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THE HOUSEHOLD

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

ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 8.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., NOVEMBER, 1875.

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THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

GEO. E. CROWELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NOVEMBER.

A hint of slumber in the wind,
A dreamful air of blades and stalks,
As tenderly the night flows
Down all my garden walks.

My robes of work are thrown aside,
The odor of the grass is sweet,
The pleasure of a day well spent
Bathes me from head to feet.

Calmly I wait the dreary change—
The season cutting sharp and sheer
Through the wan bowers of death that fringe
The border of the year.

And, while I muse, the fated earth
Into a colder current dips,—
Feels Winter's scourge with Summer's kiss
Still warm upon her lips.

—Atlantic.

A PLEA FOR BEAUTY AROUND RURAL HOMES.

THE farmer is an apprentice to an exceedingly practical task-mistress. Nature exacts from him just so much sweat and muscle power, just so much drudging and patient waiting, before she will honor his draft in the golden coinage of harvest-time. A task-mistress, moreover, who cannot be propitiated, and who has no favorites among her retainers, she follows the most faithful of them all afield with frost and blistering heats, pelts him at his task with rain and hail, sows tares in his wheat-fields while he sleeps, and brands his brow and hands with signs of his servitude. So in every basket of golden corn, every roll of butter and sheaf of wheat, he sees not only the gleam of prospective dollars, but sweat and grime, anxiety and aching bones.

Now, of all men in the world, the farmer can show the least excuse for an unattractive home. Nature furnishes him many means of adornment for the asking. There are rural conservatories in every wood and meadow, whence, without price, he may gather blossoms for his own parterre. There are stores of seeds and vines

and mosses, and mines of pebbles and turf and sand, which he may levy unmolested whenever he would make a truce with thrift and care, and garnish a little homeliness of every-day life. There are brooks and rivulets which he can coax from their beds in wood and meadow to leap into fountains at his door, or gurgles pleasant tunes there, amid the summer grass. There are avenues of trees springing up for him in by-places, with which he may weave a cordon of verdure to encircle his home, construct towers to shelter the children's playground; throw around himself, as he sits in the porch at mid-day, the cool shadows of twilight; and amid whose leaves he may imprison many a zephyr which shall fan his brow gratefully when he stoops to lift his hat under the branches, on his way from the harvest fields.

There are many little details which farmers are apt to slight in reckoning profits, laying plans, and apportioning space to this crop and that. The aggregate profit of acres of grass and potatoes swell so rapidly into round numbers, and there is such a comfortable, satisfied feeling growing out of the reckoning! But what farmer will not explain the absence of grapevines and strawberry beds from among his vegetable proteges, with the plea that they pay a small percentage or none on the time and care invested? Yet a little corner stolen from the kitchen garden is hardly missed, an hour now and then spent by the children in the early morning in lopping of the runners and extirpating the weeds, will pay now in rosy cheeks and the interested pleasure of wife and little one, and by and by in the tempting heaps of edible rubies which shall usher in to the dessert table the ranks of early summer fruits. The sunny corner of a fence or shed, bare of other drapery, will, in lieu of arbor or lattice, furnish, with a little care, a hold for the lusty tendrils of a grapevine. A few waste moments spent in trimming and propping in the spring-time, and in burying them in autumn out of the reach of the frosts and snows, under the heaps of dead leaves, will insure a largess of luscious spheres of royal purple, which shall board, far into the winter, the odors and tastes elaborated from the summer sunshine.

With farm work, as with everything else, if 'twere well done when 'tis done, 'twere well 'twere done neatly. It requires but a trifle more trouble at seed time to lay out the vegetable garden in regular lines and angles and symmetrical beds, than to toss the seed into zig-zag furrows and transplant the young sprouts in disorderly ranks. Yet these few busy moments

will transform this useful tract into a thing of beauty, which shall be a joy to the owner's heart all the season round.

The farmer's home is his world. It must refine him, if he be refined at all, there it should always express the best idea. He is hedged in by his woods and acres from many attractions which cluster at city firesides, therefore he should studiously husband such resources as he has in order to make amends for such as he has not. The atmosphere of rural homes must warm and foster, or the home affections will not grow green and thrifty in the seclusion. No doubt the secret of the growing distaste of farmers, and their herding to the unnatural life of great cities, is due to the fact that life at home, bald and bare of all beauty, expresses only the ideas of money getting and saving. To the little niches which they have won for themselves in the great Babels of commerce come floating no alluring memories of the rustic charm or harmonious domestic life of the old homestead, to cause the man to look back with regret upon the tracks of his boyhood. Father's features are growing wary and keen, and his hair is bleaching, not with years, but with care for the earthly treasures he is slowly heaping up. Mother drudges at the same household tasks, day by day, with no change or break in the homely monotony. Says the sweet singer:

Not such should be the homesteads of a land
Where who so wisely wills and acts, may dwell
As king and lawgiver, in broad-acred state."

GRASSING A SLOPE.

A steep slope may be grassed over without sodding by first smoothing the surface and then mixing a tough paste or mortar of clay, loam, and horse manure with sufficient water. The grass seed, which should be a mixture of Kentucky blue grass and white clover, should be thickly but evenly scattered upon the moist surface of this plaster as it is spread up on the bank. The plaster should be at least one or two inches thick, and a thin layer should be laid over the seed. The surface should be kept moist, and a light dressing of some active fertilizer would help the growth. In a few weeks the growing grass should be cut, and should be kept short at all times, until a thick sod is formed.—N. Y. Tribune.

—Improve the few pleasant days that Indian summer gives us in making the premises snug and secure before winter comes upon us.



MOTHERLY TALKS WITH YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

BY MRS. H. W. BEECHER.

AH! I see you have spied my bonnet and shawl thrown on the sofa, and think me sadly careless and untidy; but, really, I was so tired I couldn't put them away when I first came in, and—then I forgot all about them."

But you were not too tired to go to your room, have a good wash, brush your hair after your walk, and make yourself quite neat I perceive. Would it have added greatly to your fatigue, think you, to have taken the bonnet and shawl with you, and put them, at once, in their proper place? If you begin your new life by putting everything where it belongs, you can hardly imagine how much time you will save; how much real comfort you will secure; or have many temptations to irritability you will avoid.

Nothing tries the patience more than to find yourself compelled to search all over the house for a missing, but indispensable article, particularly when a certain monitor in your own bosom whispers, that when last in use, you tossed aside that which now you so much need, because—too tired to put it in the one, only, proper place. One moment's care then, would have saved all this wasted time now, and secured your own self-respect. A little pains-taking, a little practice at the beginning, will soon prepare you to be exact in the smallest things, with scarcely a thought—almost by instinct. And really these little things occupy but a few moments. Yet the neglect of them lessens, and the careful performance of them, adds amazingly to the sum total of your pleasure and comfort. Let us look for a moment at some of these apparently insignificant items.

When you come in from a walk or ride, go at once to your room, before removing your out-door attire. Take off the gloves first; pull out the thumb and fingers smooth, like a new pair; fold together and lay in the drawer. They will wear twice as long, and always look new. Then remove the bonnet; brush it with a velvet brush, or if of lace, with a feather brush, kept for the purpose. Straighten the strings, and fold smoothly across the crown of the bonnet, or roll up and pin together, and lay the bonnet in

the box. Then take off the outside garment. If a cloak, brush it thoroughly; see that no button, button-hole, or trimming is breaking, and hang it up, or fold and lay in the drawer. If a shawl, shake off the dust and fold neatly; but not always in the same creases, as they are apt to wear rusty, or break, if not often changed.

All this, taking so many words to tell, will occupy but a few moments to perform, and then you are ready to brush your hair, and wash your hands and face, before going to your sitting-room. But if callers are waiting for you when you come home, in no case wait to lay off your garments, but go in at once and receive them, with your walking or riding-attire still on. In the first place, it is not kind to keep friends waiting; and secondly, you will be tempted, if you remove your things first, to toss them off hurriedly, and most likely forget them for the remainder of the day.

At night, on retiring, if you leave your garments just as they fall from you, an unsightly pile on the floor or chairs, will you be more inclined, or have more leisure, when you rise in the morning, to put them away, than at night? Would it not be wiser to shake off the dust, and hang the clothes up in a closet, leaving the door open till morning, that all perspiration may be dried, and the garments well aired? Many garments are molded and ruined by being packed away in a close closet or drawer before they are fully dried, as well as by being thrown into a heap, and injured by the wrinkles thus made. In the morning, throw your night clothes across a chair by an open window, till well aired, and then hang them up in a well ventilated closet. This is much neater, as well as more healthful, than to roll them up or fold ever so neatly, and put under the pillows, as many do. They never can be fresh and pleasant when you put them on again at night, if folded and put away from the air.

"Oh! how tiresome to be compelled to think of every little item. It would kill me in a week. But some are 'to the manner born,' and all this careful thought comes as easy as breathing."

You mistake. Let me tell you a short story.

Many years ago two little girls lived in a large, old-fashioned house, but none too large for the ten wild, frolicsome children who occupied it. Care for the house and children required many steps, and much hard work. The good mother conscientiously believed it her duty to teach her children to help take care of themselves, and help others also, and to do whatever they undertook faithfully.

This was not an easy lesson for those young girls to master, nor indeed for any of this large flock; but the two youngest, giddy and thoughtless, found the order, regularity, and scrupulous neatness that was exacted, a great trial, and sinning and repenting were the usual routine of each day—the sinning so frequent, and the repentance so evanescent, than any one but a mother would have despaired.

Returning from school, on the youngest's tenth birthday, both girls were called to their cheerful, sunny chamber, and on each side of the east

window stood two pretty, new bureaus. Their mother showed them how neatly she had placed everything belonging to them. "And now," said she, "remember that once a week I shall examine your bureaus. I shall not let you know when. Most likely it will be in the night, generally when my work is all done; and if I find anything, however trifling, out of place, I shall be compelled to wake you, and make you get up, and put all in order. Please try and remember this, my dears; for it would not be pleasant to leave your warm beds, some cold winter night, to do that which you should have done before you slept. Or, perhaps, some day just as you are ready to go on a pleasant excursion, how sad it would be to make you stay at home, because you carelessly neglected mother's requests. It will grieve me, if compelled to do this; but I know no other way to break up your exceedingly careless habits."

And what was the result of this experiment? If the rule, so needlessly strict, was transgressed, it must have been a very cruel mother who could have executed the threatened punishment.

On the contrary, it was one of the truest mothers the sun ever shone upon; but the children well understood that her word once passed was unchangeable. One or two little pleasure expeditions lost, and rising a few times, in New England's winter night, soon rectified the naturally careless habits; and the cure though for a time not joyous, was thought, in after life, a small price to pay for establishing a habit of order, which soon became a second nature, and no burden. Indeed, it was a lesson for which they had cause to bless the good mother hourly.—*Christian Union*.

FRENCH SOCIAL CUSTOMS.

A dapper young American gentleman invited two young French ladies in Paris to visit one of the theatres in his company. He would have preferred if but one lady accompanied him, but having a slight—very slight, as the sequel will show—acquaintance with the customs of the country, he knew that his escort would otherwise have been declined. He secured three seats, and drove to the house of his fair friends, half hoping that one was indisposed, so that his felicity might be unbounded. The two were awaiting him, and their mother as well, who kindly invited herself to chaperon the party, and intimated that her daughters could under no circumstances go without her. There was no help for it. The four crowded into the carriage.

No fourth seat could be obtained adjacent to the three already secured, or even on the same tier, and during three long acts the three ladies sat in a box, while our young American gazed at them with feelings unutterable from his seat in the parquette. The drama over, only cabs, with room for two, could be obtained to convey the party home. Here, then, was a dilemma—which young lady should he select as his cab companion? They were both charming, and the matter was difficult to decide. The old lady settled it, however, to her satisfaction,

if to the annoyance of our now miserable countryman. "Hortense and Sophie, you go in this cab. Monsieur and I will follow you in the next." The young gentleman now thinks that French social customs are barbarous.



HINTS FOR HOMELY HOMES.

BY ANNA C. TRUMBLE.

LIKE that old word in its best acceptance, — homely, home-like. "Plain, for home or domestic use. Not fine nor elegant." Thus runneth part of Webster's definition. It is for such homes, necessarily plain, that we write; homes where needs are many and greenbacks few; homes in many of which there is a large degree of the best culture; a keen sense of harmony and beauty, to which has been afforded but scanty opportunity for expression.

Take the family sitting-room. Much may be done for the least inviting apartment, if there is but a chance for the blessed sun to brighten it. I will not say I should quite despair of beautifying a sunless room; but if compelled to use such (which I should only do were there no sunny spot in the house), I should take refuge from its gloom in the wide out-of-doors, every available moment, and surely quit it altogether, as early as possible.

Thinking it over, what a strange prejudice there is against this purifying, strengthening, beautifying gift—this same glorious sunshine! How with shutter, shade, and drapery, we bar it out of our homes, and then pay doctor and druggist, for their vain efforts to give us blessings which, did we but open our windows, would enter upon full-freighted wings of light. I have known a house being deliberately chosen for a home because it fronted north, and had all the eastern light cut off by the hall; but then the future mistress of the mansion gave weighty reasons for the choice: "I wouldn't have a house facing south the sun spoils the paint so, and draws the flies; why there's Mrs. Gray she says it just worries the life out of her, trying to keep her front door and shutters fit to be seen. Then it fades one's carpets, and bleaches off the curtains, awfully." What arguments could be more potent! True, you often see faded cheeks behind drapings never touched by the sun, and languid steps upon carpets whose hues are perfect as when they dropped from the loom of the cunning workman; but, what of that?

But, we repeat, the plainest room, if but well lighted, may be made cheery and inviting. The floor may be covered with a dull rag carpet; the walls with paper, dingy and bandboxy enough for a third rate restaurant. And if you are, by compulsion, one of the long suffering class of renters, this is probably the case; landlords, as a race, not being distinguished for either taste or liberality. Such surroundings are far from being inspiring,

beautiful, or picturesque; and the purse may be empty of remedy. Yet they may be made tolerable, if nothing more, with little money, some taste, and the fragments of time which even a busy life will gather. The windows may boast of no more artistic hangings than green paper; but you may so drape them with bloom, and beauty, and brightness, silently woven of leaf and tendril, stem and blossom, that you need not envy possessors of the most elaborate upholstery.

But, speaking of flowers, "along about this time" of the year, notes of lamentation reach us from many whose window-gardens are far from being the things of beauty their anticipations had pictured. "What shall I do with my plants?" despairingly asked a lady, a few days since, pointing to her sitting-room windows, filled with floral anatomies.

"Well, what have you done with them?" was the answer.

"Oh, everything that everybody has told me. I've changed the earth on them all three times this season; for a while I wet them with very warm water, for Miss White said that started hers; then, they didn't seem to grow. And Miss Black told me that ice-water was best, because warming it took away its strength. I can't say they appeared to do any better, so I kept them real dry for a while; a lady from up the railroad said that was good. But now I'm giving them plenty of water. My cousin is here on a visit,—came a week ago, with her two children, (dreadful troublesome they are too)—she says that's what they want." And there they stood, with large saucers full of water. Such a case is almost hopeless, but by no means rare.

Those who would have beauty in their windows, must be willing to give thought to the nature and habits of their plants. Among ordinary homeplants, only the calla is an aquatic, and will bear an unlimited amount of water. Around no other should water be allowed to stand. To the frequent question, "How often should plants be watered?" I would say, call in the same kind of sense that tells you just when the bread is ready for the oven, and when the tea is sufficiently drawn for the table. Make it serve you here. The begonias require but a moderate amount of water; sedums, still less; while plants of the cactus family, except the epiphyllums, or lobster cactus, may be wintered almost without water. Never allow your plants to wither. Water upon the slightest appearance of flagging; not giving a little, but saturating the earth.

Re-pot only when the roots are matted thickly upon the outside of the ball of earth. Ascertain this by inverting the pot in the right hand, holding the earth with the left, then tapping the edge, just as you would turn out a glass of jelly. It is simply barbarous to dig a plant out of a pot with a butcher's knife, maiming the roots, besides being a deal of trouble. Re-plant in a pot a size larger, first gently shaking off as much of the old earth as possible, without injuring the delicate root fibres,—they are the mouths of the plant. By this treatment, you will scarcely lose a leaf. A weekly saturation with weak manure water will do wonders for the bloom and

vigor of window-plants. Don't, however, give them strong wood-ashes and water as a stimulant. I've known it done; but it is a beverage they don't like. It impairs their digestion.

A frequent showering with clear water is almost necessary to healthy flower culture, in ordinary living rooms. Lay down a piece of old carpet, place on it two kitchen chairs, and on these a tub; then with a bucket or two of tepid water, and a large sponge or cloth, and the work may be done easily and quickly. And here one word. Don't attempt keeping so many plants that your daily labor will be increased instead of lightened. These beautiful gifts were sent to minister to our enjoyment, not to add to our already heavy burdens; to bring rest, not weariness.

No room can be quite forbidding that has even a single plant in its window. It may be a stately, tropical calla, upholding its pure cup of incense, or a tiny wood fern, planted with its small bed of green moss in a bird's bath tub. Nor can the inmates of the room be quite desolate, if from these they take the sweet lessons wrapped in leaf and petal, by Him who made the lilies of the field a text, in the time long gone by.—*National Baptist*.

THE FUMIGATION OF PLANTS—ITS DANGERS.

BY PETER HENDERSON.

A lady has given me a "piece of her mind"—she has fumigated her plants and taken off every one of their leaves. As I recommend fumigation, she regards me as the cause of her trouble, and she expresses herself to that effect in words that I need not repeat. I have insisted upon, and do still maintain the need of fumigating with tobacco, not only to destroy that pest of the plant grower, the green-fly and other insects, but to prevent their getting established. I have been particular in my advice to use it regularly twice a week, at the rate of about half a pound to every 500 square feet of glass, and I still adhere to this as the best and easiest way of keeping a greenhouse clear of insects.

If Dr. Jones leaves Pat Molloy some pills, of which he is to take one every three hours, and Pat not only takes them all at once, but takes also whatever other pills he can find about the house, he will do very much as my correspondent did, and the death of Pat would follow not less certainly than that of the lady's plants. She had insects on her plants, and was bound to fix them, so she not only burned any quantity of tobacco, but, as she writes, "some sulphur." Her success was complete, for not an insect remains to feed upon the green pastures afforded by the leaves of her plants, and so thorough was the work, that the pastures are as leafless and dry as a maple grove in December; and for this the lady thinks I am to blame!

While professional gardeners find fumigating with tobacco the readiest and safest method of ridding the plants of insects, it sometimes happens that amateurs, from not following the directions, or from want of experience, injure their plants. Such had better

make use of tobacco in some other form, and we give two methods which will be found quite as efficacious as smoking. One of these is tobacco in the liquid form, prepared by steeping one pound of tobacco stems, (such as are usually thrown away by cigar makers,) in about five gallons of water, this gives a liquid about the color of strong tea, which, if syringed over and under the leaves of plants twice a week, will effectually prevent any injury from that pest—the green-fly.

The other is to use tobacco dust, which is the sweepings of tobacco warehouses, and a very cheap article. This is the most effectively applied on rose bushes or other plants out doors in the morning when the dew is on, or if used upon plants in the greenhouse, they should first be syringed, so that the dust will adhere to the leaves. No special quantity is required, only care should be taken that the dust is distributed among the leaves pretty thoroughly, as no injury will result to the plants from its application, no matter how much is applied. For insects upon fruit trees, roses, and other shrubs, outside, tobacco dust is an excellent and cheap application. It is sold in quantities as low as five dollars per hundred pounds, and is retailed in packages at ten cents per pound, by most of the agricultural and seed warehouses.

I must here enter a protest against the use of the fumes of burning sulphur in the greenhouse. When sulphur is sprinkled upon the hot-water pipes, or upon that part of a flue, the temperature of which is not much over 200°, it slowly vaporizes, and may be used with benefit, but when set on fire, as was done by my correspondent, whose disastrous experience called out this article, the most corrosive acid fumes are given off, which, in even small quantities, are destructive to plant life. I remember a case in which the person in charge of a graper, loaded with nearly a ton of ripening fruit, wishing to destroy the red spider that had begun to attack it, opened the door at each end of the house, put a pound of sulphur on a red hot shovel, and walked through the house with it. Every leaf and every bunch of fruit were destroyed, and the vines permanently injured. Don't burn sulphur in a greenhouse.—*American Agriculturist*.

PRESERVING THE FOLIAGE OF PLANTS.

There are many kinds of house plants of which it is usually desirable to preserve a portion of the leaves when taken up and housed for winter. The rose and other scented leaved geraniums are of that class; besides we have many winter blooming plants like the Bouvardias and perpetual carnation pinks, the buds of which will be formed if no flowers are open at the time of taking up from the ground, where they have been growing during the summer, consequently considerable care is requisite to preserve them perfect.

Moist, cloudy weather is of course desirable for this purpose, but this is not all, because with such plants the foliage or buds which it is necessary to preserve, should be placed in the shade or in a dark place for a day or

two after potting, and then brought into the light gradually; the object being to check a rapid evaporation from the leaves until the roots can again become fixed in the earth, as they were previous to removal.

After the plants are potted, sprinkle the foliage with water and soak the soil thoroughly, set it in a dark room for a day or two and then bring into the light gradually; the object being to check a rapid evaporation from the leaves until the roots can again become fixed in the earth, as they were previous to removal.

After the plants are potted, sprinkle the foliage with water and soak the soil thoroughly, set it in a dark room for a day or two and then bring out into the light. It is well to put a paper or thin cloth over them for a week longer to prevent the direct rays of the sun reaching plants. By a little care in shading and watering, such plants as I have named may be removed from the garden to the house, remaining fresh, losing none of their buds or leaves.

It is little use trying to save the buds or flowers on monthly roses taken up from the ground in fall. Occasionally a plant can be lifted with a ball of earth about the roots, and the buds upon it preserved, but this may be considered as an exception to the general rule. If roses are desired for blooming in winter and none have been grown in pots for this purpose, those growing in the open ground can be taken; but when potted every shoot should be cut back severely, and if every leaf falls, or is taken off, so much the better.

For instance, plants a foot or two high at this time should be cut down to within six or eight inches of the root, and then set away in a cool, shady place for a month, giving only enough water to prevent actual shriveling of the stems. After this brief period of rest bring the pots into the room, or house, where they will receive sufficient heat to excite growth again.

There is no difficulty in bringing the Bourbon and Tea roses into bloom in January, which are taken up this fall and treated in the manner described. Of course this is not the way our florists treat their roses, from which they expect to sell a great number of flowers during the holidays, but it will do for amateurs, who like myself, want a few flowers in winter without going into the business in the most approved and scientific system of culture.—*Cor. Rural New Yorker*.

A GOOD WAY TO PLANT SPRING BULBS.

The American Garden gives the following somewhat novel way of planting:

The only objection made to beds of spring bulbs is, that though beautiful beyond description while the bulbs are in flower, the time of blooming is short; and thereafter the beds look bare and are not available for other purposes. This fault can be overcome by a little management and the use of such bulbs as bloom successively. The following arrangement has proved successful with us for several years:

Make a round bed of any size and plant an inner circular row of crocus,

and next outside a row of hyacinths; then a second row of crocus, and next one of tulips. Continue this until the bed is filled—making every second row crocus, and alternating hyacinths and tulips between them. The row on the extreme edge must be crocus, and the space inside of the first row should be filled with tulips or hyacinths. The effect of a bed thus prepared is extremely pretty for a long time, and, thus arranged, it may remain undisturbed two or three years.

Snow has no sooner gone than the bed is bright with the cheery little crocus, which apparently covers the whole surface. These will hardly have passed away when we have a bed of hyacinths, in all their delicate, lovely tints. The Tulips then form a climax of gorgeousness that will last till the middle of June. The foliage of the crocus, which is extremely delicate and pretty, is in perfection during the flowering of the hyacinths and tulips, and covers the bed as with a lovely green carpet, taking away the usual bare look of bulb-beds, when out of their time of bloom. Still another succession might be had by scattering the bulbs of the Spanish iris through the bed. They are perfectly hardy, with slender foliage, and furnish exquisitely beautiful flowers in every shade of blue, purple, yellow and white, and even chocolate. These, following the tulips, need only seeing to be appreciated.

After the bulbs have finished blossoming, the foliage should be allowed to ripen, to perfect the bulbs for another year; but the surface may be immediately picked over with a fork (between the rows and between the bulbs) and portulaca or petunia seed may be scattered over the bed. These will be growing finely by the time the bulbs are gone. After the first year these latter will sow themselves and be ready to bloom early. If foliage beds are preferred, small plants of coleus, cineraria, and centaurea may easily be set out between the bulbs, making the bed very ornamental for the remainder of the season.

OVER-POTTING.

The idea entertained by almost every amateur flower-grower that a large amount of earth is required for the health and vigor of the plant is erroneous, and is called by experienced florists over-potting, and is laden many times with serious results to plant life; for the soil in pots, boxes, tubs, etc., does not have the action of the elements to neutralize the acid or equalize the chemical compounds that are used up or generated to excess when thus confined, and the soil often becomes sour and sodden, and necessitates the speedy removal of the plant into fresh soil, to prevent decay of the roots.

Soil best adapted to nearly every plant grown in pots is good sandy loam. Good garden soil that has been enriched until it is soft and mellow will answer every purpose; but, if neither of these can be obtained, procure leaf-mold from the woods, swamp-muck and sand, equal parts, thoroughly mixed, and this will make a most desirable compost. The addition of a little lime will destroy and prevent worms.—*N. Y. Independent*.



MISS FINN'S HINTS.

BY ONE OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

MISS Finn had gone to assist the Walton girls for two or three days about cutting, fitting, and planning for the fall campaign of dress-making; then the sewing and finishing off; they, with their mother's aid, would do themselves. For the Waltons, though moving in good society, were obliged to study economy, yet had proper pride in being tastefully attired. But they found it rather a saving, than otherwise, to be to the expense of securing Miss Finn's services occasionally, as her hints they said, more than paid her bills. Besides, they scarce had time to do all their sewing and other things besides, for they were by no means idle, useless young ladies, as were some of their associates.

Emma had a few music pupils which took a share of her time, and gave her in return, a modest sum of spending money; while Kate assisted her mother about the housework and care of the children, for which she received a regular allowance to use at her own discretion. Thus they both learned to make the best use of somewhat limited means, but chose rather to stay at home and make themselves useful in such ways, than to go out to earn money from the home circle.

This much by way of digression, now for Miss Finn's hints.

Emma had brought forth a nice, glossy brilliantine, and holding it up to view said: "There is this suit that as you see, must positively be made over. It is getting worn on the seams, and besides is terribly out of date, with this rather short, old-fashioned polonaise. But there is not enough of the same to make it over in good shape, so the question is: what shall I do? Try to match it or do some other way, in which I can save my money and credit both?"

"So you want the credit of having a new suit, without getting anything new to do with, do you? And you expect me to puzzle my brain to plan it out for you, do you?"

"Of course," replied Emma laughing. "That is what we have you help us for, as we think you will contrive some way to do that will be as good as new."

So Miss Finn took the matter seriously in hand, and then said: "Why this dress skirt is just what you need for a long nice overskirt, while the polonaise will make a handsome basque, and from both there will be enough left, with the trimming which you take from the skirt to trim the whole suit in good style."

"But where is the skirt to trim?" asked Kate, who was standing by.

"That is what we must find out," replied Miss Finn. "What have you among your old dresses that will answer to trim at the bottom, and then let your long overskirt come down so

as to cover the underskirt above the trimming?"

Upon this Emma went to her closet and brought a black alpaca, which was past wear as it was, and which she feared was not good enough for the purpose desired.

"Yes, that will do," said Miss Finn. "Sponge it with some vinegar water into which put a little black ink; iron it upon the wrong side, and when it is newly faced and tastefully trimmed with some of the same material as your overskirt, it will be almost as good as new. For with the long overskirt, tied back somewhat closely, as of course you will want it, (though I will say that I do not fancy the fashion if I do know how to help others to follow it,) there will be no danger of the old skirt being in the least exposed to view. And if Dame Fashion compels us to wear double skirts, she must expect to be cheated now and then, for it is decidedly extravagant to think of every suit being made up with such an enormous quantity of material as is now used. I made a dress over for Mrs. Dr. Blank in this way—mind you tell no one I said this—continued Miss Finn with a little laugh, "and it was a handsome suit, I assure you. And I made one over for one of my best patrons, using thick cambric for the underskirt, trimming it with some of the old overskirt and former skirt flounces, and no one, of the uninitiated, is any wiser for the little fraud."

So Emma decided to follow Miss Finn's hints, and the result was that when, after a toilsome undertaking, her dress was finished, it was both stylish and very nice looking indeed. But as soon as Emma had Miss Finn's opinion and was doing what she could herself towards the work, Kate brought forth her dress material to have that under way also. It was a blue empress of her own, somewhat soiled in places, but mostly in good condition to use, and a black thibet which her mother had handed over to her for use with the empress as should be thought best.

Here Miss Finn's genius found more play, as she liked to work with colors, and she, after a little consideration, advised that the overskirt be of the blue trimmed with both colors, if Kate liked the idea, and the underskirt of the black, with the blue and black trimming combined. The basque might be of either color from which it could be cut to the best advantage, and if Kate liked, the waist could be of black and the sleeves of blue and ornamented to match the rest of the suit.

After the girls' dresses had been partly disposed of, Mrs. Walton began to wonder what she had better get her to make up, as she should soon need at least one new suit. "And black will be what I need most, only I cannot go into any extravagant measures in these times," she said to Miss Finn.

"I saw a beautiful piece of black cashmere at Jones & Co.'s yesterday," said Kate, "which they would sell very cheap because it was not a full pattern for a lady's dress, and not as likely to be sought for children as some other material. Now, Miss Finn, if you can plan for mother as well as you have for us, we will have

her a brand new dress for about half price."

"Have you any more partly worn black dress skirts among your dresses that we could have for the underskirt?" asked the dressmaker.

"Why, yes, I believe that Emma has a merino which I presume she could spare, as it belongs to nothing in particular and needs trimming over to be decent to wear longer."

"Let us see it," quietly said Miss Finn. "Who knows what may not be done?"

So Emma, when appealed to, brought forth the skirt, which she said she should be happy to dispose of if she could to good advantage, and the result was that Miss Finn thought it would do, if Mrs. Walton considered it good policy to purchase new cloth to add to an old garment.

"I would not in all cases," replied Mrs. Walton, "but as I shall get the cashmere at about half what a full dress pattern would cost me, I think it will be better than to purchase a whole suit of some cheaper goods. For, as you see, I cannot lay out a very large sum in this way, having other needful additions to make to mine and the children's wardrobes soon. And as we have only a limited sum to use, I must use it in the most prudent manner."

"It is necessary," said Miss Finn, "in case of using skirts of different material to trim a little higher than you, with your modest views, usually care to do, but there will be sufficient cloth in the piece which Kate spoke of to make up nicely with the merino skirt. We will face it up new, and that will give it firmness as this goods is so soft."

After they had talked it over, Mrs. Walton concluded to go herself and look at the cashmere, and was so well pleased that she purchased it at once, but tells Miss Finn that she must wait a little longer before having it made up. There is no doubt however but it will all come out nicely, and Mrs. Walton as well as others, will thank Miss Finn for her very economical and seasonable hints.

MANUFACTURE OF PINS.

The wire for this purpose is received in large coils, and the first proceeding is to render it straight and free from kinks and turns. Entering a long room filled with numberless little machines, which united to make an almost deafening clatter, our attention was directed to a coil of wire which had just been laid on a revolving spindle. The end was passed through an apparatus containing several small rollers, and then allowed to wind around a large wheel some two feet in diameter. From this wheel the coil is cut off in sufficient lengths. We now pass to the pin making apparatus proper, that is the numerous small machines which spitefully seize the wire, drag it along under cutters, bite off small pieces, then supply each of the several bits with a hard and sharp point, and finally throw them into a receptacle as nearly finished pins, at the rate of hundreds per minute. We say nearly finished, because to all appearances, a handful of pins in their present condition appear to

be all ready for use. But they are rough, they are still of yellow brass, and their points are far from smooth. We are now shown two revolving barrels into which, with a quantity of sawdust, the pins are thrown. Here they are rolled until perfectly smooth, when they are removed and treated to a boiling for four hours in a solution of cream of tartar and water, from which bath they emerge literally as "clean as a new pin," and, besides, thoroughly whitened.

Next, they must be sorted. Pins of every size, some short, others long, must be separated, and each length placed in distinct boxes. To effect this, they are thrown on an inclined tray; down they slide, ranging themselves side by side. Now they pass over a piece of steel, in the edges of which indentations are cut of varying depths. Each pin keeps on its journey until it reaches a point at which one of the indentations makes a passage sufficiently wide for it to pass through lengthwise when it falls into its proper box.

The pins being now sorted, the next process is to place them in their papers. Being heaped upon a horizontal tray, they are set by a sweep of the attendant's hand traveling down an inclined plane of steel in which slots have been cut. Each slot is made of such a width as to allow the body of the pin to pass through but not the head. There are as many of these slots as there are to be pins in a row. The pins sliding down range themselves in an even line at the foot of the plane. Meanwhile a continuous roll of paper has been attached to the machine from underneath. This, as each row of pins is ready for insertion, is pressed and held into a die, which forms crosswise creases in it. The pins are then forced down through these creases, the paper leaves the die, and is rolled along; another row of pins falls into place, and the operation is repeated. The paper when filled, is cut off into proper lengths, and sent to girls to supply missing pins. As each paper is completed, it is folded and then packed in bundles of a dozen each, marked, labeled, and sent to the market.

There is another auxiliary machine connected with this manufacture by which the pins which are crooked and which fall through the last described apparatus are separated from the straight pins which become mixed with them. This is done by causing the pins to fall upon a number of endless leather belts. The crooked ones remain steady, and are carried along the belts and dropped into a receptacle at the end of the machine. The straight pins, however, in falling upon the belts, do not rest upon them, but receiving by this means a vibratory motion, roll off between the belts and are caught in a box underneath.—*Scientific American*.

BEAUTIFYING WOMEN'S FACES IN PARIS.

A very curious industry in Paris, and one that is more extensive than might be supposed from its nature, is that of paints, pencils and powders for making up the complexion. Most of the great perfumers, such as Guerlain,

Pirer, etc., have a back room to their shops, especially devoted to this mysterious commerce.

The ordinary method of daubing the face first with a white paint, and then with rouge, finds no favor with the consummate artists who teach the use of these beautifying compounds. For whitening the skin a preparation is shown that is composed of some insoluble powder in a liquid; the bottle must first be well shaken, and a very small quantity of its contents must then be taken on a fine old linen rag or bit of cotton and rubbed round and round till the preparation has penetrated the skin thoroughly. This wash makes the complexion beautifully white, without a trace of the flouriness of powder or ordinary paint. It is very costly, being sold at \$12 for a small bottleful.

Next comes a rouge, which is also very costly, being valued at \$18 for a box of the best quality. From this superfine article the grades descend through different prices till we reach the coarse 60-cent rouge, which no well-bred beauty would condescend to use. Different shades of rouge are sold for different occasions; there is a shade for daylight, one for the theatre, one for the ball-room, one for the race-course, etc.

Then we have a scarlet liquid used for coloring the lips, and a black powder for blackening the edges of the eyelids; the last requires some dexterity in its use, as it must be put on as a powder and delicately "washed in" with a fine linen rag and lukewarm water. Black and brown pencils are used for marking the arch of the eye heavy, and a pencil of delicate blue comes for tracing the veins on the white surface of the painted skin.

To aid in this last crowning touch of the whole artistic performance a chart has been prepared which gives with medical accuracy the position of every vein in the human face, neck, and chest. The negative quality of harmlessness is claimed for the most of these pigments; yet deaths from too free use of them are not uncommon. M. Obin of the Grand Opera was killed by the white paint where-with he whitened his head when he played in "William Tell," and Mile. Mass, the celebrated actress, fell a victim to the poisonous effects of the hair dye wherewith she restored the raven hue of her profuse tresses.—*Philadelphia Press.*

"FASHION NOTES."

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I have wanted to say a few words to Octavia, but I think Claire has said them in a pleasanter way than I should be likely to do. I would like to inquire, however, if when she says, in the April number, "as the Scriptures teach us, that 'A plain garment best adorneth a beautiful woman,'" she wishes us to understand that she has given us a Scripture quotation?

I remembered no such passage and with the aid of Bible scholars and Cruden's Concordance I cannot find it. It may be of the same authorship as "He tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb." I do not understand that Christ was distinguished by his dress from others in his station in life. And his clothing was of sufficient impor-

ance to be divided, even to the casting of lots, at his death.

I cannot believe that God would give exquisite skill and taste in dress, or anything else, without intending it should be used, and used as it can be, for His glory. I don't know why a woman cannot be a good Christian and wear a polonaise or even a trimmed skirt, provided she paid her seamstress for the trimming or put it on herself to the neglect of no greater duty.

Perhaps, if Octavia would, at the next communion service, instead of "pitying God," and wondering what He thinks of her neighbors, meditate upon Luke xviii: 10-15, she might be happier. KATHLEEN.

MR. CROWELL:—Claire's letter in the September number has provoked me to address these few lines to you, and I will do it as briefly as possible. So much is being said about dress reform and so little is being accomplished for the very reason that we have so little moral courage that we dare not be singular, for Christ's sake, but are in bondage to the opinions of others and slave to fashion. I am a stranger to Octavia, but with her can say that I have never worn an overskirt or a polonaise, nor do I trim my dress skirts, nor do I require the plumage of bird or fowl for head decoration, not even artificial flowers. To Claire would I say that I am just as consistent in this matter in regard to "night-robes and other such garments."

While I admit that Christianity requires neatness and cleanliness, I insist upon it that this conformity to the world, this slavery to fashion that we find all around us, does draw us away from God, does detract from our influence as Christians, does bring barrenness upon our souls, separating us from the love of Christ. And therefore we accomplish so little in winning souls for heaven, our prayers are seemingly powerless and we cannot exercise faith in God as he wills that we should because we love rather the praise of men. I do not hesitate in saying that this love of dress and its display, is working greater ruin to our souls' interests than aught else. S. Evansville, Ind.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I met with such success when I gave you a call a few months since that I feel encouraged to call again. I am really amused at sister Claire's letter, and although she comes at me with horns, yet I do not believe she possesses strength enough to shake me hard enough to hurt. At least I shall not run. At the age of thirteen years I lost my father, and soon after he died I looked at this world as it is. I pondered deeply for one of my age and one resolution I passed was, this world is no place to be afraid in. And the only way to get through it comfortably is to try to do as near right as you know how at all times; have a mind of your own; be independent and go ahead. And I have never had any occasion or inclination to change the resolution.

I find that sister Claire is like the rest of us, liable to make mistakes. She thinks I care nothing for dress and have but little "knack" in arranging it. Now I do love to see a woman

dressed in a truly elegant manner, and some who know me say I have good taste. She also thinks that just as many ruffles, tucks, etc. would be found in my bureau drawers as in her own. Perhaps so, if my bureau could be found, but I have not found it yet.

But I cannot touch upon all the points of the letter, so will say sister Claire has a right impression respecting one trait of my character. I do not know of but one thing I have reason to thank my Creator more for than for my independent spirit, that is salvation. She also says, "we believe, too, that 'a plain garment best adorneth a beautiful woman' because it sets off her beauty to the best advantage." What is beauty? what did our Lord mean by "beautiful woman?" Will Claire or any other sister define beauty?

Will sister Claire tell us why "we must be conformed to the world in a great degree," when our great and wise Teacher says, "be not conformed to it?" Have THE HOUSEHOLD Band ever read Mrs. M. C. Edwards' poem, "Walking with the World?" If they have not, I wish they would. I have the poem and prize it highly.

One more quotation from sister Claire's letter. "The more skillfully we fight the world with its own weapons, the more respect and consideration do we command not only for ourselves, but for the religion we profess." Does not the good Book teach us to use the sword of the Spirit which is the word of our Lord, in our warfare?

Now, all my dear sisters, just look here. So long as woman will submit to be controlled by fashion, where is her liberty? So long as woman will expend all her time and strength to decorate the poor body, how high up the steps of Zion will her soul climb? So long as she uses all and more than all of her husband's means for vain decking, when will he be a free and happy man, and bless his wife for her good sense?

Just so long as woman thinks because so and so does so and so, I must too, just so long she is a slave. I will not be fettered by fashion's chain. There is a liberty of soul which is derived from Heaven, which I possess and in which I take delight. I am glad my letter has aroused antagonism for I feel encouraged to think good may be accomplished by it, as I do not believe any great good was ever accomplished without antagonism.

With compliments to sister Claire and hope for a better acquaintance, I am, truly thine, OCTAVIA. Lawrence, Mass.

DIRECTIONS FOR KNITTING AN INFANT'S SHIRT.

Cast on one hundred and four stitches, knit across plain twice, then narrow thrice at the beginning of the needle, knit four plain, put the yarn over towards you, knit one, put the yarn over again, and knit four, then narrow twice, and so on to the end of the needle; then seam across the other side, knit in this way until you are making the third row of holes, then instead of seaming on the back, knit across plain, and seam across the front, repeat this three times then proceed as above. This knits the border

which you can make about three inches in length, then seam two and knit two, until the shirt is the length you want it. Across the top put over the yarn, and narrow every two stitches, which makes a row of holes to draw in a ribbon, half the shirt is knit at once then sewed together. The sleeves are knit in the same way and sewed in; only fifty-two stitches on a sleeve. Imported Saxony yarn does not shrink when washed.

Hartford, Conn. EDNAH H.

DOWN COMFORTABLES.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Please allow me to take a seat among the sisters, while I tell An Old Subscriber what I know about down comfortable.

Take six widths of good print (I had two and one-fourth yards a convenient length). Use three widths for lining and put it on to your quilting frames after the usual manner. Put a thin layer of cotton about fourteen inches wide on two side and across the foot. Then put on the outside and quilt this narrow strip in any form you choose. You will thus have a bag in the center for the down and will have the quilted portion to tuck under the bed clothes and keep it nicely in place. We use one pound of down for each comfortable. I hope the Subscriber may enjoy her down covering as much as I have mine.

Roselle may send her address for samples of tatting edge and insertion, to KATHLEEN, Plainfield, Vermont.

TASTE BETTER THAN COSTLINESS.

Ladies should remember that, while articles of jewelry may of themselves be beautiful, they do not always enhance the beauty of the wearers. Having observed the earrings, the eyes insensibly wander to the ear from which it depends, and a majority of ears are not pretty. So a showy ring often informs us that the owner has very ugly hands. The same with bracelets; we learn by them how few pretty round wrists there are among us. The sensation caused by a diamond ring on a hand whose owner bites her nails and ignores the nail brushes, is disagreeable; but the admiration called forth by a well cared for hand is indescribable.

CARE OF FURS.

In the article upon fifty years' care of furs, there was a mistake which I wish to correct.

It is stated in the said article that the furs should be wrapped in a sheet before putting into a box. I made the mistake just there; no muff box would allow it. I meant to say, after brushing the fur, shake pepper over it, put into newspaper, (because moths do not like printer's ink,) then put the fur in the box, wrap the box in a sheet and tie the whole in a stout bag, so that by no possibility can a fly, a moth or a moth miller get to the furs. If once they do get in they will cut the fur in spite of all other precautions. Neither camphor or pepper or anything else will keep them from eating if they are there. But these precautions will keep them out, and there is safety and there alone.

EXPERIENCE.



TOTTY'S ARITHMETIC.

One little head, worth its whole weight in gold,
Over and over a million times told.

Two shining eyes, full of innocent glee,
Brighter than diamonds ever could be.

Three pretty dimples, for fun to slip in,
Two in the cheeks and one in the chin.

Four lily fingers on each baby-hand,
Fit for a princess of sweet fairy land.

Five on each hand, if we reckon Tom Thumb,
Standing beside them, so stiff and so glum!

Six pearly teeth just within her red lips,
Over which merriment ripples and trips.

Seven bright ringlets, as yellow as gold,
Seeming the sunshine to gather and hold.

Eight tiny waves running over her hair,
Sunshine and shadow, they love to be there.

Nine precious words that Totty can say;
But she will learn new ones every day.

Ten little chubby, comical toes;
And that is as far as this lesson goes.

St. Nicholas.

WAS HE A COWARD?

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

WHETHER Henry Finlay was brave or cowardly, was the conundrum to which the boys of Mr. Green's Latin Grammar School could find no answer.

He had allowed himself to be "backed down" by Dick Corson, a stout and stumpy Kentucky boy, who was given to bullying. And a fellow who could be "backed down" must be a coward, so the boys said.

Corson had dared him to cross a certain line drawn in the sand, and Finlay, though the equal of the Kentuckian in size and strength, had turned on his heel and walked away. Besides, he had violated all those principles of "honor" which school-boys respect so highly, by appealing to the school-master for protection.

Corson, in order to provoke a fight, had broken Finlay's slate. "Old Green," as the teacher was disrespectfully called by the boys, was accustomed to whip hard when he had occasion to flog; and so, when the master proposed to Corson that he should pay for the broken slate or "take off his coat," the valiant Kentuckian preferred to pay for the slate. But this "running under the master's wings," as the boys called it, convinced them that Finlay was a coward.

And yet, on the other hand, he did not seem much afraid of them. He did not get in anybody's way; he interfered now and then in favor of smaller boys; but he contented himself with declaring that if anybody troubled him he would not make a bully of himself by fighting, but that he would just appeal to the "law" of the school for protection. If that was not sufficient, he would take the case before a justice.

This was a most unheard-of course, and one that disappointed the boys of seeing a trial of strength between the new boy Finlay and Corson. Some of

the boys had made bets on the day of Finlay's advent, that he could "lamm" Dick Corson, who had been "king" of the school. Now they were to be disappointed of a trial.

But Corson grew bold in proportion as he thought he saw cowardice in Finlay. He told the boys he would have a fight out of Finlay somehow.

Corson had to cross the Ohio River every day to reach the school. During most of the year he came over in a skiff, but there had been unusually cold weather and the river was frozen so that large wagons even, could cross on the ice.

Dick Corson had for three weeks walked across on this natural bridge. He now proposed to the boys that they should conceal themselves on the next morning behind a certain great pile of drift-wood on the shore of the river. He would then so time his arrival near the drift-pile as to intercept Finlay, who had to walk two miles along the shore to reach the school. As Finlay would not know there were any witnesses, he would not be able to prosecute Dick for assault, and Corson could tell his own story to the master.

Some of the school-boys had qualms about engaging in this conspiracy, but they were overborne by the others, who declared that such a coward ought to be taught to fight. Of course, there were some boys in the school who were not let into the secret at all.

Their disapproval of the scheme was assured beforehand.

The weather had been warm for two or three days, and the school-master began to feel uneasy about the ice, knowing that some of the boys were accustomed to cross on it. A sudden rise in the river during the night had been reported to him by a fisherman who lived on the bank, and Mr. Green thought it best to go down and examine the ice.

He walked along the shore until he was stopped by the old pile of drift-wood. In the open spaces beneath this great, loose heap of trunks of trees, boughs and boards he heard smothered voices, and he soon saw several of his own pupils hidden here, so intent on watching something beyond that they did not see him.

He turned up the bank till he reached a place where he could see over the top of the drift. There stood Corson with his coat off, confronting Finlay.

"You've got to fight now," said Corson. "You can't tell the master, for my story will be as good as yours."

"You mean to whip me first, and then lie about it," said Henry Finlay, quietly. "But what do you want to fight for? What harm have I done you?"

"You're a coward and a tell-tale. Get ready now, for you've got to stand your ground."

Finlay quietly laid down his books and the slate Corson had been obliged to buy in place of the old one, and stood prepared to defend himself, with his back to the bank. This gave him a little advantage of ground.

"Why don't you come down here, you coward, and fight on a level?" cried Dick.

"If you don't like my way, what do you fight for?" retorted Finlay. "I am a peaceable fellow. You are a

bully. You have picked this lonesome place to attack me. I do not want to fight, and I won't stand out and fight like a rooster, or a bull-dog or a prize-fighter. If I had a stick or a stone, I would not hesitate to use it to defend myself. I shall not fight you as a man, but as I would a bad dog. I shall stand here. If you walk away, I shall go on. If you attack me like a highwayman, I shall knock you down, if there is strength enough under my roundabout, and I think there is."

This was more than Dick Corson had bargained for. He saw that Finlay utterly rejected his code, and took all the advantages of his defensive position. And Finlay had never seemed to him quite so strong as at this moment.

The fellow was not exactly a coward after all. He was as cool as could be, and it gradually dawned on Dick that if he struck at Finlay once, he might give the boys under the drift-heap the pleasure of seeing his own defeat.

For the present, therefore, he contented himself with taunts, which did not seem to disturb his big, good-natured antagonist. Finlay sat down on a log near by, while Corson continued to exhaust his breath, conscious all the time that the boys under the drift-pile must begin to lose patience soon.

Suddenly Henry Finlay arose and started forward saying, "Get out of the way, Dick, the ice is moving!"

"You lie!" said Dick. "It's no such thing! You just want to get away, and I won't let you."

"I tell you it is moving, and there's your brother Tom half-way over! He'll be drowned!"

"You don't come that gum-game over me!" cried Corson, whose courage revived at what he thought the first symptoms of returning cowardice on the part of Finlay.

In truth, the great mass of ice, nearly a mile in width, had begun to move slightly, and Dick's younger brother, on his way to school, was walking at his usual pace, unconscious that the ice was afloat. It must soon break up, and then the lad would perhaps be drowned.

Finlay sprang forward, but Dick caught him by the collar and stopped him; upon which Finlay, with an impatient and powerful shove, sent the bully backward headlong into the sand and gravel.

The boys in the drift, who had not seen the moving ice, but who had lost all admiration for Dick, began to cheer.

But in a moment, everybody was looking at the ice which now began to grind against the shore, with a crashing and thunderous sound. A large flat-boat, nearly a hundred feet long, was torn from its moorings and crushed by the slow, but irresistible motion of the ice, which ground the timbers to splinters.

Powerful as was this slow, smooth avalanche of ice, it was broken in turn by an immense rift that stretched nearly from shore to shore, passing within twenty feet of Tom Corson.

The poor lad was now thoroughly frightened, and ran in terror towards the shore, where stood all the boys and the master, each suggesting a different plan for saving him, for the

ice on which he stood was beginning to break up, and he could not get within a hundred yards of the shore, a great longitudinal fissure having shut him off.

Finlay launched a skiff in the opening made by the first rift, and called to Dick to get in with. Dick refused, declaring that a skiff could not live two minutes in the ice.

The school-master, however, got in with Henry, and they pushed off. Just then a great triangular piece which had been loosened by the second fissure, caught against the shore, and being forced down by the mass of ice above, assumed a rotary motion, and soon made kindling-wood of the skiff.

The master and Finlay were glad to get back to the shore with their lives. Both had held to their oars, and Finlay seized the one carried by the school-master, and, with the two in his hands, leaping upon this rotating cake of ice, ran to its outer edge, where it was grinding hoarsely against the yet unbroken mass upon which Tom stood. He sprang clean over the dangerous point of contact, and reached the terrified Tom.

"Take this oar," he said, "and follow me."

The cake of ice next the shore had by this time drifted away from the mass on which they stood. Finlay easily cleared the gap but Tom fell in, and Finlay pulled him out by the oar, to which Tom held with a death-grip.

The triangle was fast going to pieces, and at the next leap Finlay had to scramble out of the water first, and then pull Tom out.

But now there was no longer any communication with the shore, and the salvation of the two boys seemed out of the question. They drifted along upon a cake of ice, which ever grew smaller by the wearing away of its edges. The boys and the school-master ran down to the shore, helpless to do anything for the lads who were afloat.

Then there was a sound below them of cracking of ice-cakes such as they had not heard before. It came nearer.

The ice before the two boys seemed to be running back upon their own piece, which reared up in front, broke in two in the middle, and was overwhelmed and sunk by a great piece from above.

Finlay and Tom managed to extricate themselves from the ruin of the ice-raft on which they had stood, and to get upon the piece which had been forced above it. Then they saw what it meant. The ice was gorged at the bend of the river. For a minute the great mass was locked in.

Quick! It is already trembling, and about to move. Only swift and agile feet can save them.

They climb along the ridge, and over the hummocks. They are safe ashore at the very instant when the dull roar and swash sets in again, and the great, grinding mass is on the move.

The master had fully intended to punish Dick Corson. But he couldn't. The events of the morning had punished him. His disgrace was so complete that a whipping would almost have been a mercy. But the teacher did write upon the black-board, "Bul-

lies are not generally brave." And Dick Corson left school.—*Youth's Companion*.

DEATH IN THE NURSING BOTTLE.

In a city like New York, where the death rate at the present season averages 700 to 800 per week, mostly children, every humane person feels the necessity of increased vigilance to combat every evil which tends to increase "the slaughter of the innocents." High temperature is one of the causes which we are powerless to combat. Dirty streets and filthy houses we must leave to the Board of Health. Poverty of the parents, which prevents their providing suitable food and medicine for their little ones, is another cause of our great infantile mortality, against which we can and ought to do something. But ignorance is another cause, too often overlooked, against which we are not powerless if we organize for action. The daily papers warn old and young against the dangers of unripe fruit and stale watermelons; but people will indulge, and we must allow the American citizen, however young, to exercise his inalienable right to take his own life in this way.

But there is another prolific source of infant mortality to which we wish now to direct special attention, namely: the patent nursing bottle. It consists of a rubber tube, one end of which is held in the child's mouth; the other end, passing through a cork, is attached to a glass rod which descends to the bottom of a bottle of so-called milk. We might write a column on the dangers that reside in the milk, unless special care has been taken to obtain it fresh or by suitably diluting pure condensed milk. But this danger is well known, and our business at present is with the bottle, or rather its dirty tube, which should never be used more than once, then thrown away and a new one bought.

Even when new, these white tubes, impregnated as they are with oxide of zinc, are not unobjectionable; far worse are they when saturated with sour milk, germs of putrefaction, decay and disease. Some of these child-murdering Yankee inventions have reached Berlin, and have called forth the following from a practicing physician of that city:

"The supposed advantage of these bottles consists in this, that they can be placed beside the infant in bed, while other bottles must be held in the hand all the time. What sensible mother or nurse would have a child with a bottle without watching it? The danger of the bottle consists in this, that it is absolutely impossible to cleanse it. When sucked on, little particles of milk become attached to the tube and cork; these curdle and soon turn sour. If some of this deposit be placed under a microscope we see innumerable bacteria, organic beings which indicate decomposition and decay. At every meal the child draws in thousands of these germs. The decomposition process acts upon what it finds in the mouth, oesophagus and stomach; and the result is diarrhea, cholera infantum, etc.

I will here expressly remark that

the usual method of placing the apparatus in water, or merely rinsing it out with a stream of water, is in no way sufficient. Some dealers sell a suitable little wire brush with the bottle, but even this does not answer the purpose, for the apparatus is not clean by a long way after drawing the brush through it several times; and who will take the trouble to clean it so thoroughly eight or ten times a day? How much time it would require! Another disadvantage is that the bottle is air-tight, and a partial vacuum is formed, which renders sucking so difficult as to exhaust the child, and it stops before its hunger is satisfied. Hence, parents, ye who are compelled to feed your children with a bottle, throw away this apparatus, which can only bring destruction upon your children, and either select a bottle with glass mouthpiece, which is filled from below, or take a large rubber mouthpiece, which is perforated by a small hole and can be drawn directly over the neck of the glass bottle. This large mouthpiece or nipple can readily be turned inside out and thoroughly cleaned and rubbed with dry salt."—*Scientific American*.

OUR BOYS.

All the way from the cradle up to womanhood, a girl seems to fall naturally into her place, or the place assigned her, and never appears to feel awkward or in the way. But there is a period in the life of a boy, when neither he, his guardian, or friends, know where he belongs, nor how he should be treated. A girl glides naturally along from childhood to womanhood; and sometimes in this fast age so rapidly, that you almost conclude that the period of girlhood is left out entirely. With boys it is very different. There is a time in a boy's life when he seems to feel that he is out of place everywhere. And at this very time, when he needs sympathy the most, as a rule, he gets the least of it. He is too big to be petted like a baby; and not large enough to be treated as a man. He is too boisterous to be in the parlor, the cook sends him out of the kitchen, because he asks too many questions; the father is too much engrossed in business to notice him, or give employment or direction to his active, inquiring mind; the mother is too busy preparing dainties for his stomach, or flounces for his sister's dress, to pay much attention to her son's brain or heart; and, as a natural consequence, he goes into the street. The education he receives there is soon made manifest.

To me, there comes a question, deep and momentous: "What shall I do to save my boy from the snares that are laid for his feet?"

One thing I have determined on, and that is, I will never knowingly, by word or deed, cause him to feel that he is in my way, in the house he calls home. Not even though my carpets be soiled by muddy boots, and my best furniture marred by finger-marks. It were better that my carpets be soiled and my best furniture be scratched or broken, than that the immortal soul, which God has entrusted to my keeping, should become scarred and marred by the vileness which is

found in our streets and public places of resort. Soiled and worn furniture may be repaired or replaced by new; but the soul, once scarred and disfigured by sin, can never be what it might have been, shielded a little more carefully during these few years of youth, when it was so pliable to every touch.—*Central Advocate*.

WHAT SAVAGES THINK OF TWINS.

In Africa, according to Dr. Robert Brown ("Races of Mankind"), the birth of twins is commonly regarded as an evil omen. No one, except the twins themselves and their nearest relatives, is allowed to enter the hut in which they first saw the light. The children are not allowed to play with other children, and even the utensils of the hut are not permitted to be used by any one else. The mother is not allowed to talk to any one not belonging to her own family. If the children both live till the end of the sixth year, it is supposed that nature has accommodated herself to their existence, and they are thenceforth admitted to association with their fellows.

Nor is this abomination of twins restricted to Africa. In the island of Bali, near Java, a woman who is so unfortunate as to bear twins is obliged along with her husband, to live for a month at the sea-shore or among the tombs, until she is purified. The Khasias of Hindostan consider that to have twins assimilates the mother to the lower animals, and one of them is frequently put to death. An exactly similar belief prevails among some of the native tribes of Vancouver Island. Among the Ainos, one of the twins is always killed; and in Arebo, in Guinea, both the twins and the mother are put to death.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

—A house without children is like a lantern and no candle; a garden and no flowers; a vine and no grapes; a brook with no water gurgling and rushing in its channel.

THE PUZZLER.

ANSWERS:—1. Enough is as good as a feast. 2. Snuff. 3. The image Saul's daughter Michal made to preserve David's life. First Samuel, xix: 15. 4. Sharp, harp. Prove, rove, Swing, wing. Probe, robe. Farm, arm. Cape, ape.

5. Evangeline—Longfellow.

E vi L
V et O
A no N
N a G
G af F
E as E
L ol L
I do L
N er O
E me W

6.

T
O R B

F L A S H
L E A N I N G
H A R D S H I P S
T R A N S A C T I O N
D E C O A C T I O N
D E N T I S T
F L I N T
R O B
N

7. Scup. 8. Perch. 9. Smelt. 10. Sword. 11. Roach. 12. Scate. 13. Salmon. 14. Eel.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

1. My first is in sublime but not in grand,
My second is in sceptre but not is wand,
My third is in mistletoe but not in holly,
My fourth is in wisdom but not in folly,
My fifth is not in fame but is in glory,
My sixth is not in fable but is in story,
My seventh is in Byron but not in Hood,
My whole an authoress gifted and good.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

2. A noted novelist and one of her books. A Cuban bird; a metal; a tune; a kind of vegetable growth; deadly; a goddess; an American poet; a king of Israel; a musical character; a small anchor.

CHARADES.

3. On many a field of battle red,
For Stuart's hapless right,
My first his border slogan cries
And leaps into the fight.
My second, every patriot claims
Where'er his breath be drawn,
And ours, God bless her, saw at last
The day of freedom dawn.
My whole her favorite bards have sung,
And romance flings her veil
Where Wallace died to guard the crown,
The right of Annandale.

4. I am composed of syllables two;
In every village my first you view;
My second you dearly love to greet,
When my whole at "Thanksgiving"
you heartily eat. GERTRUDE.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

5. A consonant; to strike lightly; a material for dress; a cultivator; one of the United States; to shake; an outer garment; an insect; a vowel.

SQUARE WORDS.

6. My first is a short sleep; my second is a verb; my third is a useful instrument.

7. My first is a number; my second is modern; my third is a wool bearing animal. ROSCOE F.

ANAGRAM.

8. Nme, nidyg, kaem etrih liwsl—thuvise
Peasee a okrw os ads;
Ywh luhdso etyh akme awth lal ferth sillev
Het tenleg mades vhea dah?

DECAPITATIONS AND TRANSPOSITIONS.

9. Behead and transpose a city and have a story.
10. Behead and transpose a city and have a falsehood.
11. Behead and transpose a city and have to wander.
12. Behead and transpose a city and have a sex.
13. Behead and transpose a city and have to rip.

WORD PUZZLE.

14. Entire I am a kind of fish, behead me I am to put to flight, behead me again I am a preposition, again I am a Latin word meaning that, once more, a plant.



SOME QUEER DISHES.

BY FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.

PEOPLE often laugh at the French for eating frogs, and at the Chinese for liking young puppies; but neither of these tastes can be compared with some of the quaint dishes I have met in foreign lands.

For instance, what would you say to dining on elephant's heart, baked, and garnished with a sauce made of monkey brains? Queer enough, you will think; but it is a dainty fare, nevertheless; and steaks cut from the loin or breast of a young monkey are luscious beyond description. Even the huge, ungainly feet of the elephant, when baked between bricks, in a hole underground, furnish a repast fit for a king. And very few besides kings and their families, with occasionally a favored guest, ever got an opportunity of tasting such a delicacy as elephant meat in any form; for in the east elephants are regarded as truly royal beasts, and, living or dead, they are quite beyond the reach of ordinary mortals. All along the Malabar coast, and in very many of the Malayan islands, as well as in Burmah and China, "pig-rats" and "coffee-rats" are abundant, and in high repute among epicures. They are not the ordinary "house-rat," nor the Norwegian "wharf-rat" known among us; but an entirely different species, growing often to a length of nearly two feet and weighing from two to three pounds. They look very like our hares and squirrels, and are said to be cleanly, grain-eating animals, and furnish, either boiled or curried, a most luscious repast.

But for the name, I would have gladly feasted on the tender, juicy meat, that looked sweet as a nut, and sent forth a very appetizing aroma. But the thought of eating rat-meat always took away my desire for food; though I have been assured by kings and princes who had all manner of dainties at command, that it was impossible for any one to conceive of a more delicate or dainty tit-bit than the breast of a broiled rat!

When dining, on one occasion, at the palace of an Oriental Prince, after tasting of sundry unknown dishes, I chanced upon one that specially suited my palate, and partook of it quite freely. I presently inquired the ingredients of the savory *fricasse* that had so pleased me, and learned, to my unutterable horror, that I had been eating a preparation of ants' eggs! I lost my relish for the meal, but I learned the wisdom of not asking, in future, the name of any dish I happened to fancy at Oriental tables. Among the Hottentots and some other African tribes, the termites, or white ants, are esteemed both palatable and nutritious. They boil them, eat them raw, or roast them as we do coffee. The last mode is considered the best, and, thus prepared, they are

said to resemble sugared cream or sweet almonds.

Dr. Livingstone mentions a Bayelze chief who visited him and remained at dinner. The Doctor, after regaling his guest with preserved apricots and other dainties,—a fresh installment just received from the coast,—inquired of him whether the African country could boast of any better food. "Only white ants," was the prompt reply. "Nothing is quite so good as white ants."

Palm grubs and various kinds of slugs are eaten nearly all over the East; as are bees, grasshoppers, and even spiders, in some localities,—not because other food is scarce, but because people like those queer-looking and queer-tasting dishes.

The Greeks of the olden time used to eat grasshoppers; and the Chinese occasionally convert into dainty dishes for their table, the chrysalis of the silk-worm. The negroes of several of the West India Islands eat butterflies and moths. They catch the insects in large quantities by means of nets, remove the wings, they dry and smoke the bodies, and finally, after beating them into a fine powder, pack away in jars to be used as a relish during the winter.

We read in the Bible, that the food of John the Baptist was "locusts and wild honey." A great deal of pains has been taken by commentators to prove that it was not what we call locusts, but the fruit of the wild carob-tree, that John ate with the honey that he found in the wilderness where he lived. But I do not think that any one who has traveled in Arabia, or found rest and shelter in an Arab's tent, and been a guest at his hospitable board, would thus judge what the Bible means by "locusts." In Turkey, Persia, Arabia, and all that region of country, locusts—genuine *bona-fide* locusts—have been eaten from remote antiquity; and to this day, they form an important item of the food used by the common people. The Bedouins collect them in immense quantities, and, after a partial drying, pack them in sacks. Then at their convenience, when the season for collecting is over, they steam the insects in close vessels over a hot fire, winnow them in broad baskets to remove the legs and wings, and then pulverize between flat stones. When wanted for food, they are only moistened with a little water, just as the Arabs do in preparing their date-flour, and then the repast is all ready.

The Turks eat locusts in the same way, and by very many other Orientals they are regarded as the choicest of dainties. The Moors boil or fry them, seasoning with salt, pepper, and vinegar; and they pronounce them even superior to quails and pigeons. The Hottentots make from the eggs a delicious soup; they also roast the locusts over a slow fire, and eat them as we do caramels or bon-bons. Dr. Livingstone says he used them at first from necessity, when deprived of all other food; "but strange to say, grew daily more fond of them, and at last preferred them to shrimps or oysters."

In Peter Martyn's account of the voyages of Columbus, he alludes to the disgust of the Spaniards when urged by the Indians at St. Domingo to partake of their boasted delicacy,

the ignana. The Spaniards mistook the odd-looking reptile for a species of serpent, and hence rejected it with horror; but, like many a tourist in the strange, far-off lands of the East, they lived to change their minds. Martyn says quaintly:

"These serpents are lyke unto crocodiles save in bygness. Unto that daye, none of our men durste adventure to taste them, by reason of theyre horrible deformities and loathsomeness. Yet the Adalantado, being enticed by the pleasantness of the King's sister, Anacaona, determined to taste the serpents. But when he felt the flesh thereof to be so delectate to his tongue, he fell to amaine, without all feare. The which thyng his companions seeing, were not bebynd hym in greadynesse, insomuche that they had now none other talke than of the sweetness of these serpentes which they affirme to be of more pleasant taste than eyther our phesanths or partridges."

Of the delicious birds' nest soup eaten in China, everybody has heard, but everybody has not been privileged to partake of that most delectable of all Oriental dainties. The nests are formed of the secretions of a swallow, called by naturalists *Hirundo esculenta*, because their dwellings are eaten. These birds are common on most of the Indian Archipelagoes, but their head quarters are Sumatra, Java, and Borneo. They build their nests over shelving rocks in places that would seem to be inaccessible to man.

But such is the demand for this dainty, and so great its market value, that hundreds of men spend their whole lives in the perilous work of collecting the nests from deep caverns, by torchlight, and overhanging rocks, frightful cliffs, and precipices, such as make the head grow dizzy even to think of, and whence the slightest loss of footing must prove fatal to the adventurer. Multitudes of others are constantly employed in separating with delicate tweezers the feathers and other impurities from the gelatinous portion of the nests, and in washing and drying them in preparation for the market.

The bird makes its first nest of a gelatine produced from its own body, without any foreign admixture; but when deprived of this, being unable to secrete a sufficient quantity of the gluten for another, he mixes in the second a considerable portion of sticks, feathers, and dried grass, thus rendering the nest far less desirable for edible purposes.

Again, however, the rapacious hunter, lying in wait for his prey, turns out the homeless bird, and bears off the prize; and when, for the third time, the little architect rears his home, it is composed almost entirely of stubble, with the slightest possible admixture of gelatine. This last nest being comparatively worthless for food, the poor little builder is ordinarily allowed to retain possession, and rears its family without farther molestation. The nests are about the size of a small tea-cup, and an eight of an inch in thickness, weighing scarcely half an ounce each.

The first nests collected are of a pure, creamy whiteness, and bring readily twice their weight in silver

dollars. These require little cleansing, only to be dried and packed; but the second gathering must be carefully picked over, and thoroughly washed. The nests thus losing their original lusciousness, their market value is proportionately diminished, and they sell for about eighteen or twenty dollars per pound—the poorest as low as six or eight. Even the third nests are occasionally taken, but they bring a mere trifle, and are only used by those whose epicurean tastes exceed the length of their purses.

Whole streets in Canton are occupied by preparers and vendors of bird's nests; and about a million and a half of dollars are annually expended by the Chinese in the purchase of this dainty, which, when rendered into a soup or jelly, the Celestial regards as the most delectable of food. The nests are first soaked in water, then boiled in a jelly, and finally, swimming in a rich gravy composed of the expressed juice of the cocoanut, with various spices and condiments, they are placed on the table—a rich, pulpy mass, and truly delicious.—*St. Nicholas*.

THE DESSERT.

—A Nevada paper speaks of an urchin that has been playing with a mule's tail, "as a spoiled child."

—"Have you a suit of clothes here to fit a large body of water?" "No; but we can sell you a needle and thread to sew a potato patch on the pants of a tired dog."

—In reply to a young writer who wished to know "which magazine will give me the highest position quickest?" a contemporary advises "a powder magazine, if you contribute a fiery article."

—A few days ago a Norwich man bought a chest of tea in Providence, and on opening found a stone inside weighing nearly eleven pounds. He remarked that the weights of Providence are very mysterious.

—The following hit at the water-cure was made by Charles Lamb, and none but himself could have made so quaint a conceit. "It is," he said, "neither new nor wonderful, for it is as old as the Deluge, which, in my opinion, killed more than it cured."

—"I don't like these shoes," said a lady customer, "because the soles are too thick." "Is that the only objection?" blandly asked the salesman. "Yes," was the reply. "Then, madam, if you take the shoes, I can assure you that the objection will gradually wear away."

—"Maria," observed Mr. Holcomb, as he was putting on his clothes, "there ain't no patch on them breeches yet." "I can't fix it now no way; I'm too busy." "Well, give me the patch, then, an' I'll carry it around with me. I don't want people to think I can't afford the cloth."

—"Who's there?" said Jenkins, one cold winter night, disturbed in repose by some one knocking at the street door. "A friend," was the answer. "What do you want?" "Want to stay here all night." "Queer taste—but stay there by all means," was the benevolent reply.



VENTILATION OF BEDROOMS.

BY JULIA COLMAN.

THE "Breath of Life" is an important item of every day fare, or rather of every minute fare. We breathe about twenty times each minute. One writer naively remarks, that as air is a dish of which we partake so often, it is very important that it be pure. Important as it may be, however, it seldom receives our attention. True, nature attends to it for us in most cases, where we permit her to have her own way. The ever changing temperature of the air causes it to rise and fall and "rush about generally," in the grand system of winds, cleansing out every place to which the most subtle prying will give it access. Much of the foulness thus carried off is washed down to the earth by the rain. Vegetables absorb the carbonic acid gas thrown out by animals, and produced by combustion, and give out, in return, oxygen for the support of animal life. But if the air is confined it becomes surcharged with noxious gases and the exhalations of surrounding substances. Agitation is an essential to its purity, as to the waters of the ocean.

Though people are supposed to know that they need this breath of life in its purity, what pains do they commonly take to secure it? How many houses do we find that contain any provision whatever for the necessary free circulation. How many look to it when they retire at night, to secure a sufficient supply of pure air to last them through the hours of unconsciousness until morning? All houses should be built with ventilators, and that practice is becoming common. But until we have such houses we must exercise our watchfulness in those we have.

Suppose we walked into this room occupied last night by two persons of ordinary intelligence. It is a fair sized bedroom, neither the largest nor the smallest, say eight by ten, by eight feet in height. This gives six hundred and forty feet as the cubic space of the room, making no deduction for the bed and other articles. Now every person, with the carbonic acid expired by the lungs and respired by the body, spoils at least seven cubic feet of air per minute. Thus there would be air enough in the room to supply one person ninety-one minutes, or one hour and a half, and for two persons three-fourths or an hour. Is there any ventilator? These two intelligent (?) persons came in last night and closed the door; (the window had not been opened), and deliberately went to sleep in this box when there was not air enough for their healthful consumption a single hour.

This is not an exaggerated picture. I have known the same thing to be done in a much smaller room than that. I have known parents, with three or four little children, to sleep, in a room but little larger than that

with no special provision whatever for breathing. They were respectable people, too, and in their own house, where they had an abundance of room. But what became of them when the air was exhausted? They continued to breathe over again the vitiated air, getting what little oxygen they could from it, and this, with the little additional air that came in through the key holes and the cracks around the doors and windows, kept them alive until morning. Then they rose languidly, with pale faces, headaches, and furred tongues, until they had stirred around enough in the open air to supply their systems with some degree of the lacking oxygen. But they had not the most remote idea of the cause for these ill feelings. They "always feel better after they have been up awhile." No cause for it, I suppose?

But the room after they leave it! Suppose we close our nostrils, for the time being, and walk into it. Throw open the doors and windows, and, if possible, establish a circulation with the other side of the house. Carry out anything offensive that ought not to be in, and if it has no cover keep it out till it gets one. There are foul exhalations enough without any from that source, which are positively poisonous. Throw open and shake up the beds, and hang the bedding out of the window. If the sheets have been used a week, send them to the laundry. Sweep and dust, if need be, under the bed and everywhere else. Now leave things in that condition an hour at the very least, and longer if the room is not wanted for other purposes. Making up the beds when the family is at breakfast is a barbarous practice and shows more care for arbitrary "order" than for health. It ought to be a sign of good housekeeping for the beds of otherwise unoccupied rooms to lie open until noon or after. If the bedding cannot hang out, put it as near the window as possible. But an hour in the free outdoor winds is better than twenty hours in the house. When taken in, after such exposure, it will smell as fresh as if just from the laundry; or, if it does not, send it, as before suggested, to that wholesome place.

When the beds are made, the rooms may be more or less closed, according to the weather; better always to leave some ventilations. At night you can hardly have too much fresh air, provided it does not blow directly upon you. Have your windows open above and below. This is much better than having the opening all in one place, because it establishes a current; the warm, foul air passing out at the top and the cool, fresh air coming in at the bottom. One window may ventilate a room very passably in that way. It is still better to have an opposite window or door open, provided the current thus obtained does not blow directly upon the bed.

If you have not been accustomed to full ventilation at night, commence carefully. Let the openings in the window be narrow at first, and gradually increasing. If the air cannot be had without its driving upon the bed, put up a screen, and if you still feel it, cover up warm and turn the face to it. Have the air in the room at all hazards, and as much of it as you can

bear. It is this exceeding abundance of fresh air that, more than anything else, makes all lumbermen and campers out so hale and hearty; and if we can have it in our own dwelling, why not? and save a trip to the Adirondacks. If you can have the trip too, take it by all means, for the recreation and the exercise, but you cannot breathe enough then to last you the rest of the year. The best is none too good for daily and nightly use. No one who has felt the elasticity consequent upon sleeping with a full supply of fresh air will be willing to do without it. Country people need not fancy that as they have plenty of fresh air around them they can afford to dispense with it in their bedrooms. Some of the most unwholesome I have ever seen were in the country, dark, damp and close. The sunshine should come into the bedroom every day, to purify the air. Other things, being equal, upper rooms are preferable for sleeping, on account of purer air and safety with the open windows.

Having duly attended to all these items, and put your mind and conscience as much at ease as possible, undress in a comfortably warm room, go to bed quietly and alone, science says, or in a bed so wide that the exhalations from other bodies, do not reach you, and then do not reflect, nor plan, nor talk, but simply go to sleep.—Evenings at Home.

MORBID APPETITES.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

In reply to Mrs. S. N. C. in reference to the effects of using such articles as calcine, magnesia, starch, etc. I would say in general terms that the result must be unfavorable, since such articles as the magnesia, slate pencils, chalk, clay, charcoal and the like, so frequently eaten by girls, contain no proper nourishment for the human stomach. An appetite for them is sure evidence of a morbid state of the organs of digestion, if not of the whole system. Such abuses seem more especially connected with a certain period of life, yet the appetite for them must always be regarded as morbid, unnatural and therefore unfavorable to sound health.

The necessary effect of the use of the starch in this form is to produce and aggravate inflammatory tendencies. Starch, an element in the grains, the potato and other articles of food in use with the fats and the sweets, are intended as fuel to sustain the heat of the body, and necessary when taken just as needed. The tendency, however, is to take them in excess. When taken in this way they must heat the blood, produce fevers and inflammations, the latter of which is indicated by a sore or parched throat, dry lips, dryness of the throat with a hacking cough—all indicative of an inflammatory tendency—a danger of inflammatory diseases.

The use of the magnesia, chalk and charcoal is more usual by those who eat pickles excessively or use acids of any kind, a demand, it may be of nature for something to neutralize these alkaline substances, in addition to the morbid appetites. And it should be remembered that the use of such im-

proper articles, in gratifying these false appetites, must of necessity increase these morbid cravings, really affording no relief, but aggravating an unnatural condition. But this is not all, or the worst form of the penalty for wrong doing, while these two opposite substances unite in the system—added to the mineral substances referred to—substances known as "gravel stones" are formed in different parts of the body, often the direct cause of many, many excruciating pains.

We should never allow ourselves to be controlled by these morbid cravings, but should resist temptation, using plain, simple, wholesome and substantial food. If we deviate from this course, violating the laws of our being, disregarding the conditions of health, we must suffer the penalty.

HEALTH HINTS.

A friend who takes the paper wishes to tell any reader of THE HOUSEHOLD who may be suffering as she has done for many years, from in-growing toenails, that she obtained complete relief by using kerosene; she soaked a little cotton and pushed it under the edge of the nail, and since then some months ago she has never felt one pang from it. I, myself, can speak from experience, in recommending any who suffer from corns or tender feet, to wear easy shoes without heels. This is the first requisite. For twenty years I have discarded tight corsets and tight shoes, and the result has been ease and comfort and good general health. I wonder how anybody will tolerate such instruments of torture for the sake of a fancied improvement in appearance.

ISABELLA T.

Rock Island.

LEMONS FOR FEVER.

When persons are feverish and thirsty beyond what is natural, one of the best "coolers," internal or external, is to take a lemon, cut off the top, sprinkle over it some loaf sugar, working it downward into the lemon and then suck it slowly, squeezing the lemon and adding more sugar as the acidity increases. Invalids with feverishness may take two or three lemons a day in this manner with the most marked benefit, manifested by a sense of coolness, comfort, and invigoration. A lemon or two thus taken at teatime, as an entire substitute for the ordinary supper would give many a man a comfortable night's sleep and an awaking of rest and invigoration, with an appetite for breakfast, to which they would otherwise be strangers.

MR. CROWELL:—I think that if "A Subscriber" will try this remedy she will find a cure for the pain in the joint of the finger. Take a teaspoonful of salt-petre and dissolve in a cup of soft warm water, and soak her finger in it every night for a week; and then skip a few nights after soaking it, wet a rag in the water and wind around it, in the morning take it off and let it go till night. I have found this an effectual remedy twice in my own family, and can heartily recommend it.

SYMPATHISER.

New Castle, Maine.



INDIAN SUMMER.

BY FANSY.

October comes with regal tread,
All nature owns his sway;
The trees their banners wave, and spread
Their garments in the way;
The hill and valley smile anew,
And o'er the shining track
Where late the radiant summer went
Her footsteps hasten back.

His hand no bolt of terror bears,
No thunder tones we hear,
But in his arms are ripened sheaves,
The wealth of all the year;
His voice, like sound of rustling leaves,
His locks, like burnished gold,
His vesture, bright with royal tints
In every gleaming fold.

O, gracious sovereign of the year,
We pray thee, tarry long;
Fill out these Indian summer days
With cheer, and light and song,
And let our hearts this comfort take,
Sometimes, when youth is o'er,
A second summer blooms for us,
More sweet than all before.

HINTS TO YOUNG WRITERS.

BY U. U.

Number Five.

THE young writer who wishes to appear in print, will quite likely be puzzled to know what disposition to make of the article, which has been created with honest enthusiasm, yet with fear and trembling as to its after fate. Where to send the manuscript and how to manage the matter in a proper way are questions much easier asked than answered.

It is wise in this case to study adaptability and to be acquainted with the general features of the various journals which might be taken into consideration. For different journals require different productions for their columns, and what might prove very acceptable to one class, would be returned as unavailable by another, even though the latter were of no higher standard than the former. You would not think of taking eggs and butter to sell to a fancy store; no more would you offer fancy work to a dealer in hardware. So whether your contribution be poetry or romance, an essay or some plain, practical article, you will study as to the proper place to offer it—or the class where it will most likely find favor—always preparing yourself for disappointment as to the result, or of its acceptance in any case. If, after “swinging around the circle” from one publisher to another, only to be politely rejected or ignored altogether, you may infer that it lacks the striking qualifications to secure favor for a new aspirant to public favor or else that the drawers of the various editors are crowded already with more acceptable matter. Failure in the first ventures, however, need not utterly discourage one about getting into print somewhere, though whether one's work prove remunerative in a business point of view—at least for a time—is very uncertain indeed.

But whatever else you may do, do not waste a single pen-full of ink in trying to ingratiate yourself into the good graces of the editorial fraternity. Editors, by virtue of their office, are obliged to be terribly hard hearted creatures in the execution of their duties, however soft their hearts, privately, may be. If a story, or poem, or essay has merit of its own to recommend it, and its execution is up to the literary standard, a clever editor will take in the situation at a glance and needs no words of the author to tell him the value of the thing offered. If, on the other hand he finds it not suited to his columns, no argument that can be used will induce him to accept it, supposing of course that he is honest and true to his trust. If he wants an article it is because it pleases him to have it, not because it will please its author to have him use it. An editor should be a critic, and the more critical he is, the better able will he be to truly test the productions sent him. It is neither a help nor an honor to a young writer to be accepted by one who takes anything and everything sent him either for the sake of filling his paper or of pleasing his patrons who may desire to get into print.

Said an editor of our acquaintance to us: “I do wish that people would stop sending verses, with such urgent request to have them printed, when scarce one poem in a hundred is worth putting into type.”

“But do you have very much poetry offered?” we asked, supposing from the character of his journal that the muses would not often seek its favor.

“Bushels of it,” he replied, “and the worst of it is that most of the writers are so confident that they will, or at least ought to be accepted, that it is hard to give them the go-by and not have them feel you have done them a personal wrong.”

“And how about prose articles?” we asked, “are a good share of them fairly creditable and properly prepared for the press?”

“Only a small portion of the whole received are of importance, and few are fit to hand to the printer,” was the reply. “And,” he added, “school teachers, clergymen and others who it would be expected could write a presentable article are among those quite often at fault. If valuable matter comes to us in the shape of news, or facts important for the public to know, we put it in ship-shape ourselves and let it go to the printer. But the waste-basket is generally well filled with productions of little value in any way, and many of them too poorly prepared to find favor in any quarter.”

A method quite as weak and futile as calling attention to the merit of one's own production is fulsome praise offered to the genius of the editor, or to the super-excellence of the journal to which you appeal for favor. For, though words of honest commendation may be expressed in a proper way, yet if used in connection with seeking admittance to their columns, the artifice will be readily detected and rather repel than invite a patient hearing.

But whatever else a young writer may do, do not appeal to the sympathy of the editor or publisher, thinking

thereby to be more sure of success. The public press is not a charitable institution established for the purpose of giving employment to needy aspirants, but is open alike to all who are competent to fill just the places needed to be occupied. If you have something which suits the editor he needs no urging to procure it, if not, all your setting forth of poverty, misfortune, or want of employment will not move him to use matter unsuited to his pages. And these things without doing the writer the least good are terrible thorns in the editorial life.

Did you ever read Thackeray's capital Round About Papers, and especially the chapter upon “Thorns in the Cushion?” and how he tells that among all the thorns of which the editorial cushion is liable to be persecuted with, the most cruel are letters from needy writers appealing to his kind-hearted generosity as a motive for carefully considering and purchasing their literary efforts? Ah, how these thorns pricked his heart! It has been said since his death that Thackeray resigned the editorial chair of Cornhill Magazine because he could not endure the “thorn letters” sent him, and at the same time faithfully discharge the duties of his place. In the same Roundabout Paper above mentioned, the great novelist and fine essayist says, quoting a communication sent him, “This is what I call a thorn letter: ‘Sir—may I hope, may I entreat that you favor me by perusing the enclosed lines, and that they may be found worthy of inserting in the Cornhill Magazine. We have had better days, sir. I have a sick, widowed mother to maintain, and little brothers and sisters who look up to me. I do my utmost as a governess to support them. I toil at night when they are at rest, when my hand and brain are alike tired. If I could add but a little with my pen many of our poor invalid's wants might be supplied. Do, do cast a kindly glance at my poem, and if you can help us the widow and orphan will bless you.’ Why,” says Thackeray, “is this poor lady to appeal to my pity, and bring her little ones to my bedside, calling for help which I can give them if I choose?”

Yes, he can give them help if he chooses to buy the poem which he finds can in no way be admitted to a place in his magazine. Does such a letter make the lines better? At the same time is it not troubling the perplexed editor in vain? It is said that his kind heart sometimes induced him to give money to such people rather than suffer them to pass unnoticed. But the letters were actual thorns in his flesh, and he is not alone.

If it is necessary to state to an editor that the article if used, must be paid for as circumstances demand it, that is only a business matter and quite admissible, because there are publishers who pay only when it is stipulated that they shall do so. But appealing to their sympathy, thinking thus to more surely be accepted, is unbusiness like as well as painful to them and humiliating to one's own self-respect.

Writers of little experience and little or no literary distinction, will be less liable to be disappointed if they send contributions to the more quiet

journals than if they aspire to Harper's or the Atlantic as a first venture, remembering that it is better to rise from the less to the greater than to meet what will be pretty likely to be a failure if one expects too much at first. And articles, if accepted must often wait months and months before appearing in print, especially in the first class monthlies.

PERTINENT QUESTIONS.

“Who,” says the Saturday Review, “can enjoy a chat with a man who always talks of women as females,” and of man as an individual; who never begins a thing, but always commences it; who does not choose, but elects; who does not help, but facilitates; who does not supply, but caters; nor buy, but purchases; who calls a beggar a mendicant; with whom a servant is always a domestic, where he is not a menial; who does not end, but terminates it; who calls a house a residence, in which he does not live, but resides; with whom place is a locality and things do not happen but transpire?”

THE REVIEWER.

MORFORD'S SHORT-TRIP GUIDE TO AMERICA. (United States and Dominion of Canada.) By Henry Morford; Author of the Short-Trip Guide to Europe, Over-Sea, Paris in '87, etc. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott & Co., Publishers, pp. 349, Price \$1.00.

Four editions of this handy volume have been issued, meeting with very flattering success and approval, and earning the reputation of supplying the most compact and intelligible of all American guides, and in this, the fifth edition, we find all the old popular features retained, while several new ones of peculiar importance have been added. Among those we may name the Special Virginian Tour, the new Tour to Florida, the directions for visiting Watkins Glen, the valuable illustrated paper on the Centennial, a complete California Route and Tables, and the Great American Round Tour, a circuit embracing the most charming features of American travel. This Guide is especially adapted as the hand-book for tourists in this country, being fitted for pocket use and railway, carriage or steamer reading, by convenient size, clearness of type, and in giving the data most ordinarily required while carefully avoiding tedious and unnecessary details.

SCRIBNER FOR OCTOBER. The first page of Scribner's Monthly for October has a design by John LaFarge, N. A., accompanying the ballad of “Jessamine” by George Parsons Lathrop. Major Powell gives an account of “An Overland trip to the Grand Canon” of the Colorado, the descent of which he has already described in that Magazine. Mr. Francis Gerry Fairfield prints a remarkable study of Poe, under the title of “A Mad Man of Letters;” L. L. L. writes “Recollections of Liszt and Von Bulow;” Edmund Clarence Stedman concludes what he has to say about “Minor Victorian Poets;” “Some Vegetable Eccentricities” are described by Byron D. Halstead; Mr. Frank R. Stockton condenses, “with variations,” the story of “Pierrot, Warrior and Statesman;” Mrs. Walker tells about “The Winthrop Drury Affair;” Dr. Holland continues his “Story of Sevenoaks;” Jules Verne's “Mysterious Island” appears in its condensed form, but occupies more space than usual; and there is a “Plea for Slippers,” by an anonymous writer. Dr. Holland, in Topics of the Time, discusses “Church-Debts,” “Offensive People,” “A Word for the Women,” and “The Slow Times.” The Old Cabinet is concerned with “How Badly We Do It;” Home and Society, Culture and Progress, The World's Work, and Bric-a-Brac have their usual variety.

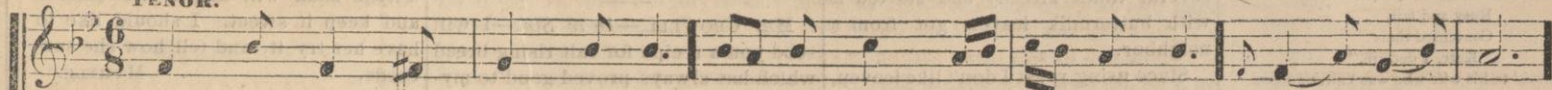
LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. The numbers of The Living Age for September 4th and 11th contain Memoirs of Count de Segur, and The First Stewart in England, from the Quarterly Review; Nan; a Summer Scene, from Blackwood; The Mediterranean of Japan, and Prof. Cairnes, from the Fortnightly Review; Thomas Ellwood, from Leisure Hour; Hans

NOVEMBER RAIN.

Words by MRS. DR. J. H. AXTON.

Music by REV. J. A. HOOD.

TENOR.



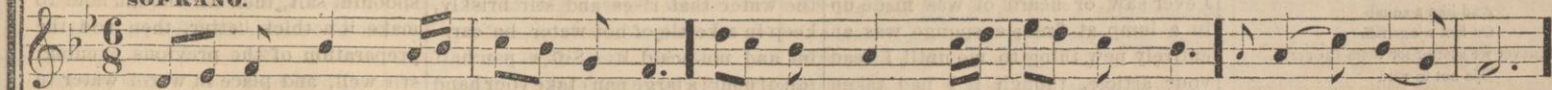
1. Gent - ly down my win - dow pane Falls the gen - 'rous Au - tumn rain, Pat - t'ring slow;
2. Soft - ly, now I hear it beat, Like the sound of muf - fled feet, Tread - ing slow;

ALTO.



3. Aye! the soft drops sad - ly fall O'er the Sum - mer's som - bre pall, A cease - less tide;
4. With - ered leaves and fa - ded flow'rs O'er the tomb of van - ished hours Scat - tered lie;

SOPRANO.



5. Yet it sings of hope for flow'rs, When the Spring - time's sun - ny hours Come a - gain;
6. But the hours, the gol - den hours! Gone as sure - ly as the flow'rs, And as dead;

BASS.



Now a - low and now a - loof, Ceaseless down the reek - ing roof Is its flow.
For the sil - ver - banner'd rain, 'Mong the my - riad flow - ers slain, March - eth low.



Mo - ther Na - ture weep - eth now For her dar - lings ly - ing low, Side by side.
While the raindrops' sol - emn tone Tell of pre - cious mo - ments flown, Flown for aye.



Sings of brightness and of bloom, When their i - cy win - ter tomb Is rent in twain.
Ah! it doth not speak of these, Raised by sun or balm - y breeze, But for - ev - er fled.



Christian Andersen, from the Spectator; with instalments of "German Home Life," "Fated to be Free," and "The Dilemma," and the usual choice poetry and miscellany. LITTLE & GAY, Boston, Publishers.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for October is an unusually attractive number. It opens with a beautiful idyll of country life, contributed by Jean Ingelow, and gracefully illustrated with six pictures by Sol. Eytinge, Jun. A richly illustrated article, entitled "The Land of Lakes," describes Minnesota—its resources, natural scenery, and its principal cities. St. Paul and Minneapolis. Junius Henri Brown gives some graphic pictures of prominent Parisian Journalists. Mr. Conway contributes a second paper on the art treasures of the South Kensington Museum, profusely illustrated. The most important paper in the Number is President Woolsey's contribution to the "First Century" series, entitled "The Experiment of the Union with its Preparations." Besides its value as a historical review of our political growth as a nation, it is also timely through its suggestions as to our

immediate situation. Of a lighter character, is the Hon. S. S. Cox's paper on "Legislative Humors," full of racy sketches and anecdotes. Another of Castelar's philosophic papers is given in this number. Julian Hawthorne's thoroughly healthful and yet almost ideally romantic novel, "Garth," is continued, its hero being now ready to be launched into the wonderful experiences of college life. Besides Jean Ingelow's poem, there are also poetical contributions by J. W. De Forest, A. H. Louis, F. W. Bourdillon, Nelly M. Hutchinson, L. W. Backus, and A. F. The Editorial Departments admirably cover their respective fields.

LADIES REPOSITORY for September is one of the best numbers that has appeared in it this year. Edited by E. Wentworth, D. D. Published by Hitchcock and Walden, Cincinnati; J. P. Magee, Agent, Boston. Terms, \$3.50 a year.

We have received Thayer's Maps of Colorado, and the San Juan mines; the former a township map of one of the most interesting portions of the American continent. Price

of each, 50 cts. H. L. Thayer & Co., Denver, Col.

The first four numbers of Cassell's Illustrated History of the United States have been received and will have due notice in our next issue. It promises to be a most valuable work and is published by Cassell, Petter & Galpin, New York.

LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are pleased to learn that the first volume of the English translation of "L'Histoire de la Guerre Civile en Amerique," by M. le Comte de Paris, is now in preparation by authority of the author. The volume will be an 8 vo., with maps and battle plans, and includes the first two volumes of the French. The Count of Paris, grandson of the late King Louis-Phillipe, it will be remembered, came to this country in 1861 and served without pay upon Gen. McClellan's staff. He has received valuable contribution to this work from private letters and journals of

Generals Grant, McClellan, Johnston and other officers both of the Federal and Confederate armies. Also, through President Grant's lively interest in the forthcoming History, the author has enjoyed access to important and interesting government documents and records, including those of the late Southern Confederacy. W. J. H.

Messrs. Roberts Brothers are preparing an agreeable sensation for hosts of readers in the shape of a new book by Miss Alcott. "Eight Cousins" will be the first book in the "Little Women" series issued since "Little Men," which was published in June, 1871, four years ago, thirty-eight thousand copies having been called for in that month. Messrs. Roberts Brothers have also nearly ready "Madame Recamier and her Friends," translated from the French by the translator of "Memoirs and Correspondence of Madame Recamier," which work, published several years since, has had a wide popularity and is now complemented by the new book containing Madame Recamier's own letters omitted in the first volume.



THE FARMER KING.

The farmer sat in his old arm chair,
Rosy and fair,
Contented there.
"Kate, I declare,"
He said to his wife who was knitting near,
"We need not fear
The hard times here,
Though the leaf of life is yellow and scar.
I'm the king and you are the queen
Of this fair scene,
These fields of green
And gold between,
These cattle grazing upon the hill,
Taking their fill,
And sheep so still,
Like many held by a single will.
These barnyard fowls are our subjects all;
They heed the call,
And like a squall
On fast wings fall,
Whenever we scatter for them the grain.
'Tis not in vain
We live and reign
In this our happy and calm domain.
And whether the day be dim or fine,
In rain and shine,
These lands of mine,
And fields of thine,
In cloudy shade and in sunny glow,
Will overflow
With crops that grow,
When gold is high and when it is low.
Unvexed with shifting of stocks and shares,
And bulls and bears,
Stripes and cares,
And the affairs
Of speculation in mart and street,
In this retreat
Sweet peace can meet
With plenty on her rural beat."

YEAST AND BREAD MAKING.

A LETTER FROM NORTH CAROLINA.

AUNT LEISURELY:—I have for some time wanted to let you know that I, as well as some others, feel under many obligations to you for your excellent article on yeast and bread making, in *THE HOUSEHOLD* of Feb. 1874. I am delighted with your plan, though am confident I should never have tried it if you had not made the whole process so plain that there could be no misapprehending it. I made yeast by the directions in your letter, all alive with expectation, but not a speck of foam was to be seen after the most careful nursing. I blamed myself for the hapless result and was going to waste more material when fortunately for me, I happened upon the corrections made in a later number; I made more and it proved to be the very thing described by you. It was flogged in that all efficient earthen crock of proper dimensions; (the crock was bought for the purpose.)

The yeast ready, I commenced bread-making on the biggest scale ever attempted by me before—or since. I used your exact proportions and as I hadn't the least idea the quantity of flour a sponge could absorb, I was positively amazed when quart after quart disappeared and it seemed to me I'd never get in enough; not being prepared for such a result I had to send two or three times for more flour. I had so much bread that I feared it would never be disposed of,

so gave one pone away. Well, it was the best bread I had ever made. I also measured a quart of dough and made my first rusk; I was pretty tired when through with my first experiment, though highly gratified. This was the beginning of my making a large loaf every week which is baked in an oven. I have made your yeast several times already and started it with buttermilk leaven got from a neighbor.

Since using yeast I don't like leaven, and yet good housekeepers say it answers as well and is so much more convenient. I wish I knew the difference they make in bread, if any at all. I believe all my neighbors use leaven and that made with buttermilk is very popular; it is said to make very nice, white, sweet bread. I have heard persons object to the taste of hop-yeast bread, so maybe they would not eat such as yours even. All the bread I ever saw or heard of was made up in a lump at first; a sponge was an entirely new thing to me until I read your article, though if I had taken the trouble to look in my receipt book I might have found out all about it.

I would like to know if you use milk to make up your bread in summer; my receipt book says tepid water should be used in summer, that milk is apt to sour. I have heard of good housekeepers who disliked milk in bread; so much for another notion. I make a loaf of Graham bread every week and make it like the white bread with the addition of molasses; the different recipes for this bread I have noticed in *THE HOUSEHOLD* say, "don't knead it at all but stir with a spoon." I work mine a little the second time. Brown bread must be quite common in New England; I never saw it on any table at the South, though people may have it; we are very fond of it and eat it for dinner.

Well, I have suffered in my life from eating hot sour rolls day after day for some months, and if there is anything I do want to excel in, it is light bread. But it seems I can't have it hot except for dinner made your way, and cold light bread is not much thought of, but I eat it myself right straight along until it is all gone. I appreciate that bread I make, (for I do make it up and work it myself,) I don't get much praise but nothing can discourage me. I confidently believe myself indebted to you for several pounds of flesh to my little body, reduced by dyspepsia; for during the dreadful weather this past winter I persevered in making bread and took exercise working it, besides it gave me something useful to think about.

As I have learned something from you, Aunt Leisurely, I will feel ever so much more thankful if you will give me some directions—minute if you please—about cake baking. I want to learn how to bake a large pound cake in an oven and in a stove, too. The cook and myself have spoiled enough good material already to learn better. I appeal to you, for if you can make cake baking as clear to my mind as you did bread making, I'll make a good cake right off.

Now, please don't imagine that I have set you up as my oracle of *THE HOUSEHOLD* to be consulted every time I stumble upon the kitchen

threshold. No, I have too much consideration for that, but if you will continue to disperse some of your rich knowledge and experience to enlighten and aid the ignorant and inexperienced, not a few blessings will follow you.

Miss W. L.

SALT RISING.

MR. CROWELL:—Dear Sir:—I will send you a recipe for salt rising bread which has always proved good to myself and neighbors, when we have good flour, which is the trouble where you buy your flour. Take a bowl and spoon, scald thoroughly if it has been used in anything sour, put a few coals into the boiling water; take an even tablespoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of soda; pour on boiling water, then cool to milk-warm, have the bowl half-full, mix a batter as for griddle cakes, in three hours pour off the water that rises and stir briskly, keep in a kettle of hot water, be careful and not scald it. Sift a pan half full of flour (a large pan) take your hand and place the flour at the top of the pan on the sides, mix in only that which is left on the bottom of the pan, have the bowl full when you take it out of the kettle, empty in your pan, then fill up the bowl with milk, (warm morning's milk) mix to a thin batter, cover over with the flour on the side of the pan when it rises and runs through to the edge of the pan, then mix; mold a good deal, and let rise light and bake. Emptyings will rise between twelve and two.

Mrs. Augustus Adams.

MR. GEO. E. CROWELL:—Dear Sir:—Vilette, in the May number, asks for directions how to make salt rising bread, and I herewith send her my method. To one pint of new milk add one pint of boiling water, stir in one pint of flour, and a teaspoonful of salt. Keep warm for four or five hours, then when it rises, as it will if the flour is good, and you do not scald it, mix your bread. Mix it all at once, taking care not to make it very stiff, and when thoroughly mixed, divide into loaves. Place it where it will be warm, and in about an hour it will be light enough to bake. Bake in a moderately hot oven from half to three-quarters of an hour, according to the size of the loaves.

The above quantity will make two large loaves without the use of any other wetting.

Mrs. Ann A. Husted.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I saw an inquiry in your last paper from Vilette, to make salt rising bread. Tell her to take a bowl or pitcher, scald it out in hot soap-suds to be sure that it is sweet, then take one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, tablespoonful of Indian meal, cup of boiling water turned on to scald the meal, one cup of sweet milk or cold water; when it is milk warm stir in flour the thickness of a batter, then stir it in warm water to keep it milk-warm; stir it two or more times while rising. It will take five or six hours to raise it, and will foam when it is raised; then take a quart of new milk or water and have it milk warm, then turn in the emptyings, stir in flour until it is as thick as

batter, then let it rise again, when it has begun to foam over the top of the sponge it is ready to make into loaves, knead it as quick as you can and stiff enough to cut out in biscuit, put in tins so it will rise one-third, great care should be taken to keep it milk-warm, and not let it scald or get too cold. It wants to be well covered while rising, a little soda will help it rise quicker and keep it sweet. I should like to have her try it, and tell how she succeeds.

MYRTLE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—In answer to Vilette, on "Salt rising," I send a recipe which has proved successful for me in almost every instance:

Evening before baking, boil one-half pint sweet milk, and pour over cornmeal as in making mush, keep in a warm place; next morning take one quart warm water, (about milk warm) one teaspoonful sugar, one-fourth teaspoonful salt, then stir enough flour to make it a thick batter, then add the preparation of the previous evening, stir well, and place in warm water to rise, let it get very light before baking. In about two hours add one handful of flour; when it is ready to run over, mix and make in small loaves about as thick as yeast bread.

Mrs. M. V. M.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—If you will permit me, I will give our sister my way of making salt rising bread. I use canal for the emptyings. I make about a pint of the emptyings for my family of eight. Have the water milk-warm, put in half a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar, the same of ginger, set it in some warm water; when it comes up you must sponge it, and when the sponge is up mix in loaves; knead it as quick as you can, have it about as stiff as yeast bread. When I sponge my bread, I generally scald two-thirds of the flour, and then put in cold water enough to make it milk-warm, and then put in the rising. I use about two and one-half quarts of water for three loaves. I have been a reader of *THE HOUSEHOLD* a number of years, and think I cannot do without it. I live way back in the big pine woods of Michigan, not on a pine farm but on a nice hard wood farm.

Mrs. C. Hall.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Moved by Vilette's pathetic appeal for information on the subject of salt rising, I was about to give her my mother's recipe for "railroad yeast," when the appearance of Henrietta's capital article saved me the trouble. Still, though fully endorsing the method given, mother desires me to mention two or three improvements which she has discovered. In the first place, it is often safer to sift bran for the shorts, as thereby a coarser quality is obtained, that always rises more readily than the finer. She also finds that to mix the yeast with the water from boiled potatoes, hastens the fermentation nearly one-half. Moreover, she always makes it a point on baking day to prepare a few more potatoes than are needed for breakfast, and, saving the water in which they were boiled, mashes them in it, and uses the same for mixing the bread. This helps to retain the moisture, besides improving the flavor. This rec-

ipe has made bread-making so easy for five years past, that mother often laments that she did not know it forty years ago, and hopes that all who prefer salt rising will adopt it, for in all her long experience with various methods, she has found nothing to compare with it in the quality of bread produced, as well as in the saving of time and anxiety.

A. C. D.

This is the first year I have taken THE HOUSEHOLD, and am so delighted with it that I would have all my friends have it too. I have tried the recipe for salt rising—I forget the lady's name who sent it, and my paper is loaned out—I had splendid bread and hope Vilette will be as fortunate as I was. I will add that I made rolls out of it too. When I moulded the bread the last time, I took a piece of dough about the size or perhaps a little larger than a pint bowl, and rolled out on the moulding board, spread it with about a tablespoonful of lard and kneaded it well, and let it rise. When light mould very little, make out in balls—this will make about a dozen—roll lightly with rolling pin, keeping the piece round, when half an inch thick double it and lay in the baking pan to rise, when light bake, and you will have a plate of delightful rolls for tea.

Mrs. J. C. H.

HOW TO POLISH SHIRT BOSOMS AND CUFFS.

MR. CROWELL:—Clara asks in last number of HOUSEHOLD how to polish shirt bosoms as we get them from the laundry. My washerwoman who had once worked in a laundry, told me the "thick" of it once. Since then I have polished my husband's shirts like new. The process is as follows: Into a quart of starch put a tablespoonful of lard, or tallow if you have it and a heaping teaspoonful of salt; the lard or tallow to prevent sticking and the salt to gloss. Be sure the starch boils, then while it is hot rub into the shirt bosoms evenly, clap them between your hands and hang out to dry; dampen them by dipping into some slightly warm cold starch; a tablespoonful of starch to a quart of warm water will be about the right consistency; I dampen mine at night and iron next morning, ironing them as usual. When this is done comes the polishing process which must be done with a round beveled iron of about four pounds weight; heavier makes the wrist ache. Slightly dampen the ironed bosom by rubbing it quickly with a clean white cloth wrung out of warm water, turn the iron point up and rub up and down the bosom with the heel, pressing hard and rubbing rapidly. After the polish has come out raise the pleats up with a spoon handle or paper knife, then go over again with the iron. If the bosoms are corded I run along the cords with the edge of the iron when all else is done. If Clara will follow directions closely I think she will be pleased with her success.

While I am writing I will give you one more thing which may be of use to some one. I have been using the kitchen crystal soap, but finding it rather expensive tried to make it. My success was quite satisfactory.

This is the way I did it: I procured some marble chips at one of our marble shops and burned them, letting them remain in the fire until they were red hot. When cool I pounded them up as fine as I could and sifted them through a musquito bar; I then melted a bar of good soap and stirred two teacupfuls of the sand into it and moulded in cups. If the soap is not sharp, a little salsoda dissolved in the melted soap will render it more effectual; be sure to wet or grease the cups before moulding, and to select those that flare gradually towards the top, otherwise the cake will not come out when it hardens. Mrs. M. E. M.

Davenport, Iowa.

OAT MEAL FOOD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—A lady in Meriden wishes to know how to prepare oat meal for the table. We have had it nearly every day for three years and after trying several ways I have settled on the following as the best. I have a four quart block tin pan into which I put about two and one-half quarts of water; when this boils put in two teaspoonfuls of salt and sprinkle in carefully so that it will not lump one pint of coarse oatmeal, (costing six cents per pound); then stir it carefully a few minutes till it is well mixed with the water and let it boil slowly on the back of the stove for an hour, occasionally stirring it. We have it for dessert every day, (Sundays excepted,) and usually warm what is left in milk and butter next morning for breakfast; we eat maple syrup on it with butter or milk. Every spring we order about fifty pounds of maple sugar from a farm where it is made in New York state and I take a small piece, pour boiling water on it and thus make maple syrup which we always have on hand.

We have plenty of milk, eggs, etc., for nice puddings, custards and cake, but we think our health is much better for living on very plain, simple food. We never eat pork or use lard; pies are unknown articles on our table; my husband and I have both suffered enough from indigestion to be willing to deny our palates for the sake of our stomachs.

When oatmeal is prepared according to the above directions it is very palatable and nourishing, strengthening and easily digested. I think that oatmeal porridge prepared in the same way only using a much smaller quantity of meal for the same amount of water and strained is good for infants. At first I mixed with it a third milk, afterwards equal quantities of oat meal porridge and milk, which he drinks yet, and baby is now twenty-one months old. Cream is better than milk for babies; of course it should be diluted with water. If the bowels are loose, sweeten with loaf sugar, if constipated, with molasses. Speaking of the care of infants makes me think of much which I wish to say but will reserve till another time.

I find many useful hints in THE HOUSEHOLD and consider it one of the most valuable publications which I see. I have sent it on a "trial trip" to two of my friends. I have also sent for some of Dobbins' Electric Soap.

M. J. M.

Rocky Hill, Conn.

TO PRESERVE GREEN CORN.

MR. CROWELL:—As we have seen some inquiry in THE HOUSEHOLD concerning the way to put up corn and as the time is approaching for green corn, I thought I would send you our recipe. It is this: Place the corn while on the cob, in water and let it come to a scald, then take it out and cut it off from the cob; to two parts of corn put one of salt and pack it in stone jars with a cloth and weight on it; the weight is to keep the corn under the brine should any be formed. It is then ready for using, but before it is used it must be soaked until it is fresh enough to eat. Prepare it like green corn; it does not require boiling, simply scalding; we usually change the water several times as the oftener we change it the less time it takes to be ready for use. We consider it far superior to dried corn. We have been told that green beans can be put away in the same manner but we cannot tell about this as we have not tried it yet.

Yours, S. M. WOOLSEY.

MOLDY FRUIT.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the many sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD Band tell me the cause of mold gathering on canned fruit and how to prevent it; I have been greatly annoyed with it the past season; sometimes I used my cans hot and sometimes cold; I am troubled most with the earthen jars, but some with the glass ones. I think fruit spoiled for my use when flavored with mold. As the season for canning fruit is approaching I would be glad to know the cause and how to prevent it.

Last year I put up over four hundred quarts of fruit, mostly cherries, raspberries, currants and grapes and at least one-fourth of them are covered with a thick coat of mold; sometimes if left standing open to the air a few days they will not taste so much. Now if some of the many housekeepers can tell me I will think it a great favor and I think some other sister may be glad to know as I frequently eat of canned fruit that is molded.

R. L. B.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

MR. EDITOR:—Several years ago while traveling through Ohio, I came across a number of THE HOUSEHOLD; I straightway fell in love with it, and took down the address determined to send for it as soon as I reached home. Weeks afterwards when I came to get my writing material and dollar together and looked for that scrap of paper, lo, it was gone, and alas for my memory, I had forgotten both the name of the paper and where it was published. During the time since then I was never fortunate enough to meet it until one day last winter I found it in the house of a neighbor. I greeted it like a long lost friend and now it visits me every month and I mean it shall as long as we both do live. I was much interested in the story, "One Week," and about every day bringing its own work, in the last number. It carried me back through many years when we three sisters were all at home, and together with mother did up each day's work. What

jolly times we did used to have over the wash machine and ironing-table; then we took turns cooking and sweeping. Ah, me, how different now! we are scattered almost all over the globe, and Monday brings me the washing to do all alone in my own home besides the cooking, dish washing, bed-making, sweeping and the little ones to run after.

But I don't want to keep you in the kitchen; every housekeeper who has children and does all her own work knows all about the routine, week after week, the back-ache, and heart ache too, sometimes. How you drag your weary self up stairs after the dinner work is done, to change your dress for afternoon, and how your poor tired body pleads for half an hour on the bed but can't be gratified for the baby or the sewing or something else. We all know about that, I say, but yet, after I have gone through the work each day brings me, changed my dress and got my sewing, the Monday, Tuesday, or whatever day it may be, lovingly leads me to the easy chair by the window and bids me drink in the beauty before me and get rested.

Shall I tell you what I can see from my home on the hill? It is more beautiful than any of the chromos on my walls, because every day it is a different picture. Looking over the tops of the trees on the hillside, I see a railroad track. Beyond that are meadows of waving grain and corn, a river almost hidden by trees and over which I see the bridge of another railroad; then come miles and miles of splendid farms, fields of green and fields of yellow, distant woodlands, farmhouses scattered about and now and then a church spire. I can count five towns, and on a still, bright afternoon, I often see the smoke from the steamers that plough the waters of the great river fifteen miles beyond, and sometimes I have the grand sight of a storm in the north or south while the sun shines brightly on the houses between. After night I can see the headlights of the express trains coming on two different roads, while they are both yet ten miles away.

Very many persons have said to me, as they settled back in the easy chair by that window, "What a grand sight, what a splendid view! you ought never to get lonesome with that before your eyes;" and I never do. No matter how tired, how worried, or how deep down into the vale of despondency I have fallen, a quiet hour beside that window with the songs of the birds far and near, the grand anthems of the wind among the forest trees, the shadows of the passing clouds on the river and fields, the chirp of the insect in the grass, the far away tinkle of the bells on the cattle down in the shade by the river, and the ever changing landscape before me, always soothes me, quiets my trembling nerves and gives me peace. I only wish every tired, nervous, discouraged housekeeper could have the benefit of my glorious painting.

Perhaps some of the Band, who like myself are forced to be economical, would like to know how I made my little two year old boy, a cap last winter. I took an old hat frame of

my own and cut the rim off; the crown being too large, I cut it open in front clear to the top and lapped it till I had it the right size; that made it a much prettier shape. In looking over my scrap bag I came across the peplum of a grey twilled dress that was trimmed with a narrow piece of the same bound with satin, and box-pleated on. As I could find nothing else that would at all do, I commenced experimenting with that. I took a long straight piece, sewed it plain to the edge of the frame, then run a thread along the other edge of the goods and drew it together on the top; a rosette of the material and satin finished it there. I then took some of the trimming and put it on in several waves around the crown, another rosette on one side with long tabs that tied down over the ears and around the neck into a loop behind, and I not only had a cap and scarf combined, but it was very pretty and cost nothing. I had only intended a rough cap for about house, but every one admired it so much that it was the best he got all winter.

That same little boy took the ink-stand that had carelessly been left within his reach and deliberately poured its contents on the carpet. I held up my hands in dismay while I tried to comprehend the situation. As it was near the corner of the room I had the tacks out in a minute so I could get a basin of water under it. After repeated washings the carpet still looked dingy, although it would no longer color the water. Like an inspiration I all at once thought of my never failing friend, ammonia; I poured a couple of spoonfuls into some clear water, slipped it under and took a nail brush to the carpet. In an instant almost the water was black; after it was thoroughly rinsed and dried, you would never have known of the accident. In telling a friend of it, she said she used sweet milk first, then water with a little oxalic acid, but whether either way would do after ink had dried I cannot tell. Speaking of ammonia, I always use a little in the machine on wash day; the clothes wash easier and take less soap; a little in the boiler will whiten the clothes and remove most stains.

But dear me, it is almost dinner time and I must hie away to the kitchen. With Mr. Crowell's permission, however, I invite myself to see you again.

LEONORE GLENN.

DEAR READERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD BAND:—For eight months I have been acquainted with you; have sympathized with you in your griefs and have rejoiced in your joys, but all this time I have felt like an intruder, or rather like an outsider looking in through the window at a happy family. And now I want to know if I may come in and be one of you. I eagerly look for my HOUSEHOLD every month—I do wish it came every week—and when it comes I take solid comfort in looking over the recipes and reading the kind words from the different sisters.

Now I want to ask information. In one of Mrs. Whitney's books—"Real Folks," I think—I saw popovers highly extolled. Now can any one tell me what they are, and how they are made?

Then in one of Mrs. Wetherell's books she speaks of meringue pies. Will some kind sister help on the art of cookery by informing me how to make them? And do you pronounce meringue as if it were spelled mer-ring with the accent on the last syllable?

You see my mind is exercised on the subject of cooking. When I finished my schooling five years ago, mother said she intended having me take a course in housework; for she thinks, and so do I; that no girl's education is complete without a thorough knowledge of housekeeping. But teaching and visiting occupied my time so fully during the next four years that it was not till last fall that I finally settled down at home and began to make it my business to learn housework, and ever since March I have been an invalid, so I can do nothing; I can only read the recipes and lay them by to use if I ever get well enough to work; I do so hope I shall before long, but am almost discouraged.

Now if this letter seems egotistic, just remember that I want to be one of you, hence I want you to know me.

Mother told me something the other day which was new to me, though it may be old to every one else. This is it: When you wish to pour any hot fluid into a glass jar or bottle, wrap a cloth around the vessel so as to completely cover the bottom and sides, and the glass will not crack even though it be cold. Mother says she has used that method for a long time and has never lost a can by it, while she has broken many by using the old method of heating gradually.

I beg your and Mr. Crowell's pardon for writing such a long letter.

Yours truly, JEM.

Cleveland, O.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Thanks to that member of your Band who first recommended Dobbins' Electric Soap. Let every housekeeper try it; in my family of ten, washing-day is divested of half its terrors since we commenced using it. Now will some one tell us how to make ironing-day no more a dread? Will some one who knows, tell us how to give collars, cuffs and shirt bosoms the beautiful polish they have when new?

Have any of the sisters ever seen the Patent Shuttle Cotton prepared by the Merrick Thread Co., at Holyoke, Mass., for all the leading sewing machines, Singer, Florence, Domestic, Weed, etc. I have used it for some years and feel guilty inasmuch as I have neglected recommending it to THE HOUSEHOLD for I do think we all ought to contribute of our experience if we can in that way help or encourage any of its readers. These ready wound bobbins are filled with good six cord thread and are put up for family use in packages containing two hundred yards, the number of bobbins depending, of course, on the fineness of the thread. I procure mine directly from the manufacturers, but their agents are to be found in all sections of the country. Do try it, you who try to carry the burden of sewing with your other domestic cares, and you will find it a great help. Every one knows how inconvenient to stop in the middle of a seam and take

out the work in order to refill a bobbin.

For the benefit of Invalid let me say in regard to the best muslins for family use, that I consider the Continental, forty inches wide, best for sheets, and the yard wide best for shirting, or if something nicer is desired, I can recommend the York Mills, for gentlemen's wear, and the Fruit of the Loom for ladies and children. The Continental is unbleached, but if you are in the vicinity of a cotton mill you can get it bleached, or if you are fortunate enough to live in the country, lay it upon the clean grass and let nature bleach it.

A friend wishes to ask if any member of the Band can give him any advice or suggest any plan for his new house which he intends to erect before long.

If this is worth a place in THE HOUSEHOLD you may hear again from

AUNT SARAH.

DEAR SISTERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD:

—I would ask if the charmed circle may be widened a little to admit one more to THE HOUSEHOLD Band. If you will permit me to occupy a place among you I will promise to be very unobtrusive; will feel honored by sitting at the feet of Wisdom and Experience as a learner. I am inclined to be rather a cheerful body, perhaps because my lot has been cast in pleasant places, and will try to bring a gleam of sunshine with me when we gather round the cheerful hearth. I see there some "spirits fitly strung to echo back the tones of mine," and hope soon to become better acquainted. I have been a reader though not a subscriber of THE HOUSEHOLD for three years; each month adds to the interest felt in its contents. I am still under my father's "vine and fig-tree," but am as much interested in domestic economy as though I had a home of my own. I am especially interested in the letters of the sisterhood, the domestic recipes, some of which have proved to be excellent, and in the articles on making our homes attractive with tasty and useful though inexpensive ornaments. In the last number, directions were given for making a daisy tidy; with very little change quite pretty toilet or lamp mats may be made in the same way. As soon as I received the magazine I made a daisy just to try the effect; I was agreeably surprised and intend to make some lamp mats to match a toilet set that I have. This is the way I intend to proceed: Take a piece of blue pressed flannel of the shape and size desired and pink it round the edge; just inside the edge place a row or circle of the daisies made of corn-colored zephyr and white braid such as is used for dress binding; if required, line to make the mats heavier.

I am afraid I have forgotten my promise and have over-stepped the bounds prescribed. If the sisters will pardon me I will try to limit myself to a smaller space next time.

ELOUISE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—For a long time I have been waiting, fearing to ask admittance, though aware that an entrance is never refused even to the most humble member of our HOUSEHOLD Band. I am not a new subscrib-

er. I read the first number that was published, though, I am sorry to admit, through carelessness I have missed one or two volumes since. In future I shall be careful not to miss even one number, for it has become almost indispensable. Mrs. Dorr and Aunt Leisuresly appear like dear personal friends and we enjoy their friendly talks and the good advice we find in their charming and valuable articles. We have kind thoughts for the rest of the excellent writers for our dear HOUSEHOLD, but fear the editor will not allow us space to express them.

I am not exactly strong-minded, but I have been trying to be independent, and have not found my path strewn with roses so far. If there were any roses the thorns were predominant. I have tried teaching, and with good success, but it did not agree with my health. The position I would like to fill, either that of book-keeper or telegraph operator, is not considered exactly proper for young ladies who wish to be retained in genteel society, and the question with me is, shall I relinquish my cherished ideas of independence and escape traveling over the rough places that are rising in my path by suffering myself to be caught in the matrimonial "noose," or shall I plod on, let "society" alone and work at the best business that I can find? I wonder if other girls of eighteen who are "poor and proud," or are older, find the way as hard as I do?

I agree with Mabel in regard to friends of our own sex. I have one that I would not exchange for two carloads of the other sex. I like Mabel so much, that, if we both were not so well provided for, I should ask for her address.

HALLIE.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

MR. GEO. E. CROWELL:—I feel sometimes as though I could not keep my mouth closed, I do so wish to add my mite of help for the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD I have received so much myself, but am afraid of taking the time and space that some one would fill more worthily. Here is a cake recipe that is much more delicious than many that are more troublesome and expensive to make.

WATER CAKE.—One cup of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of butter, four tablespoonfuls of water, two eggs, one cup of flour and one teaspoonful of baking powder.

Ellington, N. Y.

C. C.

CREAM CAKE.—Editor Household:—I noticed no one sent a recipe for cream cake in the August number for Phoebe H. and Mary S.'s benefit so I send them mine. Boil together one-half pint of water two thirds of a cup of butter; when boiling add two cups of flour, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of soda mixed thoroughly in the flour. When this is cold add six well beaten eggs; bake half an hour. This rule will make about two dozen. I hope these ladies use the Dover egg beater.

Cream.—Three eggs, one pint of milk, (cream preferred,) two-thirds of a cup of sugar, one-half teacupful of flour; flavor with lemon.

I hope to hear what success they have in making them. Perhaps they will invite you and me to tea sometime when they have cream cakes. I think the August number of THE HOUSEHOLD the most interesting of any I have seen.

AUNT FANNIE.

SWEET TOMATO PICKLES.—Take large green tomatoes, slice them thin, pour over them a weak, boiling brine; take them out after standing forty-eight hours, pour boiling water over them, let them simmer till they are tender, then pour off the water and spice them with whole cloves, allspice, cinnamon and mustard to suit the taste; add a large

cup of sugar to a quart of vinegar till they are covered, heat and put over them; when cold they are fit for use. CAROLINE B.

JELLY CAKE.—Make your cake the same as any common sponge cake; bake very thin in a large sheet, well greased; turn it out bottom up, spread on your jelly and roll up. Wrap in a clean cloth that will not shed lint and when it is cold cut in slices. It is very nice. SISTER MAT.
E. Dover, Maine.

NICE CAKE.—I will send you a recipe for cake. I like it very much. Two cups of white sugar, one-half cup of butter, the whites of five eggs beaten to a stiff froth and one cup of cold water; mix well together, then add three cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, and two of cream of tartar; beat together briskly for two minutes; bake in a quick oven. Flavor with almond or vanilla and frost the top. I will send more next time. SUBSCRIBER.

MR. EDITOR:—Will you let an old subscriber (although rising of seventy,) have a little space in your very valuable paper, for I am thinking I value it just as highly as the young housekeepers for I find much that is interesting and of much consequence, especially to young housekeepers. I really look forward to the dear HOUSEHOLD like the visit of an old and long tried friend that we have proved so to be year after year and I do wish success to it, and with your leave, Mr. Editor, I would like to add my mite to it by way of one or more recipes.

SUPERIOR YEAST.—Take four large sized potatoes, grate them after being washed and pared and then pour boiling water on them, stirring till it comes to a boil then take two spoonfuls of flour, having beaten it smooth in a little cold water as for starch, pour it in, stirring till it boils again; have a little pinch of hops steeped ready, add this and set it away to cool and when the right temperature add about a teaspoonful of good yeast and a great spoonful of fine salt, one-half spoonful of ginger and a little sugar if you prefer, this is not material. This makes yeast good enough for a king.

I have read many ways to take the taint out of vessels, tin or wood or any other, but my way I have never seen in print: Have the vessel clean and fill with boiling water, let it stand a short time, pour it out and immediately put in a clean cloth, the larger the vessel the larger the cloth; shut up tight and let it stand till cold and the work is done. VIOLA.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I will send you a few recipes hoping they may be of benefit to some of your many readers.

CORN STARCH CAKE.—One cup each of butter, corn starch, and sweet milk, two cups of sugar, two and one-half cups of flour, the whites of six eggs, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and one-half teaspoonful of soda; dissolve the corn starch in milk.

JENNY LIND CAKE.—Two and one-half cups of flour, one and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of cream, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda and two eggs; spice to your taste.

GREEN TOMATO PICKLE.—Slice a peck of green tomatoes, one gallon of cider vinegar, six large spoonfuls of cloves, four of allspice, two of salt and one-half spoonful of cayenne pepper; when the vinegar and spice have boiled ten minutes put in the tomatoes and let them stand until they all come to a boil.

CATSUP.—Slice one peck of tomatoes, stew them in a new earthen pot until quite soft then strain them through a sieve; boil the juice as thick as you choose, then add one tablespoonful each of black pepper and cloves, two of mustard seed, four of fine salt, one teaspoonful of cayenne pepper and one quart of vinegar; let it boil three hours altogether; when half done put in the vinegar and spice, when done put in bottles and stop tight. A SUBSCRIBER.

TO THE HOUSEHOLD:—I was very much interested in Emma's letter, and with my husband hope to hear from her again, how she arranges her garments so they will not

rest on her hips, also her mode of living. I have Mrs. Mattie Jones receipt book which is a hygienic one and very good, but does not wholly satisfy me without meat. I think the recipes given in THE HOUSEHOLD are not plain enough for us, especially our children. My husband and I enjoyed Polly Jewell's letter and shall look for another. I add a few good recipes.

CORN OYSTERS.—To one pint of sweet grated corn add one egg well beaten, one small teacup of flour, one-half gill of cream and one teaspoonful of salt; mix well and fry exactly like oysters.

BOILED INDIAN PUDDING.—One pint of sour milk or water, mix with meal as thick as for pancakes, two tablespoonfuls of flour, salt, soda and berries.

Sauce.—One and one-half cups of boiling water, two or three tablespoonfuls of molasses, a little vinegar and butter; when it boils stir in a teaspoonful of flour wet in water; boil the pudding in a bag three or four hours.

In favor of Dobbins' Electric Soap I cannot say enough; I would not be without it. It saves my strength, my clothes, my time, my patience, and is a priceless jewel. ROSE RANO.

KIND EDITOR:—With your permission I will send two recipes that I think much of, for the benefit of our dear HOUSEHOLD Circle.

TO MEND GLASS.—Soak a small piece of isinglass in water until quite soft, let it boil gently until it forms a strong glue, warm the article to be mended, apply the isinglass, join the broken surface carefully and keep in close contact for a few hours.

TO CAN PIE PLANT.—Prepare as for pies, put one-half teacupful of cold water in your can, then pack it full of pie plant, set in a dish and pour cold water into it until it runs over, put on the rubber and screw on the cover; make it air tight for that is the success of keeping fruit hot or cold. I prefer the Mason can.

MR. CROWELL:—I am very much interested in your many recipes for cooking and can only wish that the use of soda was not so often recommended by them. I would like to send you my rule for

BROWN BREAD.—One and one-half pints each of Indian and rye meal, one-third of a cup of molasses, one-half cup of yeast, one and one-half pints of warm water, or enough to mix it a little soft, and a little salt. Put the meal in a pan and mix well together, leaving a little hollow in the center, add molasses and yeast and a little of the warm water, stir these a little and let it stand an hour then mix the rest and let it stand till it rises a little; put in an iron pan with cover and bake three or four hours; oven hot at first and then moderate. E. A. D.

HUCKLEBERRY PUDDING.—One quart of huckleberries, one cup of molasses, one dessert spoonful of soda, or a little over a teaspoonful, a little salt; stir in enough flour to make it stiff; put in a bag and boil from one and one-half to two hours.

HUCKLEBERRY STEW.—Take a few huckleberries and put in a kettle with some molasses and a little water; about one pint of berries to half a pint of molasses. When commenced to boil drop in some dumplings made the same as soda biscuit. It does not make a very handsome looking dish but is good.

POTATO CAKES.—Mix an egg with mashed potatoes and shape with the hand like codfish balls, then fry a nice brown. Middletown, Conn. LIZZIE.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Will Roselle please send us her address?

MR. EDITOR:—Dear Sir,—I have knocked once at your door, (forgive me if I do so again,) but you didn't seem to think me worthy to speak to one of your Band. I know I didn't ask to come in; perhaps I ought to if I wish to become one among you. I thought I might speak to some of the good sisters without coming in, but your house is so large that there is no room for anyone to stand outside. Now, Mr. Editor, please may I come in? I don't like to stand outside in the cold; I want to shake hands with the sisters. Will you in

roduce me? I hear them chatting far and near, and it seems so social I would like to talk with them. I feel as though I could aid some of them in their many inquiries. My heart goes out with them, and I cannot speak to one of them through your valuable paper, unless you give me permission; you are so kind to the other sisters, please may I venture in? Once in a while a Bachelor friend comes in, I have just been reading his letter in the July number, and I like it very much.

Molly H. has inquired how to remove iron rust. I would like to give her my way of doing it. Procure a box of erasive salts at the apothecary's. The directions for use comes round the box. No family should be without them. You can see the iron rust fade away until it is all gone.

Sister Cora has asked how to cook parsnips. I have two ways of cooking them in stews: one we call a parsnip stew, and the other a Nova Scotia stew, which is very nice. But how to cook parsnips? that is the question. I wash and scrape them thoroughly, then cut them lengthwise in strips, and boil them as long as you would potatoes. But I am afraid our Editor won't let me in, if I have so much to say, so good bye. SISTER SARAH. Rockland, Mass.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been a reader of your pages for three years and have often thought of writing to you but like the man in things around the house (in the August number) have postponed it till the present time. I would say to the reader who wishes to know what will keep her hands soft when doing housework, if she will rub her hands after washing with a little lemon juice she will find it a great help, or, lemon juice, rose water and glycerine, equal parts, is very excellent; I know a number of ladies who use the above for their face as well as hands.

I send you my recipe for canning fruit which is very easy and successful. Pare and core the fruit and fill the jars, then have a syrup ready, one-fourth pound of sugar and a coffee cup of water to a jar. My way is to see how many jars I have to fill, then I make the syrup put it on to boil a few minutes and while I am getting my fruit ready it is cooling, then when my jars are full I pour in as much of the syrup as they will hold without spilling, then I set the jars in a boiler of cold water, have a board on the bottom of the boiler to set them on, let the water come as near as possible to the top of the jars, so that when the water boils it will not boil into the jars, let it boil five or ten minutes, have the covers of the jars in a pan of hot water, then lift the jars out and if necessary add more syrup and before covering put a large silver spoon to the bottom of the jar move it gently back and forth, that brings the air to the top if there is any, then put the top on and screw it not too tight; the next day screw on as tight as possible and turn upside down to see if it leaks. I forgot to say if any bubbles of air rise to the top before putting on the cover take them off with a spoon. This may seem tedious to read, but is really very easy and I have excellent success with my fruit; I use Mason's improved jars, glass top.

If a Subscriber will use beeswax and rosin, equal parts, melted for her jars, it will keep them air-tight; if her jars are the ordinary fruit jars she can get new rubber rings at a slight expense.

Should you like the above recipes I will write you again at some future day. N. Y. City. LIZZIE.

Will some one of THE HOUSEHOLD Band tell me how to make a wax cross?

I should like to have G. A. H. tell me how to make hair flowers, and how to arrange them.

I am pleased to see "Washing Day Hints," will L. S. H. please tell me why she boils her clothes? S. J. G. Westminster West, Vt.

EDITOR CROWELL:—I would like through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD to ask sister Jessie a question or two. I suppose, sister Jessie you receive a certain monthly allowance to meet the expenses of your family, so of course you can if you choose economize and purchase books with what you thus save. Now I live in the country, and the majority of the women about here do not have any allowance of money, so if they do save

in every possible way, it is only just so much more left in the husband's purse to pay debts, or make improvements on the farm; and as your ideas are good for city or village ladies, whose husbands receive regular salaries or are in circumstances to make over an allowance each month, I would ask you to suggest some way for us farmers wives to buy books, take papers and magazines. We like reading and know the benefits arising from the providing of good reading for ourselves and children; but how are we to obtain the wherewithal? that is the question. I trust your quick ingenuity will suggest some plan whereby we may save ourselves many vain regrets for the lack of the reading we wish so much for. Sincerely yours, SISTER ELMIRA.

EDITOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—Dear Sir:—I wish some of the subscribers would furnish me with good a recipe for rice coquets. Myself and husband fancied them recently at a hotel, and resolved to apply to your estimable journal, which is the "open sesame" to all the secrets of table. MARY H. B.

MR. CROWELL:—I noticed in the last number of THE HOUSEHOLD, that Viva Starr says she will send directions how to make a handsome worsted tidy, which I hope she will send; and, in return I will send directions how to weave hair for making hair flowers; I will send directions by mail if she will give me her address, or through THE HOUSEHOLD if permitted. I hope some one will answer her wish for a receptacle for waste paper.

Another lady writes by the name of Rosella, says she will send directions for making winter bouquets, and paper frames with very little expense; that is just what I have been wanting, as the thin leather for making frames is hard to find this way. M. B.

Can any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD tell me what will make hair grow fast and smooth? About two years ago I had the typhoid fever, and my hair came out. It does not grow as fast as it did before, and is very rough.

How can I dye white ribbons a durable blue so they will look new, and glossy? Please answer, and oblige. LIZZIE.

THE HOUSEHOLD:—We see a communication by sister Jessie in your July number of THE HOUSEHOLD of a book, Education of American Girls, by Anna C. Brackett. We would like to know the price, and where said book could be purchased? If such information could be added to such notices people would be more likely to buy.

We also read a flattering notice of a knitting machine with no information as regards price and place where it can be obtained. Please give the desired information as to prices and the place where the book and knitting machine may be had.

Lincoln, Neb. S. MCC.
The information concerning the Bickford Knitting Machine will be found in an advertisement on the last page of THE HOUSEHOLD. ED.

I wish some one would send directions for making cucumber bottle pickles.

Please tell me how to make good roll jelly cake? I can never get mine to roll they always break. CONNIE COOK.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Respected Friend:—If Molly H. will wet the spots of iron rust with lemon juice, and lay the clothing in the sun on the grass, she will find it will remove them; if one application is not sufficient apply another.

If A. P. H. will bathe her head with salt and water it will prevent her hair from falling.

To remove mildew from linen apply soft soap and pulverized chalk mixed and lay in the sun; if one application is not sufficient repeat it. I have tried to answer some questions correctly, but will not try to answer "Subscriber," but I would be pleased if some of you would answer me this question. If you were to visit a friend to spend the afternoon, when you had not been there for some time, and they would all go to bed to take their afternoon nap and leave you sitting there alone, do you think you would ever visit them again? By answering this question you will greatly oblige, A SUBSCRIBER.



SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?

When we meet in fields elysian,
Freed from this world's pain and care,
Shall we, with our spirit vision,
See and know each other there?
Can it be that death will sever
All life's dearest, holiest ties?
Do we look farewell forever
When we close these mortal eyes?

Shall we in their angel plumage,
Know the loved of many years?
Lips that smiled when we were happy,
Eyes that wept for all our tears?
Ah, how dear would be e'en heaven,
Did not hope with glances bright
Whisper that the hearts now riven
In that world shall reunite.

As we know the lambs are tended
When they come from pastures chill,
Bleating to the fold for shelter
From the bare and frosty hill,
By the ribbons, red or azure,
That we tied long months before,
And we lift the gate with pleasure
To receive them home once more,
So shall they who're gone before us,
Ope for us the gate of light,
Kiss away the fears and trembling
Put on us the robe of white,
Lead us through the pastures vernal,
By the feet of angels trod
To the stream of life eternal
Flowing from the throne of God.

N. A. W. Priest.

TWO SIDES TO A BUREAU.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

ONE SIDE.

WHEN I turned round and she was coming in the door, I'm sure I thought I was dreaming. If it had been the Queen a-coming in, I should not have been any more surprised; and the three children with their faces like little pigs! "Here, you," whispered I to Benjamin Franklin, "you just go 'long and stick your face in some water, quick metre! And give Johnny's a scrubbing too." And I wet the corner of my apron between my lips in a hurry, and rubbed Sue's mouth; and then I made believe I had not seen her before, and dusted the other chair for her; and she sat down, and I sat down, and we looked at one another. Lord! she was that fine! Her frounces were silk, and they were scalloped like so many roses, and lace showing under the edges of them; and she had such boots, setting like gloves—just enough to make your eyes water. But the flowers in her hat—you should have seen them—I declare you should have smelled them! Well, she seemed to fill up the little room, and if ever I was glad of anything, I was glad that I'd scrubbed the floor that very day, so that it was clean enough to eat off of—glad, too, that I'd taken Jim's old hat out of the broken window and put in the smooth bottom of a box with a good respectable-looking tack. Jim might have mended that window, for he's a perfect Jack-at-all-trades; but he'd rather play the fiddle than eat, and he was a-playing it out in the tie-up that moment, with all the wind there was blowing. However, I couldn't complain,

for he'd just mended the chair, so that it was almost as good as new, and had put me up as tidy a shelf as you please over the stove for the brush and comb and the hair-oil bottle. If I'd been a little slicked up myself, with my new print and my pink apron, or if I'd only had my bhong on, I wouldn't a minded. But when Benjamin Franklin came back with just the top dirt rinsed off, and the rest all smeared, I did feel so vexed that I gave him as good a shaking as a nut-tree gets in harvest.

"Bless my heart!" says she, "what are you doing that for?"

"Because he's so aggravating," says I. "There, you go 'long;" and I gave him a shove.

"Why," says she, "don't you remember how it used to feel to be shaken yourself?"

"I don't know as I do," says I.

"As if you were flying to atoms? And your body was powerless as if it had been in the hands of a giant, and your heart as full of hate?"

"Why, look a-here," says I. "Be you a missionary?"

"A missionary?" says she, laughing. "No; I'm Mr. Mulgrave's wife. And I came up to see how the new house was getting on; but the house is so full of plaster dust inside, and the whirlwind is blowing the things off the roof so outside, that I thought I would venture in here till the cloud passed."

"Oh," says I.

"I knocked, but you didn't hear me."

"I'm real glad to see you," says I.

"It's a dreadful lonesome place, and hardly anybody ever comes. Only I'm sorry everything's so at sixes and sevens. You see, where there's a family of children, and the wind blowing so," says I, with a lucky thought—it's always good to have the wind or the weather to lay things to, because nobody's responsible for the elements—"things will get to looking like ride-out."

"Children do make confusion," says she; "but confusion is pleasanter with them than pimlico order without them."

"Well, that's so," I answered; "for I remember when Johnny had the measles last year I thought if he only got well I'd let him whittle the door all to pieces if he ever wanted to again. Here, Benny," says I, for I began to feel bad to think I'd treated him so—"take that to little sister," and I gave them something to keep them quiet. "I suppose you wouldn't care for any water?" says I to her then. "Not if I put some molasses in it? I didn't know but the wind would have made you dry. Yes, children do make trouble. One of Jim's songs says,

Marriage does bring trouble;
A single life is best;
They should never double
Who would be at rest."

But there! I wouldn't be without them for all the fine clothes I used to have when I was single and worked in the shop. I worked down at Burrage's—I suppose you never buy shoes any there?"

"What makes you suppose so?" says she, smiling.

"Well, because your boots don't look like our work; they look like—like Cinderella's slippers. Yes, I

worked at Burrage's, off and on, a good many years—on most of the time. I had six dollars a week. Folks used to wonder how I got so many clothes with it, after I'd paid my board. But I always had that six dollars laid out long before pay-day—in my mind, you know—so that I spent it to the best advantage. There's a great deal of pleasure in that."

"A great deal," says she.

"That's what I say to Jim; and then he says his is all spent before pay-day too—but with a difference, you know. I suppose you've got a real good steady husband?"

"Oh yes, indeed," says she, laughing some more.

"You must, to have such a nice house as that is going to be. But there! I shouldn't know what to do with it, and I don't envy you a bit."

"Oh, you needn't," says she, a-twitching her shoulder; "I expect to have trouble enough with it."

"Not," says I—"I don't mean that Jim isn't steady. He's as steady as a clock—at that old fiddle of his. But I suppose if fiddling was his trade, he'd want to be wood-carving all the time."

"Why don't you speak to him," says she, "seriously?"

"Well, you can't," says I. "He's so sweet and good-natured and pleasant that when I've got my mind all made up to give him a sound talking to, he makes me like him so, and sets me to laughing, and plays such a twirling, twittering tune, that I can't do it to save my life."

You see, I'd got to talking rather free with her, because she listened so, and seemed interested, and kept looking at me in a wondering way, and at last took Sue up on her lap and gave her her rings to play with. Such rings! My gracious! one of them flashed with stones all round, just like the Milky Way. I should think it would have shone through her glove.

"But," says she, "you should tell him that his children will be growing up presently, and—"

"Oh, I do that," says I. "And he says, 'well, he'll do for the bad example they're to take warning by; and, at any rate, it's no use worrying before the time comes, and when they do grow up they can take care of themselves just the way we do.'"

"And are you contented to leave it so?" says she.

"Well, I'm contented enough. That is, in general. But I do wish sometimes that Jim would go down to his work regular every day, with his tin pail in his hand, like other men, and come back at night, and have a good round sum of money in hand at once, instead of just working long enough to get some flour and fish and pork and potatoes and sugar, and then not so much as lifting his finger again till that all gives out; it's such a hand-to-mouth way of living," says I. "And of course we can't get things together, such as a rocking-chair, and a sofa, a good-sized looking glass, and an eight-day clock. Not that I care much; only when a lady like you happens in I'd like to give her a seat that's softer. And there's a bureau. Now you would not believe it, but I've never owned a bureau."

"Indeed," says she.

"Yes. I don't think its good manners to be always apologizing about the looks of a place; and so I don't say anything about all the boxes and bundles I have to keep my things in, that do give a literary look; but I am always meaning to have a bureau to put them in, if I can compass it ever. You see, it's hard getting so much money in a pile; and if I do happen to, why then there's something I must have, like Jim's boots, or flannel, and yarn, and cloth, or a little bed—because you can't sleep with more than two children in one bed. And so, somehow, I never get the bureau. But then I don't give it up. Oh, I suppose you think my notions are dreadful extravagant," says I, for she was looking at me perfectly amazed; really, just as if I was a little monster, and she'd never seen the like. "And perhaps they are. But people must have something to ambition them, and it seems to me as though, if I ever could get a bureau, I should 'most feel as if I'd got a house!"

"Well, I declare!" says she, drawing of a long breath.

"I did come precious near it last fall," says I—for I wanted her to see that it wasn't altogether an impossibility, and I wasn't wasting my time in vapors—"when Jim was at work up here, helping lay out the garden. He was paid by the day, you know; Mr. Mulgrave paid him; and he was paid here, and I had the handling of the money; and I said to myself, 'Now or never for that bureau!' But, dear me, I had to turn that money over so many times to get the things I could not do without any way at all, that before I got round to the bureau it was every cent gone!"

"Yes," she says, "it's apt to be so. I know if I don't get the expensive thing when I have the money in my purse, the money is filtered away and I've nothing to show for it."

"That's just the way it is with me," says I. "But somehow I can't seem to do without the shoes and flannel, and all that. Oh, here's your husband! That's a powerful horse of his. But I should be afraid he'd break my neck if I was behind him."

"Not when my husband's driving," says she. And she bids me good-day, and kisses Sue, and springs into the wagon, and is off like a bird, with her veil and her feathers and her ribbons and streamers all flying.

Well, so far so good. Thinks I to myself: "She'll be a very pleasant neighbor. If she's ever so fine, she don't put on airs. And it does you good once in a while to have somebody listen when you want to run on about yourself. And maybe she'll have odd chores that I can turn my hand to—plain sewing, or clear-starching, or an extra help when company comes in. I shouldn't wonder if we were quite a mutual advantage." And so I told Jim, and he said he shouldn't wonder too.

Well, that evening, just at sunset—now I'm telling you the real truth, and if you don't believe me, there it is to speak for itself—Jim was a-playing "Roslin Castle," and I was a-putting Sue to sleep, when I happened to look out the window, and there was a job-wagon coming straight up the hill, with something in it that had a great canvas hanging over it. "It's a queer

time o' day," says I to myself, "to be bringing furniture into Mr. Mulgrave's house, and it not half done, either. But it's none of my business. Maybe its a refrigerator to be set in the cellar." And I went on patting Sue, when all at once Jim's fiddle stopped short, as if it broke, and I heard a gruff voice saying, "Where'll you have it? Here, you, Sir, lend a hand." And I dropped Sue on the bed and ran to the door, and they were a-bringing it in—there, look at it, as pretty a bureau as you'll find in a day's walk. It's pine, to be sure, but it's seasoned, and every drawer shuts smooth and easy; and it's painted and grained like black walnut, and there's four deep drawers, and a shallow one at the bottom, and two little drawers at the top; and in the upper drawer of the deep ones there's a place for this all parted off, and a place for that, and a place for the other; and, to crown the whole, a great swinging glass that you can see yourself in from head to belt. Just look! Oh, I tell you it's a great thing.

"With Mrs. Mulgrave's compliments," says the man, and went off and shut the door.

I never waited for anything. Sue was screaming on the bed; I let her scream. I never minded Benny's rasling nor Jim's laughing. I got down every handbox and basket and bundle I had on the shelves, got out every bag there was under the bed and behind the doors, and in ten minutes that bureau was so full you couldn't shut a drawer. Then I took them all out and fixed them all over again. "It's ours, Jim!" says I; and then I just sat down and cried.

THE OTHER SIDE.

"Well, Lawrence, I'm so glad you've come! I thought you never would. And I've had such a lesson read me!"

"Lesson? Who's been reading my wife a lesson, I should like to know?"

"Who do you think? Nobody but that little absurd woman there—that Mrs. Jim. But I never had such a lesson. Drive slow, please, and let me tell you all about it—this horse does throw the gravel in your face so! I'm expecting every moment to see the spokes fly out of the wheels. There, now, that's reasonable. This horse is a perfect griffin—has legs and wings too."

"Well—steady, Frolic, steady!—now let's have your lesson. If there's any one can read you a lesson, Mrs. Fanny Mulgrave, I should like to hear it."

"Now, Lawrence! However, you know I came up to look at the house, for I've been having my misgivings about that big room. And when I went in, it did look so big and bare! I was dismayed. I paced it off this way and paced it off that way, and thought about what I could put in the corners; and how that window with the sea view would be as good as a picture; and how the whole mantel-piece from dado to cornice, with its white marble carvings and gildings and mirror, was a perfect illumination; and how I must confront it in that great square alcove with a mass of shadow: and we have not a single thing to go there; and how magnificent an ebony and gold cabinet like that Mrs. Watrous and I saw at the Exhibition—the one I went into

ecstasies over, you know, that goes from floor to ceiling—would fill the place. And the more I thought of it, the more indispensable such a great ebony and gilt cabinet seemed to be. And I knew it was perfectly impossible—"

"How did you know it, may I inquire?"

"Oh, they cost—oh, hundreds of dollars. And, of course, the house itself takes all you can spare. But I felt that it would be utterly out of my power to make that room look anything like what I wanted without it. And I kept seeing how beautiful it would be with those gold-colored satin curtains of your aunt Sophy's falling back from the windows on each side of it. And I sat down and stared at the spot, and felt as I didn't want the house at all if I couldn't have that cabinet. And I thought you might go without your cigars and your claret and your horses a couple of years, and we could easily have it."

"Kind of you, and cheerful for me."

"Oh, I didn't think anything about that part of it. Just fancy! I thought you were the most selfish man in the world, and I was the most unhappy woman; and all women were slaves; and—and that ebony and gold cabinet was obscuring my whole outlook on life. I felt so angry with you, and with fate, and with everything, that hot, scalding-hot tears would have shaken down if you had happened to come just then. I'm so glad you did not Lawrence dear; I couldn't have spoken to save my life, and should have run directly out of the room for fear, if I did speak, I should say something horrid."

"Should you, indeed? And do you imagine I shouldn't have followed?"

"Oh, I should have been running?"

"And whose legs are longest, puss?"

"Well, that's nothing to do with it."

Just then the whirlwind came up, and the window-places being open, all the dust of the building, all the shavings and splinters and lime and sand about, seemed to make a sudden lurch into the room, and I couldn't see across it. And there I was in my new hat! And I made for the door as fast as my feet could fly."

"Silliest thing you could do."

"I suppose so; for when I was outdoors, the boards of the scaffoldings were pitching through the air at such a rate that I could neither stay there nor go back; and I saw that little shanty just round the corner, and ran in."

"That was sensible."

"Thanks. And there she was, pots and pails about the door, and a hen just blowing in before me, and a parcel of dirty-faced, barefooted children tumbling round. And such a place! It fairly made me low-spirited to look at it. I was in mortal fear of getting a grease spot on my dress. But I was in before I knew it, and there was no help for it, and the wind was blowing so I had to stay."

"And the lady of that house read you a lesson?"

"Such a lesson! You'd have thought to begin with, that it was a palace. She did the honors like a little duchess. It didn't occur to her, apparently, that things were squalid. And that made it so much easier than if she apolo-

gized, and you were forced to tell polite fibs and make believe it was all right, you know. She was a trifle vexed because the face of one of the children wasn't clean, and afterward she repentingly gave him the molasses jug to keep him quiet; but another of the children was such a little darling! Well, presently her tongue was loose."

"Humph!"

"Humph? Didn't you want to hear about it? Oh, I know the whole story of my tongue, but I find you like to listen to it!"

"So I do, my dear; so I do. And then?"

"Well, as I was saying, presently her tongue was loose, and I had the benefit of her experience. And I know she has a good-for-naught of a husband, whom she loves a great deal better than I love you—oh yes, she does, for she seems never to have thought one hard thing concerning him, and I was thinking so many of you, you know! And there she is, and has been, with her cooking-stove and table, her two chairs, a bed, and a crib, with a contented spirit and a patient soul, and her highest ambition and her wildest day-dream just to have—"

"An ebony and gold cabinet?"

"Oh, no, no! Do drive faster, Lawrence. How this horse does crawl! I want to get it up to her to-night. A bureau. To think of it, only a bureau! You needn't laugh at me. I've an awful cold in my head. And I mean she shall have it, if it takes every cent you gave me for my new jacket. I'll wear the old one. I think I can get what she'll consider a beauty, though, for twelve dollars, or thereabouts. Drive to Veneer's, please, dear. I do feel in such a hurry, when it takes such a little bit to make a woman happy."

"An ebony and gold cabinet, for instance."

"Oh, nonsense! How you do love to tease, Lawrence! I never want to hear of such a thing again. I would not have it now."

"Stop, stop, goodwife! You'll say too much. You silly little woman, didn't you know that ebony and gold cabinet which you and Mrs. Watrous saw was made for the place between your windows?"

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Number Sixty.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

The daughter of a noted divine once said to me—"My dear father used to tell us that he prayed daily for grace to be patient with stupid people. I find myself compelled to make the same prayer—only I substitute intolerant folks for stupid ones. It is far easier for me to be patient with stupidity, than with pharisaical intolerance."

I believe I agree with the last speaker. There is not a more disagreeable person mentioned between the two lids of the Bible than the Pharisee, whose doom it is to stand henceforth in the sight of all the ages praying thus with himself—"God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are!"

Friends, I have been looking over

some of the back numbers of THE HOUSEHOLD to-day, and I have been obliged to stop and ask myself if we, as a circle, were not a little in danger of growing intolerant. The vast majority of us, if one may judge from the letters written, the questions asked, the advice given, the subjects discussed, belong to the great middle class for whom the prayer of Agur has been answered—"Give me neither poverty nor riches." We are not, as a class, rich folk, nor fashionable folk. Some of us live in large cities; but most of us are plain, quiet people, living in small towns, in country villages, in lonely mountain farm-houses, on southern plantations, and on western prairies. We work a good deal with our own hands—some of us a great deal—and some of us, I am afraid, find life a hard thing. Some of us are very tired all the time, and do not find much rest save when, after the work is done, and the children are asleep, and the breakfast is planned for the morrow, we sit down to read our HOUSEHOLDS. If I could only put such magical force into these words of mine, as should make them carry balm and strength and healing to every one of you who are tired or distressed!

Every place, every class, every situation in life, has its own peculiar temptations, even while it may escape those peculiar to other places and other classes. We as a family, I imagine, are not particularly disposed to extravagance, idleness, or frivolity. We take life pretty seriously, most of us. But are we not a little too much inclined to lay our hands on our hearts, and thank God that it is so? Are we not, some of us at least, rather disposed to plume ourselves on our superiority to "fashion," and all that sort of thing, and to rejoice that we are not as our neighbors are—wearers of overskirts, polonaises, jewelry, feathers, and all such dire abominations? I am sorely afraid we are.

The dress question has a good many mysteries, and is not an easy one to solve. One of our number enters her protest against "following the fashions." Well—does she not follow them? If she makes her dresses precisely as her mother made them thirty years ago, she follows her mother's fashion instead of that of the present day; and thereby makes herself a thousand times more conspicuous than she would by a modest and reasonable adoption of the prevailing mode. There is just as much fashion in a Quaker bonnet, in the fold of a drab shawl, or in the precise shade of a drab merino, as there is in Worth's latest importation, the draping of an overskirt, or the glowing colors of the new "cardinal red." Every mother's daughter of us follows the fashion—some fashion—from the dearest and most saintly old lady who ever smiled out from the soft recesses of the orthodox Quaker bonnet, to the belle of the Fiji Islands who rejoices in her unrivalled tattooing, and her necklace of human teeth. If there is any especial saintliness in wearing round waists when other people wear basques, or straight, full skirts when it is "the fashion" to gore them, I fail to see it.

Conscience is very much a matter of education. Perhaps it is a pity that

it is so. Perhaps we could order our lives better, if this so-called inward monitor was always calm and self-poised, and judged rightly and justly without any regard to its own training and its own prejudice. But alas! it is not, and it does not—and this is why it is so difficult for the very best of us to pass strictly righteous judgment upon the lives of others.

What shall we do, then? Why, in this matter of dress, do very much as we please, and as we can; follow the dictates of reason, good sense, and good taste, and allow others exactly the same privilege. If any member of this HOUSEHOLD chooses to dress with exceeding plainness, never to wear an overskirt, or any other of the pretty and often convenient devices of *Madam La Mode*, she has an entire right to do so. No other member has a right to interfere with her in the slightest degree. If her conscience tells her that it is wrong for her to wear a feather in her hat, or a flounce on her gown, let her not wear them while the world stands. But when she ventures to decide for other people, when she takes the ground that her plain dress is the only one a Christian may suitably wear, does she not pass the bounds of Christian charity?

Good taste would certainly decide in favor of quiet, unobtrusive dress for church—especially on communion Sundays. I have often wished our foreign travelers would bring home with them that good fashion of the eastern continent. But God looks at the heart. Which troubles him most, do you think, in those who approach his altar—a dress even in the extreme of the fashion, or a critical, censorious spirit, that stands apart and wonders what He can think of all these people “with humps on their backs?”—“I thank thee that I am not as other men—or even as this publican!”

Dress, friends, is such a matter of habit, and of place; and it is by no means true that the women who dress the most elegantly, give the most thought to their dress. Very often they wear their gay plumage as unconsciously, as innocently, as the golden oriole wears his, and with scarcely more thought. They have been accustomed, from their childhood up, to a certain style of graceful and costly attire. Silks, and satins, and velvets, and laces, mean not a whit more to them than merinos, and delaines, and piques, and prints, do to those of us who cannot afford the silks. And it is not too much to say that the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit is just as likely to be found under the one as under the other.

Those who are able to spend but little, are apt to regard all liberal expenditure as extravagance. But extravagance is chiefly, (altogether, I was about to say,) a question of income. It may be perfectly right and proper for my neighbor to buy half a dozen silk dresses, and to have them made up as elaborately as she chooses. It may be entirely wrong, and a very foolish piece of extravagance, for me to buy a two dollar cashmere, or even a fifty cent delaine. It all depends on circumstances. On the other hand, what might be only a wise and thoughtful economy on my part, might be nig-

gardly parsimony on the part of my neighbor.

Handsome dress is only one part of handsome living. If it is a sin in itself to wear a rich garment, it is a sin to have handsome houses, and fine grounds, to buy works of art, and to surround one's self with beauty. The same rule must be applied. But if it is, what becomes of commerce, and manufactures, and the fine arts? Are they to exist solely for the benefit of the bad, and to be left wholly in their hands? Or are we to stop the wheels of progress, and go back to the days of log-cabins and pewter spoons? If it is wrong to indulge one's tastes in a matter of dress, to please one's eyes with the soft sheen of silks, the flutter of rarely tinted ribbons, or the fall of delicate laces, then it is wrong to buy a china tea-set, instead of coarse, blue-edged “crockery.” How is it about pleasing one's palate? It seems to me that there is just as much worldly-mindedness in getting an extra dish for dinner—one that is not actually needed—as there is in putting a flounce on one's dress; and that there is just as much of “conforming to the world” in frosting a cake, or moulding a jelly, as there is in wearing a feather, or a flower, in one's bonnet. There are “fashions” in other things as well as in dress, and spiritual pride is as much to be deprecated as personal vanity.

Ah, my friends, it does not matter what we wear! Cloth of gold or cloth of frieze, velvet or fustian, satin or calico—it is all one in the eyes of Him who sitteth in the Heavens. Do you think He cares—He who holds the wealth of the Universe in the hollow of his hand—for the cut of a garment, or the fashion of a gown? It is not what our dress is, but the spirit in which it is worn, at which He looks, and for which we must answer. Envy, and malice, and all uncharitableness, and even a poor, pitiable personal vanity, may lurk alike under costliest robes of brodered silk, and under ten-penny calico. Self-sacrifice and self-abnegation, and the giving up of one's cherished plans and wishes for the sake of others, love for God and love for man, and a broad far-reaching charity—these are things that do not rest upon costly apparel, or upon the lack of it. They are not confined to one class in society, or to one station in life. They have nothing to do, in ordinary cases, with the wearing of jewels, or the not wearing of them. There was no virtue in Lazarus' rags—no sin in Dives' purple and fine linen. I doubt if any thoughtful woman ever lived who has not often wished that we could be clothed as the birds are, without any thought or care of our own. Since the days of Eve, we women have been plagued by the ever-recurring phases of the dress question. It is a great trouble—a great bother. But in most respects it cannot be denied that the present modes, when not carried to extremes, are convenient, graceful, and picturesque. In almost every particular woman's dress is more sensible, comfortable, and becoming, than it was ten years ago. It is now perfectly easy for any woman of good sense and good taste, to provide herself with an outfit that shall be in the prevailing mode, and yet be entirely suitable for

the wearing of a reasonable human being. At the same time she can be very ridiculous if she chooses, and still be “in the fashion.”

And having once got our clothes, sisters, do let us try straightway to forget all about them! Let us try to wear them unconsciously. It is dreadful to be a slave to one's wardrobe. It is not the wearing of fine clothes, or fashionable clothes, that belittles a woman, and dwarfs her life. It is thinking about them, and talking about them, and devoting one's self to them, soul and body. It is to condemn one's self to life-long servitude, and being contented therewith. It is being satisfied to feed on husks, when even our Father's hired servants have bread enough and to spare.

CONSCIENCE.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

“And I will place within them as a guide
My umpire conscience, whom if they will hear,
Sight after light well used they shall attain,
And to the end, persisting, safe arrive.
This my long sufferance and my day of grace
They who neglect and scorn shall never taste.
But hard be hardened, blind, be blinded more
That they may stumble on and deeper fall.”

—Milton.

The questions have been asked
1st. Are we to obey conscience?
2d. Is conscience a correct moral guide?

To the first we answer, yes; and to the second question, no. But it will be objected that if conscience is not a correct moral guide, we ought not to obey it. To this objection we reply: 1st. We are all liable to mistake in judgment; nobody is infallible; not even the Pope; nevertheless we ought to use our judgment and reason, imperfect as it is, and if we cannot always be sure of acting wisely, at least we can act as wisely as we can. No man can be sure that his vision is quite perfect, or his learning. Surrounding objects may appear differently to him from what they appear to another; he may not hear those discords or those chords that would be clearly heard by the practised ear of a musician; yet this fact should not and would not hinder him from using his eyes or his ears and observing and listening to the various sights and sounds around him as well as he can.

My watch may not keep as good time as yours, yet I shall certainly claim the privilege of looking at it when no other better time piece is near, that if I cannot know the exact time I may approximate to it. If I know my watch is a little too slow I can by looking at it make allowance, and so get an idea what time it is sufficiently correct for all practical purposes. In the same way if we know that our conscience has been dulled by sin, or by inattention to its promptings we must make allowance for this in deciding whether a certain course of action is right or wrong. Thus, though conscience is not always a correct moral guide, yet we should always attend to it and obey it because it is generally the best guide we have at hand.

2d. All our faculties are strengthened and improved by constant use. The arm of the blacksmith grows large and powerful, gathering new sinew and muscle with every blow of the

hammer; and so not only with each of the bodily organs but with each of the mental and moral faculties. The reason, the judgment, and the conscience, as well as the sight, the hearing, and the muscular strength or dexterity, are improved by cultivation, and injured by neglect. And this is especially true of conscience. Every time we obey its monitions we quicken and perfect it, while every time we neglect to listen or refuse to obey it, we injure it, and weaken its sensibility and its power to discriminate between right and wrong, until after a time it becomes so stupefied as to be either silent or a false guide. Now, all of us have at times been inattentive to the voice of conscience, and consequently we know that our consciences are more or less blunted and out of order, and hence an unsafe moral guide, yet this knowledge far from leading us to give no heed to them should make us seek all the more earnestly to give them our most careful attention and obedience as this is the very best and surest way of regaining its power of accurate discrimination between right and wrong. We all remember the story of the two dandies who met one morning and began to admire each other.

“Frank,” said one, “how in the world did you ever manage to get that most miraculous tie!” pointing to his cravat.

“Why Jim,” replied the other. “I just give my whole mind to it!”

The method was certainly excellent, we only question the worthiness of the aim. The clothier can tell the quality of his goods instantly by passing his fingers over them because he has given his mind to it for years. The fashionable young lady detects instantly any deviation from the latest style in her companions because she has given her thoughts and observation to the subject; the connoisseur knows a Guido or a Titian at sight, by characteristics in style, as well as a gardener knows a peach from a plum. And we are ignorant upon certain points simply because we have never paid attention to the subject.

The learned Prof. Tyndall who publicly denies the Christian doctrine of prayer is an apt illustration of this. He has given his whole mind to science and as a consequence is familiar with scientific truth and in all such knowledge good authority. But he has paid so little attention to matters of religious interest that the numerous well authenticated answers to prayer well known by the religious world, have quite escaped his notice. Thus he reminds us of a man who says I don't see it while he is looking the other way; or one who says I cannot find it, when he has never looked where it is. In neither case proving that the object in question does not exist.

If we wish to know the fashions we go to a tailor or dressmaker; if we wish to know about music we go to a musician; of art to an artist; of law to a lawyer; of medicine to an apothecary or physician; of house-building to an architect; and what landsman would be fool enough to try to guide a ship in a storm? he would surely trust the guidance of the captain. In like manner if we wish to learn right from wrong, we must consult the teachings

and example of the only being who ever lived upon earth "tempted like as we are yet without sin." If we are in doubt about any course of action we have only to consider, Would He approve this course? What would He think of it? Judging from what we know of His life and teachings while upon earth; and this criterion will at once set us right.

At times, however, we are unable to decide what is right; as for example when under the influence of any strong passion or emotion, just as the voice of the friend at our side is drowned by the fury of a storm, so the voice of conscience is sometimes unheard in the tempest of passion; but even then the fault is ours, for we might hear it if we would listen attentively, and give our whole thoughts and energies to the one desire to know and do our duty.

"They shall seek me and find me who search for me with all their heart," saith the Lord, and "If any man will do his will he shall know the doctrine." That is, if he is willing to do it, wishes to do it, and does do it so far as he knows, in every particular.

And since this is a matter which involves our welfare and happiness not only for all time, but for eternity, let us devote a large portion of our time, our thoughts, and our energies, to the work of improving our reason and judgment; and above all to cultivating the heart and conscience.

FOR THE WEARY ONES OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY MARY LENOX.

DEAR SISTERS:—I have a word upon my heart to say to some of you this morning. I remember, some months ago reading with a thrill of sympathy, a letter from a weary worker, whose burden of labor so weighed upon her, that she, perforce, lay awake nights to think of all she had to do; and many a sore-pressed heart knows full well what that anxious strain of duties beyond the apparent power of the tired body to accomplish, means. Such know too, that this same anxiety and weariness of heart concerning the work so far in arrears is, of itself, more fatiguing than actual labor, and yet it seems impossible that either load should be lightened.

I, too, know from experience what this pressure means, and though perhaps many thorough-going sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD, blessed with the happy gift that Mrs. Stowe calls "faculty," would laugh at the thought of my duties being onerous, yet I have looked with longing, as at a picture of perfect rest, upon the thought of a time when each day's duties, though perhaps filling it with steady labor to the end, would yet all be comprised within itself, so that at its close, with its completed work there would be finished all that ought to be done, and for the morrow would be left only the work of the future and not "back-work."

Gypsy Traine and other competent advisers, have given practical directions how to lighten the load and "make our work come to us instead of we to our work," how to make for ourselves "faculty," instead of vainly sighing for it and envying those who

possess it. While I thank them for every such hint and strive to profit by it, I want to set before the longing but almost discouraged eyes of weary workers another practical rest which I have proved good. The "directions" are very simple: "Take your work each day from the Lord's hands instead of from your own. Be willing He should order it, appointing you for the day to a difficult place or to one of easy labor."

If the day's duties come before you in overwhelming array, do not look at them as a whole, I do not mean do not plan for them or systematize them, but do not think how much there is to do; there is only a day's work, be sure of that, for a loving Father gives it to you and He who pities His children will by no means overwork them. He will give strength for all He means you to do, and you have a right to expect it of His hand. So take up these otherwise appalling duties and do them for Him diligently but without over haste, looking for the strength and time. Be ready to put aside your plans when He brings unexpected work, just as an obedient hand-maid would drop one piece of work and take another at the direction of a considerate mistress, sure that no more will be given her than she can do. If at the proper close of the day, what you had thought the day's duties are not done, do not be troubled; that work was not meant for you that day, and is in no sense work in arrears. Some of it you will find was unnecessary, the rest you will find will be done in some good way.

Luther's version of Psalm 27: 2, a meaning adopted as correct by most Hebrew scholars, is: "He giveth to his beloved while they sleep." It has made me think sometimes of the fairy legends where the "little people" came at night to do a marvellous amount of work for the benefit of those they favored. Those old myths that we have all laughed at, half wishing they were true and could come to pass in our day, can have a fulfillment better far than any told in "folk lore" or fairy tale. I do not mean, of course, that unfinished work will be found mysteriously completed, but I do mean that when we diligently do, hour by hour, the work the Lord puts into our hands, asking and expecting His strength, we can lie down at night to sleep and not to lie awake with nervous, disheartened thoughts of unfinished and pressing household duties or of accumulated and necessary sewing, because we may be sure that in some way, ways varying in each individual case, it will be provided for. We shall find we have wisdom to plan better; or strength and time to do it; or the money to hire help will be given; or unexpected assistance will lighten the load; in some way, in many ways perhaps, the Lord will send help. It may come so quietly that while we suppose the burden does not press only because we will not think of it, lo! it has gone, really gone; little by little one thing after another has been found unnecessary or has been finished and there is nothing left but what may fairly be called work for to-morrow; or, help may come with a great lift all at once. Is it too much to expect? "Is anything too hard for the Lord?"

We may not dictate the way of help, but we may "rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him." He is "the faithful God, which keepeth covenant and mercy with them that love Him." That covenant is repeated from end to end of the Bible with promises of deliverance and help in time of need, and of rest for those heavy-laden. It does not, it cannot mean only help in spiritual need,—it is the need of our human life as well. Fear not that dependence on this help will make our work slipshod or ourselves wanting in diligence and system, waiting for "something to turn up." Such is not the way our Saviour taught us to do His will. Our anxious care need only be that we willingly accept our Lord's orderings for our life, do gladly what He puts into our hands and confidently trust His love and faithfulness.

Try it, my weary sisters. Cast your burden on the Lord. So shall you find that "your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need," that "He careth for you," and that "all these things shall be added unto you."

WHY DO WE LIE?

BY GYPSEY TRaine.

L-i-e! That is a very short word, and not so awful in its orthography, but the amount of misery embodied in those three letters can never be estimated. How many lives have been wrecked because of a lie! How many hearts separated, friends estranged, and how many criminals remain unpunished because we will lie!

It sounds ugly, don't it? It is more genteel to say falsehood, or untruth, but should so vile an evil be covered by any rags of gentility? No! strip it of every pretension to decency, and let it stand in its bare deformity, the most hideous word of our language.

"What is truth?" said jesting Pilate; and we might well ask that question at the present day. Whose fault is it that so much deception and lying is carried on, in this, the best government of the world? Our congressmen lie, our legislators lie, the men who hold our petty offices lie, and even the women and children lie! Ah, there's the difficulty. If the mothers were all truthful, our sons and daughters would grow up, men and women to be trusted, whose word no one would question. Doubtless, many mothers as they read this shudder at this bold assertion, and stoutly deny its application to themselves, while yet they are guilty of this sin without knowing it.

There are some formalities of society so common that, growing up with them, we never think to question or improve them. It is so customary to say to our friends when they drop in for a short stay, "I am pleased to see you," that we repeat it to any one who may call, whether we are really glad to meet them or not. If I tell a person for whom I have no special liking, that "I am delighted to see you," I tell a lie. If I say to her when she departs, that I shall be happy to have her call again, when I am inwardly hoping this is the last time I shall see her striped shawl in my house, I am lying. Because a person chances to be my guest, it does not follow that I

must treat her as I would an intimate friend, or try to make her suppose that I consider her as such. Let us have more regard for truth, and less for the impression we may make upon our fellow creatures.

"Mamma! mamma!" says a little boy, "I want my kite."

"Yes, dear, as soon as I finish this;" but after that is done, something else comes along in its footsteps, and mamma stops to do this job and that, until the little fellow makes such a disturbance that she has to attend to him.

She didn't mean to tell him a lie, but she did, nevertheless, and the pity of it is that he knows it, and if mamma can tell such stories, why, he thinks a little boy can, and so begins by saying what he does not mean, without much thought of the nature of a lie.

The fact is we are thoughtless and cowardly. We say a great many things that are untrue without knowing it, we say many more with a dim consciousness that we are stretching the facts somewhat, and again, we tell a downright lie, because we are not brave enough to face the consequences if we stick to the truth.

It is true, as some one has said, that we want more backbone, we want less consideration for personal success, and more for integrity and uprightness. Don't let us shilly-shally any longer in the use of words, but call things by their right names.

Instead of "a slight departure from truth," let's hear the defiant ring of childhood's declaration, "You have told a lie!" and we may come to believe it ourselves. Such a shot thrown at me when a child would send "goose-flesh" all over me, for I wasn't a *fac-simile* of George Washington, and it strikes me that "goose-flesh" would be a good thing for some older people to put on under the same circumstances.

"CAN'T AFFORD TO MARRY."

There are 25,000 young men in Chicago to-day who cannot afford to marry—that is they cannot afford to marry the average city girl, with her passion for dress and jewelry. That is what they say. Possibly a little frank consultation between the two would pave the way to explanation and satisfactory arrangements; but how to have such consultation? There's the rub. Because there is not a particle of doubt that the thousands of girls and at least a goodly number of young men would be willing to make some personal sacrifices to attain marriage. Thus, if they could only frankly approach the subject, Henry might say to Amelia:

"It's too bad; but the fact is, a young man cannot afford a wife nowadays."

And Amelia would very likely respond:

"I can't see why they cannot as well afford them now as a few years ago; and they used to get married, you must admit."

And Henry rejoins: "Women are so expensive now. That's the trouble. Just look at it. I get \$1,200 a year. Now, how can I support a wife on \$1,200? Why it costs me all of that to live myself."

"But see how you live," responds Amelia.

"Not extravagantly," says Henry. "I pay \$8 a week for board; that's—let me see—eight times two are sixteen; eight times five are forty, and one is forty-one—four hundred and sixteen dollars a year."

"Which leaves you," interrupts Amelia, "\$785 a year. Now, what on earth do you do with this remainder?"

"Well," says Henry, "there are my clothes—and—and—"

"Cigars," adds Amelia.

"Yes."

"And buggy rides."

"Yes."

"And drinks."

"Ah—tut—hardly anything of that kind, you know," says Henry.

"Well, I hope not. But what do you do with the money otherwise? A man's clothes don't cost him much."

"Don't they!" exclaims Henry. "You just try it."

"Well," says Amelia, "how much, now?"

"Well," says the young man, thoughtfully, "there's an every-day suit for winter, say \$60. There's a dress suit for parties and the opera, \$75. There's two suits for summer and fall and spring, \$80. There are hats, caps, gloves, hosiery, etc., \$40; boots and shoes, \$35; and—well, how much is that?"

"Two hundred and ninety dollars," responds the ready Amelia.

"Say three hundred," responds Henry.

"Very well; that leaves \$486. What do you do with the rest?"

"Well, there's car-fare, say \$50."

"Yes."

"Theater tickets, \$100."

"Yes."

"And—well, let me see—church donations, say \$25."

"Yes, we'll say \$25. Well."

"Carriage hire, \$60."

"Well."

"Cigars! I am pretty moderate there—say \$100. How much does the total amount to now?"

"Ten hundred and seventy-six dollars. You see there are nearly \$125 to be accounted for."

"Well, a feller don't spend all his money, you know; besides there are Christmas presents and a lot of little traps that I cannot now remember."

"Yes, I see. No doubt the articles mentioned would swell the amount to \$1,200," says Amelia, rather sadly.

"Don't you see, now," remarks Henry, "that I cannot afford a wife?"

"You surely couldn't, unless expenses could be reduced," replies Amelia.

"But, instead of being reduced, they would be doubled," says he.

"Oh, no," says the young lady. "Not that. I should think, for instance, that I was very extravagant if I spent half of your salary on myself."

"Do you suppose you spend less than \$600 yearly?" says Henry.

"Perhaps not now," responds Amelia, blushing; "but I could get along with much less, if I tried."

"Could you, indeed?" queries he.

"Yes," she responds. "Couldn't you?"

"Why, I suppose I might. Let me see. Where would I begin?"

"Say the clothes," suggests Amelia.

"Yes, that's a fact. I could do

without the dress suit. That would be \$75."

"And one of the others?" she says, inquiringly.

"Y-a-a-s—say one of the others. \$40."

"And a little on the boots and shoes?"

"I believe so. Say \$20 off on those."

"And the carriage hire?"

"Well, I suppose I could get along with the street-car. Take off \$60 for carriage hire."

"Well, how about the cigars?"

"I wouldn't like to give them up entirely; but I'll throw off \$50 on cigars."

"Very well. And the hats, caps, etc., and all the rest. Couldn't you save \$100 on the balance? You know a good suit of clothes will last more than one season."

"Well, I might possibly make it \$100 less," says he.

"That makes, with the \$125 left over and above your stated expenses as a bachelor, \$500," says the ready Amelia. "You may add to that \$75 which you could readily save on amusements, and you have the snug sum of \$575 yearly to lay by. A few years of such economy would enable you to buy a nice little home of your own, where, with a frugal wife, you could both live very comfortably for what it costs you to live by yourself now."

If Henry is anything like the man he ought to be, he will say at this juncture that the very wife to live in such a house is the young lady who has herself suggested it, and will forthwith proceed to act upon her advice.

—The Inter-Ocean.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

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

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I like Dobbins' Electric Soap very much as far as I have tested it, and expect to get a box of it. MRS. H. C. PEARSE. Tabor, Iowa.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—According to your notice I sent fifteen cents to I. L. Cragin & Co. and received a bar of Dobbins' Electric Soap. I found it when used to do all that has been claimed it will, which is praise enough. I hope soon to make arrangements to have a box, as I want to use it myself and want my neighbors to have it. MRS. J. H. MERRIFIELD. Vershire, Vt.

MR. CROWELL:—I was induced to send for a sample of Dobbins' Electric Soap, and as you predicted I have found it to be the very best I ever used for washing, indeed so much superior to any other soap, that I am going to get our grocer to order some.

MRS. S. A. PIERCE. Crows Landing, Cal.

MR. GEO. E. CROWELL:—You ask that those using Dobbins' Electric Soap should give you their "honest opinion of it." In answer to that I will only say I am no stranger to its merits. On the other hand, I have used no other soap for the last eight or ten years, and it is a fact that Dob-

bins' Electric Soap is the ne plus ultra of all soaps in the market. We also consider it the cheapest of all soaps, as one bar will do three weeks washing for an ordinary sized family, if used according to directions. And then its purity enables the laundress to use it in washing the finest fabrics without any possible danger of leaving any stain behind. MRS. H. S. COOPER. Bald Mount, Pa.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have had a sample bar of Dobbins' Electric Soap, and it does all the proprietors claim for it. It saves labor. It saves time. It saves fuel, and best of all, it saves the clothes. I never used soap that stands any comparison with it. I am about sending for a box of it. A fair trial according to the directions, is all that is necessary to ensure its general use. MRS. EMELINE WRIGHT. Hopedale, Ohio.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Some time since I sent for a sample of Dobbins' Electric Soap. Having used this soap every week since the reception of the sample I pronounce it the best soap I ever saw. Washing day is *nothing* now, compared to what it used to be. It saves fuel, time, and patience. My clothes rival the snow. Long may it live, and may it find its way into every household in the land. I shall sound its virtues to everyone I can. Language is inadequate to express its praise. I was told by its manufacturers that it would "speak for itself," and it has. I have found it in every particular *just what they said*, a rare thing of the day, as things are generally misrepresented. Dobbins' Electric Soap will prove a blessing to woman. Washers nowadays, particularly in this section, have high wages for a few hours work, that very indifferent. Therefore the soap would be greatly in demand if the population knew half its merits. I want every woman to use the soap. I am in earnest about it. I have tested it *every way* and can find no fault with it. I shall always use it, and like Aunt Matilda would as soon be without salt, sugar or flour. MRS. S. N. GLENN. Jefferson, Jackson Co., Georgia.

COMMON SENSE vs. PREJUDICE.

By R. V. PIERCE, M. D., of the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y., Author of "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," etc., etc.

I am aware that there is a popular, and not altogether unfounded, prejudice against "patent medicines," owing to the small amount of merit which many of them possess. The appellation "Patent Medicine," does not apply to my remedies, as no patent has ever been asked for or obtained upon them, nor have they been urged upon the public as "cure-alls." They are simply some favorite prescriptions, which, in a very extensive practice, have proved their superior remedial virtues in the cure of the diseases for which they are recommended. Every practicing physician has his favorite remedies, which he oftenest recommends or uses, because he has the greatest confidence in their virtues. The patient does not know their composition. Even prescriptions are usually written in a language unintelligible to any but the druggist. As much secrecy is employed as in the preparation of proprietary medicines. Does the fact that an article is prepared by a process known only to the manufacturer render that article less valuable? How many physicians know the elementary composition of the remedies which they employ, some of which have never been analyzed? Few practitioners know how Morphine, Quinine, Podophyllin, Leptodrin, Pepsin, or Chloroform, are made, or how nauseous drugs are transformed into palatable elixirs; yet they do not hesitate to employ them. Is it not inconsistent to use a prescription, the composition of which is unknown to us, and discard another preparation simply be-

cause it is accompanied by a printed statement of its properties with directions for its use?

Some persons, while admitting that my medicines are good pharmaceutical compounds, object to them on the ground that they are too often used with insufficient judgment. I propose to obviate this difficulty by enlightening the people as to the structure and functions of their bodies, the causes, character, and symptoms, of disease, and by indicating the proper and judicious employment of my medicines, together with such auxiliary treatment as may be necessary. Such is one of the designs of the People's Medical Adviser, forty thousand copies of which have already been published, and are sold at the exceedingly low price of \$1.50, and sent (post-paid) to any address within the United States and Canada.

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—We have recently received Nos. 19 to 24 of Duyckinck's Cyclopaedia of American Literature, published by T. Ellwood Zell of Philadelphia. We took occasion to speak of this work at considerable length on its first appearance, regarding it one of great promise and evidently designed to afford a most valuable contribution to the history of the literature of our country. The subsequent numbers have fully sustained the promise then given, and we cannot speak in terms of too high commendation of the fairness of its selection, and the completeness and accuracy of its sketches. He is General Agent for this work as well as all of Zell's publications.

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We take great pleasure in announcing to our readers that we have made an arrangement with the manufacturers of the most popular organ in the country by which we are able to offer

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for its value in subscriptions to The Household. In other words for \$200 (and \$20 to prepay postage), we will send Two Hundred copies of The Household for one year, and an Estey Cottage Organ worth \$200, or one of any other style or price on the same terms.

Hundreds of families can now be supplied with these beautiful and valuable instruments without any money and with but little trouble.

Societies of every kind are particularly invited to consider this proposition. A few day's work by two or three interested members, would furnish church, vestry, hall or lodge-room, with a nice organ when it would be difficult and often impossible to procure one by direct subscription.

Catalogues containing styles and prices furnished on application.

Remember that one yearly subscription to The Household counts as One Dollar toward a Cottage Organ of any style or price desired.

We have also a similar arrangement with the manufacturers of one of the best Sewing Machines in use so that any one may have

A Weed Sewing Machine

for its value in subscriptions to The Household. That is, for \$60 (and \$6 to prepay postage), we will send Sixty copies of The Household for one year and a Weed Sewing Machine worth \$60, or one of any other style or value on the same terms.

Ladies here is a chance for you. The Weed is a well-known and first-class machine and this offer places one within the reach of nearly every person.

Subscriptions may commence at any time and be sent from any number of Post-offices—the more the better.

GEO. E. CROWELL,
Pub. of Household.

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TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Leave Brattleboro at 4:20 and 8:25 a. m.; at 2:00 and 8:30 p. m.

MAIL TRAIN.—Leave St. Albans at 6:20 a. m., Brattleboro at 3:30 p. m.—connecting at New London with steamer for New York.

NIGHT EXPRESS.—Leave Ogdensburg at 12:40 p. m., Montreal at 3:50 p. m., St. Albans at 7:25 p. m., Brattleboro at 4:20 a. m., for Springfield, New York, &c.

MAIL TRAIN.—Leave White River Junction at 5:00 a. m., Brattleboro at 8:25 a. m., arriving at New London at 5:15 p. m.

MIXED TRAIN.—Leave White River Junction at 5:00 p. m., Rutland at 3:30 p. m., arriving at Brattleboro at 8:40 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAIN.—Leave Brattleboro at 2:00 p. m., reaching Miller's Falls at 2:50 p. m.

GOING NORTH.

Leave Brattleboro at 7:15 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 4:55 p. m., 10:20 p. m.

MAIL TRAIN.—Leave New London at 5:00 a. m., Brattleboro at 10:30 a. m., for White River Junction, Rutland, Burlington, St. Albans, Montreal, and Ogdensburg.

MIXED TRAIN.—Leave Brattleboro at 7:15 a. m., for Belows Falls and White River Junction.

EXPRESS TRAIN.—Leave Miller's Falls at 11:25 a. m., arriving at Brattleboro at 12:24 p. m.

ACCOMMODATION TRAIN.—Leave New London at 8:25 a. m., Brattleboro at 4:55 p. m., for White River Junction.

NIGHT EXPRESS.—Leave Brattleboro at 10:20 p. m., for White River Junction, Rutland, Burlington, St. Albans, Montreal and Ogdensburg.

Pullman's Drawing Room and Sleeping Cars are run on night trains between Springfield and Montreal.

J. W. HOBART, Gen'l Sup't.
St. Albans, Vt., May 29, 1875. 3tr

Household Premiums.

We offer the following list of PREMIUM ARTICLES to those who are disposed to aid in extending the circulation of THE HOUSEHOLD. With the number and name of each article, we have given its cash price and the number of subscribers, for one year each, required to obtain it free:

No.	PREMIUM.	Price.	No. of Subs.
1	One box Initial Stationery,	\$0 50	2
2	Indelible Pencil, (Clark's),	50	2
3	Embroidery Scissors,	50	2
4	Name, Plate, brush ink, etc.,	60	3
5	Ladies' Ivory handle Penknife,	75	3
6	Autograph Album,	1 00	3
7	Package Garden Seeds,	1 00	3
8	Package Flower Seeds,	1 00	3
9	Half Chromo, Autumn Leaves, Winter Wren or May Flowers,	1 00	3
10	Butter Knife, (silver plated),	1 00	3
11	Turkey Morocco Pocket Book,	1 00	3
12	Set Jet Jewelry,	1 50	4
13	One vol. Household,	1 00	4
14	Six Teaspoons, (silver plated)	1 75	5
15	Pair Tablespoons, (silver plated)	2 00	5
16	Six Scotch Pl'd Napkin Rings,	2 00	5
17	Rosewood Writing Desk,	2 25	5
18	Rosewood Work Box,	2 50	5
19	Gold Pen with Silver Case,	2 50	6
20	Photograph Album,	3 00	7
21	Gilt Cup,	2 75	7
22	Six Tea Knives, (ebony handles),	2 50	7
23	Pie Knife, (silver plated),	3 00	8
24	Soup Ladle, (silver plated),	3 50	9
25	1 doz. Teaspoons, (silver plated),	3 50	8
26	Family scales, (12 lbs., Shaler)	4 00	8
27	Six Tablespoons, (silver plated),	4 00	9
28	Six Dining Forks, (silver plated),	4 00	9
29	Family scales, (24 lbs., Shaler)	5 00	10
30	1 doz. Tea Knives, (ebony handle),	5 00	10
31	Sheet Music, (Agts. selection)	5 00	10
32	Child's knife, fork and spoon	5 00	12
33	Hf. Chromo, Morn'g or Even'g	5 00	12
34	Gold Pen and Pencil,	6 00	12
35	Carving Knife and Fork,	6 00	12
36	Spoon Holder, (silver plated),	6 50	14
37	Folding Chair,	5 50	16
38	Croquet Set,	6 50	14
39	Family scales, (50 lbs., Shaler)	7 00	14
40	Clothes Wringer,	7 50	15
41	Webster's N'tional Dictionary,	6 00	15
42	Syrup Cup and Plate, (silver plated),	8 00	18
43	Six Tea Knives, (silver plated)	8 00	18
44	Fruit Dish, (silver plated),	7 00	16
45	Gold Pen and Holder,	7 50	17
46	1 doz. Tablespoons, (silver plated),	8 00	18
47	1 doz. Dining Forks, (silver plated),	8 00	18
48	Photograph Album,	10 00	18
49	Stereoscope and 50 views,	10 00	20
50	Elegant Family Bible,	10 00	20
51	Folding Chair,	8 00	24
52	1-2 doz. napkin rings, in case,	8 00	22
53	Child's Carriage,	10 00	25
54	Cash,	6 25	25
55	Cash, (silver plated),	10 00	25
56	Sewing Machine, (Beckwith),	12 00	24
57	Cake Basket, (silver plated),	12 00	30
58	Chromo, Sunlight in Winter,	10 00	25
59	1 doz. Tea Knives, (silver plated),	14 50	30
60	Photograph Album,	18 50	30
61	Webster's Unabridged Dictionary,	12 00	30
62	Folding Chair,	20 00	50
63	Guitar,	20 00	40
64	Silver Watch, (Waltham),	20 00	45
65	Ice Pitcher, (silver plated),	20 00	50
66	Child's Carriage,	25 00	60
67	Silver Watch, (Waltham),	35 00	80
68	Bickford Knitting Machine,	30 00	75
69	Harper's Pictorial Bible,	35 00	80
70	Cash,	35 00	100
71	Lawn Mower, (Allen & Co.'s),	45 00	100
72	Tea Set, (silver plated), elegant,	50 00	100
73	Sewing Machine, (Weed),	60 00	60
74	Lamb Knitting Machine,	65 00	125
75	Ladies' Gold Watch,	80 00	175
76	American Encyclopedia, (Appleton's)	80 00	200
77	Sewing Machine, (Weed),	100 00	100
78	Irving's Works, (Sunnyside Edition, 28 volumes),	105 00	250
79	Dicken's Works, (Riverside Edition, 27 volumes),	108 00	260
80	Gent's Gold Watch,	125 00	275
81	Cottage Organ, (Estey),	150 00	150
82	Cooper's Works, (Library Edition, 32 volumes),	144 00	350
83	Cash,	400 00	1000
84	Piano, 7 Oct., (Benning and Klix),	500 00	1000
85	Piano, splendid 7 Oct., (Benning & Klix),	700 00	1500

Each article in the above list is new and of the best manufacture.

A full description of the Premiums are given in a circular which will be sent to any address on application. Specimen copies of THE HOUSEHOLD are sent free to those wishing to procure subscribers.

New subscribers and renewals are counted alike for premiums.

It is not necessary for an agent working for one premium to get all the subscriptions at one place or to send them all in at one time. They may be obtained in different towns or states and sent as convenient. Keep a list of the names and addresses and when a premium is wanted, send a copy of this list and name the premium selected. All articles sent by mail are prepaid. Those sent by express are at the expense of the receiver.

*Premiums designated by a star are from the Lucius Hart Manufacturing Co., New York city. The goods are manufactured from the best material and triple plated.

AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense and risk of remailing it. The amount of the premium to be deducted depends upon the number of subscribers obtained, but can be readily ascer-

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