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THE
HOUSEHOLD
ESTABLISHED 1868

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 6.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., MARCH, 1873.

No. 3.

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The Household.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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SPRING.

"Come, gentle Spring! ethereal mildness come!"
Oh Thompson! void of rhyme as well as reason,
How could'st thou thus poor human nature hum?
There's no such season.

The Spring! I shrink and shudder at her name.
For why, I find her breath a bitter blighter,
And suffer from her blows as if they came
From "Spring the Fighter."

Her praises, then, let hardy poets sing,
And be her truthful laureates and upholders
Who do not feel as if they had a spring
Poured down their shoulders.

Let others eulogize her floral shows;
From me they cannot win a single stanza;
I know her blooms are in full blow—and so's
The influenza.

Her cowslips stock, and lilies of the vale,
Her honey-blossoms you hear the bees at,
Her pansies, daffadils, and primrose pale,
Are things I sneeze at!

Fair is the vernal quarter of the year!
And fair its early buddings and its blowings—
But just suppose consumption's seeds appear
With other sowings!

For me I find, when eastern winds are high,
A frigid, not a generous inspiration;
Nor can, like iron-chested Chubb, defy
An inflammation.

Smitten by breezes from the land of plague,
To me all vernal luxuries are fables!
Oh where's the "spring" in a rheumatic leg,
Stiff as a table's?

I limp in agony—I wheeze and cough,
And quake with ague, that great agitator;
Nor dream, before July, of leaving off
My respirator.

In short, whatever panegyrics lie
In fulsome odors too many to be cited,
The tenderness of Spring is all my eye—
And that is blighted!

—Anon.

USEFUL WALKS IN A GARDEN.

THE farmer who has no orchard to walk in, says a correspondent of the Country Gentleman, has deprived himself or has been deprived of many of the good things and comforts of rural life, and his family are denied many pleasures and healthful desserts. The profits and pecuniary considerations connected with fruit culture, although important, are not now under

consideration. I speak of the orchard as a source of home enjoyment. We walk forth in the gay season, in April or May, among the spreading lines of orchard trees that are resuming their robes of tender green. The white blossoms are already unfolded. Delightful fragrance pervades the soft air, and the busy bees with their humming music swarm around the whitened branches. The sweet songs of gleeful birds, nature's painted choristers, are heard warbling love and diffusing joy around. He who is not moved by such surroundings, may be aptly compared to him who has no music in his soul.

Repeated walks are not only pleasurable at this season, but they are also profitable, especially when connected with a little work. Inspiring webs of caterpillars are discovered and destroyed; a twig here and there, improperly situated, is taken off. The pocket-knife and the pinching off are sufficient among the young trees, and the older ones require little work of this sort that these do not accomplish when thus timely trained. A few branches that rub and a few that are dead constitute about all the parts necessary to be pruned in a well regulated orchard, with the exception of stoned fruit which require shortening in.

If a young tree is slow in vegetating, see to the roots. Perhaps a grub is there destroying its vitality. If there, dislodge him with the point of your knife; or scald him to death with hot water, which kills both eggs and worm. Then mound up the tree two or three inches with clean clay; keep close, and he is kept out. If the tree is much injured and exhausted, make a large mound, with an apex of eighteen inches or two feet according to the size of the tree, so that new roots may put forth above the injured parts.

Trees that are rough and mossy should be slightly scraped, so as to remove rough, loose bark, and the stems rubbed up and down with soft soap diluted with water, stronger or weaker according to the age of the trees, and put on with a rag or brush. If a little wood ashes are added, so much the better. This kills insects and their eggs and stimulates the young trees. Soon after this operation, their stems will become as smooth and lively as young hickories.

Clean and thorough culture is the surest remedy for insects, and insures rapid growth; but trees that stand in slaty and thirsty soils should be kept mulched three or four inches deep with well rotted spent manure or litter, which should be applied around and as far as the roots extend. About the first of June is the proper time.

In his frequent walks among the fruit trees the farmer becomes acquainted with their various growths and peculiarities, and the adaptation of different varieties to his soil. Their wants are noted and attended to, and the vigilance and care bestowed will be amply repaid in the luxuriant growth of his young trees, and the health and vigor and abundant fruiting of the larger ones promoted.

CARE OF CISTERNS.

Water may be preserved pure and wholesome in rain-water cisterns by letting the supply-pipe connect at the bottom of the cistern. The fresh water being heavier than that already in the cistern, will force the stale water to the top so that it can be used before it becomes offensive. It is well known, however, that cistern-water becomes impure from the organic matter it contains, and if this can be got rid of by destroying its vitality and precipitating it to the bottom, it will leave the water pure.

It is claimed that there is nothing better to effect this than permanganate of potassa, used in the proportion of about an ounce to 50 gallons of water. This causes the inorganic matter to sink to the bottom an innoxious sediment. But the permanganate must be continued as long as the water has a purplish appearance, indicating that the offensive matter has not all been precipitated. Though this is not a poisonous drug, and is, we believe, in no way hurtful, still no more should be used than is necessary. Every druggist has it for sale.

Care must be taken to have the cistern thoroughly cleaned out at least twice a year, as well as the troughs on the buildings supplying the water.

—Germantown Telegraph.

NEW PLAN FOR VENTILATING ROOMS.

Inasmuch as warm air always tends to ascend, the old methods of ventilation were all founded on the idea of withdrawing the warm air from the upper part of the room and letting the cold air in near the floor, and this, too, in spite of the fact that carbonic acid, which is the principal impurity in the air of inhabited rooms, is much heavier than common air, and consequently descends instead of rising towards the ceiling. An enterprising inventor has lately patented a method of ventilation in which the old system is entirely reversed, the cold air being let in at the upper part of the room, while the warm air, with its contained carbonic acid and other impurities, is drawn into an outlet-flue through an opening near the floor.



GOOD MANNERS.

HERE is certainly a charm in politeness. Chalk is not more distinguishable from charcoal, than that universal cringing and bowing, for which Sir Archy was remarkable, from the quiet and never-failing civility, which marks the manners of a gentleman.

Politeness has been said to spring from benevolence. It is certainly promotive of good feeling, in return. The most benevolent being would greatly increase his influence, and sweeten his charities, by good manners. Our memory is an old man's memory, and, possibly we deceive ourselves, in the opinion, that our reputation, for good manners, to use the mariner's phrase, is falling leeward. The snows seem to us now to have been deeper in our childhood, and the thunder and lightning much finer than in these days.

We once complained to a worthy mechanic of the very bad manners of his son, whenever we called to leave instructions for work. "Well, sir, I know it," said he, "it does seem as if it would take a mortal sight o' time to get Elnathan licked into good shape—he's a real cub, sir; but you know ther's a hog-age with a good many boys." We were struck, by this expression, at the time; and if we are not greatly mistaken, there are examples among us, to which it would apply, not only during boyhood, but through the whole seven ages of the man.

There are some big, fat boys growing up among us—the sons of opulent parents withal—who have no more manners than a pig; and there are full-grown men, of all ages claiming to be gentlemen, who are as unpolished as brick-bats. Nobody desires, especially on the public walk, or the exchange, all extravagant *politesse* and grimace of a high bred French gentleman, of the age of Louis Quatorze; but the social relation, and the pleasures of our daily, promiscuous intercourse, are signally dependent upon the manners of those whom we meet. The courtesies, the amenities of life are well worthy of cultivation, by men of every craft and calling. Least of all, may we demand a dispensation from the laws of civility, on the score of such "outward privileges" as wealth and station. When a companion expresses surprise, that a British Admiral should touch his hat, in re-

turn, for the respectful salutation of a black man, "What," exclaimed the Admiral, "do you think I would suffer a negro to excel me in politeness?"

If there be any virtue in the proverb, that manners make the man, how imperfect the creation appears, in a multitude of cases. How frequently the most courteous salutation is returned by a slight grunt of recognition, leading one almost to believe that the respondent is of the Byfield breed.

It has been said, that, when the king was about to visit Master Busby's school, the old pedagogue begged that he might be permitted to wear his hat in his majesty's presence, for he should lose all authority over his boys if they believed there was a greater man in the kingdom than himself. We are inclined to think there are some of our acquaintances—benedicts—who have similar fears, in relation to their authority and importance with their wives. We could name a dozen, and even more, who, when alone never fail to anticipate any civilities, and are evidently gratified, by a courteous recognition in return; but who, when attended by their wives, appear to fear some loss of consequence by touching their hats in return for the most courteous salutation.

Then there are some worthy persons who are not entirely confident of their own position, and are fearful of committing themselves by taking the initiative. They are in the perdicament of armed vessels, who, before saluting a fort, are inclined to stipulate for an equal number of guns. When they see you, at some distance, you comprehend, at a glance, that they are making ready: the elbows begin to crook, by degrees, and the right hand to commence its doubtful progress, toward the hat. But unless a like movement is observed, on your part, at the same moment, the hand falls suddenly into its former position. Few things can be more awkward than this.

True politeness certainly springs from a desire to render ourselves agreeable to those whom we meet, by the kindness and respectfulness of our deportment—from good nature, from a wish to improve the social relation.

ENTERTAINING COMPANY.

One of the most enjoyable women we know, aside from having her person decently covered, is completely unsophisticated as regards dress or fine manners; and she is quite as indifferent as regards the same in her friends. In all the years we have known her, we never heard her pass a criticism upon any article of dress. She loves her friends for themselves, not for their clothes. The thought of her insures a sense of rest. She would enjoy a visit with us in a dress ten years out of date as well as if we wore one in the latest mode. She never makes us uncomfortable by saying, "Why do you wear blue? It is dreadfully unbecoming," or "Your dress is altogether too long—your crinoline is horribly out of shape," or "Why don't you wear a corset? it would give you some sort of shape," and so on through your entire wardrobe.

We all know no well bred person passes unfavorable comments upon

the clothing of guests. But it is something well meaning people often perpetrate unconsciously, and the thoughtless comment makes a sensitive, untried girl, or woman either, miserable for the entire day. Many a woman wears dresses the wearing of which constitutes her a martyr, so far as her taste and fancy are concerned. But by some unfavorable circumstances, she can do no better for the time being. And then, for some one to exclaim, "Oh, dear! I thought you threw that dress away long ago!"

It is deplorable the slaves we are to dry goods, and how apt we are to place brains and goodness in the background,—how much more apt to make a display of our well dressed friends at church, or in making calls, than those who are more plainly clad!

Repeating Gossip. The garrulity of woman over tea is proverbial; but that which does quite as much mischief in an individual way is to tell your guest at the first possible moment some current gossip afloat about her. You feel wholly conscious of its falsity, but you fill her heart and head and soul with the stinging thing, and then, as an excuse, you say "I thought you ought to know it," as if you were conferring an actual kindness in so doing. If you had considered the matter at all, by placing yourself in her position, you would have seen at once that she would be made uncomfortable thereby, and that your "kindness" was a very "mistaken" one. The fitness of things is one of the fine arts of society.

Keeping Callers Waiting for you to make your toilette is exceedingly bad taste, especially if time is of importance, as in many instances. We know a lady whose full-dress toilettes are something exceedingly admirable, but who never keeps a caller waiting two minutes, in order to arrange her dress. She, herself, is so superior to what she wears, and is so intelligently conscious of it, that she never deigns to apologize for what she may have on. So if she wins no admiration for her clothing, she does for herself, which is preferable.—*Rural New Yorker*.

HOW TO BE POLITE.

Do not try too hard to be polite. Never overwhelm your friends by begging them to make themselves at home or they will soon wish they were there. Show by your actions rather than your words that you are glad to see them. Have enough regard for yourself to treat your greatest enemy with quiet politeness. All petty slights are merely meanness, and hurt yourself more than any one else.

Do not talk about yourself or your family to the exclusion of other topics. What if you are clever, and a little more so than other people, it may not be that other folks will think so whatever they ought to do.

It may be interesting to you to talk over your ailments, but very tiresome for others to listen to.

Make people think you consider them pleasant and agreeable, and they will be pretty apt to have a pleasant impression of yourself.

Treat people just as you would like to have them treat you.

It is much easier to lose the good opinion of people than to retain it; and when any one does not care for the good opinion of others, he or she is not worthy of respect.

Do not excuse your house, furniture, or the table you set before your guests. It is fair to suppose their visits are to you, not to your surroundings.

The whole machinery of social intercourse is very intricate, and it is our business to keep all places of possible friction well supplied with the oil of politeness.



LA FLOR DEL SALVADOR.

The Daffodil sang: "Darling of the sun
Am I, am I, that wear
His color everywhere."

The Violet pleaded soft, in undertone:
"Am I less perfect made?
Or hidden in the shade
So close and deep, that heaven may not see
Its own fair hue in me?"

The rose stood up, full-blown—
Right royal as a Queen upon her throne:
"Nay, but I reign alone,"
She said, "with all hearts for my very own."
One whispered, with faint flush, not far away:
"I am the eye of Day,
And all men love me;" and, with drowsy sighs,
A Lotus, from the still pond where she lay,
Breathe: "I am precious balm for weary eyes."
Only the fair Field-lily, slim and tall,
Spake not, for all;
Spake not and did not stir,
Lapsed in some far and tender memory.
Sofly I questioned her:
"And what of thee?"
And winds were lulled about the bended head,
And the warm sunlight swathed her as in flame,
While the awed answer came:
"Hath He not said?"

—Overland Monthly.

WAX FLOWERS.

AMONG the great variety of so called fancy work, there is scarcely any more beautiful or attractive than well counterfeited flowers in wax. When a neatly arranged wreath or bouquet is once fixed upon the mantle or center-table, with proper care, it will afford study and pleasure to an entire generation. With these suggestions, if the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD wish to make the attempt, we will try to give a few plain directions which we hope will enable them to succeed in the art, even without a teacher.

The finest specimens for imitation will be found in early spring and summer, from the lovely crocus to the queenly rose, which we will select at this time as our copy. In the first place, however, we will attempt to show you how to color and sheet the wax, which in most cases you will find preferable to the ready prepared.

In sheeting for yourself you can produce any desired thickness or color, beside saving all the small bits which may be re-melted, thereby avoiding any waste of the delicate material. The ingredients which you may melt in any convenient vessel are these: One pound of white wax, three ounces of balsam fir, one ounce of sweet oil, and one ounce of turpentine. To

these, when thoroughly melted and mixed, add one quart of hot water. Your wax is now ready for use. To form the sheets there are various methods, one of which we will give.

Take a smooth, hard-wood cylinder six inches in circumference, and after washing it thoroughly in hot suds and rinsing in cold water, dip it in the solution and take it out quickly. Your cylinder is now covered with a semi-transparent sheet, which you can easily remove by running a sharp knife through it lengthwise. Allow it to fall carefully on a clean paper and you are prepared to renew the operation, remembering each time to have your cylinder entirely clean and wet with cold water. For some of the more delicate flowers, as orange blossoms, you will add a little flake of white previous to putting in the hot water.

In a like manner, in small quantities, any desired color, as green, scarlet, crimson, blue, yellow, etc., bearing in mind that some of the hues are more vivid than others, consequently will require less to produce the desired effect.

As you have now several sheets, we will proceed at once to the manufacture of flowers. Having already made choice of the rose, we will select a simple variety and lay the parts before the class. First count the number of petals, then trace each accurately upon a piece of drawing paper, marking the number on the pattern. The number should always be regarded, as it will save you trouble in putting the flower together. Next, cut your pattern very smoothly and lay each separately upon a sheet of the transparent wax, and trace around the pattern with the point of a needle; you can then remove the pattern and cut very exactly with your scissors. We are now prepared to tint the petals, which we will do by carefully dipping a small brush in carmine, moistened with aqua-ammonia, which gives it a delicate rosy hue. Next cut a strip from the green sheet about half an inch wide, and after clipping it fringe fashion on one edge, dip the fringed side into turpentine and while wet into powdered chrome yellow. You now have the pollen of the rose.

Take a piece of this pollen three inches in length, and, after cutting off a piece of the green wire the desired length for the stem, double over one end and wind around it the strip of pollen. (Just here allow me to say, you may for many flowers use the ready prepared green wire.)

We now have the pollen secure upon the stem, and are prepared to add the petals. First, however, see that the coloring is fully dry, then take each of the petals, beginning with the lowest number and placing it in the palm of the left hand, press it slightly with the forefinger of the right hand. If you would curl the wider petals so as to produce the effect of a partially opened rose, press the petal on each side near the middle once or twice; this will cause it to bend slightly at the top. We are now ready to attach the petals to the stem. Begin with the lowest numbers, placing them around and just a little below the pollen, continue to

add the larger until the flower is complete.

Now we have arrived at the calyx, which is not the least important part of the flower. This you will also trace upon the wax with the point of your needle, observing to follow the pattern which you have previously copied from the dissected flower. Perhaps it will be more convenient for you to cut the wax entirely through with the needle, thereby saving the trouble of using the scissors, which will sometimes become clogged with the wax. If you have adjusted the calyx so that you are satisfied with the result, we will proceed to finish the flower by adding the seed ball, which we always find an important part of the rose. For this you will take a piece of green wax and after moulding it with your fingers into the proper shape, place it upon the stem at the base of the calyx, and with a few manipulations you will hold before you a model flower.

Let us next examine the leaves and prepare to imitate as closely as possible; upon examination we find several little leaflets attached to a main stem. In the first place then, cut a piece of wire for the main stem, and also shorter ones for each of the leaflets. Now place together two sheets of green wax shaded so as to represent the upper and lower sides of the leaf, next lay on your pattern and cut carefully through each, now place the short wire in the middle, between the two thicknesses and press them closely together, and proceed to notch the edge of the leaves. When this is done, unite each leaflet to the main stem by giving each a twist around the stem, and then securing them firmly and smoothly with fine green silk or thread. For the more irregular leaves, which you will desire to copy as you advance in the art, some use plaster molds, others molds cut in wood; but the most simple is, to fasten a wire securely to the stem of the leaf and then dip it into the solution of green wax. Leaves of any kind treated in this way will last for years.

In attempting any other flower you will follow the directions given for the rose, except that the molding must be varied according to the shape of the flower. The petals of some flowers seem crimped upon the edge, this may be imitated by pressing lightly upon the edge in several places with a case knife; this will produce the effect to crimp and also to curl them inward as the tulip. Others roll outward from the center, this may be done by passing the petal over a lead pencil or curling pin. In most cases you will use the palm of the left hand and the right forefinger, which, aided by a fair amount of ingenuity will seldom fail to produce the desired result.

Stamens and pistils that are prominent, as the lily family, may be imitated by rolling upon a smooth surface a narrow strip of wax of the right color until it is the exact size, when it may be cut in parts the length of the stamens, and dipped as the rose, except the powder for the pollen should be brown instead of yellow. For buds use a piece of green wax molded the exact shape of the bud

you wish to copy, if partially open add a few of the smaller petals, and over all place the calyx, hiding the color more or less in proportion to the development of the bud. In all cases use great care about cutting and affixing the calyx.

WINDOW FLOWER-BOXES.

Given fresh mosses and leaves, a few trailing creepers and a spike or two of flowers, and the effect must be charming, whether framed in enamel or zinc, in ebony or deal. And for those who are ambitious only of effect, there are a dozen cheap and feasible methods of securing it. The box may be of tin, painted green, or of common white pine, stained and oiled, with a strip of moulding, or a few lichens and fir cones tacked on by way of ornament. Or, prettier still, it may be turned into a rustic affair by covering it with narrow horizontal lengths of rough-barked wood or virgin cork. Birch boughs or laurel, or both alternating, will answer, halved lengthwise with the saw, and cut into sections to fit the box, the shelf which supports it being edged with the same.

Or a gayly-colored affair may be made with narrow strips of oil-cloth, finished off with wooden moulding at top and bottom, a set pattern being chosen, of bright solid colors, like the tiles which are so much in vogue for more expensive arrangements. In either case, unless the window-sill is of unusual width, a strong wooden shelf must be adjusted in the recess to support the box, and the edge which fronts the room must be ornamented to match.

The one essential of window gardening is sunshine. That secured, the rest is easy. A south window, with a shade which can be raised or lowered at pleasure, is best. The box provided and the shelf set, begin operations by a bottom layer of broken charcoal. It is well to have the larger plants in pots, both for convenience of removal and to obviate the need of box drainage, which is a troublesome thing in a parlor. Set the pots on the top of the charcoal, arranging according to fancy, but keep the taller plants in the middle.

Free hardy bloomers, such as fuchsias, some roses, and geraniums—scarlet, rose, and white—carnations, Chinese primroses, do better in the house, as a general thing, than tropical ferns and begonias, which are so temptingly beautiful in conservatories and perish so quickly out of them. One or two foliage plants will also be pretty, and two or three German and English ivies. Fill in around the pots with light friable soil, one-fifth sand, and smooth the top over so as to cover the pots. Into the interstices you may tuck smaller plants—mignonette, lobelia, cerastium, sweet alyssum, jonquil bulbs, ivy, geranium, moneywort. There should be an American creeper to arch the window.

Last of all cover the surface with mosses fresh from the woods, amid the roots of which will be tangled all sorts of sweet wild things. Water well, and sprinkle the surface every day with a fine rose or whisk broom. Later in the season, as some plant

grows yellow or dull, you can lift it out and carefully insert a new one—a tall spiked heath, or a baby cactus; and the sudden brightening of the whole, by virtue of the addition, will startle you into fresh pleasure, like the lovely surprises of the spring. The water used for the plants should be tempered slightly when the weather is very cold.

—Ex.

ARRANGING FLOWERS FOR BOUQUETS.

It is an art, requiring no small degree of taste and skill, to arrange cut flowers so as to form an attractive bouquet for the vase or basket. It is something, too, which comes to one intuitively, and it can hardly be described in words. However, it may be said in general that the more loosely and unconfused flowers are arranged, the better. Crowding is especially to be avoided, and to accomplish this, a good base of green of different varieties is needed to keep the flowers apart. This filling up is a very important part in bouquet making, and the neglect of it is the greatest stumbling-block to the uninitiated.

Spikes and drooping flowers, with branches and sprays of delicate green, are of absolute necessity in giving grace and beauty to a vase bouquet. Flowers of similar size, form and color ought never to be placed together. Small flowers should never be massed together. Large flowers, with green leaves or branches, may be used to advantage alone, but a judicious contrast of forms is most effective.

Avoid anything like formality or stiffness. A bright tendril or spray of vine can be used with good effect, if allowed to wander over and around the vase as it will. Certain flowers assort well only in families, and are injured by mixing. Of these are balsams, hollyhocks, sweet peas, etc. The former produce a very pretty effect if placed upon a shallow oval dish upon the center-table.

No ornament is so appropriate for the dinner table or mantle as a vase of flowers; and if you expect visitors, by all means cut the finest bouquet your garden will produce, and place it in the room they are to occupy. It will tell of your regard and affectionate thoughtfulness in a more forcible and appropriate manner than you could find words to express. If a small quantity of spirits of camphor is placed in the water contained in the vase, the color and freshness of the flowers will remain for a much longer period. Thus prepared, we have had flowers to keep a week, and at the end look quite fresh and bright.

—The Maine Farmer.

GARDENING FOR LADIES.

How many enthusiasts there are now to be found among the gentle sex, in behalf of gardening or outdoor exercise for ladies. It is quite refreshing to read such a dainty little story as this, told by Julia Coleman;

“I know one lady whose sensible doctor told her, twenty years ago, that she was half gone with consumption, and that her only chance of life was to be in the open air as much as

possible. And a perfect bower of Paradise was her little yard. Was the soil poor? She enriched it. Were her varieties indifferent? She procured better. Nearly all the flowers were fragrant. Fifteen kinds of roses bloomed under her hands, and a succession of flowers filled out the summer. One side of the yard was covered with grapes. Peaches, plums and raspberries were trained *en espalier*, and choice squashes ripened on the roofs of the out-houses. Tomatoes were trained to single poles and yielded luxuriantly; and ruby strawberries peeped out even from the bleaching grass. She, herself, was as fresh and vigorous as you could expect one to be whose half decayed lung had left her with insufficient vitality. But her life was saved and it had been a happiness to herself and a blessing to others.”

She is right, too, when she says that more than half the credit for the ornamentation of our door-yards and homes, is due to the ladies who push the men up to do their duty.

THINNING FLOWER BUDS.

As it is an established fact that a thorough thinning out of fruit on a tree causes that remaining to grow to greater perfection, so the same process will apply to plants producing flowers. When the rose buds are beginning to form, go over the bushes and remove fully one-half, leaving only the largest and best; cut off the bloom as fast as it fades, and you will have finer and larger roses, and the season of bloom be prolonged.

Balsams, started early in heat and planted out when the weather gets settled, will begin to bloom in a few weeks. These will bear an unmerciful amount of pruning of their branches, and bloom abundantly for it. When the flowers begin to fade, they should be removed, if it is desired to keep up the yield. This process of thinning will apply equally to many other plants.—*Iowa Homestead*.

HOW TO COLLECT BUTTERFLIES, ETC.

It is very pleasant in your summer rambles to collect Butterflies, Beetles, Bugs, Bees and various other insects, but the idea of killing each separate creature by sticking a pin through them, (as many do,) and dooming them to a “lingering death,” is a great drawback to the pleasure. It is late now to make a collection, but next summer, if you undertake it, don’t forget to procure a bottle of the Spirits of Hartshorn. Drop a drop of it on the insect’s nose, and it will die quickly.

Such collections are nice to frame, after gumming them on to drawing, or card-board, and as we look on them, if our hearts are right they will be filled with wonder and admiration for Him of whom we can but exclaim, with one of old, “How manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all.”

M. E. I. H.

—Canary birds are imported to the United States to the annual extent of thirty thousand, mostly from Germany.



THE FASHIONS.

SILK and velvet are combined this season to form the richest suits, Basques with overskirts being considered more dressy than polonaises. The overskirts are often of the most elaborate description, the backs of them being entirely formed of sashes, which are looped and knotted in the most intricate fashion. The fronts consist of an apron, or are cut plain and left open.

When the long round overskirts are used they should have tapes in the second side seams to draw them nearly together, both at the waist and quite low down, then the back breadths should be caught up so as to hang in a long loop at the center.

The lower skirt of these costumes is frequently made of velvet and trimmed with flounces of both silk and velvet. Some suits have velvet basques with silk sleeves, while others are made with a long velvet vest. A very rich costume is one of dark garnet with a velvet basque of the same color without sleeves.

Cashmere waists are much used for morning and home wear. Blue, pink, and buff waists are worn with black silk and other dark skirts. This garment is a simply cut blouse, long enough to fall over the hips underneath the skirt of the dress. The front has a revers of silk and is double breasted. The buttons are placed in two rows down the front and the sleeves are tight with a round cuff. A sash of cashmere, doubled and fringed out at the ends, is sometimes worn knotted at the left side, with these garments. These pretty waists save the bodies of silk dresses and are more dressy than loose jackets.

As the time draws near the approach of spring, we begin to see the lighter fabrics and soft tints suitable for that season. The spring silks are of faille, and in a great variety of tints. New shades and colors are numerous, blue seeming to predominate, but as that color cannot be worn by any but blondes, there must of course be a variety of other colors; many of the shades are in the faintest possible tints.

The heavier silks are usually in solid colors and will likely be used in two shades for costumes. Lighter silks have stripes either shaded or of a contrasting color. Then there are clusters of irregular stripes, also a dark stripe on a lighter one, called the cameo stripe; little broken stripes are also seen, and the dark fine stripes contrasting on a lighter surface are very beautiful.

On cheaper goods the polka dots seem to prevail; these are round white dots on a dark surface, or else broche dots of the same color as the material.

The serge foulards are very serviceable goods, and will be fashionable for spring wear. The smooth plain surfaced ones become sleasy and frey out in wearing. Foulards are seen in

dark colors, quite different from the spring silks, and have the inevitable white dots. There is a new shade called Napoleon blue, a very dark shade in the spring foulards, the dots on it varying in size from that of a pea to an inch in diameter.

A pretty new material for spring, very much resembles the old fashioned mousseline delaine; it is twenty-six inches wide, and to be had in the new fashionable tints.

Satin jean is among the prettiest of the new wash goods. It is of cotton and has a glossy twilled surface; it is to be seen in pretty light shades, as well as dark colors with the polka dot.

The English prints cannot now be outdone by the French ones. Although they do not cost as much they are of equal strength and fineness in texture, as well as beauty and taste in design. The new patterns are very bright, consisting of half inch stripes of a bright color contrasting with a white stripe on which are gay palm leaves, there are also Chinese figures, and tiny sprigs with watered stripes between them.

The ugly Dolly Vardens are not in favor. The good taste of the people could not tolerate such a gaudy style, and its reign was short, even if it can be said to have had a reign. If all American ladies would adopt only the styles they really like, as becoming and convenient, instead of giving the preference to fashion over their own good taste and common sense, we should soon see fewer over-dressed persons, and decidedly ungraceful and inelegant costumes.

VARIETIES.

Blue-black kid gloves are among the latest styles; they are worn with black and other dark suits.

Bows of two colors are worn in the hair to match the neckties worn about the throat.

Rose color, pale blue and nile green are the proper colors to wear with garnet or plum color.

WHOLESALE BEDS.

BY JULIA COLMAN.

As we spend nearly one-third of our time in bed, and most of that in a state of unconsciousness, it becomes a matter of some importance to inquire whether we there place ourselves under the best hygienic conditions. Let us consider a few moments the elaborate pile of comfort designed to cushion our motionless forms and blunt the sense of contact with outward things. The first demand we make of it, is that it feel good. So there is placed upon cords or slats, it matters little which if we do not feel them, a semi-elastic foundation, most commonly straw in a tick or palliasse. Surmounting this, "the softest thing possible," has been the rule, often represented by a large sack of feathers. Above these, clean sheets, blankets and comfortables *ad libitum*, and a decent spread, all crowned with "downy pillows."

What more can be required? Simply this, that it be healthful, that we do not get our present comfort at the expense of future health. True the "good feeling" is indispensable to a good, refreshing bed, just as good

taste is indispensable to a nourishing dish of food; but both must be put together with due regard to physiological requisites, or we fail to get, on the whole, the greatest amount of enjoyment out of them.

It is now pretty well understood among intelligent people that feathers do not make a wholesome bed, though the reason is not always correctly apprehended. It is alleged that coming so closely around the form they do not allow the insensible perspiration to pass off freely. The importance of this latter item, if not already understood, may be inferred from an article I read in a *Rural New Yorker* entitled, "What is a Cold?" A little reflection, however, that almost anything which would retain the exudation near the skin would also retain the heat, the feeling of which would soon demand some other outlet. This retention of heat, does take place to some extent; hence feather beds are warmer than most others, and in warm weather this accounts for some of the feeling of lassitude after sleeping on feathers. But if we have proportionately less covering there would be a more ready outlet for it upward, and thus the hygienic condition would be met.

Unless, then, there be exudations from the feathers, why should not a new feather bed be as wholesome as any others? But how long will it remain pure? The perspiration loaded with waste matter (soluble carrión, in fact,) driven into it by the animal heat from at least half the form which it envelops, deposits there its impurities and leaves them. The difficulty is to air it properly to get the impurities out and to get pure air in through the close ticking. The hot summer sun and the wind, by much exposure to them, would do something; but few beds get these. They commonly get only the exposure of an hour or two in a comparatively still chamber, and many do not get that.

One may imagine the internal impurity of such a bed after it has been slept upon a month, a year; but five years, ten years, twenty years! no, no, that baffles imagination! The reeking secretions of, nobody knows how many, vile bodies, in some cases sick and dying bodies are stowed away in these ticks, and when they are heated up by your kindly warmth they come out and attack you with their countless little envenomed darts, just when you are least active, least able to resist them. Is not this reason enough why languor and headaches follow such a night's rest? Bah, I always shudder when I get into a "hospitable" feather bed. Some housekeepers wash theirs every five years. I should want them washed every five weeks, and then not feel safe in them.

There is, no doubt, reason enough for discarding feather beds, but what shall we put in their place? Hair is elegant and comfortable, but very expensive, and it needs clearing at least

once a year, oftener in fact, which is an additional expense. Clearly everybody can't have hair. Straw, if often changed, is a good bed for those who work hard and sleep soundly, and delicate people sometimes put this feather bed under it, spread a thick comfortable over it, and find themselves far more refreshed than when sleeping on feathers. But husks are better still—not the coarse, soiled, mildewed article, but the inside husks, soft and clean. If we want the best bed we can make from them, we will wet, braid, and then dry them; then undoing, strip them with a fork or gauge, as we choose, or this can be done without braiding, which only curls them. A merry evening or two with the children to help, will prepare enough for a bed. Put them into an open tick, so they may be readily aired; spread a comfortable over them, and you will have a bed scarcely inferior to the best hair mattress for comfort and durability. This material makes good pillows also, does nicely for children who do not mind the slight rustling; but hair is still softer, and it costs no more than feathers.

For bedding, nothing excels the thick Whitney blanket. Comfortables next the sheet, like the feathers, entangle too much air. Even the blankets should be washed as often as once in three months. Use no more bedding than absolutely necessary; better wear flannel or Canton flannel nightdresses, and even drawers, but never the same worn during the day. If the feet are liable to be cold, wash, rub and dry thoroughly, and wrap them in a foot blanket. They must be kept warm at all hazards, if you wish for health. In cold weather, it is advisable to have a "foot comfort," coming half-way up the bed. A "day comfort" is also a useful addition to a bed, where one takes a nap in the day time. It may be made of old silk dresses, with bright ties. Falling some such convenience, persons often lie down in the day-time with little or nothing over them, and of course, being less energetic than when awake, they cannot so successfully resist the tendency to take cold.

BALBRIGGAN HOSIERY.

The history of the celebrated hosiery which derives its name from the picturesque village of Balbriggan (Ireland) is a subject of much practical interest, and an illustration of the steady and unostentatious growth of Irish manufacture. The trade was originally established in very modest proportions by a Mr. Mathews, at a place commonly known as Tanner's Water, about the year 1740. He continued to carry it on with moderate success for a quarter of a century, at which period a Mr. Fulham commenced the manufacture in Balbriggan. The hosiery made at this time was the description of stockings called "economies," so termed from the foot and ankle being of silk, while the upper portion was made of cotton, by which a great saving in cost was effected.

Shortly after, a Mr. Hatton joined the trade, and, in 1730, the firm most eminently associated with Balbriggan hosiery, Messrs. Smyth & Company, was established. One by one the smaller capitalists fell away or joined the ranks of the employes, but from that period to the present this firm

has maintained its position, extended its reputation, and formed the nucleus of what promises to become a flourishing and important manufacture. A brisk demand for Balbriggan hosiery has sprung up in American and Continental markets, and Messrs. Smyth are continually making extensions and improvements, with the view of meeting this favorable state of affairs. Within the last twelve months they have erected a handsome and spacious factory on a commanding site in front of the station on the Dublin and Drogheda railway, which lends to the village an imposing and attractive feature.

Several branches of the trade are such as can be carried on at the homes of the people, and are principally performed by women and girls. By this means whole families are often employed, and the appearances of substantial and unassuming comfort in their cottages are the most potent witnesses to the local importance and utility of the hosiery trade. In many instances the husband is engaged as a fisherman or agricultural laborer, while his wife and daughters are employed as embroiderers or sewers. Messrs. Smyth's factory is exceedingly light and airy, and was constructed with no less regard for the convenience and sanitary well-being of the operatives than for the special interests of the firm. There are more than sixty looms at present in full work, and an immediate increase of the number is in contemplation.

The cotton used for the manufacture of this hosiery is that known as the Orleans and Sea Island, and for some of the finer descriptions as much as forty-two cents per pound is paid, being equivalent to the value of silk. Even the cotton used in the cheaper descriptions of stockings is that made for muslins and similar materials. The English manufacturers generally use cotton comprising only two or three threads, but Messrs. Smyth invariably employ six or eight thread cotton, which renders their goods proportionally more durable. The cotton comes into the factory in the state of "cops," that is conical rolls, containing about eight hundred and forty yards each. These are prepared in Belfast, and are highly superior to spun cotton. These "cops" are given out to people at their own homes to wind them for the loom. A six-thread cotton is generally used for the leg of the stocking, and an eight-thread for the foot, the latter, of course, requiring greater strength. When the piece is completed, it is taken from the loom and sewn by hand. This is also done at the cottages of the employes, and some of the women acquire wonderful digital dexterity.

Employment is given to about three hundred and fifty persons, who are under the control of an experienced foreman, and the relations between the masters and the work-people are of an uninterrupted friendly character. With regard to the quality of the Balbriggan hosiery, which is generally acknowledged to be the very finest manufactured, it is almost superfluous for us to say anything. Their fabrics have all the beauty and finish of silk, but are far more durable, and in every sense better adapted for general use.

No better proof of their superlative excellence could be found than the fact that they are in continual use by the Royal Family, and have received no fewer than ten prize medals at the International and other exhibitions.—*Ex.*

SOMETHING ABOUT SILK.

The great manufactories of China are silk and porcelain, both of them original inventions, and known and practiced by the Chinese for centuries before any other nation knew of their existence. From China the manufacture of silk was at length introduced to Persia; Greece learned it from Persia; and Rome from Greece; till, ultimately this valuable art spread itself over the known world. One of the most ancient of the Chinese sacred books says: "From ancient times, the Son of Heaven (the emperor) himself directed the plow, and the empress planted the mulberry tree;" the royal pair thus securing food and raiment for the nation, and setting a noble example of industry and providence. There are but four provinces in the empire that produce the fine silk for exportation: and the best of these is the Che Heang, of which the soil is peculiarly adapted to the successful cultivation of the mulberry, the only tree that furnishes food for the silk-worm. Great pains is taken to prevent the trees from bearing fruit, in order that their whole strength may tend to the production of the greatest possible quantity of young, healthy leaves; and so valuable are these that in gathering them a step-ladder is always used, to prevent any injury to the tree or its products.

As the young worms thrive best amid quiet and seclusion, the houses in which they are usually placed is in the center of each plantation, so as to be as far as possible removed from noise and disturbance of every kind. The bark of a dog will often prove fatal to a brood; and immense numbers are sometimes destroyed by a thunder storm. Sheets of paper are spread for the deposit of the eggs, and they are hatched by artificial heat. The mulberry leaves, that constitute their sole food, are weighed out with great exactness, and placed in small baskets, and the worms will pass from one to another as the baskets become empty. When they have gained their full size, and become of a clear, transparent yellow, they are removed to their spinning apartments, where, in about six or seven days, they complete their cocoons. Then the pupae in these are immediately smothered in close jars to prevent their way out, to the detriment of the silk—a few only of the pupae being reserved for future propagation.

The silk is next wound upon reels, and after the glutin has been removed by warm water, it is then ready for the looms. These are of the simplest construction—the same they have used for ages—and are worked by hand, without the aid of steam or machinery. Yet in the manufacture of crapes, damasks, and flowered satins, they stand first in the world; and they are likewise very skillful in imitating the rarest and most delicate patterns of European workmanship.

More than fifteen millions of dollars worth of silks are annually exported to Europe and America, yet the laws of China forbid any one vessel to take away more than a hundred catties, i. e. 133 lbs., of silk at one time. The law is, however, little regarded, as there are always to be found silk merchants whose love of the Mexican dollar stands paramount to all considerations of duty or danger; and the super-cargoes of foreign ships take away all the silk they desire, provided they have specie to pay for it.

Besides the immense quantities exported, there is probably ten times as much silk retained for home consumption, as is used by any other nation in the world. From princes to peasants—men, women and children—all wear silk; and not only for robes and jackets, but for trowsers, caps, and even shoes. Though linens and nankeens are much used for ordinary wear, on festival and gala days, of which the Chinese have an incredible number, no Celestial would consider himself true to his nationality or religion, unless decked out in a silken costume.

Of such vast importance to the welfare of the empire are the silk manufactories regarded, that the empress is their avowed patron; and she goes annually with her maids of honor, to worship the god of silks, while she even condescends to appear occasionally among her women engaged at their imperial looms, to direct and encourage their labors, and to bestow special reward on such as merit them, by the manifestation of unusual taste or skill.—*Little Corporal.*

PAPER COLLARS—THE FIRST ONE.

Walter Hunt, who is said to be the originator of the first successful paper collars, was one of those useful race of inventors who seldom receive their full reward. He had been experimenting for ten years in machinery for sewing purposes, and it is claimed perfected an invention which, but for his pecuniary embarrassments, would have proved the first successful sewing machine. He was compelled to abandon this field, however, and after obtaining some twenty patents for new and useful inventions, he turned his attention to the manufacture of collars and cuffs of paper. In 1854 he made his first collars.

Having secured the aid of business men, who saw in his invention a new and profitable trade, he gradually got his collar into market; but the sale was slow. To wear a collar made of paper was regarded as a sign of poverty, and people ridiculed the idea of substituting paper for linen. But Hunt was confident that paper would triumph, and persevered. His first collar was made of paper which was intended for a very different use. He tried Bristol board, thick writing paper, Whatman's drawing paper; parchment paper; but each of them was deficient in some quality. One would not resist perspiration; another would not fold over without cracking; still others were of a bad color, and none were of sufficient strength. He then tried pasting two sheets of paper together with a strip of muslin between; yet while this

answered in many respects, it did not afford all the advantages he desired.

His friends became discouraged with his long continued and costly experiments, and advised him to abandon the idea and turn his attention to something more feasible. But he was confident that collars could be made of paper; and as he could not find the proper kind of paper in the market, he determined on trying to make it. He built a small rag engine and made numerous samples of thick strong paper; but, after spending a large sum of money in this way, he abandoned his attempt and returned to the manufacture of what he called cloth-lined paper. He perfected machinery which obviated all his difficulties in pasting the cloth and paper together, and at length, after an outlay of ten thousand dollars in experiments, his efforts were crowned with success, and merchantable paper collars, which could not be distinguished from linen collars, except by handling, were given to the world.

WINTER CLOTHING.

In his experiments to determine the heat-conducting power of linen, cotton, wool and silk, Sir Humphrey Davy found not only that these materials conducted heat in the order given above, linen being the best, but also that the tightness or looseness of weaving possessed an important influence. It is therefore evident that in the selection of winter clothing, and especially of that to be worn next the skin, the material of least conducting power, as wool and silk, should be chosen and the fabrics should be loosely woven.

As regards the external garments the same rules apply with equal force, but in this case care should be taken to remove overcoats and shawls when in a room; especially should this precaution be observed in the instance of furs worn by ladies. The habit of wearing these articles for hours in succession while shopping and visiting, often so weakens the powers of resistance in the wearers that they become ready victims of inflammations of the throat and lungs. To such an extent does this occur in New York that many of the most skillful physicians advise their patients to discontinue the use of furs, and the advice is often followed with the most satisfactory results.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

SCENT BAGS.

One-half pound of dried lavender flowers, one-half ounce each of dried thyme and mint, one-fourth ounce each of ground cloves and caraway, one ounce of salt. Mix well together and put into little silk bags, and it will perfume your linen nicely.

M. E. I. H.

—The latest style of necklaces are made of large round colored beads, to match the dress and are wound several times around the neck.

—It takes ten men nearly a year, working steadily, to finish a handsome enamel's hair shawl.



A CRADLE SONG IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

FROM A BOOK OF TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN.

Sweet Jesus Christ, my Lord most dear,
As Thou was once an infant here,
So give this little child, I pray,
Thy grace and blessing day by day;
O Jesus, Lord divine,
Guard me this babe of mine

Since in Thy holy heaven, O Lord,
All things obey Thy slightest word,
Do Thou Thy mighty succor give,
And shield my child by morn and eve;
Sweet Jesus, Lord Divine,
Guard Thou this babe of mine

Thy watch let angels round it keep
Where'er it be, awake, asleep;
Thy holy cross now let it bear
That it Thy crown with saints may wear;
O Jesus, Lord divine,
Guard Thou this babe of mine!

Now sleep, oh, sleep, my little child!
Jesus will be thy playmate mild;
Sweet dreams He sendeth thee, I trow,
That full of goodness thou mayest grow;
O Jesus, Lord divine,
Guard me this babe of mine!

GIRLS—THEIR DRESS AND EDUCATION.

We look in vain into many pleasant homes, or into the streets, cars, or steamers, for what was once a common sight, and was then, and ever must be, the sweetest object in nature—a simple, artless *little girl*, with all the pretty, unaffected ways and manners of unsophisticated childhood, fresh and beautiful, about her. There is no lack of small beings, dressed in such a marvellous style that Darwin himself would be puzzled to make out the class to which they belong; but we find nothing to remind us of the little girls we used to know, either in dress or manners.

In former times a pretty, muslin bonnet, or a simple, close-fitting cottage straw, was thought the most appropriate covering for a little head—protecting the bright eyes from too intense light, and shielding the rosy cheeks from the sun's too fervid kisses. But now we see something placed on the sunny curls—leaving eyes and cheeks entirely unprotected—which is elaborately trimmed with bows, feathers, a flower-garden, or perhaps a mingling of both; for, although it is too small for even a good-sized doll, the milliner, with an ingenuity which would have been praiseworthy if exercised in a more sensible manner, has contrived to pile on a summing enough to hide even the late suspicion of a bonnet. But, what is sadder than the lack of true taste and good common-sense in this stylish affair, we see no semblance of childlike simplicity in the wearer. And the bonnet is but the beginning of this unfortunate change which we mourn. The pretty "baby waist," the plain white dress, the neat muslin or merino, so appropriate, which little girls used to wear, are supplanted by incomprehensible garments—the fac-simile of the grand dame's attire—flounces, fringes, bows, and double-skirts looped and festooned

in an astounding manner, the child's—no, we mean the young lady's—height, there are no children in these days, is less than her circumference. This dress is put on over a hoop, and the "mite" who is made to carry such an incongruous burden totters about on high-heeled boots. This tiny specimen of womanhood, hardly weaned from her mother's breast—or, more probably, a wet-nurse's—shakes out her redundant robes, bending and twisting her body in grotesque imitation of the woman spoken of by the prophet Isaiah, "with haughty mien: walking and mincing as they go." See how the little ape looks over her shoulder, as she totters about, to be sure that her hoops give her dress and figure the correct wiggle her sharp eyes have observed in the stylish mother and her fashionable friends. It is lamentable that all the simplicity and beauty of babyhood should be destroyed by fashion.

Added to the absurdity of the dress, these little women attempt to discourse on the "latest style." With their companions or dolls you will hear them imitating the discussion on this subject, that they daily hear in the parlor or nursery, from their mother; or, still imitating, with a contemptuous toss of their little heads, they will inform their listeners that they "couldn't think of 'sociating with those girls, because they are not stylish!"

A few days since, as we passed out of a store on Broadway, our attention was arrested by the conversation of two little figures seated in a fine carriage, waiting doubtless, for mamma to finish her shopping. They were dressed in a style positively overwhelming. Their hats were wonders of skill, their gloves had the orthodox number of buttons, with bracelets over them, a dainty handkerchief suspended from a ring attached by a chain to another ring on the doll-like fingers. The dress was simply indescribable. The elder was speaking to the younger, who, scarcely more than a baby, sat demurely by her side. "Oh, merey; just look at that horrid little girl who is crossing the street! She has no hoops on, and not a single flounce—no trimming at all on her dress! And, oh! see her gloves! why she has only one button! Pshaw! she's nobody, not a bit of a style!"

The youngest lisped a reply, which we lost as we passed on; but it was painful to think of the training they must have received which enabled them at that early age to judge a child of their own years so quick by the rules of fashionable dress, and because her attire was not in exact accordance with that week's style, turn from her with contempt as something too low for their notice.

Then again, how soon a child taught by daily precept and example, learns to watch her little companions with envious or exulting feelings, as the case may be. How quickly she begins to grow hollow-hearted and deceitful; receiving as her elders do, a companion with open arms, or a welcoming smile; expressing the greatest affection, but the moment she leaves begin to criticise or make unkind remarks.

"I don't like Nellie one bit mamma; she's such a proud stuck-up thing! I

suppose she thought I should feel bad 'cause her dress had more trimming and was a little newer style than mine. I didn't let her know that I noticed it. But I do think it real mean, mamma, that she should have nicer things than mine. Papa is twice as rich as her father. It made me mad to see her show off her dress; and she kept looking at mine and sister's in such a way."

"I hope, my dear, you were polite to Nellie."

"Oh, yes! But mamma, I was awful glad when she left—though I was just as smiling and pleasant as could be to her face."

"That's a good girl. You must always be very polite and cordial to your companions, you know. But I must say I think Nellie was quite vain; and you must never show that you are proud of your clothes. I shall go out to-morrow and get you that pretty dress you teased so for, I think!"

"Oh, mamma! I am so glad! And as soon as it is made I'll go right over and call on Nellie. Won't she feel bad when she sees my new dress! It will be ever so much prettier than hers."

And the mother smiled complacently, with never a thought of the improper and wicked feelings she was cultivating. Oh, mothers! How can you be so blind! Both by precept and example you are teaching your children to make dress their idol, and to know very little of anything but that which pertains to fashion; to be envious or contemptuous of their little friends and companions, according as they are dressed better or worse than themselves. Can you ever reflect that God did not commit such treasures to your keeping without meaning some day to call upon you to render up the account of your stewardship? What can you say, when asked how you have trained the young souls given to your care? Can you reply, we have been instant in season and out of season in teaching them—what? To work for the good of others; to learn to do right; in all simplicity to love and obey the Saviour, who, taking a little child in his arms, said, "of such is the kingdom of heaven." Of such? Ah, no! Not of those children that you are training to avoid—not evil communications, but unfashionable companions; to look on the outward adorning, and not the heart.

But it is not alone the worldly minded, who make no pretence to any higher law than their own selfish gratification, who bow the knee to fashion. Christian mothers are you guiltless? Think of the time, the health and strength, given to dress—the bondage which compels you to pervert all real taste, to do violence to your own natural instincts of neatness and true elegance, and accept the absurdities of fashion, simply because the ruling style requires it. If you are thus influenced and beguiled, do you flatter yourselves that your children will not, from their earliest years, regard such homage as important? We do not think it wrong to dress neatly and in as good taste as possible. We blame none for giving so much thought to their own dress and their children's as to provide those articles that are appropriate and becoming to the different styles of face, figure, and com-

plexion. It is natural, and we think right, for a mother to dress her darlings as neatly and prettily as she can, without unnecessary waste of time and strength; but we do think it a sin to spend money and time lavishly in following the dictates of fashion, and not of good taste and common-sense. No one pretends to believe that there is either of these in the present style of dressing. It is utterly destitute of grace—is ridiculous to the last degree; but fashion compels, and women—Christian women—obey, and teach their little daughters like obedience!

Oh, the money, time, and strength given to destroy, by the absurdities of fashionable dress, every vestige of beauty and grace which God gave you in your little ones! Take the week through, hour by hour, do you not give more time to your own and your children's dress, than you can spare for your Master's service? Do not your children gather from your daily walks and conversation that to be fashionably dressed is of more importance than loving and serving the Saviour, who died for them and you? Judging by your daily conversation, which will they think of the greatest importance—the service of God, or devotion to Fashion? To which do they see you giving the largest part of your time—the adorning of their little bodies—"the plaiting of hair, the wearing of gold, and putting on of apparel"—or in teaching them that which is not changeable "not corruptible, t even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price?" What can you say, fashionable, Christian mother, to all these observations? —Mrs. H. W. Beecher.

POLITE CHILDREN.

"Thank you, Charlie," said Mrs. Brown, as her little son handed her a paper he was requested to bring.

"Thank you, Bridget," said the little fellow a few hours after, as he received a glass of water from his nurse.

"Well, Mrs. Brown, you have the best mannered children I ever saw," said a neighbor. "I should be thankful if mine were as polite to me as yours are to the servants. You never spend half as much time on your children's clothes as I do, and yet every one notices them, they are so well-behaved."

"We always try to treat our children politely," was the quiet reply.

This was the whole secret. When I hear parents grumbling about the ill manners of their children I always wish to ask, "Have you always treated them with politeness?" I once knew a man, considered quite a gentleman in society, who would speak to his children in a manner that a well-instructed dog would resent. He would order them with a growl to bring him his slippers, or perform some other little service; and yet he complained of the rudeness and disobedience of his children.

Many parents who are polite and polished in their manners toward the world at large, are perfect boors inside the home-circle. What wonder if the children are the same? If they should accidentally brush against another in the streets, an apology would

be sure to follow; but who ever thinks of offering an excuse to the little people, whose rights are constantly being violated by their careless elders? If a stranger offer the slightest service, he is gratefully thanked; but who ever remembers to thus reward the little tireless feet that are traveling all day long up stairs and down, on countless errands for somebody? It would be policy for parents to treat their children politely for the sake of obtaining more cheerful obedience, if for no other reason. The costless use of an "If you please," and "I thank you," now and then, will go far to lighten an otherwise burdensome task. Say to your son, "John, shut that door," and with a scowl, he will move slowly toward it, and shut it with a bang. The next time say, "John, will you shut the door, please?" and he will hasten with a pleasant smile to do your bidding.

Many children as they grow older, are obliged to learn the rules of politeness as they would a lesson. The consequence is, when they appear in society they are awkward and blundering. On the other hand, children who have been accustomed to politeness at home, are at their ease in the most polished circles, and are saved that confusion and bitter self-condemnation which are sure to follow any breach of the rules of etiquette.

Some children, learning from their parents, seem to consider politeness at home affectation! Brothers who would jump up with alacrity to give an easy chair to some dashing miss of their acquaintance, will appropriate it to themselves when at home, without the slightest apparent consciousness of the presence of a sister or perhaps a mother.

"My brother is as polite to me as any one else, when I go out with him," said a girl proudly to a companion. What a reflection on his manners at home! A sister will perhaps accidentally knock over some of the tools with which her brother is busy. An apology involuntarily arises to her lips, but she stifles it on considering that it is only Jack; and all the satisfaction he is offered for disordered plans is a blunt, "Oh!" Angry reproaches are sure to follow. "You are real ugly, Jack, to talk so about such a thing; you know I didn't mean to," is the equally angry rejoinder. Why did she not say so? Two words would have saved all the trouble. Want of politeness is the cause of more quarreling among brothers and sisters than anything else. In their plays children are constantly meeting with little accidents, for which they should be taught to apologize. I have seen the cheeks of a child flush with anger, his eyes flash, and a little hand raised to strike the unfortunate breaker of a toy, when, as if by magic, the blow was arrested by these words, "Excuse me, I did not mean to."

Polish is not everything. It is, however, something. It is better to have a black kettle that is sound, than a bright one with a hole in the bottom; but there is no reason why the sound one should not be bright too.

It is of the first importance that children should possess those sterling qualities which fit them for battle with

temptation and sin; but do not send them out in the world in great clodhopper boots. Shine them up, and both happiness and influence will be increased.—*Advance.*

A CAT PARTY.

We have in our home two little, happy, frolicsome girls, Kate and Millie. They are all over the house; now here, now there, in the office, up stairs, down stairs, in the parlor, chapel, anywhere busy, pattering feet can carry them; hopping, jumping, laughing, dancing, always together, arm in arm. They seldom disagree, and then it is only a pout and all is over, and away they fly to encounter new objects and plan up some fun. And thus it is from morning to night.

We have a pet kitten we call David. We had another one, rather larger, we named Goliah, and by some means which does not transpire, Goliah was killed, and the little girls believe that Goliah, who was a sort of surly little chap, provoked David, and he threw a stone and killed him. However this may be—

Goliah left this world of woe
For the land where other cats go.

One day the little girls inquired of one of the teachers if they could not have a cat party when David was old enough, and was told that they might. Week after week they watched the slow growth of David without ever mentioning the cat party, and the matter was entirely forgotten by the teacher.

One day this week the two little girls asked the teacher if David was not old enough for a party, and was answered in the affirmative, without any thought of what the little ones intended to do, or how they were to get up the party.

Away they went to their own teacher to get excused from school, and out they sallied in search for cats. Up and down the streets they went, inquiring at every house if they could borrow cats for a cat party. The astonished neighbors, after a little inquiry, and seeing them in dead earnest, very generously loaned their cats and kittens; and in they came lugging big cats and little kittens they had borrowed from the neighbors.

We happened to go down into the hall, and what a sight presented itself. A party of cats and kittens, closely guarded by the little girls, crawling about. We inquired what all this meant, and in glowing language was informed of the proposed cat party. They said that they had only brought them over to get them acquainted, and then they were going home to get dressed for the party in the evening. They told the cats to wear blue ribbons and red ribbons, and be sure to come in the evening. Not having any particular liking to cat parties, and having so often been vexed at their midnight concerts, we opened the door and soon dispersed the guests to the great disappointment and grief of the little girls, who retired to the schoolroom to tell the story of their wrongs to their sympathizing friends.

—The mind cannot be wholly idle. If it is not laid out and cultivated into a beautiful garden, it will of itself grow up to weeds.

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. Never put off till tomorrow what you can do to-day. 2. Mediterranean. 3. John Adams. 4. Robed in its mantle of varied hue. Peering in glory the azure blue Of heaven's bright, beauteous dome o'erhead, Autumn comes, welcome, with rustling tread.

5. Raphael—Madonna.

R e a l M
A r m a d A
P e r f e c t e D
H o r a t i O
A b a n d o N
E v e N
L a t o n A

6. V O I D. 7. S C O R E. 8. Pastime—(Re)past (I)ime. 9. Small. 10. Aster, stare, tears, rates. 11. Chairs, hairs, airs, sir. 12. Sweden. 13. Lynn. 14. Italy. 15. Quebec. 16. Norway. 17. Corinth. 18. Camp-bell. 19. Spinage. 20. Sham-rock. 21. Peter, Eden, Adam, Corinth, Elizabeth, Obediah, Naaman, Esau, Abraham, Echoboom, Tarsus, Hannah—Peace on earth.

ENIGMA.

1. I am composed of fourteen letters. My 9, 4, 7, 1 is familiar to hunters. My 2, 5, 8, 13, 2, 6, 12 is a foreign city. My 11, 14, 3 is a nickname. My 14, 12, 10, 4, 6, 1, 14, 2 is fearless. My whole, transposed, is the name of a President.

DOMESTIC ENIGMA.

2. I am composed of sixteen letters. My 15, 12, 3, 4, 10 is an enemy to housekeepers. My 1, 5, 13 is a domestic pet. My 6, 2, 13, 10, 16 is an article of food.

My 11, 7, 8, 9 is troublesome in the kitchen.

My 5, 11, 14, 18, 2, 15, 16 is desirable in the pantry.

My whole is a source of wealth.

CHARADES.

3. My first, though small, helps make a great man, And is found in the king's palace—guess if you can.

My second in the tomb with the dead is found; but not in living head.

My third with mortal man given birth, Yet has never been seen upon our earth.

My whole wise Solomon commended; Which when you've guessed, the query's ended.

4. A cry; diseased; a room; a prominence; a weight; a body. My whole is a place of amusement.

5. Personal property; food; never old; in ocean's waves; a body of water; a place of habitation; a proper name. My whole the name and residence of one in whom we are interested.

NELL.

ANAGRAM.

6. Husold ew lefe deimnicl ot runesec
Sflatu oyu yma ni resoth evwi.
Ska oruy won flei, ree uyo tevreun
Fi htat ash otn liflagsn oto.

F. L. W.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

7. One-fourth of four; anger; hair; a general; a fish; some; a consonant.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

8. An author and a poem. A girl; a Greek letter; a fancy; a vegetable dipper; a kind of flour; used by painters; a protuberance; a tree; a medley; "uncertain, coy, and hard to please."

J. H.

SQUARE WORDS.

9. A story; surface; to depend; refusals.

MAY.

10. An engine of torture; to confirm, establish; skin covering base of bill of some hawk tribe; a participle.

W. H. W.

HIDDEN NAMES.

Famous men.

11. A long war renders men indolent. 12. Is there anything new to-night? 13. Finish the coat as soon as you can.

14. He was so long in coming, that all grew tired.

15. He sold me an acre on the river for forty dollars.

16. Have you seen that black cat of mine?

J. H.

A GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

17. I was awakened one morning by a Chinese seaport, and as the air was a country of South America, I wrapped myself in my cloak made of part of the Chinese Empire and lined with a cape in the southern part of the United States, and busied myself a town in Pennsylvania, until an island east of Labrador called me to breakfast.

A group of islands in the Gulf of Mexico burned brightly on the hearth, and another group lying east of Africa, greeted me with a cheerful song.

Soon a lake of North America brought in breakfast, which consisted of an Asiatic country, and a river of British America, and a South American city. To these were added a group of islands in the Pacific, and a plentiful portion of an island in the Atlantic.

As I am naturally fond of another group of islands in the Pacific, I chatted with a city in Ohio, and after I had satisfied my appetite, which was at first a town in the southern part of New Hampshire, I ate a large group of islands lying east of India with her. As she was suffering with headache, I bathed her head with a city on the Rhine, but stopped suddenly upon discovering that the North American lake was a Chinese city!

I assured him that he never would obtain a city in the western part of Missouri, unless he mended his ways, although my disposition toward him was a group of islands in the Pacific; but should his conduct prove satisfactory, he might look forward with an African cape to obtaining a town in Kentucky in due time.

I then went out and enjoyed a Newfoundland cape, after a lake of British America, and, after returning, finding that the children were making a New York lake, I sent them all to bed, after wishing a good deal of Scottish cape upon them.

JUMBLES.

Names and situations of mountains.—18. Honkmadnconpeherisanm. 19. Utsidalkydmacronnroaenro. 20. Mmooonnoooeeeaiilttphhfus. 21. Draltawpenssl. 22. Egoeeacuinnrm. 23. Etatrayarurk. 24. Esmubnected-arienns. 25. Sawdonowlens.

NELL.



CARE OF THE SKIN.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

QUITTING all reference to bathing or washing, as a means of cleanliness, or of invigoration—since this is not the best time of the year in which to commence bathing—there are other considerations of sufficient importance to command the attention of the masses. The amount of sickness, pain and suffering in every community—so few being really healthy—will convince us that none too much care is taken of this body of ours, so "fearfully and wonderfully made." Indeed, it is well for all to feel a personal responsibility in this regard, and that our health, to a great extent, is just what we make it. "Obey and live" applies with as much force to physical laws as to moral obligations.

The propriety of attending to the functions of the skin, and the necessity for such attention, becomes apparent when we understand its various duties, and its relations to the whole vital economy. It is estimated that there are no less than seven millions of "pores" on the surface of a man of medium size, these pores being the openings or outlets from the "sweat sacks," this sweat passing to these openings through spiral pipes or tubes, variously estimated at from twenty-eight to forty miles in length. This immense drainage from the body is one of the most important means of "purifying the blood," far more effective than all the "blood purifiers" of the market, some of which, of course, have their uses. In a body so wonderfully constructed as ours, this purification is not left to mere accident, but is provided for in several ways, in health being in constant progress, the functions of the skin being among the most important of these. Our bodies are constantly decaying or wasting away, this waste being replaced by our daily food. There are millions of little rills passing constantly through these spiral channels to their outlets, the pores, bearing effete and poisonous matter, the worn out and useless particles in decayed bone, muscle, blood-vessel, nerve, etc., this being one of the means of ridding the body of these poisonous and irritating substances, the retention of which is one of the direct and most extensive causes of disease and suffering. Let it be remembered that what we ordinarily call a "cold" is simply the closing up of these millions of pores, thus arresting one of nature's most effective purifying processes, and inducing disease tendencies, some of these being but other efforts to throw off or consume these worn-out and decaying particles. If, therefore, we would prevent or arrest such violent efforts of nature to "right itself," we must remove the cause of such violent efforts, by opening the pores again, allowing the natural current of impurity to pass off unobstructed, however unpleasant may be

the thought that we are dying while we still live, and that putrid streams are ever passing through these channels, or should pass thus constantly, or this body becomes a putrid mass.

More important still than the re-opening of these pores is the prevention of such a closing. This is secured, to a great extent at least, by a proper care of the skin, estimated at about fourteen square feet of surface, sufficient in extent to demand attention. The necessity for the removal of this waste matter from the surface is further indicated by the estimate that of all the solid food and liquids taken into the stomach, about five-eighths pass off through the pores when they are in a healthy and active condition. The unfavorable results, the violent disease resulting from a sudden closing of so many outlets of impurities, are by no means mysterious, if this surface is designed to perform so important a part in the renovation of this decaying body. The least that we can be expected to do in this matter is not only to avoid offering obstructions to the free passage of such rills of effete matter, but to favor a free escape. This is done by keeping the pores open, as far as possible, in their normal condition. This is done in part, by the use of proper clothing—porous and sufficiently loose and open to allow a reasonable escape. The employment, to any great extent, of oiled silk, rubber clothing or their equivalent, must necessarily retard the escape of perspirable matter. This remark applies with special force to the constant use of rubber boots and shoes, so unfavorably affecting the feet. The moisture of the feet under such circumstances results from retaining the perspiration, and not from "drawing," as sometimes supposed. It is absolutely necessary and judicious to wear rubber clothing or boots, sometimes, as a choice of evils, yet these evils are naturally abated by wearing them as short a time as possible, or by removing them for a few moments, to allow the moisture to escape—changing wet clothing.

Again, so great is this escape from the skin as to render the change of apparel necessary at regular periods. No article ought to be worn at night that has been worn through the day. The change of flannels—everything—at night, may be attended with some trouble, yet those who regard themselves as neat and tidy must do it if they would avoid an unpleasant odor from their person, an odor reminding one of "contrabands," attributable more to habits of neatness than to mere nationality—an odor by no means confined to the descendants of Africa. A supposed want of time is no sufficient apology for such neglect, since there is always time for the performance of duty—none for mere sensual indulgencies, yet such time is taken.

Again, the fact that most of the nerves of the body are distinctly connected with the skin renders its care still more important. The action of the air and especially the light of the sun upon it, are particularly salutary. An "air bath" sometimes produces more salutary effects than some of the popular "anodynes," particularly those made and sold by irresponsible

persons. Wakefulness is frequently removed, particularly in a hot night, by a free access of the air to the whole surface, allowing the escape of the superabundant heat of the body, and also producing a general soothing effect.

The use of a flesh-brush, or its equivalent, is a matter of the utmost importance. A vigorous application of such a brush will rid the surface of an astonishing amount of dust, as detected in the brush, which, of course, is this waste matter, dried and adhering to the surface. Such an application is very effectual, reaching the crevices, removing impurities, opening pores and securing a free escape of waste matter, thus preventing its re-absorption into the body, beside quickening the circulation of the blood in the surface vessels, where about one-half of the blood of the whole body should be found. The importance of this surface circulation can not be easily overrated, since its retirement to the larger vessels is so often attended with alarming or fatal results. In the absence of the brush, a crash towel or something of the kind, may be used, though the brush is the best. In these respects very few persons are treated as well as an intelligent stableman treats his horses.

SLEEPING UNDER THE CLOTHES.

There is reason to believe that not a few of the apparently unaccountable cases of scrofula among children proceed from the habit of sleeping with the head under the bed-clothes, and so inhaling air already breathed, which is further contaminated by exhalations from the skin. Patients are sometimes given to a similar habit; and it often happens that the bed-clothes are so disposed that the patient must necessarily breathe air more or less contaminated by exhalations from the skin.

A good nurse will be careful to attend to this. It is an important part so to speak, of ventilation. It may be worth while to remark, that when there is any danger of bed-sores, a blanket should never be placed under the patient. It retains dampness, and acts like a poultice.

Never use anything but light Whitney blankets as bed covering for the sick. The heavy impervious cotton counterpane is bad, for the very reason that it keeps the emanations from the sick person, while the blanket allows them to pass through. Weak patients are invariably distressed by a great weight of bed-clothes, which often prevents their getting any sound sleep whatever.—*Miss Nightingale.*

HEALTHFUL BEDROOMS.

Three things are indispensable to the healthfulness of a bed-chamber; we must be comfortably warm, must not be exposed to draughts of air, and must be supplied with pure air, not very cold. A great deal has been written about sleeping with windows sky-high, so as to let in all of outdoors; none but monomaniacs or born fools write thus; we know that many persons have met their deaths by having been exposed by means of an open

window to a sudden change in the weather during the night, and certainly the safe side is the best.

In cold weather there should be fire in an open fire-place all night, and air enough will get in at the crevices of the doors and windows to create a current, driving the bad air up the chimney. In the summer a lamp or candle may be burned standing in the fire-place, unless the door of the hall is left open; but as most persons, at least in cities, do not feel safe to sleep with an open door, the lamp is a good substitute. A window may be hoisted; but there are comparatively so few nights during the year to make it safe to do so, that the fire or open inner door is preferable.

There is no advantage in going to bed or undressing in a cold room; all invalids and sedentary persons should undress, sleep and arise, in a room not lower than fifty degrees; and if it was seventy while rising, so much the better. The old, the sedentary, and the sickly, should sleep on feather beds in cold weather; if they sleep on a mattress, it often requires so much bed-clothing to keep them comfortably warm, that it oppresses the breathing, and so confines the foul air above the bed as to make them restless.—*Hall.*

MEDICAL PROPERTIES OF EGGS.

The white of an egg has proved of late the most efficacious remedy for burns. Seven or eight successful applications of this substance soothes pain and effectually excludes the burned parts from the air. This simple remedy seems preferable to colloidion or even cotton.

Extraordinary stories are told of the healing properties of a new oil which is easily made from the yolk of hens' eggs. The eggs are first boiled hard, the yolks are then removed, crushed and placed over a fire, where the whole substance is just on the point of catching fire, when the oil separates and may be poured off. One yolk will yield nearly two teaspoonfuls of oil. It is in general use among the colonists of South Russia as a means of curing cuts, bruises and scratches.

—The man who has begun to live and work by artificial stimulant never knows where he stands, and can never count upon himself with any certainty. He gets into his castle a servant who becomes the most tyrannical of masters. He may resolve to turn him out, but will find himself reduced to the condition in which he can neither do with nor without him. The use of stimulant to the brain power brings on disease in whose paroxysms a man is no more his own master than in the ravings of a fever, a disease that few have the knowledge to understand, and for whose manifestations the world has no pity.

—It is said that a poultice of onions applied morning, noon and night, for three or four days, will cure a felon. No matter how bad the case, lancing will be unnecessary if the poultice is applied. The remedy is a sure, safe and speedy one. So says some one who pretends to know. If a genuine remedy it is worth circulating.



INFERIOR MEATS.

Number Two.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

HERE is a form of induced disease among the cattle designed for slaughter, scarcely less extensive than the various forms of natural ailments already referred to, and certainly not less reprehensible, or destructive to the health of the consumers. I refer to the condition of so large a per cent of the cattle brought from the far west to the eastern market for slaughter. Some of these come thousands of miles and all many hundreds, and are brought generally under very unfavorable circumstances, to use no more direct terms of censure. Indeed it is too often true that these cattle, designed for a staple article of food for so many millions, are subjected to forms of cruelty and privations at which humanity shudders and at which our more ennobling sentiments stand aghast.

That these cattle may be in a good condition when they leave their western homes, is not doubted—even better than that of most of the stock, it may be, fattened in New England. As a necessary consequence, most of the meats consumed in New England must be obtained from other distant parts of the country, where the fertile and uncultivated lands will sustain vast hordes of wild cattle. Well fattened and in a relatively good condition, these cattle are shipped from Texas, for example, by the way of the Red River, New Orleans and up the Mississippi, leaving at some convenient point, as Cairo, for the east. It is inconvenient if not impossible—consistently with the usual ideas of dispatch—to feed these herds by the way, or stop very often for this purpose.

The animals are taken directly from the prairies and crowded as closely as they can stand, then slowly hauled through from one to three days without food or water; they are jolted off their feet and then goaded till they struggle up. Thus they arrive at their destination, trampled upon, torn by each other's horns, bruised, bleeding, panting, fevered and unfit to kill."

There are, it is true, certain places designated as the principle places of rest and refreshment, such as Chicago, Buffalo, Albany, etc., but these places are so distant from each other that the herds must of necessity suffer from hunger and thirst, omitting all reference to fatigue and fright, which must materially affect the health of the animals and consequently, the wholesomeness of their flesh.

The extent of this shocking treatment, shocking both on account of the sanitary results and as connected with considerations of humanity, mercy, and morality, may be seen, partially at least, by adducing certain facts. There is abundant evidence that a large per cent of the cattle shipped from Texas, are thrown overboard be-

fore reaching Cairo, having died from actual starvation and thirst or from the combined results of the harsh and inhuman treatment. One report states that of a train of forty cars, arriving at Albany, "fifteen car-loads arrived in a diseased and deplorable condition, all brought on by mismanagement and neglect, and calculated to bring on sickness and disease, if anything will."

The Massachusetts commissioners say: "At present, food tainted in the course of transportation is brought into this state, which endangers the health of the people." An extensive butcher, whose testimony was given before a committee of enquiry, in Mass. May 12, 1871, said: "It is important that something should be done with the dead cattle" (those dragged from the cars having died from starvation) "because I think that most of them have been eaten in Boston," the estimated loss from such resources—in addition to that saved (?) by the consumption of these murdered cattle—being \$800,000 annually, in this one city alone! It is also estimated that the losses sustained simply by four tanners, near Boston, from the goring of the hides, amounts to the annual sum of \$85,750. This only being a partial estimate, since it cannot include the injuries sustained by swine, sheep, calves, etc., in reference to which no very accurate information is easy of access.

Again, the barbarous custom of bleeding calves a few days before the slaughter, for the purpose of whitening the veal, is as reprehensible as cruel, and cannot but render flesh, already sufficiently objectionable and difficult of digestion, still more inferior and diseased.

The sheep and the swine, more frequently driven, are, perhaps, more generally diseased than beefs. The foot-rot among the sheep, in part the result of driving, is far more general among the slaughtered than the consumers would be willing to believe. It is also true that there are circumstances connected with these, the constitutional peculiarities, especially of the swine, the habits, the too thick fleece of the sheep, if allowed to remain during some part of the hot weather, directly calculated to induce and foster various forms of disease. But when we add these unnatural conditions, all of these privations, this fatigue and abuse, we need not be surprised that much meat is in the general market which is directly calculated to induce disease.

To judge accurately of the results of such treatment to the brutes, we need only refer to the influence of corresponding treatment upon the human system, since the principles are similar—the laws of the physical being nearly or quite identical. If an inflamed or ulcerated liver of a human being produces manifest general disease—and often of the severest type—it is quite as true that the body of the brute is diseased to a corresponding extent by similar treatment and conditions. It needs no elaborate argument to prove that such barbarous treatment, such straving and thirst, such goring, such fright, such breathing and re-breathing so many, many times of the pestiferous, disease-loaded air (so called) of the close cars, (re-

minding one of our lecture-rooms and even churches, in some localities,) must of necessity, if effect follows cause, result in a diseased condition, and as certainly render the flesh of such animals totally unfit for human food. In the language of a report on this subject, there is occasion for alarm when the "flesh of these animals—dead cattle, dead hogs, dead sheep, depleted calves, is put into the markets and sold for food."

THE PROPERTIES OF TEA.

The physical properties of tea are similar to those of coffee; it is slightly astringent and tonic, and when used without milk or sugar is a simple remedial agent in nausea and indigestion; but if sugar is added it is converted into a thin syrup, which is more apt to produce indigestion than the consumption of many times its weight of pure candy, since sugar is more digestible in the concentrated than in the diluted state. It is a mild stimulant to the skin and kidneys, it prevents sleepiness, counteracts the effects of alcohol, and reduces the rate of waste of the tissues, an action supposed to be due to the theine, or peculiar principle of the plant, the quantity of which is variously estimated from one-half of one to four per cent., and which closely resembles caffeine, or the principle of coffee.

It is also an aphrodisiac of considerable power, and the rapid increase of the population in China is, by some, supposed to be due to its universal use by all classes. In addition to its other properties, the Chinese regard it as a preventative of gout and calculus. It no doubt has the power of preventing the latter; but this action is probably due to the fact that, if water is boiled, the greater part of the carbonate of lime it contains, and which would enter into the composition of a calculus, is precipitated; therefore the drinking of boiled water would be equally effective in influencing the prevalence of this disease. It is also a narcotic and sedative, like opium; and like it, its action varies with the individual and the dose. To some, it is exhilarating to the nerves and calming to the vascular system. In the words of Waller,

The Muse's friend, tea, does our fancy aid
Repress those vapors which the head invade.

To others, on the contrary, it is highly deleterious, producing headache, and sometimes even causing paralysis and diabetes, especially when used to excess as in tea tasters.

The time of day at which tea is taken in different countries varies with the custom of each nation, as does most every other human habit. The Chinese drink it at all times, and keep the pot on the fire so that they "may moisten their lips" after the fashion of Sairy Gamp; others consider it almost sacrilege to take it at any other hour than in the evening and at tea, while many say with Gay,

At noon (the lady's main hour)
I sip tea's delicious flower.

At whatever time it may be used there is no doubt that it acts much more energetically if taken on an empty stomach and without any other food.—*Galaxy.*

THE DESSERT.

—Many persons write articles and send them to an editor to be corrected—as if an editor's office was a house of correction.

—"What branch of education do you have chiefly in your school?" "A willow branch, Sir; the master has used up almost a whole tree."

—An editor never leaves any money at home for fear of fire, and never carries any with him for fear of robbers, nor deposits it in any bank for fear of speculating bank officers.

—When you see a man on a moonlight night trying to convince his shadow that it is improper to follow a gentleman, you may be sure it is high time for him to join the Temperance Society.

—A little Boston girl joyfully assured her mother the other day that she had found out where they made horses—"she had seen a man in a shop just finishing one of them, for he was nailing on the last foot."

—A Cleveland copper speculator fell asleep in church, from which he was wakened by the pastor's reading: "Surely there is a vein for the silver and a place for gold where they find it." Jumping to his feet he shook his book at the minister, crying, "I'll take five hundred shares."

—"Why, Bridget, how came you to burn the bread so?" "Och an' is burned it is? Sure then, ma'am, but it's no fault of mine, for wasn't ye after tellin' me the last thing afore ye wint out, a large loaf must bake one hour, an' I made three large loaves, so I baked 'em three hours jist; for what else should I do?"

—An Italian innkeeper confessed to a priest, who asked him if he never greased the teeth of his guests' horses to prevent their eating. He replied that he had never done so. The next time, he confessed that he had committed the act several times. "Why," said the priest, "you told me the last time that you had never done it." "Holy father," replied the innkeeper, "I did not know the trick then."

—A citizen of that thrifty young city known as Brooklyn, states that during an interview with a damsel fresh from Ireland, who proposed to do and perform certain household services, she asked his wife:—"And plase, ma'am, will ye be afther telling me if it's Croton water that ye've got all over the house?" "No," replied the lady; "we do not have Croton water in Brooklyn." "Och! Shure, then I'm not afther stayin' here, having been always used to it in Ireland!"

—A greenhorn, from somewhere, standing carelessly upon the end of one of the East River piers, watching a Brooklyn ferry-boat, accidentally lost his equilibrium, and found himself suddenly in the "damp." He, however, soon clambered up again; and, while blowing off the superfluous brine, he was asked by a by-stander how he relished old Neptune's soup, to which he replied, "Wal, I hain't got much agin it; but all I have to say, is, that whoever put the salt in warn't a bit stingy!"



HOW A PAPER IS MADE.

A PARODY.

"Pray, how is newspaper made?"

The question is easy to ask,
But to answer it fully, my dear,

Were rather a difficult task:

And yet in a bantering way,

As the whippowill sings in the glade,

I'll venture a bit of a lay

To tell how a paper is made.

An editor sits at a desk,

And ponders the things that appear

To be claiming the thoughts of the world—

Things solemn, and comic, and queer—

And when he has hit on a theme

He judges it well to parade,

He writes, and he writes, and he writes,

And that's how a paper is made.

An editor sits at his desk,

And puzzles his brain to make out

"Telegraphic" so squabbled and mixed,

It is hard to tell what it's about.

Exchanges are lying around—

While waiting dispatches delayed,

He clips, and he clips, and he clips,

And that's how a paper is made.

An editor out in the town,

In search of the things that are new—

The things that the people have done,

The things they're intending to do—

Goes peering and prying about,

For it's of many a grade :

He tramps, and he tramps, and he tramps

And that's how a paper is made.

And all that these workers prepare,

Of every conceivable stripe,

Is sent to the printer, and he

Proceedeth to stick in type,

His lines, all respecting his will,

In slow moving columns parade—

He sticks, and he sticks, and he sticks,

And that's how a paper is made.

In short, when the type is all set,

And errors cleared up, more or less,

'Tis "locked in a form," as we say,

And hurried away to the press.

The pressman arranges his sheets,

His inks gives the requisite shade,

Then he prints, and he prints, and he prints,

And that's how a paper is made.

WORDS.

BY ANNIE SHERWOOD.

A WORD fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." We know not what the occasion may have been upon which wise old Solomon uttered these words, or what peculiar circumstances prompted their utterance. Possibly grammatical errors and mis-pronunciations had grated harshly on his ears. Probably he had been an unwilling listener to words idle, angry, or profane. We do not know; but we cannot doubt that if he were among us at the present day he would find as much need as ever he did, to hold up to view the beauties and advantages of fitly spoken words. To-day, in enlightened portions of the world, the "King's English" is mutilated and murdered by almost every tongue, and in almost every possible manner. Mis-pronunciations, grammatical blunders and vulgarisms ring in our ears from morning till night. Idle words greet us at every turn. Angry words are but too often heard. And profane words! how many lips are tarnished by their utterance!

We do not expect faultless language from those whose educational advantages have been of a very limited character; but spelling-books are within

the reach of all, and there is no good reason why those who can learn anything cannot learn the correct pronunciation of common words. To avoid grammatical errors entirely is somewhat more difficult, but not impossible by any means, if we but labor diligently, and make the best use of our opportunities.

We need not depend upon books alone for obtaining a knowledge of good language. Common sense and observation will assist us wonderfully. Though we were wholly ignorant of the rules of grammar, it would be an easy matter to observe the different modes of expression in different individuals, and in different localities; and common sense would teach us which to take for our guide.

It is very interesting and quite amusing sometimes, to notice the expressions peculiar to certain localities. For instance, in one place where I have been "they are" is almost universally used for "there is." These "local peculiarities" have probably been handed down from generation to generation, and are used from habit; all are so accustomed to their use that no one notices they are peculiar or improper. In such cases, observation, assisted by a little knowledge of spelling and grammar, would be of great service. The terms, or "vulgarisms" one of our authors on grammar calls them, "this here" and "that there," as far as my knowledge extends, are not peculiar to any place, race, condition, or position in life, but are universally used, by rich and poor; high and low; young and old; by every "nation, tongue and people," with now and then an honorable exception. I have heard them in the pulpit, as well as in the humble cottage. They fall from the lips of the scholar, as well as from the lips of the ignorant and unrefined.

Among id'e words probably those most objectionable are "by-words." What is more disgusting than to hear some such expression as "my goodness," "oh gracious," or "good land," at the first of a sentence, two or three times during its course, and again at its close? If all who were in the habit of using profane language or "by-words" would adopt the plan of the Quaker, and substitute the words "bottles and tongs," they would see at once how useless such expressions are, and become ashamed of them.

"Angry words! oh let them never
From the tongue unbridled slip:
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them ere they soil the lip."

When the time comes that no awkward language grates harshly on our ears; no hasty, thoughtless, angry words fall from our lips; no idle words greet us; and profanity no more makes the blood curdle in our veins; when all our words are fitly spoken; we shall joyfully hail the dawning of the Millennium. And not only will the morning stars sing together, but the mountains and the hills shall break forth into singing; and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS.

We find in a biography of Charles Dickens, published in London, the following account of the first appearance of the "Pickwick Papers":

"For the first five months of its ex-

istence Mr. Dickens's first serial, the 'Pickwick Papers,' was a signal failure, and notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Charles Tilt, at that time a man of considerable eminence, made extraordinary exertions, out of friendship for Messrs. Chapman & Hall, to assure its success.

He sent out, on what is called sale return, to all parts of the provinces, no less than fifteen hundred copies each of the first five numbers. This gave the 'Pickwick Papers' a very extensive publicity, yet Mr. Tilt's result was an average sale of about fifty copies of the five parts. A certain number of copies sold, of course through other channels, but commercially the publication was a decided failure. Two months before this, Mr. Seymour, the artist, died suddenly, but left sketches for two parts more, and the question was then debated by the publishers whether they ought not to discontinue the publication of the serial. But just while the matter was under their consideration Sam Weller, who had been introduced in the previous number, began to attract great attention and to call forth much admiration. The press was almost unanimous in praising 'Samivel' as an entirely original character, whom none but a great genius could have created; and all of a sudden, in consequence of 'Samivel's' popularity, the 'Pickwick Papers' rose to an unheard of popularity.

The back numbers of the work were ordered to a large extent, and of course all idea of discontinuing it was abandoned.

No one can read these interesting incidents without being struck with the fact that the future literary career, of Mr. Dickens should have been for a brief season placed in circumstances of so much risk of proving a failure; for there can be no doubt that, had the publication of his serial been discontinued at this particular period, there was little or no probability that other publishers would have undertaken the risk of any literary venture of his. And he might consequently have lived and died, great as his gifts were, without being known in the world of literature. How true it is that there is a tide in the affairs of men!

By the time the 'Pickwick Papers' had reached their twelfth number, that being half of the numbers of which it was originally intended the work should consist, Messrs. Chapman & Hall were so gratified with the signal success to which it had now attained, that they sent Mr. Dickens a check of five hundred pounds, as a practical expression of their satisfaction with the sale.

The work continued steadily to increase in circulation until its completion, when the sale had but reached forty thousand copies. In the interval between the twelfth and the concluding number, Messrs. Chapman & Hall sent Mr. Dickens several checks amounting in all to three thousand pounds in addition to the fifteen guineas per number which they had engaged at the beginning to give him.

It was understood at the time that Messrs. Chapman & Hall made a clear profit of nearly twenty thousand pounds by the sale of the 'Pickwick

Papers' after paying Mr. Dickens in round numbers three thousand five hundred pounds."

THE REVIEWER.

The February number of LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE contains a number of highly attractive articles. The concluding part of "Searching for the Quinine-Plant in Peru" forms the initial paper. The illustrations accompanying this interesting record of adventure have probably never been surpassed in accuracy of design or beauty of execution by any similar productions in this country. "A Glance at the Site and Antiquities of Athens," another well illustrated article, by J. L. T. Phillips, affords much valuable information concerning the present condition and appearance of the great monuments of the Grecian metropolis. It is written in a style which makes it eminently readable. "Country-House Life in England," by Reginald Wynnford, abounds in curious and entertaining facts and pleasing anecdotes. It has all that freshness and sprightliness which invariably characterize its author's sketches of British life, manners, and customs. Will Wallace Harney's paper, entitled "Observations and Adventures in Submarine Diving," possesses a fascinating interest for every class of readers. Its revelations of subaqueous life and phenomena are not only distinguished for accuracy and vivid delineation, but offer so marked a contrast to everything to which ordinary mortals are accustomed that they arouse a feeling of excitement seldom produced by narratives of adventure upon the solid earth, in the air, or upon the surface of the sea. "Glimpses of John Chinaman," by Prentice Mulford, is at once amusing and instructive, and gives an insight into both the oddities and the capabilities of the Mongolian character as displayed upon American soil. In the department of fiction, the most conspicuous contributions are the continuation of "Probationer Leonhard," by Caroline Chesebro, and "The Forest of Arden," by Ita Aniol Prokop. "Our Monthly Gossip," as usual, is full of attractive and instructive matter.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.—We have received the January number of The Overland which is the first monthly part of the tenth volume, and we must say is as interesting as any previous number we have had the pleasure of perusing. It keeps up its local characteristics to a remarkable degree of excellence, apparently improving with every issue, and has developed a corps of contributors that has excited the attention of the literary centers of both Europe and America. We are pleased to notice that the authors' names are published in connection with their contributions, presenting the annexed appetizing table of contents: "Isles of the Amazons" (conclusion), by Joaquin Miller; "The Ghost of Rummelsburg," by J. L. Ver Mehr, D. D.; "A Day at England's Sea-Side," by Prentice Mulford; "A Journey in a Junk," by Therese Yelverton (Viscountess Avonmore); "The Gate," (Poetry,) by W. A. Kendall; "The Colorado Desert," by J. P. Widney, M. D.; "Brave Mrs. Lyle," by Sarah B. Cooper; "The City at the Golden Gate," by Henry Robinson; "The Thrust in Tierce," by Daniel O'Connell; "Ultrawa, No. IV—Whampole's Ways," by Eugene Authwise; "Christmas Eve: 1872," (Poetry,) by Ina D. Coolbrith; "Chinese Proverbs," by Rev. A. W. Loomis; "Half and Half," (a Christmas chronicle,) by Charles W. Stoddard. The "Eto," and "Current Literature" Departments are full, varied, and instructive. Remember, a new volume begins with this number. We advise all to take it, for they will surely not repent the outlay of four dollars for one year's subscription. John H. Carmany & Co., Publishers, 409 Washington Street, San Francisco.

GOOD THINGS.—For the young of all ages. Edited by George MacDonald, and illustrated by the best artists. This magazine has hitherto been issued under the title of "Good Words for the Young." To mark the important changes and improvements which are now introduced, the name has been changed to a simpler and pithier one. GOOD THINGS will address itself to the young of all ages, from the little beginner, who can just read a picture, to the big boys and girls who study at the desk or shout in the playground; and so onwards up to the veterans who, after a their learning, turn to the children for a fresher wisdom. Terms.—Yearly subscription,

LOST LIZZIE.

Words by C. F. O.
Moderato.

In memory of Lizzie C.

Music by E. CLARK.

The musical score for "Lost Lizzie" consists of two staves of music and lyrics. The top staff is for the piano, featuring a treble clef, a bass clef, and a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is for the voices, with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are divided into two parts: "1st. VOICE" and "2d. VOICE". The piano part includes a dynamic marking "Moderato". The lyrics are as follows:

1. It's green a - down the meadow,.... It's green the brook be - side; I've found the ear - liest
 2. The songs of ear - ly warblers.... Are sing-ing sil - ver clear; I stop and wait and

3. Still up and down I wan - der,.... With love and long - ing vain; I can - not find my
 4. My flower has closed its pet - als.... And bowed its love - ly head; My bird has hushed its

flow - 'ret,.... The sun - ny wood - lands hide; But I'm searching for a blos - som, The
 list - en,.... They draw my soul so near; But I'm hark'ning for a dear - er, A

dar - ling, And wea - ry is my pain; The woodside and the meadow, The
 mu - sic, My dar - ling she is dead! But the treasure earth has ta - ken, In

fair - est ev - er grew, Oh, Liz - zie, my lost Liz-zie, It's long I've looked for you!
 voice more fond and true, Oh, Liz - zie, my lost Liz-zie, It's long I've looked for you!

bus - y streets all through, Oh, Liz - zie, my lost Liz - zie, It's long I've looked for you!
 heav'n I'll find a - new, Oh, Liz - zie, my lost Liz - zie, It's there I'll look for you!



THE DEACON'S SECOND WIFE.

And there was Deacon Van Tassel, good man,
Who went to work on the usual plan
With his number two, the meek Betsey Ann.
Until, in a year, he had almost killed her
With his number one, dear Mary Matilda!
By boasting so much of his sainted first,
He filled the second with wrath till she burst.
And, had it not been for the vent in her eye,
And a chance now and then to slip out and cry,
She said she believed in her heart she would die.
He glared to tell Betsey Ann, his second,
How Mary Matilda, his first had been reckoned
A pattern in every arrangement of life.—
Of course an obedient, model wife,
Avoiing all gossip and scandal and strife;
That Mary Matilda did this and that,
Wore such and such dresses, and such a hat.
And made her home pleasant with pious chat;
That Mary Matilda was fond of dishes
That always agreed with her husband's wishes
And so very prompt and nice with the food
'Twas always in time, and always was good;
That Mary Matilda took care of her feet,
And did not go gadding from street to street;
That Mary Matilda took care of her tongue,
And didn't allow it to go as if hung.
Like that of a hollow brass bell, to be rung
Where'er the noisy thing chanced to be swung;
That Mary Matilda was prompt at meeting,
And always noticed the poor with a greeting;
That Mary Matilda read very much
Her good old Bible, in vellum and Dutch;
That Mary Matilda was ever given
To duties of earth and service of Heaven;
In short, the good Deacon, with no complaint
Of his second, made out his first such a saint,
That she, though trained in the shade of a steeple,
And fond from her girlhood of all good people.—
Though likewise she made no sort of complaint,
Yet heard so much of Matilda the saint.
As pattern of good and chider of evil,
Her love of the pious grew very faint,
And got so she finally hated a saint
As once she had hated the devil.

But, after a time, the Deacon began
To smell a rat, like a sensible man,—
The grave-rat, gnawing by night and day,
And eating the heart of his wife away;
The Deacon in other words, found it best
To leave his Mary Matilda at rest,
Like a saint as she was, in Abraham's breast,
And not keep bringing her back to his own,
Where now Betsey Ann had such rights alone.

From that time onward, the Deacon began
To appear to his wife like another man.
And Mary Matilda, where she should be,
In mansions of bliss, soon got herself free
Of all of those features which gave Betsey Ann
A fit of hysterics or sulks, to scan;
And made her, instead of praying for grace,
Desire to go, when she died, to the place
Where she wouldn't see the sainted one's face.

When left to herself, from that very day
She tripped about in her natural way,
And bloomed and blushed like a flower in May;
And seemed much more like a saint than a sinner
When the Deacon sat down to his daily dinner,
Without the old skeleton, or the least
Of Mary Matilda dear, at the feast.
From that day forth, there was no more strife
In the Deacon's house through the Deacon's long
life:
And sweet Betsey Ann was as good a wife
As Mary Matilda had ever been;
And the Deacon well knew and felt it within
Though number one, of course, was the *first*,
And best of course, if the best or the worst.

—Edward Hopper.

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK.

HERE is everything in forethought
to help along kitchen work more
expeditiously, and yet there are many
housekeepers who never seem to think
or plan an inch ahead, or to make pre-
paration one day for work which may
serve much to lighten the next day's
labor.

I was particularly reminded of the
trite old maxim which I have taken
for the head of this kitchen homily, by
a visit not long since on my friend
Lydia Greenwood. The same traits
which were noticeable in her as a girl
still remain, only they seem to in-
crease, or rather the bad effects there-
of to appear more to her disadvantage,
as a housekeeper than otherwise. It
so happened that the visit of which I
am speaking was made during a week
of severe, cold weather, at which
times, especially, one must think ahead
if they would not be terribly discom-
moded in their domestic machinery.
But Lydia evidently believed that
"sufficient unto the day is the evil
thereof"—words good when rightly
applied, but not to be used as a cloak
for neglect, which a little timely fore-
thought might avert.

For instance, one of the coldest
mornings I went into the kitchen be-
fore breakfast, as being the warmest
place early in the day, and taking
Lydia's little Frankie in my lap made
myself at home there, as she wished
me to do. Lydia had just commenced
getting breakfast which I calculated
would take about two hours to get it
ready for the table. In the first place,
she must go into the cellar and bring
up potatoes, and then she happens to
think there is no warm water, so must
wait to heat some before washing
them. Next the wet potatoes are put
into the oven, the moisture, as any
one knows, preventing them baking
well or rapidly as they otherwise
would. The tea-kettle is on, and soon
she thinks of the meat, as they always
have meat breakfasts in cold weather.
But that article is in the store-room,
and frozen as hard as a brick, not even
sliced ready for use. A good sized
piece is brought out and set in the
warmest place convenient, to be
thawed out.

Meantime Lydia gets her knife and
keeps trying to cut off a slice of the
steak, but says; "oh dear, it is so
hard I never can cut it, I do believe,"
while she has most frozen her hand in
the attempt, as well as expended un-
necessary strength in her fruitless en-
deavor. Next she goes to make her
coffee and finds she has not enough
browned for breakfast. It is warm
work enough to do that, while for
change she keeps trying to cut the
meat, from which the rich juice is
being expelled by the hasty thawing
out. For a long time, however, it
resists her efforts, but at last enough
is made ready for breakfast, after much
tribulation and vexation of spirit.
But now as things are ready for the
table she happens to think that the
milk is frozen solid and must be
thawed, which can be done more quickly
than cold meat, though the break-
fast is hindered thereby.

At last, however, breakfast is on the
table, but when I think how much
trouble my friend has had in preparing
it, and how tired she looks at the
beginning of the day, it hardly seems
that the meal pays what it has cost
her. But again, when I consider how
much of this inconvenience and hard
work might have been avoided by a
little preparation the evening before,
I think she has no one but herself to
blame for the extra trouble.

She was up early and at work, ear-
lier I thought than needful in cold
weather, yet her breakfast was late,
later than to what I was accustomed
at home, and she had only a short fore-
noon to do a large amount of work.
And other things went about the same
way, nothing gotten ready till the mo-
ment it was needed, then there must
be the hinderance of waiting for the
warming process, or the cooling or
whatever it was. Another morning
warm cakes were to be made for break-
fast, but she must wait for the frozen
milk, that was brought in from the
store-room, to be thawed out before
it could be done, and then the milk
was nearly spoiled for that use by be-
coming heated in the process of softening.

Now if there is a little forethought,
how much of this hard work and an-
noyance might be saved, and my friend
have time enough to get her work done
while she is waiting and bothering
over these hinderances.

If potatoes are to be cooked, how
much better to have them prepared
beforehand, meat, in cold weather,
put where it will be ready for cooking,
and other things seen to the evening
before, so as to have as few hinderances
and handling of cold articles, in stinging
cold weather, as possible. Then
one can hasten up the meal and be
ready for the other work of the day,
as a few moments preparation may
save a whole hour of time in the morn-
ing. So it is in preparing for baking
—the getting things together, before
one is ready to do the actual cooking,
helps amazingly in the work.

And if these cold mornings suggest
so much the need of taking time by
the forelock, so does the hot summer
weather bid us do the same. For,
often, planning work systematically
and taking a little thought for the
morrow, will allow one time to hasten
the morning baking, ironing, or most
trying labor early in the day, when,
for lack of system and thought, one is
just ready to begin these as the heat
becomes intense.

But, says some tardy housekeeper,
it is all I can do one day to get through
with that, without beginning to-mor-
row's work in the little time I get for
a breathing-spell to-day. But, my
tardy friend, do you not see that it is
this very system and forethought, with
a little fore-action, that is to give you
much more leisure, instead of taking
it from you. It is systemized labor,
alone, that can relieve one of being
the veriest drudge—any one who does
her own work or has assistance—and
also make the wheels of labor move,
at all, smoothly along. And so, while
housekeepers, like Lydia, who have
become accustomed to ways like hers,
will not be convinced by this homely
chat, or in the least change their ways,
yet it may be that some of these young

housekeepers who read *THE HOUSE-
HOLD*, and also ask for counsel, may
find a hint here, which may be of ser-
vice to them; that is, if they think
the hint is worth carrying out in vari-
ous ways, in which their own good
sense will suggest.

—To remove rust spots from cut-
lery, rub them with a common lead
pencil and polish with paper or a
cloth.

HINTS AND AIDS TO HOUSE-
KEEPERS.

BY PATIENCE POPULAR.

One of the greatest and most nec-
essary accomplishments of the good
housewife, is that of being able to pre-
pare and cook vegetables in such a
way as to render them both palatable
and nutritious.

At a place where I was invited to
dine I found sweet potatoes on the
table. They were boiled with the
skins on them. A better way of pre-
paring them is as follows: Pare and
slice as you do when preparing the
Irish potatoes for frying, place in a
kettle or skillet with water enough to
cook them. When nearly done, to
enough for a family of six add one
tablespoonful of brown sugar, and a
lump of butter one-half as large as a
hen's egg, with salt to suit the taste.
Stir up and have them as dry as pos-
sible when done. If cooked in an iron
vessel they should be taken up as soon
as done, as they will turn dark if left
standing.

If potatoes, that are apt to be wat-
ery when cooked with their coats on,
have the ends cut off and a few creases
cut through the skin lengthwise of
the potatoes, they will, in nearly all
cases, be mealy. Potatoes are more
healthy and more nutritious, when
baked than when boiled. Many people
think they can only bake the small
ones. We prefer the largest ones
baked, and seldom find one so large
that it cannot be well baked in a brick
oven in one hour.

Several years since, during a great
scarcity of potatoes in consequence of
the rot, we moved into a neighborhood
where we soon discovered that the
people used rice as a substitute for
this worthy vegetable. The rice thus
used was boiled in clear water until
done. Then to enough for an ordinary
family, a lump of butter as large as a
hen's egg, together with sufficient salt,
was added, and it was kept boiling
some five minutes more, it being
stirred during this time. Cooked in
this way we saw rice upon the tables
there constantly for breakfast and din-
ner. People fried their beefsteak and
other meats, made their gravies, and
ate them with and on their rice as they
usually did with their potatoes. Pre-
pared in this way it made so good a
substitute that we hardly noticed the
absence of the vegetable.

At a place where we boarded for
some time, turnips were brought upon
the table as pickles, and were prepared
in this way: They were washed and
boiled until done, without being
scraped or cut; then scraped and cut
in thin slices like beets, hot vinegar
was then poured over them, they were
closely covered and set away until the
following day, when they were brought
to the table. Sometimes spices were
scalded in the vinegar, but no sugar
was added. They were excellent, and
surely all lovers of pickles would
enjoy such a dish. The same family pre-
pared carrots in the same way, and we
presume those who are fond of them
would relish them prepared in this way.

When a great variety of vegetables
cannot be had the family sometimes
tire of the same ones prepared often
in the same way, thus it becomes the

housekeeper to have, or know, as many ways as is possible of cooking them, as the same vegetables when tired of prepared in one way, will often be highly relished if prepared in different ways. There are many ways of cooking different kinds of vegetables of which we wish to speak, but more would make the article too long.

In baking care should be taken to have all bread, cake, pies, etc. well baked. You had better have them in the oven ten minutes too long than take them out one minute too soon. Unbaked, or half baked bread of all kinds are very unhealthy and cause many to become dyspepsiaed.

Hosts of people cannot eat pies because the crusts are shortened with lard which renders them indigestible. A sweet and a very excellent pie paste may be made by using thick sour cream instead of lard and water. Of course soda must be used in the cream. Let those who have dyspepsia and cannot eat pies made in the ordinary way, try this way of making their pie paste. Others use sour milk or butter milk, and shorten a little with butter or suet, either of which is preferable, and by far healthier than the old way.

Here is a recipe for rich and very excellent cookies: One pint of thick sour cream, one teacupful of melted butter, two and one-half cups of sugar, one tablespoonful of ground cinnamon, soda, and flour to roll. Sweet cream will do in place of the sour, if you add cream of tartar to the flour.

Those who live in places where the maple sweets are made and used, have a beautiful flavoring in the sweets themselves, of which other people know nothing. Here is a recipe which we know to be good for seed cakes, to be made of maple molasses: Two and one-half cups of molasses, one cup of melted butter or suet, one teaspoonful of soda, one egg, and one tablespoonful of caraway seeds. Flour and roll.

Few housekeepers know what an excellent shortening suet makes for all kinds of meat pies, ginger breads, fruit cakes, etc. Try it. It is cheaper than butter, and in many things better.

COOKING POTATOES.

To boil a potato well requires more attention than is usually given. They should be well washed and left standing in cold water an hour or two to remove the black liquor with which they are impregnated, and a brackish taste they would otherwise have. They should not be pared before boiling; they lose much of the starch by so doing, and are made insipid. Put them into a kettle of clear cold water, with a little salt, cover closely and boil rapidly, using no more water than will just cover them, as they produce a considerable quantity of fluid themselves while boiling, and too much water will make them heavy. As soon as just done instantly pour off the water, set them back on the range, and leave the cover off the saucepan till the steam has evaporated. They will then, if a good kind, be dry and mealy. This is an Irish recipe and a good one.

To Boil New Potatoes.—When fresh dug take the small potatoes, not quite ripe, wash clean, then rub the skin off

with the hand—never use a knife—and put them into boiling water, with a little salt, and boil quickly; when done drain dry and lay into a dish, spreading a little butter over them, or boil some new milk, put in a great spoonful of butter, and thicken with a little flour wet smooth with milk. When the potatoes are cooked and laid in the dish, pour this dip over them. This is very nice.

Mashed Potatoes.—Boil with skins on; when done, peel quickly, and put, as you peel, into a saucepan over the stove, but not hot enough to burn; mash free from lumps to a smooth paste; have ready, before peeling the potatoes, a piece of butter half the size of an egg, melted, and half a cup of sweet milk, with pepper and salt to taste; when the potatoes are mashed smooth pour in the milk and butter, and work it in quick and smooth, then dish; dress the top with a knife so as to be round and smooth, rub on a little beaten egg and brown in the oven very delicately. Serve with fowls or roast meat.

Potato Croquets.—Boil' potatoes with just enough water to cover; when three parts done pour off the water and let them steam to finish cooking; then press them through a wire sieve; this done, put them into a stew-pan, adding one ounce of butter to one quart of potatoes, and the well beaten yolks of two eggs; mix together thoroughly; then flour the paste board, divide the potato paste into square parts and roll them on the board to any shape—balls, pears, corks, or what you choose—dip them in egg and bread crumbs, and fry in hot fat to a light brown.

Potato Salad.—Cut ten or twelve cold boiled potatoes into slices from a quarter to half an inch thick; put into a salad bowl with four tablespoonfuls of the best salad oil, one teaspoonful of minced parsley, and pepper and salt to taste; stir well so that all will be thoroughly mixed. It should be made two or three hours before needed on the table. Anchovies, olives, or any pickles may be added to this salad, as also slices of cold beef, chicken or turkey, if desired.

Potato Soup.—Boil and mash potatoes, about three pints when mashed to three quarts of rich beef stock, ready boiling. Add pepper and salt to taste, stir gradually into the boiling stock, then pass all through a sieve and return to the soup-kettle; simmer five minutes, and serve with fried bread, or if liked, a half pint of peas boiled soft, one onion, one head of celery, two spoonfuls of rice may be put to the stock, well boiled, and the potatoes added when all are done, then pass through the sieve, return to soup-kettle, simmer five minutes and serve. —*Christian Union.*

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Enclosed you will find one dollar, to pay for my paper next year, for though I have no money that I know how to spare (not having been able to do much of any work for nearly a year), yet I do not know how to get along without it. I have no money to spare for luxuries, but THE HOUSEHOLD seems a necessity. I have been trying to get subscribers,

but have only succeeded in getting three; have neglected sending these hoping that others would conclude to do as they had promised, and take it. I think I could find more who would like to take it if I could go out, but I have not been able to go out much for a year past.

I wish I could tell Mrs. Dorr how much I prize her writings, and her talks about children—how every mother's heart must bless her when they read them. For six years I have been a mother yet never could I have expressed what I have so often felt, as well as she has in her talk with childless wives. Six years ago God lent us a little daughter to train for him; what a treasure she has proved, He only knows who lent it, and now some months ago a little son found a warm nestling place in our hearts. May we prove faithful to our trusts and train them for Him, is my greatest desire.

ULIA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Here you come with the blue cross, a reminder of what I already knew too well, and I did not intend you should tell me that you could not make me your next twelve visits unless I sent the dollar. But you are as welcome as ever; and ever have been an honored guest in our home, ever since your "birth." And how could I get along without your many good sayings every month?

I have had much interest in Mrs. Dorr's letters ever since the first one to Alice; and then, Olive Oldstyle tells my own ideas much better than I can express them myself, (I only wish she would speak oftener.) All these cheering words you bring, is just what a housewife needs. And too, Dear HOUSEHOLD, you come reminding me again, of the passing old year, which has nearly reached its last expiring breath; and very soon 1872 is not—it has passed; as has so many dear ones that know time no longer—but one endless eternity! Dear family band of THE HOUSEHOLD, do we realize, we are all hastening there?

But good bye, I am looking forward to your next coming with great pleasure.

THIA.

Brookfield, Vt.

FRIEND HOUSEHOLD:—You have been a welcome visitor at our home, on the lake shore in this city, the past year, and we hardly feel like parting company at this time. There is one thing which puzzles us and we rise for an explanation. How in the world do you manage to get up so good a paper in the far off region of Vermont, among the hills of Brattleboro? One would think, were he to pass through your village, that it would be a hard place to get a living, if a farm, shop, or store were given him, and stocked ready for business—and much less to get a living by publishing a monthly newspaper. I know all about your town, village and surroundings. I am of the same stock. Orange county, and a celebrated town therein, I have the honor to call my home, (don't know as the town or county has much honor in the case,) and I am proud of the land of my birth.

But to the question: how do you find the material, and the patience to compile so useful a sheet? I am

astonished at the variety and value of its contents, and though I do not know but everybody takes it, I do know everybody ought to; for where on the face of the earth can they find so much real value, for the paltry sum of one dollar. Each copy is worth that to any farmer or housewife, and if they are neither, there is food for scientific, mechanical and professional minds—that ought to make a Thanksgiving, Christmas, or New Year's dinner monthly.

To think that Brattleboro, Vermont should send greeting—once a month, such a message to Chicago, the city of Prairies surprises even me; but then Vermont always was a glorious state, and we of the west, know that the back-bone of the business enterprise in Chicago is of New England stock, and I for one, begin to think (judging from your paper) that all the backbone or any other bone is not all west, or in Chicago.

But I see I am getting personal and must put the bit in my mouth and pull up; for you will scarcely wish to read further. Allow me to extend the hand of fellowship to you, and say that I cannot part so; and be allowed to walk along with you in sympathy another year, and to this end hand you the necessary amount of currency to secure a prize in your scheme and hope to see it at our home every month the coming year. You will continue the address as at present, and should I find time, from the multiplicity of business, I may, with your permission, wait upon you again in the course of the year, with matters of interest in Chicago. Yours truly, T. I. M.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—For two long years you have cheered our western home, and I feel it would be ungrateful for me to allow you to go on doing so another year without so much as a "thank you."

We like you and all our friends like you; and by and by when you get fairly acquainted here we expect you will be found in every home.

We have looked vainly through your columns for a word about Minneapolis. Has no one written to you from our "Queen City?" It now boasts nearly 25,000 inhabitants, is handsomely laid out and acknowledged to be a beautiful and flourishing city. We have the Falls of St. Anthony "right in town," but the "father of waters" has become distracted by modern improvements, and the buzzing of many mills so near his head, and has fretted and chafed until nearly ungovernable. He is majestic in his frantic efforts to be free, but man—weak man has impeded his progress and made him a slave. Yet standing by his side we are drawn into a transient sympathy with him, and why not, since

"The hearts of men are rivers, that chafe in ordered grooves?"

Only four miles away the Minneha-ha "Laughs and leaps into the valley." No traveler thinks his trip to Minneapolis complete unless he has driven across the prairie and enjoyed this beautiful bit of Nature. It was a strange freak of the Dame to hollow out this basin and send the little stream headlong over its margin as though frightened at the clouds or the deer drinking from its pure depths. One is

not satisfied with a glance at the Minnehaha but gladly lingers for hours to discover and enjoy new beauties.

Yes we are all enthusiasts about Minnesota but are still loyal to the "Green Mountain" state; and the memory of our old home is refreshed by each arrival of THE HOUSEHOLD. Yours truly,

BELLE DAVIS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been a subscriber of yours only a few months, but already you seem like an old friend, and I always welcome you with heartfelt pleasure. Everything that comes out in your columns is worth reading, and I have stored up many of your valuable sayings in my mind. I am not a young housekeeper, asking for advice about how to get along so as to have everything work together harmoniously, but I read your advice to all such, with great interest, all the time thinking to myself that "may be some day I will be and then your good counsel will indeed prove valuable."

I am a young girl out in the country, "away down south in Dixie," trying my best to cultivate a friendly feeling for my northern sisters. Shall I confess the truth? For a long time I would not subscribe for THE HOUSEHOLD because it was a northern paper. But after I had read several numbers, which were lent me by a friend who was very partial to it, I felt ashamed of my injustice, and was in such a friendly state of mind that I wanted to ask pardon of all the writers for THE HOUSEHOLD, and determined to do so in a letter of grateful acknowledgment for the many moments of real pleasure you have afforded me. I read letters from southern as well as northern women, and discovered that you gave free access to all. You do not allow politics to creep in and destroy the harmony of your members. Every subject which creates dissension among those whom you are earnestly striving to benefit, is unworthy of a place in your columns. And now dear HOUSEHOLD, good-bye. Wishing you a long and prosperous life, I sign myself,

A LOUISIANA GIRL.

BREAKFAST DISHES.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I feel like contributing a mite of my knowledge for the benefit of the HOUSEHOLD BAND.

I notice that we of different States call our articles of food and dishes by such different names, that we are hardly intelligible to each other. S. E. D.'s reply to Gussie is one which I noticed particularly; her genuine Rhode Island johnnycake is what the Missourians would simply call griddle-cakes. Our johnny cakes are always baked on a board before the fire, and to my taste there is no corn bread equal to it. Here is the way of mixing and baking them: To one quart of sifted meal add one teaspoonful of salt, one large spoonful of sweet lard or butter, mix with warm water, and knead with the hands.

The board should be made of oak, about two feet long, planed smoothly, and rounded at the ends. After being well washed with warm water, rinse in cold water, then put on the dough about one inch thick, prop it up before a fire of live coals, and when nicely browned on one side turn it over and

bake the other side the same. But some of my eastern sisters will say we have no fire-places. Allow me to say you ought to have, both for health and comfort. I know from experience they are better than stoves for our health. When I spend my winters on the farm where we have a fire-place in our sitting-room, I have no headache nor burning face, which I always have in our city home, where we have nothing but stoves.

But here I am entirely off the subject, and will now return to it. I think there is nothing nicer for breakfast than toasted light bread, which is quickly prepared, an item to be considered where a woman does all her own work. This is my way of preparing it: Cut the bread in moderately thin slices, lay them in a pan, put in the top part of the oven; if they brown on top, turn them over; when browned on both sides, butter and lay in a dish, and pour sweet milk over it.

This with a rich cup of coffee, fresh butter, apple butter, cold boiled ham or corned beef, or fried steak, makes a very good and wholesome breakfast. I will now stop, hoping to hear from others on this subject. N. J. S.

STARCHING AND IRONING.

A few weeks since a lady gave very good directions for starching and ironing shirt bosoms, which did not go far enough for those who wish the extra high polish that we all admire so much in store windows, etc. I go through the process just as she directed, and when the articles are thoroughly dry, place one at a time on a narrow, hard and very smooth board, which has had one thickness of cotton cloth over it, sewed tightly; have the "polishing iron" heated so that it will not scorch, and rub it quick and hard over the surface, up and down the bosom, using only the rounded part on the front of the iron. A still higher polish may be obtained by passing a damp cloth lightly over the smooth surface, and then rubbing hard and quickly with the hot iron. I think it needs a good deal of patient practice to do this admirably, but I know it is crowned with success, and when once learned, is as easy as other ironing.

A "polishing iron" is small and highly polished, with a rounded part which allows all the friction to come on a small part at one time, which develops the gloss that may be in both linen and starch. These irons may be had at hardware stores for about seventy-five cents each; one is sufficient for a family. Collars and cuffs look nicely done in this way.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

THE ART OF SPENDING.

Every industrious, wide-awake person can find ways and means of earning money but after it is fairly earned, the great trouble with everybody is that it slips away so easily. Every time you turn you will find ways and means for spending money. Now the great art in spending well, is to make every dollar show where it is invested. There are so many ways of disposing of it, which never seem to give any returns.

Young housekeepers need to learn

the art of spending well. A dollar invested in a nice covered dish for the table, a useful mat for the hall, a beautiful tree for the front door yard, will give a hundred fold the pleasure that it would in a strip of trimming about the hem of a dress, or a fat chicken for the table, which leaves you no better satisfied than if you had dined off an inexpensive chop. Think well over every dime you pay out, and resolve to put it to the best possible account. The art of spending is even a more important one than the art of earning money. You can gain it by the spadeful and yet fritter it all away by the spoonful.—*Cor. Germantown Telegraph.*

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

The mixtures of flour and milk called "milk emptyings," or "milk rising," should be kept at a temperature of 90° to develop yeast. If the heat is over 90° the yeast plant is killed; if lower, it is not formed. The uniformity of temperature so essential, can best be obtained by placing the dish containing the "rising" in a kettle of warm water set somewhere about the stove where the temperature can be kept very near the requisite 90°.

German-silver spoons should never be used for apple sauce, or any acid dish. The alloy of which they are made is half copper, and of course poisonous, when brought in contact with acids. Tin, though it will withstand weak acids, is not proof against such as are powerful or highly concentrated. It is safest, therefore, never to use vessels made of that material for any article of food of an acid nature.

Baking powders, unless scientifically prepared, (like Dr. Hosford's,) are liable to prove deleterious to health, as an undue proportion of either the acid or the alkali acts most injuriously on the stomach.

M. P. R.

LIQUID GLUE.

The following recipe for "prepared glue," the discovery of a French chemist, is selling about the country, as a secret, for various prices, from one to five dollars. It is a handy and valuable composition, as it does not gelatinize, putrefy, ferment or become offensive, and can be used cold for the ordinary purposes of glue in making or mending furniture or broken vessels that are exposed to water, etc.

In a wide mouthed bottle dissolve eight ounces of best glue in a half pint of water, by setting it in a vessel of water and heating it till dissolved. Then add slowly, constantly stirring, two and a half ounces of strong aqua-fortis (nitric acid.) Keep well corked, and it will be ready for use.

KEDGEREE.

This dish, which may readily be composed in any kitchen, however humble, is a universal favorite wherever it is known; and it is so simple in its construction that it is marvelous that it is not common at every breakfast table, and more frequently eaten both by rich and poor. The great secret of its success depends chiefly on its being served very hot, and also in being judiciously seasoned.

Hard boiled eggs, boiled rice, boiled fish of any kind (the remnants left from dinner will do) in almost equal quantities, more rice perhaps than fish and eggs, constitute its component parts. Chop them all up together, put them in a stew-pan, with a small piece of fresh butter, stir them about well, make them hot, and if the *cordon bleu* is endowed with liberal ideas regarding pepper and salt, kedgeree will be noted an excellent breakfast-dish. The essential elements for its preparation are inexpensive, and it is strange that the poorer classes have not hitherto adopted this means of flavoring a palatable and nourishing dish of rice.—*Land and Water.*

CLEANING TIN-WARE.

Acids should never be employed to clean tin-ware, because they attack the metal and remove it from the iron of which it forms a thin coat. Rub the articles first with rotten-stone and sweet oil, then finish with whitening and a piece of soft leather. Nothing else will give so good a polish.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

TO PRESERVE GREEN TOMATOES.—The following recipe is so generally liked that I consider it well worth the trouble: Take two fresh lemons to every three pounds of small green tomatoes, pare the rinds very thin, so as not to get any of the white part, and squeeze out the juice. I first boil the tomatoes gently until they begin to get tender, in water sufficient to cover them well, then add the lemon, and a few peach leaves and powdered ginger tied in thin muslin bags, boil together until the tomatoes are tender, take them out carefully, strain the liquor and put to it one and one-fourth pounds of white sugar for each pound of tomatoes, put the tomatoes into the syrup and boil gently until they appear to be done. In the course of a week pour the syrup from the tomatoes, heat it scalding hot and pour it over them. They resemble West India sweetmeats.

MANGOES.—As I knew them in my youthful days, mangoes were always made from small caneloes, but I've heard they are made of cucumbers, large green tomatoes and peaches, and peppers when filled in the same manner are called mangoes. Perhaps it is the filling process that gives the name. I usually put the fruit in salt and water for a few days, then cutting an opening as neatly as possible, let them soak in cold water a short time; then make a mixture of finely cut cabbage, horse radish, cut in round slices, black mustard seed, a few cloves, whole pepper (none for peppers) and a small white onion for each; fill the cavity full, tie strings around and pour hot spiced vinegar over them. Examine them in a few weeks after fastening up, and if the vinegar has lost its acid taste, spice and boil some fresh, having thrown the first away, and pour it over them. They will keep and be very nice.

MRS. L. E. D.

PUDDING.—Gussie asks for puddings cheaply and quickly made. I think she will like those which I, as a young farmer's wife, think both good and economical: A pint of good sour milk or butter milk, a spoonful of thick cream or melted butter, two-thirds cup of dried fruit, blueberries or raspberries, with soda to sweeten and flour to make as thick as can be conveniently stirred. Bake in a rather hot oven.

APPLE PUDDING.—Pare and core good tart apples to cover the bottom of your tin, which must not leak; sprinkle on a little sugar, nutmeg and bits of butter come next, then a little water. Make a crust as for the first pudding without the fruit, and bake carefully.

Sweet cream is good with either of these, or a sauce made of butter, sugar, a bit of vinegar, essence and flour, with boiling water.

L. M. B.

AUNT BETSEY'S GINGERBREAD.—Three and one-half pounds of molasses, one-half pound of lard, two ounces of soda, one ounce of alum, and one ounce of ginger. Dissolve the alum in one pint of molasses; dissolve the soda in half a pint of water; pour the hot alum and molasses into the cold molasses, add the soda, then the lard (or butter if preferred), then flour enough for a soft dough. Bake slowly in sheets an inch thick.

Have your grocer weigh these ingredients that they may be accurate, if you have not the facilities yourself, and make according to directions and you will not be disappointed. Use a large vessel to make it in, or when the soda is put in it will overflow, and you will find it difficult to pick up.

HERMIT CAKES.—One and one-half cups of brown sugar, one-half cup of lard, one cup of raisins, stoned and chopped, one teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in two tablespoonsfuls of milk, one nutmeg, one teaspoonful each of cloves and cinnamon, a little salt, and flour enough to roll. Sift white sugar on the cakes before putting in the oven.

SEED CAKES.—Two cups of butter, three cups of sugar, four eggs, two spoonfuls of sour cream, one teaspoonful of saleratus, nine spoonfuls of caraway seeds, and flour enough to roll nicely.

APPLE CAKE.—Two cups of apple preserved in two cups of molasses, one cup of cream, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one teaspoonful of saleratus, four cups of flour, and spice to suit the taste.

W.

COCONUT CAKE.—In a late number of THE HOUSEHOLD S. B. M. asks for a good and reliable rule for making cocoanut cake. I have a recipe which I have always found reliable, and will send for her benefit: Three cups of sugar, two-thirds cup of butter, three eggs, one cup of milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, one grated cocoanut, and flour to make somewhat thicker than common cake mixtures. No exact rule can be given for the quantity of flour, as the nuts vary so much in size. This makes two loaves. With a medium sized nut, enough may be reserved to sprinkle over the top of the loaves, after frosting them in the usual manner, and before it hardens, which will add much to the beauty of the cake.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

SILVER CAKE.—Two cups of flour, one and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of sweet milk, one-half cup of butter, whites of four eggs, one scant teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half scant teaspoonful of soda, and flavor with vanilla.

GOLD CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, one-half cup sweet milk, yolks of six eggs, one whole egg, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and flavor with lemon. The two whites of eggs left use for frosting. This makes two loaves. They can be baked separately, but I put one-half of the gold into a pan, then pour one-half the silver on it; it makes very handsome slices.

MR. EDITOR:—I am so much interested in THE HOUSEHOLD, that I beg of you to send me another copy of December 1872; my copy having failed to reach me, and I consider it far too good to lose. If you will state the price of a single copy I will gladly refund it. I profit much by the many good recipes the paper contains, and I think it would be selfish to receive so much and give nothing, so I send a few which I use myself and like very much.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.—Make your crust the same as you would for saleratus biscuit, and have it about half an inch thick. When baked, split open and butter, leaving two-thirds of the thickness of crust at the bottom; put on a layer of sugar, then a good thick layer of strawberries, another layer of sugar, then the top crust, and set back into the oven till it is slightly warmed through. Some persons wash the berries, but I prefer stemming and sugaring an hour or so previous, so they will become juicy. When I do this I do not put on any sugar when I fill the crust.

JELLY CAKE.—One cup of sugar, three teaspoonfuls of melted butter, three

eggs, one cup of flour, and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, beaten together; add three teaspoonfuls of milk with half a teaspoonful of soda just before baking. Bake in thin sheets, spread jelly on and roll up while warm.

TO GLAZE PASTRY.—This is for meat, raised biscuits and pies of all kinds. Beat the yolk of an egg for a short time, then when the pastry is nearly baked, take it out of the oven, brush it over with the beaten yolk of egg, and put it back in the oven to set the glaze.

RASPBERRY SYRUP.—One pint of juice, and two pounds of sugar. Choose the fruit, either white or red, mash in a pan, and put in a warm place for two or three days, until the fermentation has commenced. All mucilaginous fruits require this, or the syrup would jelly after it is bottled. Filter the juice through a flannel bag, add the sugar in powder and stir until it is dissolved, then allow it to boil two or three bubbles, take it off and let it get cold, then take off the scum and bottle it. The addition of a few tablespoonsfuls of good fruit syrup to a glass of cold water produces a refreshing drink for invalids, and also a nice summer beverage. This is nice made of strawberries, currants, cherries, mulberries, and gooseberries. In using the two last named berries, only one and three-fourths pounds of sugar is required.

MRS. H. E. C.

MR. CROWELL:—In reading among the Questions and Answers in the December number, I find several which I can answer, and so add my mite to the interesting columns of THE HOUSEHOLD.

CAPER SAUCE.—A. S. L. wishes a recipe for caper sauce: Boil half a pint of milk, and stir in a teaspoonful of cornstarch or flour rubbed smooth in cold milk, and a teaspoonful of butter. Last of all add two tablespoonsfuls of capers and let it boil up.

FISH CHOWDER.—Mrs. A. M. H. wishes to know how to make fish chowder. Fry three slices of salt pork, crisp, in a deep kettle; take them out and lay in slices of potatoes, flour and pepper them, then lay in slices of cod or haddock, which must also be floured and peppered. Put in alternate layers of potatoes and fish, with flour, salt and pepper, till it is all laid in. Pour over it boiling water enough almost to cover it. When it boils up dredge in more flour. Dip a few crackers in cold water and lay over the top, and cover the kettle close. Boil it three-quarters of an hour. Sometimes I add a cup of milk just before it is served.

GOLD CAKE.—For Modern Martha I send a nice recipe for gold cake. One half cup butter, one cup of sugar, two cups of flour, one-half cup of sweet milk, the yolks of four eggs, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one-half teaspoonful of soda. In order that she may be sure of success I will tell her my way of putting it together, which never fails. Stir the butter and sugar to a cream, beat the yolks five or six minutes, and add to the butter and sugar, scatter the cream of tartar in the flour, dissolve the soda in the milk; put in half of the flour, add the milk, and when mixed stir in the rest of the flour. Flavor with whatever you wish. K.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

MR. CROWELL:—I am quite charmed with your HOUSEHOLD just handed me by one of your family, Mrs. W., with the request that I would ask a question. (I suppose as I am a "yankee" she thought it would be natural for me.) I judge you have several yankees in your family from the number of questions. Please tell us how to propagate hyacinths. All instructions on this subject seem to "take it for granted" that we buy the bulbs. Now how can we proceed with the numerous little households that surround our bulbs in pots?

MRS. M. A. W.
Des Moines, Iowa.

MR. CROWELL:—Sir!—Please tell Mrs. A. H. R., who inquired in the January number of THE HOUSEHOLD how to make her grape jelly firm, to take off the covers of the jars, or cut holes in the paper, so that the air can get to it, and set it in the sun for a few days. I think she will have no trouble. We had some last fall just like hers, "about as thick

as good molasses." We tried this plan and now it is as firm and nice as any jelly can be.

NELLIE.

Will some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD tell me the cause of my verbenas moulding? We keep them in the window of the living room, and for soil we have garden earth, leaf mold, and wood's earth mixed. We have wintered verbenas two or three years successfully. A. D.

MR. EDITOR:—I would like to inquire through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD, how to construct a fresh water aquarium? First, what plants shall I have? Second, at what degree of temperature ought the room to be; at what degree would it be too hot, and what degree too cold? Third, what kind of fish and what do the fish eat? Also, what would be the least trouble and the most interesting pet?

A SUBSCRIBER.

MR. CROWELL:—Dear Sir!—I would like to ask whether H. M.'s "Accommodation Pudding," in the December number, is intended to be cut after it is baked, or whether it should be thin? and how many eggs should be used to a pint of milk?

She seems to be in trouble about making bread. If she will try this recipe for yeast she can hardly fail: Take a small handful of hops, boil slowly two hours in two quarts of water. If the water evaporates fill up again. Grate six raw potatoes and stir into them one tablespoonful each of salt and flour, and one cup of brown sugar, strain the hops and pour into the whole; when about milk warm add one cup of good yeast. After twenty-four hours, bottle and tie in the cork. To make the sponge for bread, take one quart of water, one tablespoonful of salt, and flour enough to make a rather stiff batter and one-half cup of yeast. In cold weather it is better to set the sponge over night.

Will some kind sister send directions for making round Toilet Mats in afghan stitch? and greatly oblige,

CLARA.
Manchester, Va.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—A. H. W. wishes to know how to remove peach stains. Ammonia, or spirits of hartshorn, diluted with water and applied to any sort of fruit stain will usually remove it. Or, diluted Muratic acid, two parts water to one of acid, is sometimes used; soak in the liquid a few minutes, and rinse in cold water. Sour buttermilk will sometimes remove stains. Also, stains may sometimes be removed from prints or linen by dipping in boiling water. Perhaps some of the stains on her woolen carpet may be removed by applying ammonia or muriatic acid. If there are any spots of grease, or any thing of that nature, she should apply benzine and rub thoroughly with a cloth or sponge. I have a recipe for removing mildew from linen or cotton goods, but it will not answer for her carpet. If she, or any one else, would like to have it I will take pleasure in sending it to THE HOUSEHOLD.

Gussie wants a "quick plain breakfast dish." If her taste is similar to mine she will be pleased with the following: Pare potatoes and slice them very thin; boil until thoroughly done, and the water all cooked away; season, and pour plenty of good rich cream over them, and let them boil a few minutes before serving.

A. S.

MR. EDITOR:—I am a reader of THE HOUSEHOLD, and I like it very much. I have tried many of the recipes and found them very good, and I should like to have some one of the many readers of your paper, inform me how to make good, light Graham bread. I have tried it several times, but was never successful in having it light.

AGAWAM.

DEAR SISTERS:—I have seen so many inquiries for keeping a kitchen stove bright, I would like to say a word. I think our lives and strength too precious to spend on kitchen stoves, that is if you do not receive company in the kitchen. Just take my advice, fix a swab by putting a thick cloth on a bit of board and wet it and dust your stoves over, it will take off all the spots and make it look wholesome, and that is sufficient. Black it three or four times in a year, and save your strength for more useful and satisfying labor, reading or talking with the children. I have

been young, but now am old, and my mind is much changed, I hope for the better.

GRANDMA.

Will some one please send a recipe for popcorn pudding? Also inform me if I can do anything to improve the looks of a gilt frame from which the gilt has been rubbed in places? And oblige,

A HOUSEHOLD FRIEND.

MR. CROWELL:—I have taken THE HOUSEHOLD two years, and like it very much. I like to hear from the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD. It seems a long time since we have heard from "Constance" and "Olive Old-style." I do hope they will write again. I tried H. E. B.'s Apple Dumplings, and they were nice.

S. B. M. asks for a recipe for Cocoanut cake. Here is mine: One cup of sugar, one cup of desiccated cocoanut, two eggs, one half cup of butter, one half cup of milk, two cups of flour, a small teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonsfuls of cream of tartar. Bake in a quick oven.

J. M. W.

Mrs. J. Q. wants to know how to get rid of bedbugs. Dutcher's dead-shot for bedbugs will clear them out completely; it is the best thing I know of. I used it seven years ago and have not had a bedbug in my house since that time.

If Hattie would use borax in the water she washes her face in, I think she will find that it will remove the moth patches and swinburn.

If P. B. will put sage leaves on the shelves and among the dishes, the red ants will not trouble her, as the ants do not like the sage leaves and do not go where they are.

MRS. A. A.

MR. EDITOR:—Will some one please give me a recipe for making cake without eggs, or send me some eggs. I am in despair. Eggs thirty cents per dozen; plenty of thiny cents, but no eggs.

If A Reader will soak her fruit stains in sweet milk before putting into water, she will find they will disappear.

If S. M. B. would add a tablespoonful of fine salt and a small piece of butter or lard to her starch, I think she will not have any trouble to "do up" any linen. The starch must be boiled.

MRS. DORA A.

I think Maggie will find glycerine a great help in removing pimples and producing a clear complexion. Thoroughly rub the face with it before retiring, and in the morning use a plentiful supply of borax in the bathing water. After a few weeks trials of this will Maggie let me know how she succeeds?

Will Madeline A. try my way of making baker's ginger-bread? Two cups of sugar, one cup of cream, one cup of butter, three eggs, ginger to your taste, one teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonsfuls of cream of tartar.

Will some one who makes wax flowers please tell me how to obtain the velvety look which many natural flowers have? I join S. A. D. in asking a few more lessons in drawing.

AMANDA.

MR. CROWELL:—Dear Sir!—For the benefit of your numerous readers I will tell you my way of getting rid of bedbugs. I have always found it effectual. Take down the bedstead and wash thoroughly; when dry, varnish every part of it, especially filling all cracks and joints with varnish. This is the easiest, cleanest and most effectual way I have ever known.

Won't some of your readers give directions for making good wheat bread? and also how to crotchet an infant's sacque? I am a new subscriber and these things may have been published before. I think I will send you some new subscribers soon.

MRS. E. B. G.

Tulula, Ill.

I have seen White Mountain cake in layers, like jelly cake, pure, white and delicious.

Will some one send me the recipe through THE HOUSEHOLD?

MRS. H. E. C.

I have had the misfortune to have some clothes badly stained by being washed in water caught from a newly painted tin roof. Can any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD inform me, through its columns, what can be done to remove the stains? and oblige,

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.



RANDOM VERSES.

This morn the sun rose bright and clear,
And seemed in gladness shining,
But now behold, its beams appear
In Western skies declining.
Thus sanguine, men the world begin,
With prospects bright before them;
As life speeds on, the light grows dim,
And darkness soon comes o'er them.
With me, the flowers of hope decay,
My path no more adorning;
One by one they've passed away.
As dew-drops in the morning,
Bereft of all that might elate.
Of all that once was shining,
Oh, let me meet the ills of fate.
And bow without repining.
'Tis folly all to seek delight
In such a world of sorrow;
Woe follows woe as shades of night.
Succed each dawn of morrow.
If transient joys are sometimes caught
From fortune, fame, or beauty,
Alas, they're almost always bought
At some expense of duty.
Oh, who, in manhood, ever met
The joy his youth expected?
And who, in life, has never wept
O'er ruined hopes, dejected?
Of, are we soonest called to sigh
O'er things we hold the dearest.
And when we fancy pleasure nigh,
Oh, misery then is nearest.
But there's a fairer land than this,
Beyond the mind's conceiving,
Where man may reap eternal bliss,
Without lament or grieving;
A lovely land, where nothing fads.
Affection knows no blighting;
And disappointment throws no shades
O'er hopes that are inviting.
Then thither let me wend my way,
My life no longer wasting
On seeming joys, which fade like day,
Or turn to gall in tasting;
That lovely home, that higher sphere,
Of purity and brightness,
Is spread for all who travel here
In piety's uprightness.

SEEKING A SERVANT.

MY wife is a delicate little woman. She was esteemed a great beauty when I married her. Her mother told me that, if I would preserve the roses in her cheeks I must be very tender of her, and shield her from too much care. For that reason I have always advocated the dismissal of servants who were not absolutely perfect. One morning, last week, Jane omitted to put large spoons on the table, and the cruets were entirely empty. I took the matter in hand, as a good, kind, considerate, thoughtful husband should, and spoke sharply to the girl. She undertook to answer me back, and I sent her straight out of the house.

"That's the way to do it," I said.
"If one girl doesn't suit, try another."

"But my dear, Jane was a good servant in most respects."

"That is what you say of them all. I tell you, and have told you repeatedly, that it is just as easy to get those who are right altogether. You are too gentle a mistress and your servants impose upon you. If I had the charge of the house they would have to toe the mark. I am tired of seeing you so overshadowed with household affairs. Even now wrinkles are settling in your forehead, as

if you were forty-five instead of twenty-seven."

"Ah! the wrinkles date far back of Jane's forgetfulness. I am not sure but they have been produced by the frequency of my visits to intelligence offices. I thought, the last time I went to one, that my hair would turn white before I got away."

"Why don't you follow up some of those girls who advertise in the Herald? My mother used to, and was very successful."

"I have. I got Della from an advertisement—the one who sat down on the baby, thinking he was the ragbag—and Alice, who stole all my best towels, and Julia, who would take her beaux into the parlor every time we were out in the evening, and I don't know how many more. I have come to the conclusion, that when a servant is neat and honest, it is best to overlook trifling shortcomings. If my husband was just a little more patient, I think I could manage very well. I am worn out with servant-hunting."

"Servant-hunting! I should think it would be a pleasure. I can't imagine anything so very dreadful about it."

"Suppose you try it? I really do not feel well enough to make the effort; I rather do my own work for a month."

My wife did not usually speak with so much earnestness, and it surprised me. Besides, she looked pale and, as I said before, I am a model of a husband.

It was a pleasant morning. I had enough to do; but then I might as well be hindered half an hour to oblige my wife as to waste so much time smoking after lunch.

"I will, darling. Lie down and rest yourself, or read the papers. Take no thought about the matter; and now good-morning."

I kissed her, and went on my way. I bought a Herald at a stand on the corner. Glancing at the list of "Situations wanted," I smiled at the absurd idea of putting up with incompetent servants when such an army was in the field. I selected two numbers, which I thought would suit. They each contained three figures, and of course, were some distance away across the avenues. It was not an inviting-looking neighborhood, and the building into which I entered was far from prepossessing. I knocked at the first door on the first floor. A fat red-faced woman left the wash-tub and opened it.

"Did a girl advertise from here for a place this morning?"

"Not as I know on. Maybe it is in the back room."

I knocked at the next door. It was opened by a little girl of nine or ten, barefooted and ragged, and her mouth full of baked potato. Four other children, of various sizes, came running to look at me.

"Is your mother in?" I inquired.

"No."

"Is there a girl here who wants a place?"

"No."

"Do you know whether there is one in the building?"

"No."

"Maybe it is up stairs!" screamed an old crone from a bed in the corner

of the room, as I took out the Herald to see if I had not mistaken the number. I ascended a narrow staircase, and passed along a dark, gloomy corridor. I knocked at the door, and repeated my inquiries to a yellow, sickly-looking woman, with a babe in her arms. She knew nothing of any such advertisement, but it might be in the next room.

At the next room they thought that perhaps it was up stairs. So I was handed along from one to another until I reached the fifth floor. There I gained the extraordinary information that it might be in the back yard. Reaching the ground-floor in safety, I proceeded to the rear, where there was a three-story house on the same lot, with the space of only about ten feet between. An old man sat on the pavement smoking.

"How many families are there in the building?" I asked.

He cogitated a moment or two before he replied:

"Twelve, sir."

It was true! The hall ran through the center of the building, making four rooms on each floor, and each room contained a family. I visited every room before I found the one the girl had advertised from. It was the most respectable looking one of the lot, and the occupant was a young, well-dressed woman. My spirits rose like foam and went down as quickly. The girl herself had not come yet. She lived in Brooklyn.

I wheeled very abruptly and hurried to the sidewalk. Ugly words rose to my lips, but I did not speak them. I wondered if Effie had ever visited such an abode. Taking out the Herald again I read:

"No. 333 West—street—a young girl who understands her business, and is neat and obliging."

It was only two blocks off. This time I was fortunate enough to hit the right room at the first knock. The girl herself opened the door. Her manner was a little forbidding. I fancy she belonged to the snapping-turtle order. Nothing daunted, however, I explained my business.

"How many be's there in your family, sir?" she asked, as she surveyed me from head to foot. I dress well as a general rule; but it was a windy day, and I was in a part of the city where the streets were not watered. Consequently the damsel before me could not make up her mind on the instant whether I would answer for a master or not. I gave her the number she would be expected to serve.

"Do there be a carpet on the girls' room?"

"Yes. Now please inform me if you know how to take care of the whole upper part of the house and dining-room, and will do it well?"

"Do there be any fires to make?"

"One or two, I think."

"I guess the place wouldn't suit me. Never make fires. Boys always do them where I lives."

I was again afloat. I didn't fold and put my newspaper into my pocket any more. I read as I walked. According to my printed information, the most desirable person for me to visit was "a smart, capable, willing girl," in the neighborhood of Second Avenue.

Quite a stretch from the western part of the city, but I went. It was a five story house again. I gave a boy a quarter to run up stairs and make inquiries for me, and he never came back to report. Near the third landing I found the maiden. She was staying with a friend, in a little room twelve by fourteen. The "friend" was a dealer in old clothes, and was just sorting over a cargo. The smart, capable, willing girl, had seen full sixty-five summers, and her hair was as snow. She was sitting with her feet in a pail of water, trying to cure corns, she said. I left.

I was getting slightly out of temper when I reached the sidewalk. A dog harnessed into a small cart obstructed the way. I raised my foot and removed the whole establishment into the street. After that I felt better. Turning for comfort again to the Herald I found "situations wanted" by several in that vicinity; and I rendered unto all the light of my countenance. One girl had just "engaged." Another did not like to go where they did not keep a "full set of help." A third seemed qualified for our purpose, but her cousin was dead, and she could not come for a week. The fourth didn't like our location. The fifth made very pointed inquiries about the number of girls we had during the year, and then declined engaging where they changed help so often. The sixth didn't ever "negoshunate" with a gentleman; the madame must come herself. The seventh wanted too many privileges, and had lost her front teeth. The eighth asked my name and place of business, but having never heard of me before, very dryly remarked that she "only lived with the first families." The ninth was a fair-haired blue-eyed German, who was not only willing but exceedingly anxious to undertake anything. She promised to go to my wife in the course of an hour; and I, thoroughly disgusted with this world, and particularly with the portion of it which I had just explored, looked at my watch and found it was two o'clock P. M.

When I reached home, at the usual dinner hour, Effie met me, smiling.

"Did the new girl come?" I inquired.
"No, I haven't seen any."

I did not give vent to pent-up emotions. I only played the sympathizing husband, and, somewhat crestfallen, started on another tour of the same nature the next morning.

Without confessing it to Effie, I determined to save time and steps and try the intelligence office. A polite clerk at the entrance stopped me and registered my name, then I passed into the main room. A clerk sitting by a table gave me a card. I was to take a seat correspondingly numbered. The room was filled with ladies talking to servants and all sorts of persons hurrying hither and thither. A clerk spoke through a tube and called for a chambermaid and waitress for number twelve. In the course of ten minutes a tall, greasy-looking Irish girl came toward me.

"If you are sent to speak to me," I said, "go back and tell them you won't suit. Let another come as quickly as possible."

Instead of obeying, she dropped into a chair near by.

"Won't suit, eh! What ails me?"

"You are not neatly clad."

"Oh, that stuff on my dress is nothing; it will come out with a little sponging—"

I stalked the room, and advised the young man in attendance to send a decent girl to me in short order. I conferred with six before I gave my address and sent one to my wife. The little performance occupied an hour and a half, and my office work crowded me the rest of the day. I dined downtown. Having lost my key, I rung the bell of my own door about half-past nine. The discarded Jane admitted me.

"Effie, how is this?" I asked, before taking a chair.

"Oh, nothing extraordinary. The girl you sent came. She seemed perfectly satisfied with the place, but in the course of half an hour we heard the lower door slam, and saw her running down street. Towards evening Jane came for money, and not having enough by me, I detained her until you should come in. She went to work of her own accord, has put the house in order, and assisted me in every way possible."

"Keep her if she will stay. I will agree never to complain even of hairpins in the gravy. A dishcloth or two in the pudding will be a trifling grievance compared with what I have been through during the last six-and-thirty hours. And, Effie, say to your lady friends that if their husbands are too exacting in little things, and meddle in domestic matters where it would be more sensible for them to mind their own business, you know of a remedy."

I have always been a model; I am now one of the most docile of husbands. And it pays. Effie looks five years younger, and the servants no longer creep round the house in constant fear of making discoveries to their disadvantage. A few words of well-timed commendation has cured Jane of her chief fault, and, since I have seriously thought about it, I believe her to be an excellent servant.

—Appleton's Journal.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Number Thirty-four.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

A few weeks ago there was a funeral in New York of which you have all read. The nation, clothed in sack-cloth and with ashes on its head, buried one of its honored sons as it had never buried—as, perhaps it is not too much to say the world had never buried—a private citizen before. I need not go into details. They are familiar to all of you. There was no splendor of equipages, no funeral car dark with its sombre magnificence, no pomp of waving banners and tossing plumes, no swelling of martial music, and indeed nothing of the pageantry that attracts the multitude. A plain man was buried in a plain way. The casket in which lay all that was mortal of the people's friend was borne quietly to the church, without any show or demonstration whatever, on the shoulders of men who loved and

trusted him. There was nothing to show that this differed from any common funeral save the wondrous profusion of flowers whose sweetness made a summer fragrance about him, and whose beauty, lavished with unsparing hand, spoke of life rather than of death. Yes, there was one thing more, the voice of our sweetest singer, as she chanted over the bier of her friend those glorious words of hope and faith—"I know that my redeemer liveth!"

But the people! *They* were the funeral. No soldiery were needed with glittering bayonets and flashing steel, for a body-guard of more than 80,000 men women and children lined the streets, and stood patiently waiting in the wintry air from dawn till long past noon tide, that haply they might catch one glimpse of the hearse that bore one who had loved them to the tomb. And inside the church, bowing in silent sorrow over his coffin, were the chief dignitaries of the land, those highest in place and power,—honoring themselves no less than they honored him.

Now let no one of you, dear friends of THE HOUSEHOLD, shake his or her head and say, "Dear me! I don't want to hear any of this talk. This is neutral ground, and here all differences in religious or political creeds are to be tabooed." We will admit all that without any discussion; and I do not intend to tell you whether if I had been clamoring for a vote—and got it—I should have cast it, metaphorically speaking, at the feet of our honored soldier whose fame is in all the land, or of him over whose last resting place in Greenwood the snows are drifting heavily to-day. But whether we are Democrats, or Republicans, or Liberals, the hour has lessons for us which we shall do well to learn—lessons which have to do with our daily living and which touch us more nearly than any political failures or successes. Shall we try to study them to-night?

When this man died and the sadly eloquent wires carried the news in swift whispers from town to town, from hamlet to hamlet, a hush, a silence like that of death fell upon the land, and men spoke to each other in low, repressed tones, or gazed awestruck in each other's faces, clasping hands in wordless sorrow. And the next morning! You all remember how one wall of grief went up from friend and foe. The people cried out as with one voice, "Woe unto us for a great and good man has fallen; one who loved us with a love passing that of woman!" Now that he was dead, no flower was too sweet to die upon his bier; no laurel leaf was too green to crown him; no words of praise or eulogy were too eloquent, too tender to be spoken over him.

And yet—and here, O friends! is the sting of it; the sting that sharpened the sorrow of countless souls—this man over whom when he was cold and dead such tears were poured, had been for months held up as a mark of obloquy and scorn and vituperation. He had been called traitor and renegade and the slave of a low personal ambition. He had been described as a buffoon, an idiot, a weak, vacillating imbecile. Vile and blasphemous cartoons had flooded the land—and the nation whom he loved, and who in its

heart loved him, had bought and praised and laughed at them.

Now put this and that together—look at both pictures—and then can any thinking man or woman fail to ask the question—are these things right? If the words that were spoken of this man *after* his death were true, what of the words that were spoken of him *before*? If he was the "greatest living American" the day he died,—and more than one of his political opponents declared that he *was*—how could he have been a dolt or a knave the week before? I think the angels up in heaven must smile and wonder over human inconsistencies. Would to God that they might teach us the abounding charity that "thinketh no evil!" Would that they might give us of their larger, clearer vision, that we might see that "all is *not* fair in politics," and that this beloved land of ours can never rise to the loftier life that is its birthright, until our statesmen and our journalists and the whole people, of whatever creed or party, learn that truth is grander than success. One party is, perhaps, precisely as much to blame as another, for the fact that once in four years the very air we breathe grows dense and dark with a brood of the vilest personalities. Like uncanny creatures of the night they flap their noisome wings in our very faces; and when we would fain escape from their polluting presence, we find it to be an utter impossibility. They are as pervading as the atmosphere—and at last we find ourselves wondering if there is any truth and goodness and honor left on earth. The death that we all deplore will not have been in vain, if, when the next presidential campaign comes round, the recollection of the bitter words recalled too late shall teach the nation justice and wisdom and moderation. So mote it be!

But does this death hold no lesson for those of us, if there are any such in this age of newspapers, who have no interest in so-called "politics?" Are there none of us who are waiting until our friends die before we speak the words of love and appreciation for which the living hearts are yearning? How is it, husbands? Are there none of you who truly love your wives, and who, if they were to die to-day, would feel that words were too poor to portray either their worth or your anguish, and yet who seldom by word or look or sign give any outward expression to that love? None of you who rejoice in your well-ordered houses, your well-spread tables, your comfortable homes, and yet have never a word of praise for the busy hand, or the governing brain, that keeps all the complicated machinery of the household in motion? Do none of you receive all this as a matter of course, never thinking that it is churlish and niggardly to give no praise where praise is due? Are there no wives who forget that love, like jealousy, grows by what it feeds on, and that it is far easier to win a heart than it is to keep it? None who have laid aside all the pretty witcheries of their girlish days—and who, though their love is still strong and true, have forgotten how to be tender? I know some of you whose hearts are warm and loyal, and who if your husbands were lying dead before you would doubtless feel

that the light of your lives had gone out; and yet your manner is so cold, so indifferent, that a stranger would be justified in wondering whether your love was not bound hand and foot in the cements of the grave.

There are fathers and mothers among you who really love your children tenderly; but yet who are so irresponsive, so little given to expression, that your boys and girls are in doubt about it. And that single doubt is the leader of a battalion of evils. You would weep over their graves even as Rachel wept over her beloved; yet now you make them feel as if they were tolerated and borne with, instead of being rejoiced in, and worn proudly as the choicest jewels in your crown. You are quick to censure, slow to praise. You notice the crudities, the weaknesses, the seeming waywardness that is often only the unrest of immaturity; but you fail to recognize the upward yearning, the aspirations, the blind out-reaching of the young soul after something higher and better than itself. It is only after they are dead that your children become to you "altogether lovely." Would it not be well, if we were to allow life to wear somewhat of the glamour and illusion which now seem to be the monopoly of death? Would it not be well, if we were to teach our lips to utter now the love and praise and gratitude which, if we do not, we shall certainly sometime, in anguish of spirit, pour into the deaf ears of those whose sealed lips can make us no response?

Ah, friends! there is nothing that can make life truly beautiful but love. Your homes may be crowded with all that is richest and rarest, you may adorn them with the choicest spoils of all the lands and all the seas, but if love is not there, they will be desolate indeed. In wanting that, they want all things. This is not sentimentality. It is not the romancing of the novelist nor the dream of the poet. It is the plain, sober truth, and the hungry hearts of thousands of men and women attest it.

We of New England are so reticent, so self-contained. Why is it? Is it pride, or is it shyness, that makes us so silent? Many of us are so afraid of being considered "flatterers," that we will not say pleasant things to each other, even when occasion demands it. And some of us lack the proper training. Our lips are dumb because they have never been taught to speak. It is an art to speak heartsome words in a graceful way—but it is better worth studying than much else that we learn through infinite care and painstaking.

But, says some one, "Actions speak louder than words!"

Maybe so, although I am not quite sure about it. I have generally found that kindly words and kindly deeds went hand in hand. But if the thunder is louder than the whisper of the night-wind, shall we therefore despise the latter? If the clangor of bells is louder than the thrilling of harp-strings, shall we have only the clangor? You have a hundred opportunities to speak kindly, appreciative words to your neighbor and friend, where you have one to do an actual deed of kindness. Your heart is veiled, and if you never lift the veil who is to know how it beats? If you wear the mask of

coldness, how shall your friends know that you are all aglow with the warmth of a living love?

"But," says another, "I am afraid of being untruthful; and we are all such poor frail creatures that there is not much that one can praise conscientiously. It is the more Christ'anly way to point out the errors of our friends, and thus help them to amend them."

Really! But, my good friend, isn't there just the least bit of Phariseeism in that remark of yours? It is one thing to make one's own life a grand, strong protest against evil; it is quite another to set one's self up as a judge, and to pronounce all lives that are not fashioned after our pattern, inevitably wrong. No matter if all is not right. There is surely something worthy of commendation; and to spy out that and give it the word of praise that is its due, is a nobler thing than to be eternally protesting against the wrong. How do you know that you are wise enough to reform the world? How do you know that your ideas are any nearer right than those of others? A man must be sure of his mission before he undertakes to preach. But we are all wise enough to make others happy if we only will; and love—and love only—is the "fulfilling of the law."

PAPERS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Number Fourteen.

A WORD WITH CHARLIE'S SISTER.

In my last "Paper," the talk which I had in Charlie's behalf was more particularly with his parents than with the rest of you, though what concerns one member of the household more or less concerns all.

And so Katie, while you are busy with your sewing or crocheting this chilly, winter evening, let us have a little quiet chat together about this Charlie brother of yours, and consider what you may do to help entertain and amuse him, and what you may be to him—more, possibly than you have ever dreamed that it was your privilege to be.

For, Katie, have you really and seriously thought what a talisman the deep, pure, unselfish love of a sister to a brother may become; how this love, finding expression in kindly interest for him, may twine itself around his being, and its influence be a felt power in after life? How, though you may often feel your own life "trailing in the sordid dust," incomplete, and full of crooks and hard knots, yet you may look proudly upon the brother, whom, in your girlhood, you so loved and tried to help to a true, earnest, and full manhood. For we shall assume that you love your brother very dearly, more perhaps than you are yourself aware of, but you have only to think how your cheek would blanch and your heart stand still should any harm befall him, or he go into bad ways of himself; or, on the other hand, to think of the gratification it would be to you for him to become truly honored and useful in the world.

And yet, quite likely, this same Charlie is the tease of your life, that in his fun, and mischief, and restless

ways he seems anything but a model boy, even though he is your own precious brother. And sometimes when out of patience with him, you wonder why he cannot be more of a man, and why he does so delight in noise and mischief, and doing a thousand things which you consider that nice boys ought not to do. But do you not know, Katie, that very model boys are fated to die young? or if perchance they live to grow up they become prigs, or make very tame sort of affairs as men?

We are not saying this to countenance the sowing of wild oats or anything of that kind in our HOUSEHOLD boys, and really, were we writing to the boys we should probably tell them that they were altogether ruder, and less thoughtful than they ought to be, and tell them too that they should treat their sisters gentlemanly, if they are only boys as yet, and their sister's brothers into the bargain.

But Katie, as long as Charlie's mirth and tormenting is of the brim-full-and-running-over-kind, the overflow of boyish spirits, and finds vent in an innocent manner, or comparatively so, cannot you afford to be a little patient with him? and if you join with him to a certain extent, may you not be throwing around him a pleasant home bait to keep him within the fireside circle instead of leaving him to such amusements as he can find without, or to dull times at home.

Much that we advanced, in this respect, in our former "Paper" is applicable to the family together, and though the parents ought to be first to devise home attractions, yet they may not, and even if they do you are to study to do your part, and may indeed be the chief mover in the action. And what we are thinking of is, that if you love Charlie as you ought, and take his pleasure and good seriously to heart that you can become his dearest confident and friend, his companion, assistant, and helper in work as well as play, and a help in laying the foundation of his life's structure.

If you take thought for a moment you will see how much less there naturally is in the household to employ Charlie's leisure time and thoughts than there is yours, and see also how many more temptations are in his way outside than you can possibly encounter. And so may you not deny yourself some of your more appropriate pastimes or employments, and see what you can do to make it less dull, and thus more attractive for Charlie. If he is nearly your own age you can find things and thoughts in common; if you are an elder sister, with years between you, you can make his interest yours, and also, by your own culture and experience, be a teacher as well as companion for him. If younger, you can as surely twine yourself around his affections, and win him to be your assistant, and thus make him feel the necessity of being more to himself, that he may be more to you.

Ah, Katie, you do not know what undeveloped resources, what noble qualities, what tender affection, what real strength of mind and purpose may be hidden under the mask of the daring, roguish boy, who thinks it

weak to appear soft, or of this same Charlie when,

"Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,'—the period when he begins to be wiser than a full grown man, and when it is hardest to resist the allurements that fall in his way. But if you let your love and interest twine itself around him from childhood, if you try to be patient with his follies, draw out his noble qualities, study his tastes his inclinations, and sympathize with them, you know not how much you may be to him, or how your affection and influence may stand between him and some Charybdis or Scylla that he may encounter on the voyage from youth to manhood as he passes along. Just here it occurs to me that you may smile and ask, "am I my brother's keeper?" Shall I, young, and inexperienced, set myself up as his safeguard, or pretend to be wise enough to teach him the ethics of life?

No Katie, nothing of this. And because you are young and inexperienced you will not now think, nor begin to realize what you may be to Charlie if you really feel a devoted love for him. And as for setting up to be a "brother's keeper," in the Pharisaical manner that some prescribe, and drilling Charlie in morals and etiquette, and pointing out to him some great man that he is to make his model, if he ever wishes to become—say a president! or to go to congress!—no, nothing of this sort do we try to induce you to do, but would rather discourage such ill-devised methods on the part of parents, sisters, teachers or friends of the boy Charlie.

But this love of the sister for a brother is something so free and spontaneous, so full of heartiness and joy, as well, perhaps, as of anxious tenderness, that it finds expression in little ways, and wins rather than expends its energies in set rules of action. And because it is love, it is alert to devise means to render its object pleasure and favors, and thus indirectly open the way to assisting in other and various ways. In some respects a sister may find way to Charlie's tastes and peculiarities, to his likes and dislikes more surely than his parents can, and often thus use her influence with them in his behalf. For instance, he will be far more likely to confide in you his hopes and aspirations, supposing you are the sister to gain his confidence, than to his father or mother even. You are nearer his age, and he will be less diffident about telling you his thoughts and plans than he will be in opening them to others.

If he is wild to go to sea, he will talk sailor language to you, and tell you what he will do when out on a voyage, and what a brave sailor he is to be, and quite likely try to have you "coax father" to let him go, painting sailor life in such charms that you are almost won to it yourself. Or, if he is a decided scholar and feels he must go to college, yet doubts if his father will consider the plan expedient, he will talk to you of this, and you in turn become enthusiastic for him and use your strongest influence with your parents in Charlie's behalf. Or, if his tastes are mechanical, while his father has planned he shall be a merchant or a farmer, he will show you the work

of his skill and enlarge upon its delights, till you are in sympathy with him and use your best efforts to have the natural inclinations of his mind, or taste, or skill carried out.

Your own youthful enthusiasm will help you to understand Charlie better perhaps, than older, staid heads can, and thus he has your sympathy in his aspirations or plans, if you can help him no farther to have them realized.

In my former "Paper" I touched upon home culture as well as home recreation, as a means of making the long evening hours pass pleasantly and profitably to Charlie, and here, too, you can join with and help him, and at the same time be doing yourself untold good. It may be that you have thought little of culture outside of what you learn at school, and that you have only a very moderate desire for knowledge *per se*, or for reading as an art and possession of the soul. But Katie, you see how restless Charlie is with nothing for his hands to do these evenings, and yet he is not inclined to entertain himself very much with books, by himself, even if they are in his way. But supposing you join with him in reading as well as recreation, that you and he together solve problems or puzzles and tax your own powers of invention, and engage in reading the same works, talking over the subject and see how far in your own minds you agree in opinions expressed, facts given, or characters portrayed upon which you have read, and you will find that the most common-place subject may be fraught with interest and delight. And then you and Charlie can take up the study of some branch not particularly connected with your school lessons, and from that be led to others which will occupy your leisure time, interest and improve the mind, and be laying the foundation for a deep and broad structure of human knowledge and of real, true culture.

You will also be forming a literary taste, which will give you ever after the most intense delight, and a means of enjoyment always within reach.

And now Katie, let me just whisper to you that, other things being equal—the heart true, and ways pleasant—you will be more likely to gain a potent influence over Charlie, and have him look up to your judgment and respect your opinions, if he can see you an earnest seeker in life, having aspirations and endeavors beyond the mere common routine of girlhood's prescribed course, and the accomplishments of the day. These are not to be deprecated, but much more added thereto to ensure true, full and complete womanhood, and help Charlie to reach a higher manhood, than he otherwise might attain.

Be true also to yourself and to him, if you would have him rise above sordid ways, and grow into integrity and true honor. And be true also to virtue and to your womanhood; even in your young girlhood, above petty flirtations and shams, if you would have him reverence your kind, and pay to your sex the compliment of believing them worthy of something more than fulsome flattery on the one hand, or of derision and unkind inferences on the other. So let your own purity and honor be impressed upon his young imagination that he will

after soorn to trifle with woman's affections of virtue, and so too that he will consider every one of your sex as sacred if only for his sister's sake, and by the remembrance of his sister's love, and devotedness in their early household days be kept from untoward steps.

Ah Katie, as you love Charlie, be kind to him, lenient to his follies without one whit lowering your own standard of right and wrong. Then if he is a bashful youth help him by your encouragement, rather than discourage him, by your impatience at his awkwardness and distrust of himself. And endeavor also to be in company with him, rather than drive him to seek low or questionable associations because his sister is ashamed of him when he goes with her. Rather so win him into good society, and make the home circle still better cheer, that he will be ashamed to go where he would not take his sister, and then you need not be solicitous that Charlie will go into evil ways.

Think now Katie, what capabilities there may be in the boy yet to be developed, and how you may help to have these made most subservient in life. Love Charlie, trust him, and let him feel that you do trust him, even though you may be anxious for him, and let your love find expression in unconscious ways, rather than by setting yourself up for mentor to him.

And after, when Charlie has grown into a promising, rich manhood, his success and happiness will be among the choicest blessings of your own life.

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

"I wonder if it's worth while?"

So queried a young man, as he sat absorbed in deep thought. He was trying to decide whether, in view of his being a farmer, it would be profitable for him to obtain a thorough education. He knew of farmers who could scarcely read and write; none who professed more than a common education, yet many were good farmers, in prosperous circumstances, and apparently contented and happy; and he had so often heard the idea of a farmer having knowledge scoffed at as a thing incomparative with his vocation. Thus he reasoned with himself. He loved the life of a farmer; to him it did not seem drudgery to till the rich fields, and he was impatient to enter upon the work. Yet he was ambitious, and wished to honor his profession, and if this was to be done better by an education than otherwise, why he had both the means and inclination to procure it. Long he pondered, but his mind had acquired a thirst for knowledge, and knowing that no calling can be too well understood, he decided that in the end it would not be time lost nor money wasted, and entered college. While there he did not forget the object of his studies, and although the classics were not neglected, the sciences were carefully regarded.

Steadily he pursued his course until the closing days of college life drew near. His friends the meanwhile looked on, proud of his ability, and pictured to themselves the glories he would win, and in anticipation, no

doubt, of reflecting some of its rays. Among his class-mates he was looked upon as the model of the class. Imagine their astonishment, as they were gathered together laying plans for the future, to hear him say, "I mean to be a farmer."

"Why, Fred Meller, are you crazy?" exclaimed one; "you a farmer! To think of hiding yourself in the obscurity of that hum drum existence; you might as well commit suicide at once."

"I do not think there is anything desperate in it, Granger; there is certainly need of good farmers."

"But what can there be in hoeing and digging, from sunrise to sunset, that can possibly be attractive to a person of your culture? I would not degrade myself so," spoke up another.

"Degrade! How can any honest employment degrade? Are not farmers, as a class, men of acknowledged integrity; and have not some that the world has been proud to honor been farmers? No; I will not degrade myself by being one."

"Well, you will at least admit that you will lose the privileges of society. What will you do with Greek and Latin? Teach it to your cattle; perhaps, and waste your fine abilities in lecturing the stars!"

"No; you do me injustice. I have thought well upon the subject, and trust that I shall not let my mental powers become inactive. As for Greek and Latin, you will agree that I shall have as much need of them as a merchant has. They will help me to improve and enjoy my leisure moments. There certainly will be use for the Natural Sciences. For the rest, do not imagine that I shall disregard the benefits of society."

"Well, Meller, I hope you will succeed in your expectations. But tell me, do you think it necessary for farmers to be educated?"

"Most certainly I do. I think education as necessary to a farmer as to a man of any other vocation."

Although silenced, they were not convinced.

"I think it a shame!" exclaimed Henry Granger that evening, after full five minutes of silence and deep thought—a silence by the way, very long for him.

"What is so very disgraceful, Henry?" and his sister looked up inquiringly.

"Why, there's Fred Meller, the best scholar in our class, has splendid talents, and well fitted to make his mark in the world, you would not think but that he would be eager to secure some honorable position, which he is so well fitted to fill, (she did, though,) well, what is he going to do but bury himself in some wilderness and actually become a farmer. I do believe the fellow has not a particle of ambition."

"Perhaps he has much; not however, for the fickle applause of men, but to raise that noble employment from the low estimation in which it is now held, and cause it to be regarded, as in truth it is, an honorable profession."

"Honorable profession! Amy, I believe he has been instilling some of his absurd fancies into your little brain, but we shall never consent to

your being carried off to die of hard work and intolerable *ennui* on a farm. Remember that!"

"I do not see why one need to fall a victim to either of those things because one lives on a farm. Work may be a little harder and visitors a little fewer, but they may both prove but blessings in disguise."

"You would soon find they are not, and we will take good care not to give you a trial."

But whether in view of Fred Meller's "splendid talents," or whether Miss Amy possessed a share of self-will, I know not, but it is certain that Amy Granger did become Mrs. Frederic Meller, and that soon after the happy event she did accompany her husband to the veritable farm.

It was not a place that looked inviting to the romantic views of a city lady. Yet she knew the mind and heart of him to whom she had entrusted her young life, and held the meaningless form and glitter of society of little value in comparison. And it is my opinion that Mr. Meller considered this lady with a cultivated mind, and a refined, loving heart, worth a dozen years of study. If he did not, he should.

Mr. Meller's farm was, as I have said, by no means the most promising. It had been under the care of tenants for several years, and fences, fields, buildings, all bore visible evidences of neglect. But he went to work, determined that a few years should make a great difference in its appearance. He did not follow in the time-worn channels of his predecessors, along which most of his neighbors were still plodding, but took advantage of all the facts which investigation and experience had laid before him, and his own knowledge acquainted him with the soil of his fields and its adaptation to the different products.

The neighbors ridiculed his "new fangled" notions, but in vain. Knowledge is power, and he felt it, his fields proved it. As time passed, those who had at first ridiculed, began to open their eyes to the fact also, and queried among themselves by what means that old farm had been transformed into such a beautiful place.

"How is it," one asked, "that you have now a better farm than any of us; you don't work as hard, and yet your crops are always better?"

"I know not, unless it is that I have learned the science of farming, for my pecuniary means were small."

"I did not know there was a science about farming. But if a little study can make my boys better farmers, they shall have it. There's Jim been asking me to go to college, and I told him it was of no use for farmers. 'But, father,' says he, 'don't you think Mr. Meller is a better farmer than the rest round here, and he's been to college? So I thought I would ask you.'

The consequence was another mind fitted to battle with life.

Was it worth nothing to be able by example to satisfy the craving of young minds? He who thinks not has had little experience of the inner world of the mind.

So the years passed by, bringing their joys and sorrows, and he gaining the respect of all, his counsel sought, his opinion bearing the weight

that superior knowledge joined to sound judgment and long experience ever will. He fills no public office, may never be known to the world at large, for reader, he is not a politician, but a farmer, and in that capacity is content.

For the satisfaction of the curious, let me add that Mrs. Meller is still living, and in her cheerful countenance you can see no traces of *ennui*. Her aristocratic city friends are glad to get an invitation to spend a few days at the farm.

Was it worth while? We simply give Mr. Meller's own opinion, supposing it to be the fact.

"Amy, that course of study at H— was worth a mine of gold to me."

"Extravagant." Do you think so? then try it and see if he was far from the truth.—*Rural.*

A WORD TO PARENTS.

To expect to dam a river with a feather, or stop an earthquake with a plaster, or drown a hurricane with a tin whistle, is about as reasonable as to expect by argument or advice to change the inclinations of young people when they are under the influence of the passion they call love, and are determined to marry the object of their desire.

"Say what you will, and do what you will, and I will have him!" said one girl, and she did have him, with intemperance, poverty, beggary, insanity, and death to close the scene.

"Would you marry him if you thought these stories were true?" said a Christian minister to a young relative who was committing her heart to the keeping of one against whom evil charges were brought by mutual friends who had opportunity to know the truth.

"No, I would not," said she; but no one could convince her of the truth of the statements. Twenty or thirty years of pain and sorrow, and broken heart and broken spirits have done the work for her at last.

"Would you marry him if you knew he drank liquor?" said a woman to a fair young girl.

"Certainly I would—marry him and reclaim him," was the answer; and she did marry him; and ere she had passed a month with her husband she was advised by her friends to leave him, and after a year and a half of abuse and sorrow she returned to her father's house, a poor wrecked shadow of her former self—fleeing from her brutal, drunken, and adulterous husband to save what little life she had left.

Ten thousand girls stand on the verge of the same abyss to-day, and nothing you can say, or I can say, will affect them in the least, except to hurry them on to their terrible doom.

Why is it? Partly because they have never yielded their wills to parental control, and have always had their own way, and partly because their parents have never warned them of their danger, till it came upon them like an overrunning flood. Parents do not win or encourage the confidence of their children. Old people forget that they were ever young, and young people do not remember that they may yet be old. Mutual confidence is need-

ful to mutual comfort or improvement.

If the mother would say to her daughter in early life—long before the dangerous period comes—“My child, there will come a time when new feelings, impulses, instincts, and emotions will sway you, and when the opposite sex will awaken in you passions which often prove stronger than judgment, reason, and conscience; and, coming under the influence of some young man, you will be liable to lose your self-control, and be swayed by their will, and think his thoughts, and feel his feelings, and say ‘Yes’ to his requests, because it is his will and mind that makes you speak the words he desires to hear; all this will come and you will be liable to be swept to ruin by the force of an influence which you do not understand, and can neither control nor resist, and which may be strong in proportion as its source is vile and worthless, and your only security from it is to place your future in the hands of God, and watch your paths, and thoughts, and avoid even the outer circles of this dangerous whirlpool, by investigating and judging first, and loving afterwards; and only yielding your affections when and where unbiased judgment will declare that it is safe and right to yield them.”

If such warnings and instructions as these were given from day to day in early life, how many a young girl would ponder the path of her feet, and walk carefully that she might escape the ruin that attends so many in their wayward course.

Mothers and fathers, begin in season with your children. Prepare them to rightly estimate the new instincts and emotions of maturing life, not by joking and hectoring them, but by a wise and loving course. Win their confidence and keep it. Preserve their privacies; shield the secrets of their hearts from the rude gaze and mocking laugh, and let them feel that it is the safest thing they can do to show their first love-letter to their father, or whisper their first tender secret into their mother's ear, assured that they will find for such communications a patient, courteous, reasonable, and tender reception, and have the best of counsel, with no danger that their confidence will ever be betrayed.

Parents, train your children in time. They have this sea to sail over—see to it that they study the chart and know the rock beforehand. Tell them the things they need to know. Guard against the wreck and ruin that destroys so many of the young. “Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.”—*The Christian.*

—Those who think themselves high-spirited and will bear least, as they speak, are often even by that forced to bow most, or to burst under it; while humility and meekness escape many a burden and many a blow, always keeping peace within, and often without, too.—*Leighton.*

—As the bosom of earth blooms again and again, having buried out of sight the dead leaves of autumn, and loosed the frosty bands of winter, so does the heart, in spite of all that melancholy poets write, feel many renewed springs and summers.



EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—In a letter from “sunny Italy” one would expect to find only the most glowing words, painting the bright lights and sombre shades of this poetic land; but, unfortunately, too many strangers—*forastieri*—as the natives scornfully say, have invaded its classic precincts and the beautiful Ideal has become a prosaic Reality.

To speak first of the weather would be both natural and imperative at this season of the year, and so without attempt to further introduction, let me assure you at once that the weather is abominable. We have rain on Sunday, Monday, and so on through the week. It rains when we awaken in the early morning and at night the last sounds which seem tapping, tapping upon our drowsy ears are of the fast falling showers. When the rain ceases to fall, a heavy fog obscures the whole city, the carriages are compelled to slacken their speed, and many of the shop windows are lighted with gas. In spite of the daily swept pavements there is much mud and walking is attended, therefore, with many difficulties. We are told that this month will bring a change, that we will have clear, cold days and a little snow now and then, there will be frost and ice until the last of February.

What will our American friends say to these facts, who imagine that Italy is a land of perpetual sunshine and blue sky, and what more would they say to change the subject abruptly—if they were set down at once in a *pensione*, (boarding-house) of this city with all its appointments of dogs, cats and dirt? Ah, I can easily fancy, for experience teacheth vividly. Milan is, however, one of the most thriving cities in Italy. It has an extensive trade with France and the German states, is full of activity and bustle.

If it were not for the narrow streets and quaintly built buildings one might forget, in promenading up and down the *corso* (principal thoroughfare) that he was not in an American town. To be sure he must shut his ears to the strange language that affects the soft and placid English speaker so unpleasantly. And here I must stop to explain. Can it be possible, one says, that you compare unfavorably the Italian language with our own! It is indeed true, for the language of Italy is no longer Italian. It is made up of dialects.

In Lombardy, it is the Milanese dialect, in Piedmont, it is Piedmontese, in Genoa, Genoese, etc., even Florence, once so celebrated for its elegant diction and classic taste, has a dialect of its own. It is said that in the little town of Siena, not far from Leghorn, the purest language of Italy is spoken. There is a pretty story of a Roman professor who once on a time set out to teach the correct language of his country. As he came towards Siena he met a shepherdess and inquired of her if he were yet near the town. She replied in these words.

“Salisci il monte,
Varca il fiume
Ed avrai Siena in fronte.”

Translated literally the lines run thus.

“Ascend the mountain,
Pass the river,
And Siena is before you.

In its native grace and purity, the answer so astonished the poor Roman that he turned back, saying that there was no need of instruction in a land where poems, like pearls, fell from the lips of the simple peasant girls.

Milanese is a corruption of Italian, Spanish and French. The natives seem to thrust the words from their lips in a loud, harsh manner quite surprising. In order to learn the language properly one must frequent places of public entertainments, lectures, comedies, etc. English is spoken at few shops, put they make up for the privilege in high prices.

Speaking of prices, let me warn any American lady who contemplates a sojourn in the benighted land, to bring with her, her entire wardrobe. It is a great mistake, as many ladies have found, to come here with the opinion that material for clothing, etc., can be bought for little or nothing. On the contrary, I have found many prices higher than those of our own country. The silk for street wear which is most commonly seen, is a thin, glazed material, that some of our own country-women would not wear. The Italian fine lady takes it willingly, however, and with flounces and furbelows covers it quite entirely, then allows it to sweep the pavement.

Velvet and lace are much worn on account of their very moderate expense here. Laces of guimpire, chantilly and cluny patterns are manufactured in many of the little mountain towns, from which they are taken to the city to sell. The Italian ladies of nobility, and there are many families in Milan, dress much like the English and French. They seldom wear any color but black in carriage or promenade dress. The same fashion of color extends to the middle class, but in place of hat or bonnet, the latter still wear the lace veil, pinned in a fantastic manner about the head. This custom prevails even in the coldest weather.

I must only add a few words apropos of the musical season which has just commenced, fashionably speaking, in the city. La Scala, the queen of opera-houses in Italy, and perhaps in all Europe, opened the night after Christmas, for the Carnival season. The house was crowded, as is always the case on opening night, but the opera “Rug Blas” went but poorly. Campanini, the tenor, who hopes to go to America another year I believe, was indisposed and sang without effect. The prima donna, Krauss, was received with little enthusiasm. The baritone is a young Frenchman, quite talented, but hardly ready to take position as a first rate artist at the Scala.

So from the stage the eyes wander to the boxes. There we saw much dress but little beauty. The ladies were out in full dress, very low necks and short sleeves, flowers and ribbons in the hair, which is mounted high and supported by a huge comb. The feature of the theatre I must not forget to mention, the magnificent Royal

box. It is at the end directly opposite the stage, and is indeed, a beautiful little canopied throne. Its hangings are of crimson and gold. A glittering chandelier hangs above and in front of it, always brilliantly lighted, although the box is seldom occupied. The gaily dressed ladies, mustached gallants, and very numerous military officers in elegant uniforms, make the Italian theatre highly attractive. Of the next opera—and it will soon follow, as *Rug Blas* is destined to have but indifferent success—I shall hope to report duly. Of the grand old Cathedral and the many fine churches, next time. J. E. B.

Milan, Italy, Jan. 1873.

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FRANZ BENDEL AND HALLET, DAVIS & CO. Read his letter in another column.

The attention of our readers is directed to the advertisements of MILLER, HUMISTON & CO., of the National Colony, to be found in our other columns.

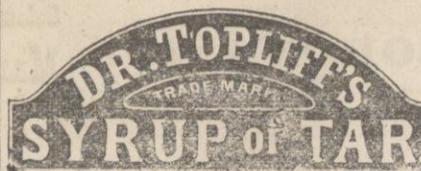
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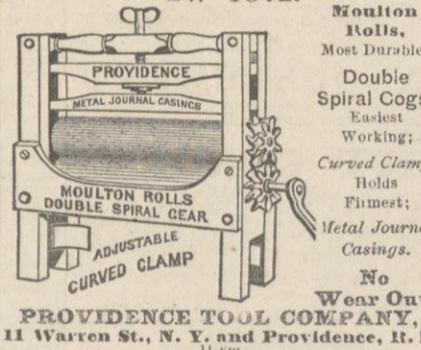
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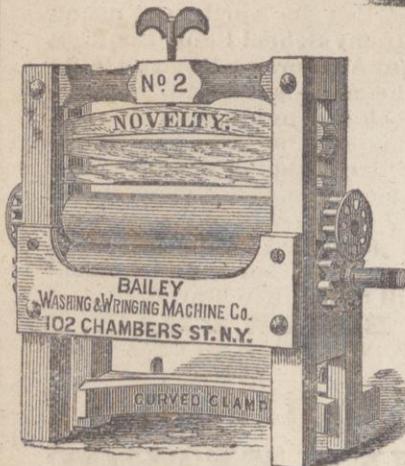
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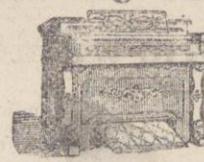
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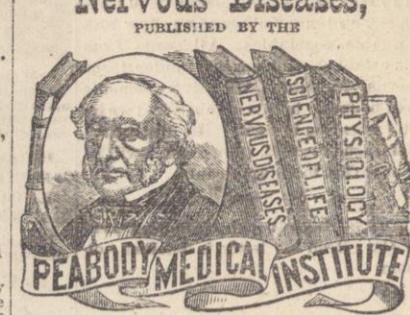
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Mail train leaves Ogdensburg at 6:00 p. m.; St.
Albans at 6:30 a. m., arriving in Bellows Falls (via
W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 2:20 p. m., Brattleboro
at 3:30 p. m., Grout's Corner at 4:30 p. m., New London
at 9:30 p. m., connecting with steamer for New
York. This train will leave Brattleboro on Monday
mornings at 4:42 a. m., arriving at Grout's Corner at
5:35 a. m.

Night Express leaves Ogdensburg at 12:00 m.,
Montreal at 3:30 p. m., St. Johns at 4:50 p. 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 4:25 a. m., South Vernon at 4:45 a. m., Grout's
Corner at 5:15 a. m., and New London at 11:05 a. m.

Mixed Train leaves White River Junction at 4:50 a. m.,
Rutland at 4:30 a. m., Bellows Falls (accommodation)
4:45 a. m., Brattleboro 5:45 a. m., South Vernon
at 10:10 a. m., Grout's Corner at 9:50 a. m., arriving
at New London at 5:10 p. m.

Express leaves Brattleboro at 2:00 p. m., South
Vernon at 1:22 p. m., arriving at Grout's Corner
at 2:00 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 5:00 a. m., Grout's
Corner at 9:25 a. m., South Vernon at 10:35 a. m.,
Brattleboro at 10:35 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 Grout's Corner at 11:20 a. m., ar-
riving in Brattleboro at 12:20 p. m.

Accommodation leaves New London at 8:10 a. m.,
Grout's Corner at 3:30 p. m., South Vernon at 4:00
p. m., Brattleboro at 4:30 p. m., Bellows Falls (mixed)
at 5:35 p. m., arriving at W. R. Junction at 8:30 p. m.,
and Rutland at 8:30 p. m.

Night express leaves New London at 2:45 p. m.,
Grout's Corner at 6:00 p. m., South Vernon at 9:30 p. m.,
Brattleboro at 10:30 p. m., Boston (via Fitch-
burg) at 5:30 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
6:00 p. m., at Rutland with trains from Troy, etc.,
arriving in St. Albans at 6:20 a. m., Montreal at 9:45
a. m., Pittsburgh at 12:00 m., and Ogdensburg at
12:45 p. m.

Connections at Grout's Corner with trains over Vt.
& Mass., and New London Northern Railroad; 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 Rensselaer
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