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THE
HOUSEHOLD
BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE
THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME
ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 7.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., MAY, 1874.

No. 5.

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The Household.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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

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WAITING FOR SPRING.

BY M. S. AMBY.

Haste, gentle Spring! we are waiting for thee,
Waiting the gleam of thy garments to see;
Waiting and watching to welcome thee here;
Tarry no longer, sweet pet of the year.

Surly-faced March has no right to thy name;
Year after year he is ever the same;
Frost, snow and ice and willow's in his train—
Fitter companions for stern Winter's reign.

Come crowned with garlands of leaves and flowers,
Send thy soft breath through forests and boughs;
Bring all the singing birds back once again,
Scatter sweet odors on hillside and plain.

Quicken our frames with thy life-giving clasp,
Chilled into torpor by Winter's cold grasp;
Waken fond memories, our spirit to thrill,
Hopes, that, though slumbering, have life in them still,—

Thoughts that shall grow 'neath the spell of thy power,
Dreams like thy days, mingled sunshine and shower;
Fancies which from thy soft odors have birth,
Longings that seem to be scarcely of earth.

Haste thee! oh, haste thee! why longer delay?
Thou wilt be welcomed by grave and by gay;
Hearts have grown weary in waiting for thee,
But in thy loved presence all sadness shall flee.

—Transcrip.

ORNAMENTAL AND SHADE TREES.

FROM an excellent article on the above subject in the Nashua (N. H.) Telegraph, we make a few selections. The suggestions as to choice of trees for shade or ornament are valuable to the novice and may serve to prevent disappointment and loss through ignorance of their characteristics and needs.

In no department does modern civilization fail to realize in practice what it has achieved in other fields of improvement so signal as in the building up of villages and cities. There is not among the numerous smaller cities of New England, one whose arrangement of streets, as to width, direction and accuracy of ex-

tension, might not have been far better than it now is; not one whose public buildings might not be located more conveniently, and more apart from noise and nuisance; not one whose shade and ornamental trees might not have been so planted as to have added greatly to the comfort and health of its population, and to the beauty of its streets, public squares and private dwellings.

Upon shade and ornamental trees we propose a few suggestions. The favorite shade trees in New Hampshire are the rock maple and elm. For thirty years two-thirds of its transplanted shade trees in our cities and villages are of these two varieties, the rock maple being twice as numerous as the elm. The maple has no superior in the symmetry of its form, the beauty of its foliage, in its freedom from worms and insects, in longevity and general habits of cleanliness. It will also grow on most soils—utterly failing nowhere except on the dry and sandy. It adds to its value that it is proof against the severities of our harsh winters.

The elm, however, takes precedence of the maple in some of its peculiarities. A century ago it was the favorite tree with the New England forefathers, as it was among the rural gentry of old England. In our river valleys it gives a dignity and stateliness to the landscape which not even the oak can equal. Take the valley of the Connecticut—how much do its villages all the way from Colebrook and Lancaster to Northampton and Springfield owe to the majestic elms which line the way sides and shade the broad meadows? In its altitude, and the long sweep of its pendant branches, it has a decided superiority over any other shade tree in this climate. Let the maple take the place of the elm at the park in front of Yale College, or on Boston Common, and there would be a serious falling off in the stateliness of the scenery.

Another advantage of the elm over most shade trees is its capacity for growth in almost every quality of soil. An objection to it in proximity to cultivated grounds is the exhaustive reach of its roots, which in the full grown tree often extend over three hundred feet. It practically ruins every adjoining garden. For this reason the maple has the preference around all our cottage houses. Of these two leading shade trees, therefore, it may be safely said that both have a permanent, abiding foothold, not to be removed by the lapse of time, or the vagaries of fashion.

Of the other deciduous shade and ornamental trees of this state, the more common are the ash, horse

chestnut, mountain ash, oak, linden, balm of Gilead, English willow, and walnut. In former times, the sycamore (button wood) was largely planted in the eastern part of this state. Introduced from Pennsylvania where they were indigenous, they suffered from a more rigorous climate, and even when attaining a large size were more or less marred by the severity of our winters.

The ash, with its well rounded form and compact branches, is less a favorite than formerly, because of its limited shade, and the litter it scatters in spring from its buds and blossoms. The horse chestnut has been constantly gaining in propensity, and as a rapid, hardy grower with its distinctive foliage, deserves it. It is capable of occupying and ornamenting many a nook where no other tree would be so fitting. It can be planted near to the buildings, as its limited height prevents its shade from being injurious.

But among the smaller ornamental trees of this climate no one rivals the mountain ash, with its graceful foliage and its clusters of berries rich with scarlet magnificence. No country residence should be without a half dozen of these beautiful trees, and no other more tastefully adorns the grounds of a village cottage.

The English willow and balm of Gilead have a single recommendation—their rapid growth. In despite of the troublesome litter they scatter in spring, they are sometimes tolerated because they are better than no shade, and it would require years to fill their places.

The walnut and chestnut, two of the most sturdy and stately, as well as profitable of our native forest growth, have an attractive foliage and a kind of historic dignity. They ought to be planted around every farmhouse. True, they are not of so rapid growth as some trees, but by their permanence they would, like the oaks of Yorkshire, serve as a memento from one generation to another.

One of the forbidding features on the prairies, and which visitors to the west cannot fail to notice, is that of farmhouses and villages standing on the open plain, exposed to the glare of the summer sunshine and the blasts of the winter winds without the protection of a single tree. "I could not be content in a summer house," said Nathaniel Hawthorne, "unless it had about it the cheerful look and grateful shade which trees alone can give."

—In choosing a situation for a dwelling avoid a northern exposure.



GOOD MANNERS.

I HOPE all THE HOUSEHOLD friends were as much pleased as I was to read the article, in a late number of your paper, on politeness.

Good manners are an essential part of life-education, and their importance cannot be too largely magnified, when we consider that they are the outward expression of an inward virtue. And how often is this exhibition of the virtues of frankness, gentleness and sweet simplicity, the safest and surest recommendation of those who come to us as strangers in quest of friendly aid. It is quite marvelous, from the fact that by no special training, no aristocratic examples, no conventionalities but those of nature, the gifts of good sense, a true sense of propriety and native tact, are sufficient qualifications to enable us to glide freely and irreproachably among the elaborated subjects of a regal court. A foreigner once remarked to me, "An American is received in any circle in England," but were we boorish in manner, and without mental accomplishments, this privilege would not be accorded us.

But how many hints we plebeians might gather could we witness the subtle power of a superb manner. We might see where lay the charm of the courtier who accompanied Charles I in his flight, who, though clad in the meanest disguise, innocently betrayed himself and his royal master, by the courtly manner of picking his teeth. The French polish of Mary, queen of Scots, combined with her princely birth, fascinated all her attendants, and won even her bitter enemies. Froude says, "In point of form and grace, Mary Stuart had the advantage of her rival everywhere. Elizabeth, with a general desire to do right, would condescend to poor and mean manoeuvres. Mary Stuart carried herself, in the midst of her crimes, with a majesty which would have become the noblest of sovereigns."

But to take a more practical view of the subject. The indefinite answer, "It is immaterial," mentioned by your correspondent, is impolite. There need be no scruple on moral grounds, in making a choice, for to say you prefer a wing or a bit of breast, is your choice for the moment.

In regard to traveling, (it is interesting to note how this subject of manners meets us everywhere,) it is

too exacting for a woman to expect a man to relinquish his seat. Most ladies, I hope, would not be willing to accept it, (and no gentleman ought to feel hurt,) at least, until wearied with standing. Of course exceptions should be made in relation to elderly ladies and he is a gentleman who makes them an object of attention, and she is no lady who refuses to acknowledge such unmerited favors. I am sometimes pained (being myself elderly) at the hesitation, and often omission, of the young to speak to an aged person in the street. They may be excused on the ground that they don't know that it is proper that the young should speak first to the elder. The slight attention expressed by a motion of the head is not a great sacrifice to make, and they may feel assured that its value is not underrated. "Deference is the soul of politeness," and to "esteem others better than themselves," is the soul of deference.

In church manners we are strangely deficient in good sense and propriety. I had an opportunity last year to be constantly surprised at the marked attention given to little things, that I had not been accustomed to. Some I will mention. Persons who came after the commencement of the service, remained either in the vestibule or at the door, until the close of the invocation. When the usher opened the pew to admit a stranger, the gentlemen invariably moved down, and were seated indiscriminately with women and children. This plan has many advantages: it saves the awkwardness of filling the aisle, the disturbance of moving, and, to say nothing of musical boots, is more civil to the stranger. After the benediction at the close of service, the whole congregation was seated again. This was done to give opportunity to prepare for the exit from the house, and all for a few minutes were busy adjusting garments, furs, rubbers, gloves, etc. The marked reverence was beautiful. It was worship. It was not done for effect. The devotion of the audience was in harmony with it all. DORA.

LIFE IN GERMANY.

You enter a German house, without knocking, through a door which rings a bell, and thus announces the ingress or egress of some one. At the foot of the stair-case you find a bell-handle, by ringing at which you call a servant who conducts you to a parlor or reception room on the next floor, which you enter by knocks. You will find the parlor and the best rooms in the house adorned with beautiful pictures on the walls, and elegant lace curtains at the windows, but probably without any carpet. The floor, however, is tesselated with beautiful patterns in various colors, and varnished, or at least it is scoured till it is as white as the driven snow. The amount of fine white linen which a German house-keeper has, and which she is not reluctant to show her guests, is fabulous.

This is partly a mark of gentility and partly a matter of necessity, for the Germans have but three or four washing days in the whole year. And the baking of the black bread of the peasants is as infrequent as their mental invalids who need the same day,

washing. The Germans in the country, and in such cities as Gottingen, keep early hours, breakfasting at eight or earlier, dining at one, and usually going to bed as early as ten. We attended a concert of most delightful music, but it began at five P. M. and closed at seven in the evening. In short, the child-like virtues of simplicity, candor, naturalness and heartiness which have almost died out in fashionable American society still exist in Germany in all their primitive perfection. When we parted from our hostess, she embraced my wife, and kissed her repeatedly, as if she had been a sister or a daughter, and did not even let her husband depart without a share in this hearty benediction.—W. S. Tyler.

COURTESY AT HOME.

No pleasanter sight is there than a family of young folks who are quick to perform little acts of attention toward their elders. The placing of a big arm chair in a warm place for namma, running for a footstool for aunty, hunting up papa's spectacles, and scores of little deeds show unsurpassed and loving hearts. But if namma never returns a smiling, "Thank you dear," if papa's "Just what I was wanting, Susie," does not indicate that the little attention is appreciated, the children soon drop the habit.

Little people are imitative creatures, and quickly catch the spirit surrounding them. So if, when the mother's spool of cotton rolls from her lap, the father stoops to pick it up, bright eyes will see the act and quick minds make note of it. By example, a thousand times more than by precept, can children be taught to speak kindly to each other, to acknowledge favors, to be gentle and unselfish, to be thoughtful and considerate of the comfort of the family. The boys, with inward pride of their father's courteous demeanor, will be chivalrous and helpful to their young sisters; the girls, imitating their mother, will be gentle and patient, when big brothers are noisy and heedless.

In the home where true courtesy prevails it seems to meet you on every threshold. You feel the kindly welcome on entering. No angry voices are heard up stairs. No sullen children are sent from the room. No peremptory orders are given to cover the delinquencies of house-keeping or servants. A delightful atmosphere pervades the house—unmistakable yet indescribable.—*Harper's Bazar.*

MINGLING WITH STRANGERS.

The effect of mingling with new people, who have new methods of thought, is very salutary. Always to see the same people, do the same way, produces a stagnant condition of the mind and heart that is very distressing to behold. There are thousands of invalids who might be greatly benefited by getting away from home, to mingle with strangers, and be touched with the magnetism of the great world as it courses in its accustomed rounds. And there are

change, to get their minds and hearts enlarged, and let in a little more of the great light of life.

Outside influences are very valuable to those who at home have been well trained by healthful influences in early youth, so that they can avoid the snares and pitfalls into which these so often blindly fall.



SPRING FLOWERS.

"Sweet wind-flower, nodding to the breeze,
Ere spring with green hath clothed the trees,
Upturn thy modest cup, and say
What brings thee forth this wintry day,
Anemone?"

"Shy Violet hardly dares to peep,
Half-wakened from her winter's sleep;
Arbutus, blushing, hides his head
'Neath the leafy blanket of his bed.
Why turn thy reddened cheek to meet
Our May-day storm of snow and sleet,
Anemone?"

"Though May airs woo thee, heed them not,
Fral beauty; nestle in thy grot,
Till milder breezes call thee soon,
Full frightened with the breath of June."

WORMS AMONG THE HOUSE-PLANTS.

READER, have you a house-plant that looks pale and sickly, the cause of which you cannot conceive? The soil is too dry you say, and forthwith a bountiful supply of fresh water is given. You note no change for the better, and think after all, it was not lacking for moisture, it must be pinching for more warmth and sunshine, and you place it in a position to secure that effect, then the opposite. You continue the above treatment, until your store of patience is exhausted, and you decide that it is of no use to waste any more time with that plant, and "give it up."

Such was the experience of the writer with a geranium last summer. It was a year old, but had never grown to be over five inches high, although it had thrown up several clusters of

rose colored blossoms, which were very beautiful, and I much desired to have it flourish, but after trying all known remedies, with no benefit whatever, I resolved to divide it into three slips to root, the two branches which had grown, and the top of the main stalk, which I did, (some time in June, I think,) and pulled up the old root to throw away, and what a sight to behold. What roots were left, were one living mass of worms, white, and very minute; no larger than a fine cambric needle. The roots were mostly eaten off, and then the wonder was, how it could have lived at all.

Some one standing by said, "do not throw it away, but just stick it down here in your flower bed, and see what it will do," which was done just to please, after washing thoroughly in several changes of tepid water. I thought no more about it, giving my attention to the slips meanwhile, until two or three weeks afterward, while at work among the flowers one

geranium, and to my great surprise, upon examination, I discovered that several slips had started, but I did not suppose it would ever "amount to anything." I found however in the fall, that it was full of thrifty slips, each one of which were budded, but they all blasted, after potting and bringing into the house, owing to the early and extreme cold weather of autumn, I expect. It stood in a warm room the past winter, and this spring is once more budded. It stands before me as I write, and I can count five or more clusters, and soon my despised geranium tree will be arrayed, as "Solomon in all his glory" was not, and will be admired by every lover of flowers who may chance to see it.

In transplanting it, I filled the dish with the same garden soil, in which it was removed, not daring to try any experiments, lest it should die. I had good success with two of the slips; one I gave away, the other I kept, but it did not live long.

The existence of the white-worms, I attributed to the use of cow manure, which I had upon recommendation, put around the roots. I have since learned a much better method of preparing it for use in a liquid form, which is sure of destroying any insect, or larva, with which it may be infested. Scald the manure with boiling water, in a pan or any old dish, then strain through a cloth. If too strong, thin before using, taking care not to let it come in contact with the main stalk, as it might injure and perhaps destroy the plant. Good results will be obtained by its use once a week through the summer. In winter it is more convenient to use ammonia. I have read many directions, as to the quantity, and all differ, so I rely upon my own judgment, and into a quart of water, drop about one-half teaspoonful of it, and water the plants with it once in a week or two. It imparts brilliancy and vigor to debilitated plants, and forces them into bloom by its stimulating action. For the cactus, I use clear, tepid water only. I will relate my manner of preparing the soil, which has always been attended with good success, and may benefit some one.

Every spring, a pailful (more or less) of a mixture of leaf-mold and muck, is obtained from the "woods," which is thoroughly baked in the oven, to "kill every living thing," then sifted through a coarse wire sieve; mix with from one-fifth to one-third sand. Sift wood ashes through a fine sieve and add to the above, (no given rule) but say two tablespoonfuls to a quart of the mixture.

If river sand is not easily procured, you will find plenty that will answer the same purpose, by following the channel of the roadside, in which the water has run, after a heavy shower, which will also need sifting before mixing.

M.

HARDY FLOWERS.

We are told by some of our horticultural papers and friends, that "old fashioned flowers are to come up again." Well, we shall welcome many of the "old-time" ornaments of old-fashioned flower gardens, many which

should never have been made to stand one side to give place to less worthy novelties—not that all, or a large majority of new flowers and plants are less worthy, for we should quite unwillingly lose very many of them, but would still retain them in connection with their not less beautiful predecessors.

We are led to these and other reflections by an invitation of a friend to view her bed of peonies in full blossom, and would soon be past on account of the warm, dry weather, winds, etc. We went, saw, and inhaled their fragrance. "Fragrance! I did not know that peonies were fragrant." All are not so, yet there is one variety, certainly, which is, and a single blossom will fill a room with a very pleasant perfume. The Rose Fragrant is not only so in name, but in reality, and not only so but a clump of them in full blossom are an attractive ornament of the flower garden; the contrast of flower with foliage is attractive—the pinkish white of one and the glossy green of the other form an agreeable contrast. Then there was the pure white—P. Whitlji—with blossoms six inches in diameter, the clump a mass of bloom over its top.

These varieties were the only ones in full bloom to attract our attention, still enough to call up a desire for similar decoration of our own grounds. But if we could not have but a single variety we should unhesitatingly choose the old-fashioned, crimson peony, or as often pronounced "piney." This variety is somewhat earlier, with us, than the above mentioned, and is certainly a most splendid ornament, especially when grown on the lawn surrounded with the green sward; the rich crimson of the flowers, when in perfect bloom, is scarcely equalled, certainly not excelled, by a bed of full-flowered, improved, modern, red geraniums.

Much of the novelty of many of our modern flowers consists in their long Latin names—a name being much in the estimation of many. You examine florists catalogues, inquire of the florists themselves, and you will not find this old friend, but instead you will find P. Whitlji, P. Pottsi, P. Humei, and almost any number of other "eyes." Most of the newer varieties have originated from P. albiflora, a native of China and Siberia. Those who have access to florists catalogues may there find the main characteristics of the varieties propagated for sale. P. Whitlji, and festa have white flowers; Pottsi, crimson; Humei, red; P. perigrina and paradoxica, are species with large purple flowers. Others there are, but none more worthy. P. teruifolia is a crimson variety with a single flower, the earliest to blossom, has fine cut and ornamental foliage. Beauty and size of flowers, of the peony, depend upon the soil and culture given; the richer and deeper the soil the larger and more beautiful are the flowers. Not only are peonies beautiful in flower, but as a clump the foliage is a very effective ornament.

Culture of the peony is the least difficult of any of our herbaceous flowering plants, for when once planted in deep rich soil, little or nothing further is necessary except to cover it with manure in late fall and uncover

in spring. The propagation is simple, merely to divide the roots, leaving a bud to each portion. The time to divide, plant, or remove peonies is in early autumn, September and October, as if done in the spring the plants come into bloom later and do not do as well. Planted in the grass, in suitable soil, they make fine clumps, and by not being disturbed they grow stronger and flower better year by year. In planting enrich the soil with well decomposed stable manure and set the roots three or four inches below the surface.—W. H. White.

A PLANT STAND.

The lack of a desirable place to keep plants often prevents the pleasure of raising them. They must have light, and air, and sunshine, and it is not always convenient to devote the brightest windows to their occupancy. If kept on the ledges, they are in danger of being chilled on a frosty night; and it is a tax to be compelled to move the heavy pots every time the thermometer drops. A flower stand of some sort that can be readily moved from window to window is, therefore, a necessity. The modern wire frames are pretty and light, but one of moderate size costs ten or twelve dollars, which is a great deal to put in the stand when we wish to put in the flowers.

We saw something, the other day, that seemed to serve both economy and convenience. A box three feet long, a foot and a half wide across the bottom, and eighteen inches deep, is made of common pine. The sides flare outward, so that at the top, they measure six or eight inches more, from edge to edge, than at the bottom. This box stands on four legs with castors, and under the bottom of the box a piece of wood, fancifully put on the edge, (a sort of pine valance) holds the legs firmly and symmetrically together. The top of the box is nearly even with the window sill and, when the whole is constructed, it may either be painted in colors or stained dark brown, to match the furniture wood. The inside of the box is better preserved from decay if lined with zinc or tin; but it will last one, possibly two seasons without any lining at all.

Over the bottom is spread a three-inch layer of bits of broken flower pots, and on this is set a double row of pots, or as many as will stand evenly on the surface. Then a thick layer of sand is poured over the broken pieces and the rest of the space is filled up with earth till it is even with the top of the flower pots.

In the bed thus formed, bulbs and slips are planted between the pots, and vines are started at the corners. When the latter are well under way, wires, on which the vines twist, are fastened diagonally from corner to corner, forming a beautiful green arch over what seems to be a bed taken bodily from the garden. Sometimes a tiny hanging basket, or an ivy growing in water, is hung from where the wires cross in the arch, but even without it, there is no appearance of bareness. A carpenter will make the box for two dollars and a half, and the rest, painting and all, can readily be done at home.—*Scribner's.*

SHELL WORK.

MR. EDITOR:—I noticed in THE HOUSEHOLD a request for directions to make shell frames and other shell work. I had several slate frames of different sizes which I made into very pretty picture frames. I took pasteboard and cut it the width of the frame and about two inches longer each way, so they will cross at the corners, and these I tacked on to the frames. Then I made some good thick glue, and spread it over a small portion of the frame, and commenced putting on my shells, fast, before the glue cools. Put them around the edge first, taking care to turn them nicely and evenly around the ends of the pasteboard. I put pretty flint rocks where the corners cross each other. Shells, some larger than those used for the edges, are pretty for the corners, and I put smaller ones down the centre of the frame. Shells of the same kind as the edges, formed in a rosette, are pretty for the corners. These small, cheap frames are very pretty for those small steel engravings, taken from magazines, and cost nothing.

I make vases out of pasteboard, cut them any shape desired, and sew the pieces together, then put a piece in the bottom, and put on good thick glue, or putty. I commence putting the shells around the top first, then down the seams, and form rosettes, of the prettiest shells I have, in the centre of the sections, then fill out the corners with smaller rosettes, or else, dishes broken up very fine, and just tossed on carelessly.

Cigar boxes, covered with shells, well glued on, are very pretty and useful as work boxes.

If the Editor thinks directions for making wax flowers would be useful, I could furnish them.

I join with "Lou" in wanting some one to tell how to make, and cover a cross for a wax wreath. CARRIE.

Albany, Oregon.

MR. EDITOR:—Louie S. asks for directions to make shell frames. These are mine which I think will please her.

Get a carpenter to make a pine frame the required size; then make some putty of linseed oil and whiting, putting in a little vermillion to color it the shade you like, jam it on your frame thoroughly, have your shells ready, put a row of small ones on each edge, then a row of larger ones next to them, and so on until you fill the space. If you have six or eight small mollusks, or other kinds to put on at regular intervals, they look very pretty.

After the shells are dry go over them with a good coat of varnish; this improves the putty very much as well as the shells. This makes a very pretty frame for a picture. I have a feather wreath in mine, the effect being very good. But perhaps some of the readers of this fine paper are not so fortunate as to have shells. To those living in states where there are rocks, or in our own "Granite State," I would recommend a very pretty way to make an ornament for the sitting-room. It is to take a cigar box, and cover it with the same putty as

for shells, break the stones into small pieces, putting a row of quartz, or granite around the edge of each side including the cover, then a row of some dark rock, as argillite, or coal, and other kinds that you have inside of these; proceed as with shells. When these get dirty, take a hair-brush and wash them with soap and water, and they will look as nice as new. These are very pretty as well as useful.

M. E. N.

FOOD FOR CANARIES.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to say a word for the poor little canaries. I don't think because they are kept prisoners that they should be kept on prison fare, nothing but canary seed and water. I have kept birds a good many years and have raised them and I never lost a bird or had one show the least symptom of sickness. I keep canary seed, rape seed and a dish of soaked or pounded cracker by them all the time, and I give them a piece of apple, and orange, and figs, whenever I have them, and a piece of sponge cake and boiled egg and occasionally, a very few hemp seed and flax seed. In the summer I give them all the chickweed, plantain seed, different kinds of grass seed, and mustard seed that they will eat, and they are very fond of lettuce leaves, and dandelion leaves when they first come up in the Spring, and in the winter I always give them cabbage.

I suppose some would think if they should give them all those kinds that they would kill their birds, sure, but it don't kill mine, and I never want to see healthier birds. I don't know but that it is a good plan to put a rusty nail in their drinking cup, I never tried it, I give them fresh water twice a day, and always keep the floor of the cage covered with sand. It is a hard life for them at best and I want to do all I can for their comfort, and I hope some that have kept their birds on seed and water will try my way.

FANNIE.

A WAX CROSS.

Lou "wishes to know how to make a wax cross, and put a vine of ivy leaves around it." I can tell her how I made mine. A carpenter made me a wooden cross, about nine or ten inches high, (although one can get them ready made in the city very reasonable, at a place where artists materials and wax are kept.) I covered mine with strips of sheet wax cut the shape of the cross, and then another cover over that. I hardly think it can be satisfactorily explained to an entire novice, but one used to wax work would not have much trouble, only to cover very neatly. The base of mine I spattered with blue ink through a comb and sprinkled the crystal over the whole; then I made a vine of ivy, cutting the pattern from a natural leaf out of paper, some large, others small and covering the stems with wax, put half the leaf on, then the other, the stem in between, and wind around the cross, and the effect is very pretty.

MRS. C. N. P.

ANCIENT AND MODERN
Patriotism.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

"Breathe there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
This is my own, my native land!"

If such there breathe, go, mark him well,
For him no minister raptures swell
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim:
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored and unsung."

NIN the early days of our republic, our forefathers were filled with an enthusiastic love and devotion to their country, which prompted them to deny themselves foreign luxuries, to wear coarse homespun, and cheerfully to sacrifice, ease, money or convenience, or even life for the good of their beloved country.

Our hearts kindle at the remembrance of the heroic self-denial and devotion of the pilgrim fathers and the Revolutionary patriots and early statesmen. Alas! in our day love of country seems fast giving place to inordinate love of money; and this golden calf which our people worship is likely to be taken from them.

In 1861, the first year of the late war, (specie being in circulation in this country,) the exports of gold and silver coin from this country were \$23,800,810. Imports of gold and silver coin \$46,259,601. 1862 (paper currency) exports of gold and silver \$36,886,956. Imports of gold and silver \$16,415,012. And for the last ten years we have regularly sent more money out of the country every year than we have received. More than five hundred million dollars more have been sent out of the United States in the last ten years, than have been received! In brief, our exports of coin and bullion for the last ten years have been \$686,752,273 and our imports of do. in the same time only \$160,709,402. Exports of money \$526,042,781, more than our imports. Now when an individual pays out a great deal more money every year than he receives, we think he is in a bad way, financially, and the same rules apply to nations as to individuals, for a nation is only a collection of individuals. All this money gone out of the country in ten years, leaves us just so much less with which to buy, sell and manufacture. No wonder we hear so much of "panic," "hard times," and "stringency in the money market! But you say perhaps we can afford this. America is a great country! She has boundless resources, exhaustless wealth. Let us see. Germany has to-day in circulation an amount of gold and silver equal to 800 million of our dollars. Little England has 600 million; and our great and boasted America, extending from ocean to ocean, only 150 million in specie and that mainly locked up. "Oh but we have greenbacks," you say, "and they

are just as good." Are they? What is a bill but a promise to pay in specie. Notes are good only so far as they will be paid. Suppose we go on for the next ten years as we have gone on for the last, where shall we be? There will not be a dollar left in this broad land. Shall we be any nearer to specie payment then?

"Oh! let Congress attend to these matters," you say, "I shall not trouble my head about it." But Congress can do nothing without the help of the people. If they issue more bills they only increase our liabilities, they only make more distant the day when these notes can be paid, or I should rather say they make promises to the people which they know will probably never be performed. What an example for the youth of this nation.

Uncle Sam gives his note for \$100. He is too poor to pay it. He then gives a note for \$200. What an improvement. That is inflation! The fact is that specie payment is at present impossible; and whether it will ever be possible depends not upon Congress but upon ourselves, the men and women who make up the nation.

Why, what have we to do with it? Just this. Every time we buy foreign goods, in preference to those that are produced at home, we send just so much money out of the country; we help just so far to make the nation poor, we do our part to make our nation bankrupt.

"But what I buy will make no difference!" If you were a child I would repeat for you the little nursery rhyme,

"What if the little rain drop say
So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh the thirsty earth
I'll tarry in the sky!"

But I speak to men and women, who know better than to plead such an excuse.

It is said that a certain King once issued a proclamation commanding his subjects to go out from their houses at noon of a certain day and all shout as loud as they could, "God save the King." At the appointed time the monarch listened, expecting to hear a universal shout; but instead, there was a dead silence all over the land. Everybody waited for the others to begin.

No, you are not so modest as to think what you do makes no difference, but you are either cowardly, indifferent or selfish. You wait to see how others do and dare not do right unless it is fashionable. If it were fashionable to wear home-made clothing instead of foreign manufactures, all right; who would shout louder the good old watchword of the early patriots, "Protection to American Industry." If it were fashionable to spend your money at home in seeing the wonders of our own goodly land instead of taking your families to Europe and leaving your money there, you would do it. But it is considered the right thing to go to Europe (and be as foreign as possible in dress, manners and ideas) and so you go, and come back sneering at everything American, and feeling yourself greatly superior to those unfortunate people who stay at home.

"We cannot afford to wear American fabrics they wear out so soon,"

says Moneybags. Who can afford it if you cannot? "I would not be seen wearing an American silk" says Miss Fashion; and says Mr. Style "I must have French calf for boots, and Melton and English broadcloth. In fact there are no goods made in this country to suit me."

Ah! I see. Your fastidious taste must be suited. Of course it is of no consequence, comparatively about the country. That may go to ruin so you have your luxurious wants supplied. All for self, nothing for the country. Your life must be not "for the greatest good of the greatest number," but for your own individual pleasure. Your practice accords with the praying of the man whose daily prayer was "God bless me and my wife, my son John and his wife; us four and no more, Amen."

Ah! the root of all our difficulties is found in the one word, selfishness. All for self—nothing for the country. You will find plenty of people ready enough to sound the praises of this great republic. It is easy to talk. But how many of you will show your patriotism by self-denial, and by patient industry?

An able writer in the North American Review for Jan. 1874, tells us that the remedy for our financial troubles lies in this short sentence; "Earn more than you spend." We must be producers more than consumers.

There is no royal road to fortune. He that works will win. Remember the steps in the history of nations. First, labor, self-denial and patriotism; second, wealth and prosperity; third, indolence, luxury and selfishness; and then downfall and ruin. Has this no meaning for us? As are its people, so is the nation.

Our hope is not in the false self-seeking and dishonest politicians who sit in council; but our hope is in the brave, true hearted men and women who are scattered in thousands of households all over the land.

Reader, if there is in your heart one spark of patriotism, now is the time to show it. What will you do or sacrifice this year to help to redeem our beloved country from dishonor and ruin?

Love of home and country is next to love of God.

A CONVERSATION ABOUT DRESS.

After we had held our meetings for some time, it occurred to me that our girls would be the better for a little thought and talk respecting certain questions which would be sure to come before them in the future, such as these—How can girls serve the Saviour in their daily lives? What amusements are proper for Christian girls? How far is it right to follow the fashions in dress? And, what can girls do now to prepare themselves for future duties? The suggestion was received with approval, and it was decided that we should occasionally spend an evening in conversation upon these and similar topics.

You will scarcely be surprised to find that the popular subject was that of dress. Girls necessarily think a great deal about it; and indeed, to judge by the scraps of conversation which I overheard in the streets, it

seemed to me that the girls of our town thought of very little beside. So the evening on which we were to discuss it was looked forward to with interest and pleasure; and when it arrived, the attendance at the meeting was very good.

"Now, my dear girls," I said, "I hope you will speak freely to-night, and especially I hope that you will speak sincerely on this subject. Never mind if you do make a few mistakes, because you may, perhaps, be set right. I want to know what your opinions really are, and I think a little discussion will do us all good. Beatrice, supposing you make the first remark. How ought Christian girls to dress?"

There was a general smile of satisfaction and expectation when I appealed to Beatrice. She was a capital girl to break the ice, for she was not at all nervous, and she was rather blunt and outspoken. I had scarcely concluded my question when she was ready with her answer. "Christian girls, like all other girls, ought to dress as well as they can, don't you think so, teacher?"

"What do you mean by 'well,' Beatrice?"

"Why, nicely, prettily and so on." "It just depends on what you mean by those words," said Bell. "For my part I see no beauty in the way in which most girls dress. They look like a parcel of dolls, with heads about as empty as if they were made of wax or wood. I think we ought to be different just because we are Christians and know better."

Bell was a girl with plenty of force. I used to call her "the leader of the opposition," because she always took the other side in an argument. She had strong opinions of her own, and when she had once made up her mind about them she was not easily moved.

"I do not think we are wrong to like bright colors," said Hope.

"Right or wrong, many girls dress like a rainbow," said Bell, shortly.

"Well, who made the rainbow?" inquired Eva gently.

"I think," said Nora, "that it cannot be right for us to dress up like guys, and go about looking like frights. God has given us good tastes, and we cannot do wrong to use them. He has made us understand the harmony of colors, and given us the ability to select such things as are suitable for our height, complexion, and general appearance. And I really think it is a sort of talent."

I glanced at Nora, and seeing her attire and the general arrangement of her dress, I was not surprised at the remark that she had made. It seemed to commend itself to most of the girls, who smiled their approval. Phoebe, however, shook her head very decidedly.

"It may be a talent," she said doubtfully, "but it has certainly not been given to every woman. I sometimes see things in our town which positively set my teeth on edge."

"Some of the fashions are not only foolish, they are wicked," persisted Bell. "Only think of the Alexandra limp. It would serve women right if when they walk as if they were lame they should be struck so, and never be other than lame."

"I think so too," said Ada. "But speaking of dress, I think there is much unnecessary fuss made about the new fashions. When they first come up good people say dreadful things about them, and show by taking the opposite extreme how thoroughly they disapprove of them. A few months or years pass away, and then the objectionable things become old-fashioned and something new takes their place. Then those who said such bitter things when they first came up adopt them and wear them. It cannot be that the fashions in themselves are bad, but only that some people object to all things that are new."

"It is no wonder that they do," said Janet, "for if we kept up with the new fashions we should never have a penny to spend on anything but dress."

"That is just it," said Bell. "I believe it is a great temptation to most girls to dress like their betters; and as they cannot really afford it, of course it becomes a great evil. Girls who work in factories frequently spend all they earn upon themselves, and then when sickness comes they have no money, neither have they any to spare for collections or to help a friend in distress. For my part, I don't care how I dress."

"I do," said Eva; "but I think you are quite right, Bell, in speaking severely of those who spend all their earnings on the outsides of them. I think when we are in full work we should be able to buy a good book or two to furnish our minds."

"So we should, but we should be very careful not to spend all our money on anything," said Martha, "and to spend it all on dress would be very absurd."

"I wish," said Rachel, "that people did not dress quite so smartly in church and chapel. It takes off their thoughts from better things."

"And so do I," said Bell. But after all it is very possible that some people who dress so do not think anything at all about their dress when once they have put it on."

"But it disturbs other people if not themselves. There is a lady who sits in front of me, who has something fresh about her bonnet every Sunday, and I declare that I cannot really settle myself to listen until I have found out what it is, and so decided the matter."

The girls were amused at this confession which Honora made, and Hepzie wished there was never any need for new things, for she always felt uncomfortable in them.

"I get over that difficulty," said Beatrice, "by never wearing anything for the first time on Sunday."

"Now I do just the reverse," said Myra, "I had a dear old grandmother, who was a good Christian, and who once said, 'Always honor the Lord with your new clothes;' and she used to wear everything, from a pair of boots to a bonnet, first of all to chapel."

"I do not think we can lay down rules," I said, after some further conversation, and when the time was nearly gone. "But perhaps we may as well read what Paul says upon this subject of dress. 'In like manner also that women adorn themselves in mod-

est apparel, with shame-facedness and sobriety; not with braided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array, but (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works.' And Peter speaks in the same way, for he says, 'Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, or of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel, but let it be the hidden man of the heart in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit which is in the sight of God of great price.' I think if we take the spirit rather than the letter of these words we shall find that the apostle intended to teach us that we were to think much less of about how we look than what we are. I recommend you to dress suitably to your station, to spend as little money as you can upon that which one of you spoke of as the outside of yourselves; but still I think you are quite right in wishing to look well, and to dress so that the eyes of those you love may rest upon you with pleasure. You may be sure that the girl has made a mistake whose dress provokes remarks. She is best dressed whose attire passes unnoticed, for the simple reason that there is nothing peculiar about it. I hope you will never be anxious about your dress, nor feel uncomfortable if you are not able to spend as much money upon it as other people do. It should not be of sufficient consequence to affect you unpleasantly, because after all it is only a little thing, and I hope you will try in little and great things to please Christ, and I do not think He minds how you are dressed. And now the time has gone, and we must conclude our meeting. I shall watch my girls to see if my talk has done them any good."—Selected.

THE COIFFURE OF THE HAIR

The coiffure is the crown of the fempine toilet; but however charming a crown may be, to produce the desired effect one should know how to place it upon the head in a manner best suited to the face. Few women understand this necessity. Many adopt a new style of dressing the hair, simply because they have admired it on the head of a friend, without dreaming that that which suits well some physiognomies is very unfavorable to others. It is evident, however, that a high forehead cannot accommodate itself to a coiffure that would be very becoming to a low one, and that a person with regular features runs great risk of making herself ugly by dressing her hair in a certain manner because it was becoming to a pretty, irregular-featured face.

Even as certain colors harmonize with black hair, but appear too heavy for blond, so certain styles belong particularly to one or the other. Each shade of hair has its particular charm, its relative beauty. Some prefer the warm, reddish color, so much loved by the Venetian masters; others admire hair of a lustrous blue-black; others have a taste for pale, fair hair, so soft, although it has a faded look. Blonde, red, or chestnut hair is very pretty crimped, and arranged with light disorder, the little vaporous curls forming an aureole around the

forehead; and the long curls, a l'Anglaise, which give to long faces such a pretty, dreamy air. Marvelously becoming, also, to blondes, are those long, loose chignons, held tightly by a comb of jet that has the air of bending under the weight of the abundant hair.

Brunettes ought to give the preference to braids, wound in multiplied crowns around the head, and to shining, glossy bandeaux. All women, whether brunette or blonde, who have a neck white and delicate, and ears pink and well shaped, should wear the hair high on the head, leaving only a few little mutinous curls to cluster lightly around the neck. The greatest enemy of the hair is the hairdresser. All women ought always to arrange their own hair. No hairdresser, however adroit he may be, can ever arrange the hair as becomingly as one's self. He is always classic, and does always as he has learned to do upon the wax heads with expressionless faces, that ornament his shop. He also finds it more convenient and more lucrative to cover the heads that are confided to him with false hair. He draws all the natural hair to the top of the head, and makes of it a base for his operations, then he attaches his false chignons and stiff curls, the edifice according as best it may with the expression of the face. All hair without life is devoid of softness, brilliancy and natural grace.

The true hair has a physiognomy of its own, the false has not, it is dead hair. Let us leave their hair-dressers and false hair to actors and actresses, who cannot do without them, and dress our own hair. Let us take care of it, brushing it slowly through all its length, perfuming it with a mild odor that will seem like a natural perfume, and employ, as far as possible, nothing except our own hair. If the hair is not abundant enough to follow the extreme fashion, modify the style a little, or at least add nothing except a switch that can be braided in with the natural hair, thus making the illusion almost complete. But how disgusting are the hanging chignons, and the false curls, stiff and spiral springs, that only in name remind us of the true curls, light and silky, so much sung by the poets of long ago.

Avoid hair dyes. Even worse than all this, are the attempts made to dye the hair, the borrowed shades being of doubtful taste, shades that never harmonize with the natural tints of the hair. Nature is a skillful coquette of undoubted taste; leave her to arrange all, even if at our own expense. Leave her to whiten our hair, when she deems it necessary whether it be to soften our tired features, or to mitigate the traces imprinted by the trials of this life, trials that no one ever escapes, and that leave their cruel marks on every face.

THE ART OF DRESSING WELL.

Consult suitability of occasion, and where any doubt of the style of dress exists, avoid over-dressing. A little fault on the other side is preferable to this, as a lady may be more simply

costumed than those around her, and appear to greater advantage than if she is more showy in her apparel and ornaments than her companions. Carefully select, in shopping, the best material you can afford to purchase, rather than the most showy. A dress made of good fabric, if it is only a domestic gingham, will surely be more serviceable than any showy but worthless fabric made for mere effect.

In dressing for a picnic, water-party, croquet-meeting, or any other outdoor gathering, select an attire that will wash. It is well to be provided with a waterproof cloak and hood, easily carried, and even if a little troublesome while the sun shines, invaluable if a shower suddenly attacks the pleasure party. Avoid glaring contrasts, in color, material, or value. A real lace shawl will look as badly over a cheap lawn dress as a rich silk will under a coarse linen wrap.

Keep in scrupulous order your gloves, boots, and fine linens, or laces. There is no surer proof of a slattern than to see holes in the gloves, soiled collars or cuffs, or ill-fitting shabby boots. If your income will not allow kid gloves and lace collars, wear cotton gloves and linen collars, but let them fit nicely, and be always in exquisite order. Be sure a neat linen collar will more surely mark the lady, than a torn or soiled one of expensive lace.

In the selection of stockings, examine the heels. These are generally thin and poor when the hose is of inferior quality. German and English hose, especially the latter, will be found most economical in the end, though the first outlay is larger than that for American goods. If you discard flannels in summer, always keep an intermediate suit to wear early in the fall, and late in the spring, before assuming or rejecting your thicker ones. In a variable climate it is not only uncomfortable, but positively dangerous, to take off winter flannels at once, even on the warmest day. Gauze Merino, or Angola flannel, is a good temporary substance.

Ready-made garments should be examined carefully in all the seams, and especially at the end of the stitching. In selecting boots, the foot will present a better appearance, and the boots will wear much better, if full half an inch longer than the foot. Not only does a boot that is exactly a fit in length wear out soon at the most conspicuous place, but it ruins the shape of the foot, by forcing it to develop in its breadth what is crowded in length. This should be especially remembered in the purchase of children's boots or shoes, as a short boot in childhood will surely make an ugly foot in maturity.

One of the most beautiful and useful of summer fabrics is a fine quality of linen lawn, and it has always the advantage of washing well. It is as great an affection for a young person to assume the dress of middle age, as it is for an elderly person to wear dress becoming and appropriate for a miss of sixteen. A certain safety and brightness of attire is as suitable for youth as sober colors and quiet styles are for the more advanced in life.—*The Art of Dressing Well.*



OUR BABY.

There's a dear little head with ringlets of hair
Just softly clustering here and there;
There are dear little eyes that are soft and bright
Just fresh from the glory of heaven's light.
There's a baby to love with a love so true:
I know whose baby it is, do you?

There are two little lips that have known the bliss
So oft already of mother's kiss;
There are two little hands which must cling ere long
To mother's hand, so tender and strong.
There's a baby to guard and love so true:
I know whose baby it is, do you?

There are dear little feet that have not yet tried
To wander away o'er this earth so wide;
That must learn so carefully, day by day,
The weary road that is life's pathway.
There's a baby to guide and love so true:
I know whose baby it is, do you?

There's a dear little heart that has yet to learn
For how many things a heart can yearn;
That is beating on its little life,
With never a thought of care or strife.
There's a baby to pray for and love so true:
I know whose baby it is, do you?

Oh! dear little bud, whom God hath given,
So pure from the beautiful garden of heaven;
With loving care we must tend His own,
Till the bud to a full grown flower is blown.
There's a baby's soul to cherish so true,
To pray for and love, her whole life through.

Oh, fair young mother, whose heart o'erflows
With a joy that only a mother knows,
When baby sleeps in the loving arms
That shield her ever from all alarms,
Remember the treasure that God hath given—
And nourish its growth with prayers to heaven.

—Mary D. Brins.

A MOTHER'S REASONING.

BY MRS. S. M. DAMON.

"*W*HAT a sweet, quiet little girl you have, Mrs. Denis," and the lady visitor caressed the golden curls of the little child she had attracted to her side.

"Yes, Nina is a dear, good girl," replied Mrs. Denis, with a sad face and rising color.

"You are a pattern for my little Minnie," continued the lady, "and I shall tell her when I get home that I have seen a little girl who could keep still while her mamma was talking.

My little Minnie is such a trial to me, Mrs. Denis, such an incessant chatterbox, and never quiet. I am of course delighted to have her well and active, but I do weary of the constant watchfulness I have to keep over her, and the steps she makes me take, for she is the very spirit of mischief and disorder, and sometimes in desperation I am compelled to let my rooms go very untidy in order to have a moment's peace. Is the fault mine, or is my Minnie wholly to blame?"

"Excuse me, Mrs. Elliot, have you ever had other children," and Mrs. Denis turned her sad, sweet eyes upon her visitor.

"Minnie is all the child we ever had."

"Thank God, oh, my friend—for I may call you such, although our acquaintance has been brief, that He has spared you from a sorrow which is one of the severest the human heart can bear. Pardon me if I speak earnestly and cordially. I have watched beside three precious darlings, of my

own flesh and blood, sprightly, intelligent, beautiful buds of promise, watched only to see them fade and die, and I powerless to stay the Destroyer one moment. It is an anguish no true mother can pass through and leave her heart without a deep, abiding scar.

What would I not have given to call them back, although I was not insensible to their great gain. It took many long months to look with any degree of resignation upon my desolate home and heart. With these pangs of despondency come those of remorse; every harsh word, light, trivial speech or act which my morbid soul tortured into injustice—and we mothers are unjust, even the indulgent and loving ones, who would peril their life rather than a hair of our darlings should be injured—come back to me in my lonely, miserable hours. I grew wild sometimes with my vain regrets and longings. Oh! how unspeakably I yearned for the childish mischief and disorder, which I had once reproved perhaps unkindly. The stillness of the house oppressed me, and it seemed I must hear again the boyish shouts, the jubilant laughter that once, when weary, would distract me.

I do not wish to do myself the injustice, or have you infer I was a selfish, exacting mother. I was called a tender and devoted one by members of my own family, and yet, I fell so far short of what I should be, wise and considerate ever in my treatment to them, my own conduct was a constant thorn in my way. I was compelled by necessity to do much of my own work, and not being physically strong I was overtired, and my darlings suffered the consequences.

Oh! Mrs. Elliot, I would have given worlds, had I them to give, to have been spared the sufferings I experienced.

It was during this stage of my unhappiness that Nina was born," and the mother paused and gathered the little quiet figure in a tender embrace. "You are a tender, loving mother, but you cannot conceive the wealth of my affection for my wee baby. I assure you there are depths to a mother's love that have never been sounded until we wade far out into the sea of suffering.

I never tired devoting myself to my babe. I consecrated myself to her. As she grew older we noted with apprehension how still and unlike other children of her age, and it was not until we could be deceived no longer that the truth came home to us with its crushing weight that our cherished Nina was a deaf mute. Yes, Mrs. Elliot, Nina is unable to hear either praise or censure." Mrs. Denis' emotion checked her utterance.

"How my careless, inconsiderate words must have pained you, my dear Mrs. Denis," softly remarked Mrs. Elliot as she clasped the hand of her friend in tender sympathy. "You have passed through severe and bitter trials, trials of which my heart is ignorant, thank God. Thanks, my friend, for the lesson you have taught me. I have not been wholly unmindful of my injudicious, hasty manner of speaking to and treating my child. I reprove myself often for a hasty word or act, when I am fretted and tired, and resolve in the future to be more guarded,

but it is so hard to always remember at the right time our good purposes when one is severely taxed and tired. Alas! we are but grown up children, too much undisciplined and untrained to have charge of these little immortal souls and pliant minds."

"Your words are too true," rejoined Mrs. Denis. "The great art, and isn't it a great and glorious art which few possess? lies in the absolute control we have of ourself. Undisciplined mothers, as I too sadly know, find it almost impossible to train the twig aright when the parent stalk is dwarfed and distorted. Oh! if every mother in the land would realize the importance of the mission they have to their families—to their children, there would be less desire for public missions, less crying for our rights. When we learn to bring up our children properly, then we can be safely trusted with the management of affairs of state and country. I am speaking of the mass of women, not the few grand and noble representatives of our sex, who not only make most excellent wives and mothers, but would fill a presidential chair with honor. You smile, Mrs. Elliot, and think, as my husband expresses it, I have mounted my hobby," and the sweet face of Mrs. Denis brightened with a smile, "and I acknowledge I am an enthusiast upon this subject.

Mothers cannot give too much thought and attention toward cultivating the hearts and minds of their children aright, and I do not believe in their ability to serve too many masters; better do well a few things, make home bright and attractive, children brought up to honor and bless you, than to be showered with public honors and public plaudits. Do you not think so?"

"Indeed I do," warmly responded Mrs. Elliot, rising. "Before I leave let me beg of you to give to other mothers these earnest, heartfelt thoughts, that they may have something else beside the latest fashions, or their darling's varied accomplishments to think of. I shall treasure your words and I hope they may be the means of making Minnie's mamma a better and wiser woman, as well as mother."

CHINESE CHILDREN.

When a son is born, a "milk-name" is given him in connection with the rejoicings of the family. This corresponds with our pet names. Later, the boy receives his regular names. The important ceremony of binding the wrists is observed in connection with the thank offerings to the goddess mother. It varies in details. A common plan is to tie a piece of red cotton loosely round the wrists; another is to fasten some ancient copper coins on the wrists for several days by means of red cotton. In some families this is not finally removed from the infant's wrists for several months, though it is more usual to take it off after fourteen days. The idea is that the binding of the wrists together will prevent the baby from being wicked and disobedient, not only in childhood, but also in after life. In allusion to this singular custom, when children are troublesome or naughty,

they are asked if their mothers neglected to bind their wrists.

When the baby is a month old the head is shaved for the first time, and in the case of a boy this ceremony is performed before the Ancestral Tablets. A feast is also given, to which the relatives and intimate friends are invited, and it is customary for them to bring presents of toys, food, money, etc.: they also frequently club together and send the infant a silver plate, on which they inscribe three characters, meaning Longevity, Honor and Happiness. Shortly after this the parents make their acknowledgements to their various friends for their congratulations, and for the presents which they have sent; this is commonly done by sending a small present of cakes in return. At a subsequent entertainment, which sometimes takes place when the child is four months old, the "happy father," it is said, "bows down before the goddess ('Mother'), and begs that the child may be good-natured and easy to take care of, that it may grow fat, that it may sleep well at night, and that it may not be given to crying," etc.

The maternal grandmother, when a boy is a year old, sends him a present of a cap and a pair of shoes, as well as some other garments, and on this occasion another family feast is held to celebrate the birthday.

Our mothers whose children are backward walking will be amused at the following piece of Chinese nursery superstition: "It is the custom in many families, when the child is just beginning to walk alone, for a member of the family to take a large knife—often such as is used in the kitchen to cut up vegetables—and, approaching him from behind as he is toddling along, to put it between his legs, or hold it a little way from him, the edge downward, and then to bring it to the ground, as if in the act of cutting something. This is called 'cutting the cords of his feet,' and the motion is repeated two or three times. It is done in order to facilitate his learning to walk, and is supposed to be of great use in keeping the child from stumbling and falling down."

After the shaving of the head at the end of the first month it is a common practice to allow a patch of hair to grow on top if the child be a boy, and on both sides if a girl; the hair is braided into tight little queues, which stick out and give the children a very comical look in their early years. When a girl, however, reaches womanhood, she ceases to wear these queues.—*All the Year Round.*

WORTH WHILE.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

Only a little while ago, dear children, hundreds of you were playing in the snow, building snow-houses and snow-men it may be, and working as busy as bees in all your play-hours trying to finish them. Where are they now? I see you, with hearts as happy as ever, rolling your hoops over the hard dry ground, or running races over the green grassy lawn where so lately you were building snow-houses in the deep drifts. Did you ever hear

of a snow-house built by a queen or empress?

Many years ago Catharine, Empress of Russia, had a large palace built of ice. Blocks of ice and snow were piled up like bricks, and then water poured over them, so as to freeze one block of ice upon another and make it all firm. Higher and higher the laborers built it, until at last they had a beautiful palace of ice. Ice floors, ice walls and ceilings in the different rooms, and even chairs and tables of ice. When it was lighted up in the evening it must have looked very brilliant. You know where Russia is, I think. If not you had better look for it now on the map of Europe. It is a cold country, but they have summer there as well as here, and when summer came again the wonderful ice-palace melted away.

I think it was rather silly to spend so much thought and time on an ice-palace which would only last a little while, and never do any body any good. Don't you think so too? She did not follow a rule that I will give you to remember me by. It is this:

Give your best and your strongest
To that which lasts longest.

"Ah! perhaps you think we were wasting time when we built our snow-houses last winter," I think I hear you say. No! no! dear children; on the contrary, I think that was a very good thing. When you are playing out-of-doors you are building something that will last a long time. You are building up your bodies, making bone and muscle, and laying up for yourselves a good store of health, happiness, and usefulness. Play, then, out-of-doors, and be as happy as you can breathing the fresh pure air. It is not wasting time.

But you must not play all the time. You must study a little every day. Useful knowledge is one of the things that lasts a long time, and helps you to do a great deal of good. Give some of your best and your strongest efforts to study. You will never be sorry for it. I do not want you to study too much; but study a little every day with all your might, perhaps only an hour or two. "Only a little—but always," somebody says. That is the way to grow wise. Be sure to learn something every day. Then you ought to work a little every day. See if you cannot do something to help father or mother or some one else. The pleasant memory of kind actions and kind words lasts a long time. "The good men do lives after them."

BETTER WHISTLE THAN WHINE.

As I was taking a walk early in September, I noticed two little boys on their way to school. The smaller one tumbled and fell, and though he was not very much hurt, he began to whine in a babyish way—not a regular roaring boy cry, as though he were half killed, but a little, cross whine.

The older boy took his hand in a kind and fatherly way, and said:

"Oh, never mind, Jimmy; don't whine; it is a great deal better to whistle."

And he began in the merriest way a cheerful boy whistle.

Jimmy tried to join in the whistle. "I can't whistle as nice as you, Char-

lie," said he; "my lips won't pucker up good."

"Oh, that is because you have not got all the whine out yet," said Charlie; "but you try a minute, and the whistle will drive the whine away."

So he did, and the last I saw or heard of the little fellows, they were whistling away as earnestly as though that was the chief end of life. I learned a lesson which I hope I shall not soon forget, and it called out these few lines, which may possibly cheer another whiner of mature years, as this class is by no means confined to the children:

It is better to whistle than whine;
It is better to laugh than to cry.
For though it be cloudy, the sun will soon shine
Across the blue, beautiful sky.

It is better to whistle than whine,
O man, with the sorrowful brow,
Let the words of the child scatter murmur* of
thine,
And gather his cheerfulness now.

It is better to whistle than whine.
Poor mother! so weary with care,
Thank God for the love and peace that are thine,
And the joy of thy little ones share.

It is better to whistle than whine,
Though troubles you find in your way;
Remember that wise little fellow of mine,
And whistle your whining away.

God bless that brave boy for the cheer
He brought to this sad heart of mine;
When tempted to murmur, that young voice I
hear,
"It is better to whistle than whine!"

FRANKNESS WITH CHILDREN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I am an interested reader of your paper and have thought much of the different ideas set forth especially with regard to "Frankness with Children." Any mother knows from experience it sometimes requires a wise head to satisfy a child's questionings, and was greatly pleased with Mrs. Dorr's very truly sensible remarks in a late number of THE HOUSEHOLD.

I have a bright little fellow who comes to me often times to know how he was created. I ask him if he can tell how the stars were placed in the sky, the sun and moon to shine—he answers no—then I tell him by God's laws all things were made and when he is older he can study astronomy to learn of the things in the Heavens, physiology to learn how his body is made—when he is older he will study and know all those things he cares to know about. The child looks at me with his honest brown eyes and is satisfied.

In my experience of life I know a mother, a refined lady who believed her daughters should know just what was what, plain English for all questions, she was a clergyman's wife, but her daughters did not grow up in so

pure an atmosphere, as the mother intended; the knowledge she gave them so young made them forward, not the modest girls they should have been, but pert, bold damsels with an air which seemed to say "You can't tell me anything, I've been told!" Their home life was all, seemingly, it should have been, but to force a knowledge on girls not in their teens was not good for their morals as their after life showed. We need guidance from the wise Father to train our little ones; many a mother is weary in well doing, but if every mother could have

it truly said of her "She hath done what she could," no nobler epitaph could be written of her. BROWNIE.

THE ANGELS IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

Three pair of dimpled arms, as white as snow,
Held me in soft embrace;
Three little cheeks, like velvet peaches soft,
Were placed against my face.

Three pairs of tiny eyes, so clear, so deep,
Looked into mine this even;
Three pair of lips kissed me sweet good night,
Three little forms from heaven.

Ah, it is well that little ones should leave us!
It lights our faith when dim,
To know that once our blessed Savior bade them
Bring little ones to him!

THE PUZZLER.

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

Correct answers to The Puzzler in March number were first received from Mrs. Ellen E. B. Davis, Chester, Vt. We have also received the answers from E. J. Meserve, Allie W. Plummer, Mrs. E. Mansir, Marcia A. Keith, Ezra E. Clark, Alice A. Ford, C. K. Chaffin, E. E. Lyon, Adelia J. Copley, M. E. Grigsby, Mrs. S. A. Nelson, Olive T. Rudcock, Mrs. H. C. Rice and Irving White.

ANSWERS:—1. Thomas Babington Macaulay. 2. And God said let there be light and there was light. 3. Solomon.

4. B
O R E
T E A C H
B R A C K E T
T O K E N
K E G
T

5. If wisdom's ways you wisely seek,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak, to whom you
speak,
And how, and when, and where.

6. P E A C H 7. P O N D
E L S I E O V E R
A P R O N N E R A
C E D A R D R A W
H E N R Y

ENIGMAS.
1. I am composed of fifty-two letters.
My 3, 8, 28, 12, 16, 27 is a dry sweet meat.

My 25, 42, 36, 21 is a kind of vessel.
My 45, 30, 14, 21, 40, 49 is a state.
My 41, 15, 38, 47, 17 is a musical instrument.

My 32, 4, 44, 2 is an article of dress.
My 15, 11, 39, 10, 52 is an insect.
My 18, 31, 33, 24 is an article of food.
My 50, 20, 38 is an animal.

My 34, 46, 49 is a Roman measure.
My 47, 5, 1, 43 is a kind of pipe.
My 1, 9, 20 is an article of food.
My 3, 29, 40, 35 is a water-fowl.

My 48, 13, 22, 10 is an Egyptian bird.

My 23, 40, 6, 26, 39 is a tree.

My 37, 15, 7, 18, 19, 4 is a girl's name.

My 51, 6 is a personal pronoun.
My whole is a proverb.

2. I am composed of fifty-two letters.

My 52, 21, 31, 1, 2, 22 was an ancient division of Europe.

My 42, 16, 12, 46, 20, 51, 39 was a fabled marine deity.

My 5, 50, 24, 44, 29 was a Scandinavian deity after whom one of the days of the week were named.

My 25, 28, 39, 14, 19, 8, 38, 48, 39 was a famous Greek orator.

My 45, 25, 2, 41, 11, 17 was a famous French poet and dramatist.

My 26, 34, 7, 43, 37, 3 was one of the first English poets.

My 33, 31, 50, 13, 20 was a noted English historian.

My 47, 30, 40, 10, 23, 6, 36 is a distinguished American author.

My 18, 45, 4, 14, 27, 41, 35, 15, 39 is an aquatic bird.

My 32, 49, 29, 22, 9 was an ancient French coin.

The whole is a proverb.

DEFORREST.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

3. My 1st is in horn but not in bugle,
My 2nd is in whale but not in shark,
My 3rd is in lake but not in river,
My 4th is in dog but not in cat,
My 5th is in orange but not in pear,
My 6th is in great but not in small,
My 7th is in coffee but not in tea,
My 8th is in house but not in barn,
My 9th is in lily but not in rose,
My 10th is in land but not in water,
My 11th is in yellow but not in red,
My 12th is in wind but not in rain.

My whole is a noted poet.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

4. A consonant; a top; a bird; to fasten; a consonant.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

5. A planet; public manifest; a girl's name; a South American river; a constellation; an ancient Assyrian king. My initials, centrals and finals each name an European city.

SQUARE WORDS.

6. Dislike; a scriptural proper name; relate; a girl's name.

7. A river in Germany; reposed; tie; whirlpool.

ANAGRAM.

8. Het gadnif anym-loored dowos, Dashe penedigc vore hedas, teh try-nuco dourn

Nowrimb: a railed murabge, skud nad und,

Fo revey ehу, fmor naw cedniglin enreg

Ot toyos kadr.

DECAPITATIONS.

9. My whole is the appellation of an actor; behead and leave an adverb; behead again and leave the first note of Guido's scale; behead again and leave a beverage.

10. My whole properly prepared is an article of food; behead me and leave a pronoun; behead again and leave a vowel.

11. My whole signifies soft; behead me and leave a cutting instrument; behead again and leave ten.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

12. Dart met pen. 13. Peel than.

14. Is nut cod. 15. Count in Ed. 16. Cid in net. 17. Send from art.

SYNCOPATIONS.

18. Syncopate a bird and leave a man.

19. Syncopate a bird and leave a support.

20. Syncopate an animal and leave a garment.

21. Syncopate a writer and leave a culinary utensel.

22. Syncopate a garment and leave a dwelling.



DESSERTS AND DISHES FOR CHILDREN.

HERE are very many nice and palatable dishes, which can be gotten up to supplement a rather plain dinner, and thus add very much to the relish of the meal. For if one has a bountiful dinner of fresh meats, vegetables, and the accompaniments for the main dinner, it is of less consequence, whether or not, much of a dessert is served afterwards. This, of course, applies to our plainer families, and where, perhaps, the mistress is also cook and waiter, when many dishes only multiply her labors and cares. But if the first part of the dinner be less tempting to the appetite, then a more elaborate dessert is often desirable. And yet this need be by no means expensive, but only something different than yesterday's course, for a pleasant change.

In the country, where milk and eggs are plenty through the season, an almost endless variety of side dishes can be made, and these, especially for children, are much better, and better relished, than are pies and cakes, which so often find place on the tables, day after day.

Of puddings there is no lack of kinds, and these are often relished by all, certainly if they are well prepared. A boiled Indian meal pudding, or a baked one—though an old-fashioned dish—is a luxury indeed, but one which people who depend on the milk-man for milk, cannot so readily have, while in the country there is no hinderance to these good dishes. A very good pudding can be made of bread and milk, but this, unless made tempting by plenty of raisins, is not a general favorite, we believe, though occasionally is liked.

But aside from the somewhat old style puddings, there are a vast number of preparations now put up, which can be easily made into a relishing food, and that too at small expense. A housekeeper does well to have a variety in the house, and choose from one, then another, so as to never tire of the same kind by too frequent repetition.

There is rice for a standard, which can be cooked in various ways, and is always relished by children, we think, besides being a most cheap and healthful dish. Corn starch can also be prepared in various ways—by directions on the package, or by using one's own ingenuity to get up something new. This is rather a light food, and does not amount to very much, except for a dainty, still is often a desirable addition to a dinner or tea table.

Then there is what is called semoss farina, put up prepared to cook readily, with directions for use. This is less commonly known than some preparations, but is really excellent, as well as very cheap.

For something more substantial we have tapioca and sago, both which have only to be used to become favorites in families, and more espe-

cially for children and invalids. A good cook book gives directions for preparing these—and a cook book is what every housewife should have, in addition to collecting what other recipes she may find of use. I presume that recipes have been given in THE HOUSEHOLD, but as no directions come with these articles, I will, at the risk of repetition, give a good way of cooking tapioca to be eaten cold.

Take a quart of milk, and from it take two-thirds of a cup, into which put the same quantity of tapioca, and let it soak over night. In the morning take the remainder of the quart of milk and put to this mixture, stir in the yolk of three eggs, (two will answer very well,) set the dish in a kettle of hot water and let it cook as for a boiled custard, some fifteen minutes being about the right time, stirring it occasionally so that it will not stick to the dish. It will not, however, cook soft, but is none the worse for that fact. Beat the whites of the eggs and stir in, and then remove from the fire. Sweeten and flavor to taste, adding a little salt. With this, as with all such things, it is better to let the mixture cool before flavoring. As this is to be eaten cold for dinner, tea, or lunch, as desired, put it in a cool place; if you have no ice, set it in the cellar in hot weather, when its excellence will convince you that, if your family is large, you will need to double the recipe the next time making.

As this dish is best eaten cold, it can be made in the cool of the day, which is quite a convenience for most housekeepers; and it can be usually kept more than one day—that is, if you keep it off from your table, you have something ready, in case of company, or any extra need.

The excellence of oatmeal, crushed wheat, and graham puddings have often been mentioned in THE HOUSEHOLD, and are favorites with many people, while others relish them only sparingly, and to some they are no food at all. Children are, however, usually fond of them, especially when eaten with sugar or syrup, and this is certainly more healthful and better for them, a share of the time, than richer food and pastry.

For the little ones, who attend school and take their dinner with them, as well as any children, some such preparation for supper is better than bread and butter and cakes, which often form the staple of the family tea. It may be a little trouble for the tired mother to make it, but she will have less bread and cakes to bake, and so save in the end.

One little word here upon children's likes and dislikes. Some parents have a rule that their children must eat such food as is set before them, without having a chance to express their own tastes in any way. This is wrong. We would not by any means infer that children dictate in these matters; and, if rich, unhealthy food is craved, there is need of wisdom and a firm hand in guiding aright. But the legitimate wants of the little ones are as worthy of attention, as are the tastes of older members of the family.

It is easy, by a little watchfulness,

to see what is most relished and best adopted to a child, and govern one's self accordingly. For what is a rule for one, cannot be for all. It is this fixed set of rules of diet, which some health reformers and food critics fix for all, without regard to habits or circumstances, that make advice, to a great extent, impracticable.

For not only do tastes differ, but the system in one case requires different treatment, in choice of food, from others. Some people cannot eat food or vegetables that is in the least loosening to the bowels, however much they may like it, and hence, for such, a diet of fruit, and of some kinds of vegetables, or other preparations that induce undue action of the bowels, cannot be partaken, or at least only sparingly; while to others of different temperament they are to be highly recommended. and the rules which apply to ourselves, will also apply to children, more or less, and others the need of judgment in what is given them to eat.

ONE OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

ECONOMY IN USING REFINED SUGAR.

We think there must be economy in purchasing the refined sugars instead of the raw, if there are not other advantages. A parcel of raw sugar from Pernambuco was subjected to the test of "polarization," with these results. The raw sugar consisted of the following:

Moisture,	2.10 parts.
Mineral Matter,	1.80 "
Organic Matter,	6.50 "
Sugar,	89.60 "

In the refined sugar neither the moisture nor these other substances exist. The organic matter contained in raw sugar consists largely of an insect which is introduced into the sugar in warm latitudes, while it is exposed in the drying process. This insect lives in the midst of a mass of sugar, and is multiplied when exposed to the air. An eruption, which must be nameless, is occasioned by its attack upon the skin of the hand, creating an unpleasant appearance and unpleasant effects.

The refined "hard" sugar will keep for years and be free of these or of any impurities, and it unquestionably possesses the sweetening property in an equal degree with brown sugar, which latter would neither be eaten nor handled if it were known to contain in full life and vigor these disgusting insects which the tropics furnish.

AN UNFORTUNATE OLD LADY.

An old lady as far down the decline of life as 79, like people generally about her age was constantly worrying about something or other. She lost her spectacles on one occasion. These were replaced by a new pair, out of which one of the glasses soon followed the former missing pair. While the latter were being repaired the other pair was found. Finally both pair came home, and her indulgent son on the same day presented her with a pair of gold bows. On receiving the whole three pairs of specs in good order, the old lady in a subdued voice exclaimed, with a long-drawn sigh, "Oh dear, what have I got to worry about now?"

THE DESSERT.

"Have you heard my last speech?" said a political haranguer of a wit. "I hope so," was the reply.

Mrs. Partington will not allow Ike to play the guitar. She says he had it once when he was a child, and it nearly killed him.

"My dear Polly, I am surprised at your taste in wearing another woman's hair on your head," said Mr. Smith to his wife. "My dearest Joe, I am equally astonished that you persist in wearing another sheep's wool on your back."

A noted wag in a Western college, one morning read a theme of unusual merit. The president being suspicious, asked pointedly if it was original. "Why, yes, sir," was the reply, "it had 'original' over it in the paper I took it from."

A physician, on presenting his bill to the executor of the estate of a deceased patient, asked, "Do you wish to have my bill sworn to?" "No," replied the executor; "the death of the man is sufficient evidence that you attended him professionally."

An Irish gentleman, of a mechanical turn of mind, took off his gas-meter to repair it himself; and put it on again upside down. At the end of the quarter it was proved with mathematical correctness that the gas company owed him eight dollars and fifty cents.

"Mrs. Hopkins, why don't you sprinkle ashes on your icy sidewalk like Mrs. Bedun, your opposite neighbor, for the benefit of passers-by, and so imitate the Good Samaritan?" "Let the passers-by imitate the Priest and Levite, and pass by on the other side."

An Indian complaining to a rum-seller that the price of his liquor was too high. The latter in justification, said, "That it cost as much to keep a hogshead of brandy as to keep a cow." "Maybe he drink so much water," replied the Indian, "but he no eats so much hay."

A young lady who entered a Broadway music store, and asked the young man in attendance, "Have you Happy Dreams?" was astonished when he replied, "No, ma'am, I'm mostly troubled with nightmare." He didn't know why she went out so hurriedly and slammed the door after her.

A gentleman in saddling a horse got the saddle wrong end foremost. Just as he was about to mount, a German friend came up and called his attention to the mistake. The horseman gazed for a moment at the intruder as if in deep thought, and then said: "You let that saddle alone. How do you know which way I am going?" And the gentleman from Germany passed on.

Jones and his wife were always quarreling about their comparative talent for keeping a fire. She insisted that just as surely as he attempted to re-arrange the sticks with the tongs, he put the fire out. One night the church bell sounded an alarm and Jones sprang for his fire-bucket, eager to rush to the conflagration. "Mr. Jones," cried his wife as he reached the door, "come back and take the tongs."



HOME DOCTORDING.

BY FAITH ROCHESTER.

NOBODY need expect a list of prescriptions for various diseases under this head. It is distressing to read most of the recipes for medicines which circulate in the newspapers. Here, for instance, is one which some lady says she has found "invaluable in bowel diseases," and she publishes it in the Tribune. Have children only one kind of bowel disease? Does she pursue the same course to check diarrhoea as to overcome constipation? The medicine is compounded of three ingredients, none of them harmless to a person in health, though none of them are classed among actual poisons. Is it not a dreadful thing for mothers to give their children drugs without having some idea of their nature and effects upon the system? I asked a woman the other day, what she was doing for her sick child.

"Oh, I give him some kind of doctor-stuff," said she, complacently.

Of course we cannot reasonably expect to learn all about the properties of the various medicines used by physicians; but I surely would give none that I did not understand, except under the direction of a good physician, in whom I had great confidence; and I would never use medicines at all except as a last resort. Many persons say at once, when a person is ailing—"You had better take something;" that is their only idea of cure. When these drugs do not go to the right spot and effect a cure, who knows what mischief they may do? Many of them are active poisons, and very few prove harmless if taken by persons in health. The disease you treat may seem to be arrested, only to give place to something quite as bad or worse.

There is about equal danger from improper water treatment. A mode of treatment for diarrhoea in children, which I just read in a Western paper, is about as horrible as any kind of drugging; and I can hardly credit the assertion of the paper, that sixteen children out of twenty, as treated by a certain doctor, recovered! The method is this: "The child is enveloped in a common bed-sheet, which is first dipped in common well water, and then wrung thoroughly; the patient is next covered with a woolen blanket, and allowed to remain thus for one hour; after this, cold compresses are applied to the abdomen. This is repeated every three or four hours—in severe cases, every hour." And the patient is a little child, so easily shocked by any harsh treatment!

I presume this performance is intended for a "pack," a mode of treatment, when properly carried out, that often proves very efficacious in different diseases. But a pack may be made one of the most barbarous operations in the world, if improperly administered. "Common well water!" Hard or soft? Icy cold or tepid?

Soft water is best in all applications to the body, and should be preferred when it can be obtained. It is absolutely necessary that a patient in a pack should have the feet warm—by artificial means, if necessary; and he should always get thoroughly warm while in the pack. A single blanket would never be sufficient covering over the wet sheet; and a pack of an hour's duration would be too long in all but extreme cases.

Some people seem to imagine that water is such a simple thing, it can neither cure nor kill; but it is quite capable of doing either, as it is wisely or unwisely administered. It is a blessed, cleansing, healing agency. We have little downright sickness to deal with in our family, though none of us inherit very good constitutions. When sickness seems to threaten, we pay stricter attention to the rules which, moderately observed, keep us in moderate health, and this greater carefulness usually "cures" us.

Perhaps some parent would like to know these rules of good sense. Keep the feet warm and the head cool. Breathe pure air. Keep the skin clean. Take rest and exercise in such proportion as the body seems to require. Go to bed early and ventilate your sleeping room. Keep the bowels open by means of suitable diet and exercise, if possible; if not, by injections of pure water. Eat plain, nutritious food at regular hours, under cheerful circumstances, and without haste. A little fasting is often the best remedy for a slight cold, a slight fever, neuralgia of the face, and all those diseases that arise from a disordered stomach. Some persons follow a fast with such a gorging as to destroy all its good effects. Cool compresses, made of a folded towel, wet in cool water, and covered by another towel, applied to the head, throat, chest, bowels, spine, or whatever part suffers pain, often afford speedy and permanent relief, and may be used without danger, provided the system is not shocked by too cold water.

Ignorant people speak of the "cold water cure;" but the best practitioners seldom use absolutely cold water. For severe, sharp pains, cloths kept wet in as hot water as the patient can bear, give most speedy relief. In almost any case of acute disease, I should, if possible, summon a good doctor. I should not care so much at what school he graduated as that he be a conscientious man, of good sense, and have a good knowledge of his profession. The more experience he had had the better; and the less he might seem to rely upon medicine, and the more he would trust to good nursing, the more confidence I should have in him. I should be very anxious to have him tell me just what was the matter, if I did not already know, not simply the name of the disease, but what part of the system he supposed to be out of order; and then I could never be satisfied until I found out the probable cause. I do not see how we can get along without educated physicians, so long as human nature is so untrue to the laws of its well being, and so brings upon itself such numerous and complicated diseases.—*Agriculturist.*

VALUABLE FOOD CURES.

Ripe fruits and berries, slightly acid, will remove the ordinary diarrhoeas of early summer.

Common rice, parched brown like coffee, and then boiled and eaten in the ordinary way, without any other food, is, with quietude of body, one of the most effective remedies for troublesome looseness of bowels.

Some of the severest forms of that distressing ailment called dysentery, that is, when the bowels pass blood, with constant desire, with vain efforts to stool, are sometimes entirely cured by the patient eating a heaping tablespoonful at the time of raw beef, cut very fine, and repeated at intervals of four hours, until cured, eating and drinking nothing else in the meantime.

If a person swallow any poison whatever, or has fallen into convulsions from having overloaded the stomach, an instantaneous remedy, more efficient and applicable in a number of cases than any half a dozen medicines we can now think of, is a heaping teaspoonful of common salt and as much ground mustard, stirred rapidly in a teacup of water, warm or cold, and swallowed instantly. It is scarcely down before it begins to come up, bringing with it the remaining contents of the stomach; and lest there be any remnant of poison, however small, let the white of an egg, or a teacup of strong coffee, be swallowed as soon as the stomach is quiet; because these very common articles nullify a larger number of virulent poisons than any medicines in the shops.

In case of scalding or burning the body, immersing the part in cold water gives entire relief, as instantaneous as lightning. Meanwhile, get some common white flour, and apply it an inch thick on the injured part, the moment it emerges from the water, and keep sprinkling on the floor through anything like a pepperbox cover, so as to put it on evenly. Do nothing else, drink nothing but water, eat nothing, until improvement commences, except some dry bread softened in weak tea of some kind. Cures of frightful burns have been made in this way, as wonderful as they are painless.

Erysipelas, a disease often coming without premonition, and ending fatally in three or four days, is sometimes very promptly cured by applying a poultice of raw cranberries pounded, and placed on the part over night.

Insect bites, and even that of a rattlesnake, have passed harmless, by stirring enough of common salt into the yolk of a good egg to make it sufficiently thin for a plaster, to be kept on the bitten parts.

Neuralgia and toothache are sometimes speedily relieved by applying to the wrist a quantity of bruised or grated horseradish.

Costive bowels have an agreeable remedy in the free use of ripe tomatoes at meals—their seeds acting in the way of the white mustard or figs, by stimulating the coats of the bowels over which they pass in their whole state, to increased action.

A remedy of equal efficiency, in the same direction, is cracked wheat—

that is, common white wheat grains, broken into two or three pieces, and then boiled until it is as soft as rice, and eaten mainly at two meals of the day, with butter or molasses.

Common sweet cider, boiled down to one-half, makes a most excellent syrup for coughs and colds for children—is pleasant to the taste, and will keep during the year in a cool cellar.

In recovering from an illness, the system has a craving for some pleasant acid drink. This is found in cider which is placed on the fire as soon as made, and allowed to come to a boil, then cooled, put in casks, and kept in a cool cellar. Treated thus, it remains for months as good as the day it was made.

We once saved the life of an infant which had been inadvertently drugged with laudanum, and was fast sinking into the sleep which has no awaking, by giving it strong coffee, cleared with the white of an egg, a teaspoonful every five minutes until it ceased to seem drowsy.—*Hull's Journal of Health.*

DIRECTIONS FOR CHOOSING YOUR PHYSICIAN.

Do what you will to keep well, the time will probably come when you will want the advice of a physician. If you will trust a lecturer, who does not practice, and has not practiced for a good many years, he will give you some rules in which he believes you may put confidence. Choose a sensible man, personally agreeable to yourself, if possible, whom you know to have a good education, to stand well with the members of his own profession, and of whom other scientific men, as well as physicians, speak respectfully. Do not select your medical adviser on the strength of any vague stories of his "success." The best physician in a city loses the largest number of patients. You stare, no doubt, but reflect a moment. He is called to all the hopeless cases. His patients trust him to the last, whereas such people are apt to drop the charlatan as soon as they are in real danger.

Once having chosen your medical adviser, be slow to leave him except for good cause. He has served an apprenticeship to your constitution. I saw a lady, not many years ago, in talking of an illness from which she long suffered, told me she had consulted twenty-six different doctors in succession, and was then in search of a twenty-seventh. I did not tell her she was as bad as Don Giovanni, but I was glad my name did not have to be added to the roll of her professional conquests, though my visit was a very pleasant and friendly one. I recommended a great master in one of the specialties, then residing in this neighborhood, who I thought would understand her case better than anybody else, and that she should stick to him and his prescriptions, and give up this butterfly wandering from one camomile flower of medicine to another.—*O. W. Holmes.*

—To stop bleeding from a wound, bind on equal parts of wheat flour and salt.



THE BLESSING OF TO-DAY.

Strange, we never prize the music
Till the sweet voiced birds have flown;
Strange, that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange, that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake the white down in the air!

Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away,
Never blossoms of such beauty
As adorns the mouth to-day;
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of the day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from our way.

TACHYGRAPHY.

REKRAP'S letter in the February HOUSEHOLD on the double use of the *c* and the *g*, seems well aimed, but singularly silent as to one agency of reform, namely, "The American Tachygraphic Society," (whereof Rev. D. P. Lindsley, of Andover, Mass., is corresponding secretary,) and "The Rapid Writer," published quarterly thereby, a very interesting treasury of current philosophical information, cogently exposing the folly and tyranny of Fashion in our present abominable system—or rather, unsystem—of spelling.

In the Evening Traveller of to-day, (February 21,) a gentleman of no less learning and sound judgment than Hon. C. C. Hazewell, in his weekly review says: "To spell 'Hermitage' with a lower case *h*, is just as absurd as it would be to spell Tuilleries with a lower case *t*." "Absurd," quotha! This afternoon I met a lady with the lower two inches of her costly, dragging skirts reeking with mud. How "absurd" it would have been for her dressmaker to have made the dress stop two inches from the sidewalk! Here are 100 printers who put ten times as much ink into the first letter of "Hermitage" as do 99 other printers: *Argil*, to follow the minority is to be an idiot. Oh, Mr. Hazewell! was it you or your "absurd" compositor who the other day disobeyed the voice of the majority so far as to express a certain idea (outside of a statistical table) by "100" instead of "one hundred?" How could you so forsake the god of usage, (or Usage,) and bow down before the dagon (or Dagon) of utility? (or Utility?)

The whole matter lies in a nut-shell. Our present system of orthography is one of complete anomaly. It knows no law whatever. Usage is too fickle an entity to be a universally recognized sovereign. Fashion is a capricious mistress. The merest glance at the Sheridan-Walker-Jones-Perry-Jameson-Johnson-Smart-Worcester-Webster tables in the introduction of any unabridged *Buy-the-Best*, or at that farce in our grammars entitled

"Rules of Spelling," will convince any sane mind of the anarchy that has arisen from following such guides as the lexicographers, and however excellent of its kind—Wilson's Treatise on Punctuation, etc., instead of the simple rule of Phonotopy. *Spell soundly!* Let every letter have only its own sound, and every sound its own letter!

I imagine the Devil (as well as the devil) chuckles at the fact of each human being wasting one hundred instead of ten months in mastering the mysteries of the spelling-book—in acquiring nolej, how to spell and pronounce "knowledge," "plough," "through," "enough," "scythe," "Wednesday," etc., etc., until simple "Wenzda" to the warped "mind's eye," appears to be something spurious or "out of kilter"—a meaningless monster—a travesty on word-making. *Cui bono?* Forsooth, to preserve the memory of a little rubbish about a barbarian god with a *d* in his name! But was it a *d*? Was not the word originally "Wuotan's-daeg?" Alas! too many of us have become the unthinking slaves of custom, until, like the young city-housekeeper who was nauseated on finding that "a yellow scum" had risen on the milk, we stand aghast at "innovation."

It is cheering to see in the platform of the National Grange a determination "to discountenance the fashion system." Would that every Grange in the country took a copy of "The Rapid Writer," and also of "The Tachygraphic Alphabet." B. F. B.

NEWSPAPERS IN THE FAMILY.

Ralph Waldo Emerson says: "Show me an intelligent family of boys and girls, and we will show you a family where newspapers and periodicals are plenty. Nobody who has been without these private tutors can know their educating power for good or evil. Have you ever thought of the innumerable topics of discussion which they suggest at the breakfast table; the important public measures with which, thus early our children become acquainted; great philanthropic questions of the day, to which, unconsciously, their attention is awakened, and the general spirit of intelligence which is evoked by these quiet visitors? Anything that makes home pleasant, cheerful and chatty, thins the haunts of vice and the thousand and one avenues of temptation, should certainly be regarded, when we consider its influence on the minds of the young, as a great social and moral light."

A child beginning to read, says another author, becomes delighted with a newspaper, because he reads of names and things which are familiar, and he will progress accordingly. A newspaper in one year is worth a quarter's schooling to a child. Every father must consider that information is connected with advancement. The mother of a family, being one of its heads, and having a more immediate charge of children, should herself be instructed. A mind occupied becomes fortified against the ills of life, and is braced for emergency. Children amused by reading or study are of course more considerate and easily governed.

How many thoughtless young men

have spent their earnings in a tavern or grog shop, who ought to have been reading! How many parents who have not spent twenty dollars for books for their families, would have given thousands to reclaim a son or daughter who had ignorantly or thoughtlessly fallen into temptation.

THE NEW DOUBLE PRONOUN.

The little article on a new pronoun which shall take the place of the awkward phrase *he or she*, etc., especially attracted my attention, because I had thought of the matter some before. A real and what appears to me fatal objection to those proposed is, that they have more than one syllable. The tendency of our language is to shorten words. The pronouns we now have are very short. Are we not required by the spirit of our language and the temper of our people to keep the style? Being convinced that we are, I submit the following:

SIMPLE.	COMBINED.	SHORTENED.	
he	she	heshe	hesh.
his	hers	hishers	hish.
him	her	himher	hirm.

Hesh will mean *he or she*; *hish* his or hers; and *hirm* (pronounced *hurm*), him or her. Then for the three pronouns, *he or she or it*, we could have *het*, *hets*, *het*, on the same principle as *it*, *its*, *it*, and thus get another short and naturally-made word, meaning either one of the three, throughout the three cases.

Permit another suggestion. We often wish to say a human being without reference to sex. Let us say for short, a *human*, changing the adjective into a noun; and in the plural make it *humen*. Two sentences will show how convenient such a use will be: "Think of it, that the house of a horse should be better than the home of a *human*." And again: "Secular Christianity teaches of *humen* only, and their relations as dwellers upon the earth."—*Oneida Circular*.

THE REVIEWER.

APPLETON'S NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA.—The work originally published under the title of "The New American Cyclopedias" was completed in 1883, since which time the wide circulation which it has attained in all parts of the United States, and the signal developments which have taken place in every branch of science, literature and art, have induced the editors and publishers to submit it to an exact and thorough revision, and to issue a new edition, entitled "The American Cyclopedias." Within the last ten years, the progress of discovery in every department of knowledge has made a new work of reference an imperative want. The movement of political affairs has kept pace with the discoveries of science, and their fruitful application to the industrial and useful arts and the convenience and refinement of social life. Great wars and consequent revolutions have occurred, involving national changes of peculiar moment. The civil war of our own country, which was at its height when the last volume of the old work appeared, has happily been ended, and a new course of commercial and industrial activity has been commenced.

Large accessions to our geographical knowledge have been made by the indefatigable explorers of Africa. The great political revolution of the last decade, with the natural result of the lapse of time, have brought into public view a multitude of new men, whose names are in every one's mouth, and of whose lives every one is curious to know the particulars. Great battles have been fought and important sieges maintained, of which the details are as yet preserved only in the newspapers or in the transient publications of the day, but which ought now to take their place in permanent and authentic history. In pre-

paring the present edition for the press, it has accordingly been the aim of the editors to bring down the information to the latest possible dates, and to furnish an accurate account of the most recent discoveries in science, of every fresh production in literature, and of the newest inventions in the practical arts, as well as to give a succinct and original record of the progress of political and historical events. None of the original stereotype plates have been used, but every page has been printed on new type, forming, in fact, a new Cyclopedias, with the same plan and compass as its predecessor, but with a far greater pecuniary expenditure, and with such improvements in its composition as have been suggested by longer experience and larger knowledge. This work is sold to subscribers only, payable on delivery of each volume. It will be completed in sixteen large octavo volumes, each containing about 800 pages, fully illustrated with several thousand wood engravings, and with numerous colored lithographic maps. For terms or other information address H. L. & F. Brainard, General Agents, Middletown, Conn.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY FOR APRIL. The April number of SCRIBNER's contains another generous installment of Mr. King's "Great South," the subject this time being, "A Ramble in Virginia, from Bristol to the Sea." The illustrations, as usual, are profuse. Among the notable features of the number are the beginning of Jules Verne's serial, "The Mysterious Island," an essay by Augustus Blaeveld, author of the articles on Modern Skepticism, entitled, "Christ's Resurrection Scientifically Considered;" and a timely paper, by Miss Beedy, on "The Health and Physical Habits of English and American Women." Noah Brooks has an article "Concerning some Imperial Booty." The new story-writer, George W. Cable, tells a tale of the "Belles Demoiselles Plantation." Mrs. Davis's serial is concluded, and Miss Trafton's is continued. The number opens with an illustrated poem by Benjamin F. Taylor, and there are verses by A. R. Macdonough, John Fraser, J. G. H., Charlotte F. Bates, and Edward King. Dr. Holland, in Topics of the Time, writes about "Jules Verne's New Story," "The Taxation of Church Property," and "Social Usages." The Old Cabinet is concerned with "Veracity;" Amateur Theatricals are practically discussed in Home and Society, and the other departments have their characteristic variety.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR APRIL. The two brilliant serials, *Mose Evans*, by William M. Baker, and *Prudence Palfrey*, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, increase in power and interest. The April Atlantic runs from grave to gay, from lively to severe, in such articles as a Modern Financial Utopia, how it grew upland, what became of it, by David A. Wells; Baldeck and that sort of thing, by Charles Dudley Warner; In Weimar with Liszt, by an enthusiastic pupil; Mistral's Calendau, by Harriet W. Preston; The British Upper Class in Fiction, by E. S. Nadal; The Cohansay Tea-Fight, by Lucy Ellen Guersey; Life in the Backwoods of Canada, by H. B. K.; the poetry in the number is by Edmund C. Stedman, Christopher P. Cranch, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and others, and the departments of criticisms in recent literature, art, and music, are especially full and interesting. Published by H. O. Houghton & Co.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for April is received. It contains seventy-eight illustrations and is full of entertaining and instructive reading. Gen. George B. McClellan contributes the first of a series of papers on Army Organization, in which he presents many interesting facts and gives a brief review of the present tendencies of military nations in this connection. Charles Nordhoff, Oliver Logan, Monroe D. Conway, and other popular writers also furnish attractive contributions.

THE ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL OF PHYSIOLOGY AND PHYSIOGNOMY FOR 1874, contains eighty large octavo pages, with more than fifty engravings, representing Heads, Faces, Mouths, Noses, good and bad, with "Signs of Character;" also, *My Schoolmates*, and *What Became of Them*; *A Good Memory*; *The "Leak" or, a Hole in a Pocket through Bad Habits*; and *How to Save Money*. One Thousand Boys Wanted; Bad Breath, Its Cause and Cure; A Fascinating Face; What the Savans are Doing for Mental Science, etc. The best Annual ever issued. Agents wanted. Newsmen have it. Sent pre-paid, by first post, for 25 cents, by S. R. Wells, Publisher, 389 Broadway, New York.

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE WORLD.

Words by WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Music by EDWARD CLARK.

The musical score consists of two systems of music. The first system, in common time, features a treble clef and a bass clef. The lyrics are as follows:

1. Bless - ings on the hand of wo - man! An - gels guard its strength and grace, In the pal - ace, cot - tage,
 2. Wo - man, how di - vine your mis - sion Here up - on our na - tai sod! Keep, O keep the young heart

hov - el, O, no mat - ter where the place! In - fan - ey's the ten - der foun - tain; Pow - er
 o - pen Al - ways to the breath of God! Bless - ings on the hand of wo - man! Fath - ers,

may sons with beau - ty glow; Moth - ers first to guide the streamlets; From them souls un - rest - ing grow.
 and daughters ery, And the sa - cred song is min - gled With the wor - ship in the sky.

All true trophies of the A - ges, Are from mother - love im - pearled; For the hand that rocks the cra - dle, Is the hand that rocks the world.

All true trophies of the A - ges, Are from mother - love im - pearled! For the hand that rocks the cra - dle, Is the hand that rocks the world.



BEN FISHER.

Ben Fisher had finished his hard day's work,
And he sat at the cottage door;
His good wife Kate sat by his side,
And the moonlight danced on the floor.
The moonlight danced on the cottage floor;
Her beams were as clear and bright
As when he and Kate, twelve years before,
Talked love in her mellow light.

Ben Fisher had never pipe of clay;
And never a dram drank he,
But loved at home with his wife to stay
When from daily labor free.
A cherub rogue, with a rosy smile,
On his fatherly knee found rest,
And merrily chatted they on, the while
Kate's babe slept on her breast.

Ben told how fast his potatoes grew,
And the corn in the lower field;
That the wheat on the hill was yellow turned,
And promised a glorious yield.
A glorious yield in the harvest-time:
And his orchard was doing fair,
His sheep and his stock were in their prime,
His farm in good repair.

Kate said her farm looked beautiful;
The fowls and the calves were fat;
The butter Tommy this morning churned
Would buy him a Sunday hat;
That Jenny for papa a shirt had made—
'Twas made, too, "by the rule"—
That Neddy the gardener could nicely spade,
And Annie was "the head" at school.

Ben slowly passed his toil-worn hand
Through his locks of gray and brown;
"I tell you, Kate, what I think," said he,
"We're the happiest folks in town."
"I know," said Kate, "that we all work hard;
Work and health are friends, I've found;
There's Mrs. Bell does not work at all,
And she's sick the whole year round.

"They're worth their thousands, so people say;
I ne'er saw them happy yet;
'Twould not be me that would take their wealth,
And live in a constant fret.
My humble home has a light within;
Mrs. Bell's gold could not buy;
Six healthy children, a merry heart,
And a husband's love-lit eye."

I fancied a tear was in Ben's blue eye—
The moon shone out still clearer—
I could not tell why the man should cry,
But he drew to Kate yet nearer:
He leaned his head on her shoulder there,
And took her hand in his;
I guess—though I looked at the moon just then—
He left on her lips a kiss.

—Prances D. Gage.

HOUSEKEEPER'S PESTS.

BY E. D. K.

Third Paper.

ROACHES AND WATER BUGS.

GLO protests that she has never seen a flea, and it is not long since I met a lady over sixty years of age to whom a roach was an imaginary creature the size of a rat, armed with bristles, and endowed with the nocturnal sanguinary propensities of the vampire. I need not assure you that her home was among the mountains, and that she had never visited a seaboard town.

Although an undoubted pest, the roach is quite harmless. Individually he is not a large eater, and indeed is something of an epicure: but when you see one of these disgusting insects you may name him Gad, for "a troop cometh"—be sure of that, and thence forward guard well your larder.

In the Southern states the American

roach (*Blatta Americana*) is found everywhere—winged, but seldom using these appendages, since its nimble legs serve it most admirably. It multiplies rapidly, the female gluing her eggs to shelves, mouldings, table-leaves, chair-legs, and even picture-frames, away from the light, and secure from the observation of the best of housekeepers, sending out a brood of diminutive white insects in from eighteen to twenty days, which shy and active, thenceforward become an unmitigated torment,—squatter sovereigns, not to be dislodged by broom, duster, skewer, slipper, hot water, or any such device; whom Lyon's powder, ratsbane, corrosive sublimate, or Paris green will not frighten into relinquishing their luxurious though contested quarters. I do not say that you will be unable to kill any; but they will multiply prodigiously in spite of your slaughter. You will find them in your vases; behind your pictures; among your books; in your drawers; on your clean linen; in your boots and shoes, even; and I am not quite ready to warrant that, in spite of your utmost precaution, you will not serve one of them occasionally, and greatly to your mortification, with your breakfast or dinner. I dare not tell you of the *disjecta membra* which I have discovered at various times in soup, and biscuit, and pies; and doubtless there were some which I did not discover, but swallowed and digested without harm, and possibly—who knows?—with benefit. Are not locusts said to be nutritious? and they certainly constitute the food of many tribes of Eastern nomads, famed for strength, stature, and endurance. Not that I would recommend the *Blatta* as an article of diet,—heaven forfend!—but I have no doubt it has its use, and so in that sense, is not to be utterly despised; indeed, the assurance of an entomologist lies before me, that from the bodies of these insects may be distilled an oil which is a specific for neuralgia; would you hesitate to employ it more than the leech, or Spanish flies? or would the thought of its outward application nauseate you more than the remembrance of your first experience of cod liver extract? You swallowed that, you recollect—or tried to. The cochineal—of world wide fame for its magnificent color—is thought by some to alleviate the spasms of whooping cough, as minute doses of *mephitis putorius* certainly will, and *lachesis*—the livers of South American snakes—is said by Homœopathists to be remarkably efficacious in the treatment of malignant pustule.

But to return to our theme. We at the north are not less troubled by roaches than are our southern neighbors; but our visitor comes from over the water,—the East Indies principally. *Blatta Orientalis* is his cognomen, and his transit is made in merchandise of various sorts, perhaps as often in sugar boxes as in any other way, for the roach is a dear lover of sweets. I once visited a sugar refinery, through the courtesy of a friend who was peculiarly interested in it; and I do not exaggerate when I say that it was difficult to tell of which the building held the most—sugar or roaches. Indeed, in one of the rooms the floor was literally covered with these bold,

black creatures, which, unlike other varieties of their family, commit their depredations almost as fearlessly in broad daylight as under cover of the darkness. I hesitated at the threshold, and concluded not to run the gauntlet; and my friend afterward assured me that the men frequently shoveled them into kegs and barrels, when they became too numerous, and carried them off to the furnace. Unlikely as such a statement might appear at first sight, the thing could easily be done, since the insects are too heavy to hold their position in climbing, and once confined between perpendicular walls they would not be able to escape their impending fate of immolation, at least, in any great numbers.

These Eastern invaders of our homes are not only larger size and less timid habits than their American cousins, but they are much more voracious, and will eat almost anything which their mandibles can destroy, from wall paper to leather; and if nothing more appetizing offers, they will attack and devour each other, the weaker becoming the prey of the more vigorous. They are very strong, and exceedingly tenacious of life; their hard, arched backs will sustain weight positively enormous in proportion to their size, while they are covered with a network of nerves ramifying to every part of their curious bodies, so that though you pull them to pieces joint by joint, life will not leave a single mutilated member for hours after the disjunction.

I recall very vividly a house we once occupied in Boston, and the hordes of these insects domiciled in kitchen and basement, wood and coal were full of them; in the evening the sinks were black with their shiny bodies; about the fireplace they trooped by dozens—all sizes; every crack and crevice seemed alive. We could not move the table in the dining-room without starting a host of little ones; they crept into the cradle and nested in the work-basket. We dare not put on a boot or an over-shoe without first giving it a smart tap or the sole and turning it up and shaking it so that its possible occupants might be dislodged; they seemed ubiquitous and omnipresent. Night after night have we left a dim light in the kitchen, and waiting quietly in the sitting-room adjoining, till we were certain that they had commenced their nocturnal foraging, have suddenly charged upon them in the sink, I with the teakettle of boiling water, and Nemo with his slipper. O! how their shells rattled when they scented their enemies! and how remorselessly I emptied the scalding flood upon their fast retreating footsteps, while Nemo pursued the escaping outposts and reserves with his *paukofel*, slap-slap! slap-slap! almost faster than you could count. The morning sun told a tale, for many a slaughtered *Blatta* became food for other depredating comrades long before daylight. Our raids, however, did not seem to diminish to any great extent, the numbers of our tormentors; and then we resorted to poisons of various sorts. These proved alike abortive, in the case of the roaches, although they came near being the death of a certain

infantile human belonging to a neighbor; and we abandoned this method of warfare. Then we bought certain advertised electric and other powders, giving them a thorough trial, our insect foes meantime, steadily increasing and multiplying. Next we offered them salt—not in hospitable Oriental fashion, as perhaps they fancied, but with a dire intent, which, contrary to the assurance of the friend who recommended it, did not meet with its fulfillment. Paris green came next, for we were desperate. We daubed it everywhere, and violated our instincts of neatness for our pains. Utterly disengaged, we settled back into non-resistance, varied by semi-occasional spasms when teakettle and slipper were again brought into requisition, and made our arrangements to move. But how to move without colonizing also our enemy the *Blatta*—that was the question; for bureaus, baskets, boxes, drawers, and books hid its infant representatives by scores and even hundreds.

One day Nemo came home with a three pound paper of powdered borax. "I am going to try the roaches once more," said he, "and this is my *lernier resort*. Cleveland tells me that it will certainly send them packing. He was overrun with them when they bought the house on G— street, and now they haven't one, and haven't seen one for the last six months. We won't give up hot water and sole leather, though, they'll come in very well as auxiliaries. But we'll begin tomorrow morning, Minerva, with borax."

We began. We put it everywhere: in furniture and carpets, among linen and ornaments, papers and books; in parlor, sitting-room, and dining-room, up stairs and down stairs; in all the closets, in every crack we could find; in the extension-table, wherever on any part of the frame we could find a spot to sprinkle it; along the edges of the base-boards; between the bricks on the kitchen hearth; on the mantel, and over the mouldings of the fire-place, in and under and all about the sink, and in the piazza cracks. We persisted in the use of it, for we found after the first trial that our invaders were striking their tents and were fairly on the retreat; and it was not long before we were wholly free from them in our living rooms, and finally expelled them from cellar and basement. We did not move for some years; and I have the satisfaction of knowing that when at length we did, not a solitary *Blatta* accompanied us. Whither they went, when they left us, I know not; but they did not return to the scene of their discomfiture and final defeat.

Afterward, in another locality, we had a similar trial with water bugs, which are much smaller than roaches, lighter in color, and less repulsive in appearance, but evidently are distant cousins of the *Blatta*, if one may judge by their habits and tastes. Again we resorted to the borax, and with the same success as on the former occasion. Since then I have recommended it to many of my friends, who agree as to its entire effectiveness in dislodging these prolific, disgusting, and persistent pests. Hot alum water has also been recently suggested.

as an exterminator of all sorts of troublesome insects; and it is worth while to try it. But whatever one may use, the application of the remedy should be thorough, and the house-keeper as determined as vigilant, and as vigilant as determined. Half way measures seldom amount to much; and they accomplish as little when directed against the vermin which insist upon taking possession of our houses and victimizing their human occupants, as against any other class of so-called evils which I know of. It is perseverance which wins in the end rather than strength or the most praiseworthy impulses unaccompanied by tenacity of purpose.

BUTTER MAKING.

Care of milk dishes is first to be considered. The sour milk should first be rinsed from the pans in cool water, then wash in warm soap suds, rinse in clear water, scald, and wipe or dry them.

Do not allow the cream to remain on the pans too long. I do not mean by this you are to skim it soon enough to lose half the cream. It takes usually thirty-six or forty-eight hours, unless it be very warm, and sometimes longer; but better lose a little cream than allow it to hurt. Stir the cream in your cream pail every time after skimming, so that it may sour alike and no scum rise on the top. If your dairy cellar is a good one you may not need to cool your cream; but if it be a poor one and you cannot procure ice, if you have a well or cool spring handy, place your cream pail in it the night before you churn, being careful to suspend it so that the water will not get into the cream. By so doing you can have hard butter in very hot weather.

Scald your churn, and if it is an old one and has remained some time unused, throw in a little saleratus, then rinse in hot or cold water, according to the weather. The churning will require more strength than wisdom.

Roll the salt, scald and cool the tray that is to hold the butter, and prepare your hands by washing in as hot soap suds as you can bear, and then holding them in cold water. Take a lump of butter with both hands, opening and shutting them alternately, moving it briskly, and squeezing vigorously, to remove the buttermilk. No rule in regard to salting can be given to suit every body; two ounces to a pound, is, I think, about right, though some like butter much saltier than do others. When the salt is worked in, roll into one large lump and place in the cellar to harden; let it stand over night. Work in the same manner as you mould bread, or as when you took it from the churn, or some of both ways. If you are troubled with your hands sticking, after you have prepared them, dip them in buttermilk and shake off all you can.

Butter to be solid should be worked over. If you use the old style stamp instead of a mould, you can have a spat about four or five inches wide, and from six to ten inches in length, with a handle at one end. It can be made from a piece of smooth board,

with oblong pieces sawed out, so as to leave a handle. Make a ball of little purchases of sugar and calico—butter nearly round, and smaller in diameter than your stamp, hold the stamp in one hand place the ball on it, and spat hard enough to flatten it, then spat round the edges; if it leaves the ball uneven, spat as before, and you will have butter that will not roll when cut. Place on a board to harden before packing more closely. Butter that is soft when churned should be washed; and also that which is shaped up without working over.

Packing Butter.—In the first place, your tubs or jars should be perfectly sweet. Directions for cleansing old ones have already been given in THE HOUSEHOLD. New stone jars should be soaked in strong brine until the outside looks whitish; there may be exceptions when the salt will not come through, but be sure to have it well salted. After the butter is salted let it remain till the next morning, then work; set it away and let it harden, and work over again. Sprinkle some salt on the bottom of the jar, and pack the butter. If you do not like to use your hands so much you can use a wooden article for that purpose, and also for working your butter though it may require more strength. Cut a cloth a little larger than the top of your jar; after you have smoothed your butter wet the cloth and lay it on, and cover with salt quarter of an inch in depth. When you pack the next, remove it carefully and replace it on the next layer.

After your jar is full you can use the cloth and salt, or remove it and put on brine, as you prefer. Tie a stout cloth or paper over the cover, to exclude the air. I have packed butter in this way that has kept nicely.

Another way is to draw off the buttermilk from the churn and put in cold water, turn the crank so as to stir the butter well, draw off the water and put in some more, and so on until the last water is perfectly clear. Salt, let it harden, work over once, and pack.

Winter Butter.—Scald the milk, not allowing it to get so hot but that you can hold your finger in it, a few seconds. You can then freeze your milk if you choose, and if not too hard you can easily scrape off the cream. Let it remain frozen until churning day, then place your cream pail in quite warm water, and stir until the cream feels warm to your finger. If you wish to color it you can soak some grated carrot in milk and strain into your cream, or throw in the yolk of an egg when partly churned. Work over and shape, as soon as hard enough, which will be but a short time if set in a cold room.

Late in the fall when you do not scald your milk, and the cream is sweet when taken off, sour the first you collect. You can then skim into it by stirring well each time; if allowed to stand without souring it may become bitter.

FARMERS' WIVES.

Says a contributor of an Iowa paper:

I guess merchants who catch the country trade find it a familiar scene enough—the farmer's wife hesitating

and hoping and fearing over her poor and narrow shoulders, as if from creeping through small places. The sort of a man who wouldn't be seen knocking his wife down and dancing a Highland fling on her stomach; but that almost worse man, I was about to say, who day after day embitters and makes life hateful to her with just such small, unceasing, legal mean-
nesses as this which he exhibited to-
day. A man careful to his horses—
because a new horse costs money; and careful how he cheats his fellow-

men—for fear of being found out; and not at all careful of being a mean wretch in every other relation of life. And yet so self-satisfied, so uncon-
scious of being anything but the most upright and kingly sort of creature—

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

MR. EDITOR:—Taking your very valuable paper from the table, the first thing I see is, "Be it ever so humble here is no place like home," those good old words.

But are they always true? If there is no place like home, why do young boys seek enjoyment away from home?

I know homes where pleasure is looked upon as nonsense, even the children are kept as quiet as possible because it is so "silly" to laugh and have a good time.

The dinner is eaten in silence, the father sets at the head of the table, and shovels the food into his mouth in about the same manner as a person would fill a coal-hod with coal; mother

is also quiet, not because she is an un-
social lady, but because it would dis-
please her husband.

In the evening father takes his paper, mother her sewing, and the even-
ing is passed in silence, with the ex-
ception of a few common place re-
marks. Can the father think it strange

because his son is not at home in the evening? What does he do to induce him to remain there? A rebuke for going out nights, and nothing more.

I have seen other homes, far different from this one which I have endeavored to describe, homes where love dwelt within; happy homes, where the children were made happy, and the father and mother were also happy because their children enjoyed themselves. Homes where work and pleasure is blended together, where the children do not grow up selfish and sullen, but with happy faces and light hearts.

It has been truly said that "manners begin at home," but the future conduct of a boy or girl begins at home. Parents, remember that in a measure you are responsible for the future conduct of your sons and daughters. Strive to make them happy that they may have a good disposition. Truly you will have your reward, for

"There's beauty all around when there is love
and at home," and to my vision the happiest person on God's footstool is he who has the love of his children.

Mr. EDITOR:—For many months THE HOUSEHOLD has been a welcome visitor in my family. We take two other papers, and take books from the Town Library, but none of them interest or leave for me the valuable in-

formation that THE HOUSEHOLD does. I can say without flattery that it is the best paper we have ever taken. Here we have everything good, and nothing bad.

And now that dreadful Chicago man comes in with his slaughtering and big figures that few women would ever think of reading. That man has the pen of a ready writer, and could send us something nice from that beautiful city; if he does not let us put him out. We want no slaughtering, nor murdering, nor executions, nor divorces, nor elopements, nor any of those doings or sayings that poison the minds of young people; but let us have THE HOUSEHOLD just what it has been for the last three years. I ask it as a favor, not only for myself, but for others. I shall not be in a hurry to walk a mile and a half to the post office for my paper for fear Tim will be there with something more horrible than the last hog exhibition.

There are few households like ours where we have the real pen pictures of from grandma down to little Dot.

I think every word written by Experience, on Earnest Words with Parents are worth more than their weight in gold. Will Experience, or some of the kind sisters, write something in favor of that much abused class, step-mothers. There is many a kind, faithful, loving wife, who droops by the way on account of misrepresentations, and hard, cruel words given by children, and perhaps by their father also. Some of the sisters who pity Marah in her gilded cage, will surely have some words of sympathy for the mothers who work early and late for the children they did not bear. Some fond mother may say, rule them by love. I answer, that has been tried. A mother can punish her child, or send them to bed supperless for misconduct, but a step-mother must not do it. The husband and father may say he loves his wife because she treats his children well, does he love his children because they do not treat his wife well? It seems so to CONSCIENTIOUS.

The following letter was received too late for an insertion before the Holidays, but is not inappropriate at any season:

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—The proverb,

"she looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness," contains in a nut-shell the secret of successful housekeeping, as also, a solution to Mrs. O. C's query "how to have things looking just so."

Although ever admiring, and recognizing at a glance the results of systematic housekeeping, some of us have not always known how "to look well to the ways of" our "households," at the same time may not have "eaten the bread of idleness;" For a poor housekeeper performs twice—yes, thrice the labor of a neat, orderly housewife. But having been a pupil these many years in the school of experience, the proficiency gained therefrom I consider more valuable than a legacy of landed estate, and if by imparting it the younger members of THE HOUSEHOLD can be benefited, cheerfully will it be done.

To be worthy of the above commendation, the wants of each member of the family, as well as those of the

house, must be anticipated. Just now, preceding the holidays, their wants are more imaginary than real, nevertheless all other work has been laid aside, and for the past month every spare moment through the day, and evenings wholly, have been devoted to worsted work, embroidery, crocheting, knitting, etc., to present some tokens of affection, as well as to make a merry Christmas.

We find no difficulty in selection of gifts for girls, when it comes to the boys we are puzzled, there being so few articles one can make for them. Living too far from St. Paul to avail ourselves of its advantages we must be content with the assortment our small town offers, which look very meager compared with what we were accustomed to east. O, yes, there are plenty of toys and drums for small boys, but too plainly—through the intervening years of childhood, comes the sound of an only brother's drum and first pair of boots, ever to purchase either in winter for my boys. Between the two the whole family were in danger of becoming fit subjects for an insane asylum before spring. But this article must be brought to a close or the boys will be minus their scarfs and mittens. More anon from SISTER SARAH.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I can keep silence no longer, when so many of our HOUSEHOLD Band have spoken kindly through your welcome paper. I have enjoyed reading THE HOUSEHOLD one year, and now I could hardly exist without it. My heart overflows with thankfulness to our dear sisters for the ever helping hand which is always extended to us in our little home troubles which every young housekeeper experiences, but why call them little troubles when they are so deeply woven into the web of life? When we are weary of our task, and all our duties seem irksome, it is a relief to go to you for comfort, and feeling your soothing influence we return to our task with lighter hearts and footsteps, feeling that we have a part to play in the great drama of life. If it is not known and applauded by the public, it is appreciated by loving hearts at home.

And after all it is here where all our happiness dwells. Ours is a labor of love; a kind word and cheerful face given to welcome a tired husband, making home pleasant and ministering to his wants. We may sometimes be disheartened for there are times when all seems dark—we cannot see that we have accomplished anything. But He who will not let a sparrow fall unnoticed watches us and remembers our deeds of kindness, though they be ever so small, and in the glorious hereafter we will receive our reward.

CORA.

COOKING CODFISH.

MR. CROWELL:—Nettie asks how to cook salt codfish, I will send her my way. Pick it in small pieces, put on the fire in cold water, let it come to a boil, set it where it will keep hot till ready for it, then drain off the water, put it in a warm dish and pour over it a cup of sweet cream, or instead of cream use butter gravy.

This, with baked potatoes, good bread and butter, and tea or coffee, makes a good breakfast.

Another way.—Take the skin off, cut it in thin, small pieces, soak it ten or twelve hours in cold water, changing the water once or twice; cut some fat pork into small pieces and fry it. Drain all the water off the fish and fry in the hot fat ten or fifteen minutes.

Another way.—This is nice for tea. Take off the skin, broil it on the bottom of the oven, or on a grate on top of the stove, pound it, pour boiling water on it, let it soak fifteen or twenty minutes, changing the water three or four times. Put it in a warm dish, and put some butter and a little boiling water on it.

I suppose every one knows the old fashioned way of cooking fish and potatoes, but salt fish should never be boiled. It should be put on the fire in cold water three or four hours before dinner time, brought to a boil and left to soak. An hour before it is wanted for the dinner table the water should be changed, the fish brought to a boil and kept hot till the meal is ready. In this way very hard and dry fish may be made soft and tender.

Fish chowder.—For three or four pounds of fish, (haddock is best,) cut about half a pound of salt fat pork into small pieces and fry; peel four large potatoes and slice them; when the pork is fried a nice brown put in a layer of fish, then one of potatoes, with a little salt and pepper, till it is all in, then pour on just boiling water enough to cover, let it cook till the potatoes are done. Mix a tablespoonful of flour with a little milk, stir it with a quart of milk, and pour into the chowder; split from eight to twelve crackers, wet them in cold water and lay over the top of the chowder; let it boil two or three minutes and it is done. Johnny says

it will beat the Nantucket chowder all hollow.

Clam chowder is nice cooked in the same way, except that the water that the clams are boiled in should be used instead of fresh water, omitting the salt.

Mrs. D. A. P.

PITTSBURGH YEAST.

Tie up in a thin cotton bag, one ounce of fresh hops, (hops should be kept in the dark, they lose their strength in the light.) Put the hops, with four pounds of pared potatoes into a vessel kept for this purpose and pour on two quarts of boiling water. Let them boil slowly until the potatoes will mash through a colander, add more water if it boils away. Do not boil in iron, or use an iron spoon, it colors the yeast. Scald your yeast jar thoroughly, which should be a three gallon earthen crock, (tin, glass, or stone ware, chill too soon,) with a plate, or lid fitting well to the rim. It is very much better than a jug, easier to fill, and easier to cleanse. Put in your jar one pound of flour, and pour the boiling hop water on the flour, rub it smooth of all lumps, you should have two quarts of hop water, if not that much pour boiling water over the hop bag and squeeze it. The flour must be thoroughly cooked with the hop water,

or it will soon sour; the jar can be set on the stove while you are mixing and stirring it. Mash the potatoes through a colander and mix with the flour and hop water. When nearly cold add a cupful of good yeast, when it has risen and commenced to settle, add two ounces white sugar, one ounce of salt, half an ounce of ginger, (salt and ginger help to preserve the yeast,) keep it in a warm place until it ceases to rise, then put it in a cool dark place.

When it begins to foam stir once or twice, it will make it still lighter.

It should never be thinner than will just pour. When yeast has a strong, tart smell, and a watery appearance on the surface, with sediment at the bottom, it is too old for use. After making it once or twice by measuring, you will soon learn to make it without, although I think it always pays for the extra time and trouble. It is so little trouble to make, and so necessary to health, that I am surprised any household should ever be without, and compelled to use baking powders, soda, etc., etc.

Large handful of hops, weighs one ounce; sixteen pared potatoes, weighs four pounds; two tablespoonfuls white sugar, weighs two ounces; one tablespoonful of salt, weighs one ounce; one tablespoonful of ginger, weighs half an ounce; one pound of flour, and two quarts of hop water.

J. I. M.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

RUSK.—Mr. CROWELL:—I will send for THE HOUSEHOLD a recipe for rusk which I know to be good. Take two teacups of white sugar, one teacup of butter or lard, two teacups of boiling water, a tablespoonful of essence of cinnamon; when cool enough add a teacup of good yeast and a teaspoonful of salt, knead about as stiff as bread, let it stand until very light, then make out in small cakes and let it rise very light again. Bake half an hour.

L. S.

FRUIT WASHINGTON CAKE.—One pound of butter, one pound of sugar, one pound of flour, eight or ten eggs, three pounds of currants, four pounds of raisins, one pound of citron, one teacup of molasses, one gill of brandy, one ounce of cinnamon, one ounce of mace or nutmeg, one ounce of cloves, and one dessert spoonful of soda put in dry. Bake from three to four hours. I have had this cake two years, and it was splendid.

MEASURE POUND CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, six eggs, the whites and yolks beat separately, and two cups of flour. Flavor to your taste.

TEA BISCUIT.—One quart of flour, a piece of butter the size of an egg worked through the flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar sifted in while dry, one teaspoonful of soda, and mix with sweet milk very soft. Bake in a hot oven.

AUNT ELIZA'S COOKIES.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, two eggs, one-half cup of cream or water, and one-half teaspoonful of soda. Roll thin and sift granulated sugar over them before baking. Flavor with orange, nutmeg and seeds, if you like.

CUP CAKE.—One cup of butter, three cups of sugar, four eggs, four cups of flour, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, mace and soda, and one pound of raisins.

CROLERS.—Three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, six tablespoonfuls of sugar, three eggs. The whites and yolks beat separately, and flavor with nutmeg or anything you like. Mix very soft and roll thin.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—One cup of molasses, one cup of butter, one cup of water, two cups of flour, three eggs, one dessert spoonful of soda, and one teaspoonful of ginger.

AUNT ELIZA.

TAPIOCA CREAM.—Mr. CROWELL, Sir:—I noticed a request in a late number for a

recipe for tapioca cream. I have one which I consider very excellent, and if acceptable, shall be glad to contribute my mite to the many useful recipes given in your paper. Soak three tablespoonfuls of tapioca till soft and of the consistency of starch. Scald one quart of milk; beat the yolks of four eggs with six tablespoonfuls of sugar, add to the tapioca, then pour into the milk and boil a few minutes; flavor and pour into a dish, and set in a cool place. Just before eating beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and stir into the custard.

MRS. D. B. L.

I send a few recipes which I find excellent, and always have success with them.

SPONGE CAKE.—For one large loaf, beat three eggs together two minutes, add one and one-half cups of sugar and beat five minutes, add one cup of flour and one-half cup of water and beat two minutes, one-half teaspoonful of soda and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, or two teaspoonfuls of baking powder in one cup of flour, salt and flavor.

QUICK LOAF CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one egg, one and one-half cups of sweet milk, five cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, raisins, citron and salt. This makes two loaves.

NICE FRENCH CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, four eggs, one cup of milk, three cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. This makes two loaves.

JELLY CAKE.—Three eggs, one cup of sugar, two-thirds cup of milk, two cups of flour, a piece of butter the size of a butter-nut, two even teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and one even teaspoonful of soda. This makes an excellent jelly cake, and does not break when taken from the pan.

POUND CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of flour, and three eggs beaten separately. This makes one loaf.

MRS. WM. B. J.

BRIDE'S CAKE.—*Mr. Editor:*—As I have read your paper with much interest, and I am one of your Western subscribers, I would like to contribute my nice recipe for bride's cake, hoping it will be a benefit to some fair maid who is contemplating marriage. Ten eggs, four cups of sugar, two cups of butter, four cups of flour, two cups of corn starch, two cups of milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and one teaspoonful of soda. This makes a large cake. You can frost it yourself and purchase the ornament at your city bakery, and then you will have as nice a cake as though made at the bakery, and it will cost only about one-half what they will charge.

J. A. W.

CHOCOLATE DROPS.—In the February number of THE HOUSEHOLD Abby wishes for a recipe for chocolate drops such as confectioners have. Here is one which is sure to please if directions are strictly followed. Two cups of granulated sugar, one-half cup of water, and one-half cake of Baker's chocolate. Boil sugar and water together exactly five minutes after commencing to boil; should be boiled in a porcelain lined dish. Stir constantly while boiling, also while cooling. While cooling add extract of vanilla to taste. Roll up into fifty balls size of a marble as soon as cool enough to handle. Scrape the chocolate into a small tin dish and place over the teakettle until the steam has dissolved it, then roll the balls separately in the chocolate (using a fork for the purpose), then lay them on buttered paper to cool.

NEW SUBSCRIBER.

INDIAN LOAF.—Having for some time been a reader of your valuable paper, and feeling an interest in it, I enclose a recipe which I consider very good for making an Indian loaf. Take two cups of sour milk, one cup of sweet milk, two cups of Indian meal, one cup of flour, six tablespoonfuls of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, and salt to taste. Steam two hours.

GRAHAM BREAD.—Three teacupfuls of buttermilk, one-half teacupful of molasses, one teaspoonful of salt, and one teaspoonful of saleratus. Stir a little thicker than for

common cake, and let it rise until quite light and bake half an hour. You want to begin early in the morning.

TOMATO SOUP.—Take ten tomatoes, medium size, (canned or fresh,) boil in one pint of water until soft, then put in one teaspoonful of soda; when foaming has ceased add one quart of milk, season with butter, salt and pepper to taste, and pour over broken crackers. We think this very nice.

L. C. C.

DOLLY VARDEN CAKE.—*Geo. E. Crowell, Dear Sir:*—We are very much pleased with THE HOUSEHOLD, and would like to add to the valuable recipes which appear in its columns. I have never seen the one I send in print, but can vouch for its excellence. Two cups of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, three eggs, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and flavor with lemon. Bake one-half the above mixture in two pans. To the remainder add one tablespoonful of molasses, one cup of chopped raisins, one-half cup of currants, a piece of citron, chopped fine, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg and allspice. Bake in two pans, and put the sheets together alternately, with a little jelly or the white of an egg beaten to a froth.

O. H. O. B.

FRUIT CAKE.—A request was in the December HOUSEHOLD for a good recipe for a fruit cake. The following I have used during many years, and always with success. One pound of sugar, three-fourths pound of butter, one pound of flour, ten eggs, two pounds of raisins, two pounds of currants, one-half pound of citron, cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves, and half a tumbler of spirits.

C. V. P.

I will send a few recipes that may be useful to those who may be nursing the sick, for we are always having sickness among us, and unfortunately there are few of us who are able to make nourishing and palatable food for the sick room.

INVALID CUP PUDDING.—One tablespoonful of flour, one egg; mix with a cup of cold milk and a pinch of salt to a batter, and boil fifteen minutes in a buttered cup. Eat with sauce, fruit or sugar.

BEEF TEA.—Cut half a pound of round steak in small pieces and put into a bowl of luke warm water, cover and set it where it will gradually heat; in about half an hour turn it into a lined saucepan, cover closely, let it boil ten or fifteen minutes, skimming well, and season while cooking.

LEMONADE.—This is invaluable in fevers and rheumatic affections. Roll the lemons soft, squeeze out the juice, put two tablespoonfuls of white sugar to each lemon and fill up with cold or boiling water, as you desire to have it hot or cold.

EGG TOAST.—Make a soft toast, have ready one or more fresh eggs which have been boiled twenty minutes, remove the shells, cut them in slices, place upon the toast, and season them. They may be eaten with impunity by the most delicate invalid, as an egg boiled twenty minutes is even more easily digested than when soft boiled.

KID GLOVES can be cleaned effectually with spirits of turpentine.

PIANO KEYS should never be washed in warm water, as it renders them yellow; always use cold water.

L. M. B.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Some months ago a lady inquired how to make an imitation of coral. I have a basket made in this manner: Make the frame of the basket any form desired, of wire, then tie on raisin stems enough to cover it. Melt together half as much beeswax as resin, let it cool a little, then hold the basket over the dish, and with a spoon dip the liquid over it, turning it over and over. When it has become perfectly cold, brush it over with a paint made of one part white lead, two parts vermillion, and mixed with boiled linseed oil. If a darker shade is preferred, use more vermillion.

Abby asks in the February number of THE HOUSEHOLD how to make squash pies. I

make them as follows: Cut the squash in two, take out the seeds, pare off the rind, and boil in water until soft, then pass it through a colander, using for two pies, one teacup of squash, same quantity of sugar and of milk, two eggs beaten, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, and one teaspoonful of cinnamon. Bake with one crust. The water should be poured off before it passes through the colander.

If Lue cannot get a carpenter to make a wooden cross for a trifle, she can make one of pasteboard. The white sheet wax can be procured at a small cost, with which cover the cross. Wind some fine wire with white tissue paper for stems to the ivy leaves, cut the leaves small at the top of the vine, and larger as they near the foot of the cross. When finished brush it over with a solution of gum arable dissolved in water, and sprinkle on diamond frosting. It should be made in a warm room, as the sheets of wax break easily when cutting the leaves from them. Lay the sheet on a pane of glass, lay on the leaf pattern, and cut around it with a small knife.

Mattoon, Ill.

MR. CROWELL:—In THE HOUSEHOLD for March, 1874, Mrs. J. H. B. gives directions for making a worsted mat. She writes: "The outer edge I finish with a small shell." I wish to know how to make the shell.

W. L. T.

Zinc, under a stove, can be brightened better with Bristol brick dampened with concentrated ley, than anything I ever tried.

DEAR SIR:—In the February number E. L. H. A. wishes to find some one to repair her comb. At 130 Washington street, Boston, E. K. Josselyn does such work.

M. C. P. G.

MR. CROWELL:—In THE HOUSEHOLD for March, 1874, Mrs. J. H. B. gives directions for making a worsted mat. She writes: "The outer edge I finish with a small shell." I wish to know how to make the shell.

M. R. T.

MR. CROWELL:—*Sir:*—I have been a subscriber to THE HOUSEHOLD for three years, and during that time have noticed many requests for direction for canning corn, and have also seen many replies from those that claimed to have put it up successfully. I have often thought to speak to them on the subject, but as I could not enlighten them much, have held my peace; but after reading the earnest request of Mrs. E. A. Dolbear in the January number, I was reminded of my own futile attempts before I knew how, and thought I would just say to her that there is a secret about the canning of corn, beans and peas, which, as she does not possess it, it is a mere waste of time and fuel to make another attempt.

The directions are not likely to find publication for it would interfere with the interest of the canning factories, but it is known to a few disinterested persons, and I am happy to say I have obtained the secret, but am not at liberty to impart it.

I have taken the premium at the St. Louis fair for two years for canned vegetables, and think myself quite an adept at the art, and when I see so

many directions given for canning vegetables as simply as fruits, or even by boiling five or six hours, I feel like telling what I know about canning.

Mrs. L. G.

Will some one give a recipe for coloring light calico brown, for carpet rags? Also, how to make good soup.

C. F. S.

Will you please inquire through THE HOUSEHOLD for the method of coloring straw straws different colors? and oblige,

LUCY H. W. J.

I should like to have some one tell me through THE HOUSEHOLD how to cook

squash, and oblige,

A READER.

Will some of THE HOUSEHOLD family tell me how to clean kid gloves?

I have a way to make doughnuts which I think very good: Two cups of sugar, four cups of sour milk, a scant cup of shortening and four eggs. Flavor with nutmeg.

Cranberry pie is better with cake spread on in place of a top crust. Any cake we happen to be making will do.

U. W.

MR. EDITOR:—Will some of the many readers of THE HOUSEHOLD please give a recipe for cleaning buckskin gloves? I have a very nice pair which are somewhat soiled, and have been told that they could be cleaned, but no one that I have asked seems to know how it is done; so as a last resort I come to our invaluable friend, THE HOUSEHOLD, feeling sure that out of the many subscribers there will be some one who will help this poor child out of her dilemma.

E. L. G.

Will some of your many readers please give some recipes for making hard resin soap, and also toilet soap? and oblige,

MRS. L. M. F.

Davenport, Iowa.

Will some one please tell how to salt cucumbers, or pickle them in any way for the market?

MRS. B. N. J.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Although I have known you but a short time, I have come to regard you as a valued friend. I believe every

home to which you find your way is made

happier and better by your pages.

I am a novice at housekeeping, and would like to join the questioners. Will some sister give me a recipe for light oat meal cakes? and will some one tell me how to make any kind of simple mantel ornaments?

MRS. E. M.

Will some one please tell how to salt cucumbers, or pickle them in any way for the market?

MRS. B. N. J.

MR. CROWELL:—*Sir:*—In the November number Mantle E. L. wishes to know how to make picture frames. Take thin pieces of board tack firmly together in the shape you wish your frame; cover with well-worked putty, then arrange shells or seeds to taste, pressing them well into the putty. Mine are made of common snail shells, and are very pretty when varnished. Louie S. will find this a very simple way. Cigar boxes lined with merino and covered with shells make very handsome work boxes.

Will some of your many readers inform me how to make hanging shelves for toys, etc.? Also, how to make old fashioned Indian pudding? and oblige a subscriber's daughter.

West Kansas City, Mo.

MINNIE P.

I would like very much to have some articles published in THE HOUSEHOLD upon the subject of Kindergarten schools, with their method of instruction, cost of apparatus, etc., and also of calico printing and designing. I am very much interested, but cannot find out much about either subject. Cannot some one who knows enlighten us?

MRS. BELLE E. G.



HIDDEN BEAUTIES.

BY L. T. HOLBROOK.

In an ancient church in the city of Rome,
Far up in the grand and lofty dome,
The master hand of an artist had traced
Cartoons, which should never have been defaced.

The sun that stole through the turret blinds
Had faded the colors and marred the designs;
And dust, like a veil, gathered thick and fast,
And hid from the present the work of the past.

And the thronging people who worship below,
And the priests who are wont to come and go,
Ne'er dream, as they gaze on the wall so high,
Of the rare beauties that hidden lie.

But a painter, one day enwrapped in thought,
On the dingy walls an outline caught,
And guessed that under the dust and mould,
Lay the work of some of the artists old.

And when he had swept the dust away,
And freely let in the light of day,
The magic brush in his skillful hand
Retouched in o' life the pictures so grand.

And they flooded the chapel with radiance bright,
Till it seemed almost like a holy light,
And the people, delighted, laughed and wept,
To think that the walls such a prize had kept.

So all around in this world of ours
Are beautiful characters, fairer than flowers,
By evil influence marred and specked,
Or hidden away under cold neglect,

That need but the touch of a helping hand,
And a pitying love that will understand,
To clear the rubbish and wrong away,
And raise to the life of an endless day.

—Watchman and Reflector

TWO LEAVES FROM A LIFE.

BY MRS. JULIA A. CARNEY.

WHO shall we have for our queen?" asked the pupils of the village school a little doubtfully, as they stood discussing the programme for the coming May party.

Several names were instantly trembling upon as many lips among the older girls, checked by the thought that the owners were present. The younger girls and the boys had but one name to utter, and it was shouted forth eagerly, for its owner was absent—"Jeannie! Jeannie! oh! let's have Jeannie for our queen!"

The older girls looked at each other in silence. Each one thought what no one liked to say. Yet it would not be anything in Jeannie's disfavor, for she was a general favorite.

"Now, what's the matter with you all, girls?" exclaimed George Bond, almost angrily; "not one word for Jeannie from any one of you! One would think you were all angry with her."

"No, no, that is not it," exclaimed several. Only Mary Bond, George's elder sister, ventured to say, "You know, George, her mother is very poor—"

"Well, what if she is?" interrupted the impetuous boy with flushed face and flashing eyes. "Is Jeannie to blame for that? Because her father was killed in the war, while ours came home in safety, and so her mother has to go out washing while ours stays in a good home and takes care of us—is that a reason she should be slighted?"

"No, George, you do not understand us. I presume we were all

thinking that Jeannie had no dress fit for the party."

"Fiddlesticks!" growled Charlie Burt, "she looks better in her patched calico than any of you do with your finery."

"Now, Charlie, you are positively rude;" said Mary, in her turn becoming almost angry. "You do not suppose Jeannie has so little feeling as to come to our May party in an old faded or patched dress, and be set upon a throne for us all to dance around and offer our flowers. If we were to choose her she would not once think of accepting, but would suppose we did it purposely to mortify her, and remind her of their poverty."

"No," interposed Lucy Smith, "she could hardly think that, for she knows we all love her very much, and she is too truthful herself to be suspicious. She would think we were only thoughtless. I have been thinking, however, of a way to manage this difficulty."

"Oh! what is it? what is it?" they all exclaimed eagerly.

"Be very quiet all of you, and listen without interrupting, or I will not tell you. You boys are always so noisy, and this thing has got to be managed just right, or we shall wound Jeannie's pride instead of making her happy."

"Jeannie hasn't any pride," said several.

"Yes, she has," replied several others, older and more thoughtful, "she is as proud as any of us. We should not love her if she had not a proper pride."

"But what is the plan?" asked others, growing impatient.

"I cannot explain it while you all keep talking," said Lucy.

In an instant a finger was laid upon every lip, and all stood in an attitude of listening.

"There, that will do, don't make me laugh," said Lucy. "We all of us, I suppose have a little spending money of our own. We will put it all together, and get Miss Wilton, the dressmaker, to select a neat dress for Jeannie, and make it in time for the party. We will make a pretty May basket, and hang it upon her door, and if Jeannie suspects us of doing it, I think it will seem to her and her mother a gift of love not charity."

"Yes, that will do! That will do!" was echoed by all, and as it was necessary to be quick for Jeannie would be at school next day, she being obliged to be absent once a week to take care of the little ones while her mother was out to work, the necessary arrangements were soon made. The money was placed in care of Mary Bond and Lucy Smith, who were a kind of committee to carry out the plan, and assist the dressmaker in her selection.

As several of the girls were about Jeannie's size, the fitting was easily arranged and the making went on rapidly, for Mary and Lucy spent all their time out of school hours in the little room adjoining Miss Wilton's shop, assisting with nimble fingers.

The boys made the basket of willow twigs, and trimmed it with moss. The pretty blue cashmere was carefully folded and laid in, having been trimmed at throat and wrist with delicate lace. A pretty necktie was pinned in its place, a wreath of white daisies confined by a scarlet ribbon, well suited to contrast with Jeannie's dark curls, was added by Miss Wilton, who remarked, "they looked exactly like natural flowers, and would not fade as quickly."

Upon hearing this George Bond, with rather a shame-faced air, displayed a bouquet of pink azalias, he had gathered in the woods, and placed for a contrast with a spray of white lilacs from the garden; and asked if they would fade before the next day.

Miss Wilton, with a quiet smile, placed the stems in a bunch of damp moss, and wrapping a thick paper over the moss to protect the dress from injury, laid them in the basket.

Then George and Charlie took the basket, and hanging in upon the door of the humble cottage, knocked loudly and hurried away.

The inmates of the cottage were a little startled, but as it was early in the evening and they lived in a very quiet village, they were not afraid, except that some neighbor was ill, and had sent in haste for assistance.

When they saw the basket, they were much surprised, but when they had examined the contents, they felt as if it were all a dream. Everything was so tastefully arranged, and the inscription upon the dress—"for one we all love"—touched their feelings so deeply, that there was no room for pride. The wreath bore a slip of paper upon which was written "For Jeannie—The Queen of May."

Ten years afterwards, George Bond and Charlie Burt were together on their way to that quiet New England village. It had been the home of their childhood—it was still the home of their parents.

They had been for several years residing in foreign lands, one at the French capital as the agent of a large New York company, the other at Rome, where the taste and genius of his earlier years had ripened into artistic skill. Thus the one had grown rich and the other famous, but the friendship of their childhood still remained unchanged, or rather it had strengthened with their growth to manhood. It was now to be more closely cemented by the marriage of Charlie to George's sister.

Mary Bond and Charlie Burt had been lovers from their earliest remembrance, and had never had any more serious interruption to their affection than was the little quarrel upon the village green. They were now to be united for life, and it was this which occasioned the visit of the young man to their early home. By a prior arrangement they had met, and having arrived in the same steamer at New York, were now journeying to New England in company.

Being detained in Providence by accident, they concluded to while away the time of the vexatious delay by an excursion to Newport. As the young friends had not met before for several years, they had much to say to each other. Each had been too intent upon his life work to hold frequent correspondence, either with each other or with home friends. They had not therefore much knowl-

edge of affairs in their native town, and such little items as their home letters had conveyed to them, they interchanged with each other.

"By the way, George," said Charlie, as they sat enjoying their cigars after dinner, "you remember pretty Jeannie Davis, the favorite of all the school. You must, of course, for you helped me to carry her May basket, the evening before she was crowned queen of May, and you scarcely left her side the whole next day. I remember we used to call you her knight, because you defended her so valiantly from any sneers or slights on account of poverty."

"I believe I was not the only one who did that," responded George drily, "did not you and Mary once come very near having a quarrel in her behalf?"

"Don't get offended so easily, old fellow, or I shall begin to think I have found the secret of your bachelor propensities. Jeannie was a special favorite with us all, and if my heart had not been early taken possession of by your fair sister, I am not sure but I should have devoted it to our pretty May queen. She was the poorest girl in school, as well as the prettiest and sweetest—"

"I'll tell Mary of that as soon as we arrive home," interrupted George, who for some reason appeared to wish the subject changed.

"Never fear I for that," responded Charles, who was blinded by the light of his own happiness, and did not perceive his friend's vexation. "Mary loved Jeannie too well to be jealous of her, and she knew I only took her part because her mother was poor, and they had enough to suffer without having unnecessary pain through our thoughtlessness.

"They are rich enough now," jerked out George, flinging away his cigar and springing to his feet, as if he could endure no longer. "Is it not time for the boat?"

"Nearly so, I think," responded Charlie, with an apparent unconsciousness of his friend's change of demeanor. He began to think he had himself been giving "unnecessary pain through thoughtlessness."

So he went himself to the clerk of the hotel, and while paying the bill for himself and George, examined the register for names of which he was in search.

He had that morning in passing through the hall, observed two ladies whose appearance seemed to him so very like some he had met before, that as the door of their room closed upon them, and prevented a longer scrutiny of their countenances, he had turned to note its number. At the time it was but a vague feeling that he had met them before. As he sat smoking upon the porch with George, the remembrance became more clearly defined, and fixed itself around Mrs. Davis and Jeannie in a manner to lead to his abrupt mention of their names. Absorbed in reverie, he had noticed George's uneasiness, and had continued to talk in that desultory manner until brought to a sudden conviction that he was entering forbidden ground.

The only thing that had led him to doubt that the ladies he had seen were indeed his old friends, was that they

were richly, although plainly dressed, and that their appearance indicated a degree of leisure and freedom from care quite incompatible with their former fortunes.

Now that George's remark had conveyed the idea that they were no longer poor, he was convinced that they were the same, and that two of the friends of his youth were sojourning in the same house, although separated by circumstances which he could not well control. For only a few moments was left them, if they would not be delayed still longer from their journey towards the home they had left so long—the friends who were expecting their arrival.

A glance at the hotel register showed him that the occupants of room number — were "Mrs. Davis—Jeannie Van Wert." "So it was them," thought he, "and Jeannie is married, of course, by the name, and George knew it, and—" Here the sound of the last bell checked all further soliloquy, and he was off toward home and Mary.

Once there, however, and the first eager greetings exchanged, he did not long forget his friend's apparent emotion, nor his own interest, which was not mere curiosity, as to the fate of his early friends.

What information he received from Mary, we will not say, but he left her side rather abruptly and walked rapidly towards the telegraph office. About an hour afterwards one of those little missives, which convey so much of joy or woe in so few words, was handed to Mary, who received it with a bright smile, and exchanged a glance of mysterious meaning with her mother.

About the same time next day, Mr. Bond's carriage came to the door, and Charlie and Mary were soon seated therein. Instead of the pleasant road toward the open country, or the more secluded one through the quiet woodland—their favorite drives—they took the hot, dusty road directly towards the railroad station.

Upon their return, two ladies were the occupants of the carriage with them, and a huge Saratoga trunk was fastened behind. Mrs. Bond gave them a warm welcome, as was her wont to visiting friends, and ere George returned from his long ramble over the adjacent hills, they were quite rested from the short journey they had taken. They were no other than our Jeannie, the young queen of May, no longer a child in years, but still almost so in simplicity and purity of heart, and her mother, who seemed to have really grown younger than when we saw her in the cottage home.

"I have a pleasant surprise for you, George," said his sister, kindly, meeting him at the gate. "Your old friend, Jeannie, and her mother, are with us. I wrote you about the change in her fortunes you know."

"Yes; you wrote me she was about to sell herself," said George, bitterly, "but I do not care to meet her now. While she remains I will board at the hotel." He would have walked rapidly away, but Mary's hand upon his arm detained him.

"Why, George, what can you mean? I wrote you once that village gossip reported she was about to marry the

rich old Mr. Van Wert, but in my very next letter contradicted the report."

"Then what means the change of name? I saw it for myself, on the register of the hotel in Newport—Jeannie Van Wert." George also had examined the hotel books, it appears.

"Oh, George! I don't believe you have received half my letters since you have been away. I told you the whole story. Come into the summer house with me, and rest on this seat, we while have a talk, as we used when we were children."

The bewildered man suffered himself to be led by his sister as a little child, into that cool, shaded spot, the favorite resort of their childhood, and the place for all their youthful confidences.

Here in her sweet, sisterly way, she told him the whole story. How Mr. Van Wert, the wealthy and aged invalid, had come to the village, seeking a home for the summer, away from the noise and heat of the crowded city. How he had found it in the pretty cottage, and how tenderly he had been nursed by Jeannie and her mother. How village rumor had reported that he was desirous of playing "Auld Robin Gray" to her "Jeannie," but whether it were true or not, or if so, whether there were a "Jamie awa'" or not, no one certainly knew. The old man never left their kindly care, but for the better world. He died at the little cottage, just as the autumn leaves began to fall.

Then it was found he had left a will in which, having no near relatives, he had, after a few remembrances of old servants, bequeathed all of his large property to Mrs. Davis and Jeannie. There were several conditions, one of which was that they should take his name, another that they should reside in his splendid mansion in the city, at least during the winter season. If either one refused compliance, then the whole property was to go to the other; if both refused, then the whole went to certain public institutions. Mrs. Davis could not be induced to exchange the name received at the marriage altar from the beloved husband of her youth, for that of a comparative stranger; but Jeannie felt that her deceased father could but approve so simple and innocent a means of assisting her mother in her declining years. She therefore inherited the whole property, but immediately transferred a large amount of bank stock to her mother's name, and made a handsome donation to each of the charitable institutions named in the will.

"I had written them," said Mary, "of my approaching marriage, and solicited a visit at that time, but receiving no reply had begun to be anxious lest sickness had befallen them, when Charlie told me they were at Newport. I sent a telegram yesterday, and receiving a reply favorable to my wishes, Charlie and I have just been to meet them at the station. I reserved the surprise for you until their arrival, and here you are talking of running away the moment I tell you they are here, you great, naughty boy."

The "great, naughty boy" caught his sister in his arms, and hugged and kissed her until Charlie, who was beginning to wonder at her long absence

from the drawing room, where he was entertaining the visitors, rushed in, and pretended to rescue her from a ruffian. He told George he need not take quite all his sister's attention to himself, but allow the rest of the company a little of it, while George retorted that he need not be so selfish as to want her all to himself, when in a few days he was to take her away from them all.

Then they all suddenly remembered that they were needed at the house, and adjourned thither. George had by this time recovered his equanimity, and gave his early friends a frank and cordial greeting. Mrs. Davis told him she had seen both him and Charlie at Newport, and "never should have known them in the world." Jeannie simply blushed, and did not inform them if they had been recognized or not.

The few days which elapsed before the wedding were very busy ones indeed to all the household. George however found time for many long visits to the little cottage, which Mrs. Davis and Jeannie still occupied for a few months every summer, and to which they had insisted upon retiring the day after their arrival. Mrs. Bond and Mary at first objected strongly, but Jeannie was firm, and at last found means to convince Mary at least that it was best.

One beautiful morning there was a bridal at Judge Bond's stately mansion, in which George and Jeannie took but a secondary part, as bridesmaid and groomsman. A few hours later, the same party were assembled in the little cottage near—a short and pleasant walk across the green—and the same parties again took their places before the same clergyman, but this time it was Charlie and Mary who took the secondary part.

Before the arrival of the train which was to bear them to Jeannie's city home, where Charlie and Mary were to remain Mrs. Davis' guests until the steamer sailed for Europe, when George and Jeannie were to make a trip to the Rockies, there was found time to peep into a basket made of curiously woven willow twigs and dried moss. It contained a little girl's dress of blue cashmere, a wreath of white flowers, and a bunch of withered azalias.

"Had some good fairy given me a peep into this trunk, Jeannie," whispered George, "I should not have remained in Rome so many lonely years."

"And then the world would have lost so many of the beautiful pictures you painted there," responded Jeannie. "For while the earth endureth will it be true, that the greatest triumph of artist or hero, poet or prophet, will be wrought out amid the depths of lonely suffering hearts."

THE SUNNY SIDE OF AUTHORSHIP.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD FRIENDS:—With all due deference to Mrs. Dorr, and others wiser than myself, I would ask if it is not time to give our Maud an encouraging word. So much that is discouraging has been written—so persistently has the dark side been presented, that it seems to me some one

should extend a hand to help her out of the slough of despond into which she must by this time have fallen. I think that a too cautious spirit has dictated the letters which Maud's question evoked. Knowing how common a thing it is for bright "girls of nineteen" to scribble trashy verses and common-place prose, and fearing that she is one of the number who will write trash, they naturally wish to deter her from madly "rushing into print." They would not indirectly assist to swell the ranks of mediocre writers by rash encouragement.

I confess this consideration has somewhat staggered me. It is certainly something to be thought of. On the other hand, may we not be doing a positive injury by over-caution?

It is a common, and ordinarily a true saying, that "if one has anything to say he will say it." This rule like all others, admits of exceptions. It is generally conceded that authors and aspirants to that honorary degree, have their full share of conceit. Yet it may be that a few—and remember, we are speaking of those who have genuine ability—who would not be disheartened by snubs or any kind of opposition, have yet modesty enough to defer, for a time, to the kindly expressed counsel of their elders and superiors in wisdom.

Let us suppose, what none of us can positively know, that "Maud" is one of these;—for in spite of her true woman's way of asking advice and then declaring her own predetermination, I can but believe that she would be disposed to follow what seemed sensible advice.

If, therefore, Maud has real talent, is it not a pity to prevent her, even for a while, from preparing herself for authorship? If she has not—and in this very doubt lies the difficulty of giving really helpful advice,—what harm can come of discovering that for herself? The education which she must have in order to write successfully will be of lasting benefit to her, whatever may be her life-works.

We have taken it for granted that Maud has been so unsophisticated as to suppose that the apprenticeship necessary to all other vocations might be dispensed with in authorship. But has she ever said so? I think a girl of nineteen with a strong desire to write, (and by that I do not mean a mere liking for the occupation, of which more than many others it may be said that "distance lends enchantment to the view," or a thirst for the wealth and fame which beginners too confidently expect) one, as I said, with a strong love for the work, (and it is work) can hardly spend her time to better advantage than in acquiring the necessary education. The mere practice of writing is no small part of that education.

If she has no need to take thought for food and raiment, in the meantime her lot so far is a happy one; if otherwise, and Maud, like many another, must work for her daily bread, let her do it cheerfully and accomplish at any cost the same result.

When at last the real work begins, Maud will have small need of our discouraging words. If undeterred by the immense labor she has undertaken, so much of which, alas! is mere

drudgery, and unappalled by editorial ogres, she has courage to face the hostile array of critics and reviewers, be sure there is a persistent energy which will accomplish something after the enthusiasm has subsided. Nothing can be said which will so discourage a beginner as the hard yet inevitable experience of trial, repulse and weary suspense which all must undergo. It is not, as Mrs. Dorr has told us, easy work. But does she expect "easy" work? there are always plenty of people who would shirk the honest hard work of life ready to snap up the easy places.

Granted that it is sometimes, to quote still farther, "mere task-work to which you will bring no more enthusiasm than to the darning of a pair of a pair of stockings." But, my dear Mrs. Dorr, may not one bring even to the darning of a pair of stockings something better than enthusiasm? The consciousness of having performed any duty, however small, in the best possible manner, brings with it a certain pleasure.

No, that does not seem 'o me the first requisite. The fire kindled by enthusiasm will soon burn itself out if no more substantial fuel is afforded.

Let us look a bit on the bright side; for there is a bright side, as I am sure Mrs. Dorr, who wields such a graceful pen, will testify.

And although Maud has made it a secondary matter, let us consider the question of profit. A new book on the centre-table suggests something to me. It is Mary Clemmer Ames' *Ten Years in Washington*,—a book well, even cleverly written, portraying with a free hand the life at our Capitol, and passing before us in rapid review the successive inhabitants of the White House.

Is Mrs. Dorr—no, I should say, is Dr. Holland, for here she only quotes—quite sure that there are not more than ten authors in America outside of a salaried position, who earn enough to support themselves by their pens?

It is commonly reported, and I have never heard a doubt of its truth expressed, that during the writing of that book, Mrs. Ames also received five thousand dollars from the New York *Independent* for her contributions to that paper. Mrs. Ames certainly does not hold the first rank among American writers, though her name may be enrolled among the exceptional ten.

But perhaps the Dr. has a very exalted notion of what should be a woman's income.

Some one, who prefers to remain incognito, under the head of "Making a business of writing," gives us many valuable suggestions; yet there is one to which I would take exception. I refer to the paragraph in which the writer advises Maud to try factory work or washing dishes rather than trust to the precarious earnings of her pen.

Supposing Maud to possess "only a common-school education," it is hardly probable that it would be much improved by a course of factory labor or a life as scullery maid. Factory girls, working ten hours a day, and barely earning a living—by which word I mean food and clothing and

shelter—at that, have but a small remnant of time in which to store their minds with useful knowledge. As a factory-girl, Maud's "leisure hours" for writing would be few and far between. Dish-washing is paid liberally at three dollars per week, at which rate I fear the "oats" would accumulate rather slowly.

My letter has already transgressed polite limits, and just at its close I bethink me that I am yet a stranger among you, and should have introduced myself at the beginning.

But you are no strangers to me, dear members of THE HOUSEHOLD, for through your letters I have learned to know you.

May I not hope that you will kindly welcome

CHRISTABEL?

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Number Forty-five.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

I told you last month about the lady who was so much astonished at finding culture, refinement and good breeding, at least equal to her own, outside of the circle in which she moved. You thought her, considering how very arbitrary and factitious the lives of social division are in this free country, a good deal of a dunce, did you not? I did, at any rate.

But "sets" and "cliques" and "circles" are by no means confined to social life. They take deep root and strike far down into the heart of things. It does not matter so much after all, if Mrs. A does think that Mrs. B's parties must be rather "mixed" affairs; if uptown scoffs at down-town; or if Grand street draws its skirts to one side lest it should be contaminated by the dust of Meagre street. These things are of small consequence, especially as Mrs. B. has, in her turn, the privilege of holding herself aloof from Mrs. C. and Meagre street can always look proudly down on Moremeagre lane. That seems to equalize matters, in one sense, and helps nature to strike a balance. The law of compensation seldom fails us.

But when it comes to move serious matters, it behoves us to look about us. Thought and feeling, and even knowledge, have their sets and cliques, and moral and intellectual life have their circles. So does religious life; and these circles are perhaps more distinctly marked than any other. It is said that a man who is lost in the woods, if he has no star, or compass, or landmark to guide him, will almost invariably wander about in a circle; and after weary marchings and countermarchings will find himself in very nearly the same place from which he started.

And just so is human nature—always prone to revolve around some hidden centre of thought until it has worn ruts and grooves for itself, out of which it is not easy to step. That hidden centre may be some religious credo, some political dogma, some principle of art or science, some unsolved problem of life or love. It is all one in effect; and we go round and round and round; until our heads swim and the whole vast universe seems to turn upon the one small pivot of our belief. And the worst of it

is, that we do not know it, just as we all see our neighbors pack, and do not see our own be they never so large; just as we see the motes in our brother's eye, and do not see the beam and God.

But He will not present precisely the same aspect to him that He does to us who stand upon a lower plane, once perceive that our own feet are any more than will the clouds, and treading perseveringly in those that are equally deep.

And yet, by some strange paradox, while we are unwilling to acknowledge the point of vision. Shall we then say even to ourselves that we are moving in one fixed, narrow groove of thought, deny that he has met him on the we quarrel with all other grooves. Our one little rut is the one in which the whole world shud move. All in outline and proportion from others are wrong. We are a good deal of the same opinion as the noted English divine who was asked to explain the difference between Orthodoxy and Heterodoxy.

"Why," said he, "don't you know? it is as plain as A, B, C. Orthodoxy is my doxy; but Heterodoxy is your doxy!"

That dreadful bed of Procrustes—the robber of Attica—has not yet mouldered into dust and ashes. Some material things seem to be endowed with immortal life; and this is one of them. Happy are we if we do not keep it in our own houses; but whether we do or not, we may rest assured that it is not far off, and sooner or later we shall be laid upon it. If we are too long we shall be cut off. If we are too short we shall be stretched out. You see, the bed never alters to accommodate the man. It is the man who must be adapted to the bed.

And having submitted to this martyrdom ourselves, we forthwith grow ambitious for our neighbors and friends. They too, must wear the crown and palm. So we straightway arise and lash them to the same bed, applying the knife or the stretchers as the case may demand.

Procrustes had but one of these infernal instruments of torture; or at least we read of but one. But not content with having proved itself immortal, it has multiplied indefinitely, until there are a goodly number of them in every town in the land. He lives, too—this awful tyrant; and one would suppose the robber had become a God, and that the whole world was offering sacrifices at his shrine, so intent are we upon bringing all human life to one measurement of thought and action.

But, friends, it cannot be done; and the sooner we learn to accept this fact the better it will be for us. Human nature is so diverse and so complex, it is at once so similar and so various, that you can no more make people think and feel alike, than you can make them look alike. They have

such different capacities for growth and expansion, that you may cut them all down to one desired length to-day, and lo! to-morrow this one and that one will have overtaken his fellows, and for that very reason, will be able to see farther than they. The vision broadens as one ascends. He who is half way up the mountain sees farther than he who is in the valley, hemmed in by walls of verdure; while he who has gained the summit, with nothing about him but the "broad silent sky," nothing around him but the free airs

Such questionings seem to me simp-

ly awful; we have no right to ask them. How dare we assume that any earnest, reverent seeker after the truth will fail to find it—if not in our way, yet in some way? the truth of the matter, is that we do not know just what our best friends believe or disbelieve. We may know what the printed formula of their belief is; but we do not know how they understand it. We interpret our accepted creeds according to our own idiosyncrasies. Your creed means one thing to you and another to your neighbor. It is no sign that he thinks just as you do, because he sits next you in church. Perhaps the man whom you regard as farthest away from you, whose ideas you suppose to be the very antipodes of yours, is really nearer to you than your own brother, who was baptized at the same font and who kneels at the same altar.

We know so little, the very wisest of us!—but God knows all, and his love is as all-embracing as his knowledge.

A FEW THOUGHTS.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

Taking Mrs. Carney's article in the March number as a text, (thanks for her kind words,) I may be pardoned if I preach a short sermon—though it is my business to practice, more arduous, it may be, than preaching. Encouraging words, kind wishes and sympathy, with credit, when due, and appreciation, though they may not cost the giver much, are of more value, at certain times and under some circumstances, than mine of gold, constituting oases in life's desert way. Yet life is a desert way only so far as it is made so by sin and folly.

The young man—Mrs. C's son—is but a representative of far too many in this age of "hot-house culture." Some are so constituted, the result of a similar state of mind in the prospective mother, that it seems constitutional to overtax the brain, drive, keep the brain stretched to its utmost tension, and to do all in its power. If the vital forces are centered on the brain, of course withdrawn from the stomach, etc., it is plain that the body must suffer from such robbery. The brain naturally has an abundant supply of the vital fluid, blood, but when that organ is so taxed that the face, even, is suffused, the distended blood-vessels swelling and throbbing, the head a perfect furnace, while the feet are cold, the feet are cold, the muscles flabby, the skin bloodless and damp, the whole system relaxed and utterly deranged, the anxious parents may well take the alarm. We seem to forget that the body as a whole, has claims, and, also, that education, mental culture must prove worthless if the body is crushed and the health destroyed. As well might the mechanic destroy his right arm as the student to sacrifice his health. The soul, mind and body constitute a beautiful co-partnership with the most endeared inter-relations, while a conflict between them an antagonism is far more serious and destructive than would be that of ordinary partner in a mercantile concern. And yet it is true that the body wars against the soul and

the mind against the body, as if intent upon destruction—worse than suicide.

Nature demands simplicity, as seen in all her domain; we demand, in our diet, for example, "horrid" compounds, rich, concentrated and complex dishes, enough to tax the strongest stomach, even that of the most robust brute. Nature demands regularity, periodicity and system; we perfect chaos in this regard—our meals at any hour, and lunches *ad libitum*. Nature demands freedom; we too often torture this body so "fearfully and wonderfully made," crowding our feet into ill-formed and vise-like boots, set up on "break-neck" heels, or with corsets and other engines of destruction, contract the chest to about one-half its natural dimensions, preparing the way for lung diseases, etc., by an inadequate supply

of the pure air of heaven, so bountifully supplied by the good Father. Nature gives us this ample supply of air for a definite purpose with the glorious sunlight, so invigorating and purifying, and yet we shut ourselves up in hot close rooms, diminutive sleeping apartments, sometimes almost hermetically sealed from a fear of supposed poisonous night air, or we curtain and blind our windows, having more fear of the fading of carpets than of the human countenance, ever fighting against nature just as if we supposed that the Creator had blundered, and that we can succeed in such an unequal contest. Nature gives us good food and we too often squander vast quantities in distilling the cup of death, or select the poorest, separating the elements of nutrition which belong together—as when the miller saves the starch of the grains, the white part, and rejects the muscle-making and brain-nourishing "nitrates," the coarser or outer crust, the parts vivified by the action of the sunlight. Nature counsels obedience, we choose disobedience; she says "eat to live," our fallen nature says "live to eat." And as if to add to this error, the cooking is too often synonymous with food-spoiling.

But to return to the text. Our sister's son was overtaxing his brain and under-developing his bodily powers, while his brain was large and active, with an excitable temperament—too much nerve and brain and too little muscle. Such a case demands rest for the muscles—less stimulus, less excitement and more muscle and brain food, such as may be found in the unbolted grains, the Graham, the "crushed white wheat," the oat-meal, peas and beans, fish and lean meats, etc., with less of the irritants of the castor, less of the fats, sweets and starch than are ordinarily used. Such a diet, of course, including the fruits and berries and the better class of the vegetables, with the potato at the head, with an abundance of exercise in the pure air and sunlight, a clean body—by brushing and washing—will do for such cases what all the drugs in the universe, without these, would fail to effect. (No disrespect to drugs is intended. The people demand too much of them and have too little confidence in care and nursing.)

If my readers will add the "amen" in practice, this will not have been preached in vain.

HOUSEHOLD TALKS.

How the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a song,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.—*Burns.*

Under the window the black-eyed
organ grinder smilingly turns out

"Spring, spring, gentle spring."

boys whistle it in the streets, and seek out a dry, sunny spot to play marbles; little girls roll their hoops bring out their skipping ropes, and race up and down the clean sidewalk; a terror to the weak and timid. Fashionable mothers and daughters walk through Chandler's then Hovey's, admire their rich suits and shawls, take a peep at Tilton's new hats, cast longing, loving looks at Mudge's delicate laces, and go home to prepare pap for the inevitable. The piano is pressed into their service and

"Come gent'le spring, ethereal mildness, come!" is papa's lullaby as he takes his evening nap. Sometimes their enthusiasm lifts his sleepy eyes in wonder; and sometimes the man who is keen on the street becomes keen at his own fireside, and detects their designs upon him and his strong box, and suddenly turns his benign face to the wall, feeling that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

Poor papa! Of him and his many trials, I have been thinking more lately. For a little time stopping in a flourishing town, near a large city, I have been awakened morning after morning by the sound of many feet. I was interested to know who it was that trod the streets while it was yet dark, a long procession of men all going one way. "Gentlemen doing business in the city," I was told.

Clouds or sunshine, wild storm or gentle rain, it was all the same. On they went, pressing through the deep snow, bending their brave heads to evade the cutting wind or icy sleet, on to the station, and soon the long train would move slowly out bearing them away to their day's toil. Another and then another later train, and how still the town until night-fall! A wearisome life, unless sweetened by home-love.

What is this stern every-day struggle for? Do the dear ones sleeping snug and warm until the sun makes glad the earth and brightens the home think enough of their toilers then deeply engaged in the work of the day, bending over counter and desk with long weary hours before them? Do they appreciate the labor, the anxiety, the constant care, that gives them the advantages they enjoy? The wife may often look after her husband with moist eyes, as unrefreshed with sleep, worn, tortured by cares that would not be thrust aside all through the long night, he turns from her to battle with it anew.

But the children are often ungrateful, careless, forgetful. It should not be so. Let the fathers and mothers bend down in confidence to their inexperienced children. Let the children rise up to meet them; rise up to a proper course of their parents great love and self-sacrificing devotion. Teach them while young to lighten each care, to make the home light brighter by their own readiness to share the duties.

Quite recently I heard an affectionate and dutiful daughter mournfully exclaim, over her dead father's remains, "O that I had been more to him while I had him with me! How I might have relieved his poor tired head and hand, had I only thought! I cannot forgive myself."

Is it not so with many of us? The bright days come and go and we forget that there will come a dark one also. That either we must ourselves go—or be left—perhaps alone.

A little every-day sympathy is what we all want. A little every-day love and tenderness is better, far better, than a great deal displayed once or twice a year. To-day's blessing is ours. Of to-morrow we know nothing. "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." So we are told. We know by our life experience that it often brings sorrow, death. Fill up the golden hours of to-day then, with good.

First of all, in our own homes, let us regard the injunction, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." Only then, when our duty is well done there, may we go out and lift other burdens.

"Unknown, unseen, God's angels walk with us,
In human guise—and we
Wrapt in our self-littleness do thus
Lose their sweet companie!"

And these angels, God-given, are near us, with us, ministering to us, making much of the happiness of our lives. Shall we not see them, know them, ere they go? LAURA LITTLE.

LETTER TO THE GIRLS.

BY AUNT DESIRE.

MY DEAR GIRLS:—Though not an "old lady" yet, and devoid of gray locks and wrinkles, I hope you will listen to me all the same, since "years never make experience," and the shadows of real life, convince me I am half way toward the sunset.

There is nothing more lovable to me, than a fresh young school girl, from sixteen, onwards—life looks so bright and beautiful to them, and well it may—so girls, don't believe you have left the happiest years behind you, even if any long-faced friend insists upon it—for life has yet its sweetest, dearest joys in store for you, and may they never come to you clouded by sin.

I sat down to write to you a word about fancy work, for it cuts through my heart to see how you all like to sit over that worsted work, and those abominable lace tidies and collars.

The other day a fond but foolish mother asked me to admire a *lovely* piece of work, executed with rare beauty by her sickly-looking, weak-eyed daughter; so I tried to admire it. Beautiful it was not, a sepulchral-looking, glass-eyed woman, hugging a most execrable looking dog, worked into a canvas fire screen. It was, I suppose, good, as it had drawn a prize at a state fair, and made considerable renown in the city. I found from the delighted mother that "Sarah Ann" had worked up two years spare time out of school, (I mentally felt relieved she had attended school, and only spent two long summer vacations, spring and fall vacations, and all her

evenings,) and "grown very womanly and domestic" in the long effort, but I noticed "Sarah Ann" looked just ready to drop into a decline, or a life of mere vegetation, and of the two, the latter is the most to be dreaded. I left with a sigh and a suggestion that the young lady learn to draw and paint, since she could work up a higher ideal of beauty with far less drain upon her physical and mental system. I dare say they took me for a relic of the "dark ages."

The precious years of your life, girls, worked up in a canvas picture, a lace tidy, or thread lace trimming for your underclothes. The years of untold wealth, given you for harvest years of intellectual comfort and happiness in "your future." These are the "golden opportunities" to lay by a treasure for your enjoyment in those years of care that must come to "crowd out" all time for culture.

Who can measure the worth of an intellectual wife and mother? Notice how many wives are left far behind their husbands and daughters, loved none the less it may be, but burdened with care; how can they find time in the "heat of the day" for the classic lecture enjoyed by father and daughter? or the intellectual enjoyment of either? Wouldn't it be better if the sympathies of all were united? And where the case is otherwise, note the veneration felt for her who reigns as "Queen of the Home."

A missionary once told me when thus indulging my "hobby," that all this fancy work worked out a noble mission in heathen lands, that it interested heathen girls, gave them pleasant work for hands and minds that could grasp no higher thought; thus lifting them out of lust and crime, and all depraving thoughts, into something higher, and purer.

So leave the eye-sore fancy work, my dear girls, that the Bazar is so crazy you should devote yourselves to, the tidies and hand-made edgings, the worsted chairs and canvas pictures, for the heathen sisters—since I feel sure from those pure eyes, and fresh, honest faces, you need no such work to help you heavenward—and enjoy the spare hours in healthy out-of-door exercise; keep a healthy body and store well that noble mind, against the evil days, and that we may be blessed as a land with a race of healthy, intellectual, and last but not least, God-serving women, to take the place we occupy to-day, is my sincere wish.

AN OLD FASHIONED LOVE LETTER.

The following letter was written by the Rev. Edward Holyoke to his intended bride in May 1612, one month before their marriage, and more than two hundred and sixty years ago. The original was furnished by Miss Holyoke of Boxford, Mass. Amongst the papers of Dr. E. A. Holyoke of Salem, Mass., were several portions of letters to Prudence Stockton dated 1607-9-10-11. The usual signature to these letters is "your loving and assured friend in Christ Jesus, Edward Holyoke." The portions filled with stars are where the original has become illegible by time. In these days of hasty marriages and frequent divorces,

it may not be uninteresting to know how marriage was regarded in olden times.

"To my dear friend Prudence Stockton.

LONDON, May 9th, 1612.

Grace, mercy and peace be multiplied ever in your heart from God our Father in the face of Jesus Christ, by the holy spirit, that by it you may be sealed unto the day of your full redemption, having it and the fruits thereof in your soul, it may be an earnest of that possession which is laid up for you in Heaven in that kingdom where there is eternity of perfection of every good thing; this is the love, the riches of that glorious inheritance prepared for the saints through that adoption of sons and daughters in Jesus Christ, who is our peace and love and glory.

My dear friend in Christ Jesus: to write of former things (unless it may be a word or two for the matter intended) I purpose not, but because the time draweth near for the conclusion of our long expectation, I rather bend myself toward the present matter. Now we are entering into that honorable estate of marriage (and only honorable in the fear of God) which is a weighty matter, the greatest temporal matter that ever I, or you, can take in hand. Your future good or ill standeth in it to find me one that feareth God (the Lord of Heaven and earth,) in heart, and so to love you, to care for you and only to delight in you; then it will be your good, your comfort, otherwise your great woe and sorrow—because, you above all things hoping that I will fear God, then it cannot choose but be to thee a great heart-grief. So, on the other side, all my future good or ill standeth in this marriage with you, to find you one that feareth God, and so to love me, to be faithful, constant, and only to delight in me, then it will be my good, otherwise my great woe and sorrow. I hoping above all things that you fear God. Therefore, O Prudence, pray that our coming together may be to the glory of God; to the comfort of both our parents and all our friends; and this will be when our chief intent of coming together is to be helpers each in the fear of the Lord, that we may walk in all the ways of God, and keep his commandments and do them all the days of our life—wherein consists our blessedness. Then shall we be a blessing, a comfort each to other, when otherwise, a curse, anguish, sorrow, vexation; and cursing trouble and shame will be upon us in all things we put our hand unto. But that these things may not so be, let us [resolve] with an unfeigned heart, in constancy and perseverance to follow the Eternal, and to cleave unto him all our days, to do his will with cheerfulness, to set him up in our hearts to be our God, to love him with all our hearts, minds, souls and strength, to worship him in spirit and truth according to his revealed will; to sanctify his name, in his word, in his works, in our holy conversation, to keep his Sabbaths with joy of heart and delighting in the Lord in it, not doing our own will, but sanctifying it wholly to the Lord; if this be in our hearts in deed and in truth, then we shall be faithful to each other, not sinning against one another; for you

have set me on your heart and me alone to be thine, thy husband, the vell of thine eyes in the sight of all, thy head,—if this be so, then, cleave to me, to me alone, let your affections be mine, your desires mine;—and I have set thee on my heart and you alone, to make thee my spouse, my companion, the wife of my youth, to enter into covenant with thee before God never to transgress against thee (Mat. *) but to love you only even as myself, to care for you to rejoice with you, to wander in thy love continually *

for God who seeth the secrets of all hearts and of every thought hath called us to holiness and will (as you long since wrote) confound them that be otherwise; yea this fear of God and love to each other will cause us to walk faithfully in our callings with cheerfulness, if crosses, trouble or sickness should come upon us yet these two would ease all; therefore, let us fit ourselves and prepare ourselves for that day that thus with good heart and sanctified in the fear of God to enjoy each other, that God may bless, comfort, and guide for us in the things of this life, and in the graces of the spirit for the life to come.

Methinks I see the preparation that Prudence makes for the day of solemnity, everything in readiness, that she will not forget an ornament, everything in such convenience. Oh will you thus prepare for this marriage which is but for a time, labor to be truly spiritual that you may above all things, *

that this may be the chief of your thoughts to prepare for that eternal marriage with Christ Jesus, in that last day—to have that true love of the spirit, keeping faith and a good conscience, that oil in the lamp of your heart, that you may be a virgin without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, prepared for Christ through that adoption and regeneration in him, by the preaching of the gospel; the holy spirit sanctifying the word unto your soul thus being purged, cleansed, purified by faith in that adoption from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, that God may dwell and walk in your heart, then shall you be a vessel of mercy, of honor, being prepared unto every good work to enter with Jesus Christ the Lamb for your eternal marriage (when fools are shut out and Christ shall say unto them 'depart from me, ye that work iniquity') and shall shine as the stars and as the sun forever and ever in the kingdom of the Father.

And let us have some meditations for this matter and consider with yourself how long we have expected each other upon the promise of each other (and all men are liars) how long we have loved one another and with what patience and constancy we can endure (and if need were yet longer) for this marriage for the fruition of love, and can be content to bear many crosses, distractions *

cannot lie, how can we chuse but long for that day of Christ that we may be made one with him for eternity, where there is perfection of all things; for Jesus Christ is the Husband the head of his church, so when *

The writer of the above, Edward Holyoke, was married to Prudence Stockton in June, 1612, and they came to this country in 1630. Their son Elizur Holyoke one of the early settlers of Springfield, Mass., married Mary Pynchon. He is the hero of Dr. Holland's interesting historical tale "The Bay Path." Mt. Holyoke was named for him. President Edward Holyoke of Harvard College was grandson of Elizur Holyoke and Mary Pynchon. Dr. Edward Augustus Holyoke of Salem, Mass., a truly remarkable man, was son of Pres. Holyoke, who married Margaret Appleton, a descendant of Pres. Rogers and of the old martyr, John Rogers. Dr. Holyoke who lived to be 101 years of age, was remarkable for his benevolence to the poor, his skill as a physician, and especially for retaining his faculties to the last. When 100 years old the physicians of Massachusetts gave him a public dinner at which he presided with spirit. He was so active, at this time, that he used to run up and down stairs like a cat. Some little time after he finished and published a book on virtue and vice which he had been for some time writing which is really quite a curiosity in literature. This shows the remarkable activity of his mind at that age. (All his sons died, so that the name of Holyoke is likely to be lost, except to memory.) The good accomplished by these truly Christian and noble men seems an answer to the prayers of the writer of the foregoing old-fashioned love letter.

Would it not be well for lovers of the present day to consider this a little? In this degenerate age of corruption and bribery it might be well for us to cultivate the spirit of our pious ancestors with regard to marriage, and many other things; for the benefit of future generations.

ANNA HOLYOKE.

OUT DOORS.

About 14,000 persons are now daily supplied with food by the new New York soup houses.

First-class tickets from New York to Chicago cost only \$18. This is hardly a first-class price.

Letter postage in the United States amounts to \$20,000,000 annually; newspaper postage to \$1,000,000.

At a late meeting of the Fish Culturists Association, in New York, the Secretary read a paper on frog culture.

A farmer in Monmouth County, N. J., who has six acres in Wilson's blackberries, sold, last season, fruit to the value of \$3,000.

A man at Logansport, Ind., has been mulcted in \$183 damages on the suit of a woman against him for selling liquor to her husband.

It is estimated that the oyster beds of Virginia cover an area equal to 640,000 acres, and yield an annual money value of \$10,000,000.

A kerosene lamp which was set

upon the window of a house in St. Paul, Minn., focused the rays of the sun and set the curtain on fire.

—Eighty-four rolling pins were the gifts brought by eighty-four guests at a recent wooden wedding in La Crosse, Ind. Enough to make the affair a flat one.

—Seth Green says that there are more shad in the Connecticut River, this spring, than there were in 1842, a time when shad were plentier than ever before.

—Buffalo is constructing a tunnel one thousand feet under the Niagara, to obtain a water supply after the fashion of Chicago. A distance of eight hundred and ninety feet has already been reached.

—The original patent for metallic tips for shoes was sold for \$100, and the company which bought it became wealthy. Now, upon its expiration, the inventor has obtained its renewal, and compels the company to pay him \$60,000.

—The manufacture of imitation butter from suet has become a considerable mercantile interest. In Albany a company has just begun operations with a capital of \$50,000. It is said this new butter does not get rancid, even in this climate.

—Iceland will celebrate this year the one thousandth anniversary of its settlement by the Northmen. The island has only about seventy-five thousand population, and there is hardly a rich man in the whole number, yet the Icelanders are proud of their home, and generally highly educated.

—The original band of Jubilee singers from Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn., now on a professional visit to Great Britain, have nearly finished their tour in that country, and will embark in the early part of May for home. Their success has been flattering, and they have realized as the net result of their efforts £10,000 toward the funds of their institution.

GOLDEN GRAINS.

There are moments of life that we never forget. Which brighten, and brighten, as time steals away. They give a new charm to the happiest lot, And they shine on the gloom of the loneliest day.

—Make a slow answer to a hasty question.

—“Trouble not trouble, till trouble troubles you.”

—When money makes a man, the loss of it unmans him.

—A man must have a very bad opinion of himself not to be willing to appear what he really is.

—He who thinks better of his neighbors than they deserve, cannot be a bad man, for the standard by which his judgment is formed is the goodness of his own heart.

—If you would relish your food, labor for it; if you would enjoy your raiment, pay for it before you wear it; if you would sleep soundly, take a clear conscience to bed with you.

—“My friend,” said one gentleman to another, “I see your hair is getting quite gray.” “Yes,” answered he, “old father Time has been sweeping up the years around me, and the dust settled on my head.”

—Judgment, Firmness and Courage. Few things are more necessary in life than these qualities. With them a man can rarely fail; without them he can rarely succeed.

—To pardon those absurdities in ourselves which we cannot suffer in others, is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves than to have others so.

—“If you wish to be miserable,” says Charles Kingsley, “you must think about yourself; about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, what people think of you; and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make sin and misery for yourself out of everything God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose.”

—Read DITSON & CO.’S New Advertiser.

—See advertisement of the Reversible Body Perambulator.

—Keep it before the people that the American Peerless Soap is still in the market, and that every housekeeper needs a good supply of it at the present time. Buy a box and be happy.

—THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES has recently decided the suit of the Florence Sewing Machine Company against the Singer, Grover & Baker, and Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Companies, involving over \$250,000, in favor of the Florence Co.

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5-5r

We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement in this issue headed Reversible Body Perambulator. Having one of these carriages in use we can speak from experience and can heartily recommend them to those in want of such an article. Beside the convenience of reversing the body to avoid the sun or wind, which is very readily done, it is a very neat pattern, thoroughly built and handsomely finished. Send to the New Haven Folding Chair Co. for a circular, which describes various styles of different prices.

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—“My friend,” said one gentleman to another, “I see your hair is getting quite gray.” “Yes,” answered he, “old father Time has been sweeping up the years around me, and the dust settled on my head.”

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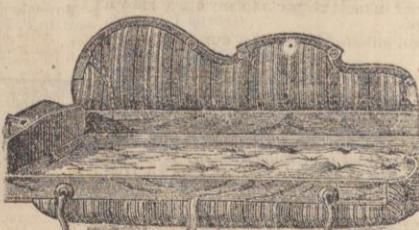
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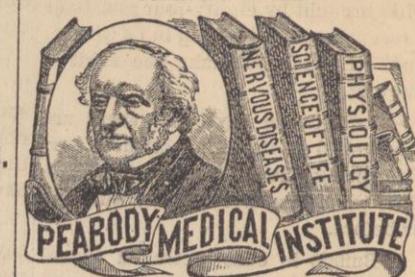
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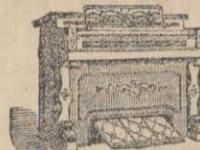
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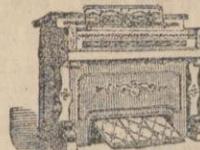
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