one-half cups of sugar, three eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, one-half cup of water, two cups of flour, and one and one-half teaspoonsfuls of baking powder, flavor to taste. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, add sugar, then the yolks beaten smooth, add water, then flour with baking powder sifted in.

T. S.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD: — Can any of your readers tell me how I can take stains from marble, and polish it? If they can it will greatly oblige.

S. M. B. MATTHEWS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD: — Will some sister please send a recipe for nice coffee cake? and oblige.

A READER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD: — Can any of the sisters tell me how I can get rid of cockroaches? I have tried scalding, but cannot exterminate them wholly in that way.

MRS. L. M.

Washington Territory.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD: — Will you please ask St. Clair, whose recipe for salt rising is in September number to please explain more fully? How much flour should be put in the first batter? Will it fill the pitcher when risen? How much flour to have ready in the pan, and how stiff ought the last batter to be? Will more flour have to be added when ready to mold into the pans? Must it be molded much like yeast bread? If she will send an early answer, she will greatly oblige one who wishes to try it. GILBERT.

ED. HOUSEHOLD: — Will some sister please give me a rule for the rye and Indian pancakes our grandmothers used to make, fried like doughnuts?

AUGUSTA GEORGE.

Pawtucket R. I.

The Parlor.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men!
And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!
Till ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good will to men!
But in despair I bowed my head,
There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!"
—Longfellow.

CHRISTMAS WITH THE HANSCOM GIRLS.

BY ERNESTINE IRVING.

"THERE comes the stage, Lou, and yes, it is raining up at our gate. Lou, Lou Hanscom, I do believe it's Aunt March come to spend Christmas. Yes, there comes her satchel and bandbox and her old fussy self."

"Jem—Jemima Hanscom, what would father and mother say to hear you talking so. Run to the kitchen and wood up the fire and clap on the tea-pot, while I meet her at the door. Be a good girl. There, now, Jem, dear."

"But, Lou, if mother were only here."

"Well, she isn't and we must be brave. You know we are 'in charge,' that's what papa wrote last night. And we must not lack hospitality. There, the coach has rolled on down the hill. Run to the kitchen, Jem, while I do the honors."

Aunt Josephine March toiled slowly up the walk that led to the front door. She was stiff and lame and old, one could see that at a glance, and she was a good deal more one could not see at a glance until a closer acquaintance revealed these qualities; then, one knew. Mrs. Hanscom used to say in her early married days, Aunt March was a discipline, and as years passed on she became none the less so.

"I trust nephew and niece are at home," she soliloquized as she neared the portico. "I might have apprised them of my coming, but I did not think it worth while. Niece is a good cook. Lucky Jonathan was, to get such a prudent wife, and those girls are well brought up, civil too, but there, 'twould never do to tell them of it."

Here she reached the door, gave a loud ring that brought Louise.

"My child, where is your mother, that she did not answer my ring?"

"She has gone to Westchester, Aunt Josephine, to spend the Christmas holidays. Walk into the sitting room, you will find it warm and comfortable."

"To Westchester, and I was not informed! Well, I am here, and cannot bear the journey back in less than two weeks' time. Show me to my room, please, and I must have my cup of tea and slice of buttered toast at once."

"Yes, aunt, it will be ready in ten minutes. But stay in the sitting room, please, till Jem runs up stairs and builds a fire. The weather is quite cold."

"When did niece and nephew leave?"

"Day before yesterday."

"Monday, and Christmas comes of a

Thursday. When do you expect them home? Turn the damper; the heat is rather too much. And is there a current of air? Seems as if I felt a draft."

"Not till after New Year's. There! the damper is turned, and I do not know where a current of air can come from. If you will excuse me, I will leave you now to make the toast."

"Be expeditious as possible. I need refreshment after my journey," and the door closed.

It was rather a melancholy fate that faced the two girls when Jem descended from the chamber after Aunt March had been comfortably installed.

Mr. and Mrs. Hanscom, with the younger children, had accepted an invitation for an old time Christmas at Westchester, and left the day before; Lou and Jem were to go on Wednesday, the next day.

"What shall we do?" said Jem, as she sank down on an old ottoman.

"Do? why bear and endure," said her more resolute sister, as she browned the bread to a nicety, and prepared the infusion of tea in a way that told she knew how.

"Now take this up to aunt, and mind, do not slop the tea, she will not like it."

Louise dropped on the ottoman to meditate.

She had food prepared to last only till the next day. That was item one and very practical.

Then the pleasant Christmas gathering, the meeting of old friends, the interchange of kindly greetings, the happy week she had looked forward to with so much pleasure must be given up. This was item two, and not so easy to bear. It must be done. Louise braced up to the fact and rolled her sleeves above her elbows for work.

Jem came down stairs.

"If ever there was a bunch of fussiness! Wants me to bring oak wood instead of pine, and soft coal instead of hard for the fire, and—"

"Jem, we are Christians."

"Oh, Louise! How can we give up the Christmas visit?"

"We must. Aunt Josephine was not to blame. She did not know. We must make our Christmas at home. Jem, dear, aren't you glad we can cook?"

And the two were at it busily till nearly dark, when just as their table was invitingly spread, another ring at the front door startled them.

Louise answered the summons. It was Mr. Robert Wilbur, from China; a young man of very pleasing address, whom Louise dimly remembered. Her father had assisted him when a lad and now in his prosperity, he had not forgotten him. He had come out from the city to spend Christmas.

Louise invited him to her cozy supper, and Aunt March brightened up perceptibly and plied him with questions.

Truth to tell, she had been burdened for some time with Nephew Hanscom's "girls," for fear they might miss the matrimonial market. All prospect from him, however, in Aunt March's mind was cut off later in the evening, when he spoke of Mrs. Wilbur, who accompanied him to San Francisco.

Lou and Jem were stirring betimes in the morning. What they lacked in fine belongings they must make up in hospitality and genuine niceness.

And they did it well. Between whiles, Jem would murmur in despairing tones, "If Aunt March had only stayed away." But she stepped about a light-footed handmaid to her elder sister.

When the visitors entered the dining room they found a smiling hostess behind the coffee urn; the omelet was done to a turn, and the rolls baked to perfection.

The laying of the table had been done by

a careful hand and with neatest precision. All this Mr. Wilbur took in, but Aunt March could not forbear a little friendly criticism.

"A trifle too much soda in these rolls, my dear. I'm afraid you can't cook as well as your mother. Now your mother I consider a good cook."

"Haven't had as much practice," snapped out Jem.

But a warning look from Louise silenced her.

Household duties claimed the attention of the girls, but they managed in such a way that one or the other could devote herself to the guests.

Louise ordered turkey for the morrow and accompanying sauce. Stoned raisins for the Christmas pudding and made sure of a few winter pears, saying "her company was small."

"What should I do if I couldn't cook?" said Louise to herself, again and again.

"Oh, Jem, let's thank our wise mother that our education is so practical."

Louise did not devote all her time to housekeeping. She was a teacher of mathematics and astronomy in a neighboring seminary. Jem was becoming quite proficient in music, and hoped soon to teach that branch; but they could both cook if occasion required, as in this instance.

Mr. Wilbur said at first he would return at once to the city, but Louise pressed him to stay, with such honest cordiality, he remained.

Aunt March remained, of course!

Christmas morning dawned clear, bright, and cold. The wind whistled through the trees now leafless and bare, but the sun shone and sparkled in the little kitchen as Louise built a fire.

One lingering thought for the happy gathering at Westchester, and then the active present.

Aunt March's bell rang. Aunt March was really ill. Pain, pain everywhere.

Poor Louise! Even her courage almost failed.

She gave Aunt Josephine a warm infusion of sage-lemon, surrounded her with hot bricks and bottles and left her for a "sweat." If she were no better by afternoon she should call the doctor, she whispered to Jem, just as they were sitting down to breakfast. Louise knew she was sick, because she found fault with nothing she did and seemed as docile as a lamb.

As the oven door closed on the turkey, the front door of the house opened on Cousin Florence White and her two children, come for Christmas dinner as they had nowhere else to go.

"Walk right in," said Louise. "Glad to see you. Have you walked from Millville this morning? You must have a cup of coffee at once then, and I am sure Maggie and Sue would like a muffin."

"Be not lacking in hospitality," quoth Jem.

"For many have entertained angels thereby," replied Lou, as she set out the second breakfast and summoned the poor relations.

The day wore on. Aunt March grew worse.

"Little this seems like Christmas, excepting the turkey," sighed Jem.

"But we are keeping Christmas in our hearts, Jemima, and Maggie and Sue are radiant with the papers of bon-bons I have given them, while Cousin Florence is a veritable blessing to sit with Aunt March. I could not baste the turkey and attend to things here if she did not; besides, Mr. Wilbur has gone for Dr. Brown, in this cutting blast, two miles away. Jem, let us be thankful for our mercies." And Louise whisked a dish of cranberry sauce from the stove.

Aunt Josephine March was pronounced ill with inflammatory

rheumatism. All Louise's knowledge of medical tactics was brought to action. Together with Cousin Florence she wrapped the old lady in cotton batting from head to feet; administered medicine with the regularity of clock work, and watched by her bedside till morning, but she grew worse.

The doctor called it "a grave case," said faithful, tireless care, might possibly save her, and Louise was installed chief nurse.

Cousin Florence remained. "Couldn't have done without her," said Jem to her mother. "Nor Mr. Wilbur either, he was so kind and useful."

Saturday brought the father and mother home. They had no idea the strait their daughters were in. Louise had but written a brief note of explanation saying they could not be with them, advising them to stay.

Aunt March had become accustomed to Louise; even "Nephew Jonathan's wife" could not fill her place. It was four weeks before she was able to leave the bed or Louise return to teaching.

A load of care slipped from the shoulders of Louise when her mother entered the house, and a few tears were whisked from her eyelashes as her father kissed her, calling her his "dear, brave child," but the full reward came the next year, for Aunt March, concluding she had hoarded long enough, sent to Louise on Christmas morning a check for ten thousand dollars, saying she would like to see a little of her money used by some one she considered wise enough to make good use of it, and Louise was that person.

This was a compliment; they all said so, but Jem privately whispered, "Twas worth it to nurse Aunt March through inflammatory rheumatism; and the doctor said good nursing saved her life." The morning express brought another package for Louise also. A beautiful illuminated text framed in garnet velvet. "Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto Me." A private letter also, for "Mis Jem," which every one was curious over, but when she descended to mention the contents, merely stated that Mr. Wilbur's aunt, Mrs. Wilbur, had left San Francisco, and would henceforth make their home in the east, and that during the holiday season they might expect him for a few days, but Jem blushed so everybody knew she hadn't told all.

They had learned during the year that Mr. Wilbur was a man of fine character and large fortune.

"Well," said Louise, looking at her check and Jem's letter—no, Jem's face—"perhaps we shan't need to teach again just yet, but I'm glad we can cook and that once in our lives we were equal to an emergency."

Here Aunt March was announced, followed closely by Cousin Florence, Maggie and Sue.

Louise knew the dinner would "go round." she had herself set three turkeys to bake, knowing from former experience it was best to be prepared.

INDEBTEDNESS.

"The world owes me a living and I mean it shall pay me. I am not going to kill myself working."

Grace and John Freeman had heard this oft-quoted saying from their father's lips since their earliest years. They accepted it as a matter of course, partly because he said so, and also for the reason that they had inherited from their father certain traits of character which made it easy for them to believe it. Just what benefit John Freeman, senior, had ever conferred upon the world which rendered the latter indebted to him, he never said. Indeed, had he been pressed to specify,

he might have found it difficult to state the ground of his claim. One thing he never doubted; the world owed him every thing—to the world he owed nothing.

John Freeman was not a bad man. He was honest, temperate, industrious, so far as he must be to provide necessities for his family, but into his labor he put no zest, no enthusiasm, took no pride in his work and felt no ambition to improve its quality. Debts often accumulated, and the home, while containing many comforts was almost entirely wanting in pleasant things, in refinements, in those tasteful but inexpensive adornments which contribute so greatly to its charms.

Of quite another type was Christine Gilbert's father, who boasted that he paid every debt promptly and was often heard to remark, "I incur no obligation I cannot discharge; I am proud to say I owe nothing to any one." A statement which was true in respect to money affairs, beyond which he seldom thought.

So Christine, instructed by her father, had reached young girlhood, willing to return favors to those who had bestowed similar ones upon her, scrupulously paying holiday and birthday gifts with others of equal value, a bright, self-reliant girl who would have scorned the idea that she was a debtor to any one or any thing.

It was strange that this one sentence from her pastor's sermon had so firmly fastened itself in her mind. She had called in her wandering thoughts just in time to hear, "And we are enjoying the benefits of forces put in motion long before we existed in thought or being."

That we have received blessings from our ancestors was not a new thought to the girl, but only in a general way had she regarded it. That she, Christine Giloert, daily derived enjoyment from things for which she, her father, or any kindred had not given the slightest compensation, never until now dawned upon her. She stood before her favorite picture "The Huguenots," and the thought of her indebtedness again presented itself.

"How absurd," said she. "Papa bought and paid for the picture. How can I owe any thing for it?"

Ah, Christine, hasn't your heart throbbed often as you have thought of the heroic lives sacrificed in those days of persecution? Hasn't your soul been stirred and quickened by memory of their fidelity? For every such uplifting of soul do you not owe something to those heroes, to the artist who has told their story with his brush, and to the one who sang it in verse?

The same thought intruded as she sat by the fireside with a volume of the poet she loved best, and she was led back to the time when earth was young, when mammoth ferns and gigantic trees covered its surface with their luxuriant vegetation to be brought forth after ages of imprisonment to glow and warm and cheer in the open grate before her. And what stimulus, help, and pure enjoyment had come to her from that poet—to her, Christine. Had she ever even in thought thanked him for it all?

That night Christine had a singular dream, about as sensible and orderly as dreams usually are. With her father she seemed compelled to stand outside their door to watch a strange procession. There were sunrises and sunsets, fields of flowers and blossoming trees, white-capped waves, April showers, the big dictionary with an escort of encyclopedias, Martin Luther arm in arm with George Washington, songs which the dear lost mother used to sing, choice pictures, bales of cotton, flocks of patient sheep, a train of crawling silk worms—and Christine suddenly woke! But not too soon to miss the question which rose as one

voice from this motley assemblage, "Dost thou owe us nothing?"

I think all this was God's message to her and she so received it. She is learning that the only compensation for many of the benefits which attend her daily life which were made ready for her in the far or near past, is to reach out her hands as opportunities are given to keep those forces in motion or perchance to set new ones astir.

Grace Freeman is grateful for many pleasant things which have come to her since Christine has sought to obey the command, "Freely ye have received, freely give." She has helped Grace in her studies and aroused in her a desire to make of herself the very best possible, opening springs of enjoyment in nature's treasures and in other things which heretofore had been hidden to her. Grace imparts to John, and in the mind of the growing boy some strange, new thoughts of duty are awakening.

He is learning that a world teeming with wonderful provisions for its people, a country whose laws protect him, which gives newspapers, books, invaluable opportunities for improvement and growth, has a right to ask in return that her people shall be good citizens, ready to give service to promote her welfare, though the sphere of that service be small. He will be a worthier member of society than his father has been, and may even convince that mistaken man that in the matter of a living the world is not the only one in debt.

The minister's words dropped into another heart—one sadly encrusted with selfishness and thoughtlessness yet with good soil underneath which the truth found and in which it sprang into life. It was the call to contribute to missions which led to the quickening of the seed. She who was surrounded by luxury, whose life had been exceptionally shielded from hard toil, declined to give because "she never had and thought she wouldn't." But the Spirit touched her eyes; she was led to see what her own town would be without the blessed influence of church and Sabbath school, day schools, and all the works of charity which owe their being to Christianity.

And the thought grew and broadened, until presently a sense of her own personal ingratitude and obligation to One who had given His life to ransom her weighed her down, and the end was, she gave to Him the gift he asked—herself.

The end did I say? No, that was only one step in the upward progress of a soul. The end is not yet.

LESLIE RAYNOR.

HINTS ON THE STUDY OF GEOLOGY.

Number. Two.

One-half of our globe is composed of oxygen, one-quarter of silicon, one-sixth of aluminum, calcium and magnesium, while the other part is composed of sixty-one other elements. God created these elements to prepare this world for our use, but, in the beginning, we read, "the earth was without form and void." Part of these elements uniting formed rocks, (for some elements have more attraction for each other than do others,) the others formed the sea and atmosphere.

Our first sea was a highly heated solution of hydrochloric acid (HCl). In the atmosphere which was of immense volume and weight, were all the carbon (C), hydrogen (H), nitrogen (N), Chlorine (Cl) and sulphur (S), and a large part of the oxygen (O). The earth's crust was a mass of fused and very basic silicates, like certain furnace slags of to-day. The hydrogen (H) and the chlorine (Cl) uniting formed the sea with water (H₂O).

With the first appearance of ocean, the formation of stratified rocks began, and has gone on unceasingly ever since; you know, I spoke in my last paper about the formation of sand and pebbles. The original molten crust has been buried miles deep under its own ruins, and is now forever beyond our reach.

A mineral is a unit. A rock is an aggregate of one or more minerals. Minerals are usually found in veins of rocks. One should know the symbols of elements, to understand how these minerals are formed. They can be found in any good chemistry. For instance O for oxygen, Si for silicon, and so on.

Granite is composed of orthoclase, SiO₂, Al₂O₃, K₂O and quartz, SiO₂, and usually has either hornblende (Mg, Ca, FeAl) SiO₂ or muscovite (mica) Al₂O₃K₂O SiO₂. When this granite cracks, water charged with carbonic acid from the atmosphere percolates through the granite, dissolves the minerals composing the granite, and gradually fills up the veins. Here we find our feldspar (orthoclase), mica, quartz crystals, and other minerals composed of the elements found in these minerals, such as beryl, tourmaline, garnets, cyanite, etc.

Mineralogists always look in the veins for their minerals. This should be remembered. Mica schist is also dear to a mineralogist's heart, for there are so many minerals to be found in it. In Fitchburg, Mass., I saw stone walls, yes, even door-stoops, cut from mica schist, brim full of small garnets, and where the mica schist had weathered, or decayed, the garnets could be gathered by the quart.

One should thoroughly understand minerals, that is, common minerals, before she presumes to study rocks. A builder understands his materials before he undertakes to build a house.

After knowing the elements, one should learn, at least, the simple forms of crystallography, or forms of crystals. All minerals with very few exceptions crystallize. Crystallography embraces: 1. Regular crystals. 2. Twice or compound crystals. 3. Pseudomorphous crystals.

Before I begin on crystallography, I want to tell the sisters that crystals are the exception rather than the rule. Happy may she be who has a crystallized as well as a massive specimen of one-half of her collection of minerals.

FRANK E.

THE PRACTICAL VS. THE SUPERFLUOUS.

BY A. P. REED.

The practical in life is a most admirable feature of it. The practical merits the chief attentions of life and is what man should chiefly live for, deviating from it only, if at all, as a means of recreation or to "break monotony."

The shams, the frivolities, the gush, and the wearying, nerve-exhausting formalities, that often become so associated with our ideas of living, as to be almost as though inbred in our natures, are, in most instances, but a perversion of the opportunities offered by that inexplicable phenomena that works along so brittle a thread and is withal so powerful—called life. These things are a perversion of life's opportunities, not only for the accomplishment of good, but of the opportunities offered for thorough enjoyment of the ease and comfort of life.

Notwithstanding the prominence of these facts, the history of all the people who have lived, and are living, bears testimony to the stubborn fact, that it is very hard to confine the human race to the practical alone, for any extended period, and shows a strong inclination in human-

ity, to drift from the practical into the superfluous, and even into extreme exuberancy of manners and customs.

This tendency accounts for most of the follies, frivolities and silly formalities that cling with more or less tenacity to each succeeding generation. But when we come to think, we find we cannot eradicate or evade the fact that the practical, rather than the superfluous marks the world's true progression. The world grows better and richer not by depletion, but by a process of production.

Practical ideas put in force, are the basis of accumulation, whether of money or morals. Man can create nothing, nor destroy any thing which would seem from a superficial view to give origin to the question, how then can he improve the world and increase its material wealth?

The answer to this question, which comes quickly when we consider the matter is that the practical in man combines with the practical in nature to produce these results. The practical, that which looks alone to the utility of a thing—accounts for it all, with never a particle of credit to any of the unnecessary preliminaries or accompaniments.

Perhaps the most practical men we have among us, are, as a rule, our inventors, who withal run the risk of being called cranks. This word crank stands for what used to be crime. The practical borders on the visionary, inasmuch as if a man is studying to be practical he is apt to be more or less visionary. And it is this visionary part of his nature—that tendency to "build castles in the air"—that calls forth the appellation "crank," which in former times, was considered crime and met with extreme punishments.

But since this era has given way to a more enlightened one and these "former things" are passed, and since this kind of "crime" has mellowed and softened into the word crank, which means simply gossip, men, especially in free America, have improved this freedom from personal danger, to be as practical as they chose to be, and as visionary as they happened to be.

And indeed, why not, despite the fact that they can still be called cranks, as a necessary appendage to this liberty? Dame Gossip can harm them but little, comparatively, and the world's progress should not be hindered by her. To make this talk more practical then by coming to a point, I would in conclusion say, that the most practical farmer or mechanic is he who with the shortest methods and the least effort, accomplishes a substantial end, that the most practical professional man, if he is a lawyer, is he who comes to the point as cheaply as possible, not only as to money, but methods, if he is a doctor, is he who works prompt with direct remedies, if he is a clergyman, is he who worships with the least formality and ceremony.

Had I opportunity to particularize more fully, I might cite many things to which this doctrine of being practical might be applied, but we can all see that it should apply to all the concerns of life as much as possible, with a view not only to save time, labor, and money, thus prolonging life, but with a view to making ourselves nobler, stronger, and more capable, thus enlarging our natures, and getting the most out of life, mentally, morally, and physically. Let us be practical; it pays.

So. Bridgton, Me.

THE DEAR AGED ONE IN THE HOME.

I beg of you, father or mother, not to push her back into the darkest corner of the room, or crowd her down into the lowest corner of your heart, but bring her out into the sunlight of your heart

and home. Do not lead her to think she is of no more use in the world, but think of some easy work and get her interested in it, by telling her what a help it will be to have it done, and, ten chances to one, she will want to try it, and by a little patience and cheerfulness on your part she will be able to accomplish the task. How many times I have felt sad while visiting homes to find the aged one there pushed back into the corner.

Grandma Stanton is the dearest, jolliest old lady I ever met. She lives in the city of B., with her daughter, Mrs. Dr. Barlow. Susie, her granddaughter, is a beautiful girl of seventeen. She is grandma's idol. Susie thinks no home circle complete without grandma is one of the number. Never any one enters that home without seeing grandma but the question is asked, how is grandma to-day? and when grandma enters the room with face all sunshine, the pleasure goes deep down into the hearts of those who have been fortunate enough to claim her acquaintance. When grandma offers to help a little, Mrs. Barlow never says, "O Susie can do that, she can do it quicker, and knows my way so well, you had better go and sit right down."

"Grandmas are nice things to have," as the little boy said in my hearing one day. I thought so, too, when I saw how many times his grandma helped him over his little troubles, for he was a restless boy and his troubles were many.

The sand bars which are so much used over the windows, and which exclude so much cold from our dwellings, are very pretty covered with a knitted strip of red woolen yarn. Grandma can knit them because they are plain knitting back and forth. When as long as the bar, bind off and sew together at the sides, and into one end slip the bar and close up the other. What a help and how we ought to prize them, for it may be the last work her poor tired fingers will do in this world.

Speak gently to her and bear with all her little peculiarities. It will not do you any harm if she does tell you of her way of doing things, if they are not as your ways, but bear with her and answer in some pleasant way. When she seems out of patience or has a "fit of the blues," interest her in some story or sing some song to her which you know she likes to hear, and so lift her out of the sorrowful mood into which she has fallen. By so doing you will bring happiness to her heart, and sunshine into her life, and she will not go away from this world feeling it to be a cold, cheerless place which she leaves behind.

Brookside Farm. IRENE LUNT.

LEAFLETS.

Number Seven.

BY GLADDYS WAYNE.

"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness."

With what glory autumn crowns the year! All things are "ripe for the harvest." The mountains seem transfigured, and all nature seems ablaze with autumnal glory. Little wonder if at such a time, enraptured with the sublime spectacle, the Psalmist burst forth into those grand old sixty-fifth and sixty-sixth Psalms, pouring out his soul in fervent praise.

Yet these material blessings were not enough, the measure of man's blessings was not full; the Giver of all good had yet in store one greater good—a fitting crown for all the years—"God's unspeakable gift" to fallen man, in the event for which we celebrate the blessed Christmas time.

Let us at Christmas time especially rejoice for all our mercies. The year has

not been devoid of blessings—no life, we trust, wholly made up of sorrow. To suffering ones, overwhelmed by "affliction's waters," it may seem that life's skies will never brighten—that to say rejoice is but mockery. But let us remember that He who "knoweth our frame" and "remembereth that we are dust," knows what is best for us, and that while "no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous" it may be better for the soul than full measure of unmixed joy. "Sorrow endureth but for a night, joy cometh in the morning." In time the balm of comfort will surely soothe the sorrow-stricken heart. And all may at least rejoice that if all the blessings, all the sorrows of the year as well, are nearly ended, and the new year so close at hand we may meet with hope for better, happier days. The new year is yet a page unsullied. Let us resolve to inscribe on this yet unwritten page, naught but pure, loving, and noble thoughts and worthy deeds. And whatever our cause for sorrow, we still have one ground where all stand equal, one common cause for rejoicing, an ever present Saviour, God's first, best Christmas gift.

So Christmas "crows the year with goodness." Let us rejoice and make it the happiest time of all the year. Make the children happy, make the middle-aged and the old folks happy, too. Let it be a time of "good will," good cheer, good wishes, and kind remembrances. Is there any thing that our dear ones have especially desired? If possible, let that be among our Christmas gifts. Something very inexpensive may sometimes fill the measure of happiness fuller than more costly gifts. I remember how when a child, the one desire of my heart was to possess a little doll, not an expensive one—a large doll I already had—but one of those little five or six cent affairs, with a head of paste or china—a doll to be the cherished darling of my heart, and how bitter the disappointment as Christmas after Christmas passed, and each failed to bring the coveted treasure. And after all we are but children of an older growth.

However, it will often be found possible to combine use with pleasure in our gifts to each other. Something substantial and useful that will prove a comfort and a help all the year through, is a far more sensible gift than the merely ornamental. The housewife will appreciate whatever will lighten her burdens and add to the comforts of home.

And while remembering the dear ones of our own kin, and those to whom we are bound by the strong ties of affection, let us remember some lonely one to whom we are bound by ties of humanity alone. Let us remember them substantially, if possible, but if we can do no more, let us share with them the good cheer of our own Christmas feast, and, mayhap, for many a day, the sunshine of that day may shed its warmth upon a saddened life.

FAULT-FINDING.

One of the easiest things in the world to do is to find fault, and in no place are there as many opportunities for indulging in this kind of work as in the home. There are so many little things occurring among its inmates where there is a family of any size, such as the misplacing of a garment, leaving a door ajar, uttering a thoughtless word, in fact, a great many trivial things that to people inclined to find fault will give plenty of cause.

It is a disagreeable thing to find fault, any way, to most people, yet there are some who seem to like to do it simply for the sake of finding fault. These people do not mean to be chronic fault-finders, and it never occurs to them that they are. They would not for the world be thought disagreeable, and but for this one trait,

would be generally very pleasant companions. They did not acquire this habit at once; any of their friends will tell you that there was a time when they were not so; but they began by noticing every little failing or supposed failing among their acquaintances, and the habit grew with them until it appeared as part of their nature to notice and condemn every little fault, supposed or real. They are very far from being perfect themselves; in truth, they think so much about others' imperfections that they have very little time to attend to their own. They would be grieved and hurt should their friends retaliate by noticing every little eccentricity of theirs, and, perhaps, had their friends the courage to do so, it might open their eyes to the unpleasantness of fault-finding. It certainly would be a disagreeable duty, if duty it might be called, and few people would care to do it, unless of the same stamp as the fault-finders, in which case it would do very little good.

No one likes to have his faults noticed, least of all does he like to have every slight remark made, exaggerated into a fault. Everybody has faults of some kind, and most people fully realize how great or small they may be, but nobody cares to be reminded of them every little while. To be sure, there are some people who are perfectly indifferent to fault-finding. They will laugh over any reference made to their failings in a good-natured way, and haven't the least fear of what any one may say in regard to them. They are always the most genial kind of people, smoothing over all the difficulties for others that come in their ways, for they never think of finding fault with anybody, but willingly offer all the help in their power when it is needed. Such people get along very well with the fault-finders, for they laugh off remarks over which most people would be inclined to feel hurt. A genial, smooth-going disposition is an excellent one to possess, and the more we have of these kind of tempers the better; but all people cannot be of easy-going disposition, in fact, a disposition of this kind is so rare that when once we have a friend of this temper we do not often care to lose him, and when once gone we feel his loss far more than many friends of older growth.—Ex.

—A man too busy to take care of his health is like a mechanic too busy to take care of his tools.

—The conqueror is regarded with awe; the wise man commands our esteem; but it is the benevolent man who wins our affections.

—Go out of doors and get the air. Ah, if you knew what was in the air. See what your robust neighbor who never feared to live in it, has got from it: strength, cheerfulness, power to convince, heartiness and equality to each event.—Emerson.

—The aroma of red cedar is fatal to house moths; the aroma of black walnut leaves is fatal to fleas. It is a matter of common observation that persons engaged in the business of making shingles out of odoriferous cypress timber, in malarial districts, are rarely, if ever, affected by malarial diseases, and that persons engaged in distilling turpentine do not suffer from either malarial diseases or consumption. It is said that when cholera was epidemic in Memphis, Tenn., persons working in livery stables were entirely exempt from it. It is affirmed that since the destruction of the clove trees on the island of Ternate the colony has suffered from epidemics unknown before; and in times when cholera has prevailed in London and Paris, those employed in the perfumery factories have escaped its ravages.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

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

IN PRESS.

SHORT HINTS ON SOCIAL ETIQUETTE, compiled from the latest and best works on the subject, by Aunt Matilda. 54 pp. Printed on finest paper. Handsome Lithographed covers in six colors. Price 40 cents. I. L. CRAGIN & Co., publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.

We have advanced orders for a very large edition of this beautiful book, but have reserved the first edition to use as gifts among the thousands of good friends we have among *THE HOUSEHOLD*. Over ten years have elapsed since Aunt Matilda first wrote to you all through the columns of *THE HOUSEHOLD*, of the merits of Dobbins' Electric Soap, and over a hundred and twenty issues of *THE HOUSEHOLD* have since that time each contained at least a column of bona-fide letters from ladies of your number, telling of the merits of this soap. Every letter has been unsolicited by us, and we have known nothing of them until we read them in *THE HOUSEHOLD*. This kind acknowledgement on your part, through all these years, has cheered and encouraged us, and we feel that we ought to make some return. We have retained from sale copies of "Short Hints," sufficient to give one to each subscriber of *THE HOUSEHOLD*, and will send postage paid and free of charge, one to each lady sending us her full address, together with fifteen complete outside wrappers of Dobbins' Electric soap, and the declaration that she is a subscriber to *THE HOUSEHOLD*. To all others the price of the book is 40 cents, which may be sent us in postage stamps.

I. L. CRAGIN & Co.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I wish to say in regard to Dobbins' Electric Soap, that I have used it for more than a year and it has surpassed any thing I have ever tried for washing. I would not be without it for any thing for it is a great labor saver and does not injure the hands in the least, or the most delicate fabric. Yours most respectfully. MRS. WM. KIRKLY.

Warehouse Point, Ct.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—We have used Dobbins' Electric Soap for more than eighteen years and know its value. At the earnest solicitation of some individuals we have tried a few bars of different kinds of soap, but always return to the Dobbins' Electric with increased satisfaction, finding nothing in the shape of soap that can give such satisfactory results for all purposes for which any soap is ever used. It has been our special household friend these many years, and my good husband has bought it in boxes of sixty bars each. Some time ago there came the printed slip around each bar, but being too busy to read at that time, failed to become acquainted with its contents, so have never saved the wrappers until recently. Will therefore send fifteen with this mail for the little book, "Short Hints on Social Etiquette," and when fifteen more have accumulated will send for the seven Mikado cards, and then next, the two sisters. MINNIE L. GOULD.

Taunton, Mass.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I received a sample box of Dobbins' Electric Soap, which I used according to directions and it proved every thing you claim it to be. It is the best soap I ever used. Truly.

St. Charles, Ky. T. MAYDELL.

PERSONALITIES.

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

We are receiving so many requests for cards for "postal card albums" to be published in this column that we would suggest to those desiring such, to consider whether they are prepared to undertake the task of writing and sending 70,000 cards! We are willing to insert as promptly as possible, all requests from actual subscribers giving their full name and address, but feel it our duty to give a friendly hint of the possible consequences.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Beth of Lisbon, Dakota, and Laurine of Cordaville, Oregon, please send their addresses to M. E. B., 294 Causeway St., Boston, Mass.? as she would like to write to them.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I am making an autograph album and would like cards from Rosamond E. Riverside, and all others who will send them. Will return the favor to all who wish it.

JENNIE S. CROZIER.

Greene, Trumbull Co., O.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If the lady who sent a package of adv. cards to me from California, will send her address to me, I will send some in return.

MRS. M. A. ELDRIDGE.

20 Prairie Ave., Providence, R. I.

THE NEW POWER FOR STREET CARS.

A short time ago a novel but very interesting trial trip was made upon the Eighth Avenue Passenger Railway in New York. About thirty invited guests, consisting of editors, reporters, passenger railroad officials, and engineers, assembled at the stables of the railroad, on Forty-ninth street, and at four o'clock, P. M., gave a few minutes to the inspection of a passenger car that had been arranged to work under the new electrical motor invented by Edmund Julie, of Brussels.

The machinery was placed beneath the car, out of the way and out of sight, the engineer or brakeman occupying the usual position on the front platform. The cells which contained the hidden power stored away—like the latent lightning in the advancing black cloud of a thunder-storm—is safely hidden under the seats of the two sides of the car, and to be drawn upon by the engineer as he may require. When all were aboard, the car, with a steady increased motion and no sudden jerk or jar, gracefully passed out of the depot around the curve, along the whole length of Central Park to One Hundred and Tenth street, then was switched off to the south-bound track and returned home. This, then, is the beginning of a new era in city passenger railroad travel.

Great as this innovation upon old-fashioned horseflesh-power may appear to the minds of many, yet it must go onward, and increase in popularity as the traveling public see in it an advancement of their own interests. The stockholders of old-time motors must give way. So is it in regard to the improvements in the healing world. The chronically afflicted have become weary of the slow coaches that by the old-time regular practices have brought them no nearer to a view of the haven of health. And now a more modern treatment is presented, that has no bad jerks, jars, or uncomfortable accommodations; has received the warmest approval of tens of thousands experienced testers of its efficacy; it is utterly useless for old-time medical engineers to stop its onward march. The following testimonials give evidence of the potency of this well-tried Treatment:

Compound Oxygen, manufactured by Drs. Starkey & Palen, Philadelphia, is fast becoming the most popular of all remedies for consumption and all affections of the lungs and throat, and all forms of chronic disease caused by loss of vital power. During the past three years we have personally known several cases

which the use of this Home Treatment by Compound Oxygen has cured or greatly benefited, which all other medicines and treatments have failed to affect.—Randolph Radical, Randolph, Wis.

Compound Oxygen is making such rapid progress that its general use in all intelligent communities is but a question of time. We have seen the efficacy of this remarkable remedy tested so fully and successfully in a number of cases, embracing a variety of diseases, that we do not hesitate to recommend it to all afflicted with chronic diseases of any kind.—The New South, Birmingham, Ala.

"Drs. Starkey & Palen's Compound Oxygen Treatment is no experiment, neither is it new to our people. It has been used by several of our best families with such marked success that when we asked one of our most popular clergymen what he thought of it, he said, 'It saved my daughter's life when all other things failed to afford relief.'—Daily Argus, Rock Island, Ill.

"COMPOUND OXYGEN—ITS MODE OF ACTION AND RESULTS"—is the title of a book of two hundred pages, published by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, giving, besides a treatise on Compound Oxygen, a large number of cases in a wide range of diseases cured by this wonderful remedial agent. It will be sent free to any address on application.

We call the attention of our readers to the adv't of The Rural New-Yorker on another page of this issue. We believe fully in all that they claim, and give them our hearty indorsement.

Everybody knows that the conditions for health are not favorable when the stomach, liver, and bowels are disordered. In such cases, headache, indigestion, and constipation are the result; for all which ailments the proper remedy is Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE is universally recognized as a family favorite. If you desire to secure feminine smiles and domestic sunbeams, even on wash-day, ask your grocers for Pearline.

HOODS, SASHES and all woolen garments take the colors of Diamond Dyes with surprising ease, and the brilliancy and durability of the shades always satisfies. 32 Colors. 10 cents each. Sold everywhere.

L. V. Brown, Chemist, 367 Quincy St., Brooklyn, N. Y., is gaining a great reputation by curing consumption. Complete Treatment by Express \$5.00.

No other remedy is so reliable, in cases of sudden colds, or coughs, or for any and all derangements of the throat and lungs, as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This wonderful medicine affords great relief in consumption, even in the advanced stages of that disease.

Good housekeepers are fast finding out that a pure Extract made by Joseph Burnett & Co., costing a cent or two more a bottle, goes farther and makes the most delicious of dishes. Avoid goods only recommended by their cheapness.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address.

Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

For every variety and phase of the many diseases which attack the air passages of the head, throat, and lungs, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral will be found a specific. This preparation allays inflammation, controls the disposition to cough, and prevents consumption.

Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free of Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

TEN DOLLARS A MONTH
Will buy a farm in Claremont Colony. Maps and full particulars free. J. F. Mancha, Claremont, Va.

—“The doctor said he'd put me on my feet again in two weeks.” “Well, didn't he do it?” “He did, indeed. I had to sell my horse and buggy to foot his bill.” “And you've been footling it ever since?” “Precisely.”

A \$12,000,000 Citizen has Insufficiency of the Heart.

It is reported that one of the best known business men in the United States, like all millionaires and heavy business men, is reaping the benefit of the needless overstrain of a grasping nature. When a man wants the earth, he generally pays for it. His physicians said he had insufficiency of the heart, which is generally known by shortness of breath on exercise, and easily excited tremor in the chest. Sudden paralysis of the heart is likely to ensue, and the victim suddenly drops dead. It is a trouble very prevalent in this country, and is often mistaken for nervousness. In some persons it is constitutional. Not long since this man nearly lost his life in London after severe exercise. He came back to the United States and gave up business, as medicine did him no good. He took to drinking Moxie. The nerves of the heart recovered, and he has been well and at his business again nearly a year. He will not let the Moxie Co. hawk his name in the papers, but says he will build a monument to it. He should talk too. If Moxie is what it is claimed to be, the country should have proof of it.

Not every woman, who arrives at middle age, retains the color and beauty of her hair, but every woman may do so by the occasional application of Ayer's Hair Vigor. It prevents baldness, removes dandruff, and cures all scalp diseases.

—The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the second good sense, the third good humor, and the fourth wit.

“My love, what magic spell is thrown Upon your face? Its charm I own. Whence came thy pure and pearly teeth? Thy rosy lips? Thy perfumed breath? She said, in accents sweet and clear, “Tis only SOZODONT, my dear.”

The Atmosphere of Love

Is a pure, sweet breath. This desideratum is one of the results of using SOZODONT, which not only invigorates and preserves the teeth, but renders the mouth as fragrant as a rose.

The Oldest, the Best. Payson's ink for marking clothing is indelible and used with a common pen. 50 years' record. Sold by druggists.

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No household which is blessed with children, should be without Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. In the treatment of croup and whooping cough, the Pectoral has an almost magical effect. It allays inflammation, frees the obstructed air passages, and controls the desire to cough.

THE MENTHOL TOOTHPASTE: LADIES, send for free sample tube, to CHAS. B. CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

PAPER FLOWERS Will send sample each Lily, Rose, Peony, Snowball, Jimson, Daisy, Morning Glory. Full directions for making with Paper Moulds, wire, &c. How to crinkle paper for mats & plaques. By express on receipt of \$2.00. MRS. M. KRATZ, 102 Clark St., Evansville, Ind.

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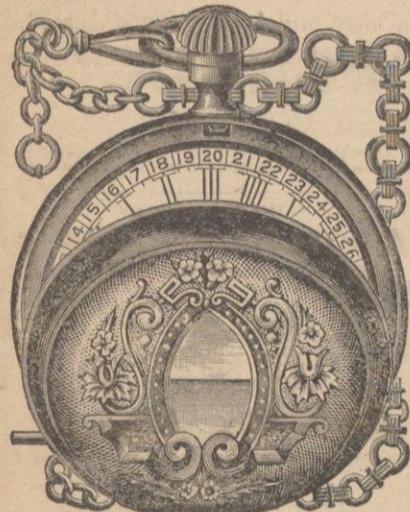
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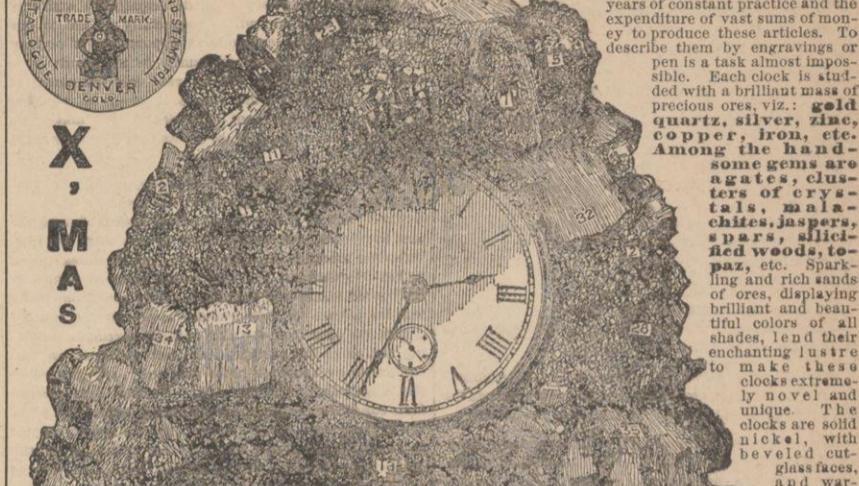
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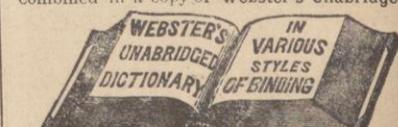
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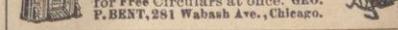
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No.	PREMIUM.	Price.	No. of Subs.
1	One box Stationery,	\$0 50	2
2	Indelible Pencil, (Clark's),	50	2
3	Embroidery Scissors,	50	2
4	Name Plate, Brush, Ink, etc.,	60	2
5	Ladies' Ivory Handle Penknife,	75	3
6	Sugar Spoon,	75	3
7	Autograph Album,	1 00	3
8	Package Garden Seeds,	1 00	3
9	Package Flower Seeds,	1 00	3
10	Half Chromo, May Flowers,	1 00	3
11	Butter Knife,	1 00	3
12	Turkey Morocco Pocket Book,	1 00	3
13	One vol. Household,	1 10	4
14	Fruit Knife,	1 25	4
15	Pair Tablespoons,	1 50	5
16	Call Bell,	1 75	5
17	Carving Knife and Fork,	1 75	5
18	One pair Napkin Rings,	2 00	5
19	Six Scotch Plaid Napkin Rings,	2 00	5
20	Six Teaspoons,	2 25	5
21	Rosewood Writing Desk,	2 25	5
22	Rosewood Work Box,	2 50	5
23	Fruit Knife, with Nut Pick,	2 25	6
24	Child's Knife, Fork and Spoon,	2 50	6
25	Gold Pen with Silver Case,	2 50	6
26	Six Tea Knives,	2 50	7
27	Six Nut Picks,	2 75	7
28	Gilt Cup,	2 75	7
29	Photograph Album,	3 00	7
30	Spoon Holder,	3 00	8
31	Family Scales, (12 lbs., Shaler,)	4 00	8
32	Pie Knife,	3 50	9
33	Soup Ladle,	3 50	9
34	Cake Knife,	3 50	9
35	Pickle Jar, with Fork,	3 50	9
36	Six Tablespoons,	4 00	9
37	Six Table Forks, medium,	4 00	9
38	Six Tea Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles,	8 75	10
39	1 doz. Teaspoons,	4 50	10
40	Family Scales, (24 lbs., Shaler,)	5 00	10
41	1 doz. Tea Knives,	5 00	10
42	Sheet Music, (agent's selection,)	5 00	10
43	Carving Knife and Fork,	4 00	12
44	Hf. Chromo, Morn'g or Even'g,	5 00	12
45	Butter Dish, covered,	5 00	12
46	1 pair Napkin Rings, neat,	5 00	12
47	Syrup Cup,	5 50	12
48	Gold Pen and Pencil,	6 00	12
49	Six Table Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles,	5 50	14
50	Caster,	6 00	14
51	Cake Basket,	6 50	14
52	Croquet Set,	6 50	14
53	Family Scales, (50 lbs., Shaler,)	7 00	14
54	Webster's National Dictionary,	6 00	15
55	Clothes Wringer,	7 50	15
56	Folding Chair,	5 50	16
57	Six Tea Knives, silver plated, ivory inlaid handles,	7 00	16
58	Card Receiver, gilt, fine,	7 00	16
59	Celery Glass, silver stand,	7 50	16
60	Fruit Dish,	8 00	16
61	Gold Pen and Holder,	7 50	17
62	Butter Dish, covered,	7 50	18
63	Spoon Holder,	7 50	18
64	1 doz. Tablespoons,	8 00	18
65	1 doz Table Forks, medium,	8 00	18
66	Photograph Album,	10 00	18
67	Caster,	8 00	20
68	Syrup Cup and Plate,	8 50	20
69	Cake Basket,	10 00	20
70	Elegant Family Bible,	10 00	20
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74	Child's Carriage,	10 00	25
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Four "	30.00	56.00	80.00	105.00	150.00	300.00
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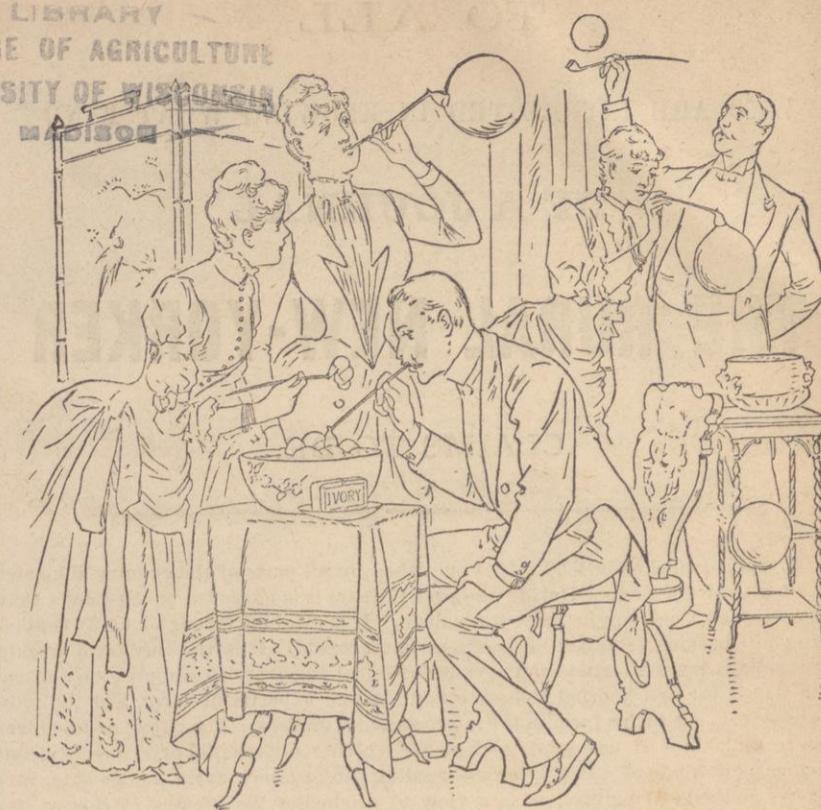
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