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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., JANUARY, 1874.

No. 1.

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The Household.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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

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MY COTTAGE WINDOW.

Homely and humble, these my cottage rooms,
No fine upholstery or gilded walls;
No woven threads from Persia's fabled looms,
No fair-arched entrance into stately halls.

No marble Clytie with its frozen veins
All bloodless, wandering over snowy breast,
But one sweet Cupid touched with richer strains
Of rosy life on lip and cheek, and crest.

Of shining curls, whose spirals catch the glow
Of every sunbeam; this my kingly boy,
And my one window, wisely made for show
Of greenest foliage,—these insure me joy.

My cottage window, framed with sturdiest vine,
Whose gladness laughs in every lusty leaf,
Where fuchsias hang their bells, and pansies shine
Like violet eyes, touched with some childish grief.

Here blooms the rose, and there the spicy pink,
Here lifts the calla, grand, pure and fair,
And here sit I to read or work or think,
Or twine bright flowers in baby's golden hair.

Call me not poor, for wondrous wealth is mine,
The wealth of boundless love and sweet content;
One human blossom, heaven shall make divine,
And God's dear flowers in loving likeness blent.

PASSION FOR FINE HOUSES.

ONE of the most unfavorable signs of the times is the love of excessive display in the construction and fitting up of our homes. Within a few years the change in this respect has been striking. Two generations ago men in good circumstances were content with substantial houses, and while they consulted the principles of good taste in the architectural finish and in the furniture of their homes, they knew nothing of the fondness for show which has now become so general. Even men of wealth were not formerly prone to a lavish exhibition of their means in gaudy structures and ornamental finery. They built elegant homes, but it was elegant for use, not for pompous nothingness.

It is not so now. The taste for extravagant show which is extending over the whole country takes a very special pleasure in advertising its vanity in the shape of fine homes. The

immense outlay, directed by a love of ostentation, and in some instances by a barbaric delight in the veriest tinsel, builds a house as far removed as possible from the idea of a home. Nothing about it indicates the presence of domestic love.

Every man who can command the means should strive to secure a good and comfortable home. And he ought to make it, if possible, a pleasant and elegant home. So far from neglecting taste, he should seek to adorn his dwelling with whatever can minister to his better sensibilities. Yet most of our new and fashionable homes are constructed for the visiting world instead of the family.

The rage in modern domestic architecture is for splendid parlors and saloons that may give entertainment to crowds and glorify a wintry midnight with gaslights. Downright worldliness is the chief end proposed. And the result is, while one of the beautiful forms of art is utterly perverted from its legitimate scope, and fails to educate our people in the conceptions of a true domestic architecture, the wealthy families of the country are more and more sensualized by the abuse of those agencies which, if properly used, would be most ennobling to their sensibilities.

A good home is a true and genuine home—a home for the blended intellect and heart—not the mocking counterpart of the open world, repeating the glare of the street, the glitter of the concert hall, the gauds of the theatre, but a world to itself and for itself, presenting evermore an image of a trust, a hope, a joy better than itself.

CHEAP LIME PAINT FOR OUT HOUSES.

Take half a bushel of nice unslacked lime; slack it with boiling water, cover it during the process to keep in the steam, and add to it a peck of clean salt, previously well dissolved in warm water; three pounds of ground rice, boiled to a thin paste, and stirred in boiling hot; half a pound of clean glue, which has been previously dissolved by first soaking it well, and then hanging it over a slow fire in a small kettle within a large one filled with water. Add five gallons of hot water to the whole mixture; stir in well, and let it stand a few days covered from the dirt. It should be put on right hot; for this purpose it can be kept in a kettle on a portable furnace. It is said that about one pint of this mixture will cover a square yard upon the outside of a house if properly applied.

Brushes more or less small may be used according to the neatness of the

job required. It answers as well as oil paint for wood, brick or stone, and is cheaper. It retains its brilliancy for many years. There is nothing of the kind that will compare with it, either for inside or outside walls. Coloring matter may be put in, and made of any shade you like.

Lamp-black introduced in moderate quantities make a slate color, very suitable for the outside of buildings. Lamp-black and Spanish brown mixed together produce a reddish stone color. Yellow ochre stirred in makes a yellow wash; but chrome goes farther, and makes a color generally esteemed prettier. In all these cases the depth of the shade will of course be determined by the quantity of coloring used.

USE WHITEWASH FREELY.

A little whitewash will do a great amount of good; but a full supply, enough to cover the inside of barns, stables, cellars, etc., with two good coatings, is much better. The lime which enters into this composition is a purifying agent, and the wash serves as a disinfection. The benefits conferred in this regard compensate for all the labor and expense involved in whitewashing; but the clean, tidy appearance which it gives to farm premises is most pleasing and salutary.

In no way can a farm make so imposing and even elegant show for a trifling expenditure as by a free use of whitewash. Even old buildings glow and glisten under the whitewash brush, and assume a new appearance. Buildings, in the eye of the owner, as well as those of his neighbors, have a higher money value after the process is completed.

The sides and roofs of buildings often become covered with moss, which causes decay to the wood, but may be removed by a coat of lime. Hen-coops and hog-pens are more thoroughly cleansed by whitewashing than by any other way. It is death to the insect vermin that infests them.

Fruit trees, that have grown mossy, may be greatly benefited by lime, tempered perhaps with clay and manure, applied with care to their trunks. The cleansing effects of lime are remarkable, whilst the cost of its application is so small, that we only marvel it is not more generally used on the farm.

—In Switzerland there is a law which compels every newly married couple to plant six trees immediately after the ceremony, and two on the birth of every child. They are planted on commons, and near the road, and being mostly fruit trees, are both useful and ornamental. The number planted amounts to ten thousand annually.



OIL CLOTH.

THE custom of covering floors, halls, and passages is very general. Where warmth and comfort are desired, carpets are used. Where something more durable and less costly is demanded, a covering of oil or floor cloth has been invented. This cloth or canvas is a very strong fabric, made of flax or hemp, painted on both sides, the under side being plain, the upper side ornamented with patterns or designs of two or more colors. The cloth used for this purpose should be without seam. So that when pieces of great width are required, two men are employed at the loom, one on each side, for throwing the shuttle back and forth. This kind of cloth being woven for this purpose alone, its manufacture forms a distinct branch of business. Pieces are made from eighteen to twenty-four feet wide, and the length often exceeds one hundred yards.

When the canvas is received at the manufactory, the bales, containing one hundred or more yards, and weighing nearly six hundred pounds, are opened and cut in pieces of sixty or one hundred feet, as may be required. These pieces are then taken to the "frame room," which consists of a number of strong wooden frames, standing upright, a few feet from each other. The space between the frames is occupied by a scaffold of four tiers, which may be reached by means of a ladder at one end of each frame. The edges and ends of the canvas are fastened to the frame, and by means of screws the beams of the frame are moved so as to tighten and stretch it to its utmost tension. In this position every part of the cloth can be reached from several platforms. The first operation, preparatory to painting, is covering the back of the canvas with a weak solution of size, applied with a brush; and while yet damp, the canvas is thoroughly rubbed with pumice-stone. By this means the irregularities of the surface are removed, and the size penetrates the interstices of the cloth, so preventing the paint, which is afterwards applied, from penetrating too far, which would render the oil cloth hard and brittle. This priming and scouring are carried on from the top downwards.

When the surface is dry, a coat of paint, made of linseed oil and some

cheap coloring matter, is applied. This paint is very thick, and is thrown on to the canvas in dabs with a short brush; it is then spread with a long and very elastic steel trowel. The paint is thus thoroughly worked into the web of cloth, filling up all inequalities, and rendering the surface smooth and level. This "trowel-color," as it is called, is allowed to dry ten days or longer, according to the weather, after which a second coat is smoothly laid on with the trowel, which completes the work for the under side of the canvas. After the first coat of paint is applied to the under side, the same process is commenced on the face side of the cloth; the size is applied, then rubbed in with a pumice-stone; the first trowel-color is then put on, which, when dry, is also rubbed down with a pumice-stone; two more coats are applied with the trowel, with a pumice-stone rubbing after each. Finally, a fourth coating of paint is applied with a brush, which is the ground color for the designs which are to be painted on it. The floor cloth is thus completed, the various operations occupying from two to three months, when it is ready to be removed from the frames and transferred to the printing rooms.

The printing of the cloth is done on a flat table, over which it is drawn as fast as the designs are impressed. This is done with wooden blocks, not unlike those used in the old method of calico printing. As the patterns generally consist of several colors, there are as many blocks and as many separate printings as there are colors in the designs. "In preparing a set of blocks for printing oil cloths, an accurate colored sketch of the design is first made on stout paper. A blank sheet of paper is then placed under the pattern, and all the figures of another color are pricked out in a similar manner. Thus the pattern is dissected on as many sheets of paper as there are colors to be printed. One of the pricked sheets is then fixed on the surface of a block, and a little powdered charcoal is dusted over it from a muslin bag, so as to penetrate the hole. The dotted line thus made on the block serves to guide the pencil of the engraver when the paper is removed, and enables him to draw the portion of the pattern required for that block. The same plan is pursued with other blocks, which are then ready for the engraver, who cuts away the wood, and leaves the pattern in relief."

The blocks used for printing are generally about eighteen inches square, the engraved portion being made of some close-grained wood, such as the pear tree, and fastened to blocks, of pine. These engraved blocks, in large establishments, constitute a very valuable portion of the stock. Before the designs are impressed on the cloth, it is made slightly rough by means of a steel scraper and a scrubbing brush, which prepare it to receive the colors more readily. Near the printing-table is placed a number of flat cushions, on which the coloring matter is first placed with a brush. The printer presses the block on the cushion, which is charged with the color, and then applies it to the cloth, holding it firmly, at the same time

striking it several blows with the handle of a heavy hammer. A second painter charges his block with a different color, and applies it in the same manner. He is followed by a third, and as many others as may be required to form the most variously colored pattern. As fast as the cloth is printed it passes through an opening in the floor to the drying room, where it becomes hard and ready for use. Narrow pieces, for halls and stairs, are first cut the required width, and printed in the same manner, except that a space is left on each side for a border, which, requiring smaller blocks, is put on afterwards. Sometimes drying oils are used to hasten the completion of the work; but this makes the cloth brittle and of inferior quality.

There are various large manufacturing of oil cloths in the United States, and the value of their production is about two millions and a half of dollars yearly. A still cheaper floor covering is made of stout, strong paper, painted in colors, but has not yet attained an extent which enables it to be called a "great industry."—*The Great Industries of the United States.*

BE ALWAYS NEAT.

Some folks are very charming at evening parties, but surprise them in the morning when not looking for company, and the enchantment is gone. There is good sense in the following advice to young ladies:

Your every day toilet is part of your character. A little girl who looks like "fury" or a "sloven" in the morning is not to be trusted, however finely she may look in the evening. No matter how humble your room may be, there are eight things it should contain; a mirror, washstand, soap, towel, comb, hair brush, nail-brush, and tooth-brush. These are just as essential as your breakfast, before which you should make good use of them. Parents who fail to provide their children with such applications not only make a great mistake, but commit a sin of omission.

Look tidy in the morning, and after dinner work is over improve your toilet. Make it a rule of your daily life to "dress up" for the afternoon. Your dress may or need not be any thing better than calico; but with a ribbon or some bit of ornament, you can have an air of self respect and satisfaction that invariably comes with being well dressed.

A girl with fine sensibilities cannot help feeling embarrassed and awkward in a ragged and dirty dress, with her hair unkempt, should a stranger or neighbor come in. Moreover your self respect should demand the decent appareling of your body. You should make it a point to look as well as you can, even if you know nobody will see you but yourself.

ILL-TEMPER.

A single person of sour, sullen temper—what a dreadful thing it is to have such a one in the house! There is not myrrh and aloes and chloride of lime enough in the world to disinfect a single home of such a nuisance as

that; no riches, no elegance of mien, no beauty of face can ever screen such persons from utter vulgarity. There is one thing which rising persons hate the reputation of more than all others, and that is vulgarity; but trust me, ill-temper is the vulgarest thing that the lowest born and the illest bred can ever bring to his home. It is one of the worst forms of impiety.—*Theodore Parker.*



THE SONG OF THE PANSY.

BY MARY D. MERRIAM.

My name is Forget me not. Under the leaves
O'er which Old King Winter his ice-carpet weaves,
For many long months I've been shut from the
light,
And in vain have I longed for a sound or a sight!
What though I had struggled, and murmured
'twere vain,
All effort to hasten the spring time again,
Though my heart often beat for my dear summer
friends,
As I thought of the joy which my presence attends.
But I'm coming—though now you can see only
snow,
Where the beautiful flowers of summer shall grow,
I am coming—and soon shall I rise from the sod,
To teach you once more to trust in our God.

Then you'll pick the fresh leaves and help me expand.
Or give me fresh drink if too dry is the sand,
Then I'll tell you again as I'm telling you now
Don't worry, or fret at the frost, or the snow.
There are always cold seasons in every year,
When hearts seem too hard, and there's sorrow,
and fear,
But patiently wait, for kind friends are near,
And unnumbered blessings your pathway shall
cheer.

CARE AND TREATMENT OF CANARIES.

BY JOHN A. RUSSELL.

NO bird should be confined in a small cage. The cage for a canary, should be at least twenty-eight inches long, fifteen inches high, and twelve inches wide. In a cage of this size, there should be at least five perches, one at each end near the feed boxes and fountains, one running lengthwise of the cage, and two in the top extending from the front to the rear, the top part being part circular. This will afford the bird ample space for exercise, whereas the small cages generally used, so confine the bird, that it is seldom in good health. In the bottom of the cage, there should be a zinc tray or drawer holding the gravel, and this should be taken out every week, the bottom of the tray completely washed out with a sponge, and fresh clean gravel put in. Clean water should be given every morning, and it is almost indispensable for the health of the bird to keep in the water fountain or cup, a piece of iron,—an old nail for instance—which assists in giving tone to the system.

Occasionally, also, place in the water a small piece of the extract of liquorice, and put between the wires at one end of the center perch, a piece of white sugar. The seed boxes should contain sufficient seed for the week. A mixture of canary, rape and hemp seed is usually given, but care

should be taken not to use too much rape seed, as it contains a large amount of oil and tends to make the bird fat and lazy, and he will sing little in consequence. Keep suspended within the cage the bone of a cuttle-fish, by attaching it to some part of the cage near the center perch, by means of a small wire as this furnishes the bird with lime, thus adding much to his health, and it also assists in keeping his bill sharp and clean. Place within its cage each morning a bathing cup nearly full of water, and after the bird has bathed two or three times, remove it.

During the season of moulting, give a portion of the yolk of a hard boiled egg, a piece of potato boiled in clear water, remove the piece of iron nail from the water cup or fountain, and supply its place, with a small pinch of saffron; and in addition to the regular food to be kept occasionally by them, give quite often, one-eighth of an orange, a slice of green apple in their season; the tender portion of celery or cabbage leaves, a crust of bread soaked in milk; a red pepper (the pod being first cut open) as this is somewhat stimulating and warming; soda biscuit and sponge cake, upon the latter, drop occasionally a few drops of sherry wine. Give chickweed, also in small quantities in its season, and salad, but sparingly of these, say once or twice a week.

Of the above list of dainties and condiments, canaries will never eat too much; but they demand some variety and some change of diet, and it is only by furnishing it that birds can be kept in the best health. They are very fond of plantain seed, which may occasionally be thrown into the cage, stems and all, it being first thoroughly dried. The cage should never be placed directly in the sun, or in a current of air, nor be left out during a shower; and birds should never be put out of doors earlier than June, as they are very sensitive to changes, and suffer if exposed. The same is true of bringing in the bird at night, as after the first to the fifteenth of September, the cage should not be allowed out after the middle of the afternoon. In addition it may be stated that the perches should also be thoroughly washed once a week; that the bird should not be kept in too warm a room, and if possible the cage should be kept in a dark place during the evening, that the bird may obtain its rest, of which it needs considerable.

Attention to these rules, will be rewarded by abundance of song, from strong, active, healthy birds; and to those who hang a bag of sulphur in the cage, under the impression that the bird requires it, I would say, dispense with it at once and entirely, as I consider the placing it in the cage by your correspondent "Lizzie" of Worcester, as detrimental to the health and prolongation of the life of her interesting and musical pet. The gravel sold at the Bird Emporiums in cities, is obtained from the shore of fresh water ponds, thoroughly washed to free it from impurities and foreign substances, and afterwards thoroughly kiln dried; only such as has been treated in this manner should be given to ca-

naries or other feathered pets, and which it is as necessary for them to be provided with, as for the seed, their daily food.

ETIQUETTE OF THE FLOWER GARDEN.

F. Termaine, of Rock Island county, Ill., writes the Country Gentleman, sentiments that every owner of a flower garden can endorse:

There are comparatively few who, either from instinct or education, regard that delicate courtesy which should be observed by all who enter the charmed precincts of a garden. A few suggestions to those who thoughtlessly violate the etiquette of the garden will prevent much mortification and unpleasantness.

If the walks are narrow, a little care will avoid sweeping one's skirts over the beds, to the injury of the flowers and the nerves of the owners as well. Do not pick unbidden a blossom, or even a leaf—it may be the very one its possessor valued most. Nothing is more presumptuous than to return from a ramble in a friend's garden with a bouquet of your own selection, unless requested in an unequivocal manner to help yourself, and even then it requires rare discretion to make a choice satisfactory to all parties. Handle or pinch nothing whatever; even a touch injures some vegetation, and feeling of rose and other buds is almost sure to blast them. The beauty of scented leaved plants is often ruined from having their foliage pinched by odor loving friends; better pick the leaf off entirely for a visitor than to have half a dozen to be mutilated by the pressure of fingers, which are seldom satisfied with trying only one. A tender-hearted young friend received a rebuke from a lady that almost brought the tears to her eyes; as she moved her hand towards an unusually fine rose geranium, the pride and pet of its possessor, in sharp alarm its owner exclaimed, "Don't pinch it!" The young lady's mortified feelings were only soothed by explaining to her that her friend was probably constantly tormented by the ruinous admiration of acquaintances, and her nerves were too irritated for a gentle remonstrance. Every cultivator of flowers can understand the annoyance of seeing a favorite flower in such danger.

Among my acquaintances is one who is welcome everywhere but among the flowers. When she approaches them, it is no exaggeration to say that I am in agony. The rarest and most delicate plants are pinched and stripped through her fingers, particularly if the foliage is ornamental. When she discovered my lovely ferns and handled them unmercifully, I should have burst into tears if I had not caught the pitying eye of my husband bent upon me, who with ready tact diverted her attention to something else. When one exhibits a beautiful baby, she does not expect to have its fat limbs pinched until they turn black and blue, its hair pulled because it is soft and silken, or its lustrous eyes examined by curious fingers. Neither will the tender children of the soil endure useless handling.

If accompanied by a child, be sure

it does not touch the flowers. A little rosy elf with its apron full of choice flowers and broken branches will look very much more bewitching to its mother or some uninterested artist, than to the owner of the depleted flower-beds. Believe one who speaks from experience, and do not rob yourself of a welcome to some friend's garden by trying the experiment.

When an enthusiast in floriculture triumphantly shows some elegant foliage plant, so gorgeously dyed and painted that it is always in blossom, do not ask whether it has a flower. A conspicuous bloom on a plant so lavishly endowed with beauty would be a superfluity which nature is to wise to bestow.

It is a luxury to have some persons visit a garden—to have the very gems of one's collection singled out immediately by an appreciative eye—to watch the play of expression intense enjoyment of your treasures gives to the mobile features; and, last, to share everything that can be divided with them, and read on a beaming face that you are fully thanked even before the lips move in words.

TEA ROSES.

Of all the various classes of roses, the tea-scented are the most desirable for house culture. The original tea rose was imported from China in 1812, and its descendants have yearly increased in beauty of coloring and in fragrance, until they outshine all their beauteous sisterhood, and are, indeed, more beautiful than all others. For the past two years the demand for them has been very great, as no gentleman could attend a party unless a tea rose decorated the button-hole of his coat, and every young lady must either wear them in her hair, or carry them in her hands, and loop her dress with them. So the florists have cultivated them, and no stand of flowers is complete without several varieties of them. They can be purchased in all shades—from the deepest purplish red, to yellow and snowy white. They need plenty of sunshine, a very rich compost, and fresh air, to bloom in perfection.

A hot, dry temperature, with stifling air, is not adapted to their needs, and although they will live patiently in it, they cannot flower. They will, however, bud and blossom luxuriantly in a soil of leaf mold, well decomposed horse manure, and sandy loam, equal parts of each, and when the buds are forming, give all the sunshine that can be obtained, but when they are bursting into bloom their beauty will be more permanent if they are set out from the direct rays of the sun. They must be kept well watered, or the buds will blast.

When the flowers have fallen, we must prune thoroughly, if we would have fresh shoots put forth, and new blossoms form. So cut back the branches fully two-thirds of their length, keep the roots a little dry, and set the pot away from the glass—not so far that it will receive no sun, but far enough to give it a little rest. In April or May re-pot in fresh compost, and when all danger of frost is past, set the pots into garden borders, putting cinders or ashes at the bottom

of the hole to prevent the roots from striking through.

If you wish to keep the plants solely for winter flowering, it is better to pinch out all the buds as soon as they appear, and this will send all the strength of its roots into forming fresh wood.

Roses for winter flowering should always be kept in pots, for you cannot transplant a rose bush that has bloomed during the summer with much hope that it will continue to do so during the winter; but if the plant has been set in the shade, and not received enough water to make it put forth buds, it will produce an abundance of flowers during the winter months. This rule also applies to Fuchias, Geraniums, etc.

Roses are especially infested with insects, brown scale, red spiders are all fond of them; but if the plants are well showered with water in which carbonate of ammonia and saltpeter have been added, one tablespoonful of each to four quarts of water, they will soon be routed.—*New England Farmer.*

HYACINTHS IN THE HOUSE.

A very small pot will answer for the hyacinth. Some prefer to plant three or four in large pots and this will make a very pretty ornament. Cover only the lower half of the bulbs with soil, press them down until they are nearly covered, then water until the soil is moistened thoroughly and set the pots in a cool, dark cellar. The roots will there form, with but little growth of top. Here they may remain for several weeks, and a pot or two at a time can be taken into a warm, light room, for flowering, a week or ten days apart, and a succession of flowers obtained during the winter.

When hyacinths are planted in the garden, and well covered, the roots get a good start in the fall and winter; and it is very important in flowering them in the house that the growth of roots should be first encouraged in the way recommended. When placed in glasses of water for flowering, the base of the bulb should not quite touch the water. Fill the glasses with well water, and as soon as the flower buds appear, sprinkle the plant frequently with rain water. Set them away for about two weeks in a cool, dark room, until roots are formed; then remove to a light, moderately warm room, and give plenty of light and air. Keep hyacinths in the coolest room you have, anything above freezing will answer, and near the light.

Flowers of the hyacinth are often ruined by bringing them into a very hot, dry, unventilated room. Our plan is to keep a stand containing our stock of hyacinths in the parlor or hall, which is kept most the time but a few degrees above freezing. From this room they are taken as needed—one or two of each color—to the sitting-room or the dining-room for special occasions, but always returned to their cool quarters for the night. By this method they not only flower well, but keep in bloom a long time. Change the water occasionally, if it becomes discolored.

The choice named varieties grow best in glasses and pots, and single

are more reliable than double sorts for house culture, while they are in every respect as desirable. Some of the double sorts do well in the house.

BULB CULTURE.

Bulbs belong to a particular division of the vegetable kingdom; they are all, with scarcely a single exception, very ornamental, and hence desirable for the very large size of their flower in proportion to the entire plant, and for the brilliancy of their colors. By far the greater number of bulbs flower in the spring, and produce their flower stems immediately after they begin to grow; and shortly after they have flowered they cease growing and remain dormant and without leaves during the remainder of the year; hence, almost all bulbs require to be planted in the autumn—a fact that most amateurs are apt to overlook, and frequently send their orders out of season. They require a free, dry and somewhat rich soil, into which the roots may penetrate freely.

A bulb is essentially a bud, and contains within itself the germs of the leaves and flowers which are to be produced the following season; thus, in one sense, they are of more easy culture than any other class of plants, because the germ being previously formed, and the nourishment being provided in the body of the bulb, it is only necessary to supply heat and moisture to cause them to develop; this is fully exemplified in the hyacinth, narcissus, crocus, early tulips, and some other bulbs, which can be flowered when placed over water in glasses or in wet moss. The hyacinth is the especial favorite for forcing in glasses.

The proper compost for hyacinths, tulips, crown imperials, iris, ranunculus, anemones, crocus, and most other bulbs, is the following: one-third sand, one-third well rotted cow manure, and one-third good garden mould.

The preferable season for planting all hardy bulbs, is from October to December; but they can be set out at any later time, so long as the bulbs remain sound.

CARE OF CALLA LILIES.

A flower grower whose lilies are said to be "the wonder and admiration of the village" writes to a Western New York exchange as follows:

I keep my lilies growing all summer, set out on the ground near my dining-room door, in somewhat shady places, because I think them such fine plants to look at. I have not repotted mine for five years, but every spring and autumn I dig out some soil and put in new, mostly the black, soft, velvety muck that abounds in our swamps. I let from four to six bulbs live in the same large pot. I used to think only one bulb of either Calla or Amaryllis must occupy a pot. From each bulb I have four flowers in a season, and treated in this way my Callas have been in bud and blossom ten months of the year, or from September to July inclusive. When I repot amaryllis to get bulbs to give to my friends, I often lose a season's flowering. One that I disturbed last summer missed its autumn flowering, and the other, not disturbed, gave four stalks of gorgeous lily-like flowers.



THE GIRL WITH THE CALICO DRESS.

A fig for your upper-ten girls,
With their velvets and satins and laces,
Their diamonds and rubies and pearls,
And their milliner figures and faces:
They may shine at a party or ball,
Emblazoned with half they possess;
But give me, in place of them all,
My girl with the calico dress.

She is plump as a partridge, and fair
As the rose in its earliest bloom;
Her teeth will with ivory compare,
And her breath with the clover perfume;
Her step is as free and as light
As the faun's whom the hunters hard press.
And her eyes are as soft and as bright,
My girl with the calico dress.

She is cheerful, warm-hearted and true,
And is kind to her father and mother;
She studies how much she can do
For her sweet little sister and brother.
If you want a companion for life,
To comfort, enliven and bless,
She is just the right sort of a wife,
My girl with the calico dress.

MISS FINN'S HINTS.

BY U. U.

REALLY, I believe this black velvet ribbon is almost too rusty to put on my dress again; and I do not wish to get new trimmings for a made over suit, so what shall I do?"

As Julia Trevor said this, she held up the condemned velvet, which she had just ripped from her dress preparatory to a thorough repair of the garment.

"Let me see it," said Miss Finn, the dress-maker, who sat sewing the pockets on Julia's new redingote, and next was to assist in making over the suit to be repaired.

Now when Miss Finn said this, Julia felt sure that some remedy was at hand, for the tasteful little dress-maker, with her wits always about her, had learned so many things in going from house to house to sew, besides experimenting somewhat upon her own scale, that among her patrons, "Miss Finn's hints," or "Miss Finn's experiments" had become almost a proverb. She was always suggesting something helpful to perplexed mothers about their's and children's wardrobes, giving the girls hints, as well as proffering her aid, all in the most unobtrusive manner, and not a bit as though it were a part of her trade.

"Why," said Miss Finn, as she took the velvet in hand, "it is the edge that looks rusty and spoils the effect of the whole—the velvet itself is in quite good order, and we can even brighten that up too, I think. And I will not mind telling you," she added, by way of encouragement, "that we repaired some poorer looking ribbon than this at Judge King's last fall, and which the girls declared was a decided success."

"I did not suppose they ever resorted to the tricks and economies which some of the rest of us practise," said Julia; "they always look so stylish that every thing they wear seems new."

"It is because they are ready to adopt any little hint or help to make old things seasonable and fresh that they do it, for I can tell you they are more prudent managers than many mechanic's families where I have helped sew a day or two, now and then. Some have no idea how much their toilet may be improved, and how much saved, by using to the best advantage materials at hand, and learning how to brighten and repair the old. But here we are forgetting our task," said Miss Finn, as she fastened the last button on to the pocket; "there, now I am just ready to show you about how to do it, or at least to try the experiment, and see what we can do. Let us have some good black ink, a piece of old silk or black cambric to lay upon the table, and a bit of old velvet, broadcloth, or something of the kind to use as a sponge, and which will protect the fingers at the same time."

Julia hastened to gather the things together, when Miss Finn turned some of the ink upon a small plate, laid the velvet ribbon, nap side down, upon the black cloth, and then doubling the piece of thick, soft material provided for that purpose, over her forefinger, proceeded to moisten the back surface, taking care to have the edge well inked, so that it would color through, without harming the nap of the ribbon. Then she took a hot flat iron, setting the face up convenient to work upon, drawing the back side of the ribbon carefully over it, the steam raising the velvet, and freshening it wonderfully.

"Why," said Julia, when one piece was finished, "how much better it does look, I would not have believed it could be so much improved. There now, please let me see what I can do," she went on, taking the velvet from Miss Finn, and working till it was all repaired.

"I wonder what next?" said Mrs. Trevor, coming in and seeing the experiment. "What else do you do with ink?" she asked laughing, as she turned pleasantly to the bright, cheery dress-makers, busy again with her needle.

"Almost any black ribbons which need smoothing out, and have become a little rusty, may be improved by rubbing with a cloth dipped in ink—perhaps a little cold tea added if the ink is rather thick—and then drawn through the fingers till dry, or wound upon a bottle and pinned snugly upon it, instead of spoiling by ironing as many make a practice of doing with wrinkled ribbons. Milliners even, are often careless about the smoothing of ribbons when trimming over bonnets or hats, and I always see that mine is straightened out, in my own way, before it goes into the shop."

"What else," asked Julia, "supposing we have not used all our ink up by this time?"

"Most any thing that your good sense tells you to use it for," was the reply. "It takes only a hint you know," she went on, "to have it come to you when you need to use it. I have found lace improved in this way, laying that, however, when damp between two pieces of black cloth and ironing, which improves instead of damages the looks of the lace. I find

it as well as bolting an old kid glove, and using, as some do, while it is certainly much less trouble, for ink is—we take it for granted—something that is always at hand. And another thing, you may polish up your black kids in this same way. Put on your gloves and rub the surface with ink, putting it more freely on the most faded spots, and when dry, they will look fresh, and quite enough better to pay for the trouble."

"O dear, but my fingers do not look better for this experimenting," said Julia, holding them up for inspection.

"They will get inked some, I know," was the reply, "even protected by a good thick cloth, used in preference to sponge in the process. You know," she added, "that you can somewhat remove it with vinegar and corn meal, and if that will not do, take a bit of oxalic acid—say half a teaspoonful in a little water,—and the rest is easily removed. Only take care to rinse your hands thoroughly as the poisonous acid makes them rough unless you do," said Miss Finn, while Julia left the room to try this last hint of her favorite dress-maker.

Indeed, Miss Finn has so many suggestions about so many things that she is a general favorite where she sews; not only on that account, but for her pleasant ways and satisfactory workmanship. And as she is always having some new hints, I may record more perhaps for THE HOUSEHOLD in the future, if its readers are not tired of these.

BED ROOMS AND BEDS.

BE L. W.

The house having been properly located, the bed rooms should be large, airy and well lighted, if possible, with south windows, no blinds or curtains obstructing the sun's rays from penetrating every portion of them during at least a part of each day. Doors and windows should be so arranged that a current of fresh air may pass through the room when not in use, and either door or window should be left open through the night in almost all houses, for as yet we have no cheap, simple, well-established method in ventilating in common use.

It is well known that by the oxygen taken into the human system during the act of breathing, the vital forces are generated and the exact amount can be measured by the quantity of carbonic acid set free in the act of respiration. Recent experiments have shown that during the day proportionately more carbonic acid is given forth, or in other words, much more oxygen is consumed than is received in the same time, and the deficiency is made up during sleep, when there is consumed not only half as much less oxygen as in the day but twice as much is taken in as during wakefulness.

Instead of having provision made for this increased necessity of the night, houses are generally so shut up as to render the admission of fresh air impossible. Doubtless the poisonous nature of exhaled air is not as well understood as it ought to be, yet any child of ten years may be taught it in the following simple manner:

A common quart glass fruit jar having been breathed in for a few minutes will be nearly full of carbonic acid gas, which being heavier than air, will remain in the jar, and a bit of wax or tallow candle fastened to a wire and let down into the jar will be extinguished as readily as if it were plunged into a jar of water.

It would not be difficult to make the child understand that air which will not permit the candle to burn is also incapable of supporting the vital flame within, and that in any sleeping room not well ventilated there will accumulate in the lower part of the room before morning a large amount of this deleterious gas.

The arranging and finishing should be such that movable wardrobes, bureaus, and all such pieces of heavy furniture, may be dispensed with. The labor of moving them two or three times a year is very great. Closets with shelves and hooks, with drawers as fixtures, render much of this heavy work avoidable. All conveniences for saving labor should be resorted to, as every American woman is expected to perform with ease and alacrity, when necessary, all the various functions of a cultivated lady, careful housekeeper, expert cook, diligent and faithful scullery maid.

A few scientifically educated persons have for some time eschewed the use of carpets in sleeping rooms on the ground of this unhealthfulness. The analysis of air in New York city recently, showed it to contain particles of dust, wool, animal matter, etc. When we reflect that sixteen ounces or thereabout of perspirable matter passes from each adult person every twenty-four hours it is easy to see how a fair quality of New York city air may be reproduced in almost any carpeted, unventilated sleeping-room. One of the great wants of to-day is some fashion for bed-room floors which shall combine all these desirable qualities, cheapness, comfort, wholesomeness and durability.

Charles Reade understood this matter of dirty bed rooms. These apartments in his model house were to be so constructed as to be frequently well sluiced with water. If feather-beds are used they should be aired often and kept clean. Mattresses of hair or coarse wool are considered much more healthful, but the thin cotton mattresses so much used are undesirable for many reasons. Each mattress, pillow and feather-bed should have a close fitting case which can be taken off and washed at pleasure. By this means these articles may be removed from place to place and laid out for sun and air without permanent injury. Wide sheets with a broad hem, sufficiently long to turn well over at top, to prevent soiling of blankets and counterpanes are necessary for taste and comfort.

Neither the unhealthful thing called a comfortable nor the unsightly covering known as a patched quilt should be seen on a bed in this day. As to the first, it is unfit for use in more respects than one. Air and moisture do not readily pass through it, the cotton used cannot be washed without becoming matted and useless, and if it be not washed, a large quantity of perspirable matter will be retained

it which will be made perceptible by dampness or heat.

A writer lately giving advice as to the furnishing of a spare bedroom recommends among other things a white cotton flannel comfortable knotted with blue Berlin wool. It is sincerely to be hoped that no woman will take that advice. The comfortable when completed would cost almost as much as good blankets which would produce the same warmth. The blankets would look well a long time, whereas the comfortable would in a comparatively short length of time present a soiled, untidy appearance. The present slack twisted style of blankets having so much long nap continually wearing off, filling the air with wool fiber is highly objectionable. They, however, are not likely to be made better until women thoroughly understand the matter and their united wisdom is brought to bear upon the woolen manufacturers.

Sheep culture ought to be so increased and extended, not only in our own State, but throughout the whole country, that each family might have a plentiful supply of wool for bedding and clothing, which is very far from being the case at present.

Much was formerly said of cold bedrooms. But a cold room is always more or less a damp room, and persons long afflicted with frequent attacks of inflammation or congestion of the lungs have found that their illness has been caused, almost entirely by getting into cold beds in cold bedrooms, and have quite overcome the difficulty by wrapping themselves in warm blankets and sleeping in well-ventilated, warm rooms, or in rooms that have been warm and dry throughout the day.

DRESS-COATS TO HIRE.

Every freak of fashion, of fancy, or of popular humor, calls into sudden existence a class whose sole occupation it is to supply that demand. If the humor be persistent, if it last for a long time, then will the supply coalesce into a regular business.

Amongst the latter class are those trades whose object is to furnish people of limited means the opportunity of vying, in appearance at least, with people of unlimited means. A large and steadily increasing business is carried on in imitation silks, and a certain stuff called jute, which serves as substitute for real false hair. False seal-skin rubs on Broadway against its neighbor of purer descent; French gold emulates the luster of the real article, and Australian diamonds or white sapphire dazzle the unsophisticated with fraudulent sheen. Frequent assertions have been as frequently verified that wedding presents, when displayed, are as often hired as really owned. It is a common circumstance for a whole service of plate to be hired for a dinner or evening party, and with such regularity is this done that no one is surprised to find the forks and spoons unmatched. However the case may be with ladies, whether or not they shine resplendent in borrowed plumage, it may be news to many that several establishments exist in New York devoted almost entirely to the purpose of supplying

men with temporary wear. Evening suits are kept on hire, and there everybody from a gentleman down to a waiter or counter-jumper can be accommodated and clothed in the "garments of the night." Trousers are sub-let and dress coats furnished. Sometimes this raiment will be cut in the latest fashion; sometimes also the garb is of the "mystic wonderful" variety, presenting to the astounded view distortions wholly suggestive of inordinate internal malformations. Like David Copperfield's reflections upon the anatomy of boarding-school mutton, it might be supposed that the wearers were afflicted with inexplicable combinations of pigeon-breast, hump-shoulders, and aldermanic stomachs. Some few of the coats, however, are truly fashionable. Short-waisted, short-tailed, and short-sleeved, they would pass muster in any parlor when worn by no one attracting more attention than a member of the door brigade or one of "Brown's young men." The writer called at one of the establishments whereon was the sign, "Dress-coats, for balls and weddings, to hire, Within." Obeying the peremptory injunction of the last word the writer entered, and as soon as the proprietor was disengaged said to him:

"I believe that you have dress-coats to hire?"

"Yes, sir," was the ready response, while he accomplished what Hood styles "washing his hands in invisible soap and water." "Yes, sir, I have dress-coats of the latest and most fashionable kinds, and can suit you with a perfect fit."

"What do you charge for them?"

"Different prices, from \$2.50, \$3, up to \$3.50. The best ones are the highest priced, of course."

"Do you want any deposit?"

"Well, for a first-class coat, I would like you to leave about \$25 or \$30. For a cheaper one the deposit will be correspondingly less."

"I hardly understand, though, how you can manage to let good coats for such a price. Where do you obtain them? or do you make them yourself?"

"Oh, we pick them up in a great many different ways. A good part of them are misfits, made by a fashionable tailor for some customer who was not satisfied with the article furnished him. In fact all our coats have been made to order. Then there are coats which have been commanded and never called for, coats whose should-be owners cannot pay the price asked for them, and coats coming from every source, and for every conceivable reason. Most of those we speak for hire have been made at a cost of \$70 or \$80."

"You get them cheaper than that?"

"Certainly; otherwise we could not afford to hire them at the price we do."

"Is the business lively?"

"At some seasons, yes. About this time we have no trouble of disposing of all the coats we have on hand. There are so many balls going on just now that the demand is to have them nearly every night."

"Can I ask what class of people use your coats?"

"All classes, sir. Very many of them go up to Fifth Avenue; you would be surprised to know how

many. You see there are very few gentlemen who can afford to buy an expensive dress coat to wear only two or three times a season, so they just keep their money in their pockets and when they are invited out, come to us to be suited. Then again, it costs a great deal to be always up with the fashions, and as they wish to dress stylishly that is another reason why they should patronize us. By coming here, a man can go everywhere he is asked and always present an elegant appearance at about half the price of a coat, which, if bought, he would probably be obliged to wear until it were shabby."—*N. Y. World.*

CHOICE OF COLORS.

Nothing contributes more to the beauty of the skin than the choice of colors. Females of light complexion ought to wear the purest white; they should choose light and brilliant colors, such as rose, azure, light yellow, etc. Women of dark complexion who dress in such colors, as they often do, cause their skin to look black, dull, and tanned. They ought to avoid white robes, and rose color, and light blue ribbons. These, in particular, are best suited to them: Green, violet, purple; and then that darkness which was the effect of too harsh a contrast, will suddenly disappear, as if by enchantment; their complexion will become lively and animated, and will exhibit such charms as will rival those of the fairest of the fair.

In a word, the fairest cannot be too careful to correct, by light colors, the paleness of their complexions; and darker women by stronger colors, the somewhat yellow tint of their carnation. We must not omit a very important observation respecting the change of colors by light. Thus, crimson is extremely handsome at night, when it may be substituted for rose color, which loses its charms by candlelight; but this crimson, seen by day, spoils the most beautiful complexion; no color whatever so completely strips it of all its attractions. Pale yellow, on the contrary, is often very handsome by day, and is perfectly suited to persons who have a fine carnation; but at night it appears dirty, and tarnishes the luster of the complexion, to which it is designed to give brilliancy.—*Rural New Yorker.*

WEDDING DRESS A CENTURY AGO.

To begin with the lady; her locks were strained upwards over an immense cushion that sat like an incubus on her head, and plastered over with pomatum, and then sprinkled over with a shower of white powder. The height of this tower was somewhat over a foot. One single white rosebud lay on its top like an eagle on a haystack. Over her neck and bosom was folded a lace handkerchief, fastened in front by a breast-pin rather larger than a copper cent, containing her grandfather's miniature set in virgin gold. Her airy form was braced up in a satin dress, the sleeves as tight as the natural skin of the arm, with a waist formed by a bodice, worn outside, whence the skirt flowed off, and was distended at the top of an ample hoop. Shoes of white kid, with peaked toes, and heels of two or three inches

elevation, enclosed her feet, and glittered with spangles, as her little pedal peeped cautiously out.

Now for the swain: His hair was sleeked back and plentifully beffoured, while his queue projected like the handle of a skillet. His coat was a sky-blue silk, lined with yellow; his long vest of white satin, embroidered with gold lace; his breeches of the same material, and tied at the knee with pink ribbon. White silk stockings and pumps with laces, and ties of the same hue, completed the habiliments of his nether limbs. Lace ruffles clustered his wrists, and a portentous frill, worked in correspondence, and bearing the miniature of his beloved, finished his truly genteel appearance.

OLD LADIES AND THEIR DRESS.

The very dress of old ladies is in itself a study and a revelation of character. There are the beautiful old women who make themselves like old pictures, by a profusion of soft lace and tender grays; and the stately old ladies who effect rich rustling silk and somber velvet; and there are the original and individual old ladies, who dress themselves after their own kind, like Mrs. Basil Montague and Miss Jane Porter, and have a chachet of their own, with which fashion has nothing to do.

And there are the old women who wear rusty black stuffs and ugly helmet-like caps; and those who affect uniformity and go with the stream, when the fashion has become national; and these have been much exercised of late with the chignons and the new bonnets. But Providence is liberal, and the milliners are fertile in resources. In fact, in this as in all other sections of humanity, there are those who are beautiful and wise, and those who are foolish and unlovely; those who make the best of things as they are, and those who make the worst, by treating them as something they are not; those who extract honey, and those who find only poison.

WHERE TO WEAR GARTERS.

No French woman, no English woman of cultivation, nowadays wears her garters below the knee. It is ruinous to the shape of the calf. More than this, it has serious consequences of another kind. The principal vein of the leg (*vena saphena davis*) runs just beneath the skin until it nearly reaches the knee, when it sinks beneath the muscles. Now if this is constricted at its largest part by a tight garter, the blood is checked in its return to the heart, the feet are easily chilled, and more liable to disease, the other veins of the leg are swollen into hard, blue knots, become varicose, as is called, and often breaking forming obstinate ulcers. This is a picture which physician see nearly every day. With the garter fastened above the knee all this pain and deformity are avoided.

—In furs ermine still continues an adjunct of an elegant toilet. Mink and sable are not quite so fashionable as formerly, caprice taking the lead in seal-skin jackets. Alaska sables are much worn. Petit boas take the place of collars.



JOHNNY'S LESSON.

Johnny, come here and look at the cat!
Notice how nicely she washes her face;
Now rubbing this cheek, now rubbing that,
Carefully putting each hair in its place;
Johnny, you dear, little, dirty elf,
Don't you feel a little ashamed of yourself?

Her hands she takes next—now, Johnny, look there!
Carefully—daintily—see her scrub!
Now she arranges her soft, silken hair,
And her tail and her ears have an extra rub.
She owns neither looking-glass, towel nor comb,
Yet she keeps herself neat, abroad and at home.

Johnny, what do you think of this?
With that smile on your bright, little, smutty face,
I declare there is not a spot I can kiss!
And you know that your hair is never in place.
No wonder your hands in your pocket go;
You're ashamed of them, Johnny! you are, you know!

Playing with marbles, down on your knees,
Grubbing for angle worms under the ground,
Riding the fences and climbing the trees,
You're the dirtiest fellow anywhere round—
You know you are, Johnny: you need not look hurt!

You know you delight to play in the dirt.
O, Johnny! O, Johnny! what shall I do,
Is a question that puzzles me evening and morn,
With a dear, loving, little fellow like you,
Who is always dirty, and tumbled, and torn!
Johnny, if you don't do better than that,
I believe I shall send you to school to the cat.

HOW DOT HELPED MAMMA.

BE a little lady and take good care of Rosa while mamma is gone; she will be back in a minute." And stopping to kiss her round, plump cheek, Dot's mamma left her sitting in her little rocking-chair hugging closely the soft, white kitty that she loved to call Rosa, and to whom she was a very tender nurse. Mamma knew that Dot did not love to stay alone, so she stopped and listened at the door; but Dot was chanting such a sweet lullaby that her mamma knew she was happy and hurried away.

When she sat down to her work just before, she missed a spool of bright silk which she needed, and, as the little store was only a few steps away, she thought she could run over and get in before Dotty would hardly know she had gone. This was why she had told her, "mamma will be back in a minute." But it seemed to Dot a very long minute that she sat there holding puss; and when she saw how still she laid and how tightly her eyes were shut, she thought she would lay her down and go to work just as a lady ought. So she tucked her up snugly in her warm bed, and then turned toward the work her mother had just laid down, her eyes full of delight as she saw the soft warm fold of the gay little dress.

"Dotty's dress," she lisped, and pulling it from the table, mamma's work-box came too, falling upon the floor with a crash, while its contents rolled all over the room. Dot was a little frightened at first, but her mind was too firmly set on the sewing work to lay it aside for so small a thing; so picking up her mamma's thimble, she tried it first on one finger and then on another till, finding

it would not fit either, she gave it up and began to sew without one. Finding a needle with a long white thread that she thought would answer her purpose well, she began her work, taking very long stitches at first and then shorter ones, some of them in a row and some on top of each other, pulling them up together in a funny little bunch and then sewing it over and over to make it fast.

"It's a ruffle now, des like mamma's," she said, drawing her thread through so hard that the needle slipped off.

Then she looked at it in dismay, wondering what she should do now; but her face brightened when she saw another needle on mamma's cushion with another long thread in it, and laying down the first she took that and went on with her sewing.

But the thread knotted and twisted itself round the other, making a sad snarl that Dot could not manage at all; and then it gave way, leaving a ragged hole in the bright red dress.

Tears came into Dot's eyes now and, as if she had not trouble enough already, she thrust her needle a long way into her little fat finger. Mamma came in and found her on the floor with her pretty new dress all crumpled up, sobbing bitterly. The tears were running down over her cheeks, and there was a great round crimson drop of blood on the chubby finger which she held up.

Mamma soothed her till she forgot the pain, and then sat down to the work which had fallen from her little hands. It was a sorry job, and when Dot saw what she had done the corners of her mouth as she said mournfully, "I've sewed the wrong thing I meant to, bad-bad Dotty."

But mamma looked very grave as she thought of the larger mistakes of those who are older and wiser; and she made up her mind that she would never again leave her pet so long alone.

AUNT ALLIE.

EARNEST WORDS WITH PARENTS.

Number Seven.

May I now call the attention of my readers to the true method of family discipline? And first I will consider the natural instinct of children.

Every child of common capacity knows how to take his food, and turns to his mother, with instinctive confidence, for refuge, sympathy and protection, in the hour of danger. He cannot be taught to love and confide in that mother; for affection and confidence spring up spontaneously in the young heart. This native instinct of the soul shows itself in many ways, and is always a source of great comfort to the mother.

But she looks in vain for instinctive obedience to her commands. She wonders and is grieved, sometimes, that her darling, so affectionate, so confiding and so dependent, should not instantly obey her expressed wishes and commands. But the fact is, the child has no natural impulse in that direction; no idea of submission. The habit of submission is yet to be formed, and it is the special work of parental discipline to create it. The principle of cheerful obedience to

rightful authority must, therefore, be implanted by education. Hence, it must follow that insubordination in the family is not so much the fault of the children as of the parents. Had the mother, fully conscious of her rights and duty, in this matter, employed her authority, wisdom and strength, to secure unconditional and cheerful submission to her wishes and commands during the period of infancy and childhood, disobedience and stubbornness would be unknown in that family. Instead of becoming angry with her children, or fretful and complaining in view of the trouble they give her, she should therefore turn to herself, and review again her system of management, to see if the evil cannot, even now, be corrected.

Parental authority and filial obedience are implied in the very relations which God has ordained. Family discipline is based upon this idea, not only as a right but a necessity. It is the duty of the parent, therefore, to command, and the duty of the child always to obey. This I have insisted upon as a fundamental principle. I still insist. I have also maintained that if the parent's authority was exercised from the beginning, and the child was taught the duty of unconditional obedience, the habit would be easily formed, and all the happy results realized by the use of gentle measures alone.

But parents, in the exercise of mistaken kindness, sometimes fail to check the first indications of insubordination, and thus lose the control over their children, and lay the foundation for the misrule and ruin which so often follow.

The more common methods of spoiling children, I have already noticed. How then shall authority be exercised so as to gain the desired results?

The first object to be secured is always to prevent the evils of disobedience. And this is to be accomplished, not by bribery and threats, but by gentle, generous and firm management. Authority, like gravity in the material world, must always be the controlling power; but it is generally concealed, "a power behind the throne," always acknowledged and constant in its influence, but its sceptre invisible. It operates without friction, and holds in subjection the conflicting and struggling passions during the forming periods of childhood and youth.

Authority is gentle and mild in its more effective aspects. When the mother makes it the basis of her government, it is not necessary that she assumes sternness and severity towards her children, or command them in a harsh and abrupt manner. The more gentle, kind and courteous her expression the better, if it come to them as a mandate of authority, to be obeyed without delay. Even the reasons for her requirements may be explained when she can properly leave the child to reflect upon the course of conduct recommended, with a view of securing the approval of his judgment.

But if a question of obedience is pending, no reasons should be given. The principle of simple submission to authority is then to be settled, and willing obedience secured. Reasons may never be given as inducements to obe-

dience. If the mother stops to parley with her offending child, he will surely gain the victory. And this authority which should be the ruling power in every family, is not inconsistent with indulgence. The mother may be indulgent in regard to all the harmless fancies of her children, and forbearing with their faults, and yet exercise over them absolute and supreme control. And this very indulgence strengthens her authority, and when justly and gently exercised over them, it tends to increase their love and admiration for her.

But when maternal authority is sacrificed in an attempt to win and hold childish affection, it is always a failure. The child may enjoy, for a time, the mother's excessive indulgence, but he never fails to understand her weakness, and ere long, as years roll on, when insubordination has become intolerable, and necessary punishments have been inflicted, he learns to view her imbecility with mingled emotions of pity and contempt. Indulgence without government, tends always to this result; and just here the mistake is made in family discipline.

That mother alone is sure to gain the lasting love and gratitude of her children who, while she aims to gratify every harmless wish, makes it a point always to govern them. I mean here to maintain that there is no antagonism between free indulgence and absolute control of children. Of course, they must be restrained in everything that is injurious or dangerous, but they may be gratified, to any extent, and safely, in everything that is harmless, so long as they cheerfully yield to acknowledged authority. And another principle of great importance underlies family discipline. The child must never gain any desired object by disobedience; must never be gratified by doing wrong. Fidelity and submission should always be rewarded, while wrong doing should always suffer inconvenience and privation.

EXPERIENCE.

JOHN'S BARGAIN.

"I don't like you at all, Madie Royal. You are a real naughty little girl, and I won't play with you any more—so!"

Madie looked very much grieved, and began to cry. Mr. Royal was sitting at his desk writing, but at John's emphatic words, he glanced up, and said to his son, in a very grave voice, "John, come here."

"I was just going out in the kitchen," stammered John, coloring. "I want to speak to Kitty."

"But I wish to speak to you," said Mr. Royal. So John came slowly up to the desk, with the look of a culprit on his face.

"What sir?"

"I want to know how much you will take for your share in Madie?" John looked surprised.

"I don't know what you mean," he said.

"Why," exclaimed his father, "since you have done playing with Madie, I would like to buy your share in her,—or your right to her. Now you may set your own price. How much shall I give you for her?"

"How much money, do you mean, papa?"

"Yes."

"I guess I'll sell her for fifty dollars," said John, after a few moments' reflection. "Yes I will—fifty dollars."

"Very well; that is quite reasonable," said Mr. Royal. "Now you must remember that as I was going to buy all your right to Madie you have nothing more to do with her. You must not kiss her, or speak to her, or play with her any more. She is your mamma's little girl and mine, not yours at all. It is a bargain, is it John?"

"Can't I kiss her good night, when we go to bed?"

"No."

"Can't we go out doors together?" John's voice began to sound a little unsteady. You know our garden, papa?"

"You will have to make another somewhere else. I will find you a place. You must not work in the same garden any more."

"I shall have to lead her to school, papa; she will get lost if I don't, just as sure as anything."

"I will attend to that, John. You will have to go to school by yourself. Is the bargain made?"

"Y-e-s, sir,—I suppose so," and John cast a doubtful look at Madie, who stood close by, with a doll in her arms, and tears on her long eyelashes.

"Very well," said Mr. Royal. "When you want the money, you can ask for it. You may go now."

"I know what I mean to buy," thought John, running to the other end of the room, and sitting down on the broad, cushioned window seat. "I'll buy a pony and a saddle, and a gold watch, and a sail boat, and lots of other things that I've been wanting ever since I was a little boy."

The idea of these splendid acquisitions was so pleasant, that he wanted to share it with some one, so he cried out.

"Oh, Madie, you come here, and I'll tell you what I'm going to buy with my fifty dollars."

"Stop, stop," cried papa; "have you forgotten so soon that you have no right to speak to Madie? She doesn't belong to you at all."

A cloud came over John's face, and he sat very still for a long time, thinking, and by and by two or three tears fell. Madie and he had played together ever since he could remember,—such a long, long time! and she was the only little sister he had in the world: a real tease sometimes, to be sure, but then how could he get along without her? He looked slyly out from behind the window curtains to see what she was doing.

How pretty she looked, sitting beside her father, with a book of colored pictures open before her, and her sunny curls falling over her rosy cheeks and white neck! Wasn't she better than a sail boat, or a gold watch, or even a pony? "Yes, indeed, a thousand million times," thought John; "and yet I've gone and sold her for fifty dollars, and I almost know that papa won't take it back, 'cause it was a regular bargain. Oh, dear, dear!"

Here the tears began to flow faster and faster, and presently a choking little sob attracted Mr. Royal's attention. Then another and another, and then John jumped down from the window seat, and running up to the desk, hid his face on his father's arm,

and burst into such a passion of tears that Madie was frightened and began to cry too.

"Why, what is the matter, my son?" asked Mr. Royal, kindly.

"I—I—I—don't wa-want to—to—sell my right to Madie," answered John, as well as he could for weeping.

"Why—not for fifty dollars?" asked papa.

"Oh, no," said John; "no indeed, not for fifty million. Will you let me have her back again, please, dear papa? and I don't believe I'll ever be so naughty and cross again as long as I live."

"Very well," said Mr. Royal, smiling. "Since you wish it so much, I will give up my part of the bargain, and you may have your little sister back again, and I hope you will think another time when you are tempted to speak to her as you did to-day, how you would feel not to have Madie at all."

"I guess I shall," said John, giving her a good hug and kiss. "I love you, Madie."

"So do I you," said Madie, returning the caress, "Now let's go out in our garden, John."

So away they ran, hand in hand, as merry as the birds that were singing up among the boughs of the old butternut tree.—From "Little Madie."

A MOTHER'S TACT.

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

"It would litter the carpet so," said Aunt Martha, who had come in for a cosy chat.

Mamma knew this, but she knew, too, that a few minutes work would make all right again, and Josie was happy.

All went well till the little boy found he had cut off a leg of his horse which he had considered a marvel of beauty. It was a real disappointment and grief to the little one.

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

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

"Do real horses, mamma?"

"Oh, yes, sometimes."

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

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

"I'm tired of cutting pies, mamma," said Josie after awhile.

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

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

"Well, I declare," said Aunt Martha, "old as I am I've learned to-day, and

I wish Emily would come in and take lessons, I do."

Mrs. Wade looked up in surprise. "What do you mean, auntie?"

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

A little tact springing from thoughtful love how good it is!

A RICH YOUNG MAN.

We call him "Bobolink," and "Pappoose," and "Old Blessed," and all sorts of names—you know how they do call babies. Your great six-year-old Harry would not think him much of a fellow, I suppose,—this small man of six months,—but he thinks he is, and so does his mother, and his father, and all the family.

He consider himself very rich, too, or, as grown-up people say, "well-off." He has such white, round little pegs fixed on to his hands for him to play with. He sticks them up and looks at them sidewise, and edgeway, and every way, and they never get lost like your playthings,—they are always on hand. They are so nice to eat, too. First one fist goes into his mouth, then the other, then both fists. The only trouble is he cannot swallow them, they are so big, or something. Too bad, isn't it? But he doesn't get discouraged. Why, it was only yesterday he was trying to swallow a large blanket shawl and all his petticoats; then he plunged his head into a big feather pillow, and opened his mouth at that in a way which must have been very alarming to the pillow.

Sometimes he gets hold of those little pink fellows down below. He thinks they are the cunningest. There is such a drove of them! He can't count them himself, but I believe there are as many as ten. One of them "goes to market," and one of them "stays at home," and there is a little mite of a one that don't get any bread and butter. How he does squeal! Dear! dear! You would think this young man would cry to hear him; but he don't; the ripples of laughter come gurgling up his little fat throat, until, when at last the poor piggy gives his very hardest squeal, he almost explodes with glee. It's so pleasant to have jolly little fat pigs of one's own to play with! Ten live, pink piggies! Just think of it! But that is not all—O no! He owns a most lovely piece of red flannel, which his grandma gave him, that is very valuable. It is such a pretty thing and

so bright! He turns it over, and views it in every light, and tastes of it. If you should lay a ten-thousand-dollar greenback down beside it, he would grasp in preference that gorgeous, magnificent rag. You couldn't buy that of him with ten or twenty thousand dollars.

Then he has a great many fine musical instruments that he plays on splendidly. Every newspaper he can get hold of he turns into a piano or organ. He scratches his nails on them, and digs holes through them, and you ought to hear how beautifully they do rattle; but the brown paper that came around the sugar is the best, that is so crackly and hightoned.—*Morning Star.*

THE PUZZLER.

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

ANSWERS:—1. Boasters are cousins to liars. 2. Ginger snaps. 3. Cape May. 4. Hart-ford. 5. August-a. 6. Cab-ell. 7. Grey-son. 8. Graft-on. 9. M-organ. 10. W-are. 11. P-ike. 12. D-ale. 13. L-inn. 14. C-lark. 15. L-ee. 16. O-sage.

17. L E M O N 18. H A C K
E R A S E A L O E
M A R I A C O P E
O S I E R K E E L
N E A R S

19. Ghent. 20. Elmira. 21. Berne. 22. Natchez. 23. Perth. 24. Newark. 25. Vase, Elk, Fir, Ky.—Selkirk. 26. CL, VII—CIVIL.

27. C
S H E
S H A V E
C H A U C E R
L U C R E
T E A
R

28. Good night is but a little word,
Yet beautiful though brief,
And falls upon the gentle heart
Like dew upon the leaf.

29. Nellie. 30. Julia. 31. Orlena. 32. Rosie. 33. Hattie.

ENIGMA.

1. I am composed of ten letters.
The use of my 11, 9, 8 Solomon approves.

My 6, 5, 10, 8 is used in certain games.

My 3, 9, 7, 8 is a title of nobility.

My 1, 5, 4, 3 is a place of confinement.

My 6, 2, 10 is an animal.

My whole is the name of a valued contributor to THE HOUSEHOLD.

LIZZIE.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

2. My 1st is in father but not in mother,
My 2d is in run but not in walk,
My 3d is in make but not in complete,
My 4th is in gold but not in silver,
My 5th is in copper but not in nickle,
My 6th is in break but not in iron,
My 7th is in time but not in eternity,
My whole is seen in this paper.

ANAGRAM.

3. Sevale fo lal suhe, dre, nerge dan
wobn,
Sinur fo musrem wobres,
A dansouth mites orem fulltbean
Nath lal rhe frestai lowfers.

SQUARE WORDS.

4. Wait; a notion; beloved; acquire.
5. A powerful agent; a competitor; escape; a girl's name; seen in winter



CUISINE AND CIVILIZATION.

EVEN the most imperious natural appetite, says a writer in Harper's Magazine, comes in for its share of artistic culture. We must all eat, and if we can not say with Feuerbach, that a man is what he eats, we must allow that what he eats has a great deal to do with making him what he is. If he feeds upon blood, he is not likely to be a lamb; and if he lives upon milk-and-water, he is not likely to be a lion. What we should eat, and how we should prepare it for eating, whether by the processes of nature or the art of cookery—this is not merely an alimentary, but an æsthetic question. The farm and the kitchen, the arts that are agricultural and those that are culinary, touch closely upon the arts that are called beautiful. The sunshine and the rain, season and ripen the fruits of the year in the ovens of the earth, and without them where is the bloom upon the cheek, the light in the eye, or the music in the step and voice? The cook carries out the hint of nature, and matures over the fire the transformation of elements into food which the sunshine began.

We need to study this matter more thoroughly, and give the table its true æsthetic dignity. It is well that we have a magazine given to this subject directly, and that several periodicals are devoted to the laws of health, which deal with it indirectly. The cook is a rising power in our civilization, and he ought to be. His mission it is, not to pamper dainty appetites or to stuff exacting stomachs, but to provide the food that is best for mind and body, and most adapted to secure the highest health and joy of nerve and muscle, thought, feeling and will. A good cook is a loyal servant of God and nature, and when God and nature send meat, we ought not to allow the devil to send cooks. What is worse for body and soul than dyspepsia? and how much of it comes from bad cooking! Saleratus bread, greasy pastry, and the like American abominations of the table have written themselves in dark lines upon the faces and even upon the faith of thousands, and half-poisoned whole generations of hopeful girls and boys. Away with all the miscalled food that lies like lead upon the stomach and like sin upon the soul. Let us have things to eat and drink that are nourishing, strengthening, and pleasant.

We hail the last philosopher who has written so wisely upon "Foods." Why degrade the sense of taste below its fellows, and shut out of fellowship the very sense which marks social companionship and even devout communion? If the table has its true æsthetic dignity, life will gain in grace and refinement; and why should not the task of providing for the table be regarded as a worthy and even liberal art? In old times gentle ladies were proud of being good cooks, while now many poor women will work their

fingers to the bone rather than go into the kitchen or have anything to do with the table except to sit at it and eat. A change for the better has begun and will go on. Accomplished women, in one case at least, by express arrangement, are willing to meet for general sociality, and spread the table with good things prepared by their own hands. So the repast is doubly æsthetic, from the quality of the conversation and of the dishes.

The working classes come in for their share of this movement, and such institutions as Boffin's Bower and the Holly-tree Coffee-house, that have provided cheap and good fare, and pleasant reading and association, are among the most hopeful signs of the times. Give, then, the taste and the table their due; and now while the rich and various fruits of the harvest are coming in, it is not amiss to speak of duly appreciating their priceless and exquisite qualities. Why make so much ado of taste in the concert room or picture-gallery, and ignore or disparage it in the orchard? Why not rejoice in the grapes, the peaches, the apples, and the pears as works of the Divine Artist who gave Raphael and Beethoven their inspiration, and taught Newton and Kepler their wisdom?

THE TRADE IN LOBSTERS.

Boston is the great lobster mart of the East, and supplies a very large home trade, as well as an inland and western trade with palatable stock for salads and other rare dishes. The vessels are from twenty to sixty tons burden, and each has an open well or compartment amidship, into which the sea water is let by holes bored through the bottom of the vessel, into these wells the lobster are put as fast as caught, and are therefore preserved alive—a very important consideration, as we shall show by and by. The apparatus used for catching the lobster, is called a "trap," sometimes a "pot." It is about four feet long, eighteen inches wide and the same in height, the end section looking like a D. Altogether it bears some resemblance to a long bird cage. On the bottom and sides it is formed of narrow slats, and on the ends is a narrow net work of stout twine, inclining inward, in which is a hole about five inches in diameter. This trap, well baited with fresh fish, is put down by means of a rope, it having sinkers attached, and the rope tied to a buoy. A number of these traps are thus secured in different places upon the lobster ground. The vessel is anchored in a central position and the traps are visited at stated times by men in yawl or doreys, hauled up and emptied of its prisoners, and the latter transferred to the well of the vessel. After an average fare has been received the vessel runs into port and discharges her living cargo, into long, floating boxes, called "cars." These cars are about twenty-five feet long, ten feet wide and four or five feet deep, and have openings at the bottom and sides to allow the water to pass on and out, but not large enough to allow the smallest lobster to escape. The cars have a capacity for holding about twenty thousand

lobsters. From the cars they are taken, as wanted, and boiled ready for market. They are transferred from place to place in large scoop nets. Lobsters, like other fish, migrate to deeper water in the winter season, and are caught in from twenty to forty fathoms, and sometimes we hear, as deep as seventy fathoms. The spring trade usually opens about the first of March, though lobsters are caught in greater or less quantities throughout the whole of the winter. For shipment, they are usually boiled and barreled up, and sent off by rail. In the winter season they will keep good for a long time, but like all fish will spoil in summer if not kept on ice.

RUSTICS AT THE HOTEL.

A dusty, sun-browned stranger stalked into one of our principal hotels early one evening, laid a big, black valise, which had perhaps made quite a smart appearance in its youth, carefully beside him, and, with a hand unaccustomed to public writing, scrawled with great exertion, the name of Lorenzo Smith upon the register.

"Will you have some supper, Mr. Smith?" asked the clerk.

"Wall, no, I guess not," returned the rustic gentleman. "The folks at home put up a good bit of grub, and thar's enuff left in this yer carpet-bag for a supper, I reckon."

The clerk smiled, and the countryman and his corpulent carpet-bag were shown to their room. Country was somewhat dazed at its magnificence, but he was hungry, and, placing the satchel on the center table, he drew forth a large chunk of boiled ham, numerous pieces of cold chicken, several enormous doughnuts, and half-a dozen hard-boiled eggs. He was about to absorb the meagre repast into his starving system, when his eyes caught sight of the "rules for the guests" tacked upon the door. He got up and read them aloud. He came to the last one, and read, "Meals in room charged extra." He read it again, this time slowly. "Wall, I be hanged," he ejaculated, and turning to the table, in an instant he had removed the ham, doughnuts, eggs, and all into the omniverous carpet-sack, and in another instant he was down in the office, where he accosted the clerk with, "I see, stranger, yer sign up thar in my room says meals in rooms charged extra."

"Yes," responded the clerk, who recognized the customer of a few minutes ago, and could scarcely repress his risibles. "One dollar extra."

"Wall, I'll be consarned," screamed the verdant, "I guess the expenses of a hot meal won't be much more," and beckoning to a bell-boy, he called out, "Hy'ar, boy, show me the way to yer kitchen;" and a moment later he was in the hands of the waiters.

A small clean potato, with the end cut off, is a very convenient medium of applying brick dust to knives, keeping it about the right moisture, while the juice of the potato assists in removing stains from the surface. A better polish can be obtained by this method than by any other we have tried, and with less labor.

THE DESSERT.

"You'd better ask for manners than money," said a man to a beggar. "Faith and I asked for what I thought ye had the most of," was the curt reply.

A little fellow, who had just commenced reading the papers, asked his father if the word "Hon." prefixed to the name of a member of Congress, meant "honest?"

Dean Swift says: "It is with narrow-souled people as it is with narrow-necked bottles; the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out."

An editor once wrote: "We have received a basket of strawberries from Mr. Smith, for which he will receive our compliments, some of which are four inches in circumference."

A new stove has been invented for the comfort of travelers; it is to be put under the feet, with a mustard plaster to the head, which draws the heat through the whole system.

A Scotchman asked an Irishman why farthings were coined in England, and Pat's answer was, "To give Scotchmen an opportunity to subscribe for charitable institutions."

Philosophers say that shutting the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. A wag suggests that this accounts for the many closed eyes that are seen in church on Sunday.

At a hotel table one boarder remarked to his neighbor, "This must be a healthy place for chickens." "Why?" asked the other. "Because I never see any dead ones hereabouts."

It is said that, in all probability, the bird of wisdom, called owl, was intended to be called howl; but the first cockney who 'eard 'im 'oot got hexasperated, and dropped the hatch.

The Utica Herald says men will never know what effect it would have had on Job, if eleven little girls had called on him, one after another, and tried to sell him Sunday-school picnic tickets.

"Mr. Green, when you said there was too much American eagle in the speaker's discourse, did you mean that it was a talented production; and to what claws of the speech did you especially refer?"

A scientific paper says: "If a man had an arm long enough to reach to the sun, and were to touch that body with his finger, he could never find out whether it was hot or cold, for he would be dead before the sensation arrived at headquarters, which would require a hundred years." This is very interesting, and highly important. But now we want to know what it would cost that man annually for coatsleeves; how long it would take him to put on a clean shirt; the number of centuries he would have to expend to feel in his pocket for his handkerchief; and whether he could ever hope to part his hair properly when his arm had only one elbow. When light is thrown on these branches of the subject, we shall be better prepared to decide whether to advise our readers to let their arms grow to that length or not.



PRESPARATION, CIRCULATION, AND RESPIRATION.

BY MILES A. DAVIS.

CAUSES of disease are chiefly found in want of proper attention to these three great functions of life. One of the most injurious habits is that of wearing the same clothing next to the person day and night without change, for weeks together till the perspiratory matter forms an almost air-tight covering in the clothing of the body. From two and three to five pounds are computed to be cast off by the perspiratory tubes during a single night. A large portion of this is of course thrown into the covering placed over the sleeper, and in garments worn during the day. The only means by which they can be freed from this load of refuse matter, is to thoroughly air every thing during the day that was used as covering for the night, and through the night so place the clothing of the day that it may also unload itself, and both followed by frequent washing, which is the only means of thorough purification. Never sleep with any portion of the clothing on that has been worn during the day.

Wear cotton or linen in summer, and woolen in winter. Cotton or linen parts with the heat imparted to it by the body more rapidly than woolen, and hence as the great desideratum in the hot season is to counteract the too great heat of the system and season, it is absurd to urge in favor of woolen for summer wear, and for an opposite reason to wear linen or cotton in winter. We don't want or need thunder in January or snow in July.

Sudden checking of perspiration often lays the foundation of many serious diseases, among which are fevers, inflammations, congestions, rheumatism, colds, coughs, dyspepsia, catarrh, bronchitis, and all manner of glandular and pulmonary affections. Drinking very cold water in hot weather without first taking the all-important precaution of cooling down the temperature of the system to a nearer level with that of the polar fluid to be drunk, and then first lavaging the temples, forehead, wrists, etc., with the same, has often proved instant death, resulting from a perspiratory checking comparatively instantaneous as a collision of railway locomotives that has been put upon this great lever of life, and the momentum that sped the currents of former pleasures is now the boom of destruction in this instant reactionary measure against the greatly accelerated speed of the rushing train.

Bathing of the entire person at regular or convenient, or necessary intervals, is, as every intelligent reader knows, of utmost importance, and should be performed, according to temperament and circumstances, as often as pleasurable and exhilarating sensations follow. A daily bath

might kill some people, while, I dare say, the majority would be in a hundred per cent. better health and spirits. The reason of its killing some people, is owing to the fact of their circulatory system not being sufficiently vitalized to produce the glowing, health-throbbing re-action of the crimson currents. Others it would gradually injure and hasten to the grave, for the reason that the re-action is just enough to tremble in the balance against them. Follow nature's dictates.

Circulation comprises four-fifths of the system, there being but one part solid to four fluid. The blood of the entire system passes through by the lungs every eight minutes. Unequality of circulation is the prime cause of disease. Cold water, ice, friction, and magnetism of the hands, are the most simple, effectual, and only natural means of bringing back the equilibrium. Cold water or ice applied to the seat of the disease, and friction where there is no disease, are the motive powers. Could you at once take that phlegm from your lungs, that fiery, over-oxygenated blood from your system, do you believe your cough, your asthma, your fever, or your inflammation could exist another hour? No, for that is the disease itself—overload of impure matter to those parts affected. All disease is simply overload—consumption not excepted. Could that poor, daily dying, and hourly wasted consumptive, but have all that mucous matter expelled from the lungs, (the seat of the disease) and then if not already as good as dead, be placed under conditions to bring back a vitalizing circulation to the entire surface, and retain it, which was so slowly but surely wasted in the long endeavor of nature to unload the morbid matter in the lungs and vital functions, health and life would flow back as truly as water seeking its level.

Attend to breathing pure fresh air day and night, as the air puts tone and color in the blood, which is your life at every respiration. Sleep just all you possibly can; as this is the only time in which nature recuperates the exhausted and worn out tissues of the body. Exercise carefully in the open air every day. This is your greatest benefactor! Never get chilled—for that is death. Have some one rub you completely three or four or more times a day for twenty minutes or half an hour each time, to thoroughly magnetize your entire system. Eat all you want, of light, easily digested, and variegated food. Keep your mouth closed, especially during sleep. Laugh all you can; and take life as easily as though you had as long a life to live as old Methuselah. Most people spend half their lives before they begin to see the necessity of taking care of themselves in order to be happy. Slaves two thirds of their lives in order to drag out the remainder in—what?—contemplated happiness continually postponed years hence till death! Take care of the present and yourself all the time now, and let future happiness be equally provided for. I had rather have a thousand dollars now, than a million when I am just ready to breathe my last.

Respiration is the most important

function of life from first to last. Begins life, and life ends with its cessation. All life breathes, down to plants and trees. And more than all, it is the grand stimulator, healer and preserver of all. It carries carbon from the air tubes of the lungs to the minutest cell in the "human house divine." All animal warmth exists by its action, and it provides that insensible perspiration to the system so highly essential to life-temperature in hot weather, and fuses the unflamed lamp of carbonation to create heat for provision against the cold. There is no panacea in all the *materia medica* like it. With full inspirations, drawn as fast and as much as capacities allow, of open, pure air, other conditions of health being properly attended to, you may save your doctor's fee and your constitution besides, unless, peradventure, hereditary transmission has despoiled the harmony and power of your "fearfully, wonderfully made" body.

We are all of us too careless with ourselves, and all die comparatively young. But all conditions of health, hereditary transmission excepted, can be placed upon the sure track of longevity, (accidents excepted) by constant full attention to just these three things with their attendants:

Perspiration, with constant cleanliness, attention to dress, bathing, etc.

Circulation, with constant care of temperature, diet, exercise, friction, and equalization of the fluids of the body to all parts of the system.

Respiration, breathing full, deep, copiously of constant pure fresh air, attention to sleep, unloading of morbid matter, providing against dust and unduly exciting and irritating causes to the lungs, etc. A work needs to be written to show people how to live, for very few of them know.

"CATCHING COLD."

A large number of fatal diseases result from taking cold, and often from such slight causes, apparently, as to appear incredible. But, although the causes are various, the result is the same, and arises from the violation of a single principle, to wit, cooling off too soon after exercise. Perhaps this may be more practically instructive if individual instances are named, which, in the opinion of those subsequently seeking advice in the various stages of consumption, were the causes of the great misfortune, premising that when the cold is once taken, marvelously slight causes serve to increase it for the first few days—causes which under ordinary circumstances, even a moderately healthful system would have warded off.

Rachel the tragedienne, increased the cold which ended her life, by insufficient clothing in the cars, traveling from New York to Boston; this was her own statement.

The immediate cause of the last illness of Abbott Lawrence, the financier and the philanthropist, was an injudicious change of clothing.

An eminent clergyman got into a cold bed in mid-winter, fifteen minutes after preaching an earnest discourse; he was instantly chilled and died within forty-eight hours.

A promising young teacher walked

two miles for exercise, and on returning to his room, it being considered too late to light a fire, sat for half an hour reading a book, and before he knew it a chill passed over him. The next day he had spitting of blood, which was the beginning of the end.

A mother sat sewing for her children to a late hour in the night, and noticing that the fire had gone out, she concluded to retire at once; but thinking she could "finish" in a few minutes, she forgot the passing time, until an hour or more had passed, and she found herself "thoroughly chilled" and a month's illness followed to pay for that one hour.

A little cold taken after a public speech in Chicago, so "little" that no attention was paid to it for several days, culminating in the fatal illness of Stephen A. Douglas. It was a slight cold taken in mid-summer, resulting in congestion of the lungs, that hurried Elizabeth Barrett Browning to the grave within a week. A vigorous young man laid down on an ice chest on a warm summer's day, fell asleep, waked up in a chill which ended in confirmed consumption, of which he died three years later. A man in robust health and in the prime of life began the practice of a cold bath every morning on getting out of bed and standing with his bare feet on a zinc floor during the whole operation; his health soon declined, and ultimately his constitution was entirely undermined.

Many a cold, cough, and consumption are incited into action by pulling off the hat or overcoat as do men, and the bonnet and shawl as do women, immediately on entering the house in winter, after a walk. An interval of at least five or ten minutes should be allowed, for however warm or "close" the apartment may appear on first entering, it will seem much less so at the end of five minutes, if the outer garments remain as they were before entering. Any one who judiciously uses this observation, will find a multifold reward in the course of a lifetime.

EXPANDING THE LUNGS.

Step out into the purest air you can find; stand perfectly erect, with head, and shoulders back, and then fixing the lips as if you were going to whistle, draw the air through the lips into the lungs. When the chest is about half full, gradually raise the arms, keeping them extended, with the palms of the hands down, as you suck in the air, so as to bring them over the head just as the lungs are quite full. Then drop the thumbs inward, and after gently forcing the arms backward and the chest open, reverse the process by which you draw your breath till the lungs are empty.

This process should be repeated immediately after bathing, and also several times through the day. It is impossible to describe to one who has never tried it, the glorious sense of vigor which follows this exercise. It is the best expectorant in the world. We know a gentleman, the measure of whose chest has increased by this means some three or four inches during as many months.—Dr. Paine.



FANNIE'S MAGAZINE CLUB.

BY U. P.

"DEAR me, how tantalizing!" "Whew, what's that long, smart word you are using, and what is it all about?" and Ashley Parker gave a little whistle, as he looked up in his sister's half-pouting face for a reply.

"Why it is tantalizing—that is just the word—perfectly tantalizing, to read the advertisements of all the first class magazines and literary journals, the merits and attractions of each set forth in the most glowing language, and they beyond our reach."

"There I would not read the advertisements," said Ashley with the most provoking coolness, "for you see that makes you covetous, and covetousness, you know, is a sin."

"And I know that you are a sad sinner to be so provoking, when you know that I am in deep perplexity about this thing—wanting, and yet wondering how the want is just now to be supplied," said Fannie, laughing in spite of her perplexity.

"It is better to have a taste for good reading, a thirst for knowledge, as some sage writer says, without the books, than to have a house full of reading without a love and passion for it," replied Ashley, putting on a very wise look and manner.

"It would be better I think, sir, for you to set your wits to work to help plan some way to have my love and taste slightly gratified than to show your wisdom by trying to be one of Job's comforters—for that is just about what all such talk amounts to. And besides, you know that you care for good reading quite as much as I do, and are talking all this nonsense from pure love of teasing your sister."

"Exactly so, Fannie. But seriously, I do not see what we can do about it. These long winter evenings are dreadful dull, in the country especially, without access to more first class reading; and yet, father takes as many papers—and he must have about his kind—as he thinks he can afford to, while our educational expenses and all together, with the children's school books, make a heavy bill every year."

"Yes, but we are both going to be at home this winter, with no library to resort to, no opportunity to get a glimpse of the magazines unless we take some of them ourselves."

"Tell you what 'tis," said cousin Will Sargent, who was spending a few days at Westover, and had just come in from having a game of snow balling with little Charlie, who wanted to try the first snow of the season, "tell you what, get up a magazine club, as we did in our village last winter."

"Don't believe we could do it in a country place like this," interrupted Ashley. "The neighbors are not in stone's throw of each other, as with you, and besides not half of them would care for it, any way."

"But we could try," said Fannie

already excited by the plan, and wondering why she had not herself thought of it. If the club could take no more than two or three different periodicals, only think what a treat those would be for us all!"

"Yes," said cousin Will, "this plan gives us a large amount of desirable reading, as well as a variety, and at less expense to each member than it would be to subscribe to a single magazine for himself."

"If we can only convince our neighbors of the feasibility of the movement," said Ashley, "we shall be all right. Tell us how you manage to make the thing work to the satisfaction of individuals tastes and whims."

So cousin Will went on to explain the process, adding, that in their village they also had quite a book club connected with the magazine reading, and, which in absence of a general library, proved a capital plan. Each member of the club gave a certain sum per year—theirs was fixed at two dollars—and the whole amount expended in the best manner possible. They had some fixed rules about the taking, and time of keeping books, and as each member was owner in the stock, they were, of course, careful not to have the books lost or destroyed.

As for drawing the periodicals, the A's, and B's, and C's had the first reading—say of Harper's; A passing the magazine to B, and B to C; then the D's, and E's and F's and G's had—say Scribner's—first every month, and by the time they are through with that, Harper's is ready to be passed on to them, as each number is kept only a few days in one family, but may be taken a second time, if wished for, after it has been all around the club.

"O, dear," said Fannie, "we cannot have all these any way, but we will see what we can do, before we give it up."

And as cousin Will was going to stay over Thanksgiving at Westover, Fannie decided to canvas the field immediately, "only," said she, "I hope we shall be more welcome among our neighbors than are book agents, or else I shall despair at once."

The young folks proposed to make a round of evening visits among their acquaintances, taking cousin Will, who had been to Westover so many times that he was a favorite rather than a stranger; and knowing that he could help by his eloquent suggestions, to convince people of the desirableness of the movement, as well as of its utility and ease of management. And a small club could be conducted much more easily than a large one like theirs.

The first effort of our young friends was made at Mr. Moses Miller's, where they knew that the family were fond of reading beyond their ability to procure all they would like of the current literature of the day. There they felt quite sure of meeting with encouragement, if any where, "and" said Fannie, "we wish some sure friends to join with us at the outset to help the plan to take with others, who may be less interested than we are in its success."

"And it proved as they hoped; for no sooner was the subject introduced than it met with hearty approval, and Mr. Miller at once pledged to pay his two dollars,—the rate they decided

to try upon—provided that at least half a dozen other members could be secured. With only those, he said three first class periodicals could be obtained, which would be a beginning of better things to come.

The next visit was made at Simon Easy's Esq., not because Mr. Easy would be likely to care much for the magazines himself, though when he came to have them he would enjoy the reading, but because he would not begrudge the money, when it would please others to have the club formed. So when Fannie had talked it over with him, he said he didn't know much about it, adding, "just as mother and the girls say," and as Mrs. Easy and the girls said "yes" most decidedly, the subject was settled there without hesitation.

"Now for Mr. Snug," said Ashley. "He will have to talk hard times, and about wasting money for reading, and look his two dollars over with a last, fond, lingering gaze, before he decides to give it up, but his Susie will plead coaxingly with him, and if he does not promise now to join us, he will in the end, you see if he does not." And so it proved. "I'll see," said he after dallying for a time, and the next time he saw Fannie he told her to count his two dollars with the rest; he guessed it wouldn't break him this year.

Here were four names, including their own, secured the first week, and four more were added soon after, besides some two or three half promises, that could be assured perhaps by a little waiting. There was Mr. Dean who did not believe in so much novel reading as the magazines gave; but when Fannie told him that such as they intended to take, were by no means devoted to story reading, but contained histories, travels, essays, and, in fact, were filled with valuable matter, having, of course, some good stories for a variety, he thought better of the plan, but declared he would help pay for none of the dime novel trash, or blood and murder story papers that were flooding the land.

And when Fannie told him that none were to be admitted, that they were not going to include, even a single fashion plate magazine in the general club—if the girls wanted those they must get a club of their own—he gave his hearty approval and ever after was one of the most enthusiastic supporters.

As may be expected, the young people in the neighborhood were interested in the project, for though some of them, I must confess, had very little true literary taste, yet illustrated magazines have a fascination for most any one, while the long winter evenings gave them plenty of time, to be filled up by some pleasant and profitable entertainment at the fireside. Katie May, whose mother was a widow, and was not sure she could afford to join the club, promised to go without a new feather for her hat for the sake of the club, and as she loved books passionately, the sacrifice was cheerfully made.

"Eight subscribers sure," said Fannie, "that gives us sixteen dollars, and now the question is, what shall we select that will best please all around." For it had been left with them and cousin Will, who was posted

on such matters, to make the selections and take the management of the club for the first year.

There were some hints and suggestions given, and these would help them in the choice. Some one thought THE HOUSEHOLD ought to be included, but Mrs. Miller said that she wanted her own copy of THE HOUSEHOLD, as much as an Almanac, and new every year—and as several copies were taken among them, it did not seem necessary to include it in the club.

"I declare," said Fannie at last, "it is just about as tantalizing to select what we can have from the list of desirable periodicals, as it is to choose two or three dishes from the long bill of fare placed before you at hotel tables—so many tempting dishes, but one cannot eat of them all!"

"Here," said Will, "you have the Harper's periodicals; the Atlantic, and the Old and New, both Boston notions; then Scribner's the Galaxy, Appleton's Journal, Lippincott's, all of them capital American magazines, besides other good monthlies, and also weeklies, of more or less note."

"I would like a chance to glean from all of them, as you can in your club," said Fannie, "and from some of the English periodicals besides, but we must select what will be most likely to please and benefit our club in general from among the more popular works."

Which of the three magazines our friends finally decided upon I will not name, as I have no partiality to show patronage to one publisher above another. But they were to have three at four dollars each per year, which would take twelve of their sixteen dollars, and then one juvenile monthly, for the especial benefit of the young folks in the families where the club circulated. This would leave them sufficient funds for postage, etc., or, if they concluded to buy their magazines at the stationers, as they could when going into town, they would save the postage entirely.

Fannie felt quite sure of other names to the club outside their immediate neighborhood, and then they might perhaps add some entertaining literary weekly, or purchase a few books, if that seemed better than to expend more for periodicals in one year.

This was a year ago that the club in Westover was formed, and in every respect it has proved a success, and one of the most entertaining investments imaginable. I do not believe that one of the members has begrudged his or her money paid, while most of them consider it as returning more than compound interest, in way of delight and benefit to all concerned. Besides this, the club has created an unusual degree of sociability among its members, and that is another good, as country places are liable to be socially dull unless something calls its people into contact with each other. But as each one passes the magazine along to his neighbor, to whom it belongs, the people oftener "run in" to each other's homes; then they have the last magazine to talk about, and so find it more pleasant to be neighborly than before. And this year, in spite of the "panic," they are to have a club, even larger than the last, and wish others would do the same.

THE DYING STRANGER.

EDWARD CLARK.

Andante con espressione.

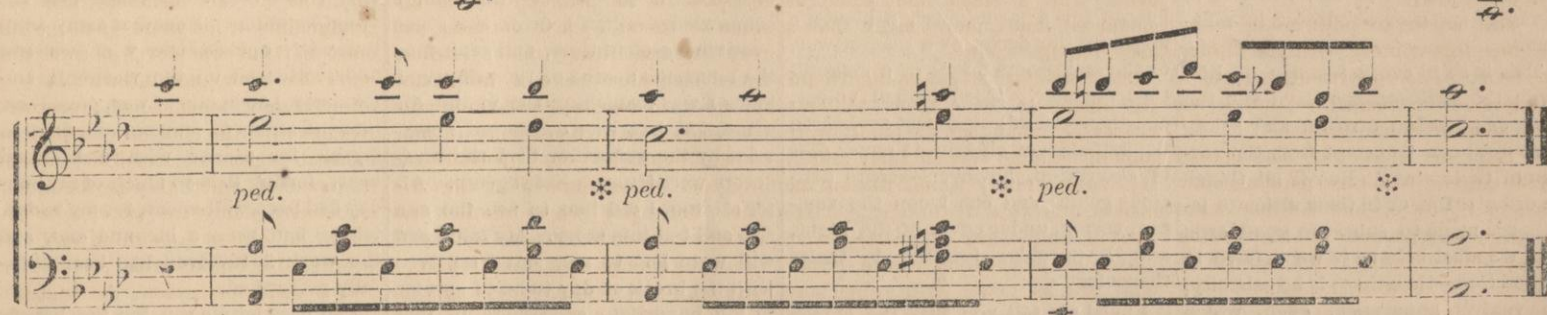
1. They do not know I'm dy-ing, That I must soon de-part: That fin-gers cold and
 2. They think my cheek is gain-ing Once more its youthful bloom; But ah! 'tis on-ly
 3. The pale and si-lent an-gel Is bend-ing o'er me now; His chill-ing breath is
 4. I know how they will mourn, That I've so ear-ly fled; And that I may not



i-ey Are twin-ing round my heart. They know not how I'm yearn-ing To
 pal-ing With shad-ows of the tomb. And oh! I am so lone-ly, Up-
 steal-ing A-cross my fe-ver'd brow. My last fond hope has fa-ded, I
 slum-ber A-mid their own lov'd dead. But bear the tid-ings gent-ly, Tell



gaze on them once more, Ere my frail bark has gli-ded From Time's sad, change-ful shore.
 on this stran-ger shore, With none to smooth my pil-low, Or weep my lone grave o'er.
 know that I must die; Tears gath-er for the lov'd ones With-in my dark-ning eye.
 them I calm-ly died, And that I hope to meet them Where crys-tal wa-ters glide.



THE MARVELOUS COUNTRY; or Three Years in Arizona and New Mexico, the Apache's Home. Illustrated by upwards of One Hundred Engravings. By Samuel W. Cozens. Boston: Shepard & Gill, Publishers. This volume is one of great interest, combining all the fascination of romance with historical facts relating to a most wonderful portion of our country, as yet almost entirely

unknown to the present generation, but which more than five hundred years ago was the home of civilization and inhabited by a race of people whose superior knowledge and skill is manifested by the remarkable ruins of extensive cities and temples of the most beautiful architecture which abound in this truly "Marvelous Country." Besides a full ac-

count of this ancient race we have a complete history of the Apaches, the present inhabitants in this country, and scenes of personal experience and travel during a three years' residence therein. The engravings illustrate the manners and customs of the people and the adventures and incidents of travel described, the whole forming an elegant volume

of over five hundred pages printed on fine tinted paper and sold only by subscription.

Look at the Astounding Offer made of the largest, best and most popular Chromo in the world, "The Old Oaken Bucket," given as a premium to each subscriber to DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, as announced in another column.



MY WOOD FIRE.

Crackle away, O yellow pine,
Lift pennon and flag, O fire!
Laugh with a will, as you rise and fall,
Or sparkle with crimson ire.
I read strange tales in your spiral flames,
And your embers are pictures in ashen frames.

Sing your sweetest, O heart of oak,
Though you break as your songs ascend;
Your forest blood is a a kingly kind—
It warms the foe and the friend.
Do you miss the winds that were wont to play
Through your glorious branches, day by day?

Grandfather sits on the other side,
And smiles at the ruddy light;
He croons, as he leans on his knotted cane,
"The fire is a cheery sight;
I made one fifty odd years ago,
With a mighty back log out of the snow."

'Twas a Christmas day, I was twenty-one—
And my freedom suit was new;
Breeches and smalls, with a sky-blue vest,
And a buckle in either shoe.
The buckles were silver—no sham in them—
The same that I gave to your brother Jem."

He paused, and his wintry lips grew red,
And his eyes wore summer's blue,
"It was the night I brought Hetty home,
And the old farm house was new.
We had both just taken out marriage vow—
I don't see such women as Hetty, now."

Then grandfather rubbed his hands and smiled,
But his thoughts were far away;
I think he saw in the fitful light
The ghost of that Christmas Day;
While a vanished face came back, to see
The dear old man, and the fire, and me.

HOUSEKEEPER'S PESTS.

LY E. D. K.

FIRST PAPER.—CHINCHES.

LIFE is full of petty annoyances. They tax our vigilance, and test our bravery and patience. Protean in form, they meet us at the threshold of life, and never leave us till its close. Legion is their name, and their strife with poor humanity is not the warfare of open field fighting where we may call into service trained and disciplined forces, and with wide vantage-ground, and weapons made ready for the battle, engage our enemies with fair hope of beating them. Like Indians, they skulk and spring upon us from unexpected ambushes, and we are *hors de combat* before we know it, bruised, wounded, bleeding, stripped of our egotism, sensible to the last degree of our bitter humiliation.

This is so in every relation of life. Even the philosophers have felt the sting of poisoned arrows, and saints have not been "exempt from the vermin of their sins." But if all things be ordered for, or in their ultimate issues are made to subserve good ends—as we must believe if we believe in a good God—then there is no calamity, no vexing annoyance, even, which may not if we will humbly, patiently, and earnestly seek for its true meaning, yield to our research the blessing hidden at its core.

At this stage of my little essay I met with an interruption. Nemo, the beneficent, boxed me vigorously on the ear.

I turned quickly, flushed and indignant.

"My dear Minerva," said he, "I beg your pardon. A mosquito was feasting upon the delicate rim of your auricular organ, and, obeying—as I hope you will believe—a purely humane impulse, I—went for him. I regret; however, to add, that he is still hovering about you, unslain, and evidently with blood-thirsty intent."

"At all events," I returned with some dignity, "do not repeat your attempt to dispatch him while he remains in my immediate vicinity."

"O, well, if you choose to be bled—"

"I do not choose to be frightened to death, Nemo. I was writing something very wise," I explained, softening a little, "and you have driven it quite out of my head."

"That's too bad, then. But you shouldn't have such long preambles. Let me be a Butler and cut you out a Dutch Gap Canal. Go right at your subject, and tell them, if you can, what earthly use mosquitoes subserve—mosquitoes and fleas, chinchies, moths, ants, and the rest of the insect scater-sovereigns, that without invitation or license, and in spite of remonstrance and even determined resistance, take possession of our premises, and lead us a dog's life through these sweltering summer days."

And supposing I commence with the blood-suckers.

Nemo has already introduced them to you if you have not happened to meet with them before—bed-bugs, fleas, and mosquitoes.

It may not be generally known that the bed-bug is originally parasitic upon the body of the bat, and is of a dull mouse-color. Throughout the thick live-oak and pitch-pine forests of the South bats abound, and they are continually beating themselves against the tree-trunks and branches to be rid of their troublesome insect companions. There is little doubt, too, that they often succeed in dislodging not a few of them, and the chinchies—for that is the name by which they are known in many parts of the country—crawl along the bark until they find a convenient knot-hole or crack, where they stow away and hatch out their colonies, for the most part, unmolested—unconscious of the riotous living and more pretentious livery which shall be their fortune in the future.

By and by the axe is laid to the tree, and the logs are brought into service for a negro's cabin, or are sawed into boards for a farm-house, a planter's mansion, the decks of a man-of-war, or the state-room floors of a magnificent steamer. Then human voices, and the tread of human feet are heard; the half-starved chinch—it never dies of starvation, however—scents delicious game; and out troop the vampire vermin under cover of the night, and Barmecidal feasting is theirs thenceforward.

I need not tell you that the chinch is extremely tenacious of life. You know it already. Nor that its powers of reproduction are wonderful. If you have ever visited negro-quarters or lived in a factory town you are aware of it. I have myself been reminded while sitting in church of the sparrow that "builds an house" and

the swallow that "finds a nest for her young" within the sacred precincts. If sparrows and swallows, rats and mice, why not chinchies, also? And, verily, one may listen to the sermon, and carry away more than gospel truth, when, unconscious of anything but a sweet peace of mind—and a dainty lawn polonaise, beautifully embroidered and ruffled—an animated bit of blood-stone chooses to travel down one's back and nestle in a puff of one's panier "in the eyes of all the people" thronging the vestibule.

Then, too, although the chinch is not averse to wide domain, and is indeed, forever conquering new worlds, he is individually content with very meager accommodations. China swarms with a population of nearly five hundred millions of cued and stub-footed Mongols. Thousands live in boats. Think how these floating families must be put to their wit's ends to find sleeping room! Not so the chinchies. They sleep and breed and cast their shells in almost impossible places—in splintered cracks and around the edges of shrunken knots which would cramp and disgust a wood-louse. You know Holmes says, "Nature never loses a crack or crevice, or a joint in a tavern bedstead, but she always has one of her flat-pattern, live timekeepers to slide into it." I wish Holmes, with his eye for the fitness of things, could have seen a beastie I took to pieces one Sunday morning this summer. It was not in my own house, and I did not choose Sunday with the feeling, "The better the day, the better the deed." But I arrived at the hostelry on Saturday evening after a hard journey, and being introduced to a neat-looking room containing a black walnut bedstead with spotlessly clean sheets and quilt, was moved to receive things upon trust, and stretch my weary limbs upon the inviting mattress. A spring-bed, too. I congratulated myself, and soon fell into a profound slumber. What poet is it who sings—

"Millions of sinister creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep!"

It was at or about midnight that the chinchies inhabiting my walnut environment began to travel. I arose, struck a light, and examined the race-course, finding plenty of tracks; but the racers had mysteriously vanished. The fact is, I did not dare to make a thorough search, lest I should feel under moral obligations to sit up till daylight, and I was dreadfully fatigued. It was under protest—a weak one, I acknowledge—that I drew the sheet over me a second time, and sank into the luxurious depths of the pillow. I knew I was furnishing the victim for a murder, but was comforted somewhat by the reflection that the murderers were irresponsible agents. After all, too, I did live to see the sun rise and tell this story. My mind and will were left to me, and I resolved with the break of day to be of service to my immediate successors in that parallelogramical trap and the outside world. I became aware, also, that I owed a duty to myself—to what remained of my corporeal frame, and meditated that if it were right in the time of the disciples to rescue quadrupeds from the pit into which they had fallen on the Sabbath day, that

they might obtain relief from suffering and a little longer lease of existence, it was right that I should take active measures in my own behalf and that of other people, against the bed-bugs. Accordingly, after breakfast, I went to work systematically, examining quilt, sheets, and mattress critically before removing them, stripping off the pillow-cases and turning them inside out, following the line of the seams and brushing them with a stiff feather into a solution of chloride of lime I had prepared in the wash-bowl—for you will often find eggs in the seams and along the bindings, and not unfrequently full-grown chinchies. Fortunately, the spring-bed was not a Tucker, but a Webster & Ladd, with no apartments to let for bugs, save those in the iron sockets into which the lower slat fits. I believe I found two here, and gave them a chloride bath forthwith. With the help of the chamber-maid, a hammer, and a bit of board, I then took out one side-piece of the bedstead, and laid it upon a sheet spread for the purpose, the white background being less favorable to the escape of the marauders than was the red and green woolen carpet. Let me assure you we soon had lively exercise. We found the chinchies, big and little, packed about the iron tennons and in the interstices where their frames fitted—or were supposed to fit—into the walnut socket.

Next came the mortise in foot-board and head-board, and here language fails me. Suffice it to say that I felt my impotence to give the creatures battle with feather, or skewer, or both combined. We took down the other side-piece without delay, wrapped it in the sheet, and turning head-board and foot-board flat upon the floor, filled the mortise sockets with kerosene oil. Not a bug escaped. They curled up instantly—dozens of them, and we undid our sheet and proceeded to deliver over the remainder to the tender mercies of the chloride. Then we painted the bedstead all over—in every part—with the oil, letting it soak into the crevices, and afterward wiping it with a cloth. Next we stuffed hard soap into the cracks and such holes as we could find, and this done—we were an hour or two about it—we soaked out the kerosene from the mortises, unscrewed and removed them, and thoroughly cleansed out the sockets, putting in soap where it seemed advisable to do so. That accomplished, the bed was soon a unit again, and free from vermin, if not sweat-smelling. I drew it away from the wall, opened the windows and door, gathered up the weapons, ammunition, and spoils of war, gave them into the hands of Dorcas, and dressed myself for dinner with a thankful heart, feeling that so much of my Sunday had been well-spent, for my undertaking had been a humane one, and the work it involved had been faithfully performed.

And here let me say for the benefit of housekeepers who are tormented with bugs, that I have tried without avail, advertised nostrums of all sorts, corrosive sublimate, cayenne pepper, salt, turpentine, and mercury, but kerosene oil has proved invariably a success. The only requisite is that the first search should be thorough,

the oil used freely, and the soap applied afterwards. Once or twice more in the course of the season, take a cloth saturated in kerosene and wipe frame and slats carefully. Never mind the odor. Disagreeable as it is—and when you first use it you may lose a night's sleep by it if your room is close—that is preferable to the feeling that you will be drained of your life-blood before morning—perhaps carried off bodily by these ghouls in insect form. Use the chloride also, but do not put it upon the bedstead, as its action is to eat most substances with which it comes in contact. You will take a savage delight in seeing it shrivel up these dreaded pests.

OF A CUP OF COFFEE.

"It has been truthfully said that even in these enlightened days, and in the land most blessed by the influence of civilization, there are thousands upon thousands of persons born into the world who live long lives and then go down into their graves without ever having tasted a good cup of coffee. There are many reasons for this, and the principal one, of course, must be that so few persons know how to make good coffee. And yet there have been thousands of receipts and directions published which teach us how to make good coffee by boiling it; by not boiling it; by confining the essence of aroma; by making it in an open vessel; by steeping it; by not steeping it; by clearing it; by grinding it fine; by grinding it coarse, by many other methods opposed to each other and to all these. Now we do not intend to try to tell anybody how to make good coffee, but we just wish to say a word about the treatment of the coffee after it is made. And on this treatment depends its excellence, brew it as you may. The rule is simple: never decant it. Whatever else you do about it, bring it to the table in the same vessel in which it was made. A handsome urn or gorgeous coffee-pot is the grave of good coffee. Of course, if it is considered more desirable to have the pot look well than to have the coffee taste well, we have nothing more to say. But when hot coffee is emptied from one vessel into another, the kitchen ceiling generally receives that essence-laden vapor which should have found its way into the cups on the breakfast table. And one word about these cups. When the coffee enters them it should find the milk or cream already there. By observing these rules, ordinary coffee, made in almost any way, is often very palatable indeed."—*Scribner*.

"Boiled coffee is something unheard of here. We drip it in an ordinary coffee-pot with a long tin-cup or dipper made to fit the top of the coffee-pot. This dipper has a great many very fine holes perforated in the bottom. Into this you place the ground coffee, allowing a tablespoonful to each cup; and, by the by, be sure to buy the coffee green, and parch it a deep brown, constantly stirring it. Then you put on another small tin-cup with larger holes, pour on cold water until the coffee is thoroughly moistened, have your kettle boiling and pour on a little boiling water at a time until you have made the desired quantity. Keep

your pot where the coffee will keep hot, but do not let it boil or the delicate aroma will be lost entirely. I do not know the theory, but the fact remains. Have plenty of rich cream and good sugar in your cup, pour on the coffee, stirring all the time until it is a rich golden brown, and I assure you you will not find a more delicious beverage in the far-famed Mocha of 'Araby the blest.'

Patrician and plebeian alike consider coffee indispensable after dinner. Where there is any style maintained it is handed around after dinner in small cups without cream or milk, and among the Creole population the coffee-pot is at the fire all the time."—*Letter from Cuba*.

"The French coffee is reputed the best in the world; and a thousand voices have asked, What is it about the French coffee? In the first place, then, the French coffee is coffee; and not chicory, or rye, or beans, or peas. In the second place it is freshly roasted, whenever made—roasted with great care and evenness in a little revolving cylinder, which makes a part of the furniture of every kitchen, and which keeps in the aroma of the berry. It is never overdone, so as to destroy the coffee-flavor, which is in nine cases out of ten the fault of the coffee we meet with. Then it is ground and placed in a coffee-pot with a filter through which, when it has yielded up its life to the boiling water poured upon it, the delicious extract percolates in clear drops, the coffee-pot standing on a heated stove to maintain the temperature. The nose of the coffee-pot is stopped up to prevent the escape of the aroma during the process. The extract thus obtained is a perfectly clear, dark fluid, known as *café noir* or black coffee. It is black only because of its strength, being in fact almost the very essential oil of coffee. A tablespoonful of this in boiled milk would make what is ordinarily called a strong cup of coffee.

The boiled milk is prepared with no less care. It must be fresh and new, not merely warmed or even brought to the boiling point, but slowly simmered till it attains a thick creamy richness. The coffee mixed with this, and sweetened with the sparkling beet-root sugar which ornaments a French table, is the celebrated *café au lait*, the name of which has gone round the world. The art of fancy cooking is better understood in America than the art of common cooking. There are more women who know how to make good cake than good bread—more who can furnish you with a good ice-cream than a well-cooked mutton-chop; a fair charlotte-russe is easier to gain than a perfect cup of coffee; and you shall find a sparkling jelly to your dessert where you sigh in vain for so simple a luxury as a well-cooked potato."—*The Housekeeper's Manual*.

"Soyers' mode of making coffee is to put the dry ground coffee into the pot stir it while heating, then pour boiling water over it, one quart of boiling water to one ounce of ground coffee, set the pot where it will keep hot, but not boil. It stands ten minutes when it is ready for drinking."

"Allow one large tablespoonful of ground coffee for each person, and one for the pot, stir an egg with the dry

coffee and pour on boiling water, allowing three pints of boiling water to seven spoonfuls of coffee. Let it boil gently ten or fifteen minutes, then set it where it will keep hot, (but not simmer) that it may settle."—*Breakfast, Dinner and Tea*.

Coffee should be browned at least twice a week and kept in air tight canisters, and only ground just immediately before using. Pick the green coffee carefully over, shake it in a colander to free it from dust, and rub it in a cloth. While roasting stir it all the time, the moment the berry crackles and becomes crisp to pulverize, it is sufficiently roasted. Stir in a small piece of butter the size of a walnut and put it steaming hot into an air-tight canister. For making the proportions are one and one-half ounces of ground coffee to a pint of boiling water, or if you do not like it strong use one ounce of ground coffee to a pint of boiling water. Put your coffee into a bowl with just sufficient cold water to moisten it, beat in an egg, shell and all, mix it well through the coffee. Rinse your coffee boiler out with boiling water, put the coffee in and pour over the required amount of boiling water. Let it boil fifteen minutes. When it begins to boil stir it frequently, and never leave it until the grounds sink. Pour a little from the spout in order to remove the grains that may have boiled into it, and pour it back into the pot. It spoils the best made coffee to decant it as much as it would champagne. This is my way of making coffee, but I may be one of the 'thousands upon thousands, who never tasted a good cup of coffee.' So I beg the members of THE HOUSEHOLD to come to the rescue of their American sisters. Some one of the band must know how to make a perfect cup of coffee, let each one contribute something to either the bag, roaster, canister, mill or boiler or coffee.

MARY.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO COOK POTATOES.

God made a squash to taste like a squash, a tomato to taste like a tomato, and gave to each fruit and vegetable, after its kind, its own distinctive flavor and quality. But what do bad cooks give us? In place of wholesome appetizing food, they serve watery, tasteless pulps; they give us indigestible messes, from which the vitality has been evaporated or thrown away with the water they were boiled in. We might as well, so far as taste is concerned, have any similarly colored dish upon the table. A common fault in cooking vegetables is to suppose that it is impossible to spoil them, whereas nothing is more common than to have them brought to the table in all stages of wateriness and insipidity. Even the potato, in some hands, becomes a waxy, viscous bulb; while the same variety, under other treatment, is a snowy white, floury esculent that crumbles into dust at the touch.

So it is with the squash. In some houses you are served with a seedy wash, while at others the marrowy, buttery vegetable comes out in clean spoonfuls from the dish, and is as grateful to the eye as to the palate.

I hold it to be a sin to spoil good food, whether fish, flesh or fowl, by slovenly preparation of it. I say it is wrong to serve it up with no regard to appearance or flavor; and what is wrong should be corrected. Many persons however, commit error from lack of knowledge, and not willfully; and by those who are anxious for improvement it is believed these instructions will be kindly received. In common parlance a thing that "tastes good" assimilates with the rest of the diet and nourishes the body. How can a thing taste good that is vilely cooked—that is soaked in all manner of vile messes of melted butter and so changed from its original condition by the malice or neglect of a man or woman that it is utterly unfit for human food? Let us take our household friend, the potato, and see what can be done with it.

If we are to boil it, we must first take those that are of one size, wash them clean, and put them in a pot with cold water—never hot. One may or may not cut a piece from each end; it makes little difference, in my experience, whether this is done. It is not necessary that they should boil hard, as the saying is, but the vessel should be in such a position that gentle ebullition is at all times maintained. If they boil rapidly they are apt to go to pieces, which spoils the appearance of them on the table. Many sorts of potatoes are liable to this defect, even when all the care that is possible has been taken. This is particularly the case early in the autumn. When this occurs, a plan I have found available is to remove the pot from the fire about ten minutes before they are done, and let them stay on the back part of the stove until they are cooked.

In this way the most untractable potato may be rendered slightly and boiled without breaking. Boiled potatoes cooked to warm over for breakfast should not be peeled, as they are apt to sour; neither will they be water soaked if left to stand until done; but as soon as they are done they must be taken out carefully.—*Es*.

BREAD MAKING.

MR. EDITOR:—As I am one of the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD, and an old housekeeper, and as there is much said on the subject of bread making, will tell you my way. I have good bread.

Hop Yeast.—Tie a handful of hops in a thin bag and boil them in three pints of water long enough to get out the strength, take out the hops, moisten with cold water two large spoonfuls of flour, a tablespoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one tablespoonful of ginger, stir well together, getting out all the lumps, then turn it into the liquid while boiling hot, stir quickly as soon as you begin to turn in the batter; keep stirring until it boils up, turn it out, let it stand till luke-warm, then add a cupful of sweet, lively yeast, set it to rise; it will not go high, but will become foamy on the top; the next day put into bottles—do not fill them quite full—cork tight and set in a cool place; if you have not a refrigerator, the coldest place in the cellar. Before using always shake it up well in the

bottle, and when about a cupful only is left it can be used to start a fresh quantity.

Bread Making.—At night take one quart of water, have it luke-warm, (summer or winter,) nearly a cupful of yeast, and stir in sifted flour till you make a stiff dough, cover closely; the first thing in the morning stir in more flour until it is hard enough to knead, let it rise again, when light knead it into loaves, put it into well-buttered pans for the oven, then let it rise about an inch, (one hour will generally be long enough,) and bake one hour. Health requires that twenty-four hours shall be allowed after baking to ripen the bread fit for the stomach; economy also demands the same thing, for hot bread is very wasteful.

Brown Bread.—Six cups of corn meal, three cups of rye meal, one cup of yeast, one cup of molasses, and salt. Scald the corn meal, when luke-warm add the rye meal, yeast, molasses and salt; bake in a stone or iron pot, cover it over and bake five hours.

Indian Pudding.—Seven tablespoonfuls of Indian meal, one teacupful of molasses, mixed together, then pour on one quart of boiling milk, and add salt, butter the size of an egg, and when it begins to boil in the oven stir in one pint of cold milk. Bake two hours.

E. H. R.

LETTER TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

MR. CROWELL, SIR:—Some months ago there appeared a note in THE HOUSEHOLD, stating that green peas and beans might be canned if only cooked long enough—that from five to six hours should be taken for peas. I have been experimenting a little this summer and will send THE HOUSEHOLD an account of my experiment with green peas. I should be glad to hear from others on the same subject.

The peas I used were of our own raising so I know them to be fresh, and I took care that they should be as near of the same size as possible. Cooked them in a porcelain-lined kettle, in water to which a very little salt has been added. Kept them boiling steadily, filling up with boiling water as often as necessary. Did not stir them at all.

They were boiled five hours and three-quarters and sealed up as soon as taken off the stove, in one of Mason's glass self sealing, porcelain-lined top jars. I first filled the jar with peas, packing them down as closely as I could without mashing, and poured in the liquor in which they had been boiled, until the jar was completely full. Before taking them from the stove I allowed the water to boil away, taking care that enough should be left to fill up the cans. The can was put in a semi dark place, but before the end of five days, I had to throw the contents away as they had begun to ferment. Who can tell me why they did not keep? Let some one answer who knows. I don't want any one to guess. Will some one who has kept them, tell me the particulars of their process—I have not made up my mind, that because mine did not keep, they cannot be kept. I should have tried again but the season was too far advanced.

I tried some string beans, boiling

them four hours, but they too, spoiled in a few days. I thought that it was possible in the case of the peas, that in filling with peas first, then the liquid, every space might not have been filled, some air remaining, and consequently the result, so I took great care when I canned my beans, that no air should remain, but with results same as before. If it can be done I mean to learn how, another summer, and in the mean time any information as to how it should be done, will be welcome by me, and I doubt not by many readers of THE HOUSEHOLD.

MRS. A. E. DOLBEARS.

THE CONSTITUENTS OF WHEAT.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

Bread is emphatically the "staff of life," a kind of universal food, adapted to all climates and all constitutions. Like the milk for the nursing child, containing every element needed in the sustenance of the frail body, or the egg, furnishing bone, muscle, feathers, beak, all to the prospective chicken. Bread, when made of the right grain and in the proper manner, when it is really bread, is nearly or quite identical in its elements of nutrition, with the constituents of the human body.

The most important element of the human system is oxygen, amounting to about five-sevenths of the whole body. Hydrogen if in the gaseous form, the equivalent of three thousand cubic feet is another element, equal to one-eleventh, while a still larger amount of carbon affords fat and promotes the warmth of the body, to keep it necessarily at about 78° Fah. Nitrogen forms the basis of the muscles and is an important element, while phosphorus is equally important for the brain and nerves. In smaller quantities calcium, fluorine, sulphur, chlorine, sodium, iron, etc., are found, fourteen in all. All of these must be in our food, air and water, supplied from day to day, or we waste away.

Wheat contains these fourteen elements in the most natural proportions of any of the grains—just the elements of nourishment needed to build up this body harmoniously, giving health, vigor, and strength. It contains the fuel, the muscle food, the nerve feeding food, all the materials out of which the very best of blood is made. Or, as expressed by a popular medical author, "The average distribution of the elements of wheat more nearly corresponds with the requirements of the human system under ordinary circumstances than any other grain, and life and health may be continued on wheat alone for an indefinite period with good water and good air."

But these elements, the gluten, albumen, starch, sugar, gum, fiber, etc., are not distributed in the same proportion through all parts of the kernel of wheat, or, indeed, in any of the grains. The central part contains a rich deposit of starch—most of the white is starch—while the darker portion, that between the hull and the central white, is equally rich in the bone, muscle and nerve producing materials. This fact illustrates the

impropriety of separating these elements, all of which are absolutely necessary to the harmonious development of the body. Since the design of the starch is mainly to act as fuel, furnishing fatty tissue and sustain the temperature of the body, it is evident that too much may be used, especially in warm climates, and of course too little of the muscle, bone and nerve food. Of course, if there is a deficiency of the bone material in our food, defective bones and teeth must be the result, since they only thrive when properly supplied with nourishment. The same is true of the muscle and brain, while the over supply of carbonaceous food—or fuel—must increase feverish and inflammatory tendencies, and add to the "humors."

We make the following extracts, containing the relative value in nutriment of some of the more usual articles of food, from the tables of an unpretending circular sent out from the Flour Mills of F. E. Smith & Co. through their N. E. Agents, Lewis & Co. 58, Long Wharf, Boston, substantially the analyses of the English, French, German and American chemists, having reference to one hundred parts, omitting the waste:

COMMON ARTICLES OF FOOD COMPARED.

Articles.	Nitrates.	Carbonates.	Phosphates.	Waters.
Wheat	14.6	66.4	1.6	14.0
Barley	12.8	52.1	4.2	14.0
Oats	17.0	50.8	3.0	13.6
Northern corn	12.3	67.5	1.1	14.0
Southern corn	34.6	39.2	4.1	14.0
Buckwheat	8.6	53.0	1.8	14.2
Rye	6.5	75.2	0.5	13.5
Beans	24.0	40.0	3.5	14.8
Peas	23.4	41.0	2.5	14.1
Lentils	26.0	39.0	1.5	14.0
Rice	5.1	82.0	0.5	9.0
Potatoes	1.4	15.8	0.0	74.8
Sweet Potatoes	1.5	21.8	2.9	67.5
Turnips	1.2	4.0	0.5	90.4
Cabbage	1.2	6.2	0.8	91.3
Cucumbers	0.1	1.7	0.5	97.1
Milk of Cow	5.0	8.0	1.0	86.0
Human Milk	3.0	7.0	0.5	89.5
Veal	17.7	14.3	2.3	65.7
Beef	19.0	14.0	2.0	65.0
Lamb	19.6	14.3	2.2	63.9
Mutton	21.0	14.0	2.0	63.0
Pork	17.5	16.0	2.2	64.3
Chicken	21.6	1.9	2.8	73.7
Codfish	16.5	1.0	2.5	80.0
Trout	16.9	0.8	4.3	78.0
Smelt	17.0	very little.	5 or 6	75.0
Salmon	20.0	some fat.	6 or 7	74.0
Eels	17.0	" "	3 or 4	75.0
Herring	18.0	" "	4 or 5	75.0
Halibut	18.0	" "	3 or 4	74.0
Oyster	12.6	none.	0.2	87.2
Clam	12.0	very little.	2 or 3	
Lobster	14.0	" "	5 or 6	79.0
Eggs, white of	13.0	none.	2.8	84.2
" yolks of	16.9	29.8	2.0	51.3
Butter		100.0	1.8	76.6
Asparagus	0.6	5.4	0.4	93.6
Cheese	30.8	28.0	4.7	36.5
Cherries	21.2	0.9	1.4	76.5
Lard		100.0		
Liver	26.3	3.9	1.2	68.6
Onions	0.5	5.2	0.5	93.8

"Wheat, it will be seen, stands the first as coming nearer to the distribution of its elements than any other article to the human system; also to its proportions and requirements, being about 15 per cent. nitrates or muscle-making elements; 65 to 70 per cent. carbonates or heat or fat-producing elements; and about 2 per cent of phosphates. Wheat, therefore, can be taken as an average standard when selecting articles of food which are more suitable for the different conditions and occupations of life."

IMPROVED BUCKWHEAT PANCAKE.

Buckwheat pancake is an article largely need; but as commonly prepared, it is not fit to serve at any table. It is heavy and distressing to the stomach. Though the batter may be light, when it gets on the griddle it is apt to fall and become the heavy, indigestible thing we find it. Not unfrequently it is sour.

Now all this can be obviated, and light palatable cakes made, with little care, by the addition of Graham flour mixed with buckwheat, the proportion of Graham being a little over a quarter. Mix the flour to keep on hand ready for baking. When wanted to be used, bring to a batter with buttermilk. Other sour milk will not do; it must be milk from the churn; and it wants to be quite sour. Raise with soda, and bake at once. The first baking will in general not be satisfactory; it will lack lightness. Still it will be better than the usual pancake. Now leave what batter remains, in a warm room. This will somewhat raise it; and the cakes the next morning will be improved. Another twenty-four hours' exposure to the warmth, of seventy to eighty degrees, and there is still further improvement. After that there will be little difficulty.

It is better to have the batter when it reaches the stove, as cold as possible without freezing. The soda will then have little or no effect till the heat of the griddle sets it in motion, baking the paste as it rises. It wants a hot fire, so as to bake rapidly. The cake then will be brown, and as light as a sponge, and very tender, almost melting in the mouth. It causes no distress whatever but digests readily and is healthful—medicinal somewhat, which results from the coarse Graham flour mixed with it. It is relished, and may be eaten two or three times a day, and the year through though it will be less light in summer than in winter, yet palatable and agreeing well. It is our own mode invented by us after long, tedious experiment. The object was to get a light, palatable cake, and at the same time combine the medicinal virtue of the bran. Care must be exercised at first. Dissolve the soda in water, mix with the paste and bake at once. We have used this cake for many years, and use no other. Try it; but be patient at first.—Country Gentleman.

COOKING SALT CODFISH.

A correspondent asks how she can cook salt codfish—I will tell her my ways.

1st. She can pick it into shreds, put it into cold water, a few minutes, to freshen, drain that off, then pour boiling water on to it, for a few minutes, which drain off then add butter, with a spoonful of flour, stir together, add boiling water to make it the right consistency for gravy. If she would have it a little nicer, slice in boiled eggs—say, three for six persons—let it just simmer a little on the stove to cook together.

2nd. She may prefer a gravy of milk, or sweet cream, (which farmers are supposed to have on hand) instead of water, with much less bother.

3rd. It is nice to fry it. Cut the thickest part of the fish into pieces two inches square, take off the skin, put it to freshen, in a pan of cold water for eighteen or twenty hours, changing the water once or twice, drain off the water, roll it in flour or Indian meal, and fry a nice brown in pork fat—serve with a little drawn butter.

4th. Then, take the thinnest, and poorest parts of the fish, wash the skin clean, and broil over the coals, just scorching the skin so that you can scrape off the rough part with a knife, lay it on to a clean board, and pound it with a hammer, till you can pick out all the bones, readily, then lay it into cold water a few minutes, to freshen; turn that off, pour on boiling water for a few minutes, then lay it in your nappy, with clear butter; just let it stand on the stove a few minutes, to incorporate the butter with the fish. F. M. K.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

GRAHAM BREAD.—Agawam wishes a recipe for graham bread. I think she will be successful if she will make it just as she does any other bread, only stir instead of kneading it, as that makes it too dry.

COOKIES.—Two cups of white sugar, two cups of butter, one cup of sweet milk, two eggs, two heaping teaspoonfuls of soda, four heaping teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and nutmeg.

COURT CAKE.—Four eggs, two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of buttermilk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and one-half of a nutmeg. ESTELLA.

MR. CROWELL.—Dear Sir:—I send you answers to some inquiries, but will not preface it by stating how we like THE HOUSEHOLD; we take it, and this is the strongest commendation I can offer. The following are well tested recipes.

SODA BISCUIT.—Hagar will find the following excellent. One cup of sour cream, nearly one teaspoonful of soda, a little more than a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one pint of flour, one teaspoonful of salt.

TO REMOVE FRECKLES.—The following lotion is excellent for tan and freckles and will remove both. Ten cents worth of benzoin and ten cents worth of alcohol put together and shaken thoroughly. Use two teaspoonfuls of the lotion to two-thirds of a glass of rain water. Apply several times a day with a sponge to the face. It is not injurious as it has been fully tested. It is harmless, but will produce the desired effect, if the applications are continued.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.—If Mell will use the above recipe, that Hagar uses for soda biscuit, when she takes it from the oven, while hot, cut open and butter sufficiently, take her berries, mash, use white sugar to sweeten sufficiently, then spread them over the bottom crust that she has just buttered and apply the top immediately, put in the oven for several moments, take out and cover with a bread cloth and eat as soon as possible, she will find it to be delicious.

NICE SPICE CAKE.—One cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of sour milk, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of cloves, half a nutmeg, and fruit if you choose.

GOOD CORN DODGERS.—Two eggs, one quart of buttermilk, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, one cup of graham flour, Indian meal enough to make a stiff batter, so it can be lifted out in spoonfuls and dropped upon buttered tins, and will stand up like biscuit. VIRGINIA.

MR. CROWELL.—Sir:—I have received so many valuable hints and suggestions from THE HOUSEHOLD that in return would be very glad to offer a few recipes that I use constantly, and I am sure would please any one who might try them.

SPICED TOMATOES.—Seven pounds of green tomatoes, chopped, one quart of vinegar; boil one and one-half hours, then add two pounds of sugar, and spice to suit your taste; boil as long as before, and put up in bottles or cans. It is excellent to eat with meat, and is easier made than catsup and much better.

GRAHAM BREAD.—I have tried a great many ways of making graham bread, but like this better than any other for it can always be depended upon. Set sponge as for wheat bread; in the morning take one pint of sponge, one-half pint of warm water, one-half teacupful of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, stir thoroughly, and add enough graham flour to make a thick batter, as thick as can be stirred with a spoon, let it rise, and after beating down put it in a three-pint basin, and when risen enough bake slowly two hours. When the crust begins to brown put a baking tin over it, this keeps the crust soft.

MOCK LEMON PIE.—One cup of sugar, yolks of two eggs, one-half cup of milk, one-half cup of water, stir well together and place in a crust. When done beat the whites of the eggs and add one teaspoonful of extract of lemon, spread this over your pie, sprinkle with sugar, and bake to a delicate brown.

DELICIOUS JOHNNY CAKE.—One egg, two spoonfuls of sugar, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, two cups of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, beat well, and add Indian meal to make a thin batter. I make graham gems in the same way except I use the graham instead of the meal. The perfect success of the recipe depends entirely upon the batter, which must be neither too thick nor too thin. Bake in smoking hot graham rings twenty minutes in a hot oven. I am sure they will repay any one for their trouble. MRS. W.

SPONGE CAKE.—Excellent. — Three eggs, beat three minutes; one and one-half cups of sugar, beat three minutes; two cups of flour with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder in it, half a cup of cold water, beat three minutes. Bake immediately in a sheet iron oven pan.

The above for jelly cake, very thin and rolled up.

FOR RED ANTS, mix five cents worth of calomel with syrup, and put it in place of the victuals they haunt. I fed mine thus and they left. M. S.

SODA SOAP.—Editor Household:—I would like to give your housekeeping readers an excellent recipe for making soap. We have used it for thirty years in the family and pronounce it the best soap ever made. It cleanses the clothes, yet does not eat them. Take four pounds of sal soda, four pounds of hard soap cut into small pieces, and eight gallons of water. Boil two hours. When cool it is white and hard, and clothes put to soak in water with a little of this, wash twice as easy as in other soap.

FRUIT CAKE.—Three eggs, two cups of brown sugar, two and one-half cups of flour, one and one-half cups of chopped raisins, a teaspoonful of each kind of spice, three-fourths cup of butter, citron to suit taste, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and one-half cup of sour milk. This is a good recipe.

ONE EGG CAKE.—One egg, one heaping cup of sugar, two cups of flour, one-half cup of melted butter, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Bake in a quick oven.

CLOVE CAKE.—One cup of molasses, one-half cup of sour milk, one egg, two cups of flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and a tablespoonful of ground cloves. C. N.

BEEF TEA FOR THE SICK.—Take a new tin fruit can, with a tight fitting lid. Put in it three pounds of thick, juicy, round steak, carefully trimmed of all fat, and cut in pieces the size of a hazelnut, without any water, and place the lid on tight, put it in a hot oven, let it remain three-quarters of an hour, or until it tastes cooked. If the oven is very hot it will burn on the bottom before the juice comes out, if not hot enough, the meat will all shrivel up. When baked enough, take a spoon and press every bit of juice out of the meat, while it is in the tin fruit can, throw meat away and set juice aside to cool, then skim it of all

grease, heat as much as is required on top of the stove, and season with salt.—Nurse Curtis.

WINE JELLY.—Soak a box of Cox's gelatine in a pint of cold water for an hour or more; juice of two lemons, and the lemons put in after you have squeezed them; one and one-fourth pounds of white sugar, all mixed with the gelatine; then add three pints of boiling water, half a teacupful of brandy poured into a pint measure, and the measure filled with sherry wine. Put all through your jelly strainer. In very hot weather use only two pints of boiling water. MRS. LEE.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

If W. F. H. will take her fuchsias and place them in a light cellar, where they will not freeze, water a little, and not let them dry out, she will succeed. We winter them in this way, and have the best of luck—saving ten to fifteen every winter.

I saw in a late number of THE HOUSEHOLD an article upon catching flies. It said, "Take a tumbler two-thirds filled with strong soap-suds, get upon the table and catch all the flies you can reach upon the ceiling, then move the table and repeat." We used to do the same until one of our neighbors fell off a chair and crippled herself. Then papa made us a fly-catcher. He took a block three inches in diameter by one inch thick, bored a hole in the center and put in a croquet mallet handle, then drove some pieces of wire in the edge of the circular piece, letting them stick up three or four inches so they will hold the tumbler firmly in place, put in your soap suds, and then all you have to do is to walk from fly to fly and no danger of breaking your neck. The room should be darkened the least bit to be successful. VIRGINIA.

If E. E. will soak the string in turpentine before she ties it around the necks of the bottles she wishes to break, then set fire to the string, they will break in good shape, I am told.

Will some one tell me how to clean kid gloves successfully? also how to make a cement for filling cracks in a stove?

Will some one give us a few more lessons in wax flowers? also will some one tell me what makes my cucumbers grow soft in the brine? I have tried weak brine and strong brine with like success.

I am afraid that I have taken too much room, but I have waited so long that my questions have accumulated very fast. There are a good many more that I will hold in reserve for a future date, if this meets your approval. Jefferson Cr., N. Y. MRS. W.

If A New Subscriber will try hellebore, rubbed over with molasses, and put in places that cockroaches frequent, will destroy them very soon.

If Mrs. M. M. K. will use flour of sulphur, round the places that ants frequent, she will drive them away without making a bonfire.

Will some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD send a recipe for those nice egg biscuits such as you buy at first class grocers. Hyde Park, Mass. MRS. T. F. S.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD.—Dear Sir:—Your HOUSEHOLD comes every month like an old familiar friend. We couldn't do without it, and our neighbors think the same. I have often thought of answering some of the many questions, but have delayed, thinking others would give better replies. I often read inquiries how to exterminate cockroaches. We were overrun with them only a year ago, and had been for three or four years. We tried borax and everything else and at last tried "Paris green." Don't get discouraged. Keep it setting in little tin box tops or on little blocks of wood in your closet and on the shelves and about the fireplace arrangements, for roaches always prefer warmth. Paris green was the chief exterminator of our roaches, for where were scorpions there isn't one now. Another very effectual way is to freeze them out. They are warm blooded insects and can stand but little cold, so we selected the coldest nights, (you can take days if you live where you cannot trust to open doors,) and opened the doors and windows and their dead bodies laid in piles. Cold, I think, is the best exterminator, but not always the most convenient, but Paris green must be

persisted in and relied upon. Kerosene is sure death to bed-bugs.

Can any one tell me how to make some pretty ornament of red sealing wax? and who will give directions for making a "Pansy lamp mat" of purple and yellow worsted? or any kind of worsted mat? Who will be kind enough to furnish directions for making a hanging cord of worsted and beads?

In return, if any one would like directions for making a simple, but tasteful hair receiver, and a handsome but easily made bead-basket, I will cheerfully give them. C. N.

MR. CROWELL.—In my recipe for bread making you have it one teaspoonful of ginger, it ought to be tablespoonful, and the water to be added after boiling the hops, not more than one quart, as it makes too much for most families.

I send another recipe for old fashioned Indian bread. One pint basin of rye flour to two of Indian meal, warm sweet skim milk to mix with, two-thirds cup of good yeast, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, one tablespoonful of sugar, and one teaspoonful of soda. Steam two hours, covering the basin, and then bake one hour in a slow oven. Wheat and Indian bread is good made in this way.

I also send a recipe for sponge pound cake. Three cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, six eggs, and five cups of flour. Instead of soda I use Cleaveland's baking powder, it also takes the place of cream of tartar, and for soda biscuit I never have met with anything as good. The sponge pound cake recipe is better divided, using one-half of the ingredients. When fresh oranges can be obtained and used as lemons for sponge cake it is a great improvement.

In reply to the lady who wants to exterminate the red ants, and save her pantry, I reply, use corrosive sublimate dissolved in alcohol, but do not remember how much to the pint or half pint—those who have it for sale prepare it. Wash the shelves clean and apply with a feather. The same is good for bed-bugs, and more easily applied than quicksilver. M. E. M.

Will Dr. Hanaford tell us what we are to make our preserves and jellies in? All kettles in common use had been condemned, and justly, and when those lined with porcelain were introduced, housekeepers congratulated themselves and each other upon the pleasant circumstance that the right thing had been found at last. Now we are told that the glazing contains poison! Nothing remains but tin. Shall we make our preserves in kettles of that material? M. P. R.

DEAR E. E.—In the October HOUSEHOLD you want to know how to break the neck off of glass bottles. Tie the string wet in kerosene around where you want it to break, then set fire to the end of the string. You can break window glass to fit small pictures, by stretching the string evenly across and setting fire to it.

DEAR MELL.—Here is a short cake recipe that is considered delicious, and I have never seen it in print. Two cups of sour cream, (or sour milk with shortening,) one teaspoonful of soda, and a little salt; mix as stiff as biscuits, roll half an inch thick, and cut to fit jelly cake tins or pie tins. Lay one cake in and butter well the upper side, then lay on another cake, and bake in a quick oven to a light brown. Mix your berries thoroughly with sugar. When your cakes are done they will separate perfectly; add a little more butter, then your fruit, and you will find it much nicer than the common way of splitting the cake while warm, as that makes it heavy. Currants, stewed pie-plant, dried apples, or fruit of any kind, make excellent shortcakes, and are healthier and easier made than pies. Let me know through our common friend if my recipes are successful. A. C. MC. Irwin, Iowa.

Will some one inform a reader of THE HOUSEHOLD how to clean white Astrakhan fur. E. M.

MR. CROWELL.—Dear Sir:—Please enquire of your readers if any one of them can tell of any means by which hop stains can be gotten out of sheets, night clothes, etc., which are so liable to be stained in sickness? and greatly oblige, A CONSTANT READER.



OUT IN THE COLD.

With blue cold hands and stockingless feet,
Wandered a child in the cheerless street;
Children were many, who housed and fed,
Lovingly nestled, dreaming in bed—
Caroled their joy in a land of bliss,
Without a care or thought of this;
They were warm with humanity's fold,
But this little child was out in the cold—
Out in the cold!

Blak blew the wind through the cheerless street,
Dashing along the merciless street,
All furred and shawls, man, woman and child
Hurried along, for the storm grew wild:
They could not bear the icicle's blast,
Winter so rude on their pathway was cast,
Alas! none pitied—no one consoled
The little wanderer out in the cold—
Out in the cold!

She had no father, she had no mother,
Sisters none, and never a brother!
They had passed on to the star-world above—
She remained here with nothing to love—
"Nothing to love!"—Oh men did not know
What wealth of joy that child could bestow,
So they went by and worshipped their gold,
Leaving the little one out in the cold—
Out in the cold!

Wandered she on till the shades of night
Veiled the shivering form from sight;
Then with her hands crossed over her breast,
She prayed to her Father in Heaven for rest.
When hours had fled, 'neath the world's dark
frown

Hungered and chilled, she laid herself down:
Lay down to rest while the wealthy rolled
In carriages, passed her out in the cold—
Out in the cold!

Out in the cold—lo! an angel form
Brought her white robes that were rich and warm
Out in the cold on the sleeping child!
The sainted face of a mother smiled:
A sister pressed on her brow a kiss—
Led her mid scenes of heavenly bliss?
And angels gathered into their fold
That night the little one out of the cold—
Out of the cold!

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

"SAY, Ruth!"
"Well?"

The first tone was sharp, eager, significant, and masculine.

The response was mild, languid, indifferent, and feminine.

"Whose wagon tracks are these?"

A farmer past middle age, sun-browned and muscular, pointed to fresh tracks that described a circle on the moist earth and stretched away in long parallel lines.

The feminine face, pretty and girlish, grew crimson as the answer was hesitatingly given:

"Mr. Olcott's carriage was here this afternoon."

"It's only fair to suppose the carriage had a horse before it, and a driver in it," remarked the farmer, dryly. "Who drove?"

"Mr. Olcott," answered the young girl, with deepening blushes.

"What does the old covey want to come here so often for?" inquired the farmer testily.

"Jacob," called a shrill female voice from the window, "have you taken the wheat to the mill?"

"No; but Ruth is taking her eggs to a very poor market," answered the farmer, shortly.

"Don't tease the child," said the woman rebukingly. "And you'd better hurry up, or Mr. Jones will be gone

from the mill before you get the grist there."

"Ruth," exclaimed the man, stepping to the girl's side and speaking in a low tone, "if I see Jerome Anderson coming here I shall put him on another track. He's too good a fellow to be trifled with, and Olcott isn't a circumstance."

"Jacob, are you ever going to get off with that grist?" was the thrilling interruption to the man's remark.

"Yes, I'm going in two jerks," was the prompt reply. His voice sunk to a whisper: "Ruth, don't make work for repentance," he said, impressively. "It's a dreadful thing."

"Ruth," called the shrill-voiced woman, "Come in the house. You'll catch your death-cold sitting out there in the dew; and last night you was traipsing over the wet grass as if you wasn't subject to the quinsy and rheumatiz in your shoulder. It must be a thousand times nicer to ride in a handsome carriage like Mr. Olcott's."

"Yes, ma'am."

Ruth said it humbly; but the affirmation would have provoked a score of queries had she been testifying on the witness stand, for there was that in it that suggested mental reservation.

Mrs. Beebe, the practical, sharp-sighted, clear-eyed woman, as she was called, noted the manner with displeasure. "Of course," she said, "it stands to reason that it's better to ride than to walk, and it's better to wear silk gowns than calico, and you'd stand in your own light to give Jerome Anderson any encouragement when a man like Mr. Olcott worships the very ground you walk on."

Ruth made no reply. The question was debatable, judging from the indecision in her face.

She sat down at the window and looked out until her mother called her.

"Whatever upon earth ails the child! Why, Ruth, you're sitting in the draught, and there'll be a sore throat or something to pay!"

Ruth arose with a smothered sigh and looked at the clock. "Half past eight!" she said to herself. "Father has put Jerome Anderson on another track. He won't come to-night."

She took her work-basket from the closet and drew up to the table where her mother sewed by the light of the tallow-candle, and took from her work-basket some muslin and a bit of lace.

Her mother watched her closely. "Is that all the lace you bought?" she asked in a tone that was full of calculation.

"Yes, ma'am; it is real," explained Ruth.

"But it didn't take all the money?" asked Mrs. Beebe, in the same calculating tone.

"Yes, ma'am. It takes a great deal of money to buy a very little real lace. Aunt Catharine used to say a person was better dressed with a very little real lace than a great many yards of imitation," answered Ruth, in justification of her purchase.

"Humph!" ejaculated Mrs. Beebe, somewhat disdainfully. "Your aunt Catharine has some very high notions. She ain't a bit like your father. She

can afford to buy real lace, if she wants it. If I'd been in your place, I'd rather had more lace for the same money. You've got some very extravagant notions for a poor girl, Ruth Ann."

When Mrs. Beebe meant to be very impressive, she addressed her daughter as Ruth Ann.

Ruth blushed guiltily. She was conscious of her falling in that direction. She remembered how that very morning she had stood at the counter of the little village store, trying to reconcile those very condemned notions with her limited ability. It had not been a very easy task. The notions were very extravagant, and the ability so very small. Then the ability was so very uncompromising. The shillings could not by any possibility expand themselves to meet her tastes, and there had been no alternative but for the taste to succumb entirely to the shillings.

A very filthy thing this balancing of lace and filthy lucre in a young girl's mind, say you? Perhaps so to men who never look at lace with reference to their own toilettes, and to women who have lost their love of dress with their youth; but to a young girl who knows that the frill around her throat has much to do with the tint of her complexion, and that a web of delicate threads soften the beauty of plump, round arms, this question of lace is an all-absorbing one.

Ruth Beebe had other thoughts, standing at the little counter, comparing the lace she wanted with the lace she didn't want, trying to reconcile quantity, and quality, and price. From tangled thoughts of lace it was a step to tangled thoughts of life, for Ruth's life was somewhat tangled now. It had been a very smooth life until Mrs. Beebe's ambition had changed it. Ruth Beebe, only a year younger than she was now, standing under the apple-trees, with pink and white blossoms falling on her chestnut hair, looked up behind the brown hands that sifted the apple-blossoms through his fingers, into Jerome Anderson's honest, love-lit eyes, and there was no entanglement in her life then.

Mrs. Beebe, from the farm-house window, looked into the orchard with a brow piled full of frowning wrinkles.

"Jacob!" she called, in a loud decided tone.

Jacob did not hear. He was either asleep or dreaming just in sight of the pretty picture in the apple-orchard. "Jacob!" exclaimed Mrs. Beebe, this time touching the man on the shoulder.

Jacob Beebe came to consciousness with a start. "What's the matter, Rachel?" he asked. "Are the cows in the corn, or—?"

"No, no!" answered his wife, impatiently, "it's about Ruth."

"What's about Ruth?" inquired the man, subsiding into a seat.

"What I've got to say," answered Mrs. Beebe.

"Oh, I thought it was young Anderson's arm," said Jacob Beebe, with a low, chuckling laugh.

Mrs. Beebe rose up in her wrath. "Jacob," she said, "you're a—"

The angry woman changed her mind, and modified her remark. "You're

enough to try the patience of a saint," she said.

Jacob Beebe laughed. The laugh, interpreted, said, "That is not you."

"Ruth is a woman," continued Mrs. Beebe, emphatically.

"Hardly," answered her husband, meditatively. "It's only a few years since she was a baby."

"Eighteen—just eighteen, the tenth of last month," corrected Mrs. Beebe. "But that's neither here nor there. She is a woman and is thinking of beaux, and the next thing she will be getting married."

"Married!" echoed Jacob Beebe, sadly.

"Yes, of course; but it's a pity."

"Now the question is who shall she marry?" continued Mrs. Beebe, as if she were stating a problem in algebra or a proposition in geometry.

"It ain't for you nor me to say," was the calm reply of her husband.

"She's pretty enough and good enough for the Governor," exclaimed Mrs. Beebe.

"Or the President," added Jacob Beebe, with a proud smile.

"She ain't likely to marry any body that will be a credit to her family, staying around here and going on with that young Anderson," said Mrs. Beebe indignantly.

"Jerome is a likely lad," answered Jacob, in a kindly tone.

"He isn't the man for our Ruth; only an Anderson, and his father in debt when he died, and all the family hanging on to Jerome," remonstrated Mrs. Beebe. "If you haven't ambition enough to want to settle your daughter better in life than that, I have, and I've been thinking it would be a good thing to send Ruth to her aunt Catharine's in the city, and let her see a little of the world."

At last Mrs. Beebe had said what she intended to say when she aroused her husband from his nap or dream with that shrill cry of "Jacob."

There had been remonstrance on Farmer Beebe's part. It was hard to give up his daughter for a few months even. He did not see her danger in staying home as her mother did, and he did see her danger in going away as her mother did not. But Mrs. Beebe carried her point. It was her way to overcome all obstacles that Jacob Beebe could interpose.

From this visit had come the entanglement of Ruth Beebe's life. It was easy to engraft on a young mind like hers a taste for the luxuries that surrounded her in her aunt's home, and Mrs. Beebe's ambition and scheming, was gratified on Ruth's return to see that she did not settle down quite content with the old simple ways of living. The discontent might have worn away but for Mrs. Beebe's fostering, and the attentions of Humphrey Olcott, the rich man on the hill. These attentions in their ultimate meaning settled so satisfactorily the troublesome questions of taste and ability that Ruth was tempted to make the most of them. But there was Jerome Anderson, the honest young farmer, who looked tenderly on Ruth and askance at the rich man on the hill; and with thoughts of him all of Ruth's life, with its opposing claims and counter forces, twisted itself into a tangle as perplexing as the Gordian knot.

She was working away mentally at the tangled web that night, as she sat at the little work-table, with the poor candle-light falling on the white muslin and bit of lace.

Mrs. Beebe looked at the clock. It would soon be time for Jacob's return, and she had something to say to Ruth in her husband's absence.

"I don't know what you're thinking of to encourage a poor man like Jerome Anderson," she said, at length, biting off her thread with a jerk. "If I was you I'd give him his walking papers."

Ruth recognized that as a bold advance movement to draw her into a wordy combat. She had been there before, and knew the ground well. She snuffed the candle without a word of comment. Silence was the only intrenchment into which she could retire.

Mrs. Beebe changed her tactics. "These candles are miserable," she remarked, in infinite disgust. "That last tallow wasn't tried right; and if there wasn't water in these dips they wouldn't sputter like all possessed. I expect it comes tough for you to see by these feeble lights after enjoying your aunt's gas."

"The gas-light was very pleasant," answered Ruth, meditatively.

"Humphrey Olcott's new house is going to have gas in it," remarked Mrs. Beebe, glancing at her daughter to note the effect of her words. "He is building a fine cage. Almost any bird might be contented in it."

"Olcott's house is pretty sure to have gas in it," commented Jacob Beebe, who had returned from the mill in time to hear his wife's remark concerning Mr. Olcott. "It's pretty sure to have gas in it when its master is home; and if I was a bird I'd rather have the poorest, homeliest nest an honest bird could build me than Olcott's cage with its golden bars. That's my opinion!"

"Oh, Jacob, you are so set in your notions!" exclaimed Mrs. Beebe. "And here is Ruth sighing and longing for things every day that you can't afford to buy her. Just look Jacob at that little piece of lace! Ruth would buy the real stuff. She don't approve of imitations. There's a pretty girl for a poor man's wife! I tell you, Jacob, men don't understand these things."

Jacob Beebe sighed. "Lace is not the worst want in the world," he said in an under-tone. "And I hope Ruth will remember that the love of a married woman ought to be the real stuff, and no imitation. Wives can get along better without lace than love. Are you going to your cousin's wedding?" he asked, turning to Ruth.

"Yes, sir," answered Ruth. "Mother thinks I had better, and I am trimming my dress."

"And you want more lace?" asked the farmer, gravely, as the colored servant called Mrs. Beebe into the kitchen.

"It's a little scant, but I don't mind much," answered Ruth, looking up with a feeble smile.

"I wish I could afford—" began the farmer.

Ruth stopped him. "I don't mind a bit," she said, and her smile was brave now as she put her arms around

her father's neck. "Don't think of it again. I don't care."

Farmer Beebe smoothed his child's hair tenderly. "You're a good girl, Ruth," he said, with trembling voice. "Don't let them spoil you."

Mrs. Beebe came in, and Ruth took her candle and went up stairs.

"Jacob," said Mrs. Beebe, sharply, when they were alone, "you're enough to try the patience of a saint, as I've told you before. Here I am trying to do all I can for Ruth Ann, and you just upset all I do by your unreasonable talk against Mr. Olcott. It isn't doing justice by your child nor me. If Ruth Ann ever makes any body she won't have her father to thank."

Jacob snuffed the candle and picked up the Bible. The act was strangely like his daughter's an hour before. Experience had taught them both to avoid unequal warfare with this woman.

Mrs. Beebe, frowning, went into the kitchen to look after things for the night. She knew better than to hope to draw him out of the silence where-in he had intrenched himself.

And Jacob read his Bible, his eyes fixed on one verse on the open page. When his wife was gone he read aloud: "Visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation—" He stopped there with a groan. "Yes," he continued: "I suffer for my father's wrongs, and my child suffers for mine. God help us!"

Ruth Beebe stood in crowded city parlors watching the throng around her. There was much to please Ruth's fancy. The shimmer of the silks, the glitter of the jewels, the fragrance of the flowers, the music and the brilliant lights were very beautiful in her estimation. There was a stir at the door, and ushers cleared the way for the bridal party. For a moment Ruth saw nothing but the trailing satin and flowing lace, the orange blossoms and the pearls; then her eyes sought the bridegroom, a little, hard-faced, and wrinkled man. She started visibly, and glanced to the corner where stood a young man with a look of intense scorn upon his handsome features. Ruth remembered her cousin Nellie's words in a confidential mood: "I shall never love a man as I love Walter Dwight."

The young, scornful face in the corner was Walter's; and Nellie was vowing love, honor and obedience to this dark-faced and wrinkled man. Ruth shuddered as her father's words came to her mind: "The love of a married woman ought to be the real stuff, and no imitation." She looked around and listened. Congratulations had commenced in the centre of the room and rippled into the gossip waves in the corners. Ruth gathered that the groom was rich as a Jew; that the bride's silks would stand alone; that her laces were fine as cob-webs and rare as genuine gold; that the groom's past life would not bear close scrutiny; that the bride was listless and indifferent; that—

She heard no more, watching her cousin's white face as Walter Dwight approached. "How could she do it?" was her involuntary thought—and then she checked herself in self-condemnation. Suppose she married Humphrey Olcott what better was she?

Ruth never lost sight of that white face in the supper and dancing and merriment that followed. Even when the bride and guests and caterers and musicians were gone, and all the house was still, as she sat upon the floor with her chestnut hair falling in unbound beauty, and the simple white dress laid off, the bride's pale face haunted her still. She closed her eyes to shut out the sight, and stopped her ears to drown the words of service: "Until death do us part." A lifetime!

She had hardly thought so far. A girl's thoughts go so little beyond the wedding day, the bridal trousseau, the gifts, and first establishment as mistress of a home. She ignores so totally the plain common days that follow—days, like those in the past, full of vexations and trials—days when the sun is hidden and the wind blows from the east, when the nerves are all unstrung and trifles become tests of temper, when men and women lay off their social armor, and stand revealed to each other with all their weakness and littleness and blemishes uncovered. Ruth's thoughts grew personal. Humphrey Olcott and a lifetime! Years of fading and growing old! Years of pain and grief, perhaps! She began to have faith in her father's words: "Wives can get along better without lace than love." She almost resolved to make sure of the love if she missed the lace; and, girl-like, fell asleep before the question was quite settled.

There was a golden wedding in the neighborhood of farmer Beebe's. It was not much of an affair; the couple were too simple and unpretending for that.

"There will be very little gold and a great deal of wedding," remarked farmer Beebe on their way.

Ruth, just returned from the city wedding, looked up with a smile. She understood her father's meaning. She had gathered some facts from her aunt Catharine concerning her father's marriage. It had been the result of his father's ambitious scheming that he had wedded Rachel Crane; and he had not married her without a haunting memory of a mild-eyed, gentle-voiced woman.

That golden wedding settled Ruth Beebe's fate. Her eyes scarcely left the old couple. She had always known them and pronounced their devotion beautiful, years before. No bride and groom with the vows of marriage fresh upon them had interested her like this aged man and woman. Here was love whose genuineness fifty years had proved—trust half a century old, and confidence that time and trial had not shaken.

"Fifty years!" Ruth Beebe kept saying, looking at Humphrey Olcott. "Fifty years with lace and jewels, and a modern house!"

She came out of that reverie with a start. The old couple were singing:

"John Anderson my Jo, John,
When Nature first began
To try her canny hand, John,
Her master-work was man;
And ye amang them a', John,
So trig frae top to toe,
She proved to be no journey work,
John Anderson my Jo."

John Anderson my Jo, John,
Ye were my first conceit—"

There was a movement at Ruth's side. She glanced up and saw Jerome

Anderson standing there. Her eyes dropped and she did not raise them till the song was finished. It was a simple song, and poorly sung; but the band of skillful musicians at the city wedding had failed to make such melody for Ruth's ears. Her eyes filled with tears as the old people tremblingly sang the last verse:

"John Anderson my Jo, John,
We've climbed the hill together,
And many a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my Jo."

She could never sing that with Humphrey Olcott, never. She took Jerome Anderson's offered arm, and went out on the porch.

Mrs. Beebe, laying off her bonnet, said to Ruth, "I expect this golden wedding was a very poor affair by the side of your cousin's wedding."

Ruth shook her head gravely. "No," she answered; "it was a thousand times richer in the essential elements of a wedding."

"Essential elements!" echoed Mrs. Beebe in a frightened tone: "what's that?" She remembered seeing Ruth go out on the porch with Jerome Anderson. "You don't mean to say—" she began.

"But I do," answered Ruth. She was smiling. All the tangled life was straightened out. She had cut the Gordian knot that night.

Mrs. Beebe gasped, "Not Jerome Anderson!"

"Yes, Jerome Anderson," answered Ruth bravely.

Mrs. Beebe poured out the vials of her wrath. They were very bitter. She always knew it would be so. Ruth Ann was just like her father for all the world. It was all his work. She had never done any thing for Ruth Ann but he had spoiled it with his folly.

She ceased after a time. Ruth and her father had retired in the old intrenchment of silence. Ruth was humming to herself "John Anderson my Jo," and Jacob Beebe was thanking God that his child had missed the rock on which his happiness had split.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Number Forty-one.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

I want to begin our first talk for this New Year—the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and seventy-four—with the words which closed our last talk for seventy-three. Bear with me, friends, while I repeat them.

"It is a fearful responsibility to give birth to a living soul; and having done so, it is a fearful crime to deny it every help it is in your power to give, towards the fullest and freest development. To every father, every mother who fails to do this, a voice comes down through the ages, crying sadly, — 'Inasmuch as ye did it not unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it not unto me.'"

So much has been written, first and last, upon the obligations of children to their parents—upon the enormous debt of gratitude owed by the former to those who gave them being—that we are apt to forget that there is at

least an equal obligation on the other side. Is it for their own sakes that children are brought into the world? Do fathers and mothers become such simply from a grand, unselfish desire to add to the number of God's immortals? Grant that the instinct of motherhood is so strong in the breasts of most women that they are willing to go down into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, if, haply, they may bring back with them a soft, pink, dewy-eyed darling to lie upon their bosoms, to feel for their heart-strings with its tiny fingers, to be their very own, flesh of their flesh and bone of their bone. Grant that most men have a strong and instinctive desire to become fathers—to perpetuate their name and race—to leave their fortunes, if they have any, to their own children, or, to put it less selfishly—to have brave sons and fair daughters of their own to love and to cherish, and of whom they may be proud. Grant the existence of this over-ruling instinct or passion. Yet is it for the children's sake, or for the parent's own sake, that children are desired?

And, to seek the plain truth in the serious, reverent spirit without which no mortal should dare to approach the temple of the Divine Mysteries, do not children, in a vast majority of cases, come into the world without any direct volition on the part of either parent? Do they not, in far too many instances, come unwelcomed and undesired?—Thank God! the little creatures bring the love with them, even in such sad cases; so that the mother who does not love her babe is an anomaly, a monstrosity at which nature shudders and stands aghast. But, as far as the mere fact of birth is concerned,—even admitting life to be a blessing—how many children are under any vast degree of obligation to their parents?

"But he is your father," said a person, once on a time, to a young woman whose father, either through ignorance, or blindness, or willful negligence, had grossly failed in his duty to his family. "He is your father, you know, and you must not fail in your obligations to him."

She replied, not pertly, not arrogantly, not defiantly, but slowly and calmly, as if giving the result of long and serious thought—

"I did not wish to be born. I did not seek existence. It was not for my sake that my parents gave me life and being, and it has been no blessing to me. I have wished hundreds of times that I never had been born. How then am I under obligations to them just because I happen to be alive? I fail to see it: and my father, has given me little beyond mere physical life to be thankful for."

It seems to me one of the saddest things on earth that a boy or girl, standing upon the verge of manhood or womanhood, and looking back through a vista of dwarfed and blighted years to a dreary, sunless childhood, should be willing or able to say just that. It is very possible, very probable, perhaps, that she was morbid, and it may be, unjust. And I am by no means overlooking or forgetting the truth that behind all human passions and instincts and yearnings,

lies the Supreme will, the fatherly care of Him without whose knowledge not even a sparrow falleth to the ground. But that in no way affects our responsibility; it in no way alters the fact that whether in giving our children life we have given them a curse or a blessing, depends very largely upon what we make of that life for them, and what we teach them to make of it for themselves. If we have given them a curse, is it well for us to fold our complacent hands, talk mournfully of their folly and ingratitude, and piously quote scripture to prove that it is the duty of children to honor their parents?

"Honor thy father and thy mother," should, it is true be written in letters of gold above every hearthstone. But side by side with it should be these other words,—*"He that provideth not for his own is worse than an infidel."* The one complements the other. The one obligation presupposes and balances the other.

It seems absurd to say this. It seems to me—and the thought palsies my tongue—that every eye in our great HOUSEHOLD is turned upon me half in derision as you hear these words, and that you are thinking,—*"Well, does the woman suppose we are all lunatics?—Does she imagine she has given utterance to a single truth that we do not all know just as well as she does, and perhaps better?"*

But there are some things that *must* be said over and over again. As I have told you before, dear friends who gather around this HOUSEHOLD fire, I seem to myself to be only your mouth-piece—delegated to say for you what you could perhaps say better for yourselves if you chose to speak. We are all seeking together for the better way; and we compare notes and charts as we go along, that haply we may sometimes help each other on. And oh! do we not all know so many homes where the young souls that should be so tenderly helped and strengthened, are in a state of spiritual orphanage? There are so many men and women who do not know the meaning of the words 'fatherhood and motherhood, in any true spiritual sense. They have given their children physical life; and having done this, no idea of the intense significance, the overwhelming mystery of the spiritual life it symbolizes, seems ever to have dawned upon them.

Who do I mean?

I mean you, sir, who give less thought to your boys and girls than you do to your cattle; you who care more for the growth of your potatoes than you do for the growth of your child's intellect; you who to avoid hiring necessary help upon the farm, or in the house, will make the education of your children a secondary matter—a "thing of shreds and patches;" you who, in order to save a few dollars that you can well afford to spend, are content to live in such a poor, scamped, barren way that it is enough to wither up both soul and body.

You are letting the "cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches" crowd all the beauty and glory out of your children's lives. They are starving for the bread of life,—which in their case means simply the mental

and spiritual food their natures imperiously demand,—and you give them a stone. They are stifling for the lack of an atmosphere of purity and beauty and harmony in which to breathe, and your refuse to open the windows that the glad free air of heaven may enter in, sweet with the breath of flowers and laden with bird-song.

Your wife is starving and stifling too, though I doubt very much if she knows what is the matter with her. And, now I think of it, I should not wonder if you were in precisely the same condition. Certainly there is a restless, dissatisfied, yearning look in your eyes, sometimes. It is your soul peering out of the windows in moments of forgetfulness—looking wistfully after something it has never yet found. I am sorry for you, sir, as well as for the children.

You think them lazy and careless and even sullen sometimes, do you not? I presume they are. But what if you were to tell Johnny that if he is a good boy and works well during haying and harvest, he shall have a new suit of clothes in the autumn and go to the academy, if he wants to? What if you were to give James ten dollars, and tell him the next time he goes to the village to subscribe for a first class magazine and some good weekly papers? What if you were to say to the boys that you know the winter evenings are long and have sometimes been dull, but that you are going to buy some fresh, entertaining books and some good games when you go to town to sell your wood, and you expect they will enjoy them vastly? And then what if you should keep your promises?—I have known fathers to forget such things—after the work was done.

And what if looking around on the bare, blank walls of your home, and remembering how your wife used to love pretty things "when she was a girl,"—and how your brown-eyed Mary—dear me! she is getting to be almost as tall as her mother—and little golden-haired Nelly, went into raptures over the pictures and brackets and statuettes they saw once when they went to their uncle George's—what if, remembering all this, you were to see what a little money would do towards making your home brighter and happier? What if, if you cannot trust your own judgment in the matter, you were to get some judicious friend to go with you to a picture-store, and help you select a fine photograph or two,—a good engraving—or a sunny chromo? What if you were to get a new carpet for the sitting-room, and help the boys and girls to make some hanging baskets, and train some lovely, delicate vines about the windows and doorways? And when I say *help*, I mean encourage them to do it. It is not necessary that you should devote much of your valuable time to this thing—though it would not hurt you if you did! But let them see that you do not consider it a waste of time, nor think it all fol-de-rol and nonsense.

The children love music. So does your wife. So did you in the far off days when you were a boy and went to singing-school. Then get some musical instrument for them—the

very best you can afford. And when you go into town after the pictures—you have sold your wood, you know!—you had better step into the music-store and get two or three new songs for the girls.

Seriously, my friend, do you not believe that this course would make the boys more eager and ambitious? Would not the girls be happier and more contented? Would it not help your wife to grow young again?

But it would take so much money! Yes. But not more than you paid for your fast horse last year—not more than you paid for the acre or two you bought the year before, just to bring your farm into more symmetrical shape.

What are you going to do with the money you lay up from year to year? Leave it to your children when you die?

For God's sake—for their souls' sake, use at least a part of it for their good now. Use it to make of them, strong, educated, cultivated men and women. No repletion hereafter—when you are dead and gone—can make amends for starvation now. If I could only help you to see that you have no right to withhold from these young souls anything it is in your power to give them, that shall be for their best and highest good!

THE WINE QUESTION.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

Fully indorsing the general views of "S. A. M." in the June number of THE HOUSEHOLD, much more may be said on the same subject. Indeed, the subject is one of such vast importance, so intimately connected with the well-fare and even the existence of society in any desirable condition, that it is almost impossible to reiterate these principles too often, or enforce them too zealously. It is indeed, true not only that the mother controls the destiny of her child to a far greater extent than she ordinarily supposes, but that she about to the same extent moulds the destiny of her husband. Drunkards are not ordinarily made at the low groggies, but in the homes of the land. The seed may be sown in the infantile soil—and at an earlier period than most mothers suppose—the germination of which is matured and promoted by a variety of influences during the whole period of early life.

It is a physiological fact that luxurious food, unnatural condiments and irritants in general, with all habits in conflict with nature, must tend to the production of unnatural cravings and vitiated appetites, all favoring, if not actually producing a love of stimulents in general, including foods and drinks, eventually to be satisfied only with alcoholic preparations. In this connection it is proper to state that but few seem to understand the real source of alcohol, the true and only cause of intoxication, the element in all liquors which gives them their vitality and the power to intoxicate by a derangement of the brain. The fermentation of such products as the grains, fruits, etc., necessarily produces alcohol, the quantity depending on the amount of the elements necessary to the fermentation of this ar-

ticle in these products. But let it be distinctly understood that no alcohol exists in nature, that even the natural decay of these fruits never produces alcohol, the product only of art.

This fermentation necessarily produces alcohol whether the expressed juice of the apple, pear, peach, tomato, grape etc., allowed thus to remain in a warm place a sufficient time, or a similar product of any of the grains is employed. It is a grave mistake, therefore, to suppose that the domestic wines, the products of the grape, currant, elder-berries, etc., contains no intoxicating principle, simply because nothing is added to the juice save a quantity of sugar. It is simply necessary to destroy the grains, or fruits, as such, and subject their elements in a liquid state, to the requisite heat, and await the production of carbonic acid, gas and alcohol, as pure and intoxicating as that sold as such, never produced, save by the process of fermentation, afterwards secured in a purer state by distillation. This is the only alcohol of the market—not a part of the creation, not found in any grain in its natural condition, but obtained by utter destruction of the natural product, a change in the chemical combinations.

This alcohol, I repeat, is the only intoxicating principle of all liquors, a product only of art. It ever remains a foreign substance in the human body, is a poison, is ever and always antagonistic to the human system in its normal condition, always acts as a foe, deranges every function, increasing action, or stimulates, and goads to an unnatural activity, a state to be succeeded by a depression, debility, as a natural and necessary result, all stimulants eventually debilitating, in accordance with acknowledged principles. Indeed, the increased activity succeeding the introduction of this foe into the human system, is but the result of a powerful effort of nature to expel a foreign element, an irritant a foe.

No one becomes a drunkard in a day, or by the use of pure alcohol. It is mingled with our drinks, a lurking foe disguised, potent, or otherwise, made so by the varying amount of the intoxicating principle contained. Ale, porter, cider, the wines and even fermented beer, though domestic, all contain alcohol, all will intoxicate, if a sufficient quantity is taken to contain the requisite amount of alcohol while it is a matter of but little practical importance which is selected for that purpose. Two glasses of one, three of another, four of a third, etc., contain the same amount of the intoxicating principle of a glass of whiskey, and, of course, must produce a similar effect. It is by the regular use of these that a habit is formed, a physical condition produced which seems to necessitate habits of intemperance. If the small doses are taken, it is more than probable that the more potent ones, the stronger drinks will be in demand. And while we remember that most of the liquors in the general market—at least in Massachusetts—are fearfully adulterated, "vile compounds," far more poisonous than alcohol, it is not strange that habits of intemperance, almost uncontrollable habits, are readily formed

by the use of them, and that so many are annually falling victims to the dread destroyer.

Mrs. M. has well said that the mother's precepts are very potent while her child is at her knee who "catches the inspiration of her spirit," etc., making them from the cradle the apostles of temperance. This is well, but it must be remembered that much may depend also on the physical condition. Certain scrofulous children, with abnormal appetites, cherished and strengthened by bad habits of diet, just as naturally learn to smoke a grape vine, a paper cigar, then the real, and then go on from the milder to the stronger drinks, filling a drunkard's grave, as the deformed boy becomes a deformed man. In this regard, faith and works must be happily blended. The noxious plant must be uprooted while it is small, the germ of intemperance early destroyed, correct habits of diet, etc., early formed, the whole being regarded, or some of the good advice will fall into a stony soil. It is possible that all good advice will fail unless these considerations are regarded.

Mothers, you can scarcely over estimate your influence and your responsibility in this regard.

WHY?

BY DELOS BROWN.

"I wonder why Hugh don't come home? it is now almost ten o'clock and I am quite certain that to-night he is not detained by business; a year ago just after we were married he seldom was away of an evening, and then, only when business absolutely required; but now his being at home for an evening is the exception not the rule."

So spoke Mrs. Hentz, a bright, vivacious woman who, though married for more than a year was yet not three years past her teens. It was a bright, cheerful room in which the speakers sat; not large but trim, and decorated with cheap but inviting pictures and furniture; just such a room as men in moderate means often picture as what they would wish for in their home, and the fair face that looked up to her visitor when she spoke, seemed one well calculated to draw a man to love his home. The lady to whom this remark was addressed was an elderly, trim and graceful woman, with a placid, thoughtful face that lighted up into a quiet beauty when she smiled, which she frequently did when speaking.

"You say he is not detained by business; where do you think he is, Anna?"

"I presume he is in that horrid billiard room or talking politics with some one at the hotel," replied Anna.

"If I mistake not," said the other lady, (Mrs. Milton), Hugh was, in his younger days rather dissipated in his habits; tell me if you believe that he is falling back, or has fallen back into his old ways."

"Oh, no," replied Mrs. Hentz, "Hugh is too ambitious and too proud of his good name to yield again in that direction; but it makes me uneasy sometimes in spite of my faith in his manhood, to think of him so sur-

rounded by temptation and I wish he could come again to love his home as he used, and to delight in the companionship of his wife as a pleasure most to be desired."

The next question which Mrs. Milton added, startled and aroused the young wife almost as much as if a thunderbolt had fallen; it was this,

"Who drove him from home?"

"Who drove him from home?" cried Mrs. Hentz, "why what a question, surely no one; you would not imagine that I had done so? that I have been unfaithful or unkind to a husband in whose talent and integrity I had such confidence, and whom I admired for many traits of character long before I had learned to love him or regard in any nearer relationship than a friend? Surely you do not mean to intimate that I have done anything to bring about the change I deplore so much?"

"Not wilfully, my dear Anna I am sure," replied Mrs. Milton, "but unconsciously perhaps, you have wrought the work which was farthest from your thoughts or wishes; you will pardon me if in my more extended experience I should deem such a thing possible, and you will pardon me again if in the score of the long friendship I have had for you I now ask a few questions. Have you watched over yourself and been at all times as careful of what you have done and said before him as you would be of acts and speech in the presence of a mere visitor when you have felt nervous and querulous, and things in your daily duties have not 'gone to suit?' Have you been as careful not to throw the shadow of your disquietude upon him as you would be if it were another, for instance as it were me?"

Hugh is a man that loves sunshine and brightness; when he is away from home the very qualities which in him first won your admiration leads those with whom he meets, whatever their mental disquietude may be, to throw it off either through sinister motives or politeness and meet him with a pleasant face and a kindly hand shake. They visit no querulousness upon him, how is it with you? Think carefully, and if my suspicions wrong you, pardon me the thought, but if otherwise keep more careful guard over yourself in the future, and put yourself out of yourself more, and in his place, and when I come to you again, perhaps the days you now deplore as lost will have come to you again."

Mrs. Hentz did think, that night, the next day and for several days after her kind visitor had gone, and though she said to herself, at first petulently, "I have done no wrong," yet a constant recurrence to the subject at last brought possible doubt of herself and finally the certain conviction that in all things she had not kept the strict watch over her ways which was needed to make her home wholly inviting. She remembered how, a few months after they were married, when Hugh came home to his dinner, being tired, nervous and out of sorts, she had sat during the whole meal and the entire noon almost without a word and only answering him in monosyllables. She remembered too, that he did not upbraid her but went to his office sooner than usual; and she remem-

bered, too, of other like occasions when to be sure she did not scold him but simply kept no control over her petulance, and let the gloom which was over her fall on him and his home; and remembering these she said at first to herself, "if he is foolish enough to expect me always to be pleasant, I can't help it, it is not possible." But she was an earnest, good little woman, a youngest daughter who had married a man older than herself because she loved him and hoped to make his home happy; and better thoughts came to her and she determined that in these little things she would try and do her whole duty, and keep better guard over herself in the future. The resolution once made was kept and when her kind friend came again to see her, not only did she find on the first evening of her visit that there were three in their party, but when she went to her bed chamber she found upon the table a beautiful bible inscribed with her name and on the fly-leaf written these lines, "Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

LIFE IS SWEET.

"What," I asked a friend, who had been on a delicious country excursion, "did you see that best pleased you?"

My friend has cultivated her love of moral, more than her perception of physical beauty, and I was not surprised when, after replying, with a smile, that she would tell me honestly, she went on to say:

"My cousin took me to see a man who had been a clergyman in the Methodist connection. He had suffered from a nervous rheumatism, and from a complication of diseases, aggravated by ignorant drugging. Every muscle in his body, excepting those which move his eyes and tongue, is paralyzed. His body has become as iron. His limbs have lost the human form. He has not been lain on a bed for seven years. He suffers pain.

He has invented a chair which affords him some alleviation. His feelings are fresh and kindly, and his mind is unimpaired. He reads constantly. His book is fixed in a frame before him, and he manages to turn the leaves by an instrument which he moves with his tongue. He has an income of thirty dollars. This pitance by the vigilant economy of his wife, and some aid from kind rustic neighbors, brings the year round. His wife is the most gentle, patient and devoted of loving nurses. She has never too much to do, to do all well; no wish goes beyond the unvarying circle of her conjugal duty. Her love is as unbounding as his wants—her cheerfulness as sure as the rising sun. She has not for years slept two hours consecutively.

I did not know which most to reverence, his patience or hers; and so I said to them. 'Ah!' said the good man, with a most serene smile, 'life is still sweet to me; how can it but be so with such a wife?'

And surely life is sweet to her who feels every hour in the day, the truth of this gracious acknowledgment.

Oh, ye who live amidst alternate sunshine and showers of plenty, to whom night brings sleep and daylight

freshness—ye murmurers and complainers who fret in the harness of life until it galls you to the bone—who recoil at the lightest burden, and shrink from a passing cloud—consider the magnanimous sufferer my friend described, and learn the divine art that can distil sweetness from the bitterest cup. MISS SEDGWICK.



WAIT AND SEE.

When my boy, with eager questions,
Asking how, and where, and when,
Taxes all my store of wisdom,
Asking o'er and o'er again,
Questions oft to which the answers
Gave to others still the key,
I have said, to teach him patience,
"Wait, my little boy, and see."

And the words I taught my darling,
Taught to me a lesson sweet:
Once when all the world seemed darkened
And the storm about me beat,
In the children's room I heard him,
With a child's sweet mimicry,
To the baby brother's questions,
Saying wisely, "Wait and see."

Like an angel's tender chiding
Came the darling's words to me,
Though my Father's ways were hidden,
Bidding me to wait and see,
What are we but restless children,
Ever asking what shall be?
And the Father in his wisdom,
Gently bids us "wait and see."

MY OBJECT-LESSON.

BY ALICE W. QUIMBY.

YOU have heard of these little creatures that work backwards as they pursue their humble calling, that turn their faces always toward what they have accomplished and resolutely keep behind them that which is yet to be done? They are a homely insect, and we've never been accustomed to look upon them with the least degree of allowance; but I have been thinking lately how in their manner of life they are setting us a most worthy example.

Their patient labors are faithfully performed day by day, with never a word or buzz of complaint; but the most noticeable feature of it all seems to me the fact that they keep their eyes fixed on the pleasantest aspect of their toilsome lives, never perplexing their souls by anxious thoughts of what is waiting for their hands, but always keeping in view what has been accomplished. And this is the lesson we may learn from them, the lesson which shall teach us the solution of many a life-puzzle, showing us the most excellent way of a happier, easier living.

The world is full of weary, anxious mortals, careworn mothers of households and they whose burdens are heavy and grievous, traveling their uneven pathways with feet that are sore and bleeding, taking up their duties with feverish hands and aching hearts. Their eyes have grown dim with unshed tears, yet they are constantly straining them to take in the painful whole of unanswered demands; their breathing is short and

labored, yet, poor souls, they still go on gasping in the hot, close atmosphere of their restless, plodding lives, as if there were no fresh air or blessed sunshine in God's universe.

It is such as these, whether it be our neighbors or ourselves, who need the lesson which the little insect's life may teach. For when like them we take our eyes away from the work which is still undone, fixing them instead upon that which has already been wrought, then our hearts will receive new courage and our hands new strength, our lives will be richer and sweeter. O, it is this taking upon ourselves all at once the accumulated burdens of a whole day, or week, or even more perhaps, that is binding upon us such heavy burdens, and taking from our lives the delicious flavor God meant them to possess.

Do not our consciences condemn us that we are selling our birth-rights so, for this miserable mess of pottage with poison in every leaf? If we cannot escape from this fearful serfdom, then we are not responsible for the homage we yield; but if there is any way of deliverance, woe unto us that we go all our life-times in bondage. In either case it is a pitiful thing to read the lines of pain which these cares are tracing on the brows of those we love, very pitiful to feel the galling weight of the heavy chains with which they fetter us.

And this is why the lives of those humble little creatures seem so beautiful, because they suggest a more excellent way to us panting mortals: blessings on them for the patience and trust which we thus may learn, patience to take up our burdens one by one—only one by one—and faith to leave all the others for their appropriate hour. Nay, we do not need to bear them all at once, for no real duty ever was assigned us without a fitting opportunity to perform it; and there never was more really required of one pair of hands than can be well and cheerfully performed.

So if ever we grow bewildered in the maze of endless demands, if ever the cares seem to multiply and overlap each other till the burden has grown to a crushing weight, if ever we feel baffled and overwhelmed, we may be sure that we are looking in the wrong direction—or in too many directions at the same time—may be sure we need the little insect's example.

Shut your eyes and rest for a little, poor, weary one; then, refreshed, shall you see clearly to take up the nearest duty, leaving all others till this is done, sure that not till then have they any honest claim upon you. O, when we learn this one lesson, this lesson which looks so simple and yet is so hard when we try to remember it practically, when we have done this—and we can learn it for He who bids us cast our cares on Him means each one of them—then our lives will be a thousand fold more peaceful and blessed.

I see yet another beautiful lesson here, even that which shows me how excellent a thing it is to fix our eyes upon that which is best and brightest always. The happiest mortals I ween, are not those whose paths are always flowery and whose days are all sun-

shine, but they who know how to find out the sweetness and richness of such things as have been appointed unto them, who think oftener of their blessings and their joys than of their privations and their sorrows.

And I see how to cherish a glad and thankful spirit, the spirit that shall honor God and bless the world, by ceasing to wail over the coveted good which may seem to be lacking and taking submissively what is offered us instead; by turning away from the darkness which threatens to enshroud us, towards the sunlight that streams across our path, the sweet light that is gilding all the way, pointing to Him who is himself light ineffable, in whose presence is fullness of joy.

LETTER FROM CHICAGO.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD,—Dear Sir:—The receipt of the last HOUSEHOLD reminds me that the year 1873 is drawing to a close, and if I would walk and talk with you another year, I have a particular duty to perform. Your paper has been a very welcome visitor to our household for the past two years, and each year makes it the more difficult to part with it. Coming as it does from my native hills, and speaking to, teaching, and interesting many of my particular friends, I read it with the greater pleasure, and that I may still continue to walk with you and enjoy your company, I herewith send the price of such pleasure, and hope to meet you monthly at our cottage and welcome you to our fireside. I know, Mr. Editor, you talk with the "Ladies of the house" more particularly than with the "Lords of the manor," but I cannot believe that the farmers, into whose houses your paper goes, let it rest undisturbed, but rather that they search it faithfully for the many good things it contains that are directly in their line. If you think they will be interested in some of the doings of this western world, specially in our now beautiful re-built city, I will append a few items upon one topic that may cause them to think of the resources of the west in this one line, and that they may understand that the system of pork packing has been reduced to a science. I will state that one day last week the various slaughterers killed 2,800 hogs an hour, or 48 in a minute. I have myself stood in one packing house where I could see ten hogs give up their lives every minute to help keep man alive. It is a sight that one wants to see but once in a lifetime. The growth of this city as a market for meat, is almost beyond belief, and the article which I speak of is only one of many which has grown in the same proportions.

Witness some of the comparative figures: "From Nov. 1 to Dec. 6, 1872, there were packed in this city 322,738 hogs. During the present year, between the same dates, there have been packed 636,447 hogs—an increase of 99 per cent!"

From June 1 to Dec. 6, 1872, there were shipped 179,675 barrels of pork, 189,628,206 pounds cut meats, and 70,496,095 pounds lard—equal to 306,059,300 pounds—being the product of 1,558,000 hogs. During the same period this year the shipments have

been 187,606 barrels pork, 293,710,814 pounds cut meats, and 85,954,692 pounds lard, equal to 417,186,506 pounds, being the product of 2,196,000 hogs, and showing an increase of the business of 1873 over that of 1872 of 40 per cent!

From Oct. 28 to Dec. 6, 1872, there were shipped 85,491 barrels pork, 22,458,035 pounds cut meats, and 10,038,870 pounds lard, equal to 59,595,000 pounds—being the product of 313,000 hogs. During the same period of the present year the shipments have been 47,280 barrels pork, 57,110,996 pounds cut meats, and 21,032,135 pounds lard—equal to 87,599,000 pounds—being the product of 461,000 hogs, and showing an increase of 47 per cent!

So far we have merely compared the pork trade of Chicago one year with another. To show its magnitude as compared with other large cities we give the following figures: From Oct. 28 to Dec. 2, 1873, the shipments of hog products at Chicago were 62,683,788 pounds. During the same period the aggregate of shipments of the same products at New York, Boston, Portland, Montreal, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New Orleans was 44,585,646 pounds, showing the volume of Chicago commerce in this branch to be 70 per cent. greater than the aggregate of seven large Eastern and Southern cities!"

I am sure your readers will be interested in these figures, for some of them do not take a commercial paper, and the local papers seldom give such information. When I was a boy among the hills of Vermont, I had to feed the pigs, as boys do now, and we used to fatten about four every year, and when the time for killing hogs came all was in commotion; the big and little kettles were brought into use to heat water in; the scalding tub brought out and the hoops set tight; the ox-sled put in its place and covered with boards for a work-bench; the knives all ground sharp, and the neighbors invited to help; and the women in working garb, with arms bare to the shoulders, cold or hot, and then to the task. O my! what a job. All day, and only four hogs killed, and every one "tired to death" (so they said). Now mark the difference, and see how science and machinery has to come to our relief, or the world would go hungry before they could get meat enough to eat. I would like to tell your readers how this is done, but am afraid, Mr. Editor, that you will think it better be told in some other paper, because yours is a household paper, but if you wish it, I will describe it in some other communication. I could tell them about the beef and sheep, wheat, corn, barley and oats, but must have your approval before I attempt it.

We are having a warm, open winter thus far, and the month of December has been very rainy up to date. We have had but little snow, and each snow storm has been followed by rain which left the ground bare.

Sleighbing in Chicago is a great luxury, and when we have it, it would be a sight worth seeing to witness the different rigs that appear on our Boulevards; and the fast nags that range from two-forty down to forty-two, and slow at that. But in spite of this se-

rious drawback, Chicago is to-day the handsomest city in the world, and will sometime be as large if not larger than New York; (a little judicious bragging is good, you know, Mr. Editor,) and with this prophecy I will close this epistle, and remain, yours truly,

T. I. M.

Chicago, Dec. 11th, 1873.

[We shall be very glad to hear from our correspondent at any time he may be pleased to favor us as intimated above, and are quite sure our readers will appreciate the same.]

GOLDEN CHAINS.

Take the bright shell
From its home on the lee,
And wherever it goes
It will sing of the sea.

So, take the fond heart
From its home and its hearth,
'Twill sing of the loved
To the ends of the earth.

—A life properly seasoned with grace has a uniform flavor.

—If you cannot do as well as you wish, do as well as you can.

—Men deride the self-conceit of power, but cringe to its injustice.

—If men will but amuse the world, it will freely forgive them for cheating it.

—Truth sometimes tastes like medicine, but that is an evidence that we are ill.

—The tears of our misery often prevent our eyes from seeing the mercy close at hand.

—Repentance, without amendment, is like continually pumping without mending the leak.

—Deep is the joy of social silence when we speak not with the loved, but feel their presence.

—Respect to age, and kindness to children, are among the tests of an amiable disposition.

—To mingle the useful with the beautiful is the highest type of art. The one adds grace, the other value.

—A pound of energy with an ounce of talent will achieve greater results than a pound of talent with an ounce of energy.

—Our passions are like convulsion fits, which, though they make us stronger for the time, leave us the weaker ever after.

—The man that forgets a good deal that has happened has a better memory than he who remembers a great deal that never happened.

—Gratitude is the homage the heart renders to God for his goodness; Christian cheerfulness is the external manifestation of that homage.

—The eye, the noblest member of the human body, does not see itself; and piety and godliness resemble it, in being destitute of self-consciousness.

—There is no action of man in this life which is not the beginning of a long chain of consequences, that no human providence is high enough to give us a prospect to the end.

—No man who has been consistently true and sincere has failed to win the confidence and favor of other men. No man in whom truth and sincerity have been wanting has ever long possessed their confidences and favor.

The unprecedented sale of the Eureka Machine twist, is accounted for from the fact that those who use it once will use no other.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.—The *Youth's Companion*, of Boston, is one of the most judicious and enterprising sheets in the country, and in breadth of miscellaneous reading, has no superior.

Any one going west can get some valuable information and reduced fares by writing to Asa C. Cail, State Agent of Immigration, Algona, Iowa. 10tf

FOR THE REMOVAL OF Coughs, Colds, Incipient Consumption, Whooping Cough, Affections of the Bronchial Tubes, Throat or Lungs, Hoarseness, and Irritation, take of DR. TOPPLIFF'S SYRUP OF TAR. It is pleasant to the palate, and a most efficacious remedy.

For Jaundice, Headache, Constipation, Impure Blood, Pain in the Shoulders, tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad taste in mouth, Bilious attacks, Pain in region of Kidneys, Internal Fever, Bloated feeling about Stomach, Rush of Blood to Head, High Colored Urine, and Gloomy Forebodings, take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, or Sugar-Coated, Concentrated Root and Herbal Juice Anti-Bilious Granules—the "Little Giant" Cathartic or multum in parvo Physic. 25 cents, by all Druggists. 67c

The Eureka 10 yds. twist for Button Hole and the 50 and 100 yds. spools for hand or machine sewing are the best.

At Algona, Iowa, the subsoil to the depth of 70 or 80 feet, is filled with logs. Bark, and drift-wood of all kinds, as it is around the mouth of the Mississippi river in Louisiana, showing that the soil was in a former age, deposited in still water, at the mouth of some great river. The wonderful fertility of the Upper Des Moines Valley was long since observed, and now science steps in with these vestigia and supplements a page of old history. Wood cut by the teeth of the beaver, has been found twenty feet below the surface.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, of Boston, is a thoroughly wide awake paper, having among its contributors such writers as Prof. De Mille, Dr. I. I. Hayes, Edward Eggleston, Louisa M. Alcott, Sophie May, Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, and Mrs. Louisa Chandler Moulton. No writers more attractive in the country, and no publication for young people more enterprising and useful.

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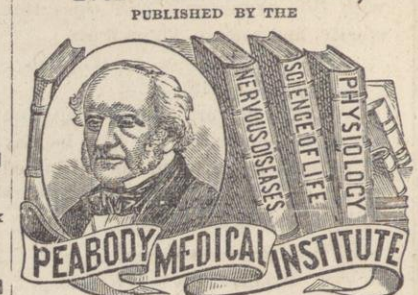
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Leave Hoosac Tunnel for Boston at 7 A. M., and 1:20 P. M. Leave Greenfield for Boston at 6:30, 9:35 A. M., and 2:30 P. M. Leave Brattleboro for Boston at 6:00 A. M., and 1:50 P. M.

Trains leave Greenfield for Turners Falls at 6:40, 9:50 and 11:55 A. M., and 4:30 P. M. Leave Turners Falls for Greenfield at 7:30 and 11:10 A. M., and 4:50 and 5:40 P. M.

Passengers taking the 6:30 train from Greenfield can go to Boston and return same day, having 5 hours in Boston.

The 6:30 A. M. train from Greenfield connects at Fitchburg with trains for Providence, Taunton and Newport. The 7 A. M. and 1:20 P. M. trains from Hoosac Tunnel connect at Fitchburg with trains for Worcester, Providence, Taunton and Newport.

O. T. RUGGLES, Superintendent.

VERMONT CENTRAL AND VERMONT AND CANADA RAILROADS.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

Commencing Monday, Jan. 1, 1872.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Mail train leaves Ogdensburg at 5:00 p. m.; St. Albans at 6:12 a. m., arriving in Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 2:25 p. m., Brattleboro at 3:30 p. m., Grou's Corner at 4:30 p. m., New London at 5:30 p. m., connecting with steamer for New York. This train will leave Brattleboro on Monday mornings at 4:42 a. m., arriving at Grou's Corner at 5:35 a. m.

Night Express leaves Ogdensburg at 12:00 m., Montreal at 3:30 a. m., St. Johns at 4:50 a. m., St. Albans at 7:20 p. m., arriving in Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 3:25 a. m., Brattleboro at 4:20 a. m., South Vernon at 4:45 a. m., Grou's Corner at 5:15 a. m., and New London at 11:30 a. m.

Mixed Train leaves White River Junction at 4:50 a. m., Rutland at 4:50 a. m., Bellows Falls (accommodated) at 4:40 a. m., Brattleboro at 5:41 a. m., South Vernon at 6:10 a. m., Grou's Corner at 6:50 a. m., arriving in New London at 5:10 p. m.

Express leaves Brattleboro at 2:00 p. m., South Vernon at 2:22 p. m., arriving at Grou's Corner at 2:50 p. m.

TRAINS GOING NORTH AND WEST.

Mail train leaves Boston via Lowell, at 7:00 a. m., via Lawrence and Fitchburg at 7:30 a. m., Springfield at 8:00 a. m., New London at 5:30 a. m., Grou's Corner at 6:25 a. m., South Vernon at 6:55 a. m., Brattleboro at 10:30 a. m., Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 11:50 a. m., for Burlington and St. Albans. This train connects at W. R. Junction with Boston Express train for Montreal and Ogdensburg.

Express leaves Grou's Corner at 11:20 a. m., arriving in Brattleboro at 12:20 p. m.

Accommodation leaves New London at 8:10 a. m., Grou's Corner at 8:30 p. m., South Vernon at 4:30 p. m., Brattleboro at 4:30 p. m., Bellows Falls (mixed) at 5:35 p. m., arriving in W. R. Junction at 8:00 p. m., and Rutland at 8:30 p. m.

Night express leaves New London at 2:45 p. m., Grou's Corner at 9:00 p. m., South Vernon at 9:58 p. m., Brattleboro at 10:20 p. m., Boston (via Fitchburg) at 6:30 p. m., Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 11:20 p. m., Connecting at W. R. Junction with train leaving Boston (via Lowell) at 8:00 p. m., at Rutland with trains from Troy, etc., arriving in St. Albans at 6:20 a. m., Montreal at 8:45 a. m., Plattsburgh at 12:00 p. m., and Ogdensburg at 12:45 p. m.

Connections at Grou's Corner with trains over Vt. & Mass., and New London Northern Railroads; South Vernon with trains over Conn. River R. R.; at Bellows Falls with Cheshire R. R.; at W. R. Junction with trains to and from Boston, via Lowell, and Conn. and Pass. Rivers R. R.; at Rutland with Rutland & Saratoga, and Harlem extension Railroads; at St. Johns with Grand Trunk Railway; also at Ogdensburg with the Grand Trunk Railway, and the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg for the west; with St. Lawrence and Ottawa Railway for Ottawa.

Sleeping cars are attached to night train between St. Albans and Springfield, and Burlington and Boston.

Through tickets for Chicago and the west for sale at all the principal stations.

G. MERRILL, Gen'l Sup't.

St. Albans, Dec 23, 1871.

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Parlor Tricks with Cards - 50
Rhyming Dictionary; or, Poet's Companion - 25
Comic Recitations and Humorous Dialogues - 50
The Poetry Yard - 75
Youatt's Treatment of Horses in Health & Disease - 75
Rewards of Merits on Cards, per dozen - 65 to 25
Sunday School Rewards, per dozen - 65 to 25
Stereoscopic Views, Am. or F'n per doz. 1 00 to 2 00
Autograph Albums, Morocco, - 1 00
Photograph Albums, 50 Pictures, Mo. 1 00 to 2 00
Tin Type Albums, 50 Pictures, Morocco 50

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PRICE. - - - - - \$1.00.

BATH, ME., Feb. 17, 1873.

MR. KENNEDY. Dear Sir, I sit down to pen you a few lines this evening, to inform you that the Prairie Weed you sent me last fall has done me much good; truly I have not words to express my gratitude to you for it. My health has not been so good for the last twenty years as it has been since I commenced taking the Prairie Weed in November last. I thank you thousands of times for it. Not one night since last December have I been obliged to sit up one hour with phthisis since I have been taking your medicine. I have two bottles left yet; and I cannot thank you enough for your kindness to one that is poor and no money. But my health is so improved this winter that I can work all the time at light work, so I more than pay my board, and that is what I have not been able to do for a long time. Truly I have reason to rejoice with joy to think that I have found something to help me. I ever remain your humble servant,
M. MARIA LEACH.

APRIL 3, 1873.

DR. KENNEDY. Dear Sir.—I am glad to inform you that the Prairie Weed has helped me. I have used five bottles; and my cough has stopped. I have not spit up any more lumps after taking the first bottle. My pains are not half as many as they were; and my sleep is sweet. I am a very delicate lad, and weigh more now than I ever did in my life. I have scattered your Prairie Weed circulars all through the country; and this is very little to do for you who have done so much for me. Yours truly,
JACOB HAGON, Cleveland, Tenn.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—I respectfully

state that in May, 1872, I caught a cold so severe and deep, that since July I have so far lost my voice as to be unable to sing; lost my appetite, and become unfit for business; had cold sweats nearly every evening; that in January and February I spent above fifty dollars for pills and powders, with four doctors, who pronounced me in consumption, and said I had not long to live. That within three weeks I have been induced to try Dr. Kennedy's Prairie Weed, and, having taken three bottles, I am now enjoying a good appetite, have strength for my daily business; and last evening (April 3) I some six times led (in their singing) a prayer-meeting of above a hundred voices. These statements are no exaggeration. Attest: HUGH McDUGAL,
37 Melrose Street, Boston, April, 1873.

DR. KENNEDY.—I am an old woman seventy-

six years of age, and I want to tell you what the Prairie Weed has done for me. I had been sick on my bed nineteen weeks, with a violent cough, pain in my stomach and sides. Nothing would stay in my stomach; and I was so reduced by coughing, I could not raise myself from the bed, when a friend brought me a bottle of the Prairie Weed. The first spoonful seemed to me to rest my stomach and soothe my cough; and, before a week had passed, I was able to sit up in my chair, which I had not done for five months. I have used two bottles; and I am now able to do my work about the house, and have not felt so well in health for many years. I have been cured by the Prairie Weed; and I wish every one with a cough, or stomach weakness, would try your wonderful medicine. THERESA LINTON,
Carver Street, Boston.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

Buy a Bottle of the Medicine.