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THE HOUSEHOLD

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

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DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS
OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

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BRATTLEBORO, VT., AUGUST, 1884.

No. 8.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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

BE CONTENT.

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoe'er is willed, is done.

And ours the grateful service whence
Comes, day by day, the recompense;
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain and the noonday shade.

And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toll of fields like these,
Than waking dreams and slothful ease.

But life, though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again;
And early called, how blest are they
Who wait in heaven their harvest day.

—John G. Whittier.

THE WOODS OF THE UNITED STATES.

IN THE United States there are thirty-six varieties of oak and thirty-four of pine. But in the popular mind every thing that bears a cone is a pine, so that firs, spruces, and hemlocks are only distinguished by those who know something about trees. Their number is diminishing, owing to the crowding into cities, where all knowledge of the forest is rapidly obliterated from the mind. We have nine kinds of fir, five varieties of spruce, and four of hemlock. The finest specimen in the collection, though not the largest, is a section of the Douglass fir. The bark is pitted with holes where the woodpeckers insert grub-bearing acorns, leaving the grub to fatten, and then in the fullness of time devouring it. Another splendid specimen is a pine, the *lambertiana*, which measures five feet across. A section of the California redwood, the *sequoia sempervirens* is eight feet six inches in diameter. This is the red-wood of commerce, not the big tree, which is the *sequoia gigantea*. A specimen of the spruce genus, the *abies engelmanni*, is from a tree four hundred and ten years old, and of a singularly fine grain. There are four varieties of hemlock, seven of juniper, and four of cypress, and the Louisiana cypress, or *taxodium*, forms a genus by itself.

The pecan nut is a hickory, the *carya alviformis*, the shell-bark walnut of the north is the *carya alba*, and there are six other hickories whose nuts are not edible. But they are singularly serviceable in

commerce. The youth of this country will be grieved to learn that there are only two varieties of persimmons, that of Texas and that of Virginia, both of which shrink enormously in seasoning, so that their wood is not likely to be utilized either for lumber or furniture. But much may be done with the persimmon by cultivation, and a seedless variety of the Virginian kind has been raised in Tennessee. It is thought that the Japanese persimmon might be acclimatized east of the Rocky mountains; its wood is more serviceable than those of our trees.

We have twelve varieties of ash, a wood that is coming more and more into prominence, and deservedly so. Its toughness is proverbial, and has long been utilized by carriage makers for certain parts of the wheels. But it is a fine, handsome wood, superior in appearance to white pine; and it is now being used largely for tables, desks, benches, etc., combining in itself the qualities of oak and pine. The three varieties most used are the *Americana*, the *Oregonia*, and the *sambucifolia*. There are six varieties of birch, of which the best known is the paper bark. The yellow birch is a good, handsome wood, and grows largely in the Adirondack region, and upon the Ausable and Saranac rivers. But it has nearly all been cut down for the forges where charcoal hammered blooms are manufactured.

Of willows there are eighteen varieties; of poplar, nine; of alder, seven; of beech throughout the United States there is but one, and that, unfortunately, is not the one that gives the fine nuts. The blue beech of the Carolinas, often called the iron wood, is not a beech at all. It is a *carpinus*, not a *fagus*. There is considerable confusion also over the basswood, the genuine being the tulip tree, or *liriodendron*. All others, including the three varieties of *tilia*, are to be for the future considered counterfeits. The sweet gum is also a stumbling block, the true being the *liquidambar*. Then the thorns are also a source of error. There is the *rhamnus*, which has three varieties, and the *crataegus* which has sixteen, and the whole nineteen are often indiscriminately called either blackthorn or buckthorn or whitethorn. The *rhus* is another point of mistaking, one variety in Virginia being called poison oak, and another in California poison ivy. In the interest of plain speaking it might be well to call it *rhus*, which is not difficult to spell or pronounce. There are ten kinds of maple, eleven indigenous varieties of *prunus*, four hollies and five varieties of a tree that has no other name than naked wood. Botanically it is the *Eugenia*. Then there is the sycamore, the *platanus*, or plane tree, which is a much better name than the former. Sycamore is only the Indian name Sagamore, or great sachem. There is the mahogany that grows in Florida, but either the specimen is a poor one or the variety amounts to little; and there are in the collection two

palms, the cocoanut, and the palmetto. Of the beautiful magnolias of the south there are seven varieties, and the elm of the north has five, including *fulva*, the slippery elm.—*New York Tribune*.

THE HARVEST OF THE YEAR.

In our childhood's days when it was harvest time with us we imagined it was harvest time the whole world over, and I can remember looking upon the harvest moon and thinking of the many lands it shone over where the same scenes were visible contemporaneously. The readers of THE HOUSEHOLD are too wise to have to be told that the earth is bringing forth its harvest constantly, and while resting in one section is maturing its fruit in another; but perhaps they do not all know at just what season of the year harvest time occurs in the various countries of the world. The following table gives in outline the time of the harvest festival throughout the world according to the months, and is believed to be accurate.

In July harvesting begins in New England, the northern middle states, upper Canada, and the northern line of states from Ohio to Oregon, the midland and southern English counties, France, Germany, Austria, northern Italy, Hungary, Poland and Switzerland.

August sees the ingathering in the rest of England, the Netherlands, Denmark, Central Russia, Manitoba and Lower Canada.

September is the harvest month in Scotland, Scandinavia, and northern Russia, in France buckwheat is harvested, and corn in New England and the midland English counties.

In October wheat, oats and barley are gathered in Scotland and Sweden, and apples and pumpkins in the northern states.

November rules Peru and Brazil, south Africa and north Australia.

December calls forth the husbandmen to harvest in Chili, the Argentine Republic and south Australia.

January is a busy time in New Zealand, the South Sea Islands, Uruguay, and sees harvest ended in Australia and central South America.

February sees harvest time begin in upper Egypt and India and continue till April.

March is the time of harvest in lower Egypt, the Barbary states, Arabia, Kabul and Indo China.

In April the sickle is gleaming in the harvest fields of Syria, Cyprus, Persia, Asia Minor, the Ionian isles and Mexico.

May enlarges the number and sees oil, wine and corn harvested in Asia Minor, Greece, Sicily and Morocco; in Florida, Texas, China and Japan harvesting begins.

June concludes the year and sees the harvest gathered in Spain, Portugal, Italy, the Danubian Provinces, California, Kentucky, Kansas, Virginia and the Carolinas.

CLINTON MONTAGUE.

The Drawing Room.

WINDOW DRAPERY.

BY KESIAH SHELTON.

AFTER the dark age of closely dropped curtains of dark green paper or cloth, those horrible years when our civilized but unenlightened parents felt proud of possessing a dark and mouldy room which, because they never used, they called a parlor! After this dark and dreary period came a reaction and it was the pride of every housekeeper to secure curtains as glaring white as the best bleacher could furnish her, and the puzzle of life how to have these white curtains and retain still the precious darkness that kept her carpet bright, hid the dust and proved to her rare callers that she was not so poor but that she could afford one room that was not in daily use.

It was a blessed, if not an artistic, change when white curtains became "the style," for the sun could throw a healthy light in the rooms unless the unenlightened housewife was so unfortunate as to have wooden outside shutters, then, despite the change in fashion, she would still preserve a mouldy air for her infrequent guests. If blinds are used intelligently, that is, used for perhaps three months in the year merely to shut out the mid-day heat and in winter's storms of snow and ice to keep out the freeze, then it were well to have them. It is the abuse, not the proper use, of them we decry.

To-day the more general diffusion of knowledge, leaves the lovers of darkness as marked women, fair (?) subjects of criticism and pity for their ignorance. This generation recognize sunlight and fresh air, as God's own appointed ministers to our physical wants; two physicians, both to keep us well and restore our health if we lose it by accident. So we open broad our windows, draw back our thin muslin draperies and permit the sun to send his searching rays into each and every corner. We know his sanitary mission and aid him by removing every obstacle that would hinder his good work.

Red and squinting eyes are unpleasant visions, so instead of receiving our loved sunlight through garish white starched curtains, we hang up draperies of grey-hued grounds with pretty India designs in soft but warm-hued colors. Buff with blue or grey with hints of red and bits of mild (if I may use the adjective here) green are beautiful. One asks for madras curtains, and they can be bought in patterns from twelve dollars to twenty-five dollars; or from the piece by the yard at one dollar and twenty-five cents or two dollars per yard. Trim with tinted lace, or simply hem. I venture to presume few of these readers will think they can afford even this, but does it not suggest what you might have nearly as pretty and much less expensive? It ought to do so.

What of those prettily tinted, and then plaided or gracefully flowered dress muslins, not only the organdies but the cheaper quality? I have seen lovely muslins at fifteen cents a yard and from that to fifty cents, which simply hemmed and put up on a board with a puff and flounce for heading would have struck an artist as favorably as the real madras. Edged with antique lace, ten cents a yard, they would have done honor to any parlor "we" shall ever be likely to have. Keep one thing in mind and you will save both money and worry, always use fashion as an adviser, a suggester, not follow her as a leader. Common white muslin, plain, dotted or barred, made up over delicate buff or pink cottons is always pretty for parlor or sleeping rooms.

Nottingham lace if you choose something original and graceful in design, can be freed from its commonness by outlining in colors the pattern so skillfully woven. These cheap draperies are all fittingly looped back with knots of ribbon or home-made cords or braids and tassels.

Red and white or other colored striped muslins make without any trimming, except ribbons to loop them back, very pretty curtains. Nottingham lace in antique patterns can be bought at our large stores at from four to ten cents a yard; a curtain of lawn or muslin can be very effectively striped by insertions of this same style, and sides and ends edged with it. Muslin with geometrical figures can be adorned by outlining the figures in any color you choose or with such material, from colored wash cotton upward. We think we have suggested sufficiently the possibilities of a little money, some taste and more or less skillful needle-work in the matter of curtains, yet we will add that if one prefers shades on rollers to drapery, even here there is room for the busy needle, that antidote for vicious gossipry. Shades of tinted Hollands or satines are embroidered with vines in corner and center pieces, or full or corner borders as one wishes; in delicate shades of course. Grey with figures in light brown; avoid garishness as you would the plague, do not eschew bright colors but try to combine them effectively and that is rarely done by using a large quantity of the bright. Study the sunset hues and you will not see broad stripes of scarlet, changless yellow nor patches of unrelieved blue and green, but hints of each are surely there.

A plain cornice can be easily made of half-inch pine, covered with colored cloth and a puff of lace with or without flounce; if flounced gather up in the middle with a knot of ribbon or laid aside artificial flowers. This two-scalloped flounce is a great addition.

LONG CALLS.

It is not always wise to make a rule that no one is to be admitted during the evening; on the contrary, a guest may be heartily welcomed, if it is known at the outset that he has come in for a short time, that he is cheerful, and friendly, and amusing, and, in short, worth listening to and entertaining. But the ill-concealed gloom that settles down upon one tired face after another, while the clock strikes the succeeding half-hours, and each member of the family in turn comes despairingly to the rescue of the faltering conversation, is a deplorable thing. We are responsible for the state of our consciences, and if we have allowed them to become so dull that they do not give us the unmistakable warning to go away, then we must not fret if we are warded off, dreaded, and called bores. I was delighted to hear some one say, not long ago, that she did not think she had any right to spend two hours at a time with

any friend, without special invitation, since it could not fail to be an interruption; and it gave joy to my heart that one person so respected the rights of others. Picture some one, who has assured himself that he is not likely to find amusement under his own roof, setting forth in search of a more agreeable place in which to spend the evening. He hunts from door to door, finding that one family has honestly paid its money and gone to a play, another is dining out, the third enjoying its invited guests, while at the fourth he is met at sight with the information that the ladies are engaged. Perhaps at the fifth he gains an entrance. One person rises hurriedly from the sofa; another puts down her book with a sigh; another comes reluctantly from a desk, where some notes and letters must be written at some time during that evening, and the stricken group resigns itself to the demands of friendship and society. The master of the house returns presently to his avocation, with a brave excuse. It may be eight o'clock when the guest comes, it may be nine, and he may be kind-hearted and unobjectionable; he may even be profitable and entertaining; but he stays till after ten; everybody thinks that he never means to go, and inwardly regrets his presence. For half an hour he could have felt sure of welcome; in that time he certainly could have said and done all that was worth doing, and have been asked to stay longer, or to come again soon, when he took leave. There is no greater compliment and tribute to one's integrity than to be fairly entreated to sit down for ten minutes longer. Of course we treat each other civilly in an evening visit, but it is a great deal better to come away too soon than to stay too late. In a busy, overworked and overhurried city life, nothing is so precious as a quiet evening to one's self, or even a part of one. We all wish—or ought to wish—to make life pleasant for ourselves and other people, and are ready to be generous even with our time; but no one likes to be plundered and defrauded. It is the underlying principle of our neighbor's action and conduct toward us which makes us thankful or resentful when he comes to visit us.—*Atlantic.*

A SUNSHINY HUSBAND.

A sunshiny husband makes a merry, beautiful home worth having, worth working in and for. If the man is breezy, cheery, considerate and sympathetic, his wife sings in her heart over her puddings and her mending basket, and renews her youth in the security she feels of his probation and admiration. You may think it weak or childish, if you please, but it is the admired wife, the wife who hears words of praise and receives smiles of commendation, who is capable, discreet and executive. I have seen a timid, meek, self-distrusting little body, fairly bloom into strong, self-reliant womanhood, under the tonic and the cordial of companionship of a husband who really went out of his way to find occasion for showing her how fully he trusted her judgment, and how fully he deferred to her opinion. In home life there should be no jar, no striving for place, no insisting on prerogatives, or division of interests. The husband and wife are each the complement of the other. It is as much his duty to be cheerful as it is hers to be patient, his right to bring joy into the house as it is hers to sweep and garnish the interior. A family where the daily walk of the father makes life a festival, is filled with something like a heavenly benediction.

—Carlyle somewhere says, "Insincere speech, truly, is the prime material of

insincere action." The kind of speech in a man betokens the kind of action you will get from him.

—If the internal griefs of every man could be read, written on his forehead, how many who now excite envy would appear to be the objects of pity.

The Conservatory.

SWEET FERN.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

The subtle power in perfume found
Nor priest nor sibyl vainly learned;
On Grecian shrine or Aztec mound
No censor idly burned.

That power the hoary Magian knew,
The dervish in his frenzied dance,
The Pythian princess swooning through
The wonderland of trance.

And nature holds, in wood and field,
Her thousand sun-lit censers still;
To spell of flower and shrub we yield
Against or with our will.

I climbed a hill path strange and new,
With slow feet, pausing at each turn;
A sudden waft of west wind blew
The breath of the sweet fern.

That fragrance from my vision swept
The alien landscape; in its stead,
Up fairer hills of youth I stepped,
As light of heart as tread.

With me June's freshness, lapsing brook,
Murmurs of leaf and bee, the call
Of birds, and one whose voice and look
In keeping were with all.

A fern beside the way we went
She plucked, and smiling, held it up,
While from her hand the wild, sweet scent,
I drank as from a cup.

O, potent witchery of smell!
The dust dry leaves to life return,
And she who plucked them owns the spell,
And lifts her ghostly fern.

Or sense or spirit? Who shall say
What touch the chords of memory thrills?
It passed; and left the August day
Ablaze on lonely hills.

—*Independent.*

AMONG MY FLOWERS.

BY MRS. M. D. WELLCOME.

AS MY bed of tulips has been more beautiful than ever this season by reason of the addition of two dozen new bulbs last autumn, and a vase of lovely blooms is on my table as I write, I will say a few words about them. They have been blooming for two months, coming at a season when flowers in the open air are few, and so varied and attractive in hue, we wonder that they are not more generally cultivated.

Few are now in bloom, (June 9th,) the late show and parrot. In my vase is a gaudy parrot, very bright yellow, with pencillings of scarlet and light green; its petals are very different from ordinary tulips, loose and deeply notched and fringed. In striking contrast beside it, is one so dark in hue it is almost black at the margin, striped with purple and white, a small, compact variety. Another is very large, deep-cupped, pure crimson. Others were scarlet, others carmine, richly striped with white in the center, some were a delicate rose, others buff, others pure white, both single and double.

By having the early and late, the single and double, dwarf and tall, Duc Van Thol and parrot, one can have a gay bed of tulips for about two months. Were they as costly as when the tulip mania raged in Holland in 1634-6, when a single choice bulb commanded three thousand, four thousand, five thousand five hundred florins, one might well be excused from having a tulip bed, but when they

can be purchased for one dime each, choicest named varieties, and fifty cents per dozen for unnamed, few need excuse themselves on the ground of lack of means.

It is better to take the bulbs up after

the foliage has become sere, and store after being dried, in a paper bag. The ground can then be utilized with other plants. October is a good month to plant them again.

The tulip derived its name from *dul-bend* which signifies a turban. It was introduced into Europe about the middle of the sixteenth century. Conrad Gesner claims the honor of having brought it into repute. He first saw it growing in the year 1559, in a garden at Augsburg, belonging to the learned councillor Herwart, a man very famous in his day for his collection of rare exotics. The bulbs were sent to this gentleman by a friend at Constantinople, where the flower had long been a favorite. The first roots planted in England were brought from Vienna in 1600.

Jean Franean, a French writer in the sixteenth century, describes the Turkish festival of the tulip. It adorns the brows of the Turk who idolize its elegant stem and the beautiful vase which forms its crown; they are never tired of admiring its gold, silver, purple and other rich gradations of color which revel, unite and separate on the surface of those rich petals.

During the first days of spring the feast is celebrated in the sultan's seraglios. Scaffolds are erected, long galleries prepared, seats arranged in amphitheatrical gradation and covered with rich carpeting; these are then ornamented with an immense number of crystal vases filled with the most beautiful tulips in the world. In the evening the whole scene is brilliantly illuminated; scented tapers diffuse odoriferous perfume; colored lamps glitter on all sides like garlands of opals, emeralds, sapphires, diamonds and rubies; birds in golden cages mingle their notes with the melodies of unseen instruments; a shower of rose water refreshes the air; white groups of young Circassians add the luster of their beauty and costume to the enchanting splendors of this fete.

The language of the tulip is a declaration of love. We would therefore suggest to those bashful swains who are lacking in courage to "pop the question," to present a tulip to their lady love.

My snow-drops have just been in bloom. I did not at first understand why this said-to-be-the-earliest of the spring blooming bulbs, should be so late as the first week in June, but I have learned that mine are the large snow-drop or snow-flake, which is later in flowering and more robust. It is very pretty with its green spot on each snowy petal.

Have any of THE HOUSEHOLD sisters cultivated the autumn crocus? I have never seen one. I think I must experiment with a dozen this fall. They are said to be very interesting on account of their curious nature. The leaves appear in the spring but no flowers till late autumn. They will bloom soon after planting, indeed, sometimes before planting! "Each bulb," says a writer, "gives a cluster of flowers, six or eight in number, and so persistent is it in its determination to flower that if taken up in the latter part of summer, before the time of flowering, and placed in a pot or basket of damp moss it will bloom as well as if left in the ground. Indeed, if placed upon a dry shelf, it will even then flower tolerably well."

So much for the bulbs; now I will tell you of some of the novelties I have set out though I cannot report from personal experience until I have seen them bloom.

Heianthus multiflora plena, or perennial, golden, double-flowering sunflower.—I confess that I am not an aesthetic after the pattern of Oscar Wilde, and do not therefore, adopt the sunflower as a favorite, but this you perceive, is quite out of the ordinary line—a hardy perennial! It

grows to a height of five feet and is very branched. The flowers, which are produced in great profusion are said to be the size of large dahlias, and a plant will bloom the first season if bedded out early.

Another hardy plant in marked contrast is *akelia alba* or *achillea* as it is sometimes spelled. It is not really a novelty, that is, in the sense of being new, for it has long been cultured in Europe, but is rarely grown in this country. It is of a somewhat dwarf and trailing habit, its numerous branches which grow to the length of two or three feet resting on the ground and holding their great masses of white flowers about a foot above the soil. It is said that a plant will produce thousands of blossoms the first summer, and when established the second year will bear many more. Commencing to bloom in July it continues until frost. It is perfectly hardy and will thrive in any soil, it is therefore specially adapted for cemetery planting.

Large flowering white oxalis.—The florist who sends this out says: "Several years ago one of our customers sent us two small bulbs of this variety, saying that it was received first a single bulb from a sailor on the Pacific coast. It is certainly a fine variety and new to us. Color white, with a citron yellow throat. Blooms similar in shape to *ovacie*, and on strong plants measure two inches across."

I have half a dozen new abutilons—I greatly admire these plants—one is a novelty which originated as a "sport" from *Thomsoni variegata*, and is double. This is the first double abutilon known, and may, perhaps, produce as great a sensation as did the first double bouvardia. It has the mottled yellow and green foliage of its parent, but with perfectly double flowers that resemble in form a double hollyhock; color rich, deep orange, shaded and variegated with crimson. The price is fifty cents.

A few new varieties of geranium have been added to my collection. Queen of the Fairies, is a double bi-color variety, rich flesh color, mottled with pearly white, large and perfectly shaped truss. Gilded gold—gold does not need gilding, but this is the name conferred upon a new double geranium thus described: "An entirely new color, being of a rich, deep golden orange; the flowers are of a medium size, the trusses compact and freely produced, and one of the most distinct breaks of color ever made in the geranium; in fact, it is the finger-post to the yellow variety not far distant."

Guinea was the beginning, New Guinea said to be an advance in the direction of a distinct yellow, this a step beyond, but if the goal is reached, what then? Will a yellow geranium beyond the mere novelty of the thing, be any more desirable than the numerous exquisite shades now afforded? For our part, our taste does not lie in that direction. Yellow flowers are already sufficiently numerous from the golden buttercup to the giant sunflower. Far preferable, the rich, dark shade of *lamoines cannell*.

A new carnation, President James A. Garfield, said to be valuable and magnificent, is certainly the finest colored carnation yet introduced. It originated as a "sport" from Beauty, and has maintained its high color perfectly. A strong, healthy grower, dwarf and compact. The flowers are large, perfect, highly fragrant, and of a rich vermillion color.

I might write you of many more new and beautiful things, but it will not do to take any more space at this time. I must just tell you this, however, that my polyantha roses came through the winter all right, that is, those left in the border but those I took up for the window-garden perished.

Yarmouth, Me.

A CHAT ABOUT WILD FLOWERS.

In giving a description of the Iowa wild flowers, Mabel Dunbar omits some of my favorites that I used, as a child, to gather there. There is a meadow lily that grows about a foot high, rather more though in the style of a tulip, only one flower to a stalk, an upright cup formed of six pointed petals of a rich golden red spotted with black, and it has six stamens. We used to call it a tiger lily. Then there are the buttercups, the pond lilies, the blue flag that grows in the edges of the prairie streams, and in the fall the beautiful blue fringed gentians. About the same time may be found a plant somewhat similar, covered with clusters of buds blue in color, and from an inch to two inches long; I never saw them open, save as my childish fingers pulled them open. The inside is much brighter than the outside.

She wished some of the Dakota and Nebraska sisters to describe the wild flowers of their localities, but as I have not been in Dakota long enough to know about her flora, and as it has been a number of years since I lived in Nebraska and have probably forgotten many of its flowers, I will leave that subject to some other writer.

However, I should like to tell you something of the Kansas wild flowers, which are of many varieties, and some of them very beautiful and fragrant. The first to make their appearance on the prairie are little starry flowers, pink, white and lilac, about the size of an anemone, growing on a stem about three inches high. These are soon followed by what is often called the Indian bread root, a trailing plant with coarse, rough stems and leaves and a most brilliant crimson blossom, reminding one, in size and shape, of the most common variety of single portulaca.

Another variety of this plant grows in central Kansas, the stem is upright and the buds are pale pink, the full-blown flower white. Of course there are violets, large blue, small yellow and sometimes white ones. Spider lilies, blue, purple, pink and all the indescribable shades between. I have been told that there are also white ones, but never saw any save in Nebraska. A variety of dandelion with scant foliage and the blossom less double grows wild there. There is also a little brick-red flower that blooms in spikes, five-petaled flowers about half an inch in diameter, and standing about three or four inches high.

One of the most curious plants is the sensitive rose. The plant is a low trailing plant with thistle like leaves and stems. The leaf is more like a locust than a rose leaf, and when touched will instantly fold up closely. The blossom is something like a thistle in color and arrangement and as round and about the size of an "agate" marble. Each little pink hair of the blossom is tipped with yellow so that the flower looks as if it had been dusted with gold. It is fragrant.

There are several varieties of cactus with their brilliant red and yellow blossoms, the prickly pear, the snake, and a variety commonly called "old hen and chickens." It is a large ball-shaped cactus with a number of smaller ones growing close around it.

There are a great variety of yellow flowers not particularly brilliant or fragrant that in their absence I cannot remember sufficiently well to describe. On the stone hills are growing curious low flowers with fleshy cup-shaped blossoms green without and purple within, with a large odd-looking pistil. There is another flower, called by some the blanket flower, with five or six long fringed petals, brilliant yellow terminating in bright red. One flower is shaped something like a

coreopsis, its large four-petaled blossoms are pure white with straw colored centers. It opens in the morning and closes before noon. There are also the purple verbena, white morning glory, and wild roses, red and white. The golden-rod and the sweet little frost flowers are also to be found there.

But the king of Kansas flowers is yet to be described. The blade like leaves grow up from the ground in a thick cluster to the length of three or four feet, terminating in a hard point as sharp as a needle. In the center is the blossom stalk from two to four feet high crowned with a spire of blossoms from one to two feet long. The blossoms are shaped something like a water lily only the petals are more fleshy and enclose a thick pistil. They are light green at the base on the outside, and buff or straw colored within. They are exceedingly fragrant, almost oppressively so in a room. They are called by some soap weed, by others sword grass. The latter name seems to be more appropriate.

Kansas is the aesthetic's paradise; for the sunflower grows there in great profusion. One may see whole fields of the beautiful (?) blossoms, and sometimes ride for long distances between walls of sunflowers. I used sometimes, during the Oscar Wilde craze, to wish that vague grasper after the "too, too utterly" unattainable, and his enthusiastic followers might be "lariated" in some magnificent sunflower grove of sunny Kansas.

MINA B. SPEAR.

Dell Rapids, Dak.

POPULAR PLANTS.

Number Four.

Bulbs as a general thing never do well in my garden, and the only ones that ever seemed to repay me for the trouble I took with them are the gladiolus, hyacinth, tuberous begonia and white day lily. Oxal's and callas I have recently obtained, but as yet I can only hope for their success. In a previous letter I gave my way of treating gladiolus, they are the glory of my garden; hyacinth I treat in much the same fashion; that is, give them a rich, well-prepared bed and let them alone, occasionally thinning the bulbs when they grow too thick and covering them during the frosts of spring with evergreen boughs. I have the double pink and blue, and an old-fashioned kind that is very much like the *candidans*, a variety advertised so largely nowadays; it is almost white with a faint tinge of blue, and is very pretty.

Tuberous begonias were also described in a preceding paper, so I come at last to my pet and favorite, the white day lily. Like the calla it delights in an abundance of water, and my handsomest one stands just where it will get all the slops from a wash stand, and is planted in a rich, very much shaded place. Its pure, snow white flowers are very fragrant, and one flower stalk will bear sometimes as many as fifteen buds. I have never tried the blue variety but I mean to have that next.

There are several old-fashioned lilies growing in my garden which are very pretty.

One of them, the lemon lily, has flag-like leaves which never grow more than a foot high, the flower stalk is a little taller and bears a cluster of pale lemon yellow flowers which are very pretty.

Another, tiger lily is the old name, is very much taller, growing to the height of four or five feet, has orange-colored flowers spotted with black, and lanceolate, alternate leaves, in the axils of which grow black, bulb-like seeds which are sometimes as large as a hazel nut. Its appearance is very much like that of the new Japan lilies so largely advertised.

Cannas also thrive well in my garden

and a well grown specimen is a fine ornament for any lawn or garden. Mine grow to the height of three or four feet, and have very large handsome leaves veined with white and red, the flowers are scarlet, and the seeds are round, hard and black, but I cannot leave them in the ground through the winter.

One of my garden's chief attractions last year was a dahlia, white and very double, which bloomed from August till the middle of October. It grew in the hottest sun in rich soil, and I gave it very little water; it has the constitution of an Esquimaux, and will bear our coldest winters bravely if covered deep with soil.

The lily of the valley is also an out door plant with me and blooms in early May.

The first flower that we have in spring is a very dainty white little blossom, that comes from a tiny bulb, whose leaves are linear, and dark green, with a white vein down the center, the flowers are pure white, wax-like and star-shaped, and are borne in clusters of five and six. We call it the snow drop here, but I know that is not its right name, and I cannot find its botanical name in any of the botanies. Will somebody please tell me if callas can be grown out doors in summer? Mine bloomed finely last autumn but I am going to bed out all the plants I can next spring. Oxalis will winter in out-door beds for I have tried it, but mine don't bloom, I should like to know why, and when is their blooming season.

Greenlee, N. C. KATE ELICKOTT.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Kate Ellickott please tell what stimulants to use for begonias? Will Mrs. Welcome tell me where such a variety of clematis can be obtained as she mentions in her article, "Summer Climbers?" I have jackman and virgin's bower, but have never seen the others and am anxious to obtain them.

Iowa.

M. E. TRENT.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD please tell me how to get rid of small white flies on plants? My plants are covered with them, and I can't get rid of them.

Lyndon, Vt.

L. M. HILL.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please tell Mrs. A. Heffron that if balsam or lady's slipper is not what she means by touch me-not, perhaps it is a plant by that name which grows wild here. The plant is quite tall and has many branches. The flower is very pretty; they are a reddish orange, (with black spots I think,) they are something the size and shape of larkspur. Like the balsam the seed pod on being touched flies to pieces.

North Bergen, N. Y. MINNIE C. DEAN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some reader of THE HOUSEHOLD please give minute directions for the culture of cineraria? Two years ago, in early spring, I received from a southern HOUSEHOLD friend, a package of bulbs marked "abidum lilles." I planted them in a box of moderately rich earth, covering them perhaps an inch and a half. When the weather was suitable the box was set out doors in partial shade. In four or five months one of them blossomed, a lovely amaryllis like flower, pure white, but no leaves appeared, so in November I planted them over in fresh earth leaving the top of the bulbs uncovered, they immediately sprouted, the foliage being long, narrow, similar to the amaryllis. When they die down I withhold water till they start again, but never a flower, but that one. Will some one tell me how to make them blossom?

ANNA E.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to tell Gretta, in June HOUSEHOLD Conservatory, how I treated my lilac. It is a white one and stood at the west side of the house without blossoms year after year for some ten or twelve years. I said, "If that bush won't blossom soon I shall throw it out, but I will try a little cultivation first." So I dug the soil around the roots and cut off all the suckers—we call them that grow from the roots—and put some horse manure around it digging it well into the soil. The next spring my bush had three blossoms and every spring since it has blossomed well, except once when the frost killed the buds. This spring my white lilacs have been in great demand as it is the only white one in this neighborhood. Its fragrance has gladdened many, and small sprays from its plumes have done great service as button hole bouquets at more than one party this season. I don't know as this treatment will suit Gretta's lilacs or not, but it did mine, and she may try it if she wishes.

TOPSY JANE.

The Nursery.

THE OWL AND THE SPIDER.

In an old belfry tower,
A dry, cozy bower,
Dozed an owl by the hour.
But the bell's sly old clapper
Was a mischievous raper,
And soon waked the napper.
"Mr. Owl, don't you mind him;
With cobwebs I'll bind him,
And round and round wind him."

Thus spoke up a spider,
Strid' like an outrider;
The owl sharply eyed her,
And said: "If he cheat you,
I'll not scold nor beat you,
I'll just merely eat you."

The owl saw her spin
Her web, frail and thin,
Round the bell, out and in.
But, next Sunday morning,
Without a word of warning,
The bell went a storming!
With a clang and a clang,
With a boom and a bang,
The old clapper rang!

The owl didn't chide her,
Rebuke nor deride her,
But he ate up that spider!

Here is a moral, dear children, for you;
Never promise a thing you're not able to do.

—St. Nicholas.

FOR CONSCIENCE'S SAKE.

"HERE, Janet, all the examples are worked out on this piece of paper. Take it into the class, and you'll get through the recitation nicely."

Janet drew back and said, "But I didn't work them out, Alice. It would not be honest."

"Don't be a goose, Janet. Nobody will be likely to ask right up and down whether you did or not."

"But if I make any one think I did, then it will be dishonest all the same."

"Nonsense. Give me the paper, then," said Alice, looking offended.

"I know you mean to be kind, Alice, but don't you see it would be acting a lie?"

"Oh, you're one of the particular sort. You'll be sure not to pass if you're too strict to take a little helping through."

Janet sighed as she took her place, knowing there was a great deal of truth in what Alice had said. Bright and quick in every other study, always taking real delight in the routine of school duty, she had found arithmetic a sad puzzle, and had felt it a great hardship that her general standing depended so much upon it. Examinations for admission to the high school were just now approaching, and the circle of girls with whom she was most friendly, were all hoping to succeed—all but poor Janet, who felt more and more certain that there was no hope of surmounting her old stumbling block.

On the dreaded day upon which the examination in arithmetic took place, the figures seemed to pile themselves before her in mountains, while signs and terms danced before her and mocked her attempts to reduce them to order. She had arrived at the last point of discouragement when desired to go with others to the blackboard.

Well knowing that upon this hour would depend the question of her going back to do over again months of study already done, she tried her very best, but her very anxiety stood in her way. She grew nervous, and made mistakes in the smallest matters.

"You've multiplied wrong there," whispered Sam Fulton, a boy quick at figures, who stood near, and in one glance took in her difficulties with good-natured sympathy. She corrected the mistake, but was soon in a helpless snarl, every rule seeming to go out of her head.

"Invert your term and cancel," again

whispered Sam. But Janet shook her head, laid down the crayon, and went to her seat full of the bitter consciousness of failure.

An hour later she was walking slowly home.

"Wait, Janet," cried a voice behind her, and Sam hurried up. "Why didn't you let me help you when I could?" he asked. "I could have engineered you right through those examples, if you had let me."

"It wouldn't have been right, Sam," she said, shaking her head. "I corrected the mistake in multiplication when you told me, because that was a thing I knew—I just got wrong because I was confused. But I ought to have known those rules without your telling me, and if I had pretended to know them when I didn't, it would have been a lie."

"But perhaps it has made all the difference whether you pass or not."

"Yes, very likely," said Janet sadly.

Sam looked thoughtful.

"Are you always so careful about being right in every thing?"

"Why, I hope so, Sam; everybody ought to be, you know."

Sam was an orphan boy, who had not had the best training. He whistled to himself a minute, and then said:

"I don't believe everybody is, though. I'll tell you a plan I've got in my head, Janet, and see if you think it comes up to your ideas of honesty. You know I go for an hour every evening to post up Mr. Hyde's books."

Sam spoke with a little pride, for he thought it rather a smart thing for a boy of his age, as, indeed, it was.

"Yes," said Janet.

"Well, some of the big boys want me to go on a big frolic with 'em. It will take a little money, and I haven't got any. The fellows have been telling me to borrow it of Mr. Hyde—without saying any thing about it you know—and put it back some other time. When I add up the accounts I can make a little change in the books so no one could tell. The boys say it wouldn't be any harm. Do you think it would?"

He looked into her face, anxious that she should say no, but feeling in the bottom of his heart sure she would say yes.

"Oh, Sam," she cried, "you know it would be wrong. There's no need for me to tell you."

"Why, Janet, don't you see it would just be borrowing? Just to put it back again."

"Taking some one's money without leave isn't borrowing, Sam. There's another name for it—an uglier name."

Sam scowled.

"You don't mean to call me a thief, do you?"

"No," she said very earnestly, "and it's because I don't want any one else to call you so that I say so much. Oh, Sam, don't do it. And don't go with the boys who want you to do such things. I've heard my father talk about young men who began in just such ways, and who kept going on and on till they were found out, and then nobody called it borrowing. If you think it would be no harm, why don't you let Mr. Hyde know about it?"

"Why, Janet!" said Sam, with a start, "I wouldn't let him know it for the world. He'd turn me out in a minute if he knew I thought of such a thing." Janet laughed.

"My mother tells me sometimes that a good way to find out whether a thing is right or wrong, is to think whether you want folks to know it."

"That is a good way," said Sam, thoughtfully. "I believe you're right, Janet; I know you're right. It is better for a fellow to be honest and above board. I want to get on, and I'm going to stick

to your way. People always think better of a chap they know can be trusted."

"But Sam"—Janet laid her hand on his arm, as he was about to run away—"don't think only of how it looks before men. God"—and she pointed upward to the blue sky over their heads—"God hates a lie, and can see to the very bottom of our hearts if we have a false or deceitful thought. Let us try and keep them pure and clean before Him."

Sam looked down at her sober face and said: "I guess there's no danger but you'll keep yours so, Janet. If I hadn't seen how you stood up for what's true—not just true in looks, but true all the way through—I'd never 'a let you talk to me this way;" and he dashed down a path under the spreading trees, and disappeared.

The puzzling lessons and the disheartening failures and the burden of weary repetition seemed to go far away from Janet as she walked on. And the voices of the birds and the brightness of the sunshine and the softness of leaves and grass seemed sweeter than ever before, for the glow of thankfulness in her heart, that she had been blessed with the power

to take a firm stand for truth in word and deed, regardless of the advantage she might seem to gain by the practice of a little deceit; and that in so doing she had been able to set an example to the poor, ill-taught, stumbling boy, whose whole life might be influenced by her earnest words borne out by brave deeds.—Occident.

RAINBOW HENS.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

Carrie had been dyeing faded ribbons and pieces of silk to put in her crazy quilt. On the floor were five little stone jars containing respectively orange, red, blue, pink and green dye. She was well satisfied with what she had accomplished, and felt sure that every one would admire the bright colors in her quilt when it should be finished, but she did not know what to do with all the dye left over.

"I don't like to throw it out," she said, "it seems a pity to waste it."

Lizzie, who was sitting near by stringing daisies for a necklace, contemplated the little jars thoughtfully for a minute, then jumped up with a shout.

"I know what to do with it," she cried. "Don't throw it out, sister. Wait till I speak to Bob," and away she ran to where her brother was making a rabbit hutch in the back yard.

There was a whispered conference lasting about two minutes, then the two children came into the sitting room together, Bob's round freckled face fairly beaming.

"You just give us this dye stuff, Carrie," he said. "We'll make use of it."

"I suppose so. Some mischief, of course," said Carrie.

"We want to surprise Dinah," said Lizzie.

"Hush," said Bob, "you'll let it all out, if you're not careful."

"I should think that by this time you would have given up trying to surprise Dinah," said Carrie. "You can't do it, no matter how hard you work."

"We'll never give up," said Bob, as he left the room, a jar under each arm.

Dinah was the colored cook. She had been in the family a great many years, and had taken care of Bob and Lizzie when they were babies.

"But if I'd known you chilfers would ob growed up so full ob mischief, I'd ob let you take cahr ob your own se'efs," she would often say. "I wouldn't ob tuk no han' in de raisin'. But yo's done raised now, an' I'se got ter make de bes' ob it, I reckon."

The children were full of mischief, and the tricks they played on old Dinah were legion. She declared at last that nothing they could do, would surprise her. She was prepared for any thing. In vain did Bob and Lizzie rack their brains for a plan that would prove this assertion false. They could do nothing that called from her the slightest expression of wonder or surprise.

"Dat's jes' what I'se done been expectin'," she would say calmly, at every fresh piece of mischief. "I didn't look fur nothin' else," and she would laugh over their discomfiture.

"It's no fun playing tricks on her if she won't be surprised," said Bob, ruefully.

"We'll just keep on planning till we find something that will surprise her," said Lizzie with resolution.

They thought they had found that "something" now.

Mrs. Morris never objected to their mischief. She knew her children so well that she felt sure they would never do any thing either rude or unkind. And she knew, too, that they loved old Dinah too well to ever wound or really annoy her.

"I wonder what those children are up to now," said Mr. Morris, as, after supper, Bob took a lantern, and went out to the barn, followed soon after by Lizzie, with a wash basin.

"Some mischief, of course," said his wife. "We shall know all about it by to-morrow, I suppose."

It was fully an hour before the children returned. They were laughing heartily as they came in, as if well satisfied with the work they had been doing. During the evening, they would occasionally look at each other and smile and make signs.

Dinah not only attended to the duties of the kitchen, but she had charge of the dairy and poultry yard as well, and kept the family well supplied with milk, butter and eggs. She was especially fond of the fowls, and was as pleased as a child when one day Mr. Morris brought home twelve large white hens which he had bought at a poultry show.

"Dey looks like little white snow banks a scuddin' round," she said, and she made them her special care. They were not allowed the liberty accorded to their less beautiful companions, but were confined to the hen house and its large yard, never being let out except for a little while in the morning when they were fed.

Bob and Lizzie were in the back yard after breakfast playing "Duck on the rock" when Dinah came out of the kitchen with a big pan of meal dough and a couple of ears of corn.

"Want me to run over and open the hen house door for you?" asked Bob eagerly.

"Yes, if yo's a min' ter, chile."

Off went Bob like a rocket. The hen house door was thrown open in a trice, and the fowls came running out, eager for their morning meal.

Dinah was so intent on mixing her corn and meal, that she did not look up until the fowls were all around her. Then the pan dropped with a crash, the dough fell in a heap, and the frightened fowls scattered in every direction, squawking, and flapping their wings.

"Fur de lan' sake, look a heah," she cried, as Mrs. Morris hurried to the door to see what was the matter.

Well might they look, for on every side were pink, green, orange, red, and blue hens. The white ones were nowhere to be seen.

"I nebbah seen de likes of dat afore. What's done come ober 'em, I wonder," cried old Dinah, unable to comprehend the extraordinary change, and looking upon it as a miracle.

A burst of laughter made her turn

around to see Bob and Lizzie peering around a corner of the woodpile. They were fairly convulsed with merriment.

She surveyed them a moment in silence. Then a look of chagrin came over her good-natured, black face.

"Chillern," she said, as she picked up the empty pan and turned toward the kitchen, "I reckon I'd better gib up. Yo's done s'prised me at last. I warn't lookin' fur dem rainbow hens, an' I woan make out as I was. I'se out an out s'prised, an' a fac's a fac'."

And she was reminded of the surprise for a long time to come, for in spite of her efforts to restore her pet pullets to their former whiteness, it was months before they lost all traces of the dye bath to which they had been treated.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

Number Four.

BY CECIL LEIGH.

The August heats are on, and vacation days are here. Beautiful days they are, too, for studying Flora, as the little folks, and perhaps larger, roam the fields and woods, and revel in the dear delights that nature holds—beautiful mother nature, whispering to her children with a hundred voices and in a thousand ways.

Before the school was dismissed and the children had gone away, we had another Wednesday afternoon, and the bright eyes flashed brighter, as the teacher tried to explain how the seed formed, and encouraged them to look for it in the days that would pass before they assembled in September.

To her surprise and delight, she found they remembered much of their former lessons, upon reviewing the class a little; and if I have many small readers among THE HOUSEHOLD people, who have followed these flower lesson-stories, let them recall the names of the parts of a flower, their divisions, and the two kinds that were given in the last lesson. There is nothing to fix these names like a little practical study in the real thing. By that, I mean gathering a flower and naming its various parts and subdivisions by examining them yourself.

And do not forget the leaves. They are beautiful, forming a background, and giving relief to the flower; and whatever the color of the flower, be it red, white, yellow, or blue, the leaf, you know, is almost always green, and can you imagine a more delightful shade for the eye? It is such a soft and pleasing color, so restful to gaze upon, that the carpet which covers the entire earth is of this same hue—green. I have seen children strip the leaves from a flower or bunch of flowers, in great haste, as though some disgraceful thing which they were to rid themselves of as quickly as possible. This is a mistake. Learn to love the leaves along with the flowers, and to regard with tenderness their rich, glossy greenness.

When the children were each in his place at that last talk the teacher asked if any could tell the object of the flower.

Several hands came up, and the answers from various ones were, "To look pretty," "To make us happy," "To smell sweetly," and "To form bouquets at weddings and other places," all of which were true, and yet not the direct object of the flower in itself, for the teacher told them, and wrote it upon the blackboard, that the object of the flower is the production of seed. She did not attempt to speak in detail of perfect and incomplete flowers, but gave this as a general statement: That the object of the flower in itself is the production of seed, and that, as the season waned, they would find the object of the flower accomplished, and the seed grown.

Then she asked what the central or middle portion was called, around which the stamens grew, and remembering the word "pistol," they were able to recall pistol. This, she told them, or one portion of this, contained the seed, and here was where they must look for it. It is the lower third of the pistol which rests on the *torus*, or receptacle, that holds the seed pod where the seed grows.

She told them all through the fields and woods the beautiful wild flowers grew, and they could find and gather whole handfuls which they could easily resolve into parts.

The flower lessons in the school of little folks were drawing to a close, but the teacher was sure from what she had seen, and from the interest manifest, the fruits of her teaching were not wholly lost. "Scatter seed," had been her motto, and she felt sure the harvest would be plentiful.

Teachers, scatter seed everywhere, not only in the study of botany, but in every study, and doubt not the reaping. Besides, there is a spirit that will emanate from the teacher to the pupils that they will begin to seek, and investigate for themselves, asking questions that will cause others to think, thus sending the good work on.

Let none of THE HOUSEHOLD pupils, however young or weak they may be, imagine they can gain nothing or learn nothing; just keep your eyes and ears open, and in that busiest of workshops, the school room, it can never be said of you as of a little boy a gentleman once met on the way to school with his lunch pail in hand, and asked, "Well, my son, I suppose you learn to read at school?"

"No, sir!"

"What! Not learn to read? Then you learn to spell?"

"No, sir!"

"Not spell! Do you count?"

"No, sir!"

"Ah, my boy! What do you do?"

"Wait for school to let out."

ETHEL'S SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON.

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

That was little Ethel's text; and she was trying to learn it, by saying it over and over again, as she walked up and down the sitting room.

I was sitting by the window reading a volume of Littell's Living age; and my dog Ponto was stretched out before the fire, right in Ethel's way, as she walked the floor. So it happened that, in the very middle of the verse, she stumbled, and lost her temper.

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall—there take that, you clumsy dog, always in everybody's way."

So saying, she gave him a spiteful kick, which he returned with a spiteful snap, which tore a hole in her "go-to-meeting" frock. Then she picked up a poker to give him a blow; but Ponto seized it so savagely that I was afraid he would really bite her, and I was forced to send him out of the room, and take Ethel in my lap to stop her crying.

"I am very glad you lost your temper," said I.

She wiped her eyes at once, and asked in great wonder:

"Why, what for?"

"Oh, because it was a very bad temper; and I hope that, now you've lost it, you'll get a better one to take its place."

"Where can I get it?" she inquired.

"Out of your verse, which you have learned how to say, but have not yet learned to practice."

"How do you know I shouldn't practice it? I've had no chance yet to try."

"Yes, you did have a first-rate chance

to practice it on Ponto; and you didn't do it," was my answer.

"What!" cried the little girl, "practice Sunday-school lessons on dogs!"

"Certainly," said I, "did you never hear that a merciful man is merciful to his beast? And a merciful Ethel will be merciful to Ponto. Your lessons will not do you much good, unless the dog and the cat and all your pets get the benefit of them."

Ethel shook her head at that, and wanted to know if Sunday-schools were not meant to fit boys and girls to go to heaven, and live with the angels. So I had to tell her that they certainly were meant for that. "But first," I said, "they must fit them to live on the earth."

"Besides," I added, "no one will ever be an angel who kicks a dog that hasn't done him any harm."

Well, I can't tell you all the questions she asked me, and all I said to her in return; but what it amounted to, was this:

"When a little stream flows out of a spring, everybody and every thing gets the benefit of it. The fishes swim in it, the flowers drink of it, the trees drink of it, birds, dogs, cattle, men, women and children, too, all drink of it, and are helped, strengthened and refreshed. So, when one of your Sunday-school lessons has been perfectly learned by one who is eager to practice it, it will do some good to everybody and every thing he meets. Dogs, cats and birds will get the benefit of it, as well as men, women and children. Let me see how boys and girls treat animals, and I can tell pretty well how much good their Sunday-school lessons have done them. Did you ever see any one throw stones at a kitten, or torment a poor dog with snow balls, or stand at the corner of Washington street and knock down the swallows that were flying near the ground? I have seen such things, and I have said to myself: 'That boy (or girl) has not yet learned his Sunday-school lesson.' For I think that every lesson of kindness which is good to be practiced toward human beings is also good to be practiced toward birds and dogs and other animals."

Just then we heard Ponto scratching at the door, and Ethel jumped down from my lap saying,

"I'll practice my lesson on Ponto."

And, when she let him in, they were friends directly, and began to frolic so merrily that I could scarcely read my book. But, before Ethel went to bed, I read her these lines from the book, which she afterwards learned, and recited to her teacher at Sunday-school:

"He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast;
He prayeth best, who loveth best
All creatures, great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

—Christian Register.

ETIQUET FOR CHILDREN.

Use no slang words. Always say, "yes, sir," "no, sir," "yes, papa," "no, papa," "thank you," "good night," "good morning." Clean hands, clean clothes, clean shoes, hair arranged smoothly and clean finger nails, indicate good breeding. Never leave your clothes about the room. Have a place for every thing and every thing in its place. Rap before entering a room and never leave it with your back towards the company. Remember this. Never sit on your feet or directly in front of any one. Never put your feet on cushions, chairs or tables; always offer your seat to a lady or old gentleman. Never look over any one while writing or reading, nor talk or read aloud while others are reading. Never talk or whisper in public places, and especially in a private room when any one is singing or playing or talking.

Never tell tales, make faces, call names, ridicule the lame, mimic the unfortunate, nor be cruel to insects, birds or animals. Be very careful to injure no one's feelings by unkind remarks. IRENE LUNT.

THE MOTHER'S CHAIR.

A MOTHER'S TACT.

The mother was sewing busily, and Josie, sitting on the carpet beside her, and provided with dull, rounded scissors, and some old magazines, was just as busily cutting out pictures.

"It would litter the carpet"—so said Aunt Martha, who had come in for a cosy chat. Mamma knew this, but she knew too that a few minutes' work would make all right again, and Josie was happy.

All went well until the little boy found that he had cut off the leg of a horse that he considered a marvel of beauty. I was a real disappointment and grief to the little one.

"Mamma see!" and half crying, he held it up.

"Play he's holding up one foot," the mother said quickly.

"Do real horses, mamma?"

"O, yes, sometimes."

"I will"—and sunshine chased away the cloud that in another minute would have rained down.

It was a little thing, the mother's answer; but the quick sympathy, the ready tact, made all right. The boy's heart was comforted, and he went on with his play, while the mother sewed on with no jar on nerves or temper, and auntie's call lost none of its pleasantness.

"I am tired cutting pies, mamma," said Josie, after a while.

"Well, get your horse-wagon, and play those bits of paper are wood, and you're going to bring me a load. Draw it over to that corner by the fire, and put them into the kindling-box; play that's the wood-house."

Pleased and proud, the little teamster drew load after load till the papers were all picked up, without his ever thinking that he was doing any thing but play.

"Well, I declare," said Aunt Martha, "old as I am, I've learned one thing today, and I wish Emily would come in and take lessons, I do."

Mrs. Waldo looked up in some surprise.

"What do you mean, auntie?"

"Well, I spent yesterday afternoon over there, the old lady had a weakness for visiting, and was 'auntie' to people generally, "and things were in a snarl and high-de-low all the time, starting with less than Josie's given you a dozen times since I sat here. I've had a good talk with you, and you've given me pleasant thoughts for a week to come; over there we couldn't hear ourselves speak. It was 'Don't do that,' and 'You naughty child,' spill, and scratch, and break, and tumble, scold, and slap half the time. Emily means well; she loves her children, and never spares herself sewing for them, or nursing them when they are sick. She has a world of patience some ways, but she don't seem to have any faculty for managing them. Well, well, I'll send her over here, only I won't let on why," and the old lady rolled up her knitting as the bell rang for tea.

A little tact springing from thoughtful love, how good it is!—*Zion's Watchman*.

—The best music—the laughter of an innocent child.

—What is the happiness of our life made up of? Little courtesies, little kindnesses, pleasant words, genial smiles, a friendly letter, and good deeds.

The Library.

THE OLD SCHOOL BOOK.

On the old school book in its dusty nook,
With a tearful eye I gaze;
Come down, old friend, for an hour we'll spend
In talk of the by-gone days.
I gaze once more, as in days of yore,
On tasks that vexed the brain—
The lesson done and victory won—
And I feel I'm a child again.

I seem to stand with the youthful band,
In the old house on the green;
I hear the fun, ere the school begun,
And join in the gladsome scene.
I take my place with a sober face;
O'er the well carved desk I bend,
And hourly pore o'er the learned lore
Of thy wondrous page, old friend.

Then our cares were few and our friends were true,
And our griefs were rare and light;
The world was nought (so we fondly thought)
But a region of pure delight.
But time has sped, and our path has led
Through the dark and tearful scene;
And passed away are the good and gay,
Like the old house on the green.

But we'll sing no more of the days of yore,
For the tear drop dims the eye;
Sleep on, old book, in thy dusty nook,
As in years that have glided by.
No guilt we trace in thy honest face;
But a mine of gold within
Enriched the youth as they sought for truth,
In the old house on the green.

—Exchange.

CHAUTAUQUA STUDIES.

BY JEANIE DEANS.

Number Five.

THE Chautauqua reading course virtually closes in June. The prescribed course of the C. L. S. C. is arranged with a summer vacation, July, August, and September. Since it is the rule, the fashion I might say, for the people of America to have a summer outing, no matter how comfortable, cool, and airy, their own domain, of course Chautauquans are expected to sally forth, wool-gathering, we may call it.

The summer institutes arranged for teachers and those acquiring higher culture are scattered here and there about our country and are usually delightful and instructive, but we believe we speak safely when we say Chautauqua takes the lead. Lake Chautauqua, western New York, is the rallying point. Here Chautauqua watch-fires are lighted and the true spirit burns. Here is also the "Hall in the Grove" to heart and memory dear, unto all who enter its charmed precincts. Beneath its arch its members are graduated and receive their well-earned diploma. Here they hear the swelling echoes of

"Bright again gleams Chautauqua's wave,
And green her forest arches."

This is such a beautiful anniversary ode that we copy in full the last paragraph.

"From the vast ocean shore of thought
We bring our earliest treasure,
With many a golden memory fraught,
And many a lofty measure;
We offer now our work to Him,
Whose loving light hath guided,
Thro' pathways to our knowledge dim,
From His great thought divided."

Each class, like any college, has its class song. That of '82 was written by Miss Josephine Pollard; besides, there is a book, "Chautauqua Songs," that each C. L. S. C. member receives. Here, at this beautiful spot, are these inspiring songs heard, here, also, the "oration," by some noted, talented man of our land, and the direct charge and address to the class by Dr. Vincent, the projector, and superintendent of instruction of this famed and popular course. But besides commencement day which occurs sometime in August, there are many and varied attractions not pertaining directly to the C. L. S. C. The Sunday school work is a wise and lofty enterprise, and the language school and scientific school are each in its way eminently instructive. Here flock teachers and friends of educa-

tion from all points of the compass; here also come the mind-weary and world-weary, for rest and recuperation. The field is indeed a wide one and growing larger.

During the present month (August) the members of the class of '84 will take their diplomas at Chautauqua and elsewhere. All through our land, in pleasant homes, singly and in circles, has the silent work been busy; now has come fruition; now has the bud of promise unfolded, and behold! the fruit is ready. One may receive his diploma and a full report of proceedings, by walking no farther from his home than the post-office, where he will find his diploma and the "Assembly Herald," a paper giving the story, but if means and inclination point toward the central spot, it is better to be there.

Besides New York, there are the "Branch" Chautauquas, one of which is at Framingham, Mass. This is the New England branch. Here Chautauqua fires are kindled, (Athenian watch-fires,) and a well-filled program enacted. Ah me! Tell us not the world is at a stand-still or worse yet, going backward. The nineteenth century has witnessed great and mighty deeds making room, opening a highway, as we believe for still greater works in the hundred years to come. Progression is the watch-word of the age.

We are not much acquainted with the class of '84, the present seniors, but the New England branch of '85 has chosen for its president Rev. J. E. Fullerton, Hopkinton, Mass., and Albert B. Comey, South Framingham, Mass., secretary and treasurer.

Says a circular received from the secretary, "The names are from all parts of our New England, from amid the forests and islands of Maine, the granite hills of New Hampshire and Vermont, from quiet villages of Connecticut, and one from the extreme end of Cape Cod. Let us fail not," adds the secretary, "to keep in mind our class motto: 'We press on, reaching after those things which are before.' Any one of '85 sending name and address to the secretary at South Framingham, Mass., will doubtless receive a circular. Lake View Assembly grounds is the Chautauqua of New England.

We believe the memorial days have been alluded to in some of the "Studies." They may be made points of especial interest if one is so disposed. Chautauqua text book number 7, is a memorial book each recorded member receives; and as we turn to Longfellow's day our eyes rest upon "A Psalm of Life." Instantly our thoughts turn backward, and we see the little district school house, time-worn and weather-beaten, or, mayhap, the more pretentious seminary, where our wisdom and lore in early years were obtained, and we seem a child again, with a well-thumbed reader or first class book in hand, while we give according to our best powers of elocution,

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream,
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem."

And how the heart of the farmer's lad, or the buoyant spirits of the laughing lass tune to a fuller rhythm as the last verse is reached:

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

All this and much more passes through the mind as we reach this day. Following this comes "The Hanging of the Crane" and "The Ladder of St. Augustine." Extracts from the lives or works of each author are given in this little book, and although we intend in no wise to review it, we wish to give a short extract from our late, lamented President Garfield. "For every village, state, and nation, there is an aggregate of native tal-

ent that God has given, and by which, together with his providence, he leads that nation on, and thus leads the world. In the light of these truths we affirm that no man can understand the history of any nation or of the world, who does not recognize in it the power of God and behold his stately goings forth as he walks among the nations. It is his hand that is moving the vast superstructure of human history, and though but one of the windows were unfurnished, like that of the Arabian palace, yet all the powers of earth could never complete it without the aid of the divine Architect."

The C. L. S. C. has the spirit of delightful fellowship that belongs to the college. Its "mottoes," "songs," "memorial days," "vesper services," "diplomas," "commencement days," "seals," etc., give a peculiar charm to it, and kindle intense enthusiasm among its members.

The books and the subscription to the "Chautauqua," cost from six to seven dollars per year. Two or three persons may use a single set and thus save expense. The "tuition fee" is fifty cents a year. For information concerning the C. L. S. C. address Miss Kate F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J. For the monthly magazine, The Chautauquan, which contains nearly half the required reading, address Dr. T. L. Flood, Meadville, Pa.

"There is a gentle, but perfectly irresistible, coercion in the habit of reading, well-directed, forming the whole tenor of a man's character and conduct, which is not the less effectual because it works insensibly, and because it is really the last thing he dreams of."

"Whatever expands the affections or enlarges the sphere of our sympathies, whatever makes us feel our relation to the universe and all that it inherits in time and in eternity, to the great and beneficent cause of all, must unquestionably refine our nature, and elevate us in the scale of being."

Many more such extracts we might quote showing how great a force in our lives is reading. How wise he who attends to this matter in a systematic, well-directed manner. He will, indeed, have builded better than he knew and his children shall rise up and call him blessed.

HISTORY OF THE ALPHABET.

How many of the millions that daily use the alphabet ever stop to think of its origin and long history? In the true spirit of a student, Isaac Taylor a well-known English writer on philosophical and philological subjects, has recently written and published, in London, two stout volumes under the title: "The Alphabet, an Account of the Origin and Development of Letters." It is only by help of recent discoveries of early inscriptions and the progress in the art of reading lost languages and deciphering hitherto unknown symbols, that such a well posted history has become possible. By careful study of the learned essays and scientific investigations of the latest philologists, Taylor has set forth in language of easy comprehension the origin of the alphabet, showing that our own "Roman" letters may be followed back to their very beginning, some twenty or more centuries ago, as he asserts. We have no more letters, according to this account, than those of the Italian printers of the fifteenth century. These were imitated from the beautiful manuscripts of the tenth and eleventh centuries, the lettering of these being derived from the Roman of the Augustan age. Roman letters, in their turn, are traced to those employed at Rome in the third century B. C., and these do not differ greatly from specimens used in the earliest existing specimens of Latin writing, dating from the

fifth century B. C. The primitive alphabet of Rome was derived from a local form of the Greek alphabet, in use about the sixth century B. C., and that was a variety of the earliest Greek alphabet belonging to the eighth, or even to the ninth century B. C. The Greeks got their letters from the Phoenicians, and theirs are clearly traceable in the most ancient known form of the Semitic.

The most ancient of books, a papyrus found at Thebes, and now preserved in the French national library, supplies the earliest forms of the letters used in the Semitic alphabet. The stone tables of the law could have been possible to the Jews only because of their possession of an alphabet, and thus the bible and modern philological science unite in ascribing a common origin to the alphabet which is in daily use throughout the world. The nineteenth century B. C. is held by Taylor to be the approximate date of the origin of the alphabetic writing, and from that time it grew by slow degrees, while from Egypt, the home of the Jews during their long captivity, the knowledge of their captivity was carried in all directions where alphabets are now found.

The Aryans are thought to have been the first to bring the primitive alphabet to perfection, and each letter and each sound may be traced, by Taylor's careful analysis through all the changes that have marked the growth, progress, and, in some instances, the decay of different letters of various alphabets. It is an interesting fact that the oldest known "A, B, C" in existence is a child's alphabet, scratched on a little ink bottle of black ware, found in one of the oldest Greek settlements in Italy, attributed to the fifth century B. C. The earliest letters and many later ones are known only by inscriptions, and it is the rapid increase, by recent discoveries, of these precious fragments that has inspired more diligent research and quickened the zeal of learned

students in mastering the elements of knowledge of their origin and history throughout the world. As late as 1876 there were found in Cyprus some bronze plates inscribed with Phoenician characters, dating back to the tenth, even the eleventh century B. C.

Coins, engraved gems, inscribed statues, and, last of all, the Siloam inscription, found in 1880, at Jerusalem, on the wall of an old tunnel, have supplied new material for the history. From the common mother of many alphabets, the Phoenician, are descended the Greek and other European systems on the one side, including that which we use and have the greatest interest in; and on the other, the alphabets of Asia, from which have sprung those of the East, Syriac, Arabic, and Hebrew.—Ex.

KEEPING IN.

"Pupils are kept in at recess and after school to study." This is literally a crying evil. It is a custom handed down to us from the past, and sanctioned by age; but teachers are preceiving its enormity, and are fast discarding the practice. It is both unnecessary and injurious. Scholars may be profitably directed to remain after school for the purpose of receiving suggestions, counsel, etc., from the teacher, but not to study, and at recess never! The object of an intermission is to preserve the health of the pupil. Nature demands this, and it is her right. No teacher should rob a child of legitimate exercise. It is a physical wrong. Moreover, in play the superabundant flow of the animal spirits is worked off, and that force is employed in throwing a ball, or running a race, which would otherwise find vent in mischief or restlessness. The whole fifteen minutes

usually given is demanded, and the thoughtful teacher, instead of depriving a pupil of any of those precious moments, should urge every one to use them in the best manner possible. It is well to explain this object, especially to the few studious girls who are inclined to keep their desks at that time, and to convince them of their duty to preserve their health, and that play-hours should be as sacredly devoted to recuperation as study hours to work. Even when the weather is unfavorable for out-door sports, the necessary relaxation can be secured by throwing open the windows far enough to obtain fresh air (taking pains that no one shall receive the direct draught) and then putting the school through the light gymnastics.

Keeping a pupil after school to learn a lesson is wrong in principle. It begets a dislike for the teacher, the school-room, the study, and all connected with it. What should be a delight, is made a punishment. Moreover, it punishes the teacher as much as it does the pupil. It wearies him unnecessarily, and, depriving him of time for rest and study, unfits him for work, and so robs the school of its right—his best services. The difficulty with the pupil is generally an inability to concentrate the mind upon the lesson. If that cannot be secured during the fresh, vigorous hours of the day, under the inspiration of the class, and example of companions, the teacher may well despair of success under less favorable conditions.—*Ex.*

CHIMES, AND HOW THEY ARE RUNG.

BY A. F. MATTHEWS.

Bells may be rung in two ways: First, by swinging them with rope and wheel; and secondly, by striking them either upon the outside or inside with hammers, the bell itself being stationary. In England the former method of rope and wheel was almost universally adopted, requiring a man for each bell. From this method we get that interesting and peculiarly English kind of chime music known as the "changes," which gave England the name of the Ringing Island. In Belgium, however, the stationary method was used. Chimes played in this manner were rung by one person and were called carillons, because the Italian *quadriglio* or quadrille, "a dreary kind of dance music," was the first ever played upon them. To play upon carillons the performers used an instrument known as the "clavecin," a kind of rough keyboard arranged in semitones. Each key was connected by wire or rope with a hammer, which struck the bell when a sharp blow was given the key with a gloved fist. This machine was necessarily extremely crude at first; and since chimes have never been played half so well as in the days of this invention, it is all the greater wonder that the art ever progressed at all. Recently some great masterpieces in chime music have been found, which were composed and played at Louvain in the latter half of the last century, by the most skillful and wonderful chimer who ever lived, Matthias van den Gheyn.

No one in Europe or America can now be found who is able to play this music, which rivals in the depth and subtlety of its composition some of the finest works of Bach, Mozart, or Beethoven. Hence the inference is that the art of playing carillons has sadly declined, with small prospect of ever recovering the lost ground.—*July Atlantic.*

—Mr. Robert Clarke, of Cincinnati, has a manuscript poem by Robert Burns, written in 1794, entitled "Ode for Washington's Birthday." It is in a good state of preservation.

CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please let me ask if any member of the Band has the words or music or both to the old negro song in which these lines occur:

"They worked me all the day, without a cent of pay
I took my flight in the middle of the night, and I've going
to run away."

I am not sure this is the way it is worded, but it is as near as I can remember.

North Bergen, N. Y. MINNIE C. DEAN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send me the words of the song commencing,

"O, cradle me on your knee, mamma,
And sing me that holy song," etc?

I will return the favor, if possible.

*ALICE M. GILMAN.
223 8th St. S. E., Minneapolis, Minn.*

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the Band furnish me with the song entitled "Old Black Joe," words and music? I will send stamps or exchange other music. DELLA M. BEELER.

Highland, Kan.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the Band send me the words of a song entitled "Bird of Beauty?" The first two lines are,

"Bird of beauty whose bright plumage
Sparkles with a thousand dyes."

I could send a piece of music in exchange, if desired.

*MRS. S. L. PARKS.
Gayton, Emmons Co., D. T.*

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of your numerous readers furnish me with the poem entitled "Missing?" One verse of it is,

"Far away through all the autumn,
In a lonely, lonely glade,
In a dreary desolation,
That the battle storm had made;
With the rust upon his musket,
In the eve and in the morn;
In the rank gloom of the fern leaves,
Lies her noble, brave first-born."

I would like to know the name of the author.

Prairie Home, Mo. BESSIE BURNS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send me the words to the song called "The Moonlight Ramble," I think?

*MRS. E. A. MOON.
Bakersfield, Kern Co., Cal.*

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any one send me the words to the song, "Fly away to Your Home in the Shade, Pretty Moth?" I am quite anxious to get them, and will return the favor, if possible.

*MRS. M. W. McCREADY.
Spokane Falls, Spokane Co., Washington Ter.*

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of your readers send me the words of a song beginning with the lines,

"Will the New Year come to-night, mamma,
I'm tired of waiting so,
I hung my stocking by the chimney side,
Full three long days ago,"

also, one beginning as follows:

"A kitten once to its mother said,
I'll nevermore be good,
But I'll go and be a robber fierce,
And live in a dreary wood?"

I will return the postage.

*MRS. W. B. TUCKER.
Collinsville, Solano Co., Cal.*—*Grizzly Island.*

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of your readers please send me the song, "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower," also, an old song, or the words, the chorus of which commences,

"Oh! what a row," etc?

I will return postage.

*MRS. C. H. POTTER.
Providence, R. I.*

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to ask if any of the sisters will send me the words of the song commencing,

"An old man sat at the window,
A counting over his loss."

also, the song some part of which is as follows:

"At dawn a traveler passed by,
She lay beneath the snowy vail,
The frost of death was in her eye,
Her cheek was thin and wan and pale."

I will return the favor in any way I can.

Fairmount, Neb. MRS. ANNA STILES.

THE REVIEWER.

We lay down Miss Jewett's little story of *A COUNTRY DOCTOR* with the wish that we had it still to read, though it is well worth a longer acquaintance. Although it can scarcely be called a novel the book presents such a pure, simple, restful picture of country life that we do not miss the lack of stirring incident or thrilling plot in any but a pleasant man-

ner. The slight love story introduced near the end of the book is of too little import to make itself a strong point in the story, and we are not surprised that the heroine is not willing to give up her career for the sake of the commonplace young man who, beside Dr. Leslie, makes an indifferent hero. We will not destroy the reader's pleasure by any analysis of the story, for we are sure that it will give pleasure to all intelligent readers. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Brattleboro: Cheney & Clapp.

WILD WOODS LIFE, a trip to Parmar-

chenee, by Captain Charles A. J. Farrar, is a capital sketch of camp life and adventure in the woods of Maine. Taking up the story of the party of boys so many other boys knew and liked in "Eastward Ho"—to which the present volume is a sequel—it carries them into new fields and through new pleasures and dangers which will be appreciated by the young readers to whom such stories are always interesting, and who will be glad

to know that this is but the second of a series of six books in which the same company of boys hunt, and fish, and shoot, and explore, to the delight of the other boys who read about them. Price 10 cents. Port Dover, Ont.: Rev. S. F. Grady.

We have received copies of *WHAT IS TO BE DONE*, an emergency hand book, by Dr. Robert B. Dixon, containing many useful hints for children and adults, and, also, many which we cannot recom-

mand as either useful or wise, price 30 cents; *WHIRLWINDS, CYCLONES AND TOR-*

NADOES, by Prof. W. M. Davis, 50 cents; and *BROKEN ENGLISH*, a Frenchman's struggles with the English language, 50 cents. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: Cheney & Clapp.

TOKOLOGY, A Book for Women, by

Dr. Alice B. Stockham, a revised and enlarged edition of the author's book upon maternity. Price \$2.00. Sanitary Pub.

Co., 159 La Salle St., Chicago.

Those who anticipate a pleasant hour with the *ATLANTIC* will not be disappointed when they open the July number, and turn as a matter of course to Dr. Mitchell's story, "In War Times," of which there is a generous installment, while all readers will enjoy the delightful paper on "Bird-Gazing in the White Mountains," by Bradford Torrey. "A Cook's Tourist in Spain," we are glad to see marked I.—sure promise of more to follow. Wm. Henry Bishop contributes a sketch of life in a Chinese fishing village on the Pacific coast, entitled "Choy Susan. An interesting sketch of eastern travel, "Beaten by a Giaour," is contributed by O. H. Durward, and there are several other papers of interest. There are poems by Eliot C. True, E. S. F., and T. B. Aldrich, the "Five Quartrains" of the latter being full of the delicate charm characteristic of all his writings. The Contributors' Club is always readable and the editorial departments are excellent, as usual. \$4.00 a year. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The July number of *CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE* offers the usual excellent variety of entertaining and useful matter. "A Pilgrimage to Holy Island," by one of the pilgrims, is charming, both in reading and illustration and "The Story of Auld Robin Gray," will be read with interest by all lovers of the old Scotch ballad. "How to Paint Door Panels," "The Garden in June," and "Little Lessons in Household Surgery," are practical and helpful papers, and there are pleasant articles in lighter vein for story readers. A charming song and prettily illustrated poem are given, and all ladies will be interested in "What to Wear," and "Remunerative Employments for Gentlewomen." "The Gatherer" is full of interesting and instructive items. \$1.50 a year. New York: Cassell & Co.

The numbers of *LITTELL'S LIVING AGE* for June 21st and 28th and July 5th, contain "James Hope-Scott," *Quarterly*; "Frederick Denison Maurice," *British Quarterly*; "The Princess Alice's Letters," *Contemporary*; "Italia Redenta," "The Clothes of Religion," and "Letters from an Idle Woman's Post-Bag, 1884," *National Review*; "Fashionable Philosophy," *Blackwood*; "Henry Greville's Diary," and "Hayward's Essays," *Temple Bar*; "My Arab," *Cornhill*; "The Library of a Lady in the Seventeenth Century," *Leisure Hour*; *Valentine Baker*, *Army and Navy Magazine*; "Wild Flowers of Irish Speech," "Instruction in Geography," and "The Clothes of Religion," *Spectator*; Dr. Goodford and Tennyson on "The Princess," *Academy*; "Five Letters of Pope," *Athenaeum*; "The Abandonment of Wind-Power," *Chambers' Journal*; "Arminius Vambery," and "Earthquakes in England," *All the Year Round*; "The Coins of Venice," *Antiquary*; "Wharton's Commentaries," *London Literary World*; with installments of "The Baby's Grandmother," "Beauty and the Beast," "A

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

THOMAS MOORE.

1. Those ev'ning bells, those ev'ning bells, How many a tale their
 2. Those joy-ous hours are past a-way, And many a heart that
 3. And so 'twill be when I am gone, That tuneful peal will

mus - ic tells, Of youth and home and that sweet time, When last I heard their soothing chime ! Of youth and home and then was gay, Within the tomb now darkly dwells, And hears no more those ev'-ning bells, With-in the tomb now still ring on, While other bards shall walk these dells, And sing your praise, sweet ev'-ning bells, While other bards shall

that sweet time, When last I heard their sooth-ing chime !
 dark -ly dwells, And hears no more those ev'-ning bells.
 walks these dells, And sing your praise, sweet ev'-ning bells.

Mysterious Dwelling," "Moonlight and Floods" and "Mitchelhurst Place," and poetry. A new volume begins with July. \$8.00 a year. Boston; Littell & Co.

The June CONTINENT contains an unusual variety of interesting material from the pens of writers who are well and favorably known. Among them are John Vance Cheney, who writes of Richard Henry Dana, Margaret Vandegrift, who contributes a pleasing story entitled "A Permanent Investment," Mary N. Prescott and D. H. R. Goodale, who have poems, Rose Porter, who begins in this number a short serial, "Poetry and Prose; or, a Honeymoon Dinner," Henry C. McCook, the course of whose "Tenants of an Old Farm" brings him once more to the consideration of spiders, which are his specialty, and others. The issue of a monthly edition of THE CONTINENT in addition to the regular weekly numbers is certainly justified by such installments as this part for June. The illustrations are generous in number, and of excellent quality. \$4.00 a year. New York: The Continent Publishing Co.

ST. NICHOLAS for July is a veritable "Fourth of July" number, opening as it should with the patriotic story of "How the Tories Broke up Meeting," by Emma W. Demerritt, followed by Mr. Hooper's sketch of "A Fourth of July among the Indians," which will delight the boy readers. All the little people will be glad to welcome Gasper from his uncomfortable prison in the big tree with his "Scarlet Tanager." Mr. Thompson's serial of the "Boy Hunters," reaches an exciting point, and "Historic Boys" takes up the story of "The Last Lord of the Manor of Rensselaerswick." The illustrations in Mr. Barnard's

interesting sketch of the Bartholdi statue give an excellent idea of its magnitude. Other interesting and instructive articles, several charming poems, and the usual variety in illustration make up a most attractive number. \$3.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

With the June number THE ART FOLIO enters upon its second volume. This new venture in art literature has won for itself a deserved success. The present number offers a generous variety of illustrations among which the two pages devoted to Nantasket beach, and the White Mountains are especially timely and excellent. The different departments are well sustained. "Home Art" and "Notes of Travel," are full of interesting items, and there is a short chapter devoted to fashion. \$3.00 a year. Providence, R. I.: J. A. and R. A. Reid.

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY for July is a charming number of the favorite little magazine for young children. Its pretty illustrations and stories will delight all the wee readers. \$1.50 a year. Boston: The Russell Publishing Co.

THE PAPER WORLD for July contains much that is interesting to others than the paper makers and consumers, to whom it is a most valuable publication. The opening paper, "History of Envelope Making," is an article of great interest, and the remaining pages of the magazine contain much readable and useful matter. Aside from the interest and value of its contents, it is always a pleasure to note the beauty of print and paper, a marked feature of this enterprising monthly. \$2.00 a year. Holyoke, Mass.: Clark W. Bryan & Co.

We have received a copy of SONG WORSHIP, a new collection of Sunday school music, compiled by Emerson & Sherwin, containing a number of excellent and pleasing songs within the scope of children's voices. 25 cents. Boston: O. Ditson & Co. Brattleboro: Cheney & Clapp.

We have received a copy of 1000 POPULAR QUOTATIONS from standard authors. The book also contains a quantity of selections for writing in autograph albums. In paper covers at 25 cents. Cloth, 50 cents. New York: J. S. Oglevie & Co.

Blanche Willis Howard, author of "Guenn" and "One Summer," has written for ST. NICHOLAS a short story of child-life in Germany, which will appear in the August number of the magazine.

NEW MUSIC: We have received from Russell Brothers, 126 Tremont St., Boston, "Characteristic Piece," by F. Kiel, 30 cents; "Never Again," song by David Roberts, 40 cents; "The Patient Angler," selection from the comic operetta, "The Widow," 30 cents; "Tell My Darling that I Love Her," song by Richard Stahl, 40 cents; and four numbers of Russell's Musical Library.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

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

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

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for July. \$5.00 a year. New York: The North American Review.

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

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for July. \$3.00 a year. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN for July. \$2.00 a year. Boston: The Wheelman Co.

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

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for July. \$2.00 a year. New York: Fowler & Wells.

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for July. \$2.00 a year. New York: W. Jennings Demorest.

THE MOTHER'S MAGAZINE AND FAMILY CIRCLE for June. \$1.50 a year. New York: Box 3157.

THE LITERARY NEWS for July. \$1.00 a year. New York: The Literary News, 31 Park Row.

NOTES AND QUERIES for July and August. \$1.00 a year. Published bi-monthly. Manchester, N. H.: S. C. and L. M. Gould.

THE PANSY for July. 75 cents a year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

THE ELECTRA for July. \$2.00 a year. Louisville, Ky.: Miss I. M. Leyburn.

THE UNIVERSE for July. \$1.50 a year. St. Louis, Mo.: The Universe Publishing Co.

THE A, B, C PATHFINDER AND RAILWAY GUIDE. 25 cents a number. \$2.50 a year. Boston: The New England Railway Publishing Co.

THE MUSICAL RECORD for July. \$1.00 a year. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

SILENT CULTURE for June. \$1.00 a year. New York: W. B. Smith & Co.

The Dispensary.

STAMMERING CHILDREN.

Part II.

BY PROF. FRANK A. BRYANT.

IN NOTHING is the old adage, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" of more import than in case of children who are liable to contract this habit. No child should be allowed to associate with another person or child who stammers, for, there is in some natures an unconscious imitative propensity peculiar to themselves and they involuntarily take up the habits of their companions; others again imitate the defective utterances of their comrades for sport, and, in either case, particularly the former, is there great danger of its permanent acquisition.

It is advantageous that the defect does not usually appear until the child has learned to talk, ordinarily between the third and sixth years; it is also favorable that it does not show its full force at once, thus giving an opportunity for its early correction.

Parents should not be frightened with the magnitude of the evil and stand idly by, saying, "I can do nothing;" neither should they be quieted by the suggestion of friends, perhaps the family physician, that "it's nothing, the child will outgrow it." Possibly, and it is hopeful, he may; but the chances are he will not, at least not until the disorder has made an unfavorable impression upon his mind that affects not only his vocal and conversational powers, but extends to other acts as well.

This being a nervous affection, and inasmuch as the healthy action of the nerves is dependent upon a correct physical state, the child's needs in this respect should be the first thought under consideration.

Good, wholesome, and nutritious food should be provided, in moderate quantities and at regular intervals, even though the times of eating be not far apart, avoiding rich, sweet, indigestible puddings and pies as well as spices, condiments and stimulants of a similar character; all these tending to keep the nervous system in a weak, excited and vivified condition. There is in this connection a precaution, which would be gladly left out, but justice to our subject demands its attention; and it is, as is well known, that children in general have a terrible enemy in what is commonly called—worms. It is confidently asserted that this cause of irritation to the intestinal canal and stomach, extending thence to the nervous system, has more to do with speech derangements in children and youth than is usually thought. Habits of early retiring should be closely followed, giving plenty of sound, refreshing sleep and rest to excited brain and nerves, and together with suitable exercise, frequent bathing and whatever means tend to promote the general health, should be the first and continued care of parent and teacher.

Difficult as it may be to regulate the physical health, the psychical and didactic part of the treatment will be found still more so, yet only so, because the educator must now work with material less tangible and over which he has less control. Prompt action should be taken by one whom the child respects and loves, others will only make the matter worse by attempting any course of correction. He should be removed as much as possible from exciting surroundings and persons who act or speak in an excited, nervous manner; he should be spared harshness and cruel expressions calculated to shock

his nerves. Do not let him indulge in sudden bursts of temper, or be subject to irritation either from others or troubles of his own.

A child should never be caused to laugh inordinately by being tickled; and the same may be said of long spells of crying and grieving, as attempts to speak in these conditions of mind and muscle can be spasmodic and broken. This is not to say he should be made a baby of; by no means, rather the contrary course should be adopted, and let kind, firm, well-directed discipline prevent him from falling into habits of peevishness, selfishness and self-thinking, which in the adult stammerer is the very essence of the mental part of his malady.

No unnecessary reference should be made to the trouble, either by word or by making him the recipient of any special favors on this account; but on the other hand draw his mind away from it, entirely if possible.

If on account of the severity of the case, attention must be called to his inability to speak as other children, it should always be done in a kind, hopeful manner, not giving him to think any thing serious is the matter; in fact in the ability to employ the mind with cheerful, entertaining thoughts causing forgetfulness of peculiarities of self, lies much of the power of success. When defective speech actually occurs it is due to a lack of harmony between the parts of the vocal machinery, perhaps faulty respiration, or defective articulation, or both, and it is often difficult for any but a specialist to tell which factor is most at fault. In any case all effort to speak should cease; then a clear, perfect, quiet example should be given him, not only of the objectionable word or words alone, but also short sentences containing the difficult words, taking care to precede a hard word by an easy one. For example, if the first word in the sentence is difficult, teach to arrange the sentence so a commencement shall have been made before this troublesome word is reached; but do not allow the pupil to depend upon this transition, as soon as he is confident he can speak the word when occurring in the middle of a sentence let him commence with it. The benefit of producing before the child a clear image of what is required, will be seen when it is considered, the mind then takes upon itself the condition in which it first showed its intelligence, and by which the art of speech was acquired, namely, that of imitation.

With older children such drill exercises in respiration and vocalization as may be found in most works on elocution, together with reading aloud may be undertaken with profit; but care should be taken not to practice too long at one time.

Three-minute readings or conversations in a forcible whisper several times a day will be found beneficial. In the reading as well as other practice, a good upright position of body should be insisted upon; thereby putting the vocal apparatus in its best possible position for work. Full inspirations are to be frequently taken, the articulation to be rather exaggerated than otherwise, especially on the vowel element of the syllable, which is to be brought out and made unusually full. In the reading or talking attempts must not be made to force out the lagging consonant; rather reduce the effort and work gently and patiently until the refractory organs come to obey the mandate of the will; and soon the action will become automatic and further attention unnecessary.

Chicago, Ill.

—Fresh air in abundance is as necessary to the human system as steam to the engine, or fuel to the furnace.

MILK DIET IN BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

Since we know not at present any drug that possesses therapeutic value to any marked extent in this terrible and fatal disease, and since it is daily making sad havoc among human beings, and principally among that class who, by reason of their valuable public labors, are particularly necessary to the welfare of the world, therefore it becomes a medical question of paramount interest that we should discover some potent method of combating this very prevalent disease. Some years since Carel first called attention to the treatment of Bright's disease by the use of a milk diet, and since then Duncan, as well as many other prominent physicians, have written on this subject. We have ourselves seen some remarkable results follow this treatment, while Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, of our city, is now quite an enthusiast on this subject.

This method of treating a formidable disease has received sufficient distinguished endorsement to recommend it seriously to our notice. We would, therefore, ask all physicians who read this article to try this method of treatment, and to furnish us with their experience which we will publish. The milk is used thoroughly skimmed and entirely freed from butter. To procure the best results it has been advised that the patient shall restrict himself absolutely to milk, and continue the treatment for a long time. If it disagrees with the stomach (as it will in some cases) Dr. Mitchell advises that the patient be put to bed, and the treatment commenced with tablespoonful doses to which lime water is added, until the stomach tolerates the milk, when from eight to ten pints daily should be taken, and absolutely nothing else. The sanction of such a distinguished physician as Dr. Mitchell forces us to seriously consider the merits of this treatment, and we trust to receive the experience of all readers of this journal who may have cases of Bright's disease to treat.—*Medical and Surgical Reporter.*

WATER FOR INFANTS.

With the exception of tuberculosis, no disease is so fatal in infancy as the intestinal catarrh of infancy, occurring especially during the hot summer months, and caused, in the great majority of cases, by improper diet. There are many upon whom the idea does not seem to have impressed itself that an infant can be thirsty without at the same time being hungry. When milk, the chief food of infants, is given in excess, acid fermentation results, causing vomiting, diarrhoea, with passage of green or greenish yellow stools, elevated temperature, and the subsequent train of symptoms which are too familiar to need repetition.

The same thing would occur in an adult if drenched with milk. The infant needs, not food, but drink. The recommendations of some writers, that barley water or gum water should be given to the little patients in these cases, is sufficient explanation of their want of success in treating this affection.

Pure water is perfectly innocuous to infants, and it is difficult to conceive how the seeming prejudice against it ever arose. Any one who has ever noticed the avidity with which a fretful sick infant drinks water, and marks the early abatement of febrile and other symptoms, will be convinced that water, as a beverage, a quencher of thirst, as a physiological necessity, in fact, should not be denied to the helpless members of society. We have often seen an infant which had been dosed *ad nauseam* for gastro-intestinal irritability, assume, almost at once, a more cheerful appearance and rapidly become better when treated to the much needed draught of water. If any one

prescription is valuable enough to be used in routine practice, it is "Give the baby water."—Dr. J. S. Wilson.

DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

MRS. G. E. M. Weakness. If you had given me some of the history of the case, I might have been able to give you better advice, in one particular, at least, (directly, if you had sent your real name, which is always safe and well.) Your case is very peculiar, and I strongly suspect, indigestion, though you disclaim it. I cannot now see why you should be so weak, if your food is well digested, and you are not exhausting your strength in some way of which I can have no knowledge. I advise that you get into the sunlight and air, exercising a little each day, avoiding fatigue. I recommend a very plain and simple diet, taken in very moderate quantities, since, with such weakness, the digestive organs cannot be vigorous. I think that my "Health Rules" would guide you.

Mrs. N. D. S. The Complexion. No, I have no "faith" whatever, in the removal of those "dark spots" by any outward applications. The "pimples" and the "sallow look" are easily accounted for, and should not be regarded as "skin diseases." The fact that you have these in the spring indicates too clearly to be a "mystery" that your diet is not what it should be, not having made the necessary change, with the return of warmer weather. There is as much need of a change of foods—since we have an appetite appropriate for both cold and warm weather—as of the clothing. In cold weather most persons can tolerate the heaters, or some of them, as oils, the sweets and starch, though the oils, all fats, are more difficult of digestion than the other two classes. While the fats are partially digested in the cold weather, if undigested in the warm spring and summer, they will report themselves in the form of those "pimples," escaping from the system in that way, as the most available. These fats very much tax the liver, so much so that it is unable to do its work of filtering out the bilious matters from the blood, leaving that "dingy look." No, it is not an "overflow of the bile," but an underflow, or no reasonable flow, the blood, in the inactivity of the liver, retaining the waste matter, which should be removed by the liver. In the excessive use of fats the liver becomes fatty, the cells so filled with this undigested fat that it cannot perform its usual duties. It then becomes so torpid, inactive, that the blood remains impure—a practical case of "blood poisoning." You need to adopt a plain and simple style of living, remembering that such food is more easily digested, and that it contains more real nourishment than the so-called rich foods, so very taxing to the digestive organs. I recommend but little, if any, pastry—none but the plainest—but a very little butter in the warm weather, no lard nor pork, and as little of the "shortening" as possible. Ah, that "sweet tooth" is the cause of a part of your troubles, at least those "hot flashes." I recommend the free use of the acid fruits, intended to meet cases like yours, eaten at meals, without sugar, as that is too heating for a case like yours. The sweets are heating and the acids are cooling. I would recommend but a sparing use of the meats for the present, only the leanest parts, making bread the "staff of life." If you will send me your real name, I will send you my "Health Rules," which will be of great service to you in the regulation of your diet.

A READER OF THE HOUSEHOLD. Black Specks. The "black specks floating before the eyes" are an attendant of a deranged state of the stomach, or a dyspeptic state of that organ. This derangement is caused by the use of improper food, an improper quantity, taken at improper times, heavy suppers, with some state of the mind unfavorable to good digestion, etc. Those who tax the brain, thus diverting the vital powers from the stomach to the brain, while they do not sufficiently develop the physical powers to secure good digestion, are very likely to become dyspeptic, with impaired vision, "floating specks," and an occasional utter suspension of the power of sight, temporarily. I cannot now attempt to give the philosophy of this effect, but will simply say that the gas formed in the stomach by the fermentation of the undigested food has its influence.

The "cure" is very plain—simply to remove the causes, by promoting good digestion. This requires the use of simple foods, avoiding those very difficult of digestion, such as pork in all its forms, pastry, greasy foods, cheese, particularly old and strong, sausages, new bread, particularly that made with yeast, very salt and sweet foods, etc. It is necessary to chew the food thoroughly, drinking only at the close of the meals, not washing the food down in the more usual haste, but half preparing it for digestion. This rich (rich in sugar and spice) not only is not as nourishing as the plain, does not afford as much strength, but it destroys strength by the effort of digestion. The "pound cake," for example, is not as nourishing as the same flour would be, if made into bread, the spices, the shortening, the sweets, actually containing nothing from which strength can be made.

The Dressing Room.

CARE OF THE HANDS.

BY HELEN HERBERT.

A SMOOTH, white, well-shaped hand is unquestionably a desirable possession; and rarely, indeed, is a hand so ill-formed by nature that sufficient care will not keep it dainty and pleasant to look upon.

Such care really costs little time and trouble, but a great many women seem to think even this little wasted when devoted to such a purpose. They even take a sort of credit to themselves for their neglect of these faithful servants.

Each and all would probably say, "I have something to do besides fussing to keep my hands white." Yet each and all would be bitterly offended if it were hinted that they were ever seen in public with teeth and hair in a condition indicating the lack of careful attention. But why the appearance of the hands should be held of so much less consequence than that of teeth and hair, I quite fail to understand.

I remember once seeing a girl double her fist, and strike it against the table, saying, "My hands were made to work with. I don't care how they look."

She was a lovable, industrious girl. I had a great respect for her, and for the motive that led to the impulsive act and words. But I think she made a mistake. Hands were made to work with, beyond doubt, but still we are justified in caring how they look. This dear girl's hands were strong and willing, ready for service, for kindness, for all helpful and womanly offices, and in that way they were beautiful, but there was no reason why they should not have possessed some measure of outward beauty also.

I remember another young girl who, through mistaken ideas, fell into the opposite and less excusable extreme. Her feeble, old grandmother did the house-work; her mother, a widow, taught, year after year, that Miss Winnie might be as one of the lilies of the field, in regard to raiment and freedom from toil, if in no other respect. And she, free of all responsibility, dawdled through her school-days, satisfied if she could slip through her examinations by "hook or crook," and find plenty of time for the costly fancy-work which displayed her white fingers to so good advantage, for dress and parties, and "attentions" from the vapid young men whose admiration she sought and gained by these means—the very means that cost her the respect of sensible men and women.

If forced to choose one of these two examples as a model to follow, there is no question which should be preferred as wisest, noblest, and every way best. But seldom is there such compulsion.

"How do you keep your hands so white and soft?" I once heard one girl ask another. "I know you do housework."

"Oh, as to that," said the other, "I don't think it makes so much difference what we do with our hands, as the care we take of them."

This is the root of the matter. Proper care is the main thing required. And do not let us say it is not worth the trouble. The trouble is not great, and if it were greater, the object sought would be worth it all. A pretty, soft hand is a real beauty, and adds a touch of refinement which no woman can afford to wantonly throw away. Beside this, hands which are allowed to grow rough and stiff from hard work and neglect, will, after a time, become unfit for the delicate occupations and accomplishments in which most women take delight.

"But," ask some of our busy, tired sisters, "granting that all you say is true, how are we to attain this desideratum?"

It cannot be done in a moment, but there are many simple rules which will be found helpful; and some of these, tested by many trials, and known to be reliable, I will presently give.

I do not say that hands which must strain and delve all day at the heavy work of house or farm, can be kept as white, lithe and delicate as those occupied only with the light elegancies of household or artistic work. Still, with gloves, exquisite cleanliness, and the proper soothing and healing lotions, when such are needed, they need not fall far short of it, while hands of which no heavy work is required, may, through neglect or exposure, become rough, unsightly, unattractive objects to look upon.

Authorities on the subject say that a beautiful hand is not necessarily small, but must be slender and well-proportioned, the fingers long and tapering, pliable, yet firm. The back of the hand should be white, the blue veins showing through the skin, but not swollen; the palm should be hollow, dimpled and rosy. Taking this as the standard of beauty, let us see how nearly we can reach it.

When we see a perfect hand we may be pretty sure that the care of it was begun in early childhood. Children should be taught not to misuse their hands. Two very common habits should be guarded against, and speedily broken, if formed—biting the nails, which ruins their shape, and roughens and spreads the finger tips, and pulling the fingers to "hear them crack," which enlarges the joints most unbeautifully.

We should not imagine that the little hands will grow into greater beauty for being idle. On the contrary, exercise is necessary to their symmetrical development. This exercise should not, of course, be so violent or continuous as to strain the tender muscles and cords, and injure the cartilage—it is little more—of the baby joints and fingers. But moderate exercise is important. Wholly unemployed, childish hands have a tendency to grow long, lank, "splay," and knobby, and when this evil has once befallen, the hands can never be brought to take on that firm, smooth, well-knit appearance essential to their perfection.

Our grandmothers were wise—perhaps unconsciously so—in this regard, when they taught the little maids of their time to knit, sew patchwork and carpet rags, help set and clear away tables, weed in the garden, etc., and the kindergartners of the present day are performing the same beneficent office for the hands of the future women—and men as well—by teaching the children to "do something with their hands." Their system is planned with a view to other and far more important results than this, of course; but we need not disregard the smaller benefits when they come in by the way.

The hands cannot be kept in good condition without perfect cleanliness, yet it is not best to bathe them too often, or rub them with rough towels. Those whose work makes needful a frequent washing of the hands should exercise the utmost care about the soap and water employed. Hard water should not be used. But if no other is to be had, soften it with borax or ammonia—I prefer borax. Both should be kept on the toilet table. It is a good plan to sometimes put a little borax into soft water also. Do not use too much of either.

Strong soap should be avoided; likewise, the cheap, high-colored, fancy soaps so common, and often so attractive in appearance. It is no economy to use poor soap. It is always best to get the old and reliable varieties, and when you have

found a soap that suits your skin, do not change.

When the hands are red and rough, and inclined to crack, relief is sometimes afforded by rubbing vinegar over the hands while they are still wet from the bath, and then carefully drying them with a soft towel, rubbing each finger separately until all dampness is removed, and afterward rubbing in a trifle of cold cream or vaseline. Glycerine should be avoided. It only makes the skin more sensitive even when giving temporary relief. To some skins it is highly irritating, almost poisonous.

Oatmeal, soaked, and used in the place of soap, is excellent. But it sours so soon that it cannot be kept standing ready for use; and as it takes some time to soak, busy people do not always find it so convenient as other toilet articles. This is a pity, as there is nothing better, possibly nothing so good, for the skin. However, dry oatmeal is said to be very good. After washing the hands with warm water and soap, the oatmeal may be gently rubbed over them. Under this treatment they will gradually become softer.

If the hands persist in remaining red and chafed, buy a little mutton suet at the butcher's, melt it, and turn it into a cup to shape. Rub this thoroughly over the hands at night, then draw on a pair of old kid gloves, having the tips of the fingers cut off. Do this night after night until the appearance of the hands is satisfactory. Then ordinary care will keep them in good condition.

I have heard some girls say that they liked to wash dishes because it kept their hands soft and white. But those who are troubled with salt rheum, will do well to avoid this work, or, at least, keep their hands out of the greasy, soapy water as much as possible, by tying the dish cloth over the end of a stick, or making one of twine fastened to the end of a broomstick, after directions given by a HOUSEHOLD sister some months ago. These afflicted ones will find honey rubbed on the hands while wet from washing very beneficial, and better, perhaps, than mutton tallow, which, though healing and softening, has, like all grease, a tendency to bring out the humor when it is in the blood.

Lemon juice is good for sun-burn, tan, and stains—ink stains as well as others. If lemons are not at hand, use tartaric acid, but use it with care, or it may leave the skin rough. Sour milk is also good. Some say stains and rough spots should be rubbed with pumice stone—that prepared in soap. The following wash is recommended for rough hands: Three ounces of lemon juice, three ounces of white wine vinegar, and one-half pint of white brandy.

It has been said that bathing the hands in hot water will remove redness; but this can be only a temporary relief, and must make the hands more sensitive afterward. It is probable that in most cases neither hot nor cold water is best, but tepid. If the skin is very sensitive, the water should be about the temperature of the body that it may cause no shock.

Hang-nails should never be pulled off, but cut close with sharp scissors. If they are sore after cutting, cover them with bits of court plaster.

Gloves and mittens are an important item in the matter of caring for the hands. An old pair should be worn when about rough work, out of doors or in, and when sweeping and making beds, especially in a cold room. Extremes of heat and cold injure the tone of the skin, and should be avoided whenever possible.

Kettles, frying-pans, etc., should never be lifted with the bare hand, even if not actually hot enough to burn. Plenty of

light holders made up, and kept in a "catch-all" near the stove, will make this unnecessary, and prove a great saving in the way of spilled and spoiled dishes, burnt fingers, and ruffled tempers.

Soft castor or dog-skin gloves that are a close fit, help to whiten the hands. They should not be too tight, however. A very tight glove is decidedly bad taste, neither is it fashionable at the present moment. A more important objection, in connection with the present subject, is the fact that it makes the hand look cramped, and makes the veins swell and rise above the surface of the skin, changing a beauty into a deformity.

If the hands are subject to perspiration, they should be rubbed, after bathing, with powdered starch. If a little starch, prepared chalk or magnesia, is rubbed on the hands before drawing on kid gloves, it will not only facilitate the process, but usually prevent that unpleasant discolored and hardening of the kid which we dread so much in warm weather. Rubber gloves are sometimes recommended for dishwashing and other work which keeps the hands in water; but those who have tried them, say they draw the hands, and make the skin too sensitive.

CHILD'S BONNET OR HOOD.

If made of knitting silk, two balls are required, unless the silk is very fine. If thread is used, two spools of linen will be sufficient.

1. Begin with a wheel formed by crocheting fifteen trebles into one chain.

2. Widen every stitch, that is, put two trebles into the top of each of the fifteen trebles of the first row.

3. Widen every second stitch.

4. Widen every third stitch.

5. Widen every fourth stitch.

6. Widen every fifth stitch.

7. Widen every sixth stitch.

8. Widen every seventh stitch.

9. Widen every eighth stitch.

Now break your thread, and begin again fifteen stitches from where you began the rows. You are now ready for the tenth row, which is crocheted plain without widening until you are within thirty stitches of the beginning of this row.

11. Turn the work, and crochet the same as the tenth row.

12 and 13. Same as the eleventh row.

14. Turn the work, make seventeen chain and fasten into the third stitch from the end. Make seventeen stitches and fasten into the third stitch from where the other loop was fastened. Continue in this way clear across.

15. Turn the work and make nine chain and fasten into the top of the first loop, *chain three and fasten into the top of the next loop;* repeat between the stars clear across. You now have a row of loops for ribbon an inch wide, and the bonnet is ready for the border.

16. Crochet plain trebles into each stitch of the last row.

17. Crochet shells of four trebles into every third treble of last row.

18. Crochet shells of four trebles into the middle of each of the shells in the last row, and also between each two shells of the last row. This will make the border very full.

19. Put shells of four trebles into the top of each shell in the last row. This row should extend around the neck by putting the shells at regular intervals into the edge of the neck.

20. Put shells of four trebles into each of the shells of the last row all around the bonnet.

This is the way I make the shells in the last row as it makes a prettier edge: Make two trebles in the same stitch, chain three and fasten by a single crochet into the top of the second treble made, then

INFANTS' SOCKS, KNITTED.

Use white split zephyr and any delicate color and medium-sized steel needles. Cast on with white wool twenty-seven stitches.

1. Knit across plain.
2. Seam three, knit two, put yarn over, narrow, seam three, knit six, seam three, knit two, over, narrow, seam two, knit one, over, knit one, making twenty-eight stitches on the needle.
3. Knit two, including loop, seam one, knit two, seam two, over, narrow seaming, knit three, seam six, knit three, seam two, over, narrow seaming, knit three.
4. Same as second row, except that two eyelets are made one after the other, making thirty stitches on needle.
5. Same as third row, knitting additional stitches or loops.
6. Same as fourth row, except that three eyelets are made, leaving thirty-three stitches on needle.
7. Same as fifth row.
8. Same as sixth row except that no eyelets are made the new stitches being knit plain.
9. Bind off six stitches and proceed as in third row.
10. Break off white wool and tie on colored. Knit three, take off two on another needle, (I find a hairpin more convenient,) knit two, knit stitches on hairpin, knit three, take off three, knit three, knit stitches on pin, knit three, take off two, knit two on pin, knit to end of needle.
11. Knit one, and proceed as in the third row, until a stripe like the white is completed.

Tie on white and proceed as in first stripe.

When the third stripe is finished, tie on color and cast on same needle twenty-three more stitches, making fifty in all. Knit plain until you return to the stripe, when proceed as in second row. On returning to new stitches, seam two, over, and narrow seaming, knit three, seam six, knit three, seam two, over, narrow seaming, knit three. Proceed as before.

After three of the long stripes are completed, bind off the twenty-three stitches, tie on white wool, and make three more short stripes to correspond with first three. Bind off all the stitches.

For the sole, take up on the right side all the loops possible on the edge, one-half on each needle. The number will range from forty-five to forty-eight—have an equal number on each, and with a third needle knit sixteen times across plain, like a garter, making eight purls, then at each end of each needle narrow, knit across plain and narrow in the same way, until you have narrowed four times, making twelve purls, knit to the middle, turn wrong side out, and bind off like the heel of a stocking. Sew up, run ribbon in open stripe to tie, or make cord of wool with tassels on end.

For variety the top can be all white with a colored sole, or it may be entirely white.

M. E. J.
San Francisco.

LACE FOR PILLOW SLIPS OR SHAMS.

Use spool linen, No. 50. Cast on forty-three stitches. Knit across plain, seam across, plain across.

1. Three plain, twenty-eight plain, one seam, one plain, thread over, one plain, thread over, one plain, one seam, five plain, thread over three times, knit two.

2. Knit first two every time on scallop side, make three of loop, one plain, one seam, one plain, six plain, seam five, one plain, seam the rest to the end of the needle.

3. Slip one, knit two plain, thread over, narrow, fourteen times, (putting

thread over every time,) seam one, knit two, thread over, knit one, over, knit two, seam one, knit ten.

4. Knit eleven plain, seam seven, make stitches of loops, one plain, seam to the end of the needle.

5. Three plain, twenty-eight plain, seam one, three plain, thread over, knit one, over, knit three plain, one seam, ten plain.

6. Bind off three stitches, knit seven plain, seam nine, one plain, twenty-eight plain, seam the last three.

7. Three plain, twenty-nine seam, four plain, thread over, knit one, over, knit four, seam one, knit five, thread over three times, knit two.

8. Knit two, make three of loop, knit six, seam eleven, one plain, twenty-nine plain, seam last three.

9. Three plain, twenty-eight plain, one seam, five plain, thread over, one plain, over, five plain, one seam, ten plain.

10. Eleven plain, seam thirteen, one plain, seam to the end of the needle.

11. Three plain, thread over, narrow, fourteen times, seam one, six plain, thread over, knit one, over, knit six plain, seam one, ten plain.

12. Bind off three, knit seven plain, seam fifteen, one plain, seam to the end of the needle.

13. Three plain, twenty-eight plain, seam one, slip one, knit one, take the slipped stitch over the knit one, knit eleven plain, narrow, seam one, knit five, thread over three times, knit two.

14. Knit two, make three of loop, knit six plain, seam thirteen, one plain, twenty-eight plain, seam three at the end of the needle.

15. Three plain, seam twenty-nine, slip and bind one, knit nine plain, narrow, seam one, knit ten.

16. Knit eleven, seam eleven, one plain, twenty-nine plain, seam last three.

17. Three plain, twenty-eight plain, seam one, slip and bind, knit seven, narrow, seam one, ten plain.

18. Bind off three, knit seven plain, seam nine, one plain, seam to the end of the needle.

19. Three plain, over, narrow fourteen times, seam one, slip and bind, knit five, narrow, seam one, knit five, over three times, knit two.

20. Knit two, make three of loop, knit six plain, seam seven, one plain, seam to the end of the needle.

21. Three plain, twenty-eight plain, seam one, slip and bind, knit three, narrow, seam one, ten plain.

22. Eleven plain, seam five, one plain, twenty-eight plain, seam three at the end.

23. Three plain, seam twenty-nine, slip and bind, knit one, narrow, seam one, knit ten.

24. Bind off three, knit seven, seam three, twenty-nine plain, seam last three.

Repeat from first row. M. A. L.
Monticello, Minn.

PRETTY WIDE LACE.

Cast on twenty-three stitches.

1. Knit three, over, narrow, knit three, over, knit one, over, knit five, over, narrow, over, narrow, over four times, narrow, over, narrow, knit one.

2. Knit five, purl one, knit one, purl one, knit one, purl one, knit one, purl one, knit thirteen, over, narrow, knit one.

3. Knit two, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit four, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit four, over, narrow, knit one.

4. Knit eight, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit thirteen, over, narrow, knit one.

5. Knit three, over, narrow, narrow, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit three, over, narrow, knit one.

6. Knit seven, purl one, knit three, purl one, knit thirteen, over, narrow, knit one.

7. Knit three, over, knit three together, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit three, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit one.

8. Knit six, purl one, knit four, purl one, knit eleven, over, narrow, knit one.

9. Knit three, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, narrow, knit three, over, narrow, knit four, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one.

10. Knit five, purl one, knit five, purl one, knit eleven, over, narrow, knit one.

11. Knit three, over, narrow, knit two, over, slip one, narrow, throw over the slipped stitch, over, knit four, over, narrow, knit five, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one.

12. Cast off three stitches, knit seven, purl one, knit eleven, over, narrow, knit one.

Salisbury, Conn. CARRIE CONKLIN.

LADIES' CROCHET HOOD.

Materials, two ounces of single zephyr, four ounces of split zephyr, three and one-half yards of ribbon, one and one-half inches wide, and one spool of embroidery silk.

Make a chain of thirty-four stitches, and go back with one chain, one treble, and have seventeen holes. Go across nineteen times before narrowing, and five times after. This is for the crown. Now go round this, all but the neck, and widen once at the two top corners the first time round. Go round seventeen times for front and narrow five times by not putting the thread over the needle, narrow eight stitches at each side, to fit the head better. This is for lining.

For covering for the crown, take the fine worsted, have two balls and use it double. Make two pieces in shells, four shells deep, and six shells long, eight stitches in a shell, and the shell one and one-half inches long when done, join with a chain of ten stitches back and forth to put ribbon in. For the front, five shells deep and fourteen long, and join the same. Sew on the crown cover, and crochet one edge of the front with a loose stitch of the silk, then sew that on, and put it one-half inch over the front and sew.

For the cape, the first two rows eight stitches in a shell, then two rows with nine stitches in a shell, and two rows with ten stitches in a shell, then go all around with the silk, and put a bow at the bottom of the ribbon behind, and one on top just in front of the ribbon.

A. P. G.

HOW TO DO STAMPING.

I have to-day been trying an experiment, and it is such a success, I wish to tell the sisters about it, for I know it will be of use to many of you. Wishing to do some stamping, I sent for an outfit I saw advertised. When it came the powder was blue, and the patterns not

what I wanted, so I went to work and designed a pattern to suit, and drew it on a sheet of common letter paper, and taking the thread and shuttle out of my sewing machine, making a rather fine stitch, I ran all around the design, pricking the holes. This could be done by hand with a fine cambric needle, if one could not use the sewing machine for it.

The material I wished to stamp, was blue cashmere, and, of course, I could not use the blue powder for it. Having just received my April HOUSEHOLD, I was looking it over, and my eye caught a little item in the Work Table to use white paint mixed with boiled linseed oil for stamping on dark goods. It being just

what I was wanting, I immediately went to work to try it, using my pattern I had made, and to my delight it worked like a charm. Now I can stamp any thing I wish, as I can make any design that I choose, and have the blue powder for light goods, and the white paint for dark. A blue or black paint could be used in the same way, if one had not the powder. You can use the same pattern many times by cleaning it every time with turpentine, carefully wiping it on both sides with a clean cloth. ALICE M. CROCKETT.

Hancock, N. H.

NARROW DIAMOND LACE.

Cast on thirteen stitches. Knit across twice plain.

1. Knit two, thread over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit five, over, narrow.

2. Knit plain.

3. Knit three, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit five, over, narrow.

4. Knit plain.

5. Knit four, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit five, over, narrow.

6. Knit plain.

7. Knit five, over, narrow over, narrow, over, knit five, over, narrow.

8. Knit plain.

9. Knit six, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit five, over, narrow.

10. Knit plain.

11. Knit seven, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit five, over, narrow.

12, 13 and 14. Knit plain.

15. Slip and bind six stitches, knit twelve.

Commence again as at first row.

Mrs. E. A. LOWD.

Box 6, Denmark, Me.

TOILET SET.

New Subscriber asks through the Work Table if some one will tell her how to make a pretty and inexpensive toilet set. Make it of open work curtain scrim. It can be bought for thirty-five cents a yard and is very wide. Cut it whatever shape you want, line with pink, blue or cardinal silesia, and edge with some of the pretty knitted or crocheted edges published in THE HOUSEHOLD. A bow of ribbon the color of the lining in one corner is pretty, and makes the mats a little more dressy.

GEM.

Michigan.

THE WORK TABLE.

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

Ed. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters please send a pattern for crocheted slippers? and oblige

A READER.

Will Keziah Butterworth please explain more fully her crochet edging in the June number, 1882, also tell how much knitting cotton, and what size, it will take for a knitted counterpane for a good sized bedstead?

MRS. T. T. SETTLE.

Box 220, Sardis, Panola Co., Miss.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please correct in directions for sunflower tidy in June number, the eighth row, making one double crochet instead of two between the finger tips.

M. E. C.

Box 150, Shirley Village, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can some member of the Band tell me of any way in which to use small pieces of silk and satin? They are too small for crazy work, some of them being not more than an inch and a half square. I have quite a package of them, and dislike to throw them away. Will some one give me an idea?

ROXY.

MR. CROWELL:—Will some of the sisters please give directions for crocheted or knitted torchon lace? Crocheted preferred. NANNA.

The Dining Room.

DINING ROOM NOTES.

Number Thirty-nine.

A MEMBER of our HOUSEHOLD Band after reading the Bill of Fare in the May number, says she laid down the paper with the remark that "Emily Hayes must think that everybody lived in town!" and continues, "Why don't you tell us who live ten miles from a market, and can get meats but once a week, what we are to prepare for guests? We people way back in the country are just the ones who need to know what to get for dinner when there is nothing to get, and when a host of city friends are getting up a fearful appetite for the occasion."

Supposing that this speaker voices the feelings of others of the sisterhood it may be well, perhaps, to devote a little time to that oft repeated and most exasperating question—not confined by any means to those "way back in the country"—"what to get for dinner when there is nothing to get." Generally that "nothing" merges into a goodly list when looked at with the desperation which has always made inventors of us.

On a farm there always is, or should be, an abundance of milk, cream, new butter, fresh eggs, fruit and vegetables, from which, if I were one of the visitors, I could fare sumptuously, for a week or ten days or longer.

There is always salt codfish, that last resort of country housekeepers, and one by no means to be despised. If there is a chance to get a dish of trout or pickerel, so much the better. Veal of excellent quality is usually to be had among farmers who are glad to dispose of it to their neighbors; and, if on the one day in the week on which the market is brought within her reach, the lady buys a nice steak or roasting piece of beef or lamb, and at the same time a piece of beef suitable to corn or spice, neither she nor her guests will need to suffer until the next market day comes.

If the beef is to be corned, a piece weighing from six to ten pounds—according to the size of one's family—of the thick rib, will be best to buy. Wipe with a damp cloth and rub well with salt, dairy salt is rather better for the purpose than table salt. A teacupful will be sufficient. Put the meat in an earthen or wooden bowl, put a little more salt over it, cover with a thin cloth and keep in a cool, dry place. The next day turn the meat and sprinkle the top with salt, on the next day the same. On the next it will be ready to cook. Wash off the brine and put the meat in a large kettle with sufficient boiling water to cover it, and cool slowly four or five hours.

If the meat is to be served hot with vegetables, take out some of the broth into another kettle, in which to cook the vegetables if you wish them thus seasoned, instead of boiling them with the meat, adding sufficient boiling water to make up for what has been taken. It is much better than to cook them with the meat, (with the exception of potatoes, which should be pared before cooking,) as beets discolor, and turnips and some other vegetables give it a strong flavor.

Remove the bones from the meat when ready to dish, and let the kettle in which it was boiled remain upon the stove where it will keep hot. After dinner, return the largest pieces of meat to the kettle and set away to cool till morning. Then remove the meat, put it between two plates with a heavy weight on top. It will be solid enough to cut in nice slices for tea and is all ready for dinner the next day, while the outside pieces and those which

will not slice, will, with the cold vegetables, make a delicious hash for breakfast.

There are many who make a pickle or brine, in which to corn beef, but it is a great deal more trouble, requiring frequent scaldings in hot weather, and it should be made often or it will give a strong, unpleasant flavor to the meat. And we have found this far simpler method preferable, as the meat can be prepared by the most inexperienced person and is very nice.

If the meat is to be spiced, buy from five to eight pounds of the round, as thick a piece as you can. Rub with salt, in a teacupful of which is mixed a tablespoonful of cloves, one tablespoonful of cinnamon and half a teaspoonful of mace. Stick two or three dozen cloves into the meat after the salt and spice is well rubbed in, and put it in a bowl covered with cloth as you would the meat to corn. On the third day drain the meat and put in a kettle with just enough boiling water to cover, and cook slowly till very tender, from three to five hours will be required. Do not add more water if you can avoid it, as it needs to "boil away," although it should not be allowed to "exasperate entirely," as Widow Bedott used to say. Turn the meat often, after it grows tender, in order that it may all cook alike, and if it gets a slight touch of brown all the better. When done, put between two plates with a heavy weight on top, adding heavier weights after the meat is cooled, and keep in a cold place till next day. Serve cold in thin slices, cutting them with a very sharp knife.

There are more elaborate methods for preparing this spiced beef, but none really better. With many people this is a favorite dish. It is very inexpensive, and will keep nicely as long as it lasts and should be kept cool and dry.

Another, and a very nice recipe for preparing meat to keep three or four days is as follows: Buy four or five pounds of the thin flank of beef—it is cheap and just what you want for this purpose—in a strip about two or three times as long as it is wide. Wash it in cold water, trim off any bits of skin or gristle and rub with salt; about a teaspoonful to each pound of meat. Make a dressing of bread crumbs as you would prepare it for a roast fowl and spread a layer over the meat, about half an inch thick. Roll up and tie with strips of cloth, then sew a cloth around it and tie at each end. Put it into a kettle of boiling water and cook very slowly four or five hours. Remove from the kettle and when cool press under heavy weights for twelve hours or longer. Then remove the cloth and bands, and serve cold in thin slices cutting them with a very sharp knife.

A round steak too tough to use otherwise we prepare in this manner and bake in a moderate oven for two hours more or less as required, basting often. Of course the roll should not be encased in cloth, merely tying with strong twine is sufficient. The stuffing for these rolls may be seasoned in various ways. Those who like the flavor may add an onion chopped fine, using no sage. Chopped celery is very nice and many like a bit of clove and mace.

With these and the eggs, codfish, smoked halibut and salmon, procurable everywhere almost, varied in late summer by the "spring chickens," one could manage to entertain friends very comfortably. Especially so, if all the long slow boiling and stewing could be done on an oil stove in a back kitchen or shed, with no necessity for looking every ten minutes to see if the fire is getting low, or a trip to the wood-pile, and last, but by no means least, the comfort of keeping the "kitchen proper" without fire the greater part of, if not the entire day.

Boiled, broiled or baked ham is another

country dish, relished by even those who dislike pork in other forms. To bake it, it is simply sliced and put in the frying pan, placed on the top of the stove until warm, then put it into the oven to cook. It should not be turned. The flavor is better, the meat is more tender and the stove is spared the spots of grease and the house the odor of fried meats which lasts so long and is so unpleasant. Fish, especially mackerel, is greatly improved by cooking in this manner. The frying pan being buttered slightly before the fish are put in.

A simple dressing for boiled eggs enables one to make quite an addition to a "picked up" dinner which would throw the little dish of plain boiled eggs completely in the shade. The eggs should boil slowly for half an hour and be taken out into a dish of cold water for a minute. Then peel and cut in halves lengthwise with a very sharp knife. Put them, cut side up, in a dish, a glass plate edged with parsley is very pretty, or if you haven't parsley, use delicate sprigs of carrot leaves. On each egg just as they are carried to the table put half a teaspoonful of the following dressing: Cream a tablespoonful of butter in a cup, then add to it one teaspoonful of ground mustard, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of white pepper and a bit of cayenne. Beat well together. The dressing should be prepared while the eggs are cooking, and they should be served as quickly as possible after they are done, as they are not so nice if cooled. A teaspoonful of lemon juice or vinegar may be added to the dressing if liked.

There is a method for preparing cold veal which is very nice, and I do not remember giving the recipe in former Notes as I ought to have done. Cold veal, either roasted, boiled, or pieces of steak, should be chopped, but not fine. To each cupful allow a scant cupful of fine bread crumbs, or one-half cupful of rolled cracker, (bread is much the better however,) two eggs, boiled hard, a generous tablespoonful of butter, two-thirds of a cupful of milk, water, or broth; a little gravy warmed in the water is a good substitute for the latter. Salt, pepper, and a little flour. Peel the eggs and cut in thin slices with a sharp knife. Butter a pudding dish—a new tin will answer, but it must be a dish which you can place upon the table—and put in a third of the bread crumbs; then add half the meat, spreading as evenly as possible, then a layer of the sliced egg. Cut the butter in small pieces and put about a third over the meat. Sprinkle with salt, and add a very little white or cayenne pepper. Another layer of crumbs, the remainder of the meat and sliced egg, seasoning as before. Then cover with the remaining third of the crumbs, add the butter and dredge lightly with flour. Pour gently over it the water or milk, slightly salted and put it in a quick oven for half an hour, or until well browned. A layer of ripe tomatoes cut fine is very nice, and may be used in place of the eggs if you have not plenty of them, in which case beat one and add to the milk or water which is poured over the dish. Cold chicken, cold fresh fish (boiled is best) or fresh meat of any kind is nice used in this manner, varying the seasoning in many ways; adding chopped celery, a bit of onion chopped very fine, any of the sweet herbs, or a little spice.

One more question I must answer, and that is, "How can we who belong to the non-pork eaters prepare our baked beans, of which we are very fond?" Just as we do. Soak and prepare your beans precisely as usual and when ready for the piece of pork, substitute butter, a heaping tablespoonful to each pint of dry beans used. Add sufficient salt to the water or milk poured over them to season

well and bake as usual. The dried lima beans now so extensively used are delicious cooked in this manner. These we generally bake in a pudding dish about three hours letting them brown to just the desired point. They are especially nice for warm weather, as they do not require the long, slow baking necessary for the smaller kinds. EMILY HAYES.

THE DESSERT.

—It was a Detroit girl that got married at fifteen so as to have her golden wedding when it would do her some good.

—A New York engraver recently made this mistake: "Mr. and Mrs.—respectfully request your presents at the marriage of their daughter."

—Grief is beautiful. "Why do you weep?" "Because Rothschild is dead." "But he was no relation of yours, was he?" "No, indeed, and that's why I weep."

—Probably the meanest thing that a man ever said, was uttered by Fogg today. Being asked his idea of the best remedy for polygamy he promptly replied, "Mrs. Fogg."

—A little girl was trying to tell her mother how beautifully a certain lady could trill in singing, and said: "Oh, mamma, you ought to hear her gargle—she does it so sweetly."

—The man who can thoroughly enjoy himself at a fashionable reception after discovering that the bow of his white tie is under his left ear, is superior to the pomps and vanities of this wicked world.

—"Why did Pharaoh kill the boy-babies of the Hebrews, and not the girls?" asked a teacher of her class of girls the other day. "Because boys are so much worse than girls," was the prompt reply of a little maid.

—A young man in a train was making fun of a lady's hat to an elderly gentleman in the seat with him. "Yes," said his seat mate, "that's my wife, and I told her if she wore that bonnet that some fool would make fun of it."

—"Do you pretend to have as good judgment as I have?" exclaimed an enraged wife to her husband. "Well, no," he replied, slowly; "our choice of partners for life shows that my judgment is not to be compared with yours."

—"Was not Mr. George Washington Johnson afraid to die?" asked a gentleman of one of the friends of a departed colored man. "Oh, no!" was the reply. "He took more'n ten dollars' worth of patent medsons durin' his las' sickness."

—A physician says: "In buying cloth ing care should be taken to investigate the hygroscopicity of the cloth." We always do, but, as singular as it may appear, many persons buy a coat and never give a thought to its hygroscopicity. This is a great mistake.

—A St. Louis father who has a bad heart arranged matters so he could hear what was said without being observed. He tells us that he listened for two hours last Sunday night while his daughter and her "regular company" occupied one corner of the sofa, and this was the sole conversation: He.—"If lovie die, what ud dovie do?" She.—"Dovie die, too."

—De wise man an' de fool doan' quarrel; but two fools or two wise men kain't get along so well. De man what marries a 'oman 'case she's got more sense den he has, is never allowed to lose sight o' de fack. De chile dat too soon shows signs o' smartness doan turn out ter be de smartest man. De fust cotton dat opens is neber de bes'. Eben 'mong de animals, 'pearances makes a difference; fur ef de blackbird had bright feathers in his wing, we'd think dat his song was much sweetter. De gigglin' girl ginerally turns out ter be de woman what doan' laugh much.

The Kitchen.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

Number Two.

THE office of housekeeper being inseparably connected in most instances with that of home-keeper is indeed a responsible one, and she who performs its duties with proficiency and cheerfulness deserves commendation. To have the hands, the head and the heart under such perfect control that the entire amount of household work can be performed systematically and thoroughly without worry or irascibility one must know precisely how to take advantage of every thing which can expedite or decrease labor and its twin sister, fatigue.

I candidly confess that I cannot elucidate the labor-saving methods practiced by some adepts in housewifery, but, ordinary housekeeper that I am, I can make suggestions upon the non-observance of things which should be observed; or, ignoring this non-observance, I can jot down many practical items gleaned from my friends' leaflets of experience, to say nothing of a few items from my own experience.

One of my convictions is that economy, skill, neatness and good taste, go a long way toward the accomplishment of the happiness and prosperity which we all desire. These prerequisites to happiness and prosperity can be exercised in the kitchen as well as in the drawing room. It is not indispensably necessary that a larder should be filled with all kinds of luxuries. Culinary qualifications can be displayed upon a modest scale. Proficiency in cookery can be exhibited as well in a nicely fried potato or a palatable waffle as in a nut-brown sirloin, a brace of canvas-back, or that favorite dish with epicurean southerners, quail on toast.

Once while engaged in that prosaic occupation, ironing, my hands, which were very tender in those days, became blistered.

"No wonder they are blistered," said a middle-aged friend, as she watched me bandage the palms of my hands with a cloth saturated with soda water, "they'll be blistered every time you use that kind of a cotton iron holder. Why do you not use a wooden holder with splinters or thin wooden slips in it? Give me a scrap of soft linsey, a pair of scissors, a thimble, a needle, some thread, and some of those wooden splints, and I'll make you what you need to protect your hands. You perceive that I sew narrow casings in the holder just as I sew them in a sunbonnet to receive wooden or pasteboard splits. Wood being almost a non-conductor of heat will, when placed in the wooden holder, prevent the heat of the iron from hurting your hands. This linsey is almost too rough to come in contact with tender hands. I'll cover it with a remnant of canton flannel or undressed calico, if you'll give me a remnant. Now my work is finished. Here is your iron holder, a plain affair it is true, but a useful one, quite as useful as are the pretty ones made of merino and ornamented with braiding or applique embroidery. Those who are fond of all that is pretty allow their taste to manifest itself sometimes in the making or selection of the most ordinary things. I have seen a pair of iron holders made of red flannel, covered with cardinal merino, trimmed with black and bound around the margins with black alpaca braid. I have too much to do to spare time to make such holders, still I like to look at them. I wonder how much laundry knowledge you possess,

Can you wash and iron a nice white shirt properly?"

"No, ma'am, I am sorry to say I cannot. I am anxious to learn, and hope I will not prove a dullard in this essential branch of housewifery," replied I, blushing at my own ignorance, but determined to tell the truth at all hazards of detriment to my humble self.

Her response was as follows: "I am an advocate of the old maxim, 'Example is better than precept,' so I'll come any day you appoint for me to come, and show you how to iron a shirt properly. This much I will tell you now. Feeling wounded and mortified when my husband complained—as men are apt to do when every thing does not suit them—because his shirts did not look and fit so well after they had been laundered as before, I applied to a professional laundress for assistance. She informed me that the bad appearance of the shirts was attributable to my mistake in having stretched the bosoms, cuffs, and collars the wrong way while starching and ironing them. Dampness imparts pliability to linen, and while pliable a jerk in the wrong direction will make a considerable difference in the appearance. For this reason shirt bosoms, collars and cuffs, should be pulled cross-wise, and not length-wise. Especially in proximity with the neck band the shirt bosom should be drawn cross-wise, otherwise the front of the neck band will be drawn where it is not intended to go, and the consequence will be the marring of the perfect fitting of the collar. The front of the neck band a half-inch too high, and the collar a half-inch too long produces so undesirable a combination that no man, unless he is as patient as Job or as meek as Moses was, can restrain his ire while wearing the offending linen. While conversing upon the subject of ironing, I must tell you how to prepare starch which will not adhere in white patches to a dark percale or dark calico dress. Take the best starch you can procure, and mix in the proportion of two tablespoonfuls to as little water as will make a smooth paste. To this add a pint of clear coffee and let it boil for ten minutes. Stir it well with a sperm candle, and strain through a piece of muslin. It is then ready for use, and the result will prove satisfactory. I forgot to say if you wish to make linen collars, etc., stiff and glossy, mix good starch with cold water, dip in the articles, let them remain folded ten minutes before you iron them, and they will look almost as stiff and glossy as they looked when in the establishment of a dealer in nicely polished shirts. You do not know how to restore linen that has long been stained, do you? Well, let me enlighten you in regard to such restoration which can be effected by rubbing the stains on both sides with wet, brown soap. Then mix some starch to a thick paste, and spread it over the soaped places, after which expose the linen to the sun and air. If the stains have not disappeared at the expiration of a few days, remove the mixture, and repeat the process by applying fresh soap and starch, afterward dry it, wet it with cold water, and place it in the wash-tub."

"What makes you look so tired? I ask the question but I dare say I can answer it. You, as most housekeepers do, stand far more than is necessary," were the question and answer spoken by a dear, motherly old lady when she visited me and found me looking so tired and haggard after my morning's work. "If you will only accustom yourself to doing so," she went on to say, "you can perform a great deal of work sitting, whereas you now exhaust yourself by standing. If you will place a light, cushioned box in a chair to make it high enough to sit in at the work table, you can iron, wash

dishes, mix dough, roll out pie crust and perform many other similar duties with comparatively little fatigue."

You may be sure I profited by her timely counsel, for I believe in hoarding physical strength more carefully than the miser hoards his golden treasures. All delicate, querulous people will agree with me in considering robust health preferable to all of the bank bills and real estate owned by a Vanderbilt or an Astor. To be overworked and tired all the time makes a woman petulant, and petulance causes her to lose the love she would give worlds to retain. Sad indeed must it be for a wife and mother and sister to know that she is not loved and appreciated as she wishes to be. If those whose sensitive natures recoil from indifferent treatment will husband their strength, and by preserving health preserve their amiability they will find that no matter how wrinkled their brows, how faded and hollow their cheeks, and how lustreless their eyes may become the dear ones they love best will ever cling fondly to them. Beauty of features and gracefulness of manner are insignificant when compared to the sweet influence exerted by an amiable, cheerful home companion.

Returning to the subject of working too long in an erect position, which position of course throws the entire weight of the body upon the feet, reminds me to say that I have from reliable authority a curative or alleviative remedy for tender feet. The remedy is this, and a simple one it is too: Dissolve one pound of common bay salt in one gallon of spring water. Bathe the feet therein twice or thrice daily for ten or fifteen minutes at each time. Soft woolen or merino hose or cotton with soft woolen feet ought always to be worn by those whose feet are tender, and the hose should be changed frequently.

Fresh meats and game should always be kept in a dry, cool place, but not in the cellar where milk and butter are kept. The latter being rapid absorbents will soon be injured in flavor if allowed to remain in the same small enclosure with meat or vegetables. If possible, fresh fish should be deposited on ice, and vegetables and fruits should be placed, when practicable, upon a stone floor exempt from humidity. Sage and other herbs should be kept in pouches made of cloth and lined with paper which is impervious to air. The herbs should be dried in the wind and not in the sun, and when well pulverized should be used sparingly as their preponderance in any seasoning will mar or ruin its good flavor.

When oranges or lemons have been used, dry their peels either in the sun or near the fire, pack in empty pickle jars and cover closely. When ready to use grate the dried peel upon a nutmeg grater. This grated peel forms a good substitute for vanilla and other flavoring extracts when you are regardless of best appearances, as often happens when a hurried meal is being prepared upon wash-days. I used always to use grated peel in the meringue upon potato pudding and ordinary crumb pudding. If you inadvertently fail to mix flavoring extract in your cake batter the oversight may be remedied by moistening a small scrap of cloth with the extract, and rubbing it over the top of the cake while it is hot. The extract will penetrate the cake and impart a delicate flavor to it. Some claim it to be a conceded fact that such an oversight will verify the old aphorism,

"All is for the best," inasmuch as less flavoring will suffice if used according to the method just mentioned. Hot cake or bread should be deposited upon a clean dish towel in order that the towel may absorb the moisture produced by the heat emanating from the hot bread and cakes.

What to do with the cold meat is a

question with some housekeepers who have a limited experience in domestic affairs. When the family tire of hash, as they will soon do unless it is so well seasoned that it is uncommonly tempting, the remnants of cold beef, mutton or fresh pork can be utilized by mincing the meat, seasoning it well, and mixing with it some gravy thickened almost to a paste. Press the minced meat into small balls, dip them into bread crumb and raw eggs, and fry brown. If too much fat is minced with the lean meat the balls will not be firm enough to look well. This dish is a palatable relish for breakfast or for a hastily prepared dinner. Slices of stale bread softened with sweet milk, then dipped in raw egg and fried brown can be served upon the same dish with these balls. In helping the plates do it nicely by putting upon one side of the plate a slice of the fried bread with one of the fried meat balls upon the top of the slice. This looks much better than to have the bread in the center and the meat ball tumbling around promiscuously upon the sides of the plate containing these nutritious edibles.

Another good way to utilize scraps of cold meat, is to line the sides and not the bottom of a well buttered baking dish with flaky paste, and after filling the dish with bits of cold meat, a few bits of crackers or stale bread, a lump of butter, some sweet milk, and salt and pepper to suit the taste, cover the mixture with paste and bake quickly in a brisk oven. If you happen to have cold veal and for the sake of variety wish to prepare a new relish you can make a pretty and tasteful one for supper or breakfast thus. Remove the brown outside portion of cold roast veal, and cut the white portion into thin slices. Have ready a few wafer-like slices of lean ham boiled and used cold, also two hard-boiled eggs sliced thin, and two dessert spoonfuls of finely chopped parsley. In an earthen ware mould place alternate layers of veal, eggs, ham and parsley with a sprinkling of pepper between each layer. When the mould is full cover its contents with strong stock, and bake for a half hour. When cold, remove from the mould, and garnish with a few sprigs of fresh parsley or celery. Some caterers add prepared mustard or Worcestershire sauce to the dressing. The mustard or sauce must be used sparingly, otherwise the flavor of the eggs and the meat will be neutralized. If a suitable mould is not procurable this veal souse or cake can be made in an ordinary baking dish.

Although an old-fashioned and a homely dish, fried potatoes with bacon are not always cooked so satisfactorily as to reflect credit upon the culinary lore and executive ability of the caterers who prepare them. Aunt Hagar, the negress who presided over our cuisine one year while I dwelt in a beautiful home near Port Gibson, Miss., used to tell me this in regard to the successful frying of this commonplace article of diet. To insure success in the preparation of this dish the bacon should be cut into thin slices, and then fried quickly and thoroughly without being scorched. The cold boiled potatoes should be cut into small pieces and dusted with pepper and salt before they are placed in the frying-pan. While in it they should be turned about without intermission until the steam emanates copiously from them. The fire beneath the pan containing them should be brisk, but not too hot. When nicely browned put them in a wide shallow dish, and arrange upon them the slices of bacon. Help each plate to a spoonful of the potatoes, and upon them place a slice of the bacon.

If potato balls are preferable to chopped potatoes, press the potatoes while warm through a colander, make

them into flat cakes or balls, and dredge them sparingly with flour before frying them in the grease remaining in the frying pan after the removal of the fried bacon from it.

A most excellent cook was this same Aunt Hagar. She had cooked for my mother-in-law many years preceding the war, and knew precisely how to render ordinary dishes palatable. Strive as I would, I never could alone make an omelet and waffles half equal to those prepared by the aid of her thick black fingers. If she fried an egg it looked and tasted nicer than those I fried. She was one of the tidy, old-time darkeys seldom found in southern kitchens since the emancipation proclamation went into effect. When she readjusted her bandana upon her woolly locks, put on a clean checked apron, rolled up her sleeves, and plunged her ebony-hued hands into a wash-pan full of soap and water, I knew she was making preliminary arrangements to prepare a tempting meal. The tidy arrangement of her person was her first consideration when she entered the kitchen. "My ole missus has learned me to keep clean hands and clean finger nails all the time, most specially when I come about her cook pots and bread trays," she would often say to me as I watched her scrubbing her brawny hands and arms prior to drying them upon the coarse towel she never failed to have in readiness. I learned many useful lessons while watching her movements in the kitchen. Although she possessed some of the idiosyncrasies and superstitions peculiar to her race she was a faithful and efficient servant warmly attached to "ole missus," also to "her boys," as she called the nine men upon whom her mistress lavished maternal devotion. Years have passed since her kind mistress laid down her cross and journeyed home, and by this time the honest, black woman has doubtless gone to the silent chambers of the dead.

LINDA WALTON.

Fayette, Miss.

SPONGE CAKES.

If I may be allowed the happy privilege I will tell the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD what I think and all that I know about cakes. I believe that there are some ladies, who, by some manner of legerdemain, always succeed in making most wholesome, most excellent, and most beautiful cakes. Perhaps they, unconscious to themselves, possess some magical art or, perhaps, again, there is a magical touch in their hands, anyhow, it is something, for success always attends their efforts. And, again, there are some persons, who, I think, had better turn their attention to something else than cake making and baking, judging from some of the specimens of their work which I have seen, and—alas, tasted. I never liked the cakes bought at the bakeries, nor such as we get at the hotels, for some unexplained reason or other, I never could eat them. But, I am free to confess that I do take a pride and delight in our good, wholesome, home-made cakes. And, it is with much pleasure that I send one or two recipes for sponge cakes which we have found to be good, and have used in our family for twenty years or more.

Number One.—Select twelve eggs as near the same size as possible, wash, wipe, and weigh them, and take their weight in fine white sugar, which should first be run through a fine sieve. Remove four of the eggs, and take the weight of the remaining eight in sifted flour. Separate the whites from the yolks of the eggs, and beat them until so stiff that they will stand alone. Then add the sugar, gradually, to the beaten white of eggs, and beat it in well, beat the yolks until

very smooth and thick, then mix them gradually, a little at a time with the white of eggs and sugar. Now add the grated yellow rind, and juice of three fresh lemons, and, lastly, stir in by degrees the flour, adding it lightly, and stirring it slowly and gently until the surface is covered with bubbles. Transfer it directly to a buttered tin pan, and set it immediately into a brisk oven, and bake it an hour or more, according to its thickness, and ice it when cool.

Last fall, late in November, we made a cake after the manner given above, iced it, and adorned it with a wreath formed of the leaves of the skeleton-leaved geranium, and clusters of the brilliant red berries of the wahoo, and it presented a most beautiful appearance, and we presented it to a Thanksgiving festival.

Again, we made a cake as above, and baked it in shallow pans that had been lined with white paper that had been lightly greased with fresh butter. When baked, the cakes were two inches thick, and when they were cold, with a very thin-bladed, very sharp knife, they were cut into pieces two inches square, and these pieces were iced on all sides, and were placed on a handsome glass stand with a space between the pieces, that is, they were piled up something in the way one would build a house of square blocks for children, only preserving a pyramidal form, but towards the top the pieces were piled irregularly, with their edges or pointed ends, or corners uppermost. Around the edge of the dish was placed a deep, crimped fringe of tin foil. Some small and elegant flowers had been gotten and placed on a plate with their stems in water. These flowers were made into corsage and button-hole bouquets, their stems were wrapped with tin foil, and every available space about the cake was adorned with one of these small bouquets, they were placed between the squares of cake, and on them. This cake presented a most elegant and unique appearance, and we presented it to a Sunday school festival, where it attracted much attention, and elicited many remarks of admiration, and both the cakes and bouquets were sold out rapidly.

I have another recipe for a good and plain sponge cake, which can be easily made. This will require nine eggs, one pint cup heaping full of sifted flour, the same cup level full of sifted white sugar, one lemon, a pinch of salt, and a small wine glass full of water. Separate the whites from the yolks of the eggs, put a pinch of salt in the yolks and beat them until quite light. Then stir the sifted sugar lightly into the beaten yolks letting the sugar sift slowly from your hand. Into the beaten yolks and sugar, now stir the water, and then add the grated yellow rind and the juice of the lemon. Now add the flour, slowly and gently stirring it in a little at a time, and lastly add the whites of the eggs which should have been previously beaten until perfectly stiff, stir them in a little at a time, slowly and gently. When the beaten eggs are all in, the whole surface of the batter will be covered with bubbles. It should now be poured into shallow pans, and transferred immediately to a brisk oven, it will require thirty or thirty-five minutes for baking; to make sure that the cake is done slip a knife down one corner of the pan and break off a little bit, it won't hurt the cake, and the piece can be put back again. When taken from the oven the cakes should be placed on inverted sieves and left there until cold. When the cake is to be used, it should be broken into small pieces, handling the cake lightly, and breaking it quickly, being careful not to crush or press the pieces in the least. The pieces of cake should be arranged irregularly on a plate, and loaf

sugar grated over them, or fine white sugar sifted over them.

One time for a Sunday-school festival, we made a sponge cake batter, and baked it in layers in square tin pans. A thick chocolate icing was placed between the layers, and the whole of the outside of the cake was covered with a thick white icing, and before the icing became hard, a number of little brown chocolate mice were stuck over the cake. They were placed in groups and singly. This unique cake was greatly admired, and the pieces were sold as fast as they could be cut.

Not long ago, we had a most delicious cake, which was made of a sponge batter, and baked in layers an inch thick. Between each of the layers and over the cake was placed an icing which was flavored with the juice of fresh oranges.

I enclose a recipe for an icing which is very fine indeed. Beat until perfectly stiff and dry the whites of four fresh eggs, and stir into them a pound of pulverized white sugar, a teaspoonful of pulverized and sifted white gum arabic, a teaspoonful of powdered arrowroot, and the juice of a fresh lemon.

An excellent boiled icing can be made as follows: into one-third of a cup of water put two cups of white sugar, place it on the back of the stove, and let it boil slowly until it is waxy or stringy. Then pour slowly, the boiling syrup over the beaten white of eggs stirring all the time until cool. Before it becomes quite cold, or hardens, apply it to the cake. If the whites of the eggs are poured into the boiling syrup they will float, and not mix with the syrup at all. UHLMA.

Riverside, W. Va.

TO FINISH PINE.

Pitch pine has of late years come into extensive use in England for the furniture and fittings of churches and chapels, and for the woodwork of private dwellings and public buildings. This wood is, in many instances, very beautifully marked in the grain, and is admirably suited for all purposes where strength and durability are desired. It is in its nature exceedingly resinous, and it is the fact of its being so thoroughly impregnated with resin which makes it so durable. As a rule, the practice is, to varnish or French polish the better class of work when made of this wood. French polishing on pitch pine cannot be done under three times the cost of giving it two coats of good varnish, so as a natural consequence the latter method will, and in fact does, prevail. Pitch pine has a strong tendency to quickly get darker in color. This arises chiefly from the effect of the air upon the turpentine and resin contained in the wood (just as varnishes get dark by exposure), and therefore, except the work is required of a dark color to begin with, we would advise that no stains be used on the mass of the work, and that the varnish used be as light colored as it is possible to be got, for if we varnish with a common dark colored varnish the wood will all the sooner become discolored. The work is first coated with a glue size in order to partially fill up the pores of the wood, and make an impervious surface to prevent the varnish sinking into it. This size has also the effect of preventing the discoloration of the wood, through absorbing the varnish, and this is more especially the case if white pine is used, it being softer and more absorbent than pitch pine. The glue size should not be too strong, or it will crack and chip, and it is better to give the work two thin coats of this than to risk failure by one thick coat. The two thin coats will sink into the wood and so have a firm hold, while the thick coat will remain on the surface and be easily chipped off. The

size used should be free from any foreign matter and carefully strained before being used. Another plan which dispenses with the use of size altogether is to give the woodwork a coat of japanner's gold size thinned with turpentine; this sinks into the wood and produces a hard and firm body for the varnish to be laid upon. By this method the varnish becomes an integral part of the wood and cannot chip or peel off. Of course this process costs a little more than when size is used, but it is so little that it ought not to be a consideration in good work. When the work is to be French polished no sizing is required.

Many kinds of staining colors may be used for coloring pine, and any desired tint obtained, but except for the purpose of imitating inlaid woods, pitch pine or white pine should never be stained any other color than the darker shades of its own natural color, not necessarily to represent dark old oak, but to represent what it is in reality, pine, stained dark. Simple staining solutions are the best. Very excellent stains may be got by using the ordinary graining colors, viz., Vandyke brown, raw and burnt sienna, ultramarine, etc. In using any of these stains, or in fact any water stains, it is a usual practice to put them on with a brush, and so leave them, but we have found the best plan to be as follows: If we want a dark oak color, we use Vandyke brown or best Turkey umber with water, tolerably dark in shade. With this we brush over the wood without any previous preparation. We let it stand for a few minutes, then wipe as much of the color off again as we can with a damp rag or cloth. It will then be found that a certain amount of the stain has sunk into the soft parts of the wood, and less so on the hard parts of the grain. By this plan we bring out the grain or marks of the wood clearer and more distinct than when it is left from the brush alone. If the stain is not deep enough another coat may be applied in the same manner. For a mahogany stain we use burnt sienna with a little Vandyke brown, then glaze over with Victoria lake; if a yellow stain, raw sienna; for a blue stain we use ultramarine blue, and by adding raw sienna to the blue we form a dull shade of neutral green; for a gray stain, blue black with a very small quantity of ultramarine added, and so on *ad infinitum*. All these are permanent colors, which is of course an important consideration. We could get more brilliant colors by using scarlet, crimson, or purple lakes, but these are fugitive colors not fitted for use on any work intended to last. It will be understood that we are now speaking of staining woodwork in the mass, that is to say without imitating inlaying although most of these colors may be used for that purpose. We here give a list of transparent and semi-transparent colors which may be used as stains.

Red Stains.—1. Burnt sienna. 2. Logwood. 3. Burnt ocher. 4. Madder lake.

Yellow Stains.—1. Raw sienna. 2. Saffron. 3. Gamboge.

Blue Stains.—1. Ultramarine blue. 2. Indigo. 3. Cobalt.

Brown Stains.—1. Vandyke brown.

2. Turkey umber. 3. Black Japan.

Green Stains.—1. A mixture of gamboge and indigo, gamboge or raw sienna and ultramarine blue.—*Journal of Progress*.

HOW TO MAKE SOFT SOAP.

Several of THE HOUSEHOLD readers have asked lately how to make this soap, and being a farmer's wife and having many opportunities for using the commodity, I have found it necessary to acquaint myself with the manufacture of it, and as time is 'gold' in many instances,

how to achieve the best results in the briefest period of time would seem the best method of giving the desired information. Supposing this the case I will try to give directions by which a model quality of soap may be made in one-half day.

Perhaps every one may not be familiar with the mode of "setting up a mash" as we say. To do this have a strong bench with the legs on one side shorter than those on the other, say three inches shorter. On this place a wide board with a circle cut in it as large as the bottom of the barrel in which you propose to set up your mash, and one-sixth of an inch deep, with a short trench from the circular trench to the edge of the board. Do this so that if the barrel leak you may catch the lye and not allow it to waste. Then place the largest barrel you can get, on the board. In the bottom of the barrel put a small armful of sticks nearly the length the barrel is in width, on these put a bushel basket full of straw, then three or four pieces of lime as large as a cup, then fill with good ashes.

Turn on hot water till it will stand above the ashes in the top of the barrel and if after setting a short time, the water disappears from the ashes turn on more hot water, and let it stand three hours. Then tap the barrel two inches from the bottom and draw out the lye, if it will bear an egg be sure you will get good soap. I mean drop an egg in a pail of lye and if it remains on the top the lye has sufficient strength. Draw all the lye from the ashes and put it in a large iron kettle, then put in one pound of grease to each pailful of lye, if the lye is extremely strong it may require more than a pound, usually this is quite a good rule. Boil both together one and one-half hours, then take a bowl and dip out four spoonfuls of the hot soap, add a spoonful of cold water at a time, beating it thoroughly together until the soap is of the required thickness. Take the soap from the fire and put in the barrel you intend to keep it in and add cold water in pailfuls in the same proportion of the spoonfuls in the bowl, stir thoroughly after adding each pailful, stir thoroughly once each day for a week, and your soap is done.

I hope it may prove as helpful to you as it has to me, for it has never failed me. An earthen or stone pot full of the strong lye is an excellent thing in which to keep the bits of pork and bacon rinds and waste grease that accumulates in every household and is nice for soap putting the contents of the pot in the boiling soap in the kettle each succeeding year. Kept in this way it will not mould or get wormy.

MRS. G. F. LUCY.

New Hampshire.

ONE WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

Fifth Paper.

"Tell me what you do with people, young people especially, who will not be at their ease when they visit you, or have you ever seen any of that kind?" some one said to me the other day.

The question set me thinking; it revived memories both painful and ludicrous, many a forgotten scene flashed on my mind. The words are so truly descriptive, "they will not be at their ease." Yes, I have seen them—who has not at some time or another—and they appear to have made a stern resolve that nothing shall tempt them to forget the fact that they are in a strange house and that it behooves them to act as unlike their own natural selves as possible. And what is to be done with them? Well, they are not always as difficult as one might suppose. Kindness, common sense, and especially that rare quality called tact, will work wonders.

I shall never forget a small gathering which I attended once, shortly after I went to live in the country. A few miles from us resided a very rich farmer, whose circumstances were the envy and admiration of all his neighbors. I may state that that part of the country was not one flowing with milk and honey, neither was it rich in flocks and herds; a little money made a great impression. And "Square" Porter was, so Mother Loomis said, "a considerably forehanded man." It was also said of Mis' "Square" Porter that she was a right capable woman. And every thing bore evidence to the truth of the general opinion. I can remember that to be as good a manager as Mis' "Square" Porter and to have Charlie know one-half as much about farming as the "square" himself, was at one time the height of my ambition. The family consisted of two sons, one daughter, Tildy, for whom the company was invited, and the "square's" mother, who was generally called by every one, Grandma Porter.

It was on the occasion of the advent of a new piano and during one of Tildy's vacations that I was invited with a number of young people to spend an evening at the "square's." The Porters were hospitable and their neighbors, so I understood, always looked forward to a night's thorough enjoyment, besides considering it something of a feather in their caps to be invited.

When I arrived at the "square's," I found all the guests already assembled in the parlor or "best room" as it was called, where they were seated on chairs ranged against the walls with a precision and uniformity not to be looked for in a company whose mathematics, like my own, had been somewhat neglected. When I entered the room I fancied they were in the midst of some game—something, I said to myself, which requires a dead silence, or at least speech must be paid for in forfeits. But when I observed the desperate efforts of Grandma Porter to break up the awful stillness and encourage some one to speak above a murmur, I discovered my mistake, it was no game—at least for grandma. Her daughter-in-law, satisfied with the thought of the new piano and fine supper was more indifferent to the woes of her young guests. Not so, grandma; but it was uphill work for the poor old lady. In vain did she inquire for parents, sisters, cousins and aunts, and show an interest in cows, crops, butter and all the domestic affairs of every one present. Her kindly questioning brought forth nothing but the most hopeless monosyllabic responses. In vain did she attempt a little joke—for grandma had plenty of humor, though on this occasion it seemed constrained and unnatural—a slight giggle was surprised from the company, and was succeeded by a stiffening up movement on all sides, as if to say, though they had been decoyed into forgetting themselves once, it should not happen again. The two sons of the house did their best to aid grandma but it struck me that they were affected by the unaccustomed grandeur of the "best room," so subdued and even shame-faced did they appear.

Even the "square" himself, a jovial, good-natured man, after numerous fruitless attempts to draw out some of the young people, became so infected with the general solemnity that he at last (happy he) took refuge in flight, not forgetting the thoughtful and timely injunction, "Now, young folks, chirp up, and have a good time. Tildy give 'em a 'chune.'" Tildy gave them the "chune," but though it aroused considerable curiosity it did not add to the enjoyment of the party apparently, or serve to cast out the tongue-tied demon which seemed to have possession of every one. Mrs. Porter

had counted on the piano as a great attraction, under some circumstances it would have been so, but on the present occasion it failed for some reason.

Well, there was one person who understood the whole difficulty. Grandma with a quiet motion, albeit the look in her eye bespoke nothing short of desperation, drew me out into what was called the living room. I was not loth to leave the parlor with its assemblage of unfortunates ranged about the walls, speaking at long intervals in low, almost inaudible tones, and hailed the opportunity for a chat with my old friend with great delight.

"Now this 'ere," began grandma, "isn't goin' to do at all; it'll all be spoiled; them critters aren't havin' no fun."

As grandma always spoke of horses and cows as "critters" I did not understand her until she jerked her head in the direction of the "best room."

"I just knew how 'twould be," she continued, "it's that air room that's doin' it. I told Ann Elizy to let 'em come out here first and when every thing was goin' nicely an' every one feelin' free, to take 'em in and let 'em hear the pianny. She'd no business takin' 'em there, she always had 'em here, and they aren't used to it, and they aren't got quite free with 'Tildy yet, you see she's been off to school and they're kind of eyein' her on that account, and the pianny's so grand and big, and altogether I don't wonder they're sittin' there like so many ramrods scared of one another. Now we've had company on and off every year since I came to this house and we always made folks enjoy it and like to come again, and every one 'll tell you so," looking at me with a troubled face, "but it isn't goin' to be so to-night. I guess folks 'll say that sense 'Tildy's went to school and the pianny's come, the Porters have got too fine to feel at home in their own house. And look at them two boys," continued the old lady, waxing wrathful at her grandsons, "look at them," in a disgusted tone, "there aren't two bigger numskulls in the room, and they used to be good at fun and games. To be sure they can't have games to-night for 'Tildy says they're unfashionable and countrified. La save us, I wonder where we are but in the country."

It was fortunate for me that grandma seemed to expect no reply, for I did not know what to say. "Oh, I can see it all," she resumed. "I guess I know enough of human natur to know that to take a gal and set her down opposite a new pianny that belongs to another gal and nothin' to divert her mind from thinkin' that it's what she hasn't got and likely never will have—that isn't the way to make her have a good time. It's all a mistake havin' 'em in that room. I told Ann Elizy when she was speakin' of her good supper, sez I, 'better have 'em in the kitchen with a plate and an apple, they'd enjoy it more.'"

I scarcely knew how to reply, though I agreed with grandma, especially in her shrewd understanding of human nature. I said something about the ice soon being broken. The old woman smiled pityingly upon me. "Ice broken," she repeated, "wal, child, after it's had five hundred years of an August sun in it mebbe 'twill, but I tell you 'twill take something more'n ordinary natur to thaw out our best room."

Again I heartily agreed with grandma and think the same might be said of a great many of our "best rooms" in the country. To me they always appeared to be the one spot which was sacred to the memory of all the family funerals for generations back, there was always something paralyzing in the very air of the apartment. Well, after more confidences with me, and numerous winks, nods, and whisperings with Ann Elizy, it was de-

cided to bring the unfortunates out to the living room, with which they were on more familiar terms and consequently more at home in it. If any thing had been required to justify grandma in her denunciation of the best room the action of young Will Porter was enough. This eighteen-year-old giant jumped straight up until his head struck the ceiling, while he gave vent to his feeling of relief in a prolonged yell which might have caused a lion to turn green with envy. And it was no half-hearted applause which followed this performance.

"And now," said grandma half to herself, "give 'em something to eat, that's the first and best thing to open their mouths."

It is not necessary to say more except that the end of the party was quite a success, and grandma went to bed that night satisfied that the house had not lost its reputation for making "folks have a good time."

Now it must not be supposed that these young people were hopelessly stupid and countrified beyond all others, they were naturally bright, intelligent and fairly educated. But the trouble is easily understood. The pithy remarks of Grandma Porter explain the whole matter, and it seems almost unnecessary to try to supplement them. But perhaps one or two rules borrowed from her will be of service to some one who may occasionally have such difficult subjects to deal with.

It really does not answer well to take your shy, unaccustomed-to-society young people into the very best, and as is often the case, least used room in the house, when you want them to have a pleasant, comfortable feeling. It is humiliating, but it must be confessed that the solemn grandeur of the drawing room or parlor has a bad effect on some of us. Why new furniture should depress us, make us feel small and think little of ourselves generally, we cannot take time to discuss just now, but it is the case, nevertheless, and a weakness that is not entirely confined to any particular station in life. I know an elegant home, where there are three very attractive daughters, and more than one of their young gentlemen friends have said, "I like to go to the Grahams" in summer when I can sit on the piazza or some place outside, but defend me from the inside of that house, it is so complete, so fine and so unused that it is positively oppressive, the very chairs and tables seem to be asking a fellow what he came for."

Then again, it will be well to remember grandma's remarks on human nature with respect to the new "pianny." Don't bring forward as a provision for their enjoyment either in conversation or amusement some piece of your own good fortune with which they have not been blessed themselves. The angels might enjoy themselves in such a case, but it has

never yet been supposed that terrestrial beings derived their greatest happiness from the consideration of the good things belonging to another.

Then "give 'em something to eat."

Another humiliation, perhaps, but still a wonderful ice breaker. Remember I am speaking of the difficult subjects, those who will not be at their ease. As to what it shall be, that must of necessity depend upon circumstances.

BREND ATHOL.

BITS OF TALK.

In the May HOUSEHOLD, a correspondent, in giving a method of canning apples, says, "Such syrup should always be made in a porcelain lined vessel."

Now, I ask, why porcelain lined in preference to the smooth, light and perfectly safe agate or granite ware? I no-

tice that Emily Hayes mentions porcelain as to be used, and so do others from time to time. When porcelain vessels came in use to supersede the brass, copper and tin of former times, the superiority of having something acid proof and safe was evident to all housekeepers, even though some did still "get along" with the same brass kettles their grandmothers used. And to those who have the porcelain lined in good condition, the continued use of it may be a matter of economy, though it does seem to us a poor economy to use such heavy vessels as those, especially of the larger size.

But it is to the young housekeepers, and to any purchasing new cooking utensils, that I wish to emphasize the utility of the lighter and less liable to become soiled granite ware. A kettle of large size of this ware, holding nearly a pailful, weighs scarcely two pounds, while one of the porcelain-lined will weigh, I think, ten pounds, and be of about the same size. Besides the granite ware requires only a slight fire to heat it through, yet we do not find it nearly as liable to burn on as the porcelain, for we never set it directly over the flame. It is the matter of weight, both in using and cleaning cooking utensils, that is one of the last straws to break a weak woman's back, even if it be not one of the prior causes of our weariness in the time of the canning, preserving and pickling season.

Then for every-day use we have the larger and smaller vessels, dishes with handles which never melt off, dishes with bails which we use for kettles or as mixing pans, being nicer than tin, as they never rust nor corrode nor grow rough and scarcely become discolored. If discolored, they can be easily cleaned and no injury is done to the ware.

I speak not only in behalf of those of us who do the cooking and canning more or less, but in behalf of the young girls in the family who may wash the dishes and to whom heavy ware is one of the bugbears of kitchen work. So to servants whose burdens are already heavy, these lighter wares are a precious boon.

Some one asks how to mend cracks in kettles and iron ware. We have found putty, in some simple cases, to do exceedingly well. We always keep a ball of putty wrapped up and in the cellar, ready for any household use. If it hardens on the outside, we pound it fine, moisten it with a drop of kerosene oil, mix it smooth and then use it, leaving it to dry thoroughly before using the ware thus mended. We often find it convenient to use in mending tin dishes that do not seem worth sending to the shop, and as we use tin pails for all things instead of wooden ones, we often stop a leak with putty, at least, for the time being.

Our mop pails, slop pails, and any old ones, may be made tight in this way, and last so for a long time.

When we can afford granite ware for all purposes in place of tin, then no more leaks nor breaks in our pails, pans and kettles, no more rusty dishes if left wet for a moment, or if a drop of vinegar, lye, or any acid touches them.

I see mention made of cooking cucumbers as vegetables. That we have never tried, but we save all overgrown ones, either to make into sweet pickles as we do ripe ones, or we salt them, and when we freshen a mess for pickles, we peel and slice the large ones, as we would green cucumbers, and we like them so very much. ONE OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE RELATION BETWEEN BUYER AND SELLER.

Merchants are a class of people that are often looked upon as a set of bandits, waging war against the pocket-books of the people, and therefore fit prey for the

special police. If they can by any method be induced to sell at less than their regular rates, by brow-beating, by plausible speech, by an old cry, "it is naught, it is naught," it is considered a great feat of genius on the part of the buyer. Buying at cash rates, the good nature of the merchant is often taxed by those ominous words, "please to charge it," and when payment is offered a year later, and the poor seller adds six per cent. interest, he is looked upon with holy horror as little better than a thief or an assassin. Now we give a few rules, that, if heeded, will cause an era of good feeling:

1. Never try to "beat down." Go to honest men, and then pay what they ask. With the competition now existing in all branches of business, there is no danger of paying more than an article is worth.

2. If you buy at cash rates and get trusted, do not complain because interest is charged on your bill. The merchant who buys for cash cannot afford to wait payment for goods without an equivalent.

3. Buy in your own town, so far as possible, and patronize those who help build your school houses, make your roads, and who are expected to respond to all calls for charity, or for public improvements.

4. Settle all old accounts before the new year commences like honest men.

Heed these simple rules and add to your own peace of conscience and the good nature of our business men.—Ex.

WASHING FLANNELS AND LINENS.

To whiten flannel, made yellow by age, dissolve one and one-half pounds of white soap in fifty pounds of soft water, and also two-thirds of an ounce of spirits of ammonia. Immerse the flannel, stir well around for a short time, and wash in pure water. When black or navy blue linens are washed, soap should not be used. Take instead two potatoes grated into tepid soft water (after having them washed and peeled), into which a tea-spoonful of ammonia has been put. Wash the linen with this, and rinse them in cold blue water. They will need no starch, and should be dried and ironed on the wrong side. An infusion of hay will keep the natural color in buff linens, and an infusion of bran will do the same for brown linens and prints.—Ex.

—Bar soap should be cut into pieces of a convenient size, and laid where it will become dry. It is well to keep it several weeks before using, as it spends fast when it is new.

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—THE HOUSEHOLD speaks for itself so I won't praise it; you all know what it is and those who don't, are to be pitied. I would like to hug Ellerslie for telling us what she did with her bed ticks. I immediately sat

sisters have told their way I would like to tell mine, and begin and end with the advice to that sister to buy a set by all means.

About the time soap box ottomans, racking box lounges, and barrel chairs were the rage in THE HOUSEHOLD I had a saving spell and furnished a room in the aforesaid style. As I had been house-keeping only about three years and my husband's "folks" and mine, were not the kind to put away clothes in trunks and chests for daughters-in-law and out of law to get at, I didn't have any brown merino to cover lounges, and scarlet fringes, "just what I wanted," to trim with, or blue silk dresses and white lace veils to make toilet sets of so I was obliged to buy every thing new (I used chintz,) and if one can find a more hateful, uncomfortable, clumsy sort of furniture in a room I wish they would show it me. Afterwards we bought a chamber set, painted pine, made drapery curtains out of ten yards of six-cent white cotton cloth for the two windows, made two lambrequins out of macrame cord and bought a Nottingham lace toilet set and shams and a straw matting carpet, and I take comfort in that room. I don't have any powdered fingers, days and nights of sick headaches and worse heart-aches, to think of every time I open the door, nor do I hear the ringing of the words of my husband in my ears "There, Addie, don't follow any more suggestions in THE HOUSEHOLD if you do I will sue the publisher." I would like to know when the men's rights in our paper as to their writing, is to be settled? I think it's a good idea as perhaps we should find things easier to do if we heard what the other side of the house had to say about it.

ADELAIDE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters tell me the best way of using elderberries, (not wine)? I want a good recipe for pie. Also, if wild frost grapes can be used with as satisfactory results as cultivated ones, and what to make of apricots besides jelly. They all grow wild here and in great abundance and I must use them in some way.

And now I will add a very novel way of canning peaches. Pare and halve the peaches, remove stones, pack them closely as possible in glass jars without any sugar; when full, pour in cold water letting it run in between the peaches as much as possible, fill to rim of can. Let stand about eight hours, then if any water has sunk away, add more, seal up, and all is done. The peaches retain all the flavor, as there will not be water enough to make them insipid, a cold syrup could be used, but the peaches taste best with cold water. If preferred sugar may be put on before serving. Sisters try it and report.

KEZIAH BUTTERWORTH.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—There are so many questions in each number of our paper which I cannot answer, that when information is wanted upon a subject which I do know something about, I feel as if I ought to add my mite. A. I. D. wishes to know how to press flowers, and I will try to give her explicit directions. To begin with, you need a quantity of common brown paper, the more like blotting paper it is the better; a smooth board a little larger than your sheets of paper, twelve by eighteen inches is a good size; and a weight of twenty or thirty pounds.

If you have some soft white paper in which to press your plants it will be found very convenient, but it is not necessary. Lay half a dozen or more sheets of the brown paper in a pile before you on the table, and upon them place a white sheet with the folds to your right, open the sheet and arrange your plant on the left hand page; keep it in place with one hand, and

with the other close the sheet, being very careful not to disarrange your plant in the operation. Upon this place several sheets of brown paper, then one of the white and proceed as before. When you have ten or twelve plants pressed, place the board on top, and then the weight; the latter may be in several pieces so that it is not hard to lift. If the weight is too heavy the plants will look as if mashed by a stone, and if it is not heavy enough they will wrinkle in drying instead of being pressed out smoothly. If you have time change the papers every day, do not take the plants out of the white sheets, but simply put them between dry brown papers and spread the damp ones in the sun to dry, to be in readiness for the next change. When the plants feel quite dry they may be taken from the press; some flowers dry in a day or two, while others take a week or ten days. If you are pressing botanical specimens take the whole plant, if it is not too large, and if the root is a tuber split it with a knife so that it will not be much thicker than the rest of the plant. If a fern, or slender plant is too long for your paper fold the top over, a little to one side and it will not injure the appearance of it in the least.

I hope A. I. D. will understand these directions, and will tell us how she succeeds, and what pretty flowers she has found to press this summer.

I am always interested in the descriptions of wild flowers and wild gardens, and, like Mabel Dunbar, would be pleased to hear something about those of the far west and north.

If Mabel will get fern roots in the spring or autumn, and plant them on the shady side of her house close to the foundation I think she will have no trouble in making them grow, and they will require no care after they once get started.

ALICIA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—For a long time I have been thinking of sending the above recipe for the benefit of the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD who find it necessary to economize, and as I have just been reading in your last number the request of Mrs. Home Missionary, I will delay no longer.

Take one-fourth pound of logwood chips, boil twenty minutes in three pints of soft water, then add one-fourth ounce of sal ammoniac, and when cold, saturate with a brush, the garments having been previously freed from dirt and spots. Dry and press.

The above is a recipe given me over forty years ago by the wife of a missionary, when I was married to one, for the purpose of dressing over my husband's garments, and I have found it very valuable for that purpose as it gave them the appearance of new, if not too badly worn and faded. The recipe was given especially for broadcloth, although it will equally restore the color on coarser cloth, but is more liable to crock. There is hardly any kind of black wearing apparel but I have restored with the dye. If the garment is badly faded the dye will not make it black, but I found by experimenting that I could get it black by the use of vitriol.

I will give my method: I free the garments from dust, then with soap, hot water and brush, clean the coat collars and all other places that need cleaning, and dry. When ready to dye, I usually take a wide board and place the ends upon two barrels out of doors, then spread the garment upon it and brush over with the dye, either hot or cold, being careful to brush the way the nap runs. Then after drying place again upon the board and with strong soapsuds and sponge go over the garment again, (I squeeze the sponge so as not to wet the garment through,) then I go over it again with the clear

water, or hang the garment up and then turn water over it. The latter I prefer as it rinses the dye out better, then dry and press. If the garments are not black when first dried, I make a weak solution of blue vitriol water and brush over them and let them lay half an hour or so before cleaning. Should you find that they crooked, rub them thoroughly with a dry cloth.

Cinnamon color, or brown, can be equally improved by it, but make no use of soap or vitriol. I use tartaric acid for removing the dye from my hands.

The sisters may be able to improve upon the recipe. Some use a strong solution of salt and water for setting colors, and I have sometimes made use of it.

Mrs. H.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—About one year ago, I ventured to write a letter to the Band, and as my effort did not find its way to the waste basket I think I will try again.

My last number of THE HOUSEHOLD was brought from the office one evening, just as I was thinking I was "too tired to breathe," but I sat down to look over the paper and was soon very much interested in the numerous good things that I found therein.

Living out in the woods, I do not have many chances to obtain subscribers, but I have done a little toward circulating the paper, having notified two brides of the good fortune in store for them, and I have a third on my list. I will say to the lady who wishes to know how to mend an iron kettle, that equal parts of glycerine and litharge will do it, and is not affected by the heat.

I, too, think Connecticut Boy a good example for other boys, but I have no complaints to make in regard to my John, he is both helpful and handy.

I tried Emily Hayes' potato soup one night this week for supper, our folks pronounced it good; John said, "That recipe came from THE HOUSEHOLD, I know."

I have been making lemon pie to-day and I will give my recipe for the benefit of that terrible Husband of a Subscriber; if the lemons are good and all directions followed, he won't make any wry faces over them: Two eggs, one cup of white sugar, and one lemon. Grate the rind and cut the inside into very small pieces, add the sugar to the lemon, then add the beaten eggs and stir all together with one and one-half tablespoonsfuls of flour or cornstarch. Add to this a small piece of butter (about the size of a walnut) and one and one-half cups of boiling water, bake between two crusts. This recipe came from Jersey and I have used it a number of years.

This is a lovely day, but it is so cold that I wonder if we will ever have warm weather, so that we can put out our house plants. I have lovely pansies in bloom, but I should think they would freeze. I wonder why Aunt Mab don't write often for her paper. I have been enjoying very pleasant letters from her, for the past year, also am the recipient of several favors at her hands.

Adieu, or I will not be allowed to come again. Besides a pile of mending awaits somebody's magic touch. WALWORTH.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—In the March number of THE HOUSEHOLD M. asks for instructions about doing up starched shirts. In the May HOUSEHOLD Emma Powers asks how to laundry finish shirts. If they will observe the following directions, I think they will have no further trouble: Allow one tablespoonful of starch for each shirt. Dissolve it thoroughly in a little cold water, and pour in boiling water till it looks clear, stirring briskly the while. Be careful not to have it too thick. I allow a quart of water for

three tablespoonfuls of starch. Boil five minutes and strain through muslin. If the bosoms and cuffs are dry, dampen them in cold water before putting them through the starch. After starching let them dry, put through thin cold starch (one teaspoonful of starch to a pint of water) roll and let them lie an hour or two before ironing. When you iron leave the bosom till the last, then take a damp cloth and rub over it to get it smooth before applying the iron. Having ironed the bosom well once, dampen with a perfectly clean, soft, damp cloth, then rub with polishing iron till very glossy. The polishing iron must not be very hot. If the iron sticks the starch is too thick. Collars should be pulled crosswise. Shirts, also, ought to be pulled crosswise, particularly in the neighborhood of the neck, for when damp a fourteen-inch collar can be easily pulled lengthwise into a fifteen-inch collar.

Laundry Finish.—Take one ounce of white wax, two ounces of spermaceti, and a good pinch of salt. Mix and melt these together, and when cold it will be a hard white cake that will not mould or sour in hot weather. Put a piece the size of a pea in the hot starch for every three or four shirts.

Carrie, in January number, asks how to remove fly specks from gilt frames. Dip a camel's hair brush in spirits of wine and apply.

Mrs. Ballou wants to know how to mend iron. If she will take two parts by weight of common pitch and one part of gutta percha, and melt together in an iron vessel, she will have a cement that holds together, with wonderful tenacity, wood, stone, ivory, leather, woolen, silk or cotton. It is well adapted to aquaria.

New York. B. B. B.

DEAR SISTERS:—I am beginning to feel delightfully at home, and writing to you all seems like writing to old friends, instead of comparatively new ones. I would send hearty greeting to Estelle, for our experience is similar in stepping from school room to "mine own home."

I have much for which to thank the sisters. Emily Hayes for her many nice recipes, Helen Herbert for pie crust and general common sense, and my thanks follow gratefully the little woman who told us to do up our shirt bosoms in cold starch followed by a dip into boiling hot water. It eased my troubled mind when I found that was practical.

I would emphasize the recommendation of the use of fruit for spring time. A glass of lemonade night and morning is wonderfully refreshing. It is needless to say the usual "springy" feeling is unknown with us. We are eating little meat, too, and more milk, grains and vegetables for our spring diet.

I want to tell you of my handy place for keeping pieces of twine, etc. A cigar box or any suitable box is fastened to the wall where it best suits your convenience. A hole is made for the string to pass through, and the blade of an old penknife securely fastened so the point projects beyond the box is added forming the cutter for the string. Keep one ball in the box while number two is making. Time and bother are saved by that little arrangement.

The many excellent directions for bread making given us leave but little more to be said, but two items which I think add to the complete whole I have not seen mentioned. The first is, when putting the dough to rise after kneading, rub over the surface a little butter. This prevents a crust forming while rising. The second is, to put the loaf where it will soonest cool when taken from the pan. The sooner bread cools, the softer the crust and the better it keeps. I place mine on a towel, leaning it against some

support, and if I can put it in a breeze so much the better.

I hope none of the sisters had so many disappointing dumplings as I—soggy and heavy enough to give even Mr. Pig the dyspepsia. If any have suffered like trials, I advise them to try steaming. I put mine on a tin plate in my steamer, letting the steamer get hot first, and have not failed of light, puffy dumplings since I tried that way. Make a few more than you need for your stew, make some nice apple sauce for them, and eaten with butter and sugar you have an enjoyable dessert. That saves work you see.

I wonder how many of the sisters are using the perforated tin pie plates. When we went to housekeeping the seller of these plates gave us one to try, and it was a good advertisement. I have used them ever since and ask no other. They require no greasing, and the pies may be slipped from them on to crockery plates or brown paper, so that few are required for a good-sized baking. The theory is, that the perforations allow the steam generated beneath the under crust to escape, and so it bakes brown and crisp as the upper. Be that as it may, the result is good, and I hope the sisters who have not tried them, will do so, while those who have, will tell us their experience.

A new notion to me was recommended the other day, and that was putting a little molasses into your coffee before the boiling water is added. Add a teaspoonful to enough for two. It is claimed that it gives a richness which is otherwise missing. We have tried it when we have had coffee since, with good results. It will do no harm to try it, sisters, and if you like it I shall be glad I passed it along.

To the sister who asked for something to keep mucilage from souring, I would suggest glycerine. I have made quantities of gum arabic mucilage, and by adding a little glycerine it has kept for months, perfectly sweet.

Mirrors polished with glycerine will not show condensation. That fact is useful to dentists.

The secret of its peculiar properties I cannot tell for I have not looked up the subject to any extent. I have thought perhaps it was in its attraction for moisture. We know, in using it on our skin, how much more beneficial it is if the parts are first washed in water. It absorbs the moisture from the skin, making it too dry otherwise.

I think this recipe will help the sister who wishes for stamping powder: Two-thirds Prussian blue, and one-third powdered resin. Use perforated patterns and apply with a pad. If for dark cloth, use yellow ochre or prepared chalk in place of the blue. After removing the paper, set a warm iron on the tracing. It should be warm, not hot, just warm enough to melt the resin. I have not, as yet, tried this, but expect to do so soon. It seems sensible and easy. I hope the sister will report her success, should she try it.

John brought home some prunellas today for sauce material. They are a new fruit to me. Can any one tell me their particular use and province.

I will be one of the many to add a mite to the controversy on admitting the gentlemen. It seems to me they are pretty well in, with a good strong foothold. When our brothers have any thing to say worth listening to, I hope Mr. Crowell will let them in to our letter circle. If the controversy was about the relative merits of the contributions of the two sexes, why then we might have something to say.

The kindly mention of my name in the letter from a votary of Helen Herbert is noted. I thank her for the information.

Massachusetts.

HULDAH KEITH.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—No one feels a greater interest in you than I. You are a woman's paper complete and entire. The rights of men in your columns have been fairly discussed and the majority feel that his privileges as a scribbler should be limited. I am a man—a printer, too—but no paper I read affords me more pleasure or profit. There is so much rarely written matter and so much that is true. I like the spirit of many of your correspondents, and often I find myself almost exclaiming, as does Miller, of Walker, of Nicaragua. "He is a brick," changing the personal pronoun of course to fit the sex. Perhaps "She is a tile" would be better, as a tile is a little finer and more ornamental than a brick, and a very useful thing in its place.

I am a Massachusetts boy and the oldest of a family of seven—four boys and three girls. As the oldest boy circumstances forced me to the place of first assistant to my mother, for whom I washed dishes, swept floors, made beds, scoured cutlery, washed floors, did the week's washing, ironed the coarse clothes and cooked. This training which was distasteful at first I have always felt thankful for. As a married man I feel that I am almost my wife's equal. She and I have maintained a partnership now for eighteen years, and it is an equal partnership in goods and chattels and personal regards. She begs for nothing but proceeds upon the plane of personal and company right to operate for our own good as the income will allow. She does half the work and is entitled to half the money earned; and she has never had to ask me, "Rob, can you spare me a dollar?" She only has to ask herself what she can afford and go and get it. We have set up no authority one over the other, and there is an absence of "you shan't" and "you shall" in the house. We stand together for each other's domestic and social comfort without infringement of rights. In all this time she has never broken a seal upon a letter directed to me, or inquired what I was writing to this one or that one; and I have respected her rights in this regard as propriety required me to before our matrimonial union.

I pity women as a class, because I believe that the "rights" of men too often force good mothers and wives to a plane of subjection, and to a total loss of self-respect. I had a friend once, a good provider, whose wife had to say in my presence, "George, can't you let me have some money?" and George responded. " Didn't I let you have a dollar three weeks ago? What have you done with that?" Now, George made \$1,200 a year and his bill for notions was certainly five dollars a week. He was free and flush with friends—he treated them and mistreated his wife. I must confess I never liked George so well afterwards. Yet, as the world goes, I have always considered him better than the average husband.

My mother had to work to bring her family up in comfort and respectability. She made personal sacrifices that her boys might have trades, and she taught them the rights of woman and her equality to man not only by her speech, but also by her example of industry and her mental culture.

Woman can change her future condition by training the boys to the true idea of the equality of the race regardless of sex, and the girls to know that they are the helpers of men, rather than the tender vine seeking their protection from the hardships of life.

I give you this as the experience and sentiments of

ROB ROY.

Connecticut.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—There have been so many articles in our paper lately about the tyranny of husbands, and the "Johns" who have dared to come into our kitchen have slid into a back seat with such becoming meekness and modesty, evidently fearing lest they should share the fate of that intrepid man, who fearless in his ignorance of the annihilating powers of 70,000 women, boldly brought his dissected lemon pie into our midst; that, knowing they would never—while we keep them in those same back seats—have courage to defend themselves, we take up our cudgels in favor of a little discrimination in our treatment of them.

It seems as unreasonable to decry the stinginess, ill-temper, arbitrary rule, etc., of the tyrant as to decry the husband because there is occasionally one who deserves to be credited with all these attributes, and—punished accordingly, as it is to say that all women are thoughtless, frivolous and extravagant because a few are so. There seems to be a real tide in these things. A few years ago almost every story, in almost every paper or magazine, had for its text the extravagance and thoughtlessness of wives!

And when our feelings were wrought up to such pity and sympathy for the poor abused husbands that we were almost convinced that women were all terrible creatures, the tide ebbed, it dragged the extravagant wives out in the undertow to sweep them back on the highest wave of the incoming tide as the martyr, while the crushed husbands assumed the shape of a terror before which all historical tyrants vanished like a dream.

Take a man for instance like the husband

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Sunnyside describes in the January HOUSEHOLD, and who is "sworn to" by other sisters, so we cannot declare him a myth. What is the best method of annihilating or reclaiming such? Do you think he would be converted into a dutiful, thoughtful, loving husband by reading the description of himself? Why, he wouldn't have the least idea that he was the subject! He would probably read it with great satisfaction, laying down the paper with the wish that "John Smith could read that and profit by it!"

I remember reading many years ago, a sermon in rhyme in which the minister preached "at" and not "to" his congregation, and noticed the nudges of satisfaction given their wives by men who thought Deacon Brown or Brother Jones was "catching it this time." But the minister ended in this wise:

"And now I come to the 'fellers,'
Who've lost this shower by using their friends
As sort of moral umbrellas."

I cannot remember any more, but I think the "moral umbrella" is always raised to keep off such showers and seldom a drop of the fiery rain hits its mark. If it does, it doesn't fulfill its office. Wouldn't said husband be more apt to bang the door after him a little louder than usual when he went out, instead of being softened?

Men are but children of a larger growth, not perfect by any means, often the slaves of bad habits, selfish and thoughtless many times, but they are not all so. We should not expect to make a child more lovable by telling him he was the worst child in the world, and I don't think the plan is the wisest to follow in "training" their fathers. And, oh sisters! don't make Connecticut Boy any more conceited than he must be already. Why is he such a *vara avis*?

You wouldn't think it such a wonder if a woman should win deserved praise in some work not connected with housework, and just because a man says he can sweep and wash dishes, you are overwhelmed with a sense of his superiority! Think how his wife will feel one of these days, when, instead of telling her "how 'mother' used to cook," it will be, "I should do it thus and so." Why a whole regiment of mothers-in-law wouldn't be half so crushing.

There are lots of "Johns," old and young, who sweep, and hang out the washings for wives and mothers, who would never think of boasting of it, and more would do many little things about a house if they were allowed. Mothers who won't let their girls help about the work because "it's more bother to show them how, than it is to do it themselves" are not apt to let the boys have much chance in the kitchen.

Oh, Sweet Alyssum! Don't I know somebody else who knows the fragrance and sleep-invitingness of sheets and pillow cases ironed by the out-door breezes? Only these were not "hung out to dry" on your boundless prairies, but laid about anywhere, on bayberry bushes—sweeter than almost any thing else in the world when the hot sunshine by the sea shore strikes them—on wild rose bushes, and stumpy little pines that never had any idea of being trees; on sweet ferns so stocky and strong that they would uphold a blanket, and made sweet and dry by the delicious air blowing in from the sea bringing health and strength with every breeze. Alas! that "camping out" weather doesn't last all the year round in New England. Cannot I come and "spend the day" with you on your "ranch?" I always wanted to visit one and I should want to stop on my way for Leslie Ravnor and Helen Herbert. I know they could help us enjoy the beautiful out-door life—for a whole day.

Perhaps by that time Nelly Browne may have accepted your invitation. What a HOUSEHOLD "quintette," and how we would "talk over" our favorites among the Band.

Do let us have a HOUSEHOLD Badge by all means, but the railway and steamboat companies ought to agree to pay Mr. Crowell a fair per cent. on the increase of their earnings, for all THE HOUSEHOLD readers will buckle on those pins and "go forth to conquer" in their determination to find out how many other sisters there are in the country.

EMILY HAYES.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to come again if you will let me. I took a short journey recently and my thoughts were much of the same order as Maplewood gives vent to in the May number, although riding but three hundred miles, I could but wonder how many sisters were on the train with me. There are a goodly number here in this high up, wintry city of Leadville. Is it spring with any of you? It seems as if we were never to have it warm again here.

To change the subject to a warmer one, I say, do let the Johns and Ichabods send in an occasional letter, some of their ideas on women's work, etc., are so "intensely sensible," that they should have the privilege of giving their thoughts an airing, it won't hurt us. My John is not a Connecticut boy, by any means, by birth, but I was almost inclined to think we had Lucy Bel for a next door neighbor, as my husband has hung out all of our wash this winter, and washed all the heavier ones, willing to do all if I would consent, and last, but not least, (dare I say it, or will it bring down lasting dishonor on my head,) has ironed all the plain articles. Now having "men's" work to do he will insist on my

hiring it done. Some one asks, is it the mothers, or the boys? I am sure it is the boy in this case as his mother died when he was an infant.

Faith Friendly, I would like to clasp hands with you. I am sure I consider myself a companion for any respectable woman, but if I were to be judged by the price of my dress, how many times turned, age of my bonnet, etc., dear! dear! where should I dare to show my face.

I feel very talkative this morning, but fearing this may never see light if any longer will conclude by saying, I wish Mr. Crowell could hear some of the very flattering remarks made of the paper to me, by one gentleman in particular who does most terribly despise most of "women's" papers and affairs, (not my John,) he having read a year's back numbers with "solid enjoyment."

COLORADO ZEPHYR.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

CREAM OF TARTAR BISCUITS.—A Friend asks in March HOUSEHOLD how to make cream of tartar biscuits. As I am "one of the old housekeepers" I venture to send my recipe. Work into a quart of sifted flour one tablespoonful of cold lard. Sift in then, thoroughly, one teaspoonful of soda and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Wet with new or sweet milk. Roll half an inch thick with as little kneading as possible, and bake in a quick oven. M. W. B.

Kenduskeag, Me.

HAIR DRESSING.—One dram of tincture of lobelia, one and one-fourth ounces of ammonia, six grains of quinia, one quart of bay rum and one pint of soft water. Perfume to suit.

MRS. V. N.

CREAM CAKE.—Break one egg in a tumbler, fill with sour cream, then add one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of soda, and flour to make thick as for jelly cake, bake in layers.

Cream.—Set to boil one-half cup of sweet cream, beat one egg with one-half cup of sugar and one tablespoonful of flour, stir into the boiling cream and flavor with lemon. Stir until the consistency of jelly, and spread over the layers the same as for jelly cake.

LUMBERMAN'S WIFE.

PICKLED ONIONS.—Take very small onions, and with a sharp knife peel them. Put them into salt water and let them stand in the brine six days, stirring them often, and changing the brine every two days. See that they are closely covered. Then put the onions into jars, and give them a scald in boiling salt and water. Let them stand till cold, then drain them in a sieve, wipe them dry, and stick a clove in the top of each, and put them into wide-mouthed bottles, adding a few blades of mace, and a few slices of ginger. Fill up the bottles with the best elder vinegar, and put in the top a large spoonful of salad oil. Cork the bottles tight and seal.

MRS. J. G. K.

CANNED PEARS.—Some one said Bartlett pears were not good canned. We think no fruit is better. I suspect they were not ripe enough when canned. They must be fully but not over ripe, when to every pound of fruit put one-half pound of sugar, and about a pint of water to five pounds of fruit. The syrup is nice and we like plenty. Do not stir or the fruit will mash. Only cook till the pears are what one would call "middling" soft. Boil quickly, but not violently, and can immediately. L. G. B.

ROLL JELLY CAKE.—Six eggs, one-half cup of sugar, one cup of flour, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat the whites of the eggs separately until light.

E. J. B.

SPONGE CAKE.—One cup of white sugar, one and one-fourth cups of flour, three eggs, one good teaspoonful of baking powder, and four tablespoonfuls of boiling water. Flavor to taste. Beat well. This is splendid.

PICKLING PEACHES.—To seven pounds of fruit, add three pounds of sugar, and one pint of vinegar. Let the fruit boil in syrup until done. Put in a stone jar and set in a cool place.

C. A. F.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Take equal quantities of chopped chicken and celery. For dressing, yolks of four eggs, one tablespoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of yellow mustard, one-half cup of vinegar, one-half cup of cream, a pinch of red pepper, a little sugar, one tablespoonful of butter mixed with one tablespoonful of flour, mix together and stir over the fire until it thickens or boils. When cold, add two tablespoonfuls of olive butter.

M. J. B.

CREAM OF TARTAR BISCUIT.—One quart of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and one teaspoonful of saleratus, or two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a piece of butter the size of an egg and a little salt. Sift the flour and cream of tartar and saleratus all together, and rub the butter in thoroughly. Mix with

sweet milk. The secret of good biscuit consists in making the dough as soft as can be rolled, not kneading much, and baking in a quick oven. Remove from the oven just as soon as done.

SAGO PUDDING.—One-half cup of sago soaked for two hours in water. Take a pint of milk and the sago and put in a pail and set in a kettle of water. Let it cook for a few moments, then add two or three eggs, a pinch of salt, and one-fourth cup of sugar. Flavor with lemon, and set in the oven for half an hour, or till it is baked like custard. Eat hot with butter. The whites of two of the eggs may be reserved and beaten to a stiff froth with a little sugar, and put over the top just before taking from the oven. Brown in the oven.

TRACY.

ANGEL CAKE.—Whites of eleven eggs, three-fourths pound of sugar, five ounces of flour, one teaspoonful of vanilla, and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat the eggs stiff, then add sugar and flour, afterwards the vanilla. Sift the flour four times, add baking powder, and sift again. Bake forty minutes and try with a straw. If not done, bake a little longer. Do not grease the pan.

JENNIE.

CARAMEL CAKE.—Two eggs, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of milk, one-fourth cup of butter, one and one-half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one-half teaspoonful of soda.

Filling.—One cup of sugar, three-fourths cup of milk, butter the size of an egg, stir while boiling, boil fifteen minutes, beat until cold, flavor to taste.

J. E. F.

LEMON JELLY.—One egg, one cup of sugar, juice and grated rind of one lemon, set on stove, stir constantly until it thickens. Use for cake.

R. R. T.

Florida.

CUT CABBAGE WITH FRENCH DRESSING.—Slice a medium sized cabbage in thin shavings, place in a nappy in layers, sprinkling each layer with pepper and salt. Then pour over it the following dressing:

Dressing.—Put one-half cup of milk in the double boiler, beat together one egg, one-half cup of sugar, and a piece of butter the size of an English walnut, and stir into the milk, allowing it to come to a boil. Take from the stove and add immediately one-half cup of vinegar. Pour over the cabbage and allow it to cool, stirring occasionally. We like it very much

ANNIE ROSS.

CREAM PIE.—Three eggs beaten together with one cup of sugar, one and one-half cups of sifted flour, one teaspoonful of yeast powder, and a little salt. Bake on Washington pie tins, and split with a sharp knife.

Filling.—Take one egg, one-half cup of sifted flour, and two-thirds cup of sugar. Beat together and stir into two cups of boiling milk. This makes two pies.

MRS. C. HARRINGTON.

PICKLED PEARS.—Pare and halve fruit. To seven pounds of fruit, take three pounds of sugar, one quart of vinegar, one ounce of whole cloves, one ounce of whole cinnamon, and a little salt. Tie the spices in a small bag. Put all together and boil slowly, like pound for pound preserves. This recipe is good for pears, plums, or peaches.

MRS. W.

ORANGE CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, a small half-cup of butter, two cups of flour, one-half cup of water, yolks of five eggs and whites of four eggs, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, the rind of one orange, and the juice of one and one-half oranges. Beat the butter to a cream. Add the sugar, orange and eggs, well beaten, the water, and the flour in which soda and cream of tartar have been mixed. Bake in sheets, and when cool, frost.

GRAHAM GEMS.—One egg, one good handful of sugar, a pinch of salt, one-half cup of melted butter, one pint of buttermilk, and one teaspoonful of soda. Put in butter when half mixed up, when nearly mixed, add soda, and mix rather stiff. Have gem irons hot and a good oven.

MARY OLIN.

TOMATO CATCHUP.—Cut your tomatoes, boil soft and rub them through a wire sieve. To four quarts of the juice add three-fourths of a pint of vinegar, one tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of black pepper, one-half teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of cloves, and sugar to suit the taste. Some sugar improves the taste very much. Boil three hours. Put into bottles while hot, and cork tight. Put rosin over the corks.

S. A. H. B.

SODA WATER.—Pour three pints of boiling water on three pounds of white sugar, and when this is cool add two ounces of tartaric acid, the well beaten whites of three eggs, and

one ounce of essence of checkerberry. Put it in bottles and cork tight. It will keep in a cool place a long time. Put three tablespoonfuls of this in a goblet and fill it two thirds full of water, and then add one-third teaspoonful of soda. I wish if any of the sisters try this they would report.

MRS. BRADFORD PACKARD.

Brockton, Mass.

SUGAR COOKIES.—One and one-half cups of sugar, and one-half cup of butter rubbed fine with two cups of flour. To this add one-half cup of sour milk, in which one-half teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved. Then add one egg, and flour enough to mix soft. Roll thin.

ROXIE.

GREEN TOMATO PICKLE.—Slice one peck of green tomatoes, six green peppers, and four onions, strew one teacup of salt on them, and let them stand over night. In the morning drain off the water, put them in a porcelain lined kettle, with one teacup of sugar, one teacup of grated horseradish, (some add a sliced lemon,) one tablespoonful of cloves, one tablespoonful of allspice, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, and one teaspoonful of black pepper, with good elder vinegar to cover. Boil a few minutes. Unground spices, just bruised up, are preferable.

MRS. M. M. EASTHAM.

EXCELLENT BROWN BREAD.—Three cups of corn meal, two cups of rye meal, one cup of wheat flour, two cups of sweet milk, one cup of hot water, one cup of molasses, and one teaspoonful of soda in the molasses. Steam three hours.

M. M. E.

JUMBLES.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, three eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, water enough to dissolve the soda, and nutmeg. Cut out the same as cookies.

CANTERBURY BELL.

Connecticut.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—My husband, who is very fond of lemon pie, wishes me to ascertain how it can be made so that the lemon will be in slices. Also how to make salmon salad.

Mabel E., In October number, just how many minutes should the cream candy be boiled? Mine invariably turns to sugar.

HELEN PHINNEY.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please tell Mrs. John that to clean zinc, wet a cloth well with kerosene oil, and rub it briskly over the zinc. Afterwards finish with a dry cloth or two, so as to remove all the oil.

MRS. O. T. H.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please ask the sisters to tell me the proper way to varnish an oil cloth carpet and when, also what treatment to give a double petunia that has bloomed all winter; shall I cut it down for blooming another winter? And how to break up a sitting hen; and how to make corn balls and corn candy; and will some able housekeeper please tell me her system of housekeeping, to look always neat and nice, always cleared up and still never tired? It is a drag to me. Please encourage me and tell me how I can always keep tidy and save steps.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—A lady wishes to know a cure for asthma. Try iodide of potassium. I have known it used with wonderful success. Dose for a child, five drops in a little water, three times a day.

E. W.

New London.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters of the Band tell how they arrange the postal autographs when they get them?

LAURA THOMAS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If Sister E. will get seal brown cotton flannel and chenille fringe, she can make very pretty curtains, which will darken her sitting room, and the sun will not fade them.

Will some of the sisters tell me if pleasant is nice canned?

MRS. L. W. GIBSON.

Lake Side, Mich.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Dr. Hanaford or some of the sisters tell me a sure cure for corns? I have never found corn salves of any benefit. This is on the bottom of the foot and at times painful.

L. A. S.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any one tell me how to whiten the keys on an organ? Mine are getting quite yellow.

ROXIE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the sisters tell me how to whiten the moss that washes up on the sea shore?

CLOUDY FALES.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please ask if some of the sisters can give a certain cure for eczema in the face?

AFFLICTED.

It was a great difference. The mother felt it most for the sake of her girls. Such bright, pretty, unselfish girls! It seemed hard that she could not give them a thorough education, or, at least, special training of some sort to fit them for that struggle with the world which seemed impending.

Their old friends remained unchanged. The usual visits and invitations came to Mrs. Crosby, and to the girls, as they grew into womanhood; but as time passed, they began per force to question whether this did not bring more of embarrassment than pleasure; whether it would not have been a more genuine kindness to have left them alone in their poverty. Whatever of pain or mortification such neglect might have caused them, they would, at least, have been spared the wearing strain and misery of trying to do the impossible in the way of "keeping up appearances," and "making both sides meet," at the same time debt was not to be thought of.

The house was roomy and convenient, and stood in a pleasant part of the large village where Dr. Crosby had lived and worked hard, too hard, for the last twenty-five years of his life. The girls had known no other home, and with all its blessed memories and tender associations, it is no wonder that they loved it. It grew somewhat shabby, however, as the years went by, and on a certain May afternoon, destined to become a memorable one to all, with the gate off its hinges, the shrubbery untrimmed and straggling, half the shutters hanging loose, and the paint conspicuous only by its absence, the place presented a forlorn appearance. Inside matters were little better.

Mrs. Crosby and Alice, the younger of the two girls, were in the kitchen, the former at work upon some old garments and worn cotton which she was trying to convert into a carpet for the dining room; the old ingrain, which had done faithful service for many years, having at last vanished, leaving not a rack behind, save a few rags and tags which every one was tired of stumbling over. Alice was busy with water-colors and something on her drawing-board which she fondly hoped might by and by develop into a picture. The builder with rare good sense had made this kitchen one of the lightest and airiest rooms in the house, and as much of their time was necessarily spent there, it had come to be used as a general sitting room and rallying point for the family. So when Theo came in from her walk, she took her way to the kitchen as a matter of course.

Alice looked up quickly as her sister pushed open the door.

"Any news, Theo?" she asked.

"Mrs. Manning is going to make a party for Fred and his wife. They will be home from their wedding trip in about two weeks."

"I thought so. Are we invited?"

The cards won't be out until next week, but Mrs. Manning told me to-day and said we must be sure to come."

"Shall we?"

"An open question. What shall we wear?"

"Your white muslins," suggested the mother; but she sighed, and a united groan broke from the girls.

"I'm not proud," said Theo. "I gave that up long ago; but I honestly think we had better stay at home. We have worn those white muslins on every possible—and impossible—occasion for years. People say, 'There come the Crosby girls, they loom into view a mile off.'"

"We might make them over."

"No use, Allie; we should deceive no one."

"How do you get on with your carpet-rags, mother?" she asked, as if glad to put aside the perplexing subject.

"Very well, I think. Give me a hand with this kettle, Theo, and I will soon show you what I have done."

"What beautiful clear colors! What Dyes do you use?"

"The Diamond Dyes. I like them best of all I ever tried."

Theo watched her mother's work somewhat absently at first; but suddenly her face lighted up.

"Allie," she cried, "I have an idea."

"How remarkable, Theo! Are you sure?"

"It is remarkable that we have not thought of it before. We will color those white dresses; then made over, they will be past recognition. Where are your Dyes, mother? Pink for you, Allie; and I will have—let me see—blue? No, lavender. I have always wanted a lavender dress. We'll stand together and call ourselves a symphony in pink and lavender. It is the loveliest combination in the world."

"But, Theo, how do you know we can?"

"We can try at any rate."

They went to work at once, first ripping the seams, and washing the pieces.

By using the Pink and Violet Dyes very weak, and carefully following directions, they succeeded in producing lovely, clear, pale shades of pink and lavender, and were abundantly satisfied with the result of their experiment. But before this work was finished, their eyes had begun to open to the wide range of possibilities that lay in the Dyes; and one day Theo brought down from the attic a box of worn and faded finery, sent them long before by certain city relatives, with what idea as to its possible use, the girls had never been able to make out.

Theo had been inspired to look in this box for ribbon which might be cleaned and colored; and here were yards of it, originally of good quality, but spotted, faded, and soiled.

"I wonder if cousin Marian thought we would ever wear any of this," said Theo, turning it over with the tip of her finger. "I'd have given it all to Mrs. Brown's Norah long ago, if I hadn't thought I'd hate so to see her wear it. I'm glad I didn't though. This white will take the color beautifully. We can have knots and flots all over us if we like."

"Look at this parasol, Theo. Fancy either of us carrying a white parasol in Mapleton, and a dirty white one! But the handle is pretty."

"Yes, and the silk is without a flaw.

And here are some ostrich tips and plumes, and ever so many pairs of gloves and stockings, and some white satin slippers, all terribly dirty, but not much worn. And they are just my size—hum! well, Allie, we must attend to our muslins now, but, 'with a wise little nod,' we won't put this box very far away—not yet."

The ribbon was washed in ammonia water, rinsed and dyed. It was not wrung out, but smoothed with the fingers until most of the moisture was removed. While still a little damp, it was put on a thick ironing sheet, a cloth laid above it, and then pressed until dry with a warm, but not hot, iron. Only inspection and comparison could have distinguished it from new ribbon of the same shades.

When the new-old gowns were made up, with dainty lace at throat and wrist, bows, loops and ends of ribbon disposed here and there by Alice's artist eyes and fingers, the girls felt they were by no means to be despised.

They freshened Mrs. Crosby's black silk by re-dyeing the Spanish lace, which, through long service, had become somewhat rusty. When dry, they sponged it with alcohol and water in which a little, very little, gum arabic had been dissolved, laid it on a thickly folded flannel blanket, and pressed it as they had done the ribbon.

They also renovated the faded hair switch by giving it, after a thorough cleansing with soap and water, a momentary bath in weak black Dye. She was rejoiced to find that it again matched her hair, which was still dark and glossy, if not so abundant as in former days.

They all set off for the party in high spirits, and the girls were made still happier by a chance remark or two, which they caught as they passed through the brilliant, crowded rooms, as, "How fresh and pretty the Crosby girls are looking to-night!" from an old friend, an interested "Who are they?" from a stranger. This not only appealed to their girlish vanity, but fostered a comfortable assurance that they had at last, for this one occasion, at least, conquered the shabby fate which had so long beset them; and they settled down to their usual work next day with fresh courage.

But as Theo entered her sister's room one afternoon with an open letter in her hand, a very woe-begone face was presented to her.

"Why, Allie!" she cried, "what is the matter?"

"I—I didn't mean to tell anybody, Theo."

"Not tell me!"

"Yes, I will. One day I was in Mr. Hartman's store, after some ladies had been asking for fancy articles that he did not keep, and I heard him tell his clerk that if he knew any one in the place who could do such work, that is, paint plaques, fans, cushions, color photographs, etc., he would engage some; so I thought I would practice, and see if I could do anything salable, but look at that, Theo. Would anybody give me five cents for it?"

Theo smiled. "You should not try to paint without a model of some sort. Copy a pretty card, or if you have the courage, paint from a real flower. You must not be discouraged at the first failure, keep trying."

"But I can't go on without more colors, and I hate to ask mother for money just to spend experimenting, not knowing what will come of it. But when I had lessons of Miss Gusham, before father died, she said I picked it up more easily than she did at first; and you know she painted beautifully, and had lots of pupils."

"She had years of practice, which you have not. Be patient, Allie; these things cannot be learned in a minute. We'll manage the colors somehow. But now I want you to listen to this."

Then Theo read her letter. It was from a kind, old friend who had asked the girls to spend a week or two of June with her in her city home.

"How nice, Theo! Of course, you'll go."

"Clothes, Allie!"

"So you said about the party."

"But Diamond Dyes can't make boots and shoes and traveling dresses."

"I am not so sure. But you ought to go, Theo."

"So mother says; and I suppose I ought, even if I go with only my old black cashmere, and my new-old lavender. That, at least, is a comfort."

"Well, write your letter, you know she wants an answer at once. Here is the ink."

"Such ink, Allie! It is not fit to use."

"The Diamond Dyes make ink, Theo. Wait a minute while I find the directions."

Five minutes later, Theo was dipping her pen into a smoothly flowing ink that delighted her with its clear, rippling, violet trail across the paper.

Alice watched her a moment, then ran down stairs. Coming back with numerous little bottles filled with Dye Powder. She mixed a touch of each in water, made

various combinations, and tested each and all with brush and paper, and then quite unable to contain her delight, she danced up and down in a way that made Theo jump and clutch her ink-bottle."

"Allie, what in the world—"

"Paints, Theo! See here."

"Ah, yes, indeed! Surely these are good enough to experiment with."

"I don't see how they could well be better."

Elated by the discovery they ran down stairs, and were soon deep in counsel with their mother about Theo's outfit.

For a traveling suit, they decided to utilize a grey flannel which had seen its best days.

Theo ripped it to pieces, washed it, dyed it brown, pressed it carefully, and then made it up in plain tailor fashion. An old, white, straw turban of becoming shape was colored to match by stuffing the crown to keep the shape, and, after careful cleansing with soap and water, applying the dye with a large brush until the desired shade was attained. Then they cleansed and dyed some grey ostrich tips. When dry and carefully curled over a dull knife, they looked like new. With these, some of the old ribbon dyed brown and a pearl ornament, which had done duty several seasons, nimble fingers soon made a pretty hat.

Theo put a pair of the soiled gloves on her hands, and Alice cleansed them with benzine, then rubbed in the color with a sponge, being careful to touch all parts alike, that streaks and spots might be avoided, and polishing at last with a piece of chamois skin. Theo let them dry on her hands, and was happy in the possession of new, brown gloves to match her dress.

They opened the white parasol, cleaned it with soap and water, rubbed in the dye until the silk was thoroughly and evenly saturated, and stood it upright to dry. Thus the traveling costume was a thing accomplished.

From the Slate Dye, following directions, they produced a shoe dressing, which made Theo's worn boots new again, in appearance at least. A pair of worn black gloves were freshened by a judicious rubbing in of black dye, and these made the black cashmere very presentable.

One more costume seemed desirable, if it could be obtained, and Theo was delighted when her mother brought forth an old fashioned, full-skirted, pale blue, wool-delaine dress. It was faded and soiled, but not much worn.

"I will color it over blue," said Theo. "These faded silk stockings will take blue; gloves, blue, pearl, or lemon—which will be best? I don't really like blue gloves. The white satin slippers I will put on, and Allie can color them as she did the gloves. But the hat?"

"If the Diamond Dyes do everything else, I think we can manage a new hat," said Mrs. Crosby.

"White chip will be prettiest, then. I will color one of those old white feathers blue, and one lavender. Then by changing the feathers I can wear the hat with either dress, if I like."

In all this work the girls were very careful to follow the directions in regard to the proper use of the Dyes, and cleansing and preparing the goods, and also to avail themselves of all hints afforded by the circulars, and their mother's experience with the carpet rags. It was no doubt, owing to this care that, though novices at the work, they had not a single failure to lament.

The blue goods took beautifully to its fresh color, and the new "nun's-veiling" draped Theo's pretty figure very becomingly.

At last all was ready, and the girl started off happily to enjoy her holiday,

leaving mother and sister scarcely less pleased than herself.

Alice experimented with the dyes until she satisfied herself that she need look no further for means with which to continue her painting. She found, however, that her new colors stained the paper rather than painted it, and that she was apt to mix them too strong. But when with a little practice, she had accommodated her method of work to its peculiarities, she preferred them to the ordinary and more costly colors. She found that they made the work of shading especially easy, as a second or third brushing with the same tint usually deepened it sufficiently, making extra mixtures unnecessary.

Remembering Theo's suggestion, she copied a pretty flower card, with success beyond her expectations. Then she tried photographs. She found the new colors peculiarly adapted to this work, and was delighted with the results obtained. She gilded a plaque with the Diamond Gold Paint, and arranged on it a bouquet of everlasting and rare grasses. With this, her painting, and two or three of the photographs which she had colored most successfully, she went to Mr. Hartman's. He seemed interested, and told her that if she would leave them with him, he would try to sell them for her.

Much encouraged, she went home, and looking about the shabby parlor, it occurred to her that much might be done to improve its appearance; and with her mother's co-operation, she planned a little surprise for Theo on her return. The first thing they did was to kalsomine its walls, tinting the whitening a delicate blue with the Diamond Dye. This was their hardest work, but it was soon accomplished. Then Alice re-gilded some worn and spotted frames which had long been an eye sore to her. She gave the faded table and piano covers a bath in crimson dye that made them look like new. The remains of the dining room carpet and some old woolen fringe colored crimson made a handsome rug, which not only covered an unsightly hole in the carpet before the little parlor grate, but added a needed bit of brightness to the somewhat dingy room. She brought from the attic, where it had stood since she could remember, a straight-backed "grandmother's chair." She sand-papered it, and stained it cherry, after directions given in one of her circulars. She ringed it in places with the Gold Paint and Artist's Black, made a cushion from pieces of old merino dyed red, finished it with knots of ribbon, also dyed, and had a piece of furniture she was proud of.

With the Artist's Black she ebonized a light stand, picking it out here and there with gold. Standing between the white window curtains, a flowering plant upon it, it was decidedly ornamental. She bronzed an old plaster cast, and was amazed and delighted at the effect produced. Every success stimulated to new effort. Touch after touch was given to the old room. When Theo returned from her fortnight's visit, she exclaimed at the transformation.

"How could you do it, Allie?"

"Easily enough. I didn't want to stop with the parlor, but mother thought we had done enough for the present. So I turned my energies to Easter eggs; for next year, you know, though it is a long way off yet, I am in hopes to sell some. Here are two or three of my best ones."

"They are certainly very pretty."

"I think so; and I see now how I can make them still prettier. Every experiment suggests an improvement."

"It is quite time we fitted you out, Allie," said Theo. "There are plenty of things in the old boxes yet. And Mrs. Godfrey gave me a lovely, grey silk. She had wine spilled on it and so had to put it

aside. You shall have that any color you like. And mother needs some new things. I laid in a whole stock of new ideas while I was away. There is half in knowing what you want. When we are all presentable once more, I will tell you what I propose to do for the salvation and regeneration of the Crosby family."

"Tell us, Theo."

"Well, then; I shall set up a dyeing establishment."

"Theo!"

"A small one of course. That is, I shall propose to dye for such of our neighbors as are too busy, or too lazy to dye for themselves, or too careless to do it successfully."

"How do you know they will want you to?" said Alice.

"I am going to find out. I think many will want coloring done if they feel sure it will be done well. And with the Diamond Dyes and remarkable care, I can trust myself for that."

"But, Theo, my child! I cannot bear to think of it."

"Mother, you know we cannot always go on living like this; and we might do much worse."

"I know, dear. But your father's daughter, it is hard."

"Not so hard when you can make up your mind to it." It was plain that Theo had made up her mind to it.

If it had cost her a struggle, they would never know.

"It will spoil your hands, Theo," said Alice, half laughing, half crying.

"Let it. But no, it will not, if I take proper care of them, and that I can easily do."

The first shock over, Mrs. Crosby and Alice were as much interested in the plan as Theo herself, and gave her material assistance. But Theo bravely took on her own young shoulders most of the work, and the responsibility. It would not be true to say that she met with no discouragements, but she worked on in spite of them, learning, and so profiting, by her failures. Her dear friends held up their hands in horror, at first, but ended by metaphorically going on their knees to her as a sort of heroine, though neither attitude seemed especially called for. The best of it was, they sent her plenty of work.

By and by the gate was hung, the shutters put straight, the shrubbery trimmed; the house got itself painted, and every thing about the place took on a very pleasant air of prosperity. And when, under judicious instruction, Alice developed a talent for painting that gave her a prospect of paid work and pupils in the not far distant future, and Mrs. Crosby, relieved of her heavy burden of work and worry, began to grow young and pretty again, Theo felt she could never sufficiently bless the day that first gave her a peep into the far-reaching possibilities of the Diamond Dyes.

NEW ENGLAND IN AUTUMN.

Second Paper.

"If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldest forget,
If thou wouldest read a lesson will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that nature wears."

—H. W. Longfellow.

If you should consult the guide book, or ask the person nearest you, while traveling, where you would find the most to attract in Conway township; Conway Center, Conway or North Conway, the latter would undoubtedly be their selection. In part they are right. Conway Center is merely a station on the Portland & Ogdensburg railroad, without any village of any consequence; Conway, which is three miles from "The Center," is the next in size and importance and

really, with a careful inspection we are loth to say that North Conway, the largest of the three, has any more attractions than Conway, although it has a larger number of hotels than any of them and many attractions in nature.

However, we are in Conway, and having only a short stay let us do justice to the fine views. From the back door of the house we see Mt. Kearsarge and its neighbors. In the distance Mt. Washington stands like a sentinel, always on duty. A comprehensive view of the village and its surrounding attractions can best be obtained by a drive. With pleasure, therefore, we avail ourselves of an invitation to drive to the White Mountain mineral springs, two miles distant, see the views and revel in nature's glories.

As we drive down the main street of Conway, to the corner where the Conway House stands, and then turn to the left, and go out amidst the fields and woods, we find the day as nearly perfect as one can find in autumn. Beautiful glimpses of the mountains are to be seen, but the situation is not one where we can gain a good view of the principal mountain ranges. Soon we reach a long stretch of woods, here we see the autumn leaves in all their richness of color and harmony of tone. Every thing to charm; the air is soft and balmy, the woods exhale a subtle perfume, in which the pine is prevalent.

"Far upward in the mellow light
Rise the blue hills. One cloud of white
Around a far uplifted cone,
In the warm blush of evening shone."

A short drive brings us to "The Spring," now so justly famed for its many excellent qualities. Around the spring a large open space gives a chance for a view of distant mountains. A long shed on one side affords accommodation for horses and carriages. We reach first a little cottage built for visitors to rest in and then beyond at the foot of Pine Hill we reach the spring. The latter is covered by a cottage built in the Queen Anne style. After fastening our horse we go to the spring.

Around the sides of the cottage there are seats for the accommodation of visitors; in the center, surrounded by a railing, we see the spring. An affable young man discourses with some volubility on the merits of the water. With a dexterous movement of the hand in which he holds a stand, with glasses, he dips them into the spring, and drawing them out hands them filled to the different visitors. Upon tasting the water we find none of that peculiar mineral taste so often prevalent in medicinal waters, but drain the glass and another, quickly following, without any disagreeable sensation.

Many cures have been effected by it and there is no doubt but that it stands very high as a medicinal water. It bubbles to the surface with a large amount of carbonic acid gas, which, with its peculiar mineral qualities, gives it a greater curative power. Learning that a fine view of the town is to be had from Pine Hill summit we accept the invitation of the young man to escort us to the top.

The ascent is easily accomplished, being only half a mile in height and from here we have a beautiful view of Conway, Conway Center and North Conway. Descending, we pluck many of the beautiful leaves which line our path and, reaching the spring again, drive in our carriage to the Washington Boulder, which is a huge stone, a quarter of a mile distant, on our way home. It stands in the midst of a small forest, "monarch of all it surveys." It is of rough granite scarred by cracks and seams. In shape it somewhat resembles an inverted cone, the smaller end resting on the ground. Truly this stone

which is forty feet high, is a wonderful "freak of nature." Gathering a few fragments lying beneath it, as mementos, we go down to the carriage and drive rapidly home.

Reaching Conway we pass a quiet evening, discussing mountain scenery, ancient customs, etc., and next morning prepare to journey to the Fabyan House and thence down through the Connecticut valley homeward. When the hour of our departure draws nigh, we regret that we have not a few weeks to spend in this charming part of New Hampshire. Bidding adieu to our cordial hostess and friends we drive to the station at Conway Center to take the Portland & Ogdensburg railroad to Fabyan. On our way we catch a parting view of Mt. Kearsarge.

Soon, too soon, we reach the station, and the train from Portland bears us rapidly away from Conway, which to see properly one needs abundance of leisure. We have now but a ride of an hour and a half to reach the Fabyan House.

Next beyond Conway Center is North Conway, of which T. Starr King says: "The distinction of North Conway is, that it is a large natural poem in landscape." No better idea of the whole of that part of Conway township could be given than is expressed so tersely in the above lines. Artists' brook in North Conway reminds one very strongly of "The Song of the Brook," which Tennyson wrote. As you listen the words seem to come to you as follows:

"I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern
To bicker down the valley.
I chatter, chatter as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

Bartlett is one of the stations above North Conway, and the ones that follow are few and unimportant. Suddenly a vision of grandeur attracts us, now indeed we have reached "The Notch." Words are inadequate to describe the impressions one has at first on ascending the narrow pathway, by the cars, on one side of The Notch. Far down in the valley, a thousand feet below us, we see the Willey House, so famed in song and story. All we can think of is that,

"All is rocks at random thrown,
Black waves, bare crags and banks of stone."
And the psalmist's cry is ever with us.
"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
from whence cometh my help."

There is a wildness and majesty about The Notch which must be seen to be appreciated. The best view is gained on riding toward Portland, when descending, not on the return. It is beautiful from any point. On one side of Mt. Willard the train is slowly winding, opposite us Mt. Webster rises, and in the distance Mt. Crawford can be seen. The Silver Cascade, which falls like a silver thread down one part of Mt. Webster, adds not a little to the scene.

Soon we reach the Crawford House and here about half the passengers alight. From here, as well as from the Fabyan House, which is two or three miles further on, we have most refreshing draughts of mountain air.

Mt. Washington rears his kingly head, flanked by Mounts Jefferson, Deception, Madison, Monroe, Pleasant and Clinton. Reaching the Fabyan House station we stop and gladly go in to rest. Here in the space of a day and a half, rambling among the hills and watching the sunset and sunrise glories from the broad piazzas, we gain real rest.

Nothing could be more soul inspiring or recreating than to spend all of a vacation among these eloquent voices of nature. Alas, it is not our lot to be thus favored. The train leaving Fabyan early in the afternoon of each day, bears us

down past the White Mountain House, Littleton and Lisbon, away from "the everlasting hills," down into the valley of the Connecticut.

One cannot see the mountains in less than a week and do them justice. Far better is it when one can have a summer to spend among their ever changing beauties and grandeur. We change cars at Wells River, two hours later, and there as night comes on, we are cut off from viewing the scenery until we reach Hartland, Vt., the next morning.

Here we stop again, but only for an hour or two, and soon taking the next train we pass rapidly by many quaint, historic towns. Windsor, the next below, is noted for being the summer residence of ex-secretary Wm. M. Evarts. Time forbids our stopping to describe the beauties of the landscape and towns, each of which have a history of their own. At half past ten A. M., we reach Brattleboro. Later we will attempt to describe some of its beauties.

CECIL HAMPDEN HOWARD.

THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE.

"It must be repaired." So said one and another of the district fathers, at the annual school meeting, after they had chosen a committee and clerk for the coming year. They voted upon, and discussed the matter, adjourned the meeting till another time, then voted and argued again. At last the decision was made, the majority triumphant and the old school house was to be made over. It was to be newly clapboarded, plastered, and painted.

The little, low, brown school house, that had bravely faced the storms of so many winters, that had stood serenely while so many summer suns blazed fiercely down, was to be made over into something more stylish, and modern, on the plea of being made more comfortable.

But I must visit it once more. I go in over the threshold, worn smooth by the trampling of many feet, and take my favorite place by the window. Memory is busy. I am going back along the pleasant paths of childhood days. Hark! there goes the bell. School time now. Here come the scholars trooping in. Boys who aspire to the dignity of young men, girls who, at the merry makings in the neighborhood, call themselves young ladies, little roguish mites of both sexes, whose greatest trial, and hardest task is to keep still in school, and to stand patiently at the teacher's side while she instructs them in the mysteries of A, B, C.

And now they have settled in their accustomed places, and the fluttering of leaves tells that the daily tasks have commenced. Over there in the corner, is a tall, slender youth, with pale face, and precise, dignified bearing, who attends to his studies as assiduously as if he were striving for collegiate honors.

Next come two broad-faced, sturdy fellows, who with knitted brows and puzzled expression, seem to find the lesson somewhat difficult. Then one with hair of an unmistakable red, who finds no trouble in the task assigned him, solving the problems much easier than the others.

Over there, on the long bench by the stove, is a round-faced, red-cheeked little fellow, only still when asleep, regardless of reproof, nothing to do but mischief, only when summoned to read, to stand with one fat finger in his mouth, trying to learn those troublesome letters.

And there, sitting side by side, are two little girls, whose months and years of life are nearly the same in number, fast friends it would seem, yet utterly unlike in appearance. One seems shy and quiet, with black, shining eyes and hair, and round, rosy cheeks. The other regards

men and things with fearless blue eyes, and with a quick motion shakes back long ringlets of flaxen hair. Always together. Coming to school hand in hand, studying from the same book, and at noon time often going off by themselves in search of wild flowers, or checkerberries.

The teacher's desk is covered with flowers, for she has a passionate love for them, and the scholars willingly bring rich stores of floral offerings, for she is loved by them all.

The days drift rapidly on. The summer sun heating on the shingly roof, makes the heat almost intolerable, and a dozen voices petition the teacher to "have school down under the maple trees this afternoon." A little way from the school house stand a group of grand old maples, just near enough together to make a complete shade, without being gloomy. The scholars promise to be very studious, and so books and slates are carried down, and seats are found by the eager children on mossy roots, or gray rocks, that almost seem to have been thrown down on purpose to accommodate, on such occasions.

How nice it seems out here, in the wide out doors, instead of trying to learn lessons within four heated walls. The lazy butterflies float slowly by, dipping now and then into a clover blossom close by, a friendly robin perches on a green bough overhead, and with wondering eyes surveys us closely, and now and then a leaf loosened from its hold, comes fluttering down to find a rest on the printed page.

How short the afternoon seems. Very soon the lessons are recited, it is four o'clock, books and slates are carried back to the school room, and with a backward glance at the pleasant place under the trees, the little band are homeward bound.

Turn the kaleidoscope of memory, please, and let me see what next. It is winter now, and the district decided it was best to hire a "master" for the winter term. So there he sits in the desk, a black-eyed, curly-haired young fellow, scarcely older than several of his pupils. There are more scholars now, and the seats are nearly full. A cheery fire glows in the rusty old stove, that last term was crowned with fragrant plumes of lilac, and roses, red and white. The boys go over to the pond and skate at noon time, or invent new games to play among the snow. The girls gather in little groups to watch them, or talk over matters dear to every girlish heart.

The days slip into weeks, and ere long

it is examination day. How we dread it. The committee comes in, and the fathers and mothers who are anxious to hear us read and spell, and examine our writing books. There, we have recited our lessons, spoken our pieces, the rewards have been distributed, good bys exchanged, and the house left to desolation and loneliness—school is done.

One more turn of the kaleidoscope, and I am back in the empty school room, noting the vacant seats, the unused black-board, and over all a stillness that can be almost felt. Where are the scholars? Here, there, and everywhere.

The tall, pale youth early sought and found the pearl of price, and most earnestly did he strive to teach others its value. He was a faithful soldier in Immanuel's army, ever ready to do his great Captain's bidding, till with the lamp of faith brightly burning, he went through the dark valley, to watch life's conflict from the battlements beyond.

The two who sat beside him, have found homes in a neighboring city, and are staid, sober heads of families. The young man with auburn hair, enlisted beneath the stars and stripes, when the clarion call for volunteers went sounding over New Hampshire hills, and bravely

he marched away to battle for the land he loved. Fearlessly he faced the foe, though slightly wounded, as if some stray bullet turned aside to do a little mischief, though nearly spent. Home at last, honorably discharged, to sit in peace and safety by the fireside, living over again in story the long marches, perilous battles, and lonely hours by the camp fire; lonely because far from home and friends, even though among the white tents where hundreds found shelter for a time.

And the little roguish boy by the stove? The crowding years brought him to man's estate, and whirled him out among the workers in the busy world. First at one thing, then another, at last employed on the railroad; and then, standing on the top of a car one night, the train swept under a low bridge, he struck his head, fell, and was picked up dead. Gone so suddenly into eternity; no time to make preparation, say good by to mother, brothers, and sisters, no time to send up a pleading prayer for admission through the pearly entrance gates, but all at once, a crash, a stunning blow, and then nothing. Sight and sound forever shut out. They brought him home, and in the village cemetery not far from the old school house, he sleeps the sleep that knows no waking.

And where are the tiny girls, whose interests were one in childhood's days? The one with black eyes and rosy cheeks presides as a loved and happy wife, over a pleasant home in a city not many miles away, a home where bright flowers bloom in the window, a golden winged canary carols joyously in the sunshine, and books, pictures, and music, prove that a refined taste prevails everywhere.

And the other, her best loved friend? Step by step, she climbed the hill of knowledge, graduating with honors at last, from one of our most famous institutions of learning, and now the blue eyes shine with a deeper, steadier light, the clustering curls are coiled around the stately head, and she is a loved, and respected teacher in an academy for young ladies beneath the sunny skies of Maryland.

And the teacher, who once reigned supreme in the old school room, for whom the children were always ready to gather flowers, where is she? A few short years ago I stood beside her coffin, and in the thin white hands, around the lowly pillow, and all about the room were sweetest flowers, breathing out their fragrance over the cold, still form of her who loved them so well.

Ah! old school house, how many memories fraught with pleasure and pain you hold in your keeping. Will they all vanish, I wonder, when the proposed changes have overtaken you? Methinks the bonds of friendship are too strong between the scholars of long ago, though widely separated, to allow them to quite forget. God grant that when life's varied lessons have all been learned, the books forever laid aside, and one by one we are dismissed for the last time, that when the great Teacher in the higher school up yonder shall "call the roll," every scholar from the little brown school house may answer, "present." LILLIS GRAHAM.

A HAPPY FAMILY.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

It was Sunday. Mr. Skinner was tired, and thought he would lie down on the sofa in the back parlor and rest. People never learn by experience, and he was no exception to the common rule.

He lay down and crossed his feet with a parade hardly justifiable under the circumstances. His wife came in and saw him.

"Why, Lot Skinner!" she exclaimed,

"if I ever heard of the like! Lying down on that new sofa with your boots on, and oh, my goodness! your head on that lace tidy I had done up only last week. You are the most inconsiderate man I ever saw in my life!"

Mr. Skinner got up and his wife smoothed out the tidy and re-arranged it.

"The idea of anybody putting a head on that tidy," said Mrs. Skinner, who had no intention of using slang. "I did suppose you had more sense."

"I used to have," said Mr. Skinner good-naturedly. "Ya-a-h, I could take a nap if I could find a place to drop down. Ya-a-h."

"You had better read your Bible," said Mrs. Skinner. She was a good, un comfortable woman, so clean and neat and orderly that she made her family wretched with her domestic drill.

Something called Mrs. Skinner off then, and when she came back Mr. Skinner was gone. She sat down and took a book, when a thought struck her, and she bounded from her chair as if it had been a cannon ball.

Yes, it was just as she feared; her husband had gone up stairs, and she found him stretched out on the bed, on top of a white counterpane, his head sunk deep into a white starched pillow-sham, with these words embroidered in the center: "Sleep sweet, beloved!"

He was not only asleep, but snoring, with a look of sweet content on his wide, open mouth.

"L-o-t Sk-i-n-n-e-r!"

He got up in a manner that would have done credit to a gymnast, and stood staring at the fearful hollow in the bed and the wrinkled dent in the pillow-sham.

"I declare I forgot," he said looking very foolish. "Alice, haven't I got a place where I can lay my head?"

"Don't talk nonsense," said his wife sharply. The idea of a sober man going to bed with his boots on."

"Would you rather I'd get—"

"I'd rather you'd get some common sense," she said. "If you must sleep in the day-time, why there's an old lounge down in the kitchen; no one will disturb you there. Or, I suppose"—ungraciously—"I can take off the quilt, and the shams, and let you have your nap here, though it's wicked, that's what it is, to sleep Sunday. It's a bad example to set to the children and you know it."

"But I am so sleepy," answered her husband, "my head is as heavy as lead, and I cannot keep my eyes open."

"Laziness! sheer laziness!" said his wife sharply.

Mr. Skinner went down stairs and disappeared. The last words his wife heard him say were that there was rest for the weary, but she was picking up the embroidery on the mis-used sham with a pin, and did not heed him. When she went down stairs he was not in sight and she busied herself in getting dinner, which on Sunday took the place of supper, and thought no more about him.

She was a distinguished woman; distinguished in the town where she lived as being the cleanest housekeeper in it. No girl could be found neat enough to live with her; all the mottoes in her house were to the effect that cleanliness is akin to godliness. She dusted every article of furniture in the house several times every day, she scrubbed so often that the children had chronic diphtheria, she scrubbed so clean that at last she scrubbed through her kitchen floor into the cellar, and was nearly lost to the community. It was a perpetual warfare between her and dirt. The front parlor was never opened to the family, and although Mr. Skinner had furnished it he had never sat down in it a moment since. After it had been opened to company for an afternoon, the children went round

with flannels about their throats and drank ginger tea. It was the handsomest parlor in the community, too, and had the family pictures and their marriage certificate framed and hung up there.

When dinner was ready—and it was a good dinner too, for Mrs. Skinner was a notable cook—she asked the children where their father was.

They did not know.

This seemed strange; she questioned them closely but they had not seen which way he went when he passed through the room.

" Didn't he say where he was going?" she asked, wonderingly, for Mr. Skinner never went out on Sundays without his family.

" He said he was going where he'd have more peace," said little Harry Skinner.

" Well, we won't wait dinner for him," said his wife, and they sat down to eat.

But a spell seemed to have fallen upon them, and when the dinner was over and cleared away, and they were in the sitting room with their books, there was a sense of dreary loss, and Mrs. Skinner sat with the bible open on her lap, and wondered why he had gone out and remembered that he had looked queer.

It was in consonance with her habits of living that she got up in the middle of these speculations to catch a wandering and belated fly and induce him to be annihilated.

" Strange!" she said, as it grew dark. " I'll take the children and go down to his mother's and see if he is there, and if he is, I'll just give him a piece of my mind."

But he was not there, and his mother said Lot had looked badly the last time she saw him, and she thought he seemed worried; hoped it wasn't business troubles.

No, it wasn't business troubles; Mrs. Skinner knew that, and she began to wonder if she had cleaned her husband out of his mind. It came over her with sudden force that she had been in the habit of driving him from pillow to post at railroad speed and at the end of a broom or dust brush. He actually found no rest for the sole of his foot in his own house. It might have worked upon his nervous system until he had become suddenly insane. Horrible thought! He might have committed suicide.

She hurried home with the children. All was gloom. She went to his bureau to look for his razor. It was the only fire-arms he possessed—it was gone!

Then Mrs. Skinner broke down and cried, and the children cried, and it was indeed a scene of desolation, when suddenly the door of that horrible parlor opened, and an apparition—no it was Mr. Skinner himself—stood before them looking very sheepish.

" I overslept myself," he said in a meek, apologetic tone looking at the clock.

" I should say you did," answered his wife, " and the dinner is all eaten up, but I'll fix you up something nice," and she went out taking the children with her.

How much of it Mr. Skinner ever knew it is impossible to say, but there was an immediate and satisfactory change that at first amazed and then delighted him. He could lie down anywhere when he was tired and his wife would throw a shawl over him, and leave him in peace. He has even been seen to lie down on the sofa in the parlor where he took his Rip Van Winkle sleep, and nobody disturbed him. Mrs. Skinner was at heart a woman of sense, and when she realized that one hair of that gray head was worth more than all the pillow shams in the world to her, she put the last one away in the company of a demented assortment of superfluous tidies. And they are really and truly, and not in any zoological sense, a " happy family " now.—*Ex.*

JEANIE'S VISIT.

BY LUCY RANDOLPH FLEMING.

" What a lovely, lovely place this is!" said Jeanie Hilton to herself as she stood looking from her bed room window at Roseneath farm.

It was indeed a lovely view that met her eye. Beautifully green meadows stretched smoothly along the banks of the river, gleaming and glancing like silver in the sunlight, the gentle sound of the ripples stole upon the soft morning air. Beyond, the mountains loomed grand and dark in their heavy foliage, with now and then glimpses of mossy, gray rock, nearer, the graceful maples bent over the farm house, the smooth green turf glittered with dew drops, and the summer breeze stirred alike the fresh leaves, and Jeanie's wavy hair.

" It is all so beautiful," she said, " but how much more real home comfort we have in our cramped, little house in town. Uncle and aunt don't bring one bit of all this beauty into their home. It's just work, work and worry all the time. I wonder," she said musingly, " if I could alter things a little bit, I know what I am going to do!" And when Jeanie knew what she was going to do something was generally accomplished.

Breakfast at Roseneath—and indeed every meal—was usually a silent repast, hurried through, that Uncle Silas and " the men " might get to their work, and Aunt Rachel clear away the table, and attend to her domestic, which were mostly kitchen, duties.

It seemed a very small thing for Jeanie to gather a few sprays of red, white and purple convolvulus that ran over the back yard fence, and arrange them gracefully against their broad green leaves in a glass, and put them on the breakfast table. Uncle Silas smiled grimly, and wanted to know if that was " a city dish for breakfast." Aunt Rachel said, " Bless us, child, how you do fix up things." Yet some way the flowers kept them all talking, to Jeanie's delight, and even silent Cousin Tom had something to say about the wild flowers in the south field, and that very evening brought Jeanie a great handful of feathery grasses and ferns, and delicate wood flowers.

Now, my girl reader, do not for one moment imagine that Jeanie Hilton made a complete change in the old farm house ways. Such things are very easily read of in stories, but not so easily done in real life.

No, Jeanie only tried in modest, gentle ways to soften some of the hard lines into which Uncle Silas and Aunt Rachel had suffered their every-day life to fall. The young girl had little to work with; but a womanly love of beauty, and a pair of deft hands can bring much to blossom in barren places.

The wild clematis which Cousin Tom helped Jeanie plant beside the front porch, began to twine graceful tendrils around its trellis, and the milk jars which were " too cracked for any thing," Aunt Rachel said, held a flourishing bed of ferns, and delicate creepers, very beautiful to look at, and very rewarding to Jeanie's toil.

And somehow, Aunt Rachel began to find it pleasanter to sit in the front porch with her knitting rather than on the kitchen steps; and Uncle Silas, too, would smoke his pipe there of an evening, especially when he found an old arm chair which Jeanie had dragged from the cobwebs of the garret, and furnished with gay red cushions for his special use. Sometimes, too, Jeanie would coax Aunt Rachel into the meadows, and across the fields, to meet Uncle Silas coming from his work, until the two elderly people began to enjoy again the custom which of late years had dropped out of their lives.

And Aunt Rachel would smile in a surprised, pleased way when Uncle Silas said, (quite often now), " I'll come in a leetle earlier, and hitch up the old bay, and take you and mother down the creek way, you're so wild about flowers, Jeanie." Then he would go off in a half-ashamed way, not letting Jeanie thank him.

Although Aunt Rachel protested she was " too old to learn new tricks," she made no objection to Jeanie's modest experiments in the kitchen. Uncle Silas laughed and joked the " new cook," but none the less did he and Cousin Tom enjoy the various dainty dishes Jeanie put before them.

" I can't see how it is, Jeanie," Aunt Rachel would say, " you don't begin to use the shortening I do, but I must say your biscuits ain't a bit tough. And it appears like when you set the table we've got a bigger and a nicer dinner than when I put it on."

" Oh, thank you, auntie!" Jeanie answered, coloring with pleasure, for we all love to have good work appreciated. " And please may I make a curtain for the dining room window, of that piece of dotted muslin I found up garret yesterday?"

" That rag?" said Aunt Rachel. " You're welcome to it, but you can't make any thing of it."

But she changed her mind when Jeanie had " done up " the muslin, and hung it in soft folds just caught back by a crocheted band of white and scarlet wool.

" Dear child, how we shall miss her!" said Aunt Rachel to her husband, as they heard Jeanie on the last evening of her stay, singing softly to herself in her little room.

" That we shall," said Uncle Silas heartily. " The way she's fixed up things here in two months beats all. Things it's strange we never thought about doing."

" Silas, we ought to make Jeanie a present, and I'm pretty sure I know what she wants."

So they conferred together, and when Jeanie bade them and Roseneath a tearful good by, Uncle Silas put in her hand a check for a handsome sum to defray the expenses of the art education she was so anxious to obtain.

And Jeanie has promised him that her first large painting shall be a picture of the lovely summer beauty of Roseneath farm, where, in her short visit, she wrought a new beauty into quiet lives.

CHECKS UPON DISHONESTY.

The July Century contains an editorial on " Dishonesty in Commerce and Politics," from which the following remarks are quoted:

" The most powerful check upon dishonesty would come, of course, from an increase of the genuine religious spirit, from a deeper love of ideal virtue, and an endeavor, so far as humanity can, to reach it. Whenever in the history of mankind such a sentiment has existed, and men have tried, in obedience to their own higher impulses or to some great teacher and exemplar, to reach a higher standard of life, mere material good has ceased to have that commanding importance which in most men's eyes it is apt to have. There is no reason to doubt that what has always proved true in this respect in ages past would prove equally true in our own time, if by any means the right impulses could be more deeply stirred than they are now in the hearts of men."

Another antidote to dishonesty would be the cultivation among business men of the true business ideal, which consists in a sincere and hearty devotion to the commercial interests of society and the intelligent management of the world's commerce, and not in the mere accumulation of wealth for one's self. Even now this spirit prevails among many of our capitalists, and their example is powerful in making dishonest practices much less frequent than they would otherwise be. Such sentiments as these, if once highly developed in a community, would put a powerful check upon dishonesty in all its forms, and men guilty of it would become the scorn and detestation of their neighbors, and not, as is sometimes the case now, objects of admiration.

But we need also to cultivate the intellectual interests of humanity, which contribute so much to raise men above sordid pursuits and the temptations that attend them. The love of virtue and of the general good is never so strong as it should be, and needs all the support it can get from other agencies; and nothing will serve so well for this purpose as the cultivation of the higher pursuits of the intellect. A deep interest in the things of the mind tends to lift men above the passion for gain, and leads them to regard wealth as a means to those higher things, and not as an end in itself. True lovers of science, art, and philosophy, while they know better than other men do the real value of wealth, never treat it as the great object of life's aim, but always as subordinate to intellectual and spiritual good. To be sure, all men cannot devote their lives to such pursuits; but there is no reason why all should not take an intelligent interest in them, and thus counteract that engrossing passion for material good which now corrupts the conduct and wears out the lives of so many."

HOME AFTER BUSINESS HOURS.

The road along which the man of business travels is not a macadamized one, nor does it ordinarily lead through pleasant scenes and by well-springs of delight. On the contrary, it is a rough and rugged path, beset with " wait-a-bit " thorns, and full of pitfalls, which can only be avoided by the watchful care of circumspection. After every day's journey over this worse than rough turnpike road, the wayfarer needs something more than rest; he requires solace; and he deserves it. He is weary of the dull prose of life, and athirst for the poetry. Happy is the husband who can find that solace and that poetry at home. Warm greetings from loving hearts, fond glances from bright eyes, the welcome shouts of children, the many thousand little arrangements for our comfort and enjoyment that silently tell of thoughtful and expectant love, the gentle ministrations that disencumber us into an old and easy seat before we are aware of it; these and like tokens of affection and sympathy constitute the poetry which reconciles us to the prose of life.

Think of this, ye wives and daughters of business men! Think of the toils, the anxieties, the mortifications and wear that fathers undergo to secure for you comfortable homes; and then compensate them for their trials by making them happy by their own firesides.

—There is many a thing which the world calls disappointment, but there is no such word in the dictionary of faith. What to others are disappointments are to believers intimations of the will of God.—*Newton.*

—The fiber of silk is the longest continuous fiber known. An ordinary cocoon of a well-fed silkworm will often reel 1000 yards, and reliable accounts are given by Count Dandolo of a cocoon yielding 1295 yards, or a fiber nearly three-quarters of a mile in length.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

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

Let every subscriber to THE HOUSEHOLD send full name and address to I. L. Cragin & Co, Philadelphia, Pa., and get one of their cook books free of charge.

ONE DOLLAR'S WORTH

—OF—

FIRST-CLASS SHEET MUSIC FREE.

Buy fifteen bars of Dobbins' Electric Soap of any grocer; cut from each wrapper the picture of Mrs. Foggy and Mrs. Enterprise, and mail the fifteen pictures to us, with your full name and address, and we will mail you, *free of all expense*, your own selection, from the following list of Sheet Music, to the value of *One Dollar*.

We absolutely guarantee that the music is unabridged, and is sold by all first-class music houses, at the following prices:

INSTRUMENTAL.

Artists' Life, (Kunster Leben), waltzes, Price	op. 316, Strauss, 75
Ever or Never, (Toujours ou Jamais,) Waltzes, -	Waldeufel, 75
Chasse Infernale, Grand Galop, Brilliant, op. 23, Koilling, 75	
Turkish Patrol Revelle, -	Krug, 75
Pirates of Penzance, (Lancers,) D'Albert, 50	
Siron's Waltzes, -	Waldeufel, 75
Fatinitza, Suppe, Potpourri, -	Moellering, 1 00
Mascotte, Audran, Potpourri, -	Roconini, 1 00
Il Trovatore, Verdi, Potpourri, -	Dorn, 75
Night on the Water, Idyl, op. 93, Wilson, 60	
Rustling Leaves, -	op. 68, Lange, 60

VOCAL.

Patience, (The Magnet and the Churn,) Price	Sullivan, 35
Olivette, (Torpedo and the Whale,) Audran, 40	
When I am Near Thee, English and German words, -	Abt, 40
Who's at my Window, -	Osborne, 35
Lost Chord, -	Sullivan, 40
My Dearest Heart, -	Sullivan, 35
Life's Best Hopes, -	Meininger, 40
Requited Love, (4 part Song,) Archer, 35	
Sleep while the Soft Evening Breezes, (4 part Song,) Bishop, 35	
In the Gloaming, -	Harrison, 30
Only be True, -	Vickers, 35
Under the Eaves, -	Winner, 35
Free Lunch Cadets, -	Sousa, 35

If the music selected amounts to just \$1.00, nothing need be sent us but the fifteen pictures, your name, address, and selection of music. If the music selected comes to over \$1.00, the excess can be enclosed in postage stamps.

We make this liberal offer because we desire to give a present sufficiently large to induce *every one* to give Dobbins' Electric Soap a trial long enough to know just how good it is. If, after such trial, they continue to use the Soap for years, we shall be repaid. If they only use the fifteen bars, getting the dollar's worth of music gratis, we shall lose money. This shows our confidence. The Soap can be bought of all grocers. The music can only be got of us. See that our name is on each wrapper.

A box of this Soap contains sixty bars. Any lady buying a box, and sending us sixty cuts of Mrs. Foggy, can select music to the amount of \$4.50. This soap improves with age, and you are not asked to buy a useless article, but one you can use every week. I. L. CRAGIN & CO., 116 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

HUDSON, Mass., May 5th, '83.

GENTS:—I beg to hand you copy of a postal just sent to office of The Frank Siddall's Soap, 1019 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. JOHN PHILLIPS.

I have faithfully tried your soap and I can truly say that I still prefer the Dobbins' Electric. Yours truly,

MRS. ALICE E. PHILLIPS, P. O. box 407.

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 60,000 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.

Have any of THE HOUSEHOLD readers a scripture scroll for hanging on the wall to dispose of? Write what is wanted in return.

Box 16, Hatfield, Mass. MRS. GRAVES.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD send me a pattern of a horse, a dog, a cat, or a bunch of flowers, suitable for the center of a rug? I am going to hook the rags through coffee sacking. Please send soon, and I will willingly send any thing in exchange, or pay postage. And if any one has any tuberous to spare, I will repay them for the bulbs, if I can get a few that will bloom this year.

MRS. DAVID WARNER.

Cornwall, Henry Co., Ill.

If Nellie E. Stuart, Da., will send me her autograph and a verse on a postal, I will send her a little book on the care of birds, their habits and food required.

MRS. S. E. COMSTOCK.

100 Ross St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Will the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD please send me their autographs on postals? and oblige,

111 Boston St., Lynn, Mass. JESSIE LANE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to get a Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, for February, 1883, for which I will send in exchange specimens suitable for a cabinet or stamps, as desired.

MRS. NELLIE B. HUFF.

Annisquam, Sussex Co., Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please ask M. C. H. Hallowell, to send her address to,

New Britain, Conn. MISS ALICE DYSON.

Any one having skeletonized leaves and bleached ferns and grasses to dispose of, please address,

LILLA E. BARNARD.

Littleton, N. H.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any one furnish me with THE HOUSEHOLD for Oct., 1880, Jan. and Feb., 1881, and June, 1883. I will pay for the papers, and pay postage. AMANDA G. BURGESS.

Rockland, Mass.

Will the subscribers of THE HOUSEHOLD please send me their postal autographs with verse or quotation? I will exchange with those who request it.

MRS. NANNIE C. COX.

Cox's Landing, Cabell Co., W. Va.

ASTHMA.

So far, in our administration of Compound Oxygen, we have not treated a single case of this distressing disease without curing or greatly mitigating the severity of its attacks, and some of the worst cases known to the profession have come into our hands. It is really wonderful with what promptness our Treatment reaches and controls this disease,

notwithstanding so many of the cases which have come to us have been complicated and rendered almost incurable by vicious treatment and the inhaling of poisonous narcotics. The following extracts from patients' letters give the results in some of the more recent cases of asthma which we have treated:

In December last a lady in Auburn, N. Y., came under our care. What her condition was, will appear from the following statement of the case;

"Three years ago I was taken with a severe cough and asthma, wheezing and coughing constantly. I became much reduced and exhausted and could not lie down for want of breath. Am better in warm weather. Have burning feeling in throat and nostrils and irritation in the ears. Cannot go out without tying up my head. Cough hard, but raising very little. South wind causes wheezing and choking up."

Four weeks after receiving the Treatment reported considerable improvement. In March, three months after commen-

cing its use, we had the following exceedingly favorable account of what Compound Oxygen had done and was doing:

"You doubtless have wondered at my long silence. I was waiting patiently and perseveringly to see the change in my system that I am now experiencing. I am so much better in many ways and am very thankful. It is a rainy and unpleasant day and the air is very heavy, and still I breathe free and clear down deep.

"Oh! if I ever was thankful for any thing, it is to be able to straighten up and breathe freely. Asthma is getting to be among the things of the past. Once in a while in the morning I wheeze a little. It was wearing away my flesh; what I had seemed to just hang on my body. Now, it is harder than it has been for years. It is now three months since I sent for the Oxygen. I am not well, but much better than I expected to be in so short a time. * * *

"My little daughter is getting so fleshy and can endure her studies with so much less fatigue. She never liked to take medicine, but loves the inhaler. * * * I am very thankful to you for this agent and the great benefit I am receiving."

From another case of asthma we have this report:

"Before I began using your Treatment I could not rest at night. Now I can sleep good. Go to bed at ten o'clock and sleep until morning and feel rested when I rise. Before I could not sleep much. At all hours of the night I was obliged to get up and cough."

The following case, as stated by the wife of a seafaring man, is quite remarkable. The letter from which it is taken is dated Millbridge, Maine, April 13th, 1884:

"In January, 1883, I sent to you for a Home Treatment of Compound Oxygen for my husband, who was suffering with asthma, and had not been able to lie down for seven weeks. He also had a terrible cough, and we felt afraid he was in consumption. He began taking it as soon as it arrived, and in one week he was able to go to bed and sleep well all night. In April he was so well that he decided to go to Australia (he is a seafaring man). I felt afraid that the asthma would trouble him again, when he was on the water, but he did not have it but once, and that was soon relieved by taking Oxygen. That was in August, 1883, and he hasn't taken any since.

Now he writes me from there that he has the best of health and feels like a new man in every way. He had been troubled with asthma for nearly three years when he began to take the Oxygen. He sent to you for a second Treatment, but has had no occasion to use it."

Our treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free of charge. It contains a history of the discovery, nature, and action of this new remedy, and a record of many of the remarkable results which have so far attended its use. Address Dis. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

LACTART.

The Acid of Milk.

A Pure, Healthful, Refreshing Drink, aiding Digestion. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

AVERY LACTATE CO., Boston, Mass.

MOTHERS REGRET WHEN TOO LATE the death of their infants, caused in many instances by improper food. There need be no hesitation in using Mellin's Food, as long trial has proved it the very best article for children deprived of the natural fount. It is indorsed by eminent physicians, and may be had of most druggists.

—Before deciding whether a man ought or ought not to sacrifice himself for the benefit of society, we want to know whether we, or some other fellow, is to be called upon to make the sacrifice.

Many bodily ills result from habitual constipation, and a fine constitution may be broken and ruined by simple neglect. There is no medicine equal to Ayer's Pills to correct the evil, and restore the organs to natural, healthy, and regular action.

TRADE THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH
For Beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability and Cheapness, Unequalled. MORSE BROS., Proprietors, Canton, Mass.

CATARRH THIS REMEDY

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN ROSE COLD CATARRH CATARRH HEAD HAY-FEVER DEAFNESS HEADACHE EASY TO USE PRICE 50 CENTS ELY BROS. OWEAGO N.Y. U.S.A. HAY-FEVER

was discovered by its present proprietors, and is the result of experiments, based upon many years experience as Pharmacists. It is wholly different from all other preparations ever used for these troubles; being perfectly harmless and agreeable; offering in those respects a marked contrast to the DANGEROUS AND HARMFUL LIQUIDS, SNUFFS AND CAUTERIZING POWDERS. Apply by the finger into the nostrils. Send for circular. 50 cents at Druggists. 60 cents by mail registered. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS, FLESH WORMS AND OILY SKIN.

"MEDICATED CREAM" is the ONLY KNOWN harmless, pleasant and absolutely **SURE** and infallible cure. It positively and effectually removes ALL, clean, completely and FOR GOOD IN A FEW DAYS ONLY, leaving skin clear, smooth and unblemished always or money refunded. For those who have no blemishes on the face, it beautifies the complexion as nothing else in the world can, rendering it CLEAR, FAIR AND TRANSPARENT, and clearing it of all muddiness and coarseness. It is a true remedy to cure, and NOT a paint or powder to cover up and hide blemishes. Mailed in plain wrapper for 30 cents, in stamps, or two for 50 cents, by GEO. N. STODDARD, 1226 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y. Pamphlet gives over 300 true and genuine testimonials. My FRECKLE WASH cures Freckle, Tan, and makes the hands white; sent, post-paid, for 30 cents.

is a large 32-page Literary Magazine, printed in the best style on fine, cream tinted paper, and well edited by Mrs. Esther T. Housh. The Eighth volume begins with the July number. The present depart's—*"Literary," "Our Girls," "The Home," "The World," and "Editor's Notes"* will continue to interest and instruct all; with 12 FULL-PAGE ENGRAVINGS by the best artists—one in each issue—as an expensive NEW FEATURE. **SPECIAL** to the readers of "The Household."—Balance of this year from time order is received for only 30 cts. in 2-cent stamps or Postal Note. AGENTS WANTED. FRANK E. HOUSH, PUBLISHER, Brattleboro, Vt.

SILK AND SATIN PIECES
FOR PATCHWORK. Samples with Sprays of Flowers stamped on them. Also Book of Patterns and Instructions for PATCHWORK, containing 40 Point Russe and Snow Flake Stitches. All for 17 two-cent stamps. J. F. INGALLS, LYNN, MASS.

KIDNEY-WORT
DOES WONDERFUL CURES OF KIDNEY DISEASES AND LIVER COMPLAINTS,

Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.

Because it cures the system of the poisonous humors that develop in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and all Female Complaints.

IT WILL SURELY CURE CONSTIPATION, PILES, and RHEUMATISM, By causing FREE ACTION of all the organs and functions, thereby

CLEANSING the BLOOD restoring the normal power to throw off disease. THOUSANDS OF CASES of the worst forms of these terrible diseases have been quickly relieved, and in a short time PERFECTLY CURED.

PRICE, \$1. LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Dry can be sent by mail.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt. 3 Send stamp for Diary Almanac for 1884.

KIDNEY-WORT
TRADE PURGATIVE PILLS
MADE NEW RICH BLOOD

Positively cure SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Skin Diseases (ONE PILL A DOSE). For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. I find them a valuable Cathartic and Liver Pill.—Dr. T. M. Palmer, Monticello, Fla. "In my practice I use no other.—J. Dennison, M.D., DeWitt, Iowa." Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Valuable information FREE. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

OUR FIVE SENSES.

We speak of five senses, and perhaps have never thought there could be any other.

But we have others. One of these may be called the "Sense of Direction." This is possessed in but a slight degree by men who live in cities, but men who live a wild life on the plains or in forests, often have it in a high degree.

There are many animals whose "sense of direction" is wonderful. A pigeon, of what is known as the "homing" variety, taken from New York City to Columbus, Ohio, in a box, within a car, and released, will rise in the air, make a circle or two, and immediately commence, with the most unerring certainty, a bee-line for his little box in New York. A cat, put in a close bag, and taken ten or twenty miles from her home at night, will appear at her former haunts early next morning. This "sense of direction" is common among animals. It is as unerring as the sense of sight.

In attempting to explain the "sense of direction," it has been suggested that the animal observes and keeps track of all the wanderings and turnings, and thus determines the exact direction of his home.

When a man is riding in the cars, if he shuts his eyes, he cannot tell in what direction he is going. With his eyes bandaged, let him stand between two seats and turn round a dozen times, then sit down upon one of the seats, and he cannot tell whether he is going backwards or forwards. How then can a pigeon, shut in a close box, within a car, take notice of the scenery, and make calculations about directions?

During one of our camping trips in California, I tried to show a party of friends the magnificent scenery seen from the top of Mount Diablo. We stayed too long, and before we reached Martinez, finding ourselves on a strange and dark road, concluded to go into camp by the roadside, and wait till morning.

My teamster came to say that we had no hay, and, after some reflection, I directed Joe, the big Norwegian, to put our small, bright mules before the herder wagon, and he and I would go into the village of Martinez for some bales of hay. We had to trust the mules to keep the road, and when we reached the village found the streets very dark. At the little tavern we were directed to a livery in the suburbs. There they told us to go to a citizen down at the end of the street. At the fifth place we found the desired hay, and having, as we thought, kept the points of the compass, started back to camp. After groping about here and there, we gave up trying to find our way, let the reins fall, and gave Jim and Bob their heads. They soon contrived to turn a corner, and going in a direction which we agreed was wrong, took us back to our camp and I have no doubt by the shortest possible route.

On another occasion, when we were in the Upper Sierra Nevada Mountains, I strayed from my party while examining a remarkable canon, and found, with great alarm, that I was lost. Leaving the saddle, I climbed to an elevated point, and was delighted to see what I had no doubt was the location of our camp. Again in the saddle, I started Pinto toward the camp. He tried to turn the other way, but I insisted. The moment I let the reins drop, he would turn around.

At length, for it was now almost dark, I threw the reins on Pinto's neck, with the exclamation, "Well, go ahead; I shall not leave your back till we are in camp, if it takes twenty-four hours." He turned and started on a pace which would mean, on a mountain trail, a broken neck for an eastern horse, and in less than half an

hour, showing, meanwhile, in the motions of his head and ears, an increasing pleasure, he carried me into camp, where I found my companions saddling for a search.

At still another time I found myself lost in the mountains, with no other companion than the most powerful and vicious mustang I ever rode. I was certain, when we came to a fork in the trail, that we ought to turn to the right. Tiger cherished the opinion that the left led to our camp. He was a stranger in that region, while I knew every foot of it. The left trail I was confident would take us into a wild region with no water, and a "right smart chance" of a broken neck. I applied the spurs, and Tiger began that dreadful business called bucking. Soon he had me sprawling on the ground, but fortunately without broken bones. He ran away on the left trail. I contrived to get on my feet and run after him, but soon saw that was useless, and returned to the fork of the trails. Resorting to an expedient with bits of paper familiar to mountaineers, I started off on the right-hand trail, but soon returned to the point where I parted company with my vicious companion, and with the most painful reluctance concluded I must spend the night there. I walked about, slapped my arms around my shoulders after the manner of wood-choppers, and about two o'clock in the morning heard the hoohoo of John, who, with the whole party, including my wife, were making a desperate night search for the lost. They told me that Tiger returned at eight o'clock, which must have been within fifteen minutes after he left me. I found, when help came, that I was nearly killed. John helped me into the saddle, and, wrapping a thick blanket about me, soon had the lost back in camp, where they spent the rest of the night applying hot arnica and bandages.

Tiger crunched his fodder, and as he saw me nursed, no doubt thought his master a great fool.

In the spring of 1850, a gentleman left his home at Jackson, Mich., and accompanied by a large, intelligent dog, went by the isthmus to California. In August the man was killed in a mine at Grass Valley, Cal. A hundred and four days after his master's death, the dog reduced to a skeleton, crawled into the back yard of his old home in Michigan, laid down and died.

An intelligent spaniel dog was taken by my neighbor into the country, and left with a friend thirty-five miles away. The direction of the new home was north from his old home. He was kept tied lest he should return to his old home, and after two weeks was taken about fifteen miles in an easterly direction to hunt, and turned loose from the buggy, under the seat of which he had been kept a close prisoner, on purpose to prevent his observing the country. Within a few hours he arrived at his old home, a distance of nearly forty miles, and completed the third side of a triangle, passing through a village on the way, which was in the exact line between the point at which he was turned loose and his old home. It was a young dog, and had been recently brought from a distant city and had never before been over any portion of the three sides of the triangle.—*Dio Lewis, in Dio Lewis's Monthly.*

OLD DOG TRAY.

Who is not familiar with "Old Uncle Ned," "Swanee Ribber," "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground," "Old Dog Tray," and "O, Boys, Carry Me 'Long?" But how many know anything of the life of the extraordinary man who wrote them? He must have passed unnoticed through streets when from every lighted

concert room, from almost every family circle, from every hand organ or roaming ballad singer's lips, were poured forth his irresistible melodies. He wrote between two and three hundred popular songs—more than any other American. Though they are not of equal popularity or merit, we have yet to hear one which is devoid of meaning in the words, or beauty in the air.

Stephen Collins Foster was born in Pittsburg, Pa., July 4, 1826. He was a musician almost from the cradle, and at the age of seven had mastered the flageolet without a teacher. Every instrument in turn gave up its sweetness to his touch, but he never cared to become a distinguished performer. To compose the words and music of a song was his chief delight from boyhood. He wrote words first, and then hummed them over and over till he found notes that would express them properly. His first published song appeared in 1842, when he was a merchant's clerk in Cincinnati; a second was published the same year in Baltimore. The success of these impelled him to give up business and devote himself to composition for a livelihood. He returned to Pittsburg, where he married. Mr. Foster had a wide range of culture, was an eager reader, and proficient in French and German, and was somewhat of a painter. The few who became his intimates speak most enthusiastically of his varied powers, but he was retiring and sensitive. He attempted to illustrate one of his pathetic songs, and handed the sketch with the manuscript to his publisher, who looked at it a moment and said, pleasantly, "Oh! another comic song, Mr. Foster!" The artist tore up the sketch and made no more pictures for the public.

It has been said that Foster received fifteen thousand dollars for "Old Folks at Home." This is incorrect, but one publishing house paid him nearly twenty thousand dollars for those of his compositions which were issued by them. His songs have been translated into most of the European and some of the Asiatic languages.

Mr. Foster spent his last years in New York, where the most familiar sound was a strain of his own music, and the least familiar sight, a face that he knew. He became somewhat improvident, and would sell for a few dollars a song that brought a large sum to its purchaser. Several of his best were composed in a back room of an old, down-town grocery, on pieces of brown wrapping paper. He died in a hospital to which he had been carried from a hotel in the Bowery, January 18, 1864. Of "Old Dog Tray," one hundred and twenty-five thousand copies were sold in eighteen months.—*Our Familiar Songs.*

GIRLS IN BUSINESS.

We commend to all girls who wish or expect to engage in any self-supporting occupation, especially where they may come into competition with men, the following extract from Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' article, entitle "Supporting Herself," in the May St. Nicholas:

"But, girls, if you don't make a thorough business of the occupation you have chosen, never, never, never begin to be occupied at all. Half-finished work will do for amateurs. It will never answer for professionals. The bracket you are sawing for a New Year's present can hang a little crooked on its screws, and you will be forgiven for the love's sake found therein by the dear heart to which you offer it; but the trinket carved for sale in the Sorrento rooms must be cut as true as a rose leaf. You can be a little shaky in your German declensions in the Schiller club, which you join so enthusias-

tically after leaving school, and no great harm ever come of it; but teach Schiller for a living, and for every dative case forgotten you are so much money out of pocket.

People who pay for a thing demand thorough workmanship or none. To offer incomplete work for complete market price, is to be either a cheat or a beggar. The terrible grinding laws of supply and demand, pay and receive, give and get, give no quarter to shilly-shally labor. The excellence of your intentions is nothing to the point. The stress of your poverty has not the slightest connection with the ease. An editor will never pay you for your poem because you wish to help your mother. No customer will buy her best bonnet or her wheat flour of you because you are unable to pay your rent. When you have entered the world of trade, you have entered a world where tenderness and charity and personal interest are foreign relations. Not 'for friendship's sake,' nor 'for pity's sake,' nor 'for chivalry's sake' runs the great rallying-cry of this "great world," but only 'for value received.'

It is with sorrow and shame, but yet with hope and courage, that I write it, there is reason for the extensive complaint made by men, that women do not work thoroughly. I am afraid that, till time and trouble shall have taught them better, they will not. Is it because they have never been trained? Is it because they expect to be married? That it is not in the least because they cannot, we know; for we know that some of the most magnificently accurate work in the world has been done by women."

—The child of God will soon know the full import of all the precious promises; the wicked will soon know what is meant by the terrible threatenings of God.

—Christ's love is the church's fire; thither bring thy heart when it is cold, frozen, and dead; meditate on his love, and pray until you can say, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me."

—Little faults become great, and even monstrous in our eyes, in proportion as the pure light of God increases in us; just as the sun, in rising, reveals the true dimension of objects which were dimly and confusedly discerned during the night.

—An hour passed in sincere and earnest prayer, or in conflict with, and the conquest over a single passion or a subtle bosom sin, will teach us more of thought, will more effectually awaken the faculty and form the habit of reflection, than a year's study in the schools with them.

— "I read in the paper," remarked a lady to her husband, "that the Mohammedan theory is that no women are admitted into heaven. I shouldn't think such a religion would be very popular." "Why not?" asked her husband. "Why not?" she returned. "What interest would heaven have for men if there were no women there?" "None, perhaps, for single men," he said. Then he added: "But you see, my dear, Mohammedans never begin to get religious until after they are married."

—Some rude person pretends to have found a plumber's bill, which runs thus: Fixing up Smith's busted pipes, to wit: Going to see the job, \$1; coming back for tools and help, \$2; finding the leak, \$1.50; sending for more help, \$1.25; going back for solder forgotten, \$1.50; bringing the solder, \$1; burning my finger, \$2; lost my tobacco, 50 cents; getting to work, \$3; getting my assistants to work, \$2.50; fixing the pipe, 25 cents; going home, \$2.50; time, solder, wear and tear on tools, overalls and other clothing, \$5; total, \$23.50.



Entered as second-class mail matter at Brattleboro, Vt., Post Office.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., AUGUST, 1884.

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

OUR JANUARY EDITION for this year is exhausted and we can no longer send that number to our subscribers.

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

PERSONS ACTING AS OUR AGENTS are not authorized to take subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD at less than the published price—\$1.10 per year, including the postage.

MONEY MAY BE SENT AT OUR RISK by postal order, or in a registered letter, or by a bank check payable in New York or Boston. Don't send personal checks on local banks.

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

UNITED STATES POSTAGE STAMPS, 1's and 2's, will be received in payment for any sum less than one dollar but Do Not send full subscriptions in that way. It is just as easy and as safe to send bank bills in a letter as their value in stamps, and they are worth a great deal more to us.

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

CORRESPONDENTS will please be a little more particular (some of them a good deal more) in writing proper names. A little care in this respect would prevent many annoying mistakes and the trouble of writing letters of inquiry. Names and places so familiar to the writers that it seems to them that everybody must recognize them at a glance are oftentimes serious puzzles to strangers unless plainly written.

CANADIAN STAMPS are of no use to us, neither can we credit full price for mutilated coin. Revenue and proprietary stamps are *not postage stamps* and we have no use for them. And will all our readers, *every one*, if you must send the ten cents in stamps, oblige us by sending 1's and 2's, and put them into the letters *loosely*. Do not attempt to fasten them even slightly, as many are spoiled by so doing. Seal the envelope well, and they can't get away.

LIFE MEMBERSHIP.—Many of our friends have expressed a desire to subscribe for more than one year at a time, so as to be sure of the regular visits of THE HOUSEHOLD without the trouble of renewing every year, and some have wished to become Life Members of the Band. To accommodate all such we will send THE HOUSEHOLD two years for \$2.00, six years for \$5.00, and to those who wish to become Life Members, the payment of \$10.00 at one time will entitle them or their heirs to receive THE HOUSEHOLD as long as it shall be published.

LADIES PLEASE BEAR IN MIND, when sending recipes or other matter for publication with your subscriptions or other business, to keep the contributions so distinct from the business part of your letters that they can be readily separated. Unless this is done it obliges us to re-write all that is designed for publication or put it all together among our business letters and wait for a more convenient season to look it over. So please write all contributions ENTIRELY separate from any business and they will stand a much better chance of being seasonably used.

TO CARELESS CORRESPONDENTS.—It would save us considerable time and no little annoyance, besides aiding us to give prompt and satisfactory attention to the requests of our correspondents, if they would in every case sign their names to their letters—which many fail to do—and also give post-office address including the state. Especially is this desirable when subscriptions are sent, or any matter pertaining to business is enclosed. We desire to be prompt and correct in our dealing with our friends, but they often make it extremely difficult for us by omitting these most essential portions of their communications.

AN ESTEY COTTAGE ORGAN FREE to any subscriber of THE HOUSEHOLD, who will send its value in subscriptions, as offered by us, is certainly a most unusual offer, and we are not surprised that it should attract the attention of very many of our readers, for in what other way could a first class organ be so easily obtained for the family, church, hall, or lodge room as by procuring the value of the instrument in subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD? We have already sent out many of these organs, literally "from Maine to California," and in every instance so far as we have learned, they have given the most perfect satisfaction. Reader, do you want one of these instruments? We have one ready for you.

AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense and risk of remailing it.

The amount of the premium to be deducted depends upon the number of subscribers obtained, but can be readily ascertained by a reference to Nos. 74 and 89 of the Premium List on another page. It will be seen that from 25 to 40 cents is allowed for each new yearly subscriber, according to the size of the club. In case the club cannot be completed at once the names and money may be sent as convenient, and the premium deducted from the last list. Always send money in drafts or post office orders, when convenient, otherwise by express.

OUR WEDDING PRESENT of a free copy of THE HOUSEHOLD for one year to every bride, has proved a very acceptable gift in many thousands of homes during the past few years, and we will continue the offer for 1884. This offer amounts practically to a year's subscription to THE HOUSEHOLD to every newly married couple in the United States and Canada, the only conditions being that the parties (or their friends) apply for the present within one year from the date of their marriage—enclosing ten cents for postage, and such evidence as will amount to a reasonable proof that they are entitled to the magazine under this offer. Be sure and *observe these conditions fully*, and don't forget either the postage or the proof. Nearly every bride can send a copy of some newspaper giving notice of her marriage, or the notice itself clipped in such a way as to show the date of the paper, or a statement from the clergyman or justice who performed the ceremony, or from the town clerk or postmaster acquainted with the facts, or some other reasonable evidence. But do not send us "names of parents" or other *witnesses* who are strangers to us, nor "refer" us to *any body*—we have no time to hunt up the evidence—the party making the application *must* do that. Marriage certificates, or other evidence, will be returned to the senders if desired, and additional postage is enclosed for the purpose. Do not send money or stamps in papers—it is unlawful and extremely unsafe.

SPECIAL PREMIUM FOR 1884.

To such of our readers as wish to procure a first-class Sewing Machine on easy terms we offer the following opportunity:

For a club of 40 yearly subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD we will send a No. 1 Higby Sewing Machine. Price \$40.

For 45 subscriptions we will send a No. 2 machine, same make. Price \$45.

For 50 subscriptions we will send a No. 3 machine, same make. Price \$50.

These machines are strictly first-class in every respect and fully warranted. There is no better Sewing Machine made than the Higby, and no better chance was ever given by which a lady could obtain so excellent a machine on such easy terms. Send for a catalogue either to THE HOUSEHOLD or The Higby Sewing Machine Co., Brattleboro, Vt.


HORSFORD'S
 SELF-RAISING
 Bread Preparation
 The Healthful and Nutritious,
BAKING POWDER.
 Invented by Prof. E. N. Horsford, of
 Cambridge, Mass.

It is better and healthier than ordinary Baking Powder, Cream Tartar or Yeast.

The cost of raising Bread, Biscuit, etc., with it is only about half as much as by ordinary Baking Powder, and the result is much better.

It restores the nutritive phosphates which are taken from the flour in bolting. No ordinary Baking Powder or anything else used for raising bread does this.

Universally used and recommended by prominent Physicians.

Put up in packages containing 11 ounces, just enough for 25 pounds of flour.

The Horsford Almanac and Cook Book sent free.

RUMFORD CHEMICAL WORKS,
 PROVIDENCE, R. I.

LACTART.
 The Acid of Milk.

A Pure, Healthful, Refreshing Drink, aiding Digestion. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

AVERY LACTATE CO., Boston, Mass.

See Dr. Hanaford's Card for all information about his books, medical fee, etc.

—An old Irish soldier, who prided himself upon his bravery, said he had fought in the battle of Bull Run. When asked if he had retreated and made good his escape, as others did on that famous occasion, he replied: "Those that didn't run are there yet!"

If Any Dealer Informs

You that he has for sale a dentrifice identical with or containing ingredients equaling or superior in efficacy to those of SOZODONT, discredit the statement and insist upon having that alone. By doing so, you will secure a dentrifice *par excellence* the best in the market, containing botanic elements of rare preservative influence upon the teeth, and one which will endow them with most becoming whiteness. Another desirable feature of this staple toilet article is that it imparts fragrance to the breath. Sold by druggists.

—Directions to conductors of street cars:—The women with rubber waterproofs should invariably be shaken before taken.

Aunt Rachel's Joy.

Rev. W. B. Evans, Washington, D. C., writes: "Aunt Rachel, the dear old colored saint, who has been a constant sufferer with Inflammatory Rheumatism for 16 years, has been greatly benefited by ATHLOPHOROS. I consider it almost in the light of a miracle. She is almost beside herself with joy. The pain has all left her limbs. A little stiffness remains, but another bottle will effect a permanent cure. It is indeed a most wonderful medicine. I think it ought to be spread throughout the length and breadth of this land."

Dishes Washed With

PYLE'S PEARLINE are never rough and always free from grease and odor of any kind. Beware of imitations.

DAVID E. SMITH, M. D.,

of New York, writes of LACTART, the new acid drink: "It is certainly one of the most delicious, refreshing and healthful beverages I have ever drunk." Sold by all druggists.

AVERY LACTATE CO., Boston.

Ayer's Ague Cure is intended to act as an antidote to malarial fevers, and all diseases generated by marsh, swamp or slough. Science has brought this remedy nigh to perfection. No quinine, no arsenic, nor injurious drug enters into its composition. Chemistry and the healing art have combined to make it the curative triumph of the age we live in.

—Say, Mrs. Bunson," said a little girl to a lady visitor, "do you belong to a brass band?" "No, my dear. But why do you ask such a question?" "Because ma said you were always blowing your own horn."

We have received from the Zimmerman Manufacturing Co., of Cincinnati, a handsome Catalogue which explains fully the merits of their Fruit and Vegetable Evaporator. Any one interested in that industry will receive the Catalogue free by writing for it.

"How to Develop, Preserve and Regain Bodily Beauty." 25c. A. Hand, A. M., Park Ridge, Ill. The publisher of the Sunday School Times says: "The book is all right."

Malaria from the undrained Pontine marshes, near Rome, is a terror to travelers. Ayer's Ague Cure is an effectual protection from the disease, and a cure for those who have become its victims. It works just as effectually in all malarial districts on this side of the sea. Try it.

Arsenic and quinine are not desirable commodities to carry about in one's system, and it is to be hoped that the poisonous ague remedies have had their day. Ayer's Ague Cure is a sure antidote for the Ague, and all malarial fevers, and is perfectly harmless, leaving the system in good condition as before the disease was contracted.

All who are troubled with Nervous Headaches, Scalp Disease, Rheumatism, Nervous Prostration, and General Debility, are invited to read the advertisement of the Hill Brush Co. in another column.

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

Ayer's Hair Vigor is safe, agreeable and beneficial. It is the most elegant, and its effects are very lasting, making it the most economical of toilet preparations. By its use ladies can keep their hair abundant and natural in color, luster, and texture.

THE ORIGIN OF THE POST-OFFICE.

The English Illustrated Magazine says that the post-office is an example of the mode in which things change while names remain. It was originally the office which arranged the posts or places at which, on the great roads, relays of horses and men could be obtained for the rapid forwarding of government dispatches. There was a chief postmaster of England many years before any system of conveyance of private letters by the crown was established. Such letters were conveyed either by carriers, who used the same horses throughout their whole journey, or by relays of horses maintained by private individuals, that is, by private post. The scheme of carrying the correspondence of the public by means of crown messengers originated in connection with foreign trade. A post office for letters to foreign parts was established "for the benefit of the English merchants" in the reign of James I., but the extension of the system to inland letters was left to the succeeding reign. James I., by a proclamation issued in 1635, may be said to have founded the present post-office. By this proclamation he commanded his "postmaster of England for foreign parts to settle a running post or two, to run night and day between Edinburgh and London, to go thither and come back again in six days, and to take with them all such letters as shall be directed to any post town in or near that road." Neighboring towns, such as Lincoln and Hull, were to be linked on to this main route, and posts on similar principles were directed to be established on other great high roads, such as those to Chester and Holyhead, to Exeter and Plymouth. So far no monopoly was claimed, but two years afterward a second proclamation forbade the carriage of letters by any messengers except those of the king's postmaster-general, and thus the present system was inaugurated. The monopoly thus claimed, though no doubt devised by the king to enhance the royal power and to bring money into the exchequer, was adopted by Cromwell and his parliament, one main advantage in their eyes being that the carriage of correspondence by the government would afford "the best means to discover and prevent any dangerous and wicked designs against the commonwealth. The opportunity of an extensive violation of letters, especially if they proceeded from suspected royalists, was no doubt an attractive bait; and it is rather amusing to notice how the tables were thus turned on the monarchial party by means of one of the sovereign's own acts of aggression. However, from one motive or another royalists and parliamentarians agreed in the establishment of a state post, and the institution has come down without a break from the day of Charles I. to our own.—Ex.

THE SWEET BY-AND-BY.

The origin of this well known song was purely accidental. Mr. Bennett, the writer of these words, and Mr. Webster, the composer of the music, were at that time residents of Chicago. One day, as Mr. Bennett was at his place of business, Mr. Webster, who was of a sensitive nature and easily susceptible to depression, came in, in one of his melancholy moods. "What's the matter now?" asked Bennett. "It's no matter," he answered, "it will be all right by-and-by." "The idea of the hymn came to me like a flash," says Bennett, "and I replied, 'The Sweet By-and-By!' Why would that not make a good hymn?" "Maybe it would," said Mr. Webster, indifferently. Turning to the desk, Mr. Bennett wrote the three verses of the hymn. "In the meantime, two

friends, N. H. Carswell and S. E. Bright, had come in," says Bennett, "I handed the hymn to Mr. Webster. As he read it his eyes kindled and his whole demeanor changed. Stepping to his desk he began writing the notes in a moment. Presently he called for his violin, and played the melody. In a few moments more he had the four parts of the chorus jotted down. I think it was not over thirty minutes from the time I took my pen to write the words before the two gentlemen above named, myself and Mr. Webster, were singing the hymn in the same form in which it afterward appeared. While singing it, Mr. R. R. Crosby, now a resident of Richmond, Ill., came in, and after listening awhile, with tears in his eyes, uttered the prediction: 'That hymn is immortal.' It was sung in public shortly after, and in two weeks almost every child on the streets was singing it." It has been translated into several languages and sung in every land under the sun.—*Ex.*

TREATMENT OF BALKY HORSES.

Any one observing the inhuman treatment bestowed upon balky horses, will indorse the following persuasive measure recommended by the Germantown Telegraphs. To these remedies others may be added, but the ground is sufficiently covered by these hints to meet all ordinary cases of the sulks in horses:

"As long as we can remember, this singular fit of obstinacy in the horse has been discussed, and all sorts of plans given for overcoming it. It must be remembered that what will prove a remedy for one horse will not for another. The original cause of it is, doubtless, neglect and ill treatment of the colt, or after it has been broken to harness. Sometimes stopping a few moments will be sufficient to start the animal again of its own accord. Kind words, patting, a handful of hay or grass, an apple, or a little black pepper put upon the tongue, will induce it to go ahead as if nothing had been the matter. Whipping, at all times and especially in this case, is the worst resort. We have ourselves induced balky horses to quietly start by some of these means, and one was entirely cured by letting it stand until it went on again of its own will. Sometimes the mere turning of the head and letting the animal look in a different direction, or rubbing the nose, has answered; so has tying a string around the foreleg below the knee and drawing it rather tight. Various resorts of this kind should be adopted, but never force."

The following achievement of a lad in any thing but robust health is adduced in illustration of the alimentary powers of the small boy. This is what he ate in one day: Eight ounces of oatmeal. Seven ounces and a half of butter. Ten quarts of water (estimated). Seventeen hot biscuits. Thirty-eight griddle cakes. Ten potatoes (large). Three pounds of beef. Two and a half pounds, net, of mutton chop (weight of bone having been deducted). Twelve slices of cake, eighteen cookies, twelve doughnuts and three ounces of ginger cake. Two-thirds dozen bananas. Three pints of peanuts. One and a half pounds of candy (assorted). Five wedges of pie (motherly slices). Eight quarts of water (additional). Raisins, figs, walnuts, checkerberry leaves, flagroot, birch bark, etc., one-half peck (about). Squash, cabbage, onions and other vegetables, four pounds (estimated). We have possibly omitted some of the items; but although the list may be defective, it is sufficient evidence of the possibilities of the small boy as a food destroyer.—*Ex.*

—Nothing makes a man so contented as an experience gathered from a well-watched past. As the beauty of the finest landscape is sometimes marred, on actual inspection, by a nauseous weed at your feet, or painful headache, or many little things, which detract from a loveliness only fully felt in the recollection when those trifles are forgotten; so our chief happiness is too often in recollections of the past or anticipations of the future. Now, it is knowing what the past really was, which we now recall with so much pleasure, and over which there seems to be "a light which never was on sea or land," that we are able to estimate the amount of happiness and value of the present. And I think he who does this will seldom be discontented; for the miseries of life are few, and its blessings are new to us every morning and evening.—*Norman Macleod.*

—An impatient New York gentleman, going to the White mountains, was seated by the side of the driver. The stage on which he was, had just come up behind a rival coach loaded with passengers. New York man—I say, driver, I will give \$1 if you will pass that coach. Driver (sleepily)—I will do it. (Then addressing the next driver, he says): Oh, I say Bill! Bill—Wall? First driver—There is a man here who says he will give me \$1 if I can pass ye and get ahead of yer coach. Ef ye will haul out and lemme pass, I'll give you half. Bill instantly hauled out, and in a moment the rear coach had about sixty feet advantage of the road. The New York man paid the dollar.

—“Pat,” said his reverence, “I shall be very busy this afternoon, and if any one calls I do not wish to be disturbed.” “All right, sor, will I tell them you’re not in?” “No, Pat; that would be a lie.” “An’ phat’ll I say, yer riverence?” “O! just put them off with an evasive answer.” At supper time Pat was asked if any one had called. “Faix, there did.” “And what did you tell him?” said the priest. “Sure, an’ I give him an evasive answer.” “How was that?” queried his reverence. “He axed me was yer honor in, an, I sez to him, sez I, was yer gran’mother a hoot-owl?”

—On one occasion when Sir Walter Scott was in Ireland he came to a gate he could not open. At that moment a shoeless lad came up and opened it for him. He wished to make him a present, intending to give him a sixpence; he found he had only a shilling. “Here, my boy,” said he, “is a shilling, and remember tha’ you owe me sixpence.” “Och,” said the lad, “may your honor live till I pay you!” “How,” remarked Sir Walter, afterwards, “could any one pay a more delicate compliment. It simply wished me immortality.”

—As the meeting of the Lime-Kiln Club opened, the president announced that the following spring mottoes would be hung on the walls during the coming week: “Pay cash.” “Deal on de squar.” “Sell your dog.” “No man kin sit on de fence an’ plant onions.” “Time wasted am shillins lost out of a hole in de pocket.” “If it am pollyticks against taters, take de ‘taters.’” “An hour wid a saw-buck am more valuable dan an hour wid a statesman.” “De man in debt am a swimmer wid his butes on.”

—It was at the Cataract house in Sioux Falls. A son of the Emerald Isle was ushered into the dining room at the dinner hour and the polite steward took hold of the back of the chair to push it into place. The guest looked around suspiciously for a minute, and then said loud enough to be heard all over the room: “By the howly Moses, if yez jerk that chair from under me I’ll knock the whole top of yer head off o’ yez.”

OUR EXCHANGE COLUMN.

Our friends will please take notice that this is not an *advertising* column. Those who want money or stamps for their goods come under the head of advertisers. This column is simply for exchanges.

Mrs. L. M. Moore, North San Juan, Cal., has renewed her supply of agates, opals, fossil woods and Chinese curiosities. Among the latter are cups, spoons and soy dishes.

Hattie A. Heaton, Charlton, Saratoga Co., N. Y., will give six tulip bulbs for new silk (not satin) pieces, amounting to a square foot. Any color except black.

M. L. Narrin, Goodrich, Mich., will exchange fossil corals, actinolite, limonite, gypsum and peacock feathers for sea shells, agates, geodes, Indian relics, fossils and corals.

Miss Sarah Ingersoll, Waverly, Bremer Co., Iowa, will exchange lily of the valley, lemon, Turk’s cap, golden candle and wild lilies, for tulips, and hyacinths or specimens.

Mrs. M. J. Sweeley, Adel, Dallas Co., Iowa, will exchange useful and ornamental articles for numbers of the *Aldine*. Write first.

Ida May Reed, Sedalia, Pettis Co., Mo., will exchange sheet music, also Scribner’s and Frank Leslie’s magazines for music, books or fancy work. Write first.

Mrs. Clara A. B. Carter, Henniker, N. H., will exchange ad. cards or silk and velvet pieces for silks, satins or velvets suitable for crazy quilt.

Miss Clara Mahoney, Searsport, Me., would like to exchange pieces of print size of postal card.

Mrs. L. B. Hale, Harlow, Smith Co., Kan., will exchange new sheet music for good books or magazines, especially back volumes of *THE HOUSEHOLD*. Write first.

Carrie Holton, Collins Center, N. Y., will exchange chromos, engravings, egg beaters, and jewelry for pieces of silk, satin, velvet, plush, stereoscopic views, fancy work and pampas plumes.

Mrs. C. W. Osborne, Chardon, Geauga Co., Ohio, will exchange one vol. of *Cottage Hearth* for one of Godey’s or Peterson’s, published since 1850.

Mrs. G. D. Drake, Battleboro, N. C., will exchange long grey moss, for samples of darned net, rick rack trimming or any thing useful.

Mrs. J. H. Howard, Hatfield, Mass., will exchange a Turkish rug, Ingall’s patterns, ad. cards, specimens, books and plants, for books, silk pieces, plants, specimens or fancy articles.

Mrs. Donald A. McDonell, Waterville, Kings Co., N. S., will exchange the favorite platter, which cost one dollar, for something useful or ornamental. Write first.

Mrs. G. S. Hurd, Harpersville, Broome Co., N. Y., will exchange velvet, pencilings, tidiess, or specimens from noted places, for remnants of zephyr.

Miss Leila M. Clapsaddle, Leland, La Salle Co., Ill., will exchange back numbers of *Youths’ Companion*, for cabinet specimens, or advertising cards.

Mrs. M. A. Wilkinson, Box 11, Butler, Butler Co., Pa., will exchange Atlantic and Harpers’ Monthly, for daphne or tuberose, calla bulbs or ever blooming rose. Write first.

Mrs. Geo. H. Hill, Ayer, Mass., will exchange Hart’s Rhetoric, or Steele’s Chemistry and Philosophy, two vols., for Mopeith’s Comprehensive Geography. Write first.

Mary L. Zimmerman, Ashmore Ill., will exchange fifty small shells nearly two inches around, for small sea shells, or worsted scraps for patch-work.

Mrs. C. L. Wright, Waupaca, Wis., will exchange lily of the valley roots, for hardy shrubs, plants, rick rack, feather braid trimmings, books, or any thing useful or ornamental.

Mrs. Mary A. F. Hill, Sedalia, Pettis Co., Mo., will exchange Peterson’s magazines, Cricket on the Hearth and Seaside for cabinet specimens, books or curiosities. Write first.

Miss Florence E. Gibson, Washington Depot, Conn., will exchange pieces of print and back numbers of *Youths’ Companion* for fancy advertising cards.

H. M. Gloucester, Mass., Box 782, will exchange cabinet minerals and shells for minerals, fossils and Indian arrow heads.

Mrs. J. W. Dodge, of Malden, Mass., will exchange paper tie in sets of four, books or fancy knitting, ad. cards, for fancy work or useful articles.

Mrs. R. R. Thayer, Winter Park, Orange Co., Fla., will exchange Florida moss and small palm leaves for any thing useful or ornamental.

Mrs. Philema Wilder, Morristown, Rice Co., Minn., will exchange infant wardrobe patterns, ladies’ polonaise, and patterns of animals, for silk, velvets, brocades, etc. Write first.

Della M. Beeler, Highland, Doniphan Co., Kan., has music to exchange for music, instrumental preferred. Write first.

M. A. Weston, Hancock, N. H., will exchange patterns for quilt, animals, doll and doll’s wardrobe, also photograph frame of fret saw work, for bulbs or any thing useful or ornamental.

Mrs. E. Doncaster, Seabeck, Kitsap Co., Wash. Ter., will exchange Arthur’s Home magazine for ‘79 and ‘80, for other magazines or papers. Write first.

Mrs. C. F. Reeves, State College, Center Co., Pa., will exchange Atlantic and Lippincott’s magazines for numbers of Scribner’s, Century and Harper’s magazines. Write first.

Mrs. M. B. Dodge, Chandlerville, N. H., will exchange Godey’s Lady’s Book for a green moss, or calla lily lamp mat, also samples and directions for Kensington embroidery. Write first.

Miss L. E. Eomis, Danielsonville, Conn., will exchange advertising cards for advertising cards.

Mrs. G. S. Gay, 535 State St., Madison, Wis., has minerals, fancy work and oil paintings to exchange for fancy work or any thing useful. Write first.

Mrs. J. C. Norman, Brunswick, Ga., will exchange Spanish moss, small popanac trees, "dish rag" gourd or seeds, for fancy work.

E. Hamblet, No. 325 Central St., Lowell, Mass., will exchange nice porous plasters for any of Dickens’, W. M. Thackeray’s, George Elliot’s, or Bulwer’s novels, cloth bound, in good condition, and sent by mail.

Mrs. J. W. Clark, Navasota, Texas, will exchange woolen scraps or vocal music for Harper’s Bazaar, (any date of ‘81, ‘82, ‘83,) or steel engravings from magazines. Write first.

Mrs. W. M. Perkins, Lavaca, Ark., will exchange Peterson’s magazine (two vols.) for reading matter or any thing useful or ornamental. Write first.

Mrs. E. W. Hale, Wethersfield, Conn., will exchange the *Debileator*, Young Ladies’ Journal, Williams’ Window Gardening, and ad. cards, for something useful or ornamental.

Mrs. J. E. Burleson, West Thompson, Conn., will exchange a scrap bag of seine cord for twenty-five pieces of bright colored silks size of postal card. Write first.

Miss R. E. Merritt, Olive Center, Ottawa Co., Mich., will exchange pattern of knit bedspread for scraps of silk or worsted, or print size of postal card. Write first.

Laura Thomas, Box 304, Los Angeles, Cal., will exchange sea shells for odd buttons with shanks, also cacti, abalone shells, etc., for Indian reliefs, agates, coral and rare shells.

Mrs. L. S. Ballou, Bristol, N. H., will exchange music and maiden hair ferns, for music or any thing useful or ornamental, a chromo suitable for an easel preferred.

Mrs. M. T. Brown, Box 1006, Los Angeles, Cal., will exchange cactus, mission reliefs, olive wood, fringed whalebone, and abalone shells, for Indian reliefs, agates, shells, coral and foreign corals.

Mrs. H. O. Douglas, Oberlin, Kan., will exchange bound vol. Young Ladies’ Journal, organ stool cover, Col. specimens, and cacti, for macrame tides, painting, or any fancy work.

Mrs. S. W. Jenckes, Sherbrooke, Canada, will exchange one of J. Fennimore Cooper’s works in Seaside Library edition for any standard novel in same form.

Mrs. C. F. Adams, Framingham, Mass., will exchange sheet music (instrumental and vocal) for fancy articles in dark red. Write first.

Mrs. Sadie Hoffman, Box 30, Espy, Col. Co., Pa., will exchange handsome white aprons trimmed with hand made lace, for books, table scarfs, or large steel engraving. Write first.

E. B. Lupton, Colerain, Ohio, will exchange books for fine cabinet specimens, also HOUSEHOLDS or silk scraps, for Florida moss, cotton balls, or any southern curiosities. Write first.

Mrs. J. P. McNay, Wind Ridge, Greene Co., Penn., will exchange Ray’s algebra, first part, new, for reading matter, or any thing useful or ornamental. Write first.

Mrs. A. Imeson, Clifton Springs, Ontario Co., N. Y., will exchange bracket lambrequins of macrame lace, for stamped rugs, or other useful articles. Write first.

Ada V. Jenkins, East Bethlehem, Washington Co., Pa., will exchange the poem entitled, “Asleep at the Switch,” or any other poem she has for the poem entitled, “Kentucky Bell.”

Mrs. E. O. Robinson, Highland Ave., Allston, Mass., will exchange valuable books for Green’s History of England, pampas plumes, embroidery in Kensington and darned lace work. Write first.

Mrs. W. J. Robinson, M. Vernon, N. Y., will exchange ad. cards and scrap book poetry, for pieces of silk four inches square and ad. cards. Don’t seal packages.

Mrs. G. O. Howard, Reedsburg, Sauk Co., Wis., will exchange Harper’s Bazaar Book of Decorum and Etiquet, for a fancy apron of darned lace. Write first.

Mrs. Olive Knox, Little River, Rice Co., Kan., will exchange “Some Young Heroines,” by Paisley, for Dickens’ “Dombe” and “Barnaby Rudge,” “Our Mutual Friend,” “Little Dorrit,” or Tennyson’s poems. Write first.

M. E. Haynes, Box 55, Bolton, Mass., will exchange madeira bulbs for tea roses, cinnamarias, cyclamen, hyacinths and tulips for house culture.

Mrs. Ada F. Hawkins, Clarksville, Greene Co., Pa., will exchange Longfellow’s or Tennyson’s poems, diamond edition, for Whittier’s poems, or Joaquin Miller’s “Songs of the Sierras.” Write first.

Mrs. F. A. Kehew, 5 Holly St., Salem, Mass., will exchange ad. cards, for scraps or silk or satin, not less than three inches square.

Mrs. Meekel, Sparta, Kent Co., Mich., will exchange zephyr flowers, spatter work, or pieces of print, silk or worsted for patterns of point lace, or red fish scales.

Mrs. Maud Davis, Whitefield, Graham Co., Kan., will exchange the book *Arabian Nights* for wort or silk quilt pieces.

Mrs. J. L. Savage, Aiden, Iowa, will exchange sea onions or onion lily bulbs and *oxalis floribunda* bulbs, for silk, satin or velvet pieces, an’ size and any color.

M. F. Jones, E. Douglas, Mass., will exchange school books, drawing pencils, panel pictures, and ladies’ serving companion, an’ new, for articles of equal value useful or ornamental.

Mrs. J. D. Parks, Mt. Hope, Sedgwick Co., Kan., will exchange patterns for pillow shams, stamping powder recipe or cactus, for plants or a y thing useful or ornamental.

Mrs. Katie Campbell, Akron, Orange Co., Fla., will exchange fish scale flowers and jewelry, sp. ays for hair, etc., for other useful and ornamental articles. Write first.

Mrs. Jefferson Clark, San Jose, Cal., will exchange shells, pebbles, and agates, from Pacific shore, and cinnamon from New Almaden mines, for good cabinet specimens. Write first.

Mrs. Groff, box 365, Grand Island, Neb., will exchange Peterson’s magazines for 1882 and ‘83, for “St. Elmo,” and “East Lynne.” Write first.

Mrs. Thorn, Philadelphia P. O., Pa., will exchange patterns for darning net, for other patterns to be used in working the same material.

— Requests for exchanges will be published as promptly as possible, but we have a large number on hand, and the space is limited, so there will necessarily be some delay.

— We are constantly receiving requests for exchanges signed with fictitious names or initials, and sometimes with no signature except number of post office box or street. We cannot publish such requests, nor those not from actual subscribers.

— We cannot undertake to forward correspondence. We publish these requests, but the parties interested must do the exchanging.

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HUNDREDS

OF THESE

SCALES

to our readers and thus far have not learned of the first instance where they have failed to meet the expectations of the purchasers, while we have received many

Unsolicited

Testimonials

to their convenience and value. We give a few to show the estimation in which these scales are held by those who have used them.

ROCKLAND, MASS., April 20, 1881.
MR. CROWELL.—Sir:—I received the Little Detective scales from you all right. I find them to be in every respect what they are advertised to be, and like them very much. As I make and sell butter, I find them very useful. I would advise every one who is in want of scales of that size, to get the Little Detective, for I think they are perfectly correct. MRS. J. M. WETHERBEE.

HILLSBORO' UPPER VILLAGE, N. H., March 10, 1881.
EDITOR HOUSEHOLD.—Sir:—The Little Detective has arrived in good order, and after repeated trials gives perfect satisfaction. The only question with me is how I have kept house twenty years without it.

Yours very respectfully, MRS. SUSAN S. WILSON.

SOUTH SHAFTSBURY, VT., April 25, 1881.
MR. CROWELL.—I received the Little Detective scales last Saturday, and am very much pleased with them. They are so simple yet accurate. They are much better than some spring scales that I have examined that were nearly double the price. I think all the HOUSEHOLDers who have no scales would buy them if they knew how handy and nice they are. MRS. L. W. COLE.

WESTFORD, WINDHAM CO., CONN., July 18, 1881.
GEO. E. CROWELL.—Sir:—In May I received from you a Little Detective scale, manufactured by the Chicago Scale Co. The scale came in good condition, and agrees exactly with "Fairbanks," is very nicely adjusted, and is a great convenience, is the best scale for the money I have ever seen, in short gives perfect satisfaction. STEPHEN B. TIFFET.

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The Household

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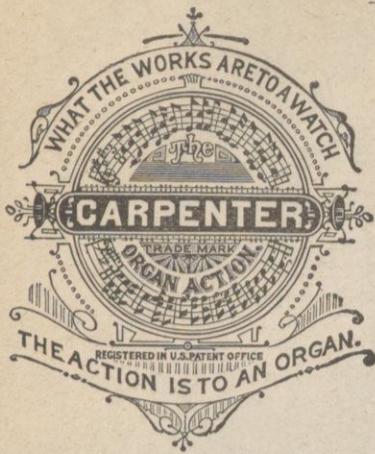
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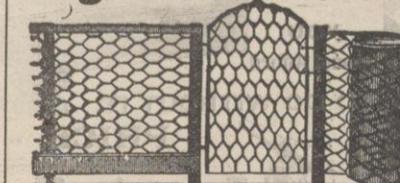
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No.	PREMIUM.	Price.	Subs.
1	One box Stationary,	\$0 50	2
2	Indelible Pencil, (Clark's),	50	2
3	Embroidery Scissors,	50	2
4	Name Plate, brush, ink, etc.,	60	2
5	Ladies' Ivory handle Penknife,	75	3
6	Sugar Spoon,	75	3
7	Autograph Album,	1 00	3
8	Package Garden Seeds,	1 00	3
9	Package Flower Seeds,	1 00	3
10	Half Chromo, Apple Blossoms, or May Flowers,	1 00	3
11	Butter Knife,	1 00	3
12	Turkey Morocco Pocket Book,	1 00	3
13	One vol. Household,	1 10	4
14	Fruit Knife,	1 25	4
15	Pair Tablespoons,	1 50	5
16	Call Bell,	1 75	5
17	Carving Knife and Fork,	1 75	5
18	One pair Napkin Rings,	2 00	5
19	Six Scotch Plaid Napkin Rings,	2 00	5
20	Six Teaspoons,	2 25	5
21	Rosewood Writing Desk,	2 25	5
22	Rosewood Work Box,	2 50	5
23	Fruit Knife, with Nut Pick,	2 50	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	9
32	Pie Knife,	3 50	9
33	Soup Ladle,	3 50	9
34	Cake Knife,	3 50	9
35	Pickle Jar, with Fork,	3 50	9
36	Six Tablespoons,	4 00	9
37	Six Table Forks, medium,	4 00	9
38	Six Tea Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles,	3 75	10
39	1 doz. Teaspoons,	4 50	10
40	Family scales, (24 lbs., Shaler),	5 00	10
41	1 doz. Tea Knives,	5 00	10
42	Sheet Music, (Agent's selection),	5 00	10
43	Carving Knife and Fork,	4 00	12
44	Hf. Chromo, Morn'g or Even'g,	5 00	12
45	Butter Dish, covered,	5 00	12
46	1 pair Napkins 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	18
59	Celery glass, silver stand,	7 50	16
60	Fruit Dish,	8 00	16
61	Gold Pen and Holder,	7 50	17
62	Butter Dish, covered,	7 50	18
63	Spoon Holder,	7 50	18
64	1 doz. Tablespoons,	8 00	18
65	1 doz. Table Forks, medium,	8 00	18
66	Photograph Album,	10 00	18
67	Caster,	8 00	20
68	Syrup Cup and Plate,	8 50	20
69	Cake Basket,	10 00	20
70	Elegant Family Bible,	10 00	20
71	Stereoscope and 50 views,	10 00	20
72	Folding Chair,	8 00	24
73	Cash,	8 25	25
74	Child's Carriage,	10 00	25
75	Webster's Unabridged Dictionary,	12 00	30
76	1 doz. Tea Knives, silver plated, ivory inlaid handles,	14 00	30
77	Ice Pitcher, porcelain lined,	15 00	30
78	Sewing Machine, (Higby),	40 00	40
79	Silver Watch,	20 00	45
80	Folding Chair,	20 00	50
81	Sewing Machine, (Higby),	50 00	50
82	Silver Watch,	35 00	80
83	Tea Set, silver, neat,	50 00	100
84	Cash,	85 00	100
85	Tea Set, richly chased, gilt, elegant,	75 00	150
86	Cottage Organ, (Estey),	150 00	150
87	Ladies' Gold Watch,	80 00	175
88	Gent's Gold Watch,	125 00	275

Each article in the above list is new and of the best manufacture, and due care will be taken that they be securely packed and properly directed, and sent by mail express or freight.

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

Premium clubs will be kept open ONE YEAR if desired.

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

New subscriptions and renewals are counted alike premiums, but ONE'S OWN SUBSCRIPTION IS NOT INCLUDED in the club for any premium whatever.

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

DOVER EGG-BEATER.

Beats the white of the eggs thoroughly in ten seconds. The Beating Floats revolve on two centres, one inch apart, and curiously interlace each other

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Monthly Circulation, 70,000 Copies.
ADVERTISING RATES.

Unobjectionable advertisements only will be inserted in THE HOUSEHOLD at 50 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion—14 lines making one inch. By the year \$5.00 per line.

The following are the rates for one-half inch or more:

	1 m.	2 m.	3 m.	4 m.	5 m.	6 m.	7 m.	1 yr.
Half Inch,	\$3.25	\$6.00	\$9.00	\$12.00	\$17.50	\$22.00		
One "	6.00	12.00	17.50	23.00	32.00	40.00		
Two "	12.00	23.00	32.00	42.00	60.00	75.00		
Three "	17.50	32.00	47.00	60.00	90.00	115.00		
Four "	23.00	42.00	60.00	80.00	115.00	225.00		
Six "	32.00	60.00	90.00	115.00	170.00	320.00		
Nine "	47.00	90.00	135.00	170.00	250.00	470.00		
One column, 60.00	115.00	170.00	225.00	320.00	600.00			

Less than one-half inch at line rates.

Special positions twenty-five per cent. additional.

Reading notices 75 cents per line nonpareil measure—12 lines to the inch.

Advertisements to appear in any particular issue must reach us by the 5th of the preceding month.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1884, by Geo. E. Crowell, at the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

A BLUE CROSS before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed. When you send in the subscription please mention the month you wish it to commence and thereby oblige us very much.

Our readers are earnestly requested to mention THE HOUSEHOLD when writing to any person advertising in this magazine. It will be a favor to us and no disadvantage to them.

The Government Chemist Analyzes two of the Leading Baking Powders, and what he finds them made of.

I have examined samples of "Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder," manufactured at Albany, N. Y., and "Royal Baking Powder," both purchased by myself in this city, and I find they contain:

"Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder."

Cream of Tartar
Bicarbonate of Soda
Flour

Available carbonic acid gas 12.61 per cent., equivalent to 118.2 cubic inches of gas per ounce of Powder.

"Royal Baking Powder."

Cream of Tartar
Bicarbonate of Soda
Carbonate of Ammonia
Tartaric Acid
Starch

Available carbonic acid gas 12.40 per cent., equivalent to 116.2 cubic inches of gas per ounce of Powder.

Ammonia gas 0.43 per cent., equivalent to 10.4 cubic inches per ounce of Powder.

Note.—The Tartaric Acid was doubtless introduced as free acid, but subsequently combined with ammonia, and exists in the Powder as a Tartrate of Ammonia.

E. G. LOVE, Ph. D.

NEW YORK, JAN'Y 17TH, 1881.

The above shows conclusively that "Cleveland's Superior" is a strictly pure Cream of Tartar Baking Powder. It has also been analyzed by Professor Johnson of Yale College; Dr. Gent of the University of Pennsylvania; President Morton of the Stevens Institute; Wm. M. Habershaw, F. C. S., Analyst for the Chemical Trade of New York, and other eminent chemists, all of whom pronounce it absolutely pure and healthful.

On receipt of 60 cents we will forward to any address, postage paid, a pound can.

CLEVELAND BROTHERS, Albany, N. Y.

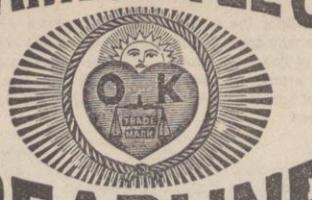
Solid Comfort.

Every one likes to take solid comfort and it may be enjoyed by every one who keeps Kidney-Wort in the house and takes a few doses at the first symptoms of an attack of Malaria, Rheumatism, Biliousness, Jaundice, or any affection of the Liver, Kidneys or Bowels. It is a purely vegetable compound of roots, leaves and berries known to have special value in kidney troubles. Added to these are remedies acting directly on the Liver and Bowels. It removes the cause of disease and fortifies the system against new attacks.

Pretty as a Picture. Twenty-four beautiful colors of the Diamond Dyes, for Silk, Wool, Cotton, &c., 10c. each. A child can use with perfect success. Get at once at your druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

FLORIDA MOSS for artistic decoration, 8 oz., postpaid, 35c. 1 lb., 60c. MRS. E. M. RICHMOND, Kenka, Fla.

JAMES PYLE'S

PEARLINE
THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR
WASHING AND BLEACHING

IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER.

SAVES LABOR, TIME and SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor should be without it. Sold by all Grocers. BEWARE of imitations well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.

BALL'S



CORSETS

The ONLY CORSET made that can be returned by its purchaser after three weeks wear, if not found PERFECTLY SATISFACTORY in every respect, and its price refunded by seller. Made in a variety of styles and prices. Sold by first-class dealers everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations. None genuine without Ball's name on box.

CHICAGO CORSET CO., Chicago, Ill.
FOY, HARMON & CO., New Haven, Conn.

MELLIN'S



FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS. The only perfect substitute for Mother's Milk. The most nourishing diet for invalids and nursing mothers. Keeps in all climates. Recommended by physicians. Sold by druggists. Send for Book on Care of Infants.

DOLIBER, GOODALE & CO.,
41 and 42 Central Wharf, Boston, Mass.

Infant's Wardrobe.

For fifty cents I will send, to any one wishing them, ten patterns for a baby's new style Health Wardrobe, or patterns first short clothes. Health Garments, at same price. MRS. F. E. PHILLIPS, (FAYE,) Brattleboro, Vt.

Ladies, Look.

10 patterns Infants' Wardrobe, 50 cts.; 10 patterns First Short Clothes, 50c. Full directions on each, with latest styles. Address Combination Pattern Co., Poultney, Vt.

GREY SPANISH MOSS for decorating at 75c. per lb., postpaid. MRS. S. L. Leslie, Monroeville, Monroe Co., Ala.

LADIES WANTED in every county to sell our new and improved Ladies and Misses' Braces, Skirt and Hose Supporter. Buy from manufacturer and make over 100 per cent. profit. Our agents are making from \$5 to \$15 per day. Apply at once for choice in Territory and Price List to R. S. WILLARD & CO., Swanton, Vt.

TO THE READERS OF
THE HOUSEHOLD.

We are agents for the sale of the celebrated orange Iron Wares. If you who desire these goods cannot obtain them from the stores in your vicinity, please send to us for illustrated catalogue of same, with sizes and prices at which we will furnish them.

DOVER S.AMPING CO., Boston, Mass.

NEW YORK PURCHASING BUREAU.

A competent lady of ability, furnishing the highest references, will receive orders and purchase goods for out-of-town parties. Address PURCHASING BUREAU, No. 242 W. 23d St.

PURE
WOOD'S
FLAVORING EXTRACTS
EXCEL ALL OTHERS.
THOS. WOOD & CO., BOSTON.



MRS. BROWN AND MRS. GREEN.

Said Mrs. Brown to Mrs. Green,

"What makes your garments look so clean? The clothes, and labors at her tubs; No speck of dirt on them is seen

To mar your linen's glossy sheen;

Your woolen dress that was so soiled,

I thought that it was surely spoiled,

Now looks as spick and span as though

It never had been spattered so!

This fine old lace is firm and white;

Your silk hose keep their colors bright;

Your shawl, your gloves, are spotless, too;

That old print gown seems really new!

In vain my laundress boils and rubs

The clothes, and labors at her tubs; My newest garments soon look worn, Get streaked and lustreless and torn."

Said Mrs. Green, in turn: "My dear,

Poor soap has spoiled your clothes, I fear,

Compelled your laundress first to boil,

Then spend her days in fruitless toil.

My laundress uses IVORY SOAP,

And in its cakes for you there's hope.

What in my clothes so pleases you,

To IVORY SOAP is wholly due."

If your grocer does not keep the Ivory Soap, send six two-cent stamps, to pay the postage, to Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, and they will send you free a large cake of IVORY SOAP.

ENTERPRISE

COMBINATION

FRUIT, WINE and JELLY PRESS

MAKES THE LADIES HAPPY!

With it they can extract the juice from

Strawberries, Raspberries, Cranberries, Elderberries, Blackberries, Grapes, Currants, Tomatoes, Pineapples, Quinces, &c., &c.

Refuse Seeds and Skins are

Discharged Perfectly Dry.

Most Hardware Merchants keep them, and we prefer you purchasing of them; but if you cannot find one, send your money to us, and we will send it to you by the next Fast Train.

And then your Good Wife can make you happy with

Wines, Jellies, SYRUPS, AND

Fruit-Butters,

FROM

Anything with juice in it.



THERE IS
No Waste!

YOU
Cannot Afford

TO DO WITHOUT IT.

A Valuable Recipe Book Free with every Press.

PRICE, - - - \$3.00.

Enterprise Manufacturing Co.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Mention this Paper when writing us.



DO YOU WANT A DOG?

If so, send for DOG BUYERS' GUIDE, containing colored plates, too engravings of different breeds, prices they are worth, and where to buy them. Also cuts of Dog Furniture, Goods of all kinds, Directions for Training Dogs and Breeding Ferrets. Mailed for 10 cts.

PHILADELPHIA KENNELS,

237 S. 8th St. Phila.

LOOK. For PATCHWORK.

Plain and Brocade Silks, Satins, and Velvets in new designs, large pieces and all bright colors. Packages containing 50 squares, \$1.00; 25 squares, 50 cts.; or ten sample squares, 25 cts. Each dollar package contains a sampler with a large variety of fancy stitches.

H. H. WILLMOND, P. O. box 1189, Boston, Mass.

HIDDEN Name Cards, 13 for 20 cts., Stamps. Household Card Co., 927 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.