The household. Vol. 10, No. 11 November 1877

Brattleboro, Vt.: Geo. E. Crowell, November 1877

THE HOUSEHOLD

BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE THERES NO PLACE LIKE HOME

W. L. A. RICHARDS, ENG. ESTABLISHED 1868. SPRINGFIELD MS.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 10. BRATTLEBORO, VT., NOVEMBER, 1877. No. 11.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

GEO. E. CROWELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

CROSBY BLOCK, - - MAIN STREET,

BRATTLEBORO, VT.

TERMS:—$1 00 per year in advance. Postage 10 cents extra.

AUTUMN DAYS.

The days grow strange, the nights grow cool;
The bees have left the clover;
The maple droppeth in the pool
Its shady summer cover.

All day the swallows southward flit;
All night the wind sighs dreary,
And through the thin veil over it
The moon looks wan and weary.

The crisp leaves rustle on the path
That slopeth to the meadow;
The oak beside the lily pond
Drops down its naked shadow;

The bared boughs at eventide
On upland fells keep swaying,
And doleful sounds through valley wide
At lonely hours are straying.

Three summer months to warm the heart,
And then the chill frosts after;
Three summer moons to dream of love;
Some ninety days of laughter;

And then the south doth ends its reign,
The north wind clip our dreaming;
The shadow droppeth once again,
To end love's empty scheming.

There is no strip of summer blue,
But winter clouds blow over;
There is no inch of sodden turf
The white snow shall not cover;

No pleasant thing but has its end
When sunny days are waning;
No note of music for the lyre,
But endlessly complaining. —*Selected.*

UNHEALTHY HOMES.

ONE of the great sources of disease in country homes, says the Sanitarian, is impure water. Impure, not from earthy and mineral matters, but from organic. It is the vegetable and animal substances which enter into it in solution that produce the mischief. These arise from two causes: decaying vegetation which has flourished in lakes and streams, and the contaminations of water by local and artificial conditions, such as drains, privies, farm-yards, cess-pools, manufactories, etc. Nowhere is there more neglect shown upon this important point than in the country. Go from farm-house to farm-house, and I venture to assert that in ninety per cent. the sanitarian will find some neglect in this matter of water supply, either small or great. A man, for instance, digs a well in close proximity to his house; at the same time he locates his drain from the sink and places the outlet within a few feet of the well, so that a mere layer of soil separates the one from the other; the consequence is, that while the insoluble matter may be filtered out, the far more dangerous soluble, impalpable matters are transmitted to the drinking water, to produce, if nothing worse, a slow and chronic poisonous influence upon those who partake of it. Instances have been mentioned, strange to say, in which a direct communication has been found to exist between the well and sink drain, and that, too, with the knowledge of the parties in interest. Another method of pollution by slops is the practice of throwing them upon the ground near the well, when in course of time they are absorbed into its contents.

Again the water may be taken from a spring at a distance from the dwelling, and the owner congratulates himself upon his superior supply of pure spring water; but if an examination were to be made of the source of supply, the chances are that it would be found to be in a neglected condition, partially filled with decaying wood or leaves and its bottom covered with finely pulverized decomposed vegetable matter. Or he may take his water from a cistern fed from the roof, a practice which should be avoided if possible. If this is not properly ventilated it become foul from neglect, the water acquires a foul odor, and its use is injurious to the health.

Again, the farm-yard is often located within a few rods of the well; the consequence is that a similar contamination takes place as in the case of the drain, and after a rain, when the soil becomes saturated with these matters, they are taken up by the underground water passages and transmitted to the well; often the water is discolored, and has the taste and smell of the barn-yard. The same pollution may occur by reason of the improper location of the water-closet; especially if this is a cess-pool, the most prolific nest ever formed by ignorance for the destruction of health and life. This abomination abounds throughout the country, and wherever found is attended with the fearful brood of maladies that come from blood-poisoning. People die or drag out a miserable existence with chronic ailments, and never once suspect the true source of the evil.

It is not necessary to mention in detail the diseases which arise from impure drinking-water. Typhoid fever is one of the most important, and every country physician can call to mind cases in which he has traced the disease to one of these sources of water-pollution. But there are certain obscure cases of disease from this cause which are often overlooked—cases of marasmus, so to speak, in which there is no well-defined malady, but a train of irregular symptoms, one or more in a family being affected; there is a general feeling of *malaise*, loss of appetite and weight, alternations of diarrhœa with periods of regularity, and so on. These symptoms cannot be accounted for on any ordinary principles of disease, but many times they are due to a chronic poisoning from impure drinking-water. Ask any of the family if the water is good, and the reply will be, "Oh, yes, doctor, we have the best well in the neighborhood," and they will show a specimen. It may be perfectly clear and tasteless, and apparently pure; but an examination of the sink drain and the other methods of well-pollution will disclose some or all of them in close contiguity, and evidently discharging a subtle poison into the water. The important fact that apparent purity is not a safe guide in estimating the purity of water is not generally known. But it is true that analysis even often fails to detect the element which produces disease, when it has been established beyond a doubt that it does exist in the water; the only safe criterion, then, is absolute removal of the cause.

PLANT TREES.

The subject of tree planting has now become a matter of life and death in some parts of the country. Wherever a country has been stripped of its primitive forest clothing the effects have been disastrous. Some parts of this country, once renowned for its fertility, are now sterile and unproductive. Timber also has become scarce and dear. In view of these facts, the Massachusetts Agricultural society has offered a series of prizes for the encouragement of tree planting in that state, the awards to be made ten years from the 1st of March next for the best results produced in the interval. It is estimated that over a million of trees will be planted in Massachusetts this year.

—Weeds by the roadside, in fence corners, on ditch banks and in every other place should be cut down with an unsparing hand. If their seeds are green, the compost pile can be made the receptacle of much valuable matter, if ripe and dry, purify by fire. No farmer should allow noxious weeds to ripen their seeds upon or near his domain.

THE ART OF ENTERTAINING COMPANY.

BY BLANCHE.

THIS subject is one which is very seldom brought forward, and at the same time it is one to which close attention should be given. To entertain visitors properly is truly an art, and one which every person has not acquired. In the first place our doors should be closed to no one. American civility does not require us to speak to or to recognize every one we meet on the streets, but at our homes where we hold supreme sway, the meanest beggar, the smallest child, and even an enemy (should he be obliged to call) should be treated with the utmost politeness and kindness. If you wish to learn how to bestow this gratuitious hospitality, I would refer you to the Golden Rule, "Do unto others, as ye would that men should do to you."

If a friend comes to reside with you for several days, the prime object is to make him feel at home, and to do this, do not let him feel that his presence is a burden on you in any way. If he sees that you are harassed and perplexed about what to get for dinner or tea, or if he sees that you worry about his enjoying himself, he is at once uncomfortable. We girls know how hard it is sometimes to "make it lively," as we say at our social gatherings in the winter evenings. There seems at times to be a certain constraint over all. This is not the case in a public room, where every place and thing is common property, but at our home where the burden of entertaining devolves upon the host or hostess.

One should not be too solicitous about the amusement of his guests, he should be attentive, but if too much so the action of all will be strained in effort to appear entertained. Company manners and over-nicety in dress are frequent causes of this constraint. In the most polished circles and in society the most refined, once at least in an evening an awkward silence will ensue. At a very aristocratic party one evening, quite a number of guests were assembled, the conversation had flown along very smoothly for a time when of a sudden each found his tongue completely tied, the host endeavored to break the silence by asking a quiet looking gentlemen whether he was married or single.

"I am a bachelor," sighed he.

"Ah, indeed!" replied the host, "how long have you been a bachelor?"

The awkward silence was broken.

Etiquette is well enough in its place, but rather than have formality and stiffness, I would do away with at least the strictest rules of etiquette, and let common sense and sociability guide our actions. At an evening party the great question is "What shall we play?" "How shall we next amuse ourselves?" for music, books, and pictures, will eventually become dull. Suggest games which will best suit the company, and endeavor to have all participate. In every gathering there are always some who can entertain themselves, there are others who are diffident, to the last named the host should devote the most attention.

Formal calls seem to be one of the trials of our lives (speaking mostly of ladies), What to say next.

"It is a beautiful day."

"Yes 'tis."

"Not so cold as yesterday."

"No, but it looks as if it would be warmer to-morrow"

"Yes it will, if it don't get colder." etc.

This is not always the case, but we have all observed it sometimes. By storing our minds with general information, and being able to talk on any subject of every day occurrence, we will find that "What to say next?" will no longer worry us. Again, it is not so much what we as entertainers say, (for the less talking we do generally, the better,) but it is how we listen and appreciate the conversation of our visitors. Entering into the recital of their joys, and sympathizing in their sorrows.

If children visit you, do not make them feel by a hundred little actions that their shoes are too muddy, or that they are misplacing things, for their bright eyes soon see your actions of annoyance. Do not shake the rug immediately after they have wiped their feet. In short, have nothing so fine that it cannot be used by every person. I would not encourage "hypocrisy" in any form, but I would say even if we are gloomy, and feel the least like talking, we should have a smile and kind word for every one who comes in our doors. A true gentleman or lady will never speak a bitter word to a stranger under his or her roof. If occasion would demand angry or harsh words, they will seek the street to deliver them.

We each know from experience how much more we enjoy ourselves and feel at home at some places than others. And it is not the grand house, furniture, books and pictures, that make us love to visit at such homes, although they may add much to our enjoyment, but it is the knowledge of a welcome, and the influence exerted by the hospitality of its inmates. And the art is simply self-forgetfulness, anticipation of the wants of others, and a sunshiny heart. These will secure us friends without number, and our homes will be truly homes and pleasant places for every person.

—Utter no word that will wound the feelings of those who are in humble circumstances.

THE TERRORS OF HOUSE-CLEANING DISARMED.

BY MRS. J. P. WORSTELL.

House-cleaning, that hideous bugbear that annually rises like a grim specter before the vision of many a perplexed and troubled matron, is really a pleasure if well managed, methodically planned and rightly carried out.

All housewives do not consider the ordeal trying—there are those who really enjoy the yearly renovating of the home nest. "I am in my element when in the midst of our regular spring house-cleaning." I heard a most efficient lady remark not long ago.

Think well over all that has to be done, lay the plans systematically and carefully, and in the fine, mild spring days commence—not with a rush, to be soon wearied and worn and discouraged, but one thing at a time. In no business does this old adage appear so well as in this, one thing at a time.

Don't upset the entire house at once, and make the husband and children all homesick—sick of home—but work at it so quietly, room by room, that you will hardly be suspected, much less annoy by general confusion. It is amusing to see how some people go about this work, house in disorder all over, no alpha or omega anywhere, but general medley, with tedious delay and worriment in getting rooms and furniture "to rights." Don't perplex yourself or servants with work ahead. What is at present in the house is quite enough. "Don't cross bridges until you come to them;" it saves so much uneasiness and fretting. Arrange the "order of exercises" well in mind, then go about it with a will, and push it through. Know for a certainty what each room requires to renovate it, to give it a "sweet smelling savor." Let us first go to the celler, then along up, room by room, leaving the halls and stairs for the last; then we will have out all the dust, and finish with the genuine curiosity shop—the attic.

In my cellar I take about as much pride as in my parlor. It is light and well ventilated, and the floor, which is of cement, gets a daily sweeping and has an allowance of a weekly bath all through the warm season. The walls are white and get a "span new" coat of the same style and finish every spring.

Here let me say that for many plain reasons the cellar should be always light and airy. It conduces to health in the dwelling, it is easier to keep it clean, and is quite necessary for the preservation of fruit and vegetables. Light and air are essential to dryness; a damp cellar is a very cradle of disease. It is likely, too, to become the receptacle of all the broken crockery, remnants of furniture, and all the odds and ends of everything in the house. Give a general free pass to all useless stuff that has has been twelve months accummulating. Don't hoard up rubbish till you have a museum of the coarse arts, thinking "this may be useful." Dozens of the kind will come along before one occasion for use.

I believe this is the time to give a general clearing out as well as cleaning of the house, and in leaving easy access to the nooks and corners for the broom and brush, and the weekly bathing process. If you keep kindling-wood in your cellar, don't leave bits lying around loose, but keep all snugly to its own quarters. If you keep apples, keep the barrels in an orderly row, on a shelf raised a foot from the floor, to secure from dampness. Now and then have the fruit assorted, use those a little decayed for cooking purposes, return the sound ones to the barrel without bruising, and put the useless ones out of the house. One decayed apple left in a barrel can do much harm to the rest in injuring their flavor, if it does not actually cause decay. Keep the barrels well covered. The covers of cheese boxes, to be procured from any country grocer, are excellent, with a handle fastened on, if no better can be obtained. If you are annoyed by rats, spread some slices of bread with prepared phosphorus, and they will eat it greedily, and then leave the house to seek air and water to die.

Potato bins should also be raised several inches from the celler floor. Cover the bottom of the bin with powdered charcoal; pour boiling water on the potatoes in a large tub, remove to the bins in five minutes, and they are preserved for a long time without sprouting, till new vegetables are plenty.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE FLOWERS' CHOICE.

I heard the flowers on a day
Confess in turn the fate which they
Would deem more blessed,
The timid violet whispered: "I
Would choose to live—I dare not die!
Let me be pressed!"

The Moss-rose raised its dainty head,
And blushing: "Ah! what bliss," it said,
"For aye to rest
On some fair maiden's bosom soft,
And, with her loving fingers, oft
Be caressed!"

The gaudy peony declared,
As arrogant around it stared:
"To be admired
Is all I ask! And tis my due;
My loveliness leaves nothing new
To be desired!"

The modest daisy said: "I know,
Alas! I am not fit to grow
Mid such as ye;
Yet God hath given to each a place
To occupy a little space,
Though mean he be.

"Content with my estate, I pray
Where he has placed me there to stay
Till life is done;
Enjoying warmth, enjoying light,
Until my everlasting night
Obscure the sun!"

And last the Lily, fair and mild,
Spoke, sighing: "When a little child
Is snatched by Death,
I'd love to nestle pure and bright
Within its hands so cold and white:
Or, in a wreath

"I'd twine me o'er the coffin's lid,
Till from the mother's sight 'twas hid;
And I would make
The hideousness of Death appear
Less foully hideous—almost fair,
For her poor sake!"

The Lily spoke; and for a space
The dewy tears were shed apace!
And all confessed,
Who heard her gentle words, that she,
So full of love and sympathy,
Had chosen best!

AUTUMN LEAVES—WITH DIGRESSIONS.

BY MRS. G. A. RAWSON.

THIS is the season for securing the brightly colored leaves of autumn, as well as of preparing many articles to take the place of the flowers with which we have decorated our rooms during the summer. Indeed, a novice in this work will be surprised to learn how many beautiful things can be found among leaves, mosses and flowers; and the work of arranging and preparing these is one of interest and beauty.

The breath of summer was yet upon us when the first red banner of autumn was held up to view. Or—was it autumn? That was a debatable question in our house for some time. "Decay, it might be; but scarcely autumn." Decay! How could we couple such beauty with the word; yet, after all, is not the autumnal season one of decay, as well as ripeness; and are not these gorgeous colors given to the dying leaf?

"We all do fade as a leaf." We turn the statement into a petition, and pray that thus may we fade—more radiant in dying than we have been in living. These thoughts are natural to the season, and come unbidden but not unwelcome, as if autumn weather and autumn pictures compel to meditation, and to serious thinking.

It will not be amiss to give a few hints regarding the preparation and preservation of these gifts of summer as well as of autumn. Foremost for beauty and durability are the everlasting flowers, or "immortelles," as the French call them. These retain their brightness and color for many years; and can be made up into bouquets, or used for festive decorations at a season when fresh flowers are rare and expensive. There are also ornamental grasses, which impart a graceful appearance when mixed with the immortelles in the making up of such bouquets. Every garden should have a spot devoted to the cultivation of these grasses and flowers, as they can be raised without difficulty, many of the varieties growing freely from seed sown in the open border; others require starting in a frame and transplanting. This is the most certain method of all.

Leaves and ferns are easily preserved by pressing them between paper or in a book. The delicate ferns and maidenhair should be pressed as soon as possible after being gathered. Another nice way to keep the leaves is to melt a little white wax in hot water—do not let it boil—add a few drops of spirits of turpentine, dip the leaf quickly in, letting it drain from the tip. The turpentine is to soften the wax, and render it more pliable. The leaves may then be slightly molded between the fingers, and will not, by this method, have the stiff, flat appearance they get when pressed between paper. When a sufficient number and variety are obtained, they can be ar-

ranged in wreaths, sprays or festoons. They are pretty when twined along the cords that hold pictures, or a trailing vine may be laid against a lace curtain. Vines may be formed by fastening the leaves together with fine wire. I have made them take the place of a cornice over lace curtains by pinning or sewing each leaf separately to a piece of tape, then securing the tape across the top of the curtains.

I recently dried two long sprays of the wild convolvulus, the leaves of which are unsurpassed for richness and beauty, some of them retaining, as a groundwork, the green of summer, veined with intersections of purplish brown, while others are a deep yellow with dark umber veinings; and each leaf on the long vine is a marvel of beauty. I desired to preserve it just as I gathered it, and succeeded by this plan:

I laid it carefully across a long table, placed some foolscap, with a scrap of blotting paper, under each leaf, covered it with another piece of blotting paper, and pressed with a moderately hot iron. This is all that was required; though, as an experiment which proved successful, I varnished the leaves of one vine, which gave it a pretty gloss; yet the unvarnished one looks equally well. These vines are twined around the cords of two large pictures, and certainly add a graceful touch of beauty to the pictures and to the room as well.

I once had to arrange, on brief notice, an extra room for some guests, and after placing in it all the articles necessary for comfort, I yet felt dissatisfied with the aspect it presented. Nice and clean, and white it looked; but also stiff and plain. Standing on the threshold and surveying it, I asked myself what more could be done to impart a touch of elegance. The one window had its white blind, and glancing on that, a happy thought came. I took from a trunk, where it had been laid away nicely starched and ironed, a curtain of Nottingham lace. It was speedily put up, but I had no cornice to place along the top, and though I had box-plaited it, so that it did not look badly, I saw it might be improved; then came the idea of fastening the leaves along the tape; and in ten minutes they were tacked on, and the tape pinned across the curtain-top; allowing the box-plaiting to be seen above my impromptu cornice. The effect was quite pretty; and the elegance of it increased by a few of the brightest leaves being arranged to fall from one end, then drawn in a careless sort of droop across the curtain, and stitched there, so as to be held in place.

A small bracket of scarlet lambrequins was hung against the wall, a little vase holding a bouquet of immortelles being placed upon it; and while I was giving the finishing touch to all these, my little girl had taken a white parian vase, filled it with sand, the weight of which caused it to stand firm, and planted in the sand a branch of waxen autumn leaves, her first effort in the art, and of which she was justifiably proud; and this was placed on the window-sill, between the curtain and the window. Her tasty fingers also added, here and there, a leaf or tiny spray over pictures and brackets. Love's labor being ended, we again survey the whole, and what a change! No stiffness now about our little chamber. When our guests came it received all the praise it merited, and after their departure it remained unaltered, a small sanctum to which each member of the family would repair when a peaceful moment was desired.

At another time, when, after a prolonged illness, I was too weak to share in any of the active employments of the household, I amused myself with making winter bouquets and pressing the leaves my children delighted to bring me; and during the cold months that followed, when shut in from the outside world, how well repaid for my labor was I, and how much of warmth and cheerfulness was added to my rooms by these simple ornaments.

Such a dull little house it was; so much so that I had considered it useless to do anything toward freshening it up until it had undergone repairs and improvements. But I began my work as a pastime, and the wee ones liking it, they unconsciously urged it on, and I learned that winter how even the homeliest abode may be adorned and beautified with little labor and no expense.

When I require varnished leaves, I use the shellac varnish, and prefer it to any other, as there is no odor of turpentine or linseed oil attending its use, and also because other varnish needs so long time for drying, while this dries off immediately, and the leaves are then ready for use, or to be put up in boxes out of the way. The shellac varnish is made by putting gum shellac into a bottle and pouring on the best alcohol. It will be ready for use in twenty-four hours. If it is too thick add a little more alcohol and shake before using; if too thin, put in a small portion of shellac, and let it stand until dissolved. I always keep a bottle of this varnish on hand, as it may be applied to so many uses; such, for instance, as polishing up old furniture, picture frames, etc.; and though I am wandering far from my autumn leaves and taking a wide digression, I cannot refrain, in this connection, from giving a hint that mothers will find helpful.

Take a wide-mouthed bottle, and half fill it with shellac varnish having the consistence of thin syrup Mix some lampblack with a little of the same varnish, and when well blended, add it, with a bit of gum camphor, to the contents of the bottle, and keep it well corked. The rule is—to one pint of varnish add half an ounce each of good lampblack and gum camphor. With this preparation children's shoes may be kept polished and water-proof all the year round; and it is a nice application for the larger shoes as well. And—if gentlemen ever read such articles as these—let me whisper, it will freshen up your old harness considerably; and may be used to advantage in many similar ways, answering every purpose to which "French dressing" is applied.

Returning to my subject proper, let me say—because you give a place to dried flowers and autumn leaves, do not discard house-plants. Nothing can take their place. A freshly-opened flower is a thing of fragrance, beauty and pleasure as long as it lasts. If you cannot have many, try to keep at least a few; a hanging basket at the window, even a petunia or two—the hardy, cheerful things! an oak or rose geranium, if but for the foliage, and a fresh leaf to wear in your hair, or a cluster to put on your tea table.

And now, one word concerning your parlor: make it as pretty as you please; but do not have it too pretty to be used. Let it not be a room from which your precious human plants are banished; rather give them to feel that they possess a share in it. These pretty rooms have a refining influence. If your boys are accustomed to the parlor at home, they will act gracefully in parlors elsewhere; if they are excluded from it, they will be apt to awkwardly when called to mingle in society. Our small ladies and gentlemen are made such at home; they are treated as such by parents who constantly practice the gentle amenities of life, and to these parents will be given the happiness of rearing children who shall rise up and call them blessed.—*Christian Union.*

VARIETIES OF CANARIES.

The common canary is known throughout the civilized world, and is so common as to be cheap in all bird-stores; but many of the varieties are rare and very expensive; these varieties are mostly cultivated in England, however, where the song of a canary is not so much valued as its elegant shape or brilliant color.

Germany is the great center with which the world is supplied with singing-birds, and in Germany the business of raising the birds and getting them ready to send abroad is chiefly carried on in the villages among the Hartz Mountains of Hanover. The people there are miners and cattle-drovers, but, being poor, almost every family devotes its spare time to rearing canaries and making the little wooden cages in which they are carried to the distant railway station or sea-port. The houses are small, but one corner of the principal room is separated from the rest by a light partition, and given to the birds for their own use, where, in cups, boxes and gourd shells, they build their nests and hatch their eggs, secure from all harm.

When the breeding season is over, all the young birds are taken to Bremen or Hamburg, to be sent across the ocean to England, America, or away round to India and China. These voyages are made only in the winter, however, because it was found that in summer traveling the birds lost their voices and plumage; but that season is so cold and stormy that usually from a quarter to a half of the cargo perishes before reaching our shore.

So many birds are sent nevertheless, that probably 25,000 came to New York alive last year from Europe. These are distributed through a large number of bird-shops in the city, and the deafening chorus which is kept up from dawn to dark by a hundred or two birds singing at the top of their voices in a single room, added to the din of a small menagerie of other animals, is something surprising to one the first time he enters.—*St. Nicholas.*

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

I think if Com. will use alcohol she will find it excellent in removing the mealy bug, and it will remove the various kinds of lice, or scale insects, which infest plants; and ammonia is good, too, and will make the plants grow nicely. Use a small quantity in the water, and occasonally sprinkle them.

Will A. C. D. and E. R. S. give their address through THE HOUSEHOLD?

MISS NINA R R.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I have some tuberose plants growing nicely, but they do not blossom. They are four or five years old. Will some member of THE HOUSEHOLD Band please tell me how to take care of them? and when I shall expect them to blossom? as perhaps the want is proper care.

M. L.

MR. CROWELL:—Please ask if any of the sisters of the Band will tell me how to brighten or re-gild bird cages.

A SUBSCRIBER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please tell me what is the matter with my English ivy? The leaves turn black and drop off, still it is growing nicely. It has grown three feet in two months.

POLLY P.

MR. CROWELL,—*Dear Sir:*—Will you please inquire of some of your readers if they would not like to exchange flower seed? I think by exchanging with each other we might become possessed of a variety without any cost except postage. I have double hollyhock, zinnias, snapdragon, white, purple and pink convolvulus, blackberry lily, cockscomb, French and Mexican marigold, portulaca and larkspur. Any one wishing to exchange, let them address, MRS. A. MEEHMAN.

Walterboro, S. C.

Have any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD got roots of erythrina or coral plant, tritoma or red hot poker, pink Japan lilies, cyrus japonica or flowering quince, forsythia or golden bell, that they would exchange for roots of spirea or bridal wreath, bleeding heart, rose peony, blue iris or flower de luce, and what I call blush rose (hardy)? I cultivate a good many flowers, but think more of the hardy kinds. Perhaps some of the western sisters may have hardy plants peculiar to their states they would like to exchange for some of mine. If so, please write to, MRS. A. D. BUNNELL.

Lock drawer 441, Bridgeport, Conn.

MR. CROWELL,—*Sir:*—I would like to ask, through your paper, the best way to train the begonia or trumpet flower to get it to blossom? what protection for winter? when and how much to prune? and oblige,

MRS. N. A.

MR. EDITOR:—Having seen many useful recipes and notes on fancy work, in your excellent paper, I write asking some kind friend to give me a recipe for bleaching ferns and making skeleton leaves; also, how to keep pressed leaves from curling up, and oblige,

MIGNONETTE AND PANSY.

PATCHWORK PHILOSOPHY.

I've been thinking some, Keziah,
While a-sitting at my work—
Though I ain't the sort of a woman
To let thinking make me shirk—
Ez I say, I've been a-thinking
What a very curious way
Our lives is patched up together,
Cut and fit 'em as we may!

It's a square of blue or crimson,
Then a square of dark and light,
Then a half of red and yellow,
By a half of solid white;
And with all our kalkilations
Ez to how the patterns run,
We can never tell eggsackly
Until the quilt is done.

There's that bit of blue, jes yonder,
'Tis as bright as a June sky, yet
'Taint your flimsy kind of cambric
That you daren't as much as wet.
It's been five-and-twenty summers
Since that cambric gown was new,
And these withered cheeks had roses
That were best set off by blue.

Then that laylock, on the corner,
It belonged to Betsy Wade;
She was allus sort of shif'less,
Bought what was sure to fade.
But she somehow took folk's fancies;
For men are ne'er o'erwise,
And the weakest sort of wimmen
Can throw sawdust in their eyes.

And that check, 'twas off a weskit
That I made for Abel Green,
We was—yes, chile—nigh to married,
When—when Betsey came between;
Wal, 'taint worth talking over,
Howsoe'er the squares may fit,
Ye kin never tell, till j'ining,
Es to how the colors hit.

For the blue will spile the purple,
And the laylock spile the gray,
And the squares ye matched so certain
Will match jes the other way.
And with all your careful patching,
You are allus sure to find
That the pattern, when it's finished,
Ain't exactly to your mind.

So, Keziah, I've been thinking,
Here a-sitting at my work—
Though I ain't the sort of woman
To let fancies make me shirk—
That our lives are like a patchwork,
With its squares of dark and light,
And there's only One above us
Who can do the j'ining right!

—*Exchange.*

KNICK KNACKS IN FANCY WORK.

BY MRS. A. D. BUNNELL.

TAKE two pieces of cardboard in which the number of holes shall count eighty-four in length, and thirty-one in width after it is cut. Then with scarlet yarn or split worsted, work in small letters on one piece the words, "Beware of." Begin working the letter B, in the fifth hole from the edge, skip two holes and work the letter E, skip two more; etc. At the end of the word skip five holes, and work the letter O, skip two and work the letter F, which will bring it to the fifth hole from the end. Be sure to have the letters in a straight line, on the middle of the cardboard.

Take the other piece and work on it the words "Modern Love." Work the letter M, in the fourth hole from the end, and work the rest of the letters as close together as possible, only skipping six holes between the two words. This will bring the last letter (E), to the fourth hole from the end. There are so many styles of small alphabets, that it would be better, perhaps, to work the words on another piece of cardboard first, and then you can tell better whether to skip one or two holes, or not any. Put the two pieces together, the holes directly opposite, and bind the edge all round with a narrow red ribbon.

Next cut four pieces of cardboard twenty-five holes square, work a heart in the center of one, by putting your needle up through the twelfth hole from the edge, counting from left to right, and the tenth from the bottom up, then down through the thirteenth hole, and up through the fourteenth, on the row of holes next above, and the twelfth counting from right to left, put your needle down in the fourth hole to the left, and up through the tenth hole, on row above, counting from left to right, then down through the eleventh hole, and up through the tenth hole, on the row above, down through the ninth hole at the left, and up through the eighth, down through the ninth on the right, and up through the ninth on the row above, then count three holes from right to left, and put your needle down through the fourth, and up again in the fifth, down in the eighth counting from left to right, up through the ninth hole on the row above, skip over one hole and put the needle down through the next, skip two holes, and up through the next, skip over one, down through the next, fasten off and the heart is complete.

Put one of the other square pieces with this, bind together with the narrow red ribbon. Fasten cords of split worsted eight inches long at two of the corners, pass them through one of the holes under the word "of," in the corner of the beam, and fasten to the other two corners of the square. Take the other two squares, bind together with ribbon, and hang it with cords to the other corner of the beam, sew a penny to the middle of this square by crossing threads of the worsted over it. Sew a long loop of ribbon to the middle of the beam concealing the stitches with bows of the same. Suspend it from the gas fixtures, or any other place and your visitors will be amused to see the scales telling them "Beware of modern love." An old-fashioned three cent piece is better than the penny, as it is lighter, and makes the scales balance better. These directions are not for the finest cardboard.

To make Picture Frames.—Have the strips of cardboard for your frames ten holes wide after it is cut, and let each end project beyond the frame ten holes in length. Thread your needle with dark brown worsted, and work a row of diamonds on the frames as follows: Work over the two middle holes across the frame, next over four, then over six, and over eight, which makes half the diamond, then decrease the number of holes down to two, which will complete the diamond. Increase again by working four, six, eight, etc., across the frame. The corners where the strips cross each other like rustic frames, will form a square of eleven holes. This can be filled with diagonal stitches, beginning with two holes and increasing up to eleven, then down to two. On each side of the frame between every diamond, work a cross stitch over three holes each way.

Or, instead of the diamonds, you can make a row of stars, by working over seven holes lengthwise, and crosswise. Then two diagonal stitches crossing between, over five holes, this makes one star, repeat by putting the needle up through the next hole above, down the seventh, etc. The edge of the frame may be finished by passing the needle up the first hole, and down the seventh. Then up the sixth on the next row of holes toward the stars, pass over two and down the next, then up the seventh hole where the worsted is, pass over six, and down the seventh, up the sixth, pass over two, down the next, and repeat. Fill out the square in the corners as you please. Another way is to work a row of points or half diamonds on the edges, by putting the needle up through the first hole, and down the sixth, lengthwise of the frame, up the second and down the fourth, on the second row, up the third and down the fourth on the third row, this last stitch should be near the middle of the frame, then up through the sixth row where the worsted is, and repeat. Between the points on the middle of the frame, work over three holes each way diagonally in the form of a cross or X. Work the corners of the frame same as the first one, a square filled with diagonal stitches, this makes a neat and pretty frame for small pictures. I sewed mine to the frame with thread in long stitches up and down, and across the back, being careful to put the needle between the worsted stitches on the right side so the thread wouldn't show, and tying a twisted worsted cord to the back, hung it on the wall with a pin in the wall paper, as I then could change it to any part of the room.

I have other pretty patterns for frames that I can give if any one would like them. One is in imitation of black walnut with a gilt moulding around the picture. These frames are pretty and not expensive, as ten cents worth of single worsted will make a number of frames. Many thanks to the sisters for all their "notes on fancy work." They have helped to beguile away many an hour while I was on the invalid list. Cannot some one tell me how to make a scrap bag to be hung on the wall in a small crowded room? Also how to make a newspaper receiver of pasteboard with a bottom to it, instead of the front and back meeting at the bottom in the usual style. Any information will be gratefully received.

To make a Pincushion and Hairpin Receiver. — Take a pasteboard box twenty-one inches round, (or less if you choose) and two inches deep. Cover the outside smoothly, with chintz, rep, cambric, figured delaine, or anything you may happen to have. Berlin wool worked in a pretty pattern of red, green, and black, is very effective. Press the box very full with curled hair, from some old cushion, or shavings split very fine, or dried moss from the woods. Cover the top with a piece of thin cambric lining and sew firmly to the outside. Take a piece of black net, (an old lace veil is good,) large enough to cover the top. Thread a needle with some yarn or worsted, and run through every other mesh backwards and forwards across the lace. Better have it pinned over something white on the box, as you will see the meshes plainer and be less apt to make mistakes, sew this outside covering on the top, put a ruche of ribbon around the edge to conceal the stitches and one around the bottom. Make a small cushion for the middle of the top of box, stuff it with sawdust, cover it like the outside of the box, trim it round with a corresponding ruche of ribbon and fasten it firmly on the middle of the netting. Sew a loop of ribbon on the bottom edge of the box, and hang it by the side of the looking-glass. Put your pins on the cushion, and stick hairpins in the netting. Of course you can have it stand on the bureau or table if you choose, but I fancy there is now and then a mother who will be glad to have it made to hang up out of the reach of little Trot's mischievous fingers. To such an one this will be convenient and safe.

PATCHWORK BEDQUILTS.

Very pretty Patchwork Bedquilt.—Select whatever you design for the lining of your bedquilt, and cut it into pieces nine inches square. Upon the exact center of this lay a piece of light calico one inch square, and on two opposite sides of this center sew a piece of dark, each one inch square. Now across these three squares, on opposite sides, sew light, and again across these sew dark. Continue thus, alternating from side to side, light on two opposite sides, dark on the other two opposite sides, until your foundation is covered. Each strip should be one inch wide. Beginning at the center you run on the pieces and turn them over, run on others and turn them over, and thus continue to the end. You notice that you are lining and quilting your bedquilt square by square. In putting the squares together, you lay dark to dark and light to light. The effect is very pretty. The center of every other square must be dark.

Another Pattern for Patchwork.—Cut your strips the same width. Divide by doubling, or creasing, your foundation square cornerwise, put the dark and the light opposite that way. In this case three other squares are needed when put together, and the four form a large square, both of dark and light. But I do not like it as well as when laid as first directed. This is called "The poor man's quilt." When made of the family dresses the quilt becomes precious. Otherwise one would hardly be willing to spend so much time in cutting, or handling so many small pieces. In this one, also, as in the first one, every other center should be dark, and the others light. This is important, especially in the first one given.

Another pretty Square of Patchwork for Bedquilt.—Take a piece of light calico two inches square, and on the two opposite sides run dark pieces of the same size. Make one more strip exactly like it. Now take a light piece two inches wide and six inches long, and run the two strips just made on the long side of it. This light, plain piece, is the center of the square, and

now it has four dark corners, as you see, and is itself square. On each of the four sides put a dark piece two inches wide and six inches long, and fill out the corners with half squares of light. Cut four more dark pieces two inches square, and lay one against the middle of each of the last dark pieces, and fill out at each end with light half squares. The bedquilt will be handsomest if you can have the same kind of calico for all the squares, but it will answer if the squares are different, only having the same two kinds in one square. White can be used if preferred, instead of light calico.

Patchwork Bedquilt number Four.—Have two kinds of calico which contrast handsomely in colors, and if possible let the dark be in rather large figures, and the light in flowered stripes. Cut the darkest into pieces nine inches wide and fourteen inches long. Sew a light strip across the ends of the dark pieces, until the strip is as long as you wish the bedquilt to be, allowing for a strip around the whole. Make as many of these strips as required for the width of the bedquilt. Sew a border around the whole, and have a strip of light calico between each strip of squares. This is an economical way to make a bedquilt, as calico can be so doubled in width as to allow no waste at all, and the pieces being large are soon put together. In order to look best, the two kinds should be the same throughout. Every piece must be exactly alike. I mean every piece of the same color. Five large dark pieces in length, and seven in width, together with the light strips between, each way, of the size given above, will make a bedquilt very nearly three yards square, which is a large size. But the quilt can be made any size you wish.

Has Inez made her watch-case?

Any lady having patterns for knitted chair tidies, which she is willing to give away, will confer a favor by sending them to THE HOUSEHOLD, or to me. I certainly would say "Thank you," and this is more than all do, in my own experience.

HANS DORCOMB.

FASHIONS IN HAIR DRESSING.

Very plain styles are now preferred for dressing the hair for the street and for mornings in the house. Cable cords or twisted ropes of hair in two thick loops are worn at the back of the head, drooping low, as chatelaines. The switches made up of short hair on stems will not answer for these ropes, as long hair is needed to keep the ropes smooth. These loops are then fastened together at the nape of the neck with a long brooch of gold or of faceted steel. The ribbon bows, worn last season for tying chatelaines, have fallen into disuse, though a small bow with ends is sometimes placed on the crown of the head to conceal the termination of the loops. The front hair is worn in large waves if it is thick enough, but if not, an invisible or false front is used and is surmounted by a nest of finger puffs directly on the top of the head.

Light blonde hair is still worn rough and fluffy but it is not regularly creped. Dark hair is worn smoother than fair hair, and must be laid flatly in long waves, or in the water waves that require so little hair, or more stylish still, in the Montague locks that are made of thick curves laid irregularly on the forehead. Side locks, just in front of the ear, are turned toward the face. These locks and the Montague curls are glued down with bandoline to keep them in place.

Hair oils and pomades have happily gone entirely out of use; only the cleanly bandoline is used. The special object with the hair dresser is to follow the shape of the head, displaying its natural outline, and, above all, not increasing the size. Experienced hairdressers study each head to bring out its good points and conceal its bad ones. If it is too flat on top, some finger puffs are added there; if it is too long, the back hair is placed very low, or else in a knot just on the top; if it is a round and small head, the classic Grecian coiffure is used. The Greek coiffure may be made very dressy for evening by a few short natural looking curls worn drooping behind, while the front hair and sides are in long loose waves.

Yellow ivory or else tortoise-shell combs are worn in the back hair, placed a trifle toward one side. Side-combs are also used again. The French twist is worn by ladies who find high coiffures becoming. It is rolled very high and as small as possible, and is finished on top by a Recamier bow of hair, or else a cluster of hair loops. The coiffures of the time of the first Empire are said to be coming into use again. These are liked by brunettes with thick massive hair, and are copied from portraits of Josephine and Hortense. The front hair is in short thick curls parted in the middle. —*Exchange.*

HOW RUBBER BOOTS ARE MADE.

The gum used is imported directly from Africa, South America and Central America, that from Central America being the best, while the African gum is the poorest. The raw gum, which is nearly white, is ground several times between immense fluted iron rollers, after which it passes through the composition room, which process is secret, but when it comes out the gum has the black appearance of common rubber. The next process is that of passing the rubber between chilled iron cylinders, of many tons weight, which are kept very hot and very smooth. A part of the rubber intended for "uppers," is here spread upon and fastened to long sheets of cloth. The heels and taps are stamped out of sheets of gum of the required thickness. The rubber cloth is now carried to the cutter's room, where it is cut out and sent to the boot makers.

The boots are made by men, the shoes or ordinary rubbers by girls, while the overshoes are made by either. One man will make twelve or fourteen pairs of boots a day, and receive twenty cents a pair. An active girl will make from twenty-five to thirty pairs of rubbers. After the bootmaker is through they are placed in an oven, where for twelve hours they are subjected to a temperature of 300 degrees. They are then ready for boxing and shipping. In one factory about four thousand pairs of boots, rubbers, and overshoes are turned out daily.

CLEANING LINEN.

One of the hardest tasks that weekly recur is cleaning the family linen. Now during all the summer months, the sun may be harnessed to this work, and he will do it well if merely directed. Let the clothes be thoroughly wet in soap suds, cold or warm, and laid out on the grass. This may be done at night if convenient—the dews won't hurt them. Three or four hours of hot sun will make rubbing quite unnecessary, especially if the linen while lying on the grass be turned once or twice, and moistened with a watering-pot. Then it may be washed or rinsed, and hung or spread out to dry. The latter is the easier method, as it dispenses with pins and line, and gives the sun full opportunity to exert his bleaching properties.

Not a drop of hot water need be used in the process. Of course washing done in this way takes a longer time than by the ordinary methods of rubbing and scalding, but it requires less expenditure of fuel and muscle, and a feeble woman, who would be quite unable to endure the toil of the common way, by calling the sun to her aid, and employing little hands to help, may get through it easily. In all such processes there must be expense somewhere, and if time be more abundant than strength, let the expense be in time.

THE WORK TABLE.

M. P. M. wishes to know how to remove apple stains from white goods. I will give her my way:

To remove Fruit Stains.—Put a little pulverized sulphur on a piece of burning coal; wet the spot and hold over the smoke till it diappears, then rinse in pure water.

To remove Iron Rust.—Dissolve a piece of oxalic acid in hot water, then soak your goods in it. Rinse out well.

To remove Ink Stains.—Use the same method given for iron rust.

To remove Fresh Blood Stains.—Apply a few drops of javelle water; rinse out well immediately, as it otherwise burns.

To remove Wine Stains. — Wine stains may be removed from table linen by washing immediately in boiling milk.

To remove Grease Spots. — Grease spots on woolen or silk are easily taken off with benzine.

Does some one know of way to promote the growth of eyelashes? If so, please tell me through these columns.

Reinach, Switzerland. A. L. R.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—In answer to R. T. H., I would say that I cut a small piece from the stick of India ink, pour hot water upon it and set it in a warm place, or in the sun, till it is soft; when it is stirred it forms a thick liquid ready for use.

I wish the ladies would send their directions for making fancy articles to THE HOUSEHOLD, rather than in private letters. H. E. H.

MR. CROWELL:—There is one feature in the September number that particularly suits my present fancy, viz.: the quilt piecing. I have finished one charm, the pieces shaped like a common flatiron. I have many ancient pieces, among which is one piece of my grandmother's wedding dress (she was a cousin of Col. Ethan Allen); it is white cotton cloth, large figure, and cost one dollar a yard. Now I am piecing another charm called the honey-comb; it is hexagonal in shape, measuring five inches from side to side. I would be very glad to exchange with Ora, if she will send a piece to MRS. J. B. EDSALL.

Columbia X Roads, Bradford Co., Pa.

MR. CROWELL:—For the benefit of A Friend, in the August number of your paper, I will give the recipe for removing iron rust. Saturate the iron rust with lemon juice and immediately while damp hold over a steaming teakettle. I have seen it removed in less than two minutes. KATIE N. W.

Lexington, Ky.

Some one wishes to know how to take iron rust out of linen. Wet the goods with cold water, then rub on a little tartaric acid, with some salt, and spread in the sun; if it does not come out in a short time repeat the operation, then rinse well and hang out to dry. LEONORA.

Northboro, Mass.

A Friend asks for a recipe for removing iron rust. When the clothes are ready for the boiler, put on cream of tartar, roll the article up and boil. I have used it with success.

H. N. H.

MR. CROWELL,—*Dear Sir:*—In THE HOUSEHOLD for July a writer speaks of "garden box" as an antidote for baldness, and would cause a new growth of hair on the head. Will the writer, or any one, tell us what the botanical name is of "garden box," or is it known by any other name?

Beach City, O. F. W.

To remove stains, turn boiling water on the goods before washing. For ink stains, soak in sweet milk.

Springfield, Texas. MRS. I. W. S.

MR. CROWELL:—One of your constant readers, at least, is made glad by the grave subject introduced by Mary E. Ireland. She has enshrouded it so beautifully that it seems almost a pity to add further suggestions, or to hint at further improvements, but I have seen and used nice white flannel in place of cashmere, also the pretty shades of gray and other colors now so common in flannel, with very satisfactory results. In some places it is easier procured, is always cheaper, and for elderly people, men especially, seems very appropriate. I hope to hear from M. E. I. again. Information is needed. The "fashions" that rule us in this matter need improvement, and community will see the folly of some of them sooner if they are freely discussed. CHARITY L.

MR. EDITOR,—*Sir:*—Will the lady who gave the directions for knitting the leaf tidy, also give me the directions for the oak leaf edging mentioned in a late number of THE HOUSEHOLD.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

Marlboro, Vt.

JAMIE'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

BY LESLIE RAYNOR.

THE summer days had crept along, very slowly it seemed to Jamie, until the glowing month of August came, then only eight days remained before his birthday. This was to be a very important birthday, first, because he would be seven years old; second, because he was to have a birthday party.

Now perhaps a birthday party will bring to the minds of some of you little people, thoughts of a fine house gaily lighted, ever so many little boys and girls very fashionably dressed, music and dancing, a supper table laden with things not good for small folks to eat, and possibly wine, though I hope you won't think of that

But Jamie's party was not at all like this. His home was in a low brown house on a hillside which sloped to the sea, far away from any city or large town. The cheery afternoon sun shed his brightest light, the birds and the sea furnished the music, and the four-o'clocks in his mother's little garden opened their eyes earlier than usual that day and sent out a perfumed greeting to the happy children.

Jamie had held several grave consultations with his mother some days before, about several matters pertaining to the party. Should he have one large cake, or several small ones, gem cakes they called them? peanuts or filberts? Should the table be laid in the house, or out under the shade of the cherry trees? All these were arranged satisfactorily, as you shall see.

Although it seemed to Jamie that the ninth of August never would come, he awoke one glorious morning to find it was really there. After breakfast, out in the little yard between the house and the blue, sparkling ocean, some curious preparations were being made, the object of which would have puzzled you had not you been in the secret. Jamie's father and mother were busy with some poles and sheets, needle and thread. What could it mean?

Before the old, yellow sun had crept up very far in the heavens, a little white tent had arisen in the yard. A real tent, large enough for half a dozen small people to stand within, and a table beside. In front of the door, from a tall pole, waved a flag of white cotton on which, in letters of red flannel, were these words, "J. M. V.'S BIRTHDAY." This was presented by a sister of Jamie's particular friend "little May."

All things were now ready for the party, but that was not to take place until afternoon, and "what should be done with the long forenoon, and would it ever pass away?" thought Jamie. He was reminded that though it was his birthday the reading lesson must not be forgotten, and he had better recite that for the first thing. I'm very sorry to be obliged to tell you that Jamie did not like learning to read, but it is true. So, on hearing this, I proposed that he should read to me every day during my stay, and after each lesson I would tell him a story. Sometimes a little coaxing was necessary before he would begin, but to-day he was quite willing, and "Wouldn't I hear it in the tent?"

So we had the lesson and the story under the white canopy; then I took Jamie off to the shore with me where, making sand houses, forts and wells, picking up shells, watching the sheep and lambs as they came trooping down over the cliffs in search of the seaweed on the beach, the shining waves and the blue sky, the little minutes ran away so swiftly that they brought the dinner hour before we knew where the forenoon had gone.

By two o'clock the guests had assembled and were already at play. There was Jamie's particular friend little May, May's brother Myron, cousins Hannah, Willy, Hilly, and even wee Hattie, who could not speak plainly, but said "She wanted to tum to de party, too."

As I lay upon my bed resting after my long walk of the forenoon, up through the open window framed about with a clambering grape vine, came floating the sound of the children's voices; happy little voices and many little bursts of laughter. Jamie's mother was with them entering into "drop the handkerchief," with as much interest as her little boy. They were thoughtful, too, for I heard some one warning the others that "they mustn't make so much noise, for they were near Miss B.'s window, and she was very tired."

Presently little Hattie became tired, cried to see "mamma," and sister Hannah led her carefully over the fields home. She was soon back again, and the play went on as merrily as before. The game they most delighted in, the one of which they never wearied, was "hide and seek." The quaint old house had many a corner and cranny where little people could easily stow themselves away, and somehow the others never seemed to think of looking there for them. Especially nice was the open chamber. It was in the middle, lighted only by a window in each of the small finished chambers at the ends of the house. It was dark, low and unfinished, but filled with a curious collection of things, sea-chests, boxes, barrels, piles of bed-clothing, affording numberless places for hiding, and the darkness was all the better for the hidden ones.

Thus the afternoon passed quickly away, and the shadows grew longer and longer till they crept quite over the little tent and folded it in. Right in the midst of an intensely interesting search after little May, who "cannot be found anywhere," but who, nestled in between my arm-chair and the window, hears all, and has to try very hard to keep from laughing aloud, thus revealing her hiding place, comes the call to supper, and off they scamper to the tent.

A supper in a real tent! Was ever anything so nice? Jamie must sit at the head of the table, little May at his right hand, Hannah at the foot, and the others quickly found their places. And the table? We sometimes read of tables groaning with their load of goodies, but I do not think that this one would have groaned if it could. It would have said, (if it could have spoken,) "I am just as glad as I can be to hold all these nice things for you, and be just as happy as you can."

There were biscuits and blackberry sauce, cookies, blackberry, and custard pies, and most tempting of all, the cake, large, thick, crusted all over with frosting, from out of which peeped the sugar plums; and cups of milk and water to drink. Lastly came some little glass plates holding a few candies, nuts and figs.

Whether Jamie, as host, presided gracefully, I don't know, for we elders left the children to themselves, but from the merry shouts and laughter which came from the tent we were sure they were enjoying themselves. And the verdict of the company as they came out of the tent was, "It was the best supper we ever had in our lives."

There was yet time for play, and in various ways it was improved. At last they went to a high rock off in the pasture to see the sun go down, and when his big round face had dropped behind the hilltops they began to think of going home. So with much talk about the good time they had had they said good night to Jamie and went home.

I must not forget to tell you that cousins Willy and Hilly did not think wholly of their own selfish pleasure, for when they reached home they put into the lap of their invalid mother their share of the nuts and candies, telling her "they had had so many good things, and had brought these home to her."

When the Saturday night work was all done, the tent taken down and folded away, and we sat together in the beautiful summer twilight, then the dear old grandmother took Jamie up close to her side and talked to him softly about the birthday which had just passed so pleasantly, of those which would come if he lived, and of the good, pure, true man she wanted her little boy to be. I did not hear it, but I am almost sure a prayer went up to Him who loves little children, that this one might be kept from evil.

I think Jamie will always remember this bright summer day, the birthday party and grandmother's words, and the memory will be a pleasant one.

Father, mother, keep the birthdays. Make them pleasant with some simple festival. Mark them with some special enjoyment, so that when childhood has given way to manhood and womanhood, and hearts grow heavy with burden-bearing, memories of these days shall be resting-places, where, entering in, they shall be kept fresher and purer, all through the way of life.

THE PROSPECTIVE MOTHER.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

We recognize law, method, and the relations of cause and effect in the world around us far more than in relation to ourselves. The farmer expects a good crop only so far as he has a good soil and cultivates that soil thoroughly. The mechanic expects good products only with the use of good materials, skillfully combined. The stock-raiser seeks the improvement of his stock only so far as he heeds the conditions of such improvement, while he well knows that their health is made dependent, almost or quite wholly, on the selection of their food and the general care. He well knows—if he is reasonably intelligent—just how he may secure a racer, a good "roader," or a work-horse, having as much faith in his efforts as the gardener has in the production of any given fruits—in the kind and quality.

We admit that laws as unbending as those of the "Medes and Persians" control the lower orders, the brutes, and yet often if not generally fail to recognize such laws as affecting human beings, practically admitting that all is accident, haphazard chaos, that God has left His own dear children, the noblest workmanship of His hands, to blind chance, without method, without law. This is the only inference deducible from the course usually pursued, or the absence of all plan or design. It is safe to say that one-half of the care, the intelligence, the regard to the laws of transmission, the great tenderness manifested towards the prospective mother of favorite stock, that health, endurance, vigor or fleetness may be secured, when practically applied to human beings, to the mothers of the human species, in three generations would double the term of human life, bring back the stalwart frames of the early ages, and annihilate a large per cent. of the diseases of the present day—considerably modified already by the intelligence of the last quarter of a century.

As are the mothers so are the children. The fathers exert but a little influence, relatively, in the transmission of disease, or of soundness of body, and that of the general constitution, while the mother transmits her present condition far more than her innate constitution. This fact renders her offspring to a very great extent under her control. She can as certainly promote the health of her future child as insure a loaf of good bread, or a well-made garment, or to just the extent she controls surrounding circumstances. She may give vigor to her child as certainly as she can increase her own. She may—instumentally—create a healthy child as certainly as she creates an appetite for herself, by exercise. She may insure a love of music, a love for the beautiful in nature and art in her unborn child, as certainly as she may cultivate the same in herself, and by the same means—"as is the mother, so is the child." She may insure a cheerful, hopeful, and amiable disposition in her child as certainly as she may cultivate the same in herself, and by the same means, imparting her then frame of mind to her offspring as certainly as her body affords the nourishment for that of the future child. If her milk—after birth—sustains her child, or otherwise, according to its quality, so her condition, during the most important period of her life, the most intensely interesting, because the most fraught with stupenduous results, her physical, mental, and moral condition during pregnancy must control that of her child.

It follows, that if she toils in the hot kitchen in the "dog-days" just to

pamper a flagging appetite—flagging when it ought to—using all of her strength, she as certainly has none to impart to her child—robs it of its inheritance of health. It follows that if she indulges a morbid appetite, eating what she would reject in disgust at other times, she must "mark" her child with animality, if not with licentiousness. If she utterly disregards her physical condition, especially in the early, the inceptive and formative period, she must "mark" her child with a similar condition—imparting peevishness, "nervousness," irritability and hatred, just to the extent that she cherishes these unamiable traits. If she allows the seeds of disease to find a lodgment in her system, does nothing to remove them, or to "tone up" and recuperate, those seeds will as naturally germinate and bear a fearful harvest, at some period, in her child, as the seeds of the thistle reproduce themselves. "Whatsoever a (wo)man soweth, that also shall (her child) reap." If she "sows to the flesh," her child will reap a frightful harvest of "corruption." If she uses ardent spirits at this time—the worst time for its use—the nursing period not excepted—society will reap drunkards, just to the extent of her indulgence.

I repeat, and with emphasis, the mother may control her unborn child as she can her plants and flowers, and will of necessity.

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE CHILD.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

"As the old cock crows, so crows the young."
—*Old Proverb.*

A bright fire is burning in the fireplace, sending bright lights all over the room, and making shadows dance merrily on the walls. Pussy sits before the fire, very warm and happy, and little Herbert, four years old, is building a block-house near her, very happy because very busy. The door opens and Herbert's mamma comes in with a large lamp in her hands, which she places upon the table.

"Herbert," she says, "will you please shut the door."

Does he say, "Yes, mother, in a minute?" Oh! no, he does not wait one minute but drops the block in his hand and jumps up quickly and runs and shuts the door, saying, "Yes, mother, I'll do it for the pleasure."

"With pleasure, you mean," said his mother, and she smiles at him and says, "Thank you, dear. I'm glad my dear little boy is so polite and obedient to his mother. I hope he will always be kind and polite to every one," and then she sits down in a large chair before the fire and takes him in her arms and kisses him.

The door opens again and Herbert's father comes in, looking very cold and tired. His whiskers are covered with frost and snow, for it is cold and stormy out of doors. Mamma and Herbert jump up quickly to meet him, and papa kisses them both and bids them a cheerful "Good evening."

"How cold you are," says mamma. "Do sit down here by the fire and warm you. Herbert, tell Jane to bring in the tea now."

"Yes, mother, with pleasure," says little Herbert, and he scampers away to the kitchen and holds the door wide open for Jane while she brings in the teapot in one hand and a plate of warm toast in the other.

Papa has taken off his boots and is warming his feet by the bright fire, while mamma and he are talking together cheerfully Herbert runs for papa's slippers, and when he finds them does he say, "Here, papa, here are your slippers, see! see!" and so interrupt his father while he is talking? Oh! no; he knows that would be wrong. We must not speak when others are talking. He puts the slippers before the fire close by his father's feet without saying a word. But his father sees him and nods and smiles pleasantly at him while he goes on talking. When he has finished what he was saying he pats his little son on the shoulder and says, "Thank you, little man, I am glad to see you are so helpful."

Then they all sit down to tea feeling very happy. How sweet and fresh Herbert's milk tastes! He crumbs in his bread and eats it with a relish. All the better because he has been kind and helpful and he knows his father and mother are pleased with him. They are very happy, too, and glad and thankful that their little boy is good and kind to all.

How do you suppose Herbert learned to be so polite? I will tell you. He learned it by seeing his father and mother always kind and polite to each other, as well as to others. The evening before, Herbert's father took his gloves from his pocket and said to Herbert's mamma, "Can you mend this hole for me?' "I'll do it with pleasure," said she, and Herbert who was playing in the room heard every word, and he saw his mother put down her book and go quickly for her workbox, and saw her take the gloves and sit down again with a bright smile on her face and take out a needle and thread and sew as if she were very happy to do it for papa. Then Herbert heard papa say, "Shall I read aloud to you, dear?" and mamma answered, with a smile, "Thank you, dear, I should like it very much."

Did you know that if your father and mother spoke French every day when they were with you, or if you played often with children who spoke only French, you would soon learn to speak it too? So, if you play with children who are rude and cross, you may learn to be like them. Herbert ought to be very glad that every one around him is loving and kind and polite, for that makes him good and happy.

A STRANGER IN THE SCHOOL

On a warm day a large school of boys and girls were conning over their lessons. The teacher tried hard to keep order, to make all take to their studies, to help those who needed aid, and to make all happy. He opened the doors and windows to give them fresh air; but all would not do. Some felt discouraged with their lessons, some felt sleepy, some felt cross, and everything seemed to drag and linger. By and by the heavy tread of a foot on the doorstep was heard, and, without knocking, in walked a hard-faced man, somewhat old in years, but with a firm step. The children at first felt afraid of him, but they soon found that beneath his hard looks there was a bright eye, a pleasant smile, and a kind heart. But instead of sitting down and staring at the school, he sat down by the side of one of the little girls who was trying in vain to get her spelling lesson. There were tears of discouragement in her eyes.

"Well, what's the matter with our little one?"

"O sir, I can't get my lesson. It's so long, and the words are so hard. I can never learn them!"

"Let us see. How many words are there in one colume?"

"Fifteen, sir."

"And how many columns in your lesson?"

"Three, sir."

"Very well. That makes forty-five words to be learned. How many of these are easy so that you can spell them at once? Count them."

"Twenty-five, sir."

"Then you have twenty left which you call hard. Now take the first one, look at it sharp, see every letter in it, count the letters, see just how the word looks. Now shut your eyes and see if you can still see just how the word looks. Spell it over softly to yourself. There, now you spelled it right. Now do so with the next word, and the next, till you have them all."

"O sir! that is very easy. I can get my lesson now."

Then the visitor went to a boy who was puzzled over a sum in arithmetic. He was discouraged and almost cross.

"Let us see. What's the matter here?"

"This sum, sir! I can't do it, and every sum grows harder and harder. It seems as if the man who made the book tried to see how hard sums he could put down."

"I see. Now what's the rule by which this sum is to be done? Repeat it. Very well, only you have not said it quite right. Turn to it, and see. There now, you left out one important link. You understand the rule. Try the sum now, putting in the part you left out."

"O sir! it's easy now. I see, and I can do them all."

"Yes; but you must not be thinking about your ball, and kite, and play. You must give all your mind to the thing you are studying, and then it will be easy."

The stranger next sat down by a boy who was trying to commit the declension of a noun in the Latin grammar. Over and over he had repeated it, but, alas! he could not make the memory hold it. He was ready to throw down the book.

"Hold there, my boy! Don't look so discouraged. Take your pen and carefully write down that declension. See how every word is written, and what letter ends every case. There now, is every one right? Yes! Well, shut your grammar, turn over your paper and on the other side write it all over again from memory. So ho! How many mistakes have you made?"

"Two, sir."

"Very well. Put away that bit of paper, get another, and try it again, till you can write it without a single mistake. You can say it then, for writing will fix it in the memory."

Thus he went from seat to seat, and helped all. The scholars forgot the heat. They all had their lessons; the teacher smiled and praised them, and all were happy. Just as he was leaving, the teacher thanked the stranger, and hoped he would soon call again.

"Oh," said he, "just send for me at any time, and I will come and give any one a lift."

"Pray, sir, by what name shall we ask for you?"

"Mr. Hardstudy, sir, at your service."—*John Todd.*

THE PUZZLER.

ANSWERS:—1. Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee. Exodus 20:12. 2. Skaptar-Jokul. 3. Honorable. 4. Beautiful. 5. Picturesque. 6. Sublime. 7. Magnificent. 8. Sparkling. 9. Supercilious. 10. Humoral. 11. Commander. 12. Usefulness. 13. Powerful. 14. Grand. 15. Truth.

ENIGMAS.

1. I am composed of ten letters.
My 3, 4, 10, 3 is a trial.
My 6, 2, 8, 9 is to become the property of any.
My 1, 7, 5 is an act of opposition.
My whole are noted falls in the United States. W.

2. I am composed of fifteen letters.
My 6, 4, 3, 5 is a faint notice.
My 2, 7, 11, 4, 1, 3 is a an animal.
My 9, 14, 15, 13 is to appease.
My 12, 8, 10 is a pack of dogs.
My whole is an animal of Australia. W.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

3. My first is in haddock but not in fish,
My second is in anxious but not in wish,
My third is in sorry but not in glad,
My fourth is in laugh but not in sad,
My fifth is in mention but not in told,
My sixth is in pleasant but not in scold.
My whole is a universal scavenger of nature. W.

SQUARE WORDS.

4. A bird (now extinct); to disclose; a kind of paper; a stone. W.

5. An amusement; a man's name; embrace of animals; a range of mountains. W.

PUZZLE.

6. I am an object of great beauty, yet I am often made into a deformity; I am purchased at great cost, yet the poorest are frequently envied my possession; I am a frail thing, yet at loss of me strength has been reduced to weakness; I am easily managed, yet am shockingly cut and mutilated; I am found in every family, yet many would give a fortune to possess me; I am imitated by many, yet none ever equalled me; I am harmless, yet by me a young man lost his life; I form garments, am a trophy of war and love, and am manufactured into ornaments, or treasured as the dearest reminder of a lost friend. LOTTIE.

CHARADE.

7. My first is a dainty fine creature,
To be seen in our streets any day;
My second is a man of great note
Who lived in a land far away;
My third each person possesses,
And they always have more than one;
My whole is a fine addition
And help to the Christmas eve fun.
LOTTIE.

DECAPITATIONS.

8. I am what every one possesses; beheaded and curtailed I am an organ of the body; curtailed I denote for what that organ is used; beheaded twice and I am that to which many devote their lives; curtailed thrice I am a personal pronoun; beheaded and transposed and I accompany sorrow; beheaded again and transposed and I am black as ink; transpose again and I am a mischievous animal.
LOTTIE.

HIDDEN FURNITURE.

9. The Greek letters, alpha and omega, signify the first and last.

10. Some said I should have an unpleasant time; but it was not so.

11. Mr. Crowell, which establishment, of the two, is the largest?

12. I still hold to my saying, that March air is wholesome.

13. "John, you must oversee the work today," said his father.

14. All amphitheatres are circular edifices, used for public sports.

THE FOOD WE EAT.

WE ARE told that "bread is the staff of life." But what is bread? "Cast thy bread upon the waters," saith the Scriptures. This cannot mean wheaten nor brown bread, but rather the cereal of which bread is made. I will use the term bread, therefore, as a type of vegetable food. Wheaten bread furnishes a key to the composition of all other kinds. A crushed grain of wheat may be separated into two parts, the bran and the flour. The bran is the outside, and when mixed with the flour it darkens the color. Hence it is usually sifted out and given to the animals. The flour of wheat contains two principal substances, gluten and starch. Every hundred pounds of fine flour contains ten pounds of gluten and seventy of starch. Add a little yeast to the flour before, or while it is being mixed with water into into dough, and then place the dough, for an hour or two, in a warm atmosphere, and it begins to rise (as every good housekeeper knows). Now place it in the oven and heat it to a temperature of the boiling point. The fermentation which has accompanied the process so far, is suddenly arrested and the mass is fixed, by a process of baking, into a light and spongy loaf. The fermentation results from the action of the yeast upon moist flour, and first changes a part of the starch of the flour into sugar, and then converts this sugar into alcohol and carbonic acid, in a similar way as in the process of distillation. As long as the fermentation continues, the gas, not being able to escape, swells the dough. In the process of baking the alcohol escapes, and hence mere bread eaters are not liable to become intoxicated.

New baked bread is comparatively soft and tenacious, and is generally supposed to be less digestible than stale bread of some days old. But it is a mistaken notion, that stale bread which is more free and crumbly, is actually dryer. Cold bread contains nearly the same proportion of water as new bread. The apparent change is in the internal arrangement of the molecules of the bread. The bread we eat is nearly one-half water—at least forty-five per cent. A well baked wheaten loaf has in every hundred parts, forty-five parts of water, six parts of gluten, and forty-nine parts of starch, sugar and gum. Gluten is the most nutritious part of the grain. The proportion of gluten in the whole grain, and in the different parts, shows that we cast out the most nutritious portion in the common process of preparing it for the oven. The whole grain of wheat contains twelve per cent. of gluten; the whole bran from fourteen to eighteen per cent,; and the white flour only ten per cent. Hence our "best brands" of flour are the poorest, as an article of nutritious diet.

Barley and rye strongly resemble wheat in their composition and nutritious quality, but in consequence of their flavor and color they are not regarded with favor for bread-making. Indian corn is much like wheat, but it is not usually relished as well, on account of its excess of oily matter. This oil constitutes nine per cent. of the whole grain. Oats are excellent for food. They are rich in gluten, and contain more oily matter than any other of our cereal grains. Both oats and corn are unquestionably more wholesome than wheat, though they do not make so light and spongy bread. Rice has less than half the gluten contained in oats; hence in rice-bearing countries, the natives consume enormous quantities of rice, compared with those using other kinds of grain. Still rice is easily digested, and is a desirable kind of food when a mixed diet is used. Buckwheat ranks with common wheat, as to its nutritious quality, and for hot cakes, to be eaten with maple sugar, is regarded as a luxury in many a Yankee family. The bean and pea are very nutritious, but have only a small per cent. of fat.

The potato stands at the head of the list, as a variety of human food. No other root is so extensively grown as an article of diet. It contains ninety-two per cent. of starch, and eight per cent. of gluten. The turnip and carrot contain more water and less dry food. The onion is very nutritious, though not so pleasantly flavored as some other plants. Cabbage is a very nutritious vegetable, but should be eaten with prudence, and with fat and oily food. The less common roots and fruits used for food, not found in this country, I will pass over, for want of space.

Thus the vegetable kingdom furnishes a full supply of food for man and beast, adapted to their wants—at least to all Grahamites. O.

GLASSWARE.

There is now an absolute liberty of choice in glass as in everything. Among sensible people who stood on their own feet, there was always this liberty of choice, of course, but now, liberty of choice is "the thing." Said one well-known dealer to us, the other day, "If you ask me what is the fashion in glass, I say everything is the fashion. Some people think there is nothing like heavy cut-glass, others think there is nothing like Baccarat's crystal, or the English glass, as plain in form as Baccarat's, but clearer, more brilliant. Some people think engraved glass very desirable, while others will not have it, or have only a piece or two to show as a curiosity, or to put at the service of a favored guest. In short, the tastes of no two people are alike, and in the very heart of what is known as the best society, every one has perfect liberty to furnish her table as her own taste may persuade her."

Our own preference leads us to recommend the plain English or the French Baccarat glass—the latter so called after the manufacturer. The shapes of the tumblers, goblets, wine-glasses, and preserve-dishes, of English and French make alike, are simple and make no pretense of novelty, but for this very reason they will be found to please longer than forms got up to catch the eye of people bent on being "in the fashion." All table-glass needs to be kept not only immaculately clean, but highly polished, and of course this is more difficult to accomplish with the plain glass than with such as has eye-taking ornaments upon it, just as plain body-linen is harder to launder than such as is frilled, tucked, and embroidered. We shall not be misunderstood; we mean that, in the one case, there is no escape from the inquisitive eye—every spot tells, every cloud shows, and immaculateness is harder to accomplish. In the other case there are hiding places for specks and flaws, and the eye of both maid and mistress is more easily satisfied.

The housekeeper wants her table when dressed, to please the sight. But some are pleased with neatness and a Quaker simplicity, others want picturesque oddity, and others again want richness and abundance. In our present state of freedom, we can, all of us —"Quakers," "artists," "leaders of society" in this, that, or the other Little Pedlington—dress our table to suit ourselves. And a good thing it is that there are such differences of taste. To show how little any formula of style or fashion holds in our society, we may tell our perplexed housekeeper that in the principal shops of New York the salesmen will show you "sets" of all the kinds of table-glass, heavy, cut, plain, engraved, and Venetian, and then will tell you that many people like to mix all these up, to have the tumblers or goblets of one kind, and even to alternate the guests with tumblers and goblets (think of that, thou Amelia, who visited friends in the city!) then claret, champagne, hock, sherry — liquor plain, engraved, colored—like a bouquet of flowers at each plate. Perhaps at dessert a dish of Venetian glass, milky white, with its roses and green leaves about the edge, will be set to holding the fruit, while a dish of heavy cut-glass at one end gives back sparkle for sparkle with the jelly that fills it, and a dish of English crystal with twisted handles at the other end, matches with its smooth severity the severe smoothness of the blanc-mange.—*Scribner.*

REMARKS ON EATING.

Professor Blot used to say it is a fact beyond all question that the intellectual and moral faculties of man are influenced in a large degree in their operations by those physical conditions which are dependent upon our food. Physiology proves that it is the contraction of the muscles that produces wrinkles; and a person whose food is properly prepared appears younger and more beautiful than the one who follows no scientific principles in his eating. Good food, properly prepared, will keep his muscles in order and elastic.

Any one, male or female, young or old, starting with a good stomach, can keep healthy and in good flesh with proper food; it is only necessary to select the kind required by the constitution and prepare it judiciously. It is not what we eat that makes us fat, but what we digest. Bad food may bring a temporary bloatedness, but not the plumpness of good health. He agrees with the opinion expressed by Thomas Jefferson, as well as by a celebrated New York clergyman, that good things have been made by the Creator for good people.

Another thing in food—it ought always to be prepared according to the age of the person for whom it is intended, and for the sex, as well as according to the climate and the season. In winter more fatty matter is necessary to be eaten than at any other time of the year. In spring, greens, which purify the blood and remove the bile occasioned by eating fatty substances in the winter. In winter we need more bile; in the spring we must get rid of it if we would be healthy.

THE DESSERT.

—The man who had a project on foot went to a corn doctor.

—Some one who believes that brevity is the soul of wit writes: "Don't eat Q cumbers; they will W up."

—Men who don't know a rutabaga from an old tin pail go out to the county fairs this month and begin their orations with "Fellow farmers!"

—Hotel porters rarely live to be old men. Physicians have a theory that their death is hastened by the strain necessary to lift and shoulder heavy trunks.

—An old hat, so banged and rusted as to have entirely lost its individuality, was found near a stream in New Hampshire and led to the story that Secretary Evarts had been foully made away with.

—There was a little gathering of the Smith family at Peapack, N. J., last week. As only five thousand were present it is evident that it must have been merely a local affair. John was there in his usual force.

—Fifty thousand shirts, on which are printed extracts from the Koran in blue characters, and as many woolen waistcoats, whereupon is emblazoned the prophet's seal, are being manufactured in Paris for the Turkish soldiers. This will give the Turks many literary advantages they never before possessed.

—A professional man, returning to his office, one day, after a substantial lunch, said complacently to his assistant, "Mr. Peetkin, the world looks different to a man when he has three inches of rum in him." "Yes," replied the junior, without a moment's hesitation, "and he looks different to the world."

—Sidney Lanier's poetic thanks to the gnarly-handed plowman for leaving a plot of turf under the tree for "bees, fair thoughts and me" are doubtless from a grateful heart, but the real reason the farmer spared the turf was because his plow would have been stuck in the roots and his team set if he had tried to plow there.

—There is, perhaps, no more perfect picture of perplexity than the countenance of a man who finds in his pocket a letter which his wife gave him a month ago to mail, and holds it to the light in a futile attempt to determine whether there is anything in it that would convict him if he were to carry it in his pocket the rest of the year, and mail it on the anniversary of the day on which it was written.—*Worcester Press.* That's so.

DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

MRS. A. F. is correct in supposing that the position in bed has much to do with the shoulders, whether "round" or otherwise. The erect posture is safe and natural, since it brings the bones and muscles in the position intended for them by the Creator. Any deviation from such an adjustment of these in the bed, where about one-third of our time is spent, must serve to produce and fix a bad position. Of course, it follows that to bolster one up in bed, raising the head several inches above the general level, must tend to crowd the shoulders forward, curving the collar bones and throwing the shoulder-blades out of their natural position, on one edge away from the ribs. Away, then, with the thick pillows—especially the feather ones—allowing the spinal column to assume its natural position in bed, as elsewhere. While lying on the back, but a slight, if any, elevation of the head is needed, and while on the side, only enough to compensate for the shoulder irregularity. While lying on the right side is best till all the food has left the stomach, it is not objectionable to change from side to side and to the back, as a means of rest, though in certain inflammatory diseases, as of the liver, it may be painful to lie on the side—sometimes on one and sometimes on the other.

But what shall be done? I answer, stand, sit and lie erect; throw the shoulders back, fold the arms behind, fill the lungs as full of air as possible, and "straighten up." Perseverance in all of this will do something toward a change, though the aged must not expect too much.

I gladly indorse the sensible article of Anna Holyoke on "Cross Babies." These dear little ones are not so cross as sick. It is as natural for the children to be happy and frisky as for the kitten, the lamb, etc., and they will be so aside from disease, most of which in the infants is caused by bad feeding. A child may cry for other causes beside hunger. An infant, properly fed, will be hungry only once in about three hours; it is absurd to suppose that such can need food much oftener than that, since the time for digestion of milk, as given by Dr. Beaumont, is two and one-fourth hours, allowing only three-fourths of an hour for rest—none too much, ordinarily.

Again, the infant sometimes cries for exercise, moving the whole abdominal region up and down in a manner peculiar to them. It may cry for water, as a child may be thirsty, like an adult, as well as hungry; often offer water. Infants may cry from fatigue, being too long in the same position; often change position. They may cry from being too warm as well as from coldness. Some infants are bundled up, head and all, suffocating them, just as if their only need is warmth, and as if the proper way to avoid colds and sniffles is to keep them uncomfortably hot, a greater absurdity than which cannot be conceived.

Make these little ones, these tender buds of humanity, comfortable. Do not fatten them, like swine and fowls for the market, but feed them decently and appropriately, as if human beings, having appetites, feelings, tastes and rights like adults. Watch their discomforts, and infer from our own what are theirs.

REMEDY FOR INSECT BITES AND STINGS.

When a mosquito, flea, gnat, or other noxious insect, punctures the human skin, it deposites or injects an atom of an acidulous fluid of a poisonous nature. The results are irritation, a sensation of tickling, itching, or of pain. The tickling of flies we are comparatively indifferent about; but the itch produced by a flee, or gnat, or other noisome insect, disturbs our serenety, and, like the pain of a wasp or a bee sting, excites us to a remedy. The best remedies for the sting of insects are those which will instantly neutralize this acidulous poison deposited in the skin. These are either ammonia or borax. The alkaline reaction of borax is scarcely yet sufficiently appreciated. However, a time will come when its good qualities will be known, and more universally valued than ammonia, or, as it is commonly termed, "hartshorne."

The solution of borax for insect bites is made thus: Dissolve one ounce of borax in one pint of water that has been boiled and allowed to cool. Instead of plain water, distilled rose water, elder, or orange flower water, is more pleasant. The bites are to be dabbed with the solution so long as there is any irritation. For bee's or wasps' stings the borax solution may be made of twice the above strength. In every farm house this solution should be kept as a household remedy.

The Christian Union gives the following as a sure remedy for stings. At this season it is well to know of a sure remedy for the stings of wasps, bees, hornets and smaller insects. For the sake of the children, as well as yourself keep a box of cut tobacco near at hand, and be sure that all the family know just where to find it, and how to use it without a moment's delay. The instant any one is stung, wet some cut tobacco, and lay it instantly on the spot. Hold it there a few minutes, and the cure is complete. We do not know as it is a perfect cure, when not applied within a few minutes after being stung. It would probably relieve, but it might not cure after the poison has got into the blood. But we do know that an immediate application, is almost an immediate cure.

My little grandson was stung on the cheek a few days ago, and ran to his mother screaming with fright, and pain. A spoonful of tobacco was wet and applied, and in a few minutes he was ready for play. This excitement had hardly subsided when another child stepped unawares upon a hornet's nest, and was fearfully stung. Tobacco was wet, and applied to the numerous spots, with the same magical result.

This should be generally known, for stings are terrible for children, from the pain, as well as from the fright that comes with it, and some persons are seriously poisoned by them. The honey bee leaves the sting in the wound, and that must be removed before relief can be had.

SCARLET FEVER.

The Boston Board of Health have issued the following as a circular, sending it to every house in the city. It deserves a careful reading:

Scarlet fever is like small pox in its power to spread rapidly from person to person. It is highly contagious. The disease shows its first signs in about one week after exposure, as a general rule, and persons who escape the illness during a fortnight after exposure may feel themselves safe from attack. Scarlet fever, scarlatina, canker rash and rash fever, are names of the one and the same dangerous disease.

When a case of scarlet fever occurs in any family, the sick person should be placed in a room apart from the other inmates of the house, and should be nursed as far as possible by one person only. The sick chamber should be well warmed. Its furniture should be such as will permit of cleansing without injury, and all extra articles, such as window drapery and woolen carpets, should be removed from the room during the sickness. The family should not mingle with other people. Visitors to an infected house should be warned of the presence of a dangerous disease therein, and children, especially, should not be admitted.

On recovery, the sick person should not mingle with the well until the roughness of the skin, due to the disease, shall have disappeared. A month is considered an average period during which isolation is needed The clothing before being worn or used by the patient or the nurse, should be cleansed by boiling for at least one hour, or if that cannot be done, by free and prolonged exposure to out door air and sunlight. The walls of the room should be dry-rubbed, and the cloths used for that purpose should be burned without previous shaking. The ceiling should be scraped and whitened; the floor should be washed with soap and water, and carbolic acid may be added to the water—one pint to three or four gallons. The infected clothing should be cleansed by itself, and not sent to the laundry.

In cases of death from scarlet fever, the funeral services should be strictly private, and the corpse should not be exposed to view. Because children are especially liable to take and to spread scarlet fever, and because schools afford a free opportunity for this, the Board of Health has excluded from school every child from any family in which a case of the disease has occurred and has decreed that the absence shall continue four weeks from the beginning of the attack, except in cases subject to the discretion of the Board, and that the scholar to be readmitted to his schoolroom must have the certificate of a physician that the required time has passed.

A REMEDY FOR SCALDS AND BURNS.

It is not often a doctor can be found who will take his own medicine, but here is one who not only undergoes the remedy, but inflicts on himself the suffering that his discovery is to cure. Dr. G. F. Waters, of Boston, recently tested, before the the meeting of the Massachusetts Dental Society, a new remedy for burns and scalds, consisting of the application of bicarbonate of soda, the simple cooking soda used in all families. The doctor dipped a sponge into boiling hot water, and squeezed it over his right wrist, the water flowing almost completely around the arm, and nearly encircling it with a severe scald two inches in width. Not content with this, he dipped the sponge a second time, and pressed it closely on the under side of his wrist for thirty seconds. He then applied bicarbonate of soda to the scalded surface, and laid over it a wet cloth, and the intense pain was banished as if by magic.

On the next day after this severe test, the scald, with the exception of the part purposely made most severe, was practically healed, only a slight discoloration of the skin showing where the scalding water had flowed—this, too, without a second application of the soda. The flesh on the under side of the wrist had been cooked down to the sweat glands, and the scald was one which ordinarily would have caused an open and painful wound of long duration. The only treatment of this, however, after the first application of the soda, was to keep the part moist with a wet cloth, and no pain was experienced, and it was but a few days before this severe wound was seen to be rapidly healing.

OUR FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

Mrs. H. B. E. asks in January number for a remedy for canker in the mouth. If she will take the inside bark of peach tree twigs of last year's growth and make a pint of strong tea, then add a lump of burnt alum the size of a hickorynut, finely pulverized, sweeten with honey, and wash her mouth frequently, I think it will cure her. MRS. M. Y.

MR. CROWELL,—*Dear Sir*:—In answer to Mrs. H. B. E., in your January number, would say, steep sumach berries, strain, and make a syrup by adding loaf sugar; take a teaspoonful four or five times a day. This will greatly benefit and probably permanently cure the canker. I take especial pleasure in giving this recipe, as I know its value from experience, and the ingredients are so easily procured it is within the reach of all. M. E. B.

A Friend of THE HOUSEHOLD wishes to know of a sure and speedy cure for scald head. If she will take equal parts of good tar and mutton tallow, mix well, and put on a muslin cap. I think a cure will be effected. The hair must be shaven closely. MARY GRAVES.

MR. CROWELL,—*Dear Sir*:—I wish to ask, through THE HOUSEHOLD, if some one will tell me what will keep hair from turning gray. I am young, but health poor for several years.
A SUBSCRIBER.

The importance of sunshine in rooms devoted to the sick is beyond all calculation. This has been proven in hospitals by experiments again and again. If the bed can be so placed that the patient can see a good reach of blue sky, it will do him or her more good than any drugs.

A teaspoonful of common salt, dissolved in water and drank each morning for three successive days, is reported as a sure cure for fever and ague.

PARENTS' RELATIONS TO TEACHERS.

Number Three.

PARENTS must sustain their teachers. Grant that he has been in fault; that he is really inefficient, and the school comparatively worthless; it is better to sustain even a poor teacher for months than to allow the pupils to have any agency in breaking up the school. If an incompetent is to be dismissed, it should be done by the independent action of the district, and not at the suggestion or by the aid of pupils in rebellion. Let them be kept in subjection by whatever means necessary, without regard to the efficiency or inefficiency of the government in power. Obedience and fidelity are required of them in all their relations to the school, no matter under what circumstances they are placed. If all parents should take this view of the subject, and so co-operate and sustain their teachers, our public schools would be vastly more efficient and useful than they ever have been; the spirit of insubordination which has manifested itself to an alarming extent within a few years past, in our public schools, academies, and colleges, would soon be crushed out; and our children, as they come up to assume the responsibilities of life, would become obedient and loyal citizens, and faithful subjects under the government of God.

We little realize how much the discipline of the family and the school have to do in forming the character and habits of the future man and woman as they will appear in their relations to the state and under the divine law. Mothers and teachers, under God, make them what they are and through them determine the character and destiny of the nation.

Again, parents should encourage their teacher by manifesting a real interest in his work, and by a hearty cooperation in all his efforts to benefit the school. Such sympathy and aid have their influence, not only upon the teacher, but upon the school. Children are creatures of impulse. They are greatly influenced by circumstances, and in school matters by nothing more than by the interest or apathy manifested by their parents.

It must follow, therefore, that if parents would see their schools prosper, and their children rising from grade to grade, in a thorough and systematic course of study, they must manifest a deep interest and an earnest enthusiasm in everything that pertains to the school.

They do not expect success in any other enterprise without oversight and interest. The tea-party, the sewing-circle, the missionary association, which are organized in every community for social and benevolent purposes, could not prosper without the earnest attention of the mothers and matrons who are interested in them. No farmer would intrust the training of his animals to exhibit at a county fair or upon the race ground without a personal supervision, and a deep interest manifested in every stage of progress. The servants who have the direct care of these animals are encouraged by words of approval and praise, and an abiding sympathy in all the details of the process. And can it be a matter of less importance and of less interest to parents that their own children are under the process of training for the stage of life and for immortality? and can they afford to give up this work of education so entirely to others, that both the teacher and the children lose the inspiring influence of an approving smile and an encouraging word from them as they toil on in their arduous work? O. H.

CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

MR. CROWELL:—Please say to One of the Sisters, in the August number, that in Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England," she will find the complete history of the Chevalier St. George and his devoted but unfortunate mother, Marie Beatrice. It has been several years since I read the work, so cannot refer her with much certainty to the particular volume, but I think she will find it in the one containing the lives of Queen Mary, consort of William of Orange, and Anna, half sisters of the unfortunate Prince. I suppose the book can be had at any city bookstore. She will be repaid by its perusal for any trouble she may have in obtaining it.

AN ADMIRER OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

MR. EDITOR:—I would like to say to Clara B. M., Half Moon Bay, Cal., here is one of her songs.

THE FADED COAT OF BLUE.

My brave lad sleeps in his faded coat of blue,
In his lonely grave unknown lies a heart that beat so true,
He sank faint and hungry among his famished braves,
And they laid him sad and lonely within his nameless grave.

CHORUS—

No more the bugle calls the weary one,
Rest noble spirit in thy grave unknown;
I will find you and know you among the good and true,
When the robe of white is given for the faded coat of blue.

He says give me water and just one little crumb
And my mother she will bless you through all the years to come;
Go tell my sweet sister, so gentle, good and true,
That I'll meet her up in heaven in my faded coat of blue

He says my dear comrades you cannot take home,
But you'll mark my grave so mother will know it where she comes,
I'm afraid she'll not know me among the good and true,
When the robe of white is given for the faded coat of blue.

No loved one is near him to close his mild blue eyes,
No dear ones around him to make him sweet replies,
No tomb stone marks the spots where my lad so brave and true,
In his lonely grave is sleeping in his faded coat of blue.

I have another of those old war songs entitled Minnie Minton, if Clara B. M. would like I will give. It is very much nicer than this, both words and music.

I would like some one to give me a poem I don't even know the title of, but think it is the Death and Burial of King William, but am not quite sure. The first lines are,

"Folded in his robes of tarleton
With his claymore on his breast."

I heard it recited by a young lady once at a literary society. It is very pretty and I desire very much to have it.

ALTA S.

THE REVIEWER.

TWO KISSES, by Major Hawley Smart. Loring, Publisher, Boston. Neat paper covers, Price 50 cents.

This is a crisp, sparkling story of life in the upper or upper middle English circles. Its characters are Women of Society, and Men of the World, drawn by a writer who moves among them and knows them and their surroundings thoroughly. The book has a well constructed plot, and is written with a facile and powerful pen. The conversations are well sustained, are replete with humor, and, when occasion requires, not lacking in pathos. It belongs to the school of novels of which Thackeray's are the unapproachable type, as distinguished from those other schools represented by Dickens, George Eliot, Ouida and Reade, and while it is not to be pretended that Major Smart is to be compared with his great exemplar, this is certainly a most readable book for the country, the sea-side, or the railway train.

BEAUTIFUL EDITH, The Child Woman. An English Society Novel. Loring, Publisher, Boston. Neat paper, Price 50 cents.

"Beautiful Edith" is a very charming English Society Novel, of the higher classes, that will delight you. The Boston Gazette says: "It is a gracefully written and an interesting story, possessing especially the popular element for the average novel reader. The English edition, which was much called for in Mr. Loring's library, gave him convincing proof on the point. In fact, his most successful reprints have been tested in this way, and Mr. Loring's own judgment thus acquired gives him unusual facilities to appreciate the public taste. The book is a good one for young ladies to take into the country, and may be safely relied on to furnish ample entertainment there."

SCRIBNER FOR OCTOBER. A paper of unusual interest in Scribner for October, is entitled "A Yankee Tar and his Friends," and is written by Mrs. M. F. Armstrong. It consists of a sketch of the friendship of Capt. E. E Morgan, of a New York packet, with many of the English artists and literateurs of the last generation, including Dickens, Thackeray, Turner, Sidney Smith, Doyle, Rogers, Landseer and many others. The writer gives letters from all of the above-named, with three of Miss Leslie's, the latter of the most piquant and witty character. There are also reprints of two caricatures by Doyle, and of some of the sketches made at the famous London Sketching Club, of which Capt. Morgan was made the sole honorary member, so beloved was he by those who composed the club. Another illustrated paper is a discussion of dress, from an artistic stand-point, and under the title of "Togas and Toggery," by Clarence Cook, author of recent papers on house-furnishing in the same magazine. Nearly forty illustrations are given with this paper, and a dozen more are devoted to Wm. H. Rideing's description of "How New York is Fed," the meat, fruit, fish, oyster markets receiving the chief attention. A biographical sketch of Hjalma Hjorth Boyesen, by F. E. Heath, is accompanied by a faithful portrait, from a crayon sketch by Wyatt Eaton, and Woolf, the caricaturist, has a little poem with a drawing of his own. An illustration is given with each of the serials, Miss Trafton's "His Inheritance" and Dr. Holland's "Nicholas Minturn," the latter giving way to Eggleston's new story, "Roxy," which begins in the November number. Mrs. Herrick's paper of popular science is on "The Polyzoa," and the cuts are, as usual from her drawings on the block. The short story of the number ("June Chantry") is by James T. McKay and deals with a very delicate question of conduct. Two special papers are George S. Merriam's hetero-orthodox essay on "Christianity and Free Thought," and an ex-Congressman's "Experiences in Post-Office Appointments," from which he deduces a strong argument for the reform of the civil service. The Poetry deals chiefly with autumn subjects, and is contributed by writters new to Scribner. In the editorial department, Dr. Holland discusses "The Great Strike" and "Regulated Production," and replies to criticisms on a former editorial in "Pauperizing the Clergy." "The Old Cabinet" has a letter "From the Country," "A Plea for Foreign Missions," a talk about scientfic material for poetry, etc. In "Home and Society" there is something about "Wood Fires," "New Varieties of Berries." "Cookery and Cooks," etc. The book-reviews, the record of new and practical processes, and the humorous sketches and pictures complete the number.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for October contains one hundred and five beautiful illustrations, and is a very attractive number. The most important paper in the number is General M'Clellan's article on the Regular Army of the United States, advocating its increase, and making suggestions for its more efficient organization. The very able and richly illustrated paper on the "Campaign of Burgoyne," by W. L. Stone, is timely in connection with the celebration at Saratoga. Mr. Benjamin's article, "From Brusa to Constantinople," with twenty-one engravings, gives considerable information of an historical character, but is in the main a lively description of scenes connected with the eastern war. William H. Riding contributes a very entertaining paper, profusely illustrated, entitled "The Life of a New York Firemen." Horace E. Scudder concludes his admirable and suggestive review of New England classical schools. There are two beautiful illustrated poems: "An Old Umbrella," by C. P. Cranch, and "The Home Concert," by Mary D. Brine. In his vivacious description of walrus hunting (illustrated), Mr. W. L. Alden writes in his most humorous vein. But the most charming of the illustrated papapers is that which opens the number—"Mytown," under which title Rose Terry Cooke describes a characteristic New England town. All but the title is real, and the illustrations, beautiful as they are, from bona-fide sketches; if we except Mr. Abbey's pictures of Ethan Allen and the "Discusted Deacon." Dr. J. W. Draper, in his seventh paper on the "Popular Exposition of some Scientific Experiments," treats of burning-glasses and mirrors. Blackmore's "Erema" approaches its conclusion. Constance F. Woolson contributes one of her best stories, "Raspberry Island." Mr. Philips's short story, "On a Melon Schooner," is novel and entertaining. The editorial departments cover their respective fields as comprehensively and satisfactorily as usual, the Drawer for this month being especially good.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. The first illustrated paper in Lippincott's Magazine for October is on "Chester and the Dee," an attractive subject, few English rivers being more beautiful or famous than the Dee, and no English town so full of quaint and picturesque remains as Chester. "Among the Kabyles," also illustrated, is concluded in this number. Mr. Henry James, Jr., has a sparkling article on "Abbeys and Castles," which is in fact a description of English country life. "The Bass of the Potomac" is a capital fishing sketch by W. Mackay Laffan. Under the title of "Communism in the United States," Austin Bierbower gives an account of the socialistic communities that exist in different parts of the country, all of them he considers, doomed to early extinction. Mrs. Sarah B. Wister writes of "Alfred de Musset," analyzing his genius, and recounting the sad story of his brilliant but wasted life. A new serial, "For Percival," is begun in this number, starts in an entertaining manner, and will have the additional attraction of illustrations in future installments. Mrs. Davis's novel, "A Law unto Herself," deepens in interest; and among the short stories, "Little Lizay," by Mrs. Sarah Wistar Kellogg, deserves notice as a faithful and pathetic picture of negro life. The poems are by Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt, Sidney Lanier, and Maurice Egan; and the "Monthly Gossip" embraces "Notes from Moscow," "An account of the Paris Conservatoire," and other intesesting matter.

ST. NICHOLAS for October fitly closes up the fourth volume of the magazine, and ushers in the autumn with brisk stories, lively pictures, and such gentle thoughts as suit the time of year. Henry W. Longfellow supplies some strong and beautiful lines under the title "Haroun Al Raschid;" and Donald G. Mitchell ("Ik Marvel") contributes the biographies of "Two French Story-Tellers"—Bernardin de St. Pierre and Madame Cottin, whose portraits accompany the article—with

FAREWELL TO THE FOREST.

QUARTETTE FOR LADIES' VOICES.

p MODERATELY SLOW. Fr. SILCHER.

1. Now, fare-well, thou green-wood sweet, For-est dell, Spring-heart-ed; Thee with song I fain would greet,
2. 'Neath this leaf-y roof so dear, Fain would I, re-pos-ing, Gath-er from thy brook-let clear,
3. But, pale eve-ning whis-pers low,— 'Tis the hour of part-ing; Bird-lings all to rest should go,

E'er from thee I'm part-ed; May thy birds in, cho-ral song, Bear my lay a-far, a-long;

Lil-ies half un-clos-ing; Or with-in thy deep-er bow'rs, Breathe the breath of for-est flow'rs,
Ere the day's de-part-ing; Now, fare-well, thou greenwood fair, Birds, and brook, and blossoms rare,

p

p

Val-ley, plain and mount-ain, Val-ley, plain and mount-ain.

With a rich en-joy-ment! With a rich en-joy-ment.
Till our next glad meet-ing! Till our next glad meet-ing.

p

EVENING SONG.

TRIO FOR LADIES' VOICES. C. H. RINCK.

DOLCE.

1. Gent-ly eve-ning bend-eth O-ver vale and hill, Soft-ly peace de-scend-eth, And the world is still.
2. Save the woodbrook's gush-ing, All things silent rest; Hear its restless rush-ing, On, tow'rds o-cean's breast!

3. And no eve-ning bring-eth to its life, re-lease; And no sweet bell ring-eth O'er its wave-let's peace.
4. Rest-less, thus life flow-eth, Striveth in my breast; God a-lone be-stow-eth Tran-quil eve-ning rest.

able illustrated epitomies of their chief works, "Paul and Virginia" and "Elizabeth: or the Exiles of Siberia." The poem, "Mother," by Mary Mapes Dodge, blends a rare hopefulness with the tender sadness of its theme; and together with the admirable frontispiece, forms a striking whole. George Macdonald brings to a close his simple narrative of Scottish life, entitled "Gone Astray," the lovely affection it depicts receiving a second charming illustration in the verse immediately following it, and beginning "There's a ship on the sea!" Thomas Moran has capped the stanza with an appropriate drawing. "The Little Girl who Grew Smaller," by Emily H. Leland, is a story that will captivate the young folks; and "Which Had It?" by Sarah Winter Kellogg, with a capital illustration by J. W. Champney, is a tale that has no end of fun and puzzling uncertainty about it. Lucy Larcom introduces the youngsters to the wonder-world of "Autumn Poetry," in a way to set them exploring it on their own accounts, in an article that is remarkable for the aptness and beauty of its selections, and the charm of variety afforded by its pictures. Noah Brooks has a story of patriotism, entitled "A Century Ago," that is full of genuine boy interest; and William H. Rideing presents a graphic account of adventure in the Sierra Nevada under the title "Caught by the Snow," the paper being illustrated by a picture into which Thomas Moran has put the very chill and rush of the winter storm. A whole year's series of Star papers is concluded in this issue by Professor Proctor; and Mr. Trowbridge's serial brings his hero to mastership of himself, pointing a moral sorely needed by the youth of to-day. Mr. Park Benjamin, in some admirably humorous verses and sketches, relates the rise, course and sad ending of "The Revenge of the Little Hippopotamus." The boys will find Mrs. Kate Brownlee Horton's article on the game of "Hare and Hounds" a very attractive one; and the interest of the girls is likely to center upon a paper on "Moss-Pictures" which details a new kind of fancy-work.

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

Up with the birds in the early morning—
The dew-drop glows like a precious gem;
Beautiful tints in the skies are dawning,
But she's never a moment to look at them.
The men are wanting their breakfasts early;
She must not linger, she must not wait;
For words that are sharp and looks that are surly
Are what men give when meals are late.

Oh, glorious colors the clouds are turning,
If she would but look over hills and trees;
But here are the dishes, and here is the churning—
Those things always must yield to these.
The world is filed with the wine of beauty,
If she could but pause and drink it in;
But pleasure, she says, must wait for duty—
Neglected work is committed sin.

The day grows hot, and her hands grow weary;
Oh, for an hour to cool her head.
Out with the birds and the winds so cheery!
But she must get dinner and bake the bread.
The busy men in the hay-field working,
If they saw her sitting with idle hand,
Would think her lazy, and call it shirking,
And she never could make them understand.

They do not know that the heart within her
Hungers for beauty and things sublime,
They only know that they want their dinner—
Plenty of it—and just "on time."
And after the sweeping and churning and baking,
And dinner dishes are all put by,
She sits and sews, though her head is aching,
Till time for supper and "chores" draws nigh.

Her boys at school must look like others,
She says, as she patches their frocks and hose;
For the world is quick to censure mothers
For the least neglect of children's clothes.
Her husband comes from the field of labor;
He gives no praise to his weary wife:
She's done no more than has her neighbor;
'Tis the lot of all in country life.

But after the strife and weary tussle
With life is done, and she lies at rest,
The Nation's brain and heart and muscle—
Her sons and daughters—shall call her blest.
And I think the sweetest joys of Heaven,
And the rarest bliss of eternal life,
And the fairest crown of all will be given
Unto the way-worn farmer's wife.

—*Harper's Bazar.*

PREPARATIONS FOR HOUSE-CLEANING TIME.

BY U. U.

THERE is much economy in making arrangements concerning general work before house-cleaning time to render the task easier then to be done. It is not wise, as a usual thing, to have the house all topsy-turvy at once, but there may be circumstances where it is better to have the larger part done within a few days, even to the general discomfit of the family.

For instance, when we hire a man to come purposely to hang up and sweep the carpets and help move furniture, it is much cheaper to have several carpets up at once, than to have it done at several different times. And so if we hire a woman to assist in the cleaning, it is often for our advantage to have more than one room under consideration at a time. But when one does the cleaning without hiring extra help, it is usually easier to begin at the chambers, and work gradually down, till all is done. I find, however, that house-cleaning time, let it be managed as it will, interferes not a little with our general household affairs, and for that reason, even though I do not attempt much at cleaning myself, I arrange to have the work made as easy as possible. If necessary we can buy our bread for a few days, instead of taking the trouble to make it, though, as a usual thing, we much prefer our own bread, an to make our own yeast. Last spring we carelessly allowed the yeast to run low just in the busiest time, but instead of making, sent to the grocer for a package of compressed yeast, which is a great convenience to busy housekeepers.

Some of our readers, however, do not live next street to the grocer and baker, and so must provide for themselves. I like to have a good jar or some yeast cakes of our own make on hand, sufficient to last a few weeks at such times, and thus neither be obliged to make or to buy. There are also certain articles that can be cooked and kept on hand to save work at the time, as well as to prevent the necessity of "picked up dinners," as a rule, as with some at such times. For certainly, if there is any time that a relishing dinner is needed, it is in this, the hardest working season of the whole year.

In the spring it will be found a good plan to have a ham, or part of one, boiled, which will be ready to slice for breakfast, and, with some fresh cooked eggs and baked potatoes, will help to make out a good dinner with almost no work at all. Also a piece of corned beef, or fresh beef boiled and pressed, to slice up for a change, is very convenient at such times.

For desserts and tea, some considerable preparation can be made to save cooking from day to day, and also to help be in readiness should company unexpectedly arrive when up to your elbows in suds. Last spring we had a suet pudding on hand made by our good recipe, which is: One cup of chopped suet, one cup of molasses, one cup chopped fruit, (as for cake,) one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda, and four cups of flour. This was boiled three or four hours in a pudding dish, and whenever wanted, heat anew in the steamer, and make a sweet sauce, and you have something extra good for company, or to make out a dinner with your cold ham for yourselves. Such a pudding will keep for weeks, and if the family is not large, the recipe will make enough for two dinners. It can easily be doubled, if needful, and is better re-heated than new.

I also had two or three lemons grated, put into a glass can, and sufficient sugar to sweeten for pies, then a lemon pie could be made with almost no work at all. In the fall when fruit is plenty, this last is less of an object than in the spring when it is difficult to prepare changes for the table. It is also wise to have a loaf of fruit cake on hand before cleaning time, while cookies and ginger-snaps can be baked, and if they grow soft just slightly re-bake, and thus one will be provided with cake to save the trouble of frequent making, though at most times new cake is more desirable.

It needs only a little forethought and good management on the part of the housekeeper, to prevent over confusion of work at such times, and what I have written has been merely suggestions, as any one, by a little thought, can readily plan for themselves. Some of our young housewives may not have considered the matter, so I have written in their behalf, as time for fall cleaning will soon arrive.

JOTTINGS HERE AND THERE.

Number Three.

BY LEONORE GLENN.

Mrs. L. S. asks what I should think, if while greasing my griddle with a cloth and lard, to fry pancakes, a guest should say to me, "She never used such a thing, as her husband would never eat a pancake if he knew the griddle was greased in that way." Well, I should think he was a good deal nicer than wise, and I should ask her if my cloth was any filthier than a bit of fat bacon after it had done duty all winter, as I have seen it so used. If the griddle is clean to begin with, the cloth and lard ditto, and kept in a clean place between times of using, I can't see, for my part, what there is objectionable in using the same cloth two or three times, and then burn it and get a new one. All there is on it is only a little scorched grease, and to me there is nothing repulsive in that, but I have heard it said there never was a person, however cleanly, but did some act that somebody else thought was a "nasty, dirty trick." So, perhaps, when my guest should tell me how particular her husband was about the griddle greaser, I could tell of many things he did, in my opinion, much worse. Perhaps he chews tobacco, and lifts the lids or hearth of the cook stove to dispose of the filthy saliva, in doing which he sees nothing wrong, but I do. Or may be he can calmly eat his pancake off a plate that was last dried on a wet, soiled cloth, which had been innocent of soap and water since last wash day, and would be till the next, and never flinch, and so on *ad infinitum*.

Mrs. L. S. also asks in the August number, what kind of washing machine I use. I do not know any name for it, but it is the best and easiest worked of any I ever saw. I had mine made from one my mother used for years. I believe I will try and describe it to you; some of you have husbands who are handy about using tools, and perhaps it may be the means of saving some woman's back, for you stand straight up to work it. That is the way I came to think I must either have it, or give up washing, for, years ago, my back was so weak, that after I had leaned over the wash board a little while, I could not straighten without placing my hands on my back, and then only with pain.

Take just a common tub, medium size, insert a turned post, two inches in diameter, upright in the center of the tub, to come a little higher than its sides, and sloped off toward the top to not quite three-quarters of an inch in diameter. On the bottom of the tub are fastened pieces running from the center post, like spokes from the axle of a wheel. They are the shape of a round piece split in two, with the flat side next the tub, of course, making the bottom of the machine on the same principle as a washboard. Make a circular top, small enough to work easily inside the tub, with a hole in the center to fit very loosely over the post in the machine, and on the bottom of this put strips or rollers just like those in the tub, radiating from the center. For a handle, take a piece of wood, a good inch thick and two inches wide, a little longer than across the top of the tub, shave it down at the ends into some kind of shape for the hands, and just inside of that shape put posts that will reach to the lid, or top, as it lies on the bottom of the tub. There is a strip across the top of the lid to fasten these posts into. Of course there must be a hole through the middle of this handle to allow the upright post to pass through; this holds it to its place.

I forgot to mention in the proper place that this post has a shoulder two inches wide turned on it, that rests on the bottom of the tub, and this lid in turn rests on this shoulder, preventing it from coming in direct contact with the bottom rollers. This post then passes through the tub and a stool and fastens them securely together by having a slot through the post underneath the stool, in which there is driven a wedge shaped key. An old chair with the back taken off does very well for the stool, and now your machine is ready for use, standing on its own feet. You can very comfortably wash two sheets and two pairs of pillow cases, and even a shirt, at once. Take hold of the handles and work the top half way round and back again. As you move the handle from you with your right hand, bear down on it, but as you bring it back, merely pull it to you without any pressure. It is much easier to work, and if you keep pressing down all the time, the clothes do not wash as well, and soon become all wadded on one side of the machine. A child ten years old can work it very well, and some families are composed almost entirely of boys, who could thus do the hardest part of the washing.

Last summer a gentleman, visiting us, while trying my machine one washday, said he believed it would work even yet easier if there were holes bored through the top, or lid, so that when it was moved forward and backward, the water could gush through. I told him he had my permission to make the experiment, so he took down a three-quarter inch auger and bored about a dozen holes, and it does move much easier. I hope I have given the description sufficiently plain to enable any one to imitate it. The top of the upright post in the center of the machine in time wears off somewhat, by being constantly in friction with the handle, so the maker of my machine had it ironed by a blacksmith, also the hole in the handle through which it passes, so that I expect it to last me my life time.

I never measured either the water or the ammonia when I washed, but use about six gallons of water in the machine, into which I pour about two tablespoonfuls of ammonia, and you can do with less soap when you use it. I don't believe there ever was a machine that would wash all the clothes entirely clean; at least I never saw

one, though I have heard of some that claimed to do it, and perhaps they would wash what men might call clean, but not what I would. I often have to rub wristbands and other bands a little, but the dirt is loosened and easily rubs out. Of course it makes a great difference in washing how badly soiled the clothes are. In warm weather we change undercloth-ing two or three times a week, because it is not only more comfortable to be clean, but it is no harder on clothes to be washed twice in the machine, when they are not much soiled, than it is to wash dirtier ones nearly to pieces at one washing trying to get them clean, so that my washings are large but not very much soiled. I have never used turpentine as a washing fluid; have heard that it was very good; also that by being of such a penetrating nature, it was very injurious to any woman to use in hot suds, making her more liable to take cold, etc. The ammonia is not, and answers every purpose. I buy it by the quart.

M. J. L. tells me how her mother uses Dobbins' soap. Thanks. But I know how all THE HOUSEHOLD use it; what I particularly inquired, was, where they got their authority for not scalding the clothes. I never bought any of Dobbins' soap that gave any such directions. Perhaps I don't get the genuine. Will some one please tell me the price of a box, and how many bars it contains? Also, if I must send direct to the manufacturers to obtain it? I pay twenty-five cents for two bars at the grocers, and that seems a little expensive.

I made a work dress this summer that is so very comfortable I feel as though I would like all the Band to have one like it. I cut a long polonaise almost tight fitting, and put a ruffle about twelve inches wide on to the bottom of it. It is buttoned clear down to the ruffle, and if made of goods that will trim itself well, trim it down the fronts with a bias piece. It does not touch the floor by two inches, and you cannot think how cool and light it is — the whole weight of it resting on the shoulders. I can work as fast again when I wear it, than one could laden down with skirt, overskirt and basque, to say nothing of the comfort of it. Then there is economy in the amount of goods required, ten or eleven yards of calico being sufficient, according to your size. Try one and see if you do not like it. Where you have two bias pieces come together, sew in a narrow strip of straight goods with the seam, to prevent it sagging.

CANNING FRUIT.

BY MRS. J. T. SCHOCK.

I have a little piece of information on this subject, which I am sure will be "stale news" to some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD, but which, at the same time, I hope will be welcome news to others.

Dr. J. H. Hanaford, in the last issue, has given us some excellent hints on canning, but in one point I think his article could be improved, viz.: warming the jars before introducing the fruit. I presume this warming of the jars is done differently by different persons, but the only way that I ever found successful, was to put the jars into a vessel of cold water, and when the water came to the boiling point, they were to be filled while fresh from the hot water. Of course all we who have tried that way know what trouble it is, and how unpleasant it is to handle the hot jars. Now a far more convenient way than this has been in vogue for the last six years in our neighborhood. It is simply this: wet a cloth in cold water, lay it folded upon the table, and place a cold jar upon it, and then fill it with hot fruit. Certain precautions are necessary: Care must be taken that the cloth be not allowed to become warm. A fresh application of water for each successive jar will be all that is necessary to keep the cloth sufficiently cool.

Again, the hot fruit must not be allowed to run down the outside of the jar, as that would result in the breaking of it; and it is best to let the fruit or hot water that may for any purpose be poured into the jar, strike the bottom of the jar first, for if it be allowed to run down the inner side before striking the bottom, the jar may be broken, but this is not often the case. Lastly, nothing but the cold cloth must be in contact with the jar. If several jars are standing side by side, and if one of them touches the jar you are filling, the latter will break, as my own experience can attest.

If these directions are observed no one need have any fear of breaking jars by pouring either the fruit into them, or boiling water for the purpose of scalding them. I scald all my jars in this way when I wash them. Jelly tumblers and ketchup bottles may be treated in the same way with perfect safety. No further argument than a trial will be necessary to induce any one to abandon the old way of tempering the jars before venturing to can the fruit. Now I have no doubt that some will be afraid of this method, they will be sure they can meet with no success, with such apparent contradictories. I had no faith in it when first told to me; but now with an experience of six seasons of perfect success, both in my own canning, and that of my neighbors, I can confidently assure all that it is a perfectly safe method. Try it once and see. I shall be glad to hear from any of the sisterhood of THE HOUSEHOLD, as to their success.

A VERY EXCELLENT SOUP, SUCH AS OUR MOTHERS MADE.

BY HANS DORCOMB.

The day before you want the soup, buy a shank of beef. Wash it clean, and put it over the fire in two or three gallons of cold water. Bring slowly to a boil. Skim carefully as fast as the scum rises, so that none boils in. Boil slowly until the meat will slip from the bone. Let the bone remain in the liquor all night, and set away to cool. In the morning take off every particle of the fat from the top of the liquor, and return the liquor to the fire, together with all the gristle. Have ready a large half teacup of whole rice, and put into the liquor when you put it cold over the fire, and you must do this in season to have from two to three hours before the dinner hour. Wash and scrape two good sized carrots, cut into inch pieces, also from three to six onions, also cut small; keep hot water in the teakettle, so as to add it to the soup if needed. Boil slowly, but constantly, and be careful it does not burn. The rice should dissolve and thicken the soup. Just before you take it up, add salt and pepper so as to taste relishing. Split open half a dozen crackers, and toast them without burning, and lay these into the soup a moment, then dish all up together in a large tureen and scatter over the top a few sprigs of parsely cut fine. There must be soup enough to use soup plates and spoons. This, with a pudding, makes the dinner, and is altogether different from the modern dish called soup, where it is strained, and the vegetables are not brought to the table.

A good soup is made from the bones of roasted beef, and also from the carcass and bones of roasted turkey, or roasted chicken, which have not been picked at the table. The process is the same as given above for the second day. But I forgot to say that fifteen minutes before you dish up the soup, you are to add the noodles, and boil all together. Be sure to keep a good supply of liquor by adding hot water as it boils away. The meat should also be returned to the soup an hour before it is finished.

Noodles for Soup.—Beat two or three eggs very fine and light. Add a little salt, add flour slowly until you have the dough as stiff as can be rolled. Cut into small pieces and roll thin as wafers, let it lay on the moulding board half an hour, with a towel spread over it. It will dry a little. Cut into shreds, and lay over the pot of soup fifteen minutes, and keep boiling. These noodles are altogether lighter and nicer than any dumplings that can be made, and they take the place of dumplings in the soup.

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—This is the second year I've taken THE HOUSEHOLD, and we all like it very much. I think it is just the nicest paper of the kind I ever heard of, or have seen anywhere. Don't I anticipate a feast of good things when father brings it home from the office? I am very much interested in the fancy work, and in all new ideas and suggestions for the adornment of house or yard, and usually try all of them, though not always to our perfect satisfaction. Now I don't like to be a silent member of THE HOUSEHOLD Band any longer, and wish to get acquainted with you all, so if Mr. Crowell will give me a wee corner in THE HOUSEHOLD, I will try and introduce myself, and perhaps I can in some humble way contribute to the entertainment or profit of my new friends.

And now, *imprimis*, I want to tell L. S. of a very nice way to cook tapioca to be eaten cold, as she says in the July number she knows of none. This way cooked it is harmless, even for convalescents and invalids, and is usually relished by them.

Tapioca Pudding.—One cup of tapioca to a quart of warm water; soak over night, or very early in the morning will do; when perfectly soft, put into an earthern dish, and add an apple or peach cut in quarters; stir them in, and put in the oven to bake till the fruit is done, then set away to cool; to be eaten with whipped cream, with flavoring of lemon or vanilla, and sugar. Milk will do nicely if cream is not to be had. We use it for dessert often, and it is nice in hot weather, as it can be made early, and set away to cool on ice.

I have a pretty basket made of cigar lighters and zephyr, which is much admired. Weave twelve of the lighters in a square, three each side, and four sides of course. Make five of these; now ornament them with zephyr of any color desired, by working a cross-stitch over the lighters where they cross one another, and then fasten them together, using one for the bottom of the basket, and the other four for the sides. Put a small cord and soft tassels made over the fingers, and cut down soft and tufted, at each corner and at the bottom where they are fastened on, and suspend the whole by a long cord from your gas fixtures, or from the curtain; now fill with grasses and dried and pressed ferns, everlasting flowers, and some soft gray moss, and you will be delighted with it, and feel well repaid for the little time it has taken to make it. I have also made other pretty articles of these lighters, and will write of them some other time, if any one wishes to try them.

TABITHA COTTON.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I feel impelled to write a few lines and answer some questions, and offer some suggestions that may possibly help some one. I receive so much benefit from its excellent pages that I should like to make some little return if possible. Quite a while ago some one inquired what to do with small pieces of canton flannel. I use them for wicks for kerosene lamps; make them double, rough side out, sewing the raw edges together. I have used no other for more than six years.

Another speaks of the different manner of greasing griddles. I find the least expensive way, and very best, is to take a moderately thick slice of salt fat pork.

Let me suggest to mothers who are making dresses and aprons for their little ones to make the sleeves an inch or more longer than needed, letting the surplus length project at the arm size, and when the sleeve needs to be lengthened, (and it seems to me, no part of a child grows so fast as the arm,) it is so easily done by ripping out the sleeve and sewing it at the top of it.

To those of you who are troubled with dyspepsia, let me say, use raw carrots. Several years ago I could eat no kind of meat without putting me in great distress, after using carrots a few weeks I could eat anything that any one could. At first I would eat a small piece before and after each meal; I kept increasing the quantity until I could eat a small whole one. At first I disliked the taste but now I am very fond of them, and my children will eat them like apples.

I want to thank some one, I cannot remember the name, nor can I find

the article just now, for her recipe for onion stew. We all like it very much.

Some one said carbolic acid would cure bunions, I tried it faithfully all last summer, but with no satisfactory result. But my husband applied it to a corn which had troubled him for fifteen years, and in a short time it entirely disappeared. Three drops to a tablespoonful of water.

I have made some very pretty picture frames by taking narrow strips—inch wide—of perforated card board, let the ends project in imitation of rustic frames, and made stars of bright colored zephyr, at short intervals, through the center. Let the zephyr contrast as much as possible with the prominent color in the picture, if they are chromos. I take the small chromos in the seed catalogues. The frames are much admired. They look bright and pleasant to the eye. Will others give different ways of making picture frames and brackets.

I would like to say to the sisters when you make biscuit, if you will put your saleratus in your flour you will find they will be far superior to the old way of dissolving it in water. I use a moderately heaped teaspoonful to two cups of sour milk or buttermilk. I prefer buttermilk, it makes nicer biscuit, but they must be mixed as soft as you can handle them. Be sure and sift the saleratus through your flour sieve into your flour, and stir them thoroughly together.

In THE HOUSEHOLD of two or three years ago, N. F. C. has this sentence in speaking of canned fruit: "Glass jars are preferable, as the fruit can always be examined and all imperfections removed." Can the cover be removed and not injure the fruit? Whenever I have taken off a cover after the fruit has cooled I have lost the fruit. The same writer says, "set your cans, after removing from the water, upon a wet towel." Does not say whether it should be warm or cold water. I have always used cold water, and never lost a can until last week, when three cracked. Can any one explain?

One inquires for the best method of cleaning silver. I know of nothing as good as silver soap. I think you can get it of any druggist; not more than twelve or fifteen cents' worth lasts a long time. Moisten a flannel, be sure and not have it too wet, rub on the soap, then apply to the silver. You can but be pleased with the result.

MRS. P. C. C.

To remove specks of dirt from the eye, immerse the eye in cool water, then wink and roll the eyeball rapidly until the desired result is accomplished. I have often used this remedy with the very best results in cases of slight inflammation and dryness of the eye, using instead of cold water, tepid water salted slightly.

To those housekeepers who think they cannot make salt rising bread in the winter, and to those who are all day about it at any time, I wish to give a rule that has been of great help to many housekeepers in the West. One pint of shorts or middlings, one tablespoonful of white sugar, one tablespoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of salt, and one teaspoonful of saleratus. Mix dry. The day before baking scald thoroughly with boiling water two tablespoonfuls of the mixture, and set in a warm place for twenty-four hours, when it will be ready for use. It does not rise much, but whenever it looks light it may be set away. Sometimes, if a fire be kept up all day, it is light enough before bed-time. A fire need not be kept at night, but the rising should be set where it will not freeze. I always set it on top of the reservoir on my stove, and give it no further attention. Put this quantity in milk rising made the usual way, and in two hours, more or less, the rising is ready for use. By this quick process the bad smell that many object to is avoided, and the bread is baked and cooled before dinner. In cold weather enough shorts may be scalded at once for two bakings, if it be kept from freezing. Bread made in this way is, by all judges, pronounced better than that made in the old way. The rising, on account of its speed, probably, is called "railroad yeast." MRS. A.

MR. CROWELL:—If you please, I would like to tell the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD how I bind my papers. I formerly stitched the papers together, but they would fold over in the middle and soon be spoiled. The binders are easily made from any kind of hard wood. They are flat, thin pieces, from nine to twelve inches long, and about three-quarters of an inch wide. Have three holes made in each piece, one in the center and near each end. I place my papers, according to the numbers, evenly together, then with an awl, or large darning needle, I commence in the middle of the back of the papers and pierce each one then at each end exactly opposite the end holes in the binder, of course using the binder as a guide. Now thread your needle with narrow tape or strong twine, pass it through the middle of one binder then through the papers, and last through the second binder, leaving about half the length of the tape loose, pass the other end in the needle up through the holes in one end, then down past the center to the other end, then back to the center; now thread the loose end of the tape, reversing the order of stitching, proceed in the same way and tie in the middle. I hope I have made my directions plain enough to be of use. I suppose the leaves with recipes on them could be drawn out and bound together, but I prefer to keep my papers just as they are. I bind pictorial papers this way for the children. A cover can be made of thick paper, if desired. M. H. F.

MR. CROWELL:—Although a very recent subscriber to THE HOUSEHOLD, I feel as much interested as though I belonged to the "mystic" Band. Your paper ought to be circulated through the South; it is exactly the paper we Southern housekeepers need. The recipes are all good, and within the limits of any purse.

C. C. asks how to cook egg plant. Cut in slices, parboil, and fry in batter.

Peach leaves are just as good as hops for yeast, the only difference is they do not retain their strength quite as long as hops. I use them all the summer.

I send my husband's recipe for making black inks: Fifteen grains of bichromate of potash, thirty grains of prussiate of potash, one-half ounce of extract of logwood, one-fourth ounce of copperas, one drachm of gum arabic, and one quart of water.

Will some of your numerous readers tell me how to make yeast cakes without yeast to start with? Much to my surprise I found mine all gone a few days since, and will have to do without until I can get yeast to start more sponge. Why cannot the proper fermentation be produced without yeast to cause it to start? MRS. S. A. T.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—There seem to be various ideas in regard to greasing a griddle. I wish to give the sisters my mode, which I think may be new. Take a piece of fat pork an inch and a half square, place it on a fork and use to grease the hot griddle. Thus the griddle is greased easily and neatly.

I also wish to inform the sisters how to clean brass easily. Take sour milk, or whey, or even sweet milk will do, immerse the article in it, or wash it over several times, which will make it look bright without scouring, then take wood ashes and a woolen cloth and scour the brass with it. Scouring brass this way is not half the trouble that it is without the aid of the milk, which I found, by accident, to be good.

Pearl Clyde, wishing to know how to preserve her HOUSEHOLDS, has induced me to write. I have been a subscriber over a year, and I love the paper very much, and have saved all the numbers received this year. Those of last year I have bound. Take the papers of one volume, put them together in order, take a strong awl, with which make perforations equal distances apart on the paper near the back, through which pass strong twine, after which make a cover of pasteboad, with a strip of muslin pasted on the back of the papers and on the pasteboard cover, which fasten to the volume, and the work is done. In this way THE HOUSEHOLDS may all be saved with but little trouble, and but little expense. SERENA.

Bucyrus, Ohio.

C. C. Good black ink may be made by dissolving two-thirds of an ounce of extract of logwood and one-sixteenth as much bichromate of potash in a quart of hot water, not quite boiled, straining and bottling. (Of course such ink-spots are removed by the use of oxalic acid—destroying the potash—and some other acids will do the same.) This will have a bluish tinge, while if desirable to have a purple at first, rapidly changing to black, half and half of the bichromate and the prussiate of potash may be used. At wholesale, these articles may be bought so as not to cost over four cents a gallon.

"To make paint adhere to old wood," wash in strong potash and remove the grease. J. J. H.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD BAND:—I think it must be many long months since I ventured to make my voice heard within your charmed and charming circle, and I wonder if our indulgent editor will think me entitled to a small corner in the best of all THE HOUSEHOLD departments, letters by the Band. Some one has said, "If we know our own heart we have the key to every other heart," if this be true, and it seems to me it may be to a great extent, what wonder that the heart experiences so often and so beautifully told in these dear columns thrill so many hearts all along the line till the same thoughts echo and re-echo all through the ranks.

What mother who has little ones to guide and care for, does not sympathize with every other mother in her trials and anxieties, and smile at the remembrance of some childish prank, or some "cute" saying so very like those of which she reads. And who of us does not often feel like crying out in our weariness, as we try to make of our children just such model men and women as we always hoped they might be, "Who is sufficient for these things?" I wonder sometimes if the sacred writer did not have some of these very things in mind when he wrote that precious promise, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him," and then as if in fear that some of us who need this divine help so much, might fail to receive it through faulty asking, he adds, "But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering," etc.

But with all the care our little ones bring us, who is there among us all that does not feel as if life would be barren indeed without the blessing they bring us. How we love to watch the first smile that casts a halo over the dear baby face, and to listen to the ringing laugh of childhood, and how we love to tell our little ones of God, and teach them His dear words, and how glad we are to note their love for us, and for each other. Oh! let those of us to whom God gives these little ones, rejoice and be glad, and may He remember with everlasting mercy those bereft ones, who have been called upon to part with these home treasures. God pity them, and help them to bear their great sorrows.

I hope there is not a single member of our Band who will not be able to obtain, in some way, some of the beautiful autumn leaves and ferns, these glorious bright days, with which to make home gay and cheerful when the frosts and snows do their utmost to rob the outer world of cheer. There may be some too busy with their countless cares to cultivate flowers, but a few bright leaves fastened on the walls now will require no care, and will cheer us with their brightness the winter through. But I must say no more, or a small corner will not suffice for my rambling letter.

MRS. H.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Once again I come to tell you how much I prize your paper, and how very much I enjoy the Chats in the Kitchen. I can not tell you how much good they have done me in the short time I have been a subscriber, but I was really shocked, when one of the sisters made a motion to have THE HOUSEHOLD changed into something like Harper's, or Scribner's magazine; now I have

grown to love it just as it is and I would almost as soon think of having the face and form of my friends changed, as to think of having THE HOUSEHOLD changed in any respect whatever. I think if Pearl Clyde will use the "Self Binders," she will have no trouble in taking care of her papers, I could never think of having one of them destroyed.

I have a recipe for steamed pudding, which is very nice, and as I have seen nothing in your paper just like it, I will give it. One cup of sugar, one cup of sour milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, two eggs, and one cup of dried currants, flour to make a stiff batter. Steam two hours, to be eaten with sweetened cream. I think this would be very nice for those living in the country where they have fresh cream, and it is easily made, and in the absence of currants, any kind of dried fruit can be added, and is a change from so much pie.

Many thanks to Mary for her kind words of sympathy, like her I too can see that I have changed more since marriage than my husband, and I am afraid that I will become fretful, and impatient, and I gladly seize any word that will lead me out of myself to a higher train of thought and action.

PATTY.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Thus tenderly do I address you, for the epithet is no misnomer, although were I to tell how recently dates our introduction, methinks prudent sisters might accuse me of a desire to be gushing, or unduly familiar upon short acquaintance. Whereas I only wish to timidly express my ardent admiration for the charming visitor whose glad words and love beaming face make a perpetual day of sunshine.

What strikes me as peculiarly worthy of remark is the wonderful unanimity of your army of correspondents, in direct contradiction to the masculine mind that is wont to assert woman's inability to act or agree as a unit. Behold a myriad of feminine talkers to the contrary! How their many letters are reflections of beautiful home lives, all meeting upon the common ground of life's joys and sorrows. Each sending a cheering word to the other, who seems mayhap almost buried in the slough of despond. Not through curiosity, (of course), but only as a stranger anxious for the proper "posting," I ask to be placed on the legitimate road to the "open sesame" that shall admit a waiting stranger to the rank and file of THE HOUSEHOLD.

FANTINE.

P. S. Because I have not included a valuable recipe don't imagine that I have not a score, but I'm not willing to risk one, until I am sure of my reception. F.

GEO. E. CROWELL,—*Dear Sir*:—Enclosed find one dollar and ten cents for one new subscriber to your valuable paper, and wish I had more, as I think no family should be without it. I have only had it since the first of the year, but it has taught me many useful lessons. The letters from the sisters are comforting and encouraging. Letters by Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr to Alice are also beautiful and instructive, and the first article I look for in the contents. I have now been a married woman twenty-four years, and if such advice had been given me during the first of my married life, many an unhappy moment might have been spared me, for it has been my lot to have a large family, and although many are now grown up, yet I am still not too old to learn.

We are now passing through a heavy trial in losing our property by the late fire in our city, but I trust this, with every other one we have to bear in this life, will tend to purify us and better fit us for our Master's use.

With best wishes for your continued prosperity. M.

St. John, N. B.

USEFUL MEMORANDA.

A Dutch journal points out a mistake which very frequently is made in removing grease spots with benzine or spirits of turpentine—the solvent is applied with a sponge or piece of rag. This tends inevitably to spread the grease. The stained portions of the garments should be laid flat between two sheets of soft blotting paper, and the upper sheet well soaked with benzine. In this way, if sufficient time be given, the whole of the fatty matter becomes not only dissolved but absorbed by the paper.

Concerning the removal of old putty from wood and glass, a writer in the Garden says: After many trials, and with a variety of differently shaped tools, with various successes, I at last accomplished my end by the simple application of heat. My first experiment was with a soldering iron, when, to my great delight I found the putty became so soft that the broken glass could be removed by the fingers and the putty be easily scraped away. All that is required is a block of iron about two and a half inches square, flat at the bottom, drawn out for a handle, with a wooden end like a soldering iron. When hot, not red, place this iron aganst the putty or flat on the broken glass, if any, and pass it slowly round the sides of the square. The heat will so soften the putty that it will come away from the wood without difficulty.

Every country neighborhood has woods which are full of ferns and brakes, which usually die and go to seed without doing any good, save as a gratification to the sense of sight. The softer parts stripped from the the stems and dried in the sun, retain their toughness and elasticity for a long time, and are said to be superior to straw and husks for stuffing mattresses. The tick, when filled, should be stitched firmly with a mattress needle, using linen twine, and making the intervals between the stitches about an eighth of a yard.

ROAST BEEF.

Whose mouth does not water at the thought of a perfectly cooked roast from the loin of a fine grade Shorthorn steer, which has laid up on his ample sides marbled layers of white and red, from the luxurious pastures of the western prairies? The very sniff of the sweet savors which come from the kitchen oven, where such a roast is undergoing the chemical changes by the application of heat, which adapt it to the taste of a civilized being, and in which is shown a line of distinction between him, and the half-wild savage and the brute, tell of good cheer, followed by good temper, pleasant looks and kindly words, and strength to meet the demands of toil. None of your stringy, tough and tasteless cuts from a lank and hide bound "critter" for these. But given a good roast and the woman who cannot reach her husband's heart (we all know where the road lies) is to be pitied, and may as well conclude at once he has none, if she has done her duty—by the roast.

Let me tell you how to do it:

If the butcher has not already done so, remove the bone from the thin part, lay in a piece of suet that does not project beyond the width of the roast; then fold it around against the thick of the meat. Skewer it, being careful not to run the skewers through the choicest of the meat. With larding pins, fasten on the side that is to lap up, some thin slices of bacon, or if it is preferred, slices of suet. Wrap it closely in a thick sheet of paper, lay it in a dripping pan that is not much larger than itself, and place in a hot oven. Keep the oven hot, yet not so hot as to scorch the fat. Fifteen minutes to the pound after it is heated, is the usual time allowed for roasting, and from ten to twenty minutes longer, if it is liked well done.

Of course, the thickness of the piece, and the condition of the meat must be considered, as well as the weight. No exact rule can be given, but will soon be acquired by practice and observation. Remember, not one drop of water. Leave the paper around it until you see that it has drawn its own juices sufficiently to baste it, then remove the paper and baste frequently and as quickly as possible. Salt it when it is about two-thirds done. If it is salted when first put in the oven, the salt draws the juices out of the meat, and has a tendency to toughen and harden it. The last half hour, dredge it with flour when you baste it. See that it browns evenly. Cooked in this manner the meat retains all its juices, and is delicious as delicious can be.

SOAP MAKING.

A lady says in the Western Farm Journal; The task of soap making may be very much lightened by dispensing with the boiling of soap, and I think the soap much whiter and nicer made cold. To make it, take three-fourths of a pound of clear grease to one gallon of lye. Heat the grease and lye separate. Pour the grease into the barrel, and then the lye, stirring well. Set the barrel in the sun. Stir several times through the day. Cover at night. The lye should be strong enough to bear a common sized egg to the surface—not out or above it.

To those who live in coal burning regions, and who cannot get wood ashes, I will say that I have used white potash in the same way with good success. One year I had more grease than I could make with what ashes I had, and having a small quantity of strong lye when my barrel was filled, left unused, I boiled the balance of my grease in it just enough to eat it; then made it up with concentrated lye according to directions on packages. The result was excellent soft soap, which I afterwards made into a prime article of white hard soap, by stirring salt into warm soap until the lye and soap separated, then cutting into blocks and drying.

A CLEAN FLOOR.

The other day I went to see my friend Mrs. Cook. She had just finished mopping up her kitchen floor. I noticed it looked very nice and asked hew she kept it so well. "Why," she said, "Don't you know I oil it about every six months? That is what makes it so easily kept clean." Oil! I said, how do you do that? So then she told me as follows: I take a quantity of the cheapest and least offensive oil (linseed) I can secure, and I apply it with a common paint brush. I put it on smoothly, so that it will strike equally all over, and yet not stand in spots on the surface. I do this at night after the evening work is done and find the place ready for use again next morning.

Of course it would not injure the oiled surface itself to tread upon it at once, but grease is liable to be tracked from it, at first, to adjacent parts of the house. A new coat of oil applied once in six months, or even once a year sometimes is sufficient to keep a floor in perfect order. One may in this way prepare to great advantage the floors of kitchens, pantries, summer dining rooms, back-rooms, back-halls, stairways, porticoes, closets, bath-rooms and laborers' bed-rooms.

GLOSS FOR SHIRT BOSOMS.—A laundress gives the following recipe for doing up shirt bosoms: Take two ounces of fine white gum arabic powder, put it into a pitcher, and pour on a pint or more of water, and then, having covered it, let it stand all night. In the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork it, and keep it for use. A teaspoonful in a pint of starch made in the usual manner will also give to lawns, either white or pink a look of newness, when nothing else can restore them, after they have been washed.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

MR. CROWELL,—*Dear Sir*:—One of our number asks for a recipe for

COCOANUT CANDY.—I use the same for chocolate creams. Two cups of white sugar, one-fourth cup of water, boil five minutes; put the pan into a larger pan of water and stir until cool; when it begins to get stiff stir in the grated cocoanut, and when cold cut into cakes. We consider it good.

AN ANCIENT GIRL.

SWEET BISCUIT. — Two pounds of flour, three-fourths pound of butter, one pound of sugar, five eggs; mix the butter and sugar with the flour, spice, currants and raisins, then wet up with the eggs, and add one-half teaspoonful of soda, and one tablespoonful of buttermilk or sour cream. Bake in a quick oven. BERTHA W.

MOLASSES COOKIES. — Take three coffee cups of molasses, one coffee cup of butter and lard, one coffee cup of milk, into which put one teaspoonful of soda, five eggs, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and flour sufficient to roll out. Cut in any shape. Use flavoring to suit your taste.

SPONGE CAKE.—Take that kind of sponge that is made of the whey of sour milk or buttermilk for yeast bread, one pint, put with it one and one-half coffee cups of sugar, two-thirds coffee cup of butter, two eggs, flavor with ground cinnamon, and put in a few raisins, let it raise sufficiently, then put in a moderate oven, and when half done increase the heat a little. The butter and sugar must be creamed before putting with the sponge. and the eggs, one at a time, creamed with it. This cake is healthy, and very light when rightly made. Don't put too much flour in, just enough till you can barely stir with a spoon. A. A. C.

CREAM PIES.—I will give a recipe that I have used for many years. Yolks of four eggs, one teacup of flour, one teacup of sugar, and one quart of good sweet milk. Beat the flour, sugar and eggs with cold milk enough to mix to a smooth paste, have the remainder of your milk hot on the stove, add your paste, and stir until thoroughly cooked. Have four crusts baked in pie plates, fill with prepared cream, beat the whites of the eggs with a little white sugar to a frost, put on the pies and return to the oven a few minutes and you will have pies nice and good enough for a wedding table, and not too expensive for a more common occasion. But as no pie is good without good crusts, I will give you my recipe for making the crust. To one-half gallon of flour take one-half pint of good lard, rub the lard in the flour until thoroughly mixed, add a little salt, with cold water enough to make a stiff dough, knead thoroughly, roll out crusts, put on the plates, and prick with a fork to prevent blistering. Try my recipes one time and I think you will be pleased. LIZZIE.

Farmington, Texas.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.—*Mr. Crowell:*—I have a very nice recipe for chocolate caramels which I would like the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD to try. Three cups of molasses, two cups of sugar, one-half cup of milk, one-fourth cup of butter, and three squares of chocolate. Boil until it hardens in cold water. C. C. STORY.

WAFFLES.—To one quart of milk add the yolks of three or four eggs, well beaten, one-half teaspoonful of salt and flour enough to make a thick batter in which two teaspoonfuls of baking powder has been mixed. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, stir in carefully and bake immediately on a hot griddle. LILLIAN.

HAM BALLS.—Boiled or fried ham, chopped fine, add as many eggs as there are persons to eat them, and a little flour, beat together and make into balls, and fry in butter till brown.

TAPIOCA CREAM.—One tablespoonful of tapioca, soaked two hours in water or milk, then take one pint of milk, two eggs, one-half cup of sugar, put them all in a dish, and set over a kettle of boiling water until it thickens, and when cool flavor with lemon. Take the whites of the eggs, with one large spoonful of sugar, for frosting.

DROP CAKES.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three eggs. one cup of milk, six cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda; drop on a pan with a spoon, and bake in a quick oven.

LEMON TARTS.—One lemon, one egg, and two-thirds cup of sugar. Steam till it thickens.

MRS. B.'S FRUIT CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of molasses, one and one-half cups of butter. one cup of sweet milk, five eggs, fruit to your taste, all kinds of spice, and one teaspoonful of soda. This makes two brick loaves, and will keep good one year. RUTH.

VINEGAR PIES.—To one pint of strong vinegar add one quart of water and enough sugar to sweeten to taste, put in a stew pan, and while boiling stir in flour to thicken. Now place the crust in a pie pan, fill, cover with a top crust, and bake as you would a fruit pie. EM T.

Alma, Ohio.

RAISED BROWN BREAD.—Stir into a pint of warm water one cup of white. flour, two pints of rye meal, two pints of Indian meal, one cup of molasses, a small cup of good yeast, a teaspoonful of salt, and a small teaspoonful of saleratus. Pour it into a tin pudding dish, let it rise three hours, then set it into a kettle of boiling water, and steam four hours. When you take it out after boiling it, set it into the oven for fifteen minutes or so to harden. MRS. E. A. G.

FROSTING FOR CAKE.—Seven tablespoonfuls of sugar to white of one egg. Beat the egg till stiff then put in the sugar.

TO TAKE OUT FRESH-SPILLED INK FROM CARPETS.—Throw on a handful of salt as quick as possible after the ink is spilled and while it is wet. Let it remain on some time, then take a cloth and basin of water and wash it out. I tried it and found it all came out, not a trace of it being left. H.

ROLL JELLY CAKE.—Beat three eggs, (whites and yolks separate,) after well beaten add one teacup level full of sugar, one teacup level full of flour in which has been mixed one teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in a quick oven, and when done turn out and spread on the jelly. E. L. W.

SCRAMBLED EGGS.—Six eggs, one coffee cup of milk, one teaspoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of flour, and salt. Beat the eggs very light, rub the butter and flour together, add this to the milk after it has been placed on the stove and become a little warm, salt to taste, add the eggs and cook until the whites are cooked, then serve while hot, or with toast. DOT.

PICNIC CAKES.—The yolk of an egg, (the white for frosting,) three-fourths cup of white sugar, butter the size of an egg, one-half cup of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, flavor with lemon or vanilla, mix soft, and bake in little tins.

FAIRY CAKES.—One pound of butter worked into two pounds of flour, a wine glass of preserve juice, a wine glass of rose water, two wine glasses of yeast, and nutmeg and currants. Bake in little pans.

MATRIMONIES.—Three eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter; mix to roll, and fry in lard. M. B. C.

TO COOK EGG PLANT.—There are several ways, but the best is the following: Pare the egg plant and cut in moderately thick slices, salt each slice and pile up in a deep dish, and set aside for twenty minutes or half an hour. A brown liquor will run from the vegetable which must be rinsed off when you are ready to cook it. Dry off and flour each slice, and fry in hot lard, as you do mush, turning once. The slices should be nicely browned. They will cook in a short time, and burns readily. The reason egg plant is not a favorite, is, probably, because it is seldom properly cooked. It should be eaten hot and crisp from the frying pan. If covered close or left to stand long it becomes soft and wilty, and disagreeable to the taste. MRS. R. H. T.

PLAIN COOKIES.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of saleratus, butter two-thirds the size of a hen's egg. No egg. H. N. H.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Mrs. B. F. M. wishes a recipe for plain cookies for children. I send one which "we children" used to devour, and I haven't the dyspepsia yet. We called them

COOKIE BISCUITS.—One and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of cream and sour milk, lump of butter the size of two eggs, one egg, half a teaspoonful of soda, and half a nutmeg. Cut rather thick. A. B. W.

TOMATO SOUP.—One quart of tomatoes and two quarts of water, let them boil up and then add one small teaspoonful of soda, boil one-half hour and then add one quart of sweet milk, and season with pepper, salt and butter. To be eaten with crackers, the same as oysters.

CORN CAKES, OR FRITTERS.—Boil green corn and cut it from the cob, of this take one pint, two eggs, two and one-half cups of cold water, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and make a batter with flour a little thicker than for griddle cakes. Fry in hot lard. You can substitute boiled clams for the corn, by adding a little cream or butter to the batter.

CHILI SAUCE.—Twenty-four large ripe tomatoes, eight green peppers, four onions, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of salt, five cups of vinegar; chop the onions and peppers fine, mix all together and boil slowly two hours.

BROWN BREAD.—One quart of corn meal, one quart of rye meal, one pint of graham meal, one cup of yeast, one cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of salt, one heaping teaspoonful of soda or saleratus, mix with warm water, not very stiff, let it rise over night, then in the morning put it into deep baking tins, and put it in the oven before it gets to be very hot. Bake an hour or two, but do not let it get baked too hard.

Northboro, Mass. LEONORA.

A DELICIOUS APPLE PUDDING.—Stew the apple soft, lay a soda crust over a deep dish, and on this a layer of the apple, having seasoned it to your taste, then a slice of bread and butter, another layer of apple, another slice of bread and butter, another layer of apple, and continue thus until your dish is nearly full, with the bread and butter on top; over all pour a custard and bake. Eat with sweet sauce. HANS DORCOMB.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—A friend of mine had two vases sent to her through the mail, and as they were not properly packed, they were badly broken when received. How can she mend them? The vases are black, so white lead would show too much. RUBY.

Alna, Maine.

May I ask if any one of THE HOUSEHOLD Band can tell me the title of a piece of music the chorus of which is this, or this is at least a part of it:

"And I heard the angels say,
Let us bear the child away
Where the cold, sharp frosts never fall."

R. H. A.

To remove ink spots from mahogany apply a few drops of spirits of nitre in a spoonful of water. Touch the spot with a feather dipped in the mixture, and when the ink disappears rub with a cloth wet in cold water. NANCY.

G. H. M. I prepare chocolate for cake by using six tablespoonfuls of chocolate, one very small half cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of vanilla, and the white of one egg. Beat well and spread.

Will some reader of THE HOUSEHOLD inform me if gold jewelry can with propriety and good taste be worn with half mourning? M. M. L.

As to the lemons, I would say to Lena that I cannot express myself more plainly than, to put the lemons into cold water and boil them soft. I endorse Mrs. Beecher, that "people should use their common sense in regard to asking questions, and repetitions. A little reflection would make them unnecessary." HANS DORCOMB.

MR. CROWELL,—*Dear Sir:*—I would like to ask some of the sisters how to make old fashioned raised corn bread, to be baked in a stove oven? Also, how to make cream pies like those our grandmothers used to make? And will some one who has had experience in making them, please tell how to make an Æolian harp, what number of thread to use, and just how to fix it? SUBSCRIBER.

Greeley, Col.

MR. EDITOR:—Will some of THE HOUSEHOLD Band give me the names of some quick instrumental music for the organ, not pipe organ, but a parlor organ. I also wish some pieces for the cabinet organ, such as are played in church, voluntaries, preludes, etc., but do not know what to send for. In quick music something rather difficult preferred.

Will some one tell me how to make sweet apple preserves? and the best way to preserve grapes?

Some time since a sister asked for a recipe for ginger cakes. I will send mine. Two cups of West India molasses, one cup of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of ginger. I do not fill the cup quite full of butter and supply the deficiency with sweet milk. I cut them out in round cakes about one-third of an inch in thickness. MRS. R. R.

Will some one please tell me how to make small holes in window glass, so that cord may be attached to hang it up by? STELLA.

MR. EDITOR:—Will you please give me the privilege of answering a few questions in the August number of THE HOUSEHOLD, and also of begging a little information of some of the kind Band of sisters.

To one of the many sisters. Flower of sulphur is the same as pulverized sulphur.

To K. E. R. The vines of tomatoes laid where ants of any kind infest a place will drive them away. They have been troublesome with us this summer, great nests of them are seen on our principal streets.

To A Friend. Oxalic acid diluted with a little water, and then wet the spot of iron rust with it, lay in the sun, will soon remove the stain; wash the goods well as the acid will rot the fabric if left in it any length of time.

Will some of the good sisters give me directions for an infant's basket, what size, what is necessary to furnish it? Also, directions to crochet the little socks or boots for an infant?

Can any one tell how I could make, or crochet, an afghan some cheap way? I know the afghan, or victoria, stitch. The zephyr (of which I believe they are usually made) costs so much here that I do not feel able to buy it, as I expect it would take four or five pounds. How long and how wide ought it to be made? ALABAMA.

Talladega, Ala.

MR. CROWELL:—In the March number of THE HOUSEHOLD Nellie May writes of a stove-pipe bracket she has; and in a later issue Mrs. L. S., in her article on vegetable baskets mentions, shelves around her stove-pipe. I have heard of them before, and wish to secure some. Will some one be so kind as to inform me, through THE HOUSEHOLD, where they can be had? Also, where I can procure pulverized vanilla bean, which is said to be much better for flavoring than the extract. MRS. W. W.

Logansport, Ind.

ED. HOUSEHOLD,—*Dear Sir:*—Please say to H. M. D., her recipe for pickling cucumbers is very nice and came just in time. Can any of the sisters tell me how to pickle grapes? Are they taken when green, etc.? A FRIEND.

MR. CROWELL:—Please ask the following questions in THE HOUSEHOLD:

What is the cause of water in baked custards, and how can it be avoided? How can I cook piecrust without having it puff up? Also, how may custard or other pies be baked without having it soak the paste? An early answer will oblige, L. M. S.

MR. CROWELL:—In the March number of THE HOUSEHOLD Grace P. said she would exchange sea mosses with me if I would send my address to her through you.

Box 10, Bridgeport, Conn. MRS. H. W.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Could anyone send to THE HOUSEHOLD the poem (by Mrs. Hemans, I think) in which occurs the line, "Where is the sea?"

I should like to ask Dr. Hanaford if coffee is injurious. J.

MR. CROWELL,—*Sir:*—Will some of the kind sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD Band give me a recipe for making marble cake? Also, tell me how to remove sewing machine oil from muslin? A. G.

KIND EDITOR:—You will pardon me if I take up a few minutes of your time. I have a favor to ask of Mrs. L. P. W. if she will not think me too presumptuous. I would like to know why her chocolate cake is baked in two tins, and how she manages the whites of the eggs for frosting without anything else? I am very fond of chocolate cake, and as this is something new, am anxious to try it.

WAIT AND SEE.

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

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

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

—*Christian Treasury.*

ONLY EIGHTY-FOUR CENTS.

BY EDITH ELLIOT.

CHAPTER I.

"An arm of aid to the weak—a friendly hand to the friendless;
Kind words—so short to speak, but whose echo is endless."

"OH! DO just look here, Edith! Only eighty-four cents! How cheap!"

"Yes, very pretty indeed," rejoined Mrs. Elwyn, turning to look at the articles pointed out by her sister.

"I have a great mind to buy it for Ella," said the first speaker. "Do you think she would like it?"

"Perhaps she would, but wouldn't it be 'carrying coals to Newcastle?' Their house is so full of pretty things now; little pretty ornaments and trifles, so scattered about everywhere that they are almost in the way, and they make so much trouble in dusting."

"Oh! Edith, you are so practical and prosy. It is perfectly lovely, and such a bargain! If nobody else wants it, I want it myself," and making her way as well as she could through the crowd that was constantly passing in and out of the doors of the large and fashionable store before which they had been standing during this conversation, she made the purchase. Before leaving the store, her attention was attracted by several other articles that she was induced to buy, so that when she joined Mrs. Elwyn in the carriage half an hour later, her hands were full of parcels of various sizes and shapes.

"Where shall we put this bracket, Edith?" asked she. "The carving is so delicate and easily broken — and these vases, too. Would you mind holding one of these parcels in your lap? I have so many."

Mrs. Elwyn readily complied with this request, and everything being carefully and comfortably adjusted, they began to enjoy the bracing and invigorating atmosphere, and the easy motion of the carriage.

"What a rush there always is at those large stores," observed Fanny.

"Yes," rejoined Edith, "and how much money absolutely thrown away upon useless nothings."

"Such as I have been buying to-day, perhaps you mean," said Mrs. Starr with a light laugh. "For my part I consider all that money well spent which is spent in giving pleasure to our fellow creatures, and I agree with Keats,

'A thing of beauty is a joy forever.'"

"I agree with you in that, Fanny," replied Mrs. Elwyn, "but in making a room beautiful we must arrange it so that it will look pretty as a whole. Where too great a variety of pretty things are crowded together without any particular design or reference to each other, there is little beauty or taste, and the general impression received on entering the room is much the same that it would be on entering a fancy goods store or upholsterer's shop; a confused impression of many things in general and nothing in particular. In short there is nothing artistic about it."

"But then," argued Mrs. Starr, "of course we cannot expect to take in at a glance all that is beautiful. We can admire one thing and then another in succession. That is the way we do when we go to a picture gallery, and why should we not do the same in a private parlor? Just think of Mrs. James' parlor, full of pretty things, and I have heard you say it was a real pleasure to you to go there."

"True," said Mrs. Elwyn, "it is possible to produce an agreeable effect with many objects. Mrs. James has the eye of an artist, and has arranged her parlor most artistically. But there are comparatively few people who would be able to do this. It is much easier to give a pleasant impression with a few things than with a great many. A few graceful and pretty things upon the table or mantel piece, for example, are much more effective and artistic than a great many. Lord Kames says, if I recollect right, somethink of this sort—but stay, I have a copy of his book here behind the cushion of the carriage. I was reading it the other day in the carriage while you were shopping. He says, 'A multitude of objects crowding into the mind at once, disturb the attention, and pass without making any impression,' and 'For the same reason, the impression made by an object that divides the attention by the multiplicity of its parts, equals not that of a more simple object comprehended in a single view; and a number of impressions in succession, never touch the mind like one entire impression made, as it were, at one stroke. This justifies simplicity in works of art, as opposed to complicated circumstances and crowded ornaments.'"

"Oh! Edith, you always have so many arguments ready. I enjoy seeing pretty things and I like to have plenty of pretty things to show to my friends, to give them pleasure. I am sure you always say we ought to live to do good. Prof. Orcutt used to tell us that the young ladies' profession is to make those around her happy."

"True, we should try to do the greatest good to the greatest number, and by spending our money profusely in ornaments we might find that we had not enough left to save some poor creature from starving, by giving her work or help."

"But," rejoined Mrs. Starr, "There is so much imposture practiced now-a-days by beggars that it seems like throwing money away to give to them, and half of them will not try to get work. I don't believe there is much suffering among really good, industrious people."

"But you do not doubt that there are really deserving objects of charity?"

"No, certainly, I always make it a point to give to good objects whenever I can, but then we must remember that a great deal of the suffering we hear about now is caused, as gentlemen tell us, by a stagnation in business. They complain that nobody buys anything now, and that is what causes all these failures, and throws so many people out of employment. So it seems to me that if those that had money would spend it freely—in shopping, for instance—they help (do not smile) do their part you know, and help a little towards making business more active, and in that way they are really doing good to the poor."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Elwyn, "that was the theory of Calonne."

"Who was Calonne?"

"One of the French ministers of finance in the time of Louis XVI."

"I forget my French history, I must look it over; tell me about it."

"Why, France had been impoverished by the extravagance of the reigns of Louis XIV. and XV., and Louis XVI. found the people groaning with poverty and misery. Furgot and Neckar tried to mend matters by economy and taxation, but these measures were odious to the higher classes. They were successively forced to retire, and Calonne succeeding them, tried to please all parties by proposing lavish expenditure as a remedy for the discontent and poverty of the nation. His theory was very plausible and eagerly adopted by the rich. They did not stop to inquire where the money went, and Brussels lace happening to be the fashion, a large amount of money went to Brussels for this article, which was worn so lavishly that it took so much money out of the country as to be one of the chief causes, it has been said, of the terrible and bloody French Revolution. Calonne's theory that 'profusion forms the wealth of a state' was followed. Profuse expenditure was the order of the day, until the credit of the government was utterly exhausted, and it was found that the expenditure had been $30,000,000 a year more than the revenue. Famine, mobs and bloodshed ensued. You know the rest. So much for the theory of Calonne. Those who want to help the country by spending money freely should be careful only to buy goods that are only manufactured or produced at home, otherwise all that they buy helps to send money out of the country, and to discourage home industries. How much does it help the country, think you, for a lady to go to Stewart's, or some other rich firm, and buy lavishly of foreign goods?"

"Not much," said Fanny, frankly, "but now let us have your theory, or is there nothing ladies can do to help, these hard times, as they call them?"

"The best thing for us to do, it seems to me, is to find employment for the poor creatures who are starving for want of work, and to buy only home productions. Let our motto be that of our patriotic forefathers, 'Protection to American industry.'"

Just then the horses stopped before a handsome house in Bedford avenue.

"Here we are!" said Mrs. Starr. "You will come in and lunch with me, will you not?"

"Not to-day, thank you, Fanny," said Mrs. Elwyn, "I am very busy this week."

"To Mrs. Elwyn's, James," said Mrs. Starr to the driver, and the horses turned up Willoughby avenue.

"The air is so delightful this morning that I feel as if I could drive an hour longer," said Mrs. Starr. "What a luxury fresh air is! and even the poorest may have that in abundance."

"It is indeed a blessing," rejoined Mrs. Elwyn, "and it is astonishing that so few people know how to appreciate or enjoy it."

"Oh! mother," said Alice Elwyn, as she met her mother and aunt at the door a few minutes later, "the cook is very ill. She says she has cramps and chills. She has been in bed almost ever since you went away, groaning dreadfully. I did not know what to do for her, and nothing has been done about the dinner."

"Would you not like to have me call for Dr. Bennett on my way home, Edith?" asked Mrs. Starr. "You would feel easier about her; and I wish I knew where to go and I would try to get you a woman to come in her place to-day."

"Thank you. I should be very glad indeed if you would be so kind. I am told there is a woman at 200 Floyd street who needs work, and I need some one very much, with so much to be done this week. It is very unfortunate to have Ann ill just now. She is such a treasure, so faithful. I do hope it is nothing serious. Mrs. Taft tells me that this woman at 200 Floyd street is much in need of help, and that she has been at service in good families before her marriage, so I think she may prove helpful."

"I will go for her with the greatest pleasure," said the good natured Fanny, and in another minute Mrs. Starr was driving towards Floyd street, while Mrs. Elwyn went up stairs to remove her wrappings and see what she could do for the comfort of the family.

LETTERS TO ALICE.

Number Eleven.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

In your last letter, my dear Alice, you quote a sentence from some "learned pundit," asserting that never since the world was made were there so many discontented, unhappy women dwelling upon this earthly ball as now, in the latter half of this nineteenth century. Well, perhaps so. But after all, human nature is pretty much the same, the world over. Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, David, Peter and Paul—Luther, Erasmus and Melancthon would seem very much like the men of the present day, I imagine, if we could only see them unhallowed by

the mists of ages, "Of like passions with ourselves." Just as weak, just as faulty, yielding just as readily to temptation, needing just as we need it, the daily and hourly support of the Everlasting Arm to keep them from stumbling. Sarah and Rebekah and Rachel and Esther, fair and sweet and good as they seem to us standing in the softened twilight of the far-off past, had yet their jealousies, their bickerings, their ambitions, their cruelties. Perhaps Sarah peering from the doorway of her tent and Rachel stealing the gods of her father, were no more "contented" than is Madame La Mode in her brown stone front, or some possible Maud Muller in her cabin on the edge of the wilderness. There was some discontent, some want of harmony even in that blessed home in Bethany—the home that Jesus loved and sanctified by his presence. Even to one of the sisters twain who were the Master's chosen friends came those words of tender reproach, "Martha, Martha, thou art troubled about many things.

"Troubled about many things!" Martha's sad, yet half petulant cry, "Lord dost thou not care?' has come down to us through eighteen centuries, and has found an echo in the hearts of myriads of women all the way along. And that reply of Christ's has applied just as truly to the long procession of women who since it was uttered have lived and loved and suffered, toiled and borne children, sorrowed for their beloved who have gone astray, and wept over countless graves, as it does to us of to-day. It is not to the Lizzies and Kates and Fannys of the present alone, that Martha's legacy of care and trouble has descended. They have shared it with a mighty sisterhood.

But if we are unwilling to admit that there is more of unhappiness and discontent among the present generation of women than among the generations who have gone before them, we are still compelled to acknowledge that our sisters are less silent than were their progenitors. Humanity, of whatever sex or color or creed, is no longer voiceless. The earth is smaller than it used to be. Formerly each country, be it large or small, sat apart in lonely isolation. Now Europe and America exchange morning greetings, and Asia murmurs good night ere she sinks to sleep beneath her stately palm trees. The Pacific whispers to the Atlantic; the snowy peaks of the Yosemite talk to the pine forests of Maine, and every mountain-top calls aloud to its brothers, claiming sympathy and companionship. The result of all this is that while the bonds of universal brotherhood are strengthened, we sometimes feel as if the sum of human sorrow was increasing. *Every body knows every other body's troubles.* Sad, complaining voices that would once have made themselves heard only at the hearth-stone, in the neighborhood, in the town, now echo throughout the land. Let there be a domestic tragedy in London, a suicide in Paris, a fearful murder in St. Petersburg—let some deserted wife call from the rocky fastnesses of the north, or some erring and tempted and fallen one cry from the "Isles of the South"—let the midnight be vexed with drunken brawls in San Francisco, or the wail of some starving mother go up from New York's dens of pollution, and the whole world hears and knows. And thus it is true that while the women of the present day may be no more discontented, no more unhappy than their mothers and grandmothers were, their uneasiness is now vocal—they make themselves heard.

There has probably been no time since the world began when women has been such a power in the "body politic," in the social circle, and in literature as she is to-day. She writes books that the whole world reads, and of which the critics forget to say, "Very well done—for a woman." She speaks from the pulpit or from the rostrum—if she has a "gift" that way—with none to molest or to make her afraid. As an educator she stands in the front rank, and is training thousands of young, impressible minds for future usefulness and honor—minds which shall speak for her and "call her blessed" when her own tongue is silent in the grave. The tables are turned, and the lion holds the brush that for so many centuries was monopolized by man. What wonder is it that the picture should be unlike the ones that he has painted? The old fable repeats itself continually.

And yet—after all is said and done—whether woman's unrest now is greater or less than that of those who preceded her, the discontent remains and cannot be gainsayed. It is not always an ignoble discontent. It is not to be sneered at, or frowned down. Often it is less discontent with her lot, than discontent with herself. She aspires; and does not aspiration walk hand in hand with dissatisfaction? How can any human being who makes for himself or for herself a lofty ideal, an ideal that ever recedes, that withdraws from the hands that would clasp it, that smiles, but only in mockery, that lures one on like an ignis-fatuus only to elude—how can such an one be utterly content?

It is not women of the weakest and feeblest type who feel most of this restless discontent. The triflers are not discontented. Why should they be? They have "seen of the travail of their soils and are satisfied." They have plenty of purple and fine linen; they have dainty food, luxurious couches, and—nothing to do. Why should they not be content? What could any reasonable woman, looking from their stand-point, want beside? They know nothing of soul hunger; why then should they crave soul-food? They could slumber with hands carelessly folded upon the very brink of a precipice. What sympathy, what kinship have they with souls that cry aloud in the night-watches, reaching out blindly, erringly, it may be, after the infinite, the unattainable good?

Be discontent, dear Alice, if your discontent is the child of aspiration. If it means that life to you must be something higher and holier than mere externals; if it means that you have looked down into your own soul, and found there wants and yearnings and capabilities with which the body has nothing to do; if it means that you cannot be satisfied with present attainments, but feel that you must ever be reaching forward toward something better and purer and nobler than yourself—if your discontent means this, then cherish it as the dark-winged angel that shall help you to climb the starry battlements of Heaven, and bring you to stand at last "faultless before the throne of God."

For God is the end of all true and lofty aspiration. Remember that ambition is not aspiration. Love of fame is not aspiration. Love of wealth, of power, of praise, though it may call into being every energy of the soul, is not aspiration. Therefore, I repeat, God is the end of all true and lofty aspiration. No matter where it starts, it must end in Him who is the fountain-head of all wisdom and all truth. The attempt to satisfy ourselves with anything short of Him is utter folly. It is as if one should try to fill immensity with a single grain of sand, or to make a feather from a butterfly's wing outweigh the universe.

Many a man's, many a woman's discontent, springs from an attempt to do that which is utterly impossible—from an attempt to satisfy immortal cravings with earthly food. The soul thirsts for the water of life and we offer it wine of earthly vintage. It asks for bread and we give it a stone. It yearns for growth, for expansion, for the full development that shall enable it to reach the stature marked out for it by its Creator "before the world was," and we try to pacify it with glittering baubles. We offer it riches and honor and learning and pleasure and ease and fame. Perhaps it is quieted for awhile, like a child with a new rattle. Perhaps for a time it forgets its heavenly inheritance and seems willing to sell its birthright for for a mess of pottage. But it is only for a season. The immortal yearnings will not be stifled or kept down. The infinite within us will not be pacified with earthly toys. No living soul was ever yet permanently satisfied short of God. The Psalmist said no truer words than these, "I shall be satisfied when I awake in Thy likeness."

"But," perhaps you will say, "I do not know that church members are any happier, any more contented than other people."

My dear Alice, I am not speaking of churches, nor of church members, nor of creeds. There are many outside of the pale of the church who are truly sons and daughters of the Highest; there are some within it, I fear, who could hardly make good their claim to that title. I am speaking now only of our infinite need of God, of the fact that every soul sooner or later feels that need and is wretched without Him. What we believe has little to do with this fact. The view we take of the future life has little to do with it. Whether our heaven is a heaven of psalm-singing or of work—a haven of repose or a place where the soul shall find its greatest happiness in the free use of all its powers, unchecked by the hindrances and limitations that fetter us here, has little to do with it. Even if we throw the future life out of the account entirely—which God forbid—we need Him here. This frail, earthly existence, so short, so like "a vapor," or "a tale that is told," is utterly worthless without Him.

May all your aspirations, my beloved Alice, all your discontents, all your joys and all your sorrows, draw you nearer and nearer to Him. If you have placed yourself in His hands; neither life nor death can harm you, for he will be with you even unto the end.

WORDS FOR THOSE WHO CARE TO LISTEN.

BY MARY LENOX.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD SISTERS:—As we gather in this shaded room in the quiet hour of the day for our helpful "conversatzione," our talk, following the subtle links that evermore bind the lowest to the highest, take wide range from the minutest practicalities of daily life to its farthest-reaching verities. Questions asked and answered, advice, suggestion, experience, sympathy, all here find place and repeat for us the never too oft enforced lesson, that wherever human hearts beat, there are sounded common chords in the psalm of life, and "no man liveth to himself."

At our September gathering a quiet voice said: "Some among you speak in an unknown tongue. What mean ye?" Eniv told us: "Some of you speak joyously of casting your cares on the Saviour. It must be a blessed relief but one which I never could find. I reverence the Master but have never been able to reach Him to cast my burden from me."

Now, the book of specific directions prepared for us by order of our Master, tells us: "If any speak in an unknown tongue * * * * let One interpret," and its every word from cover to cover enforces the rule, Tell ye the glad tidings. Let him who heareth say, Come. I ask myself: Am I called to the interpreter's place? I do not know; but by the thrill of loving pity that passed through my heart when I read Eniv's words, by the frequency with which they have recurred to my memory, and by the strong impulse I feel this morning to write these lines, I am inclined to make brief response, that at least I may have the consciousness of not having refused to sow beside these waters.

Eniv seems hungering and despondING as I hungered and desponded once, and I obey the command, "Cast thy bread," in hopes that the grains I scatter from the full handful that has strengthened me, may bring her a harvest of peace surpassing anything she can possibly have known. First, then, Eniv, let me assure you, and repeat it if I can until you thoroughly believe it, that this blessedness of which we speak, this finding in Jesus of Nazareth the Christ of God, and finding Him the real Saviour that prophets and apostles and His own words declare Him to be—One able to make light every kind of burden that can be laid upon the shoulders of weary humanity, if only those thus weighted will let Him lift the load—this, I say, is no delusion, no visionary or merely emotional experience; it is to consciousness as real and practical a thing as any experience in life can possibly be—and in reality far more so, for Christ

is not only true, but the Truth; the One to which all others point and are subordinate. And it is no system of philosophy, or translation of philosophic truth into religious language that we mean; no deep-lying principle of our nature that we touch, and, thinking we have found something not originating in ourselves, call it Christ and His help. Oh! no. It is what the apostle calls "The mystery which hath been hid from the ages and from the generations, but now is made manifest to His saints;" even a living, personal Saviour, able to save to the uttermost. "To Him give all the prophets witness" that He was to come; to Him give the apostles witness that He did come in the person of Jesus; and to Him, as Emmanuel, God with us, witnesses "the holy church throughout the world," every martyr, every toiler in His vineyard, and every penitent, trusting sinner who from civilized or heathen lands has called His name with stammering lips and found Him mighty to save.

You do not understand what this reality means, or how it can be; but in explanation of that let me make two brief quotations for you; one from words written by an inspired pen in the first half-century of the Christian church, the other from the most helpful of recent Christian biographies.

Paul says: "The natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; and he cannot know them because they are [only] spiritually discerned."

Dr. Norman McLeod writes: "I feel more and more that there is a life totally different from the life in the natural man; a life in the spirit, which must be begun and developed into life everlasting by God's spirit."

But this life, now so incomprehensible, you may understand and witness to as a life of blessedness even amidst care and trouble, "a lily among thorns," if you will but believe Jesus. His question now to those seeking spiritual sight is the same that it was of old to the blind men upon the hillside, "Believe ye that I am able to do this?" and when they can answer, "Yea, Lord," "then touches He their eyes."

Jesus acted upon a universal law of His kingdom in addressing the multitudes so eagerly thronging His footsteps, when, as Mark tells us, "without a parable spake He not unto them," and this "only as they were able to hear it." His own words set forth this law: "Unto them that are without, all things are done in parables," *i. e.*, all things pertaining to the kingdom of God of which He was speaking. But "when they were alone, He expounded all things to His disciples," telling them, "Unto you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God." And do not forget that "whosoever will" may become his disciple, and that to no single asking soul will He ever say: Unto you it is not given.

Perhaps I am tiring you, dear Eniv, but I do so want to make you understand that the new life into which all Christians must be born is a real life, in which we learn what we never could have understood before we entered it, growing from babes in the knowledge of Christ to a stature that shall reach completeness only when we shall see him face to face; for if you truly realize this, I think you will go to Jesus to ask for new sight. But you say: "I have never been able to find Him." Put beside your words those which His mouth spake: "They who seek shall find," and you will see that your search cannot continue futile, for He cannot lie. Either you will not seek Him, or you will find Him; there can be no other possible alternative. Perhaps you ask us: "How shall I seek?" We cannot tell you specifically, because every heart stands in a relation of its own to God, though the chief steps to be taken are the same for all; but this we can tell you, that if you ask Him to show you He will surely, surely make the way plain.

But, my sister, let me ask you a loving question: Are you sure you want to find Jesus? If not, let your prayer be, "Make me desire to find Thee." I ask you this question, because after years of devious wanderings I found myself brought face to face with it, and know, in my inmost heart, that I did not want Him. Nay, worse, I could not ask that I might be brought to desire Him, for I was forced to see that I did not want even that. The only petition that my miserable heart could conscientiously frame, was, "Make me want to want Thee." And though the next stage was an assured conviction that hope was hopeless, I continued my plea. A far-off want, was it not? but if I could "interpret" for you half its blessed results you would no longer need to ask: What is this peace of which you speak? You may have the question answered in your own experience if you will only knock at the door of the chamber where Jesus is ever saying: "My peace I give unto you." Or pause, just where you are, in the midst of your household life or in your quiet room, and listen. Another is knocking. He says: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

> "Open the door with shame, if you have sinned;
> If you be sorry, open it with sighs.
> Albeit the place be bare for poverty,
> And comfortless for lack of plenishing,
> Be not abashed for that, but open it,
> And take Him in that comes to sup with thee."

Sister members of our HOUSEHOLD Band, if there is among you another besides Eniv, whose eyes seem to yourselves holden that you cannot see the Lord; if there is one whose outstretched hands grope wearily in the darkness for the clasp of another Hand strong enough to lift you to the light, or one to whom this darkness seems the blacker because your eyes have once seen the light; if there is one who remembers with discouragement temptation often yielded to, or whose heart seems without power to care for better things; yea, if there is one—I think there cannot be many — that knows she loves and wants to love the sin that yet seems holding her fast in hopeless bondage; listen for a moment to the words of one who knows what each of these experiences mean, and how bitter some of them are.

There is deliverance! There is a way out! for I have trodden it and the way remains for you. Two stepping stones therein lie near together; one, the conviction that Jesus is both able and willing to help you; the other, the desire that He will help you. To plant your feet firmly on the one, listen to all the testimony you can secure, and more than any other to His own words, making them as real as possible to yourself; to attain the other, pray whatever prayer you can sincerely utter, with the Lord's comforting promise in your mind: "Ask and you shall receive." That "shall" is the surest thing in all the world. Believe it, and God will show you all the rest.

Then, hereafter, in glad talks with members of a wider household band than this of ours, the "Household of Faith," you will need no interpreter of a language whose meaning you do not know, for the Holy Spirit will so unfold to you truths that the world knows not of, that with the apostle who leaned on Jesus' breast, you can say: "We know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that we know the true One; and we are in the true One, in His Son Jesus Christ." (Alford's translation.)

MOUNTAIN ECHOES.

Number Three.

BY VERONICA.

Well, we have seen the display of Old Faithful—a sight every one of our millions should witness. One of the party remarked, "It was a marvel that Barnum had not taken one of these wondrous geysers to the Centennial, for it would attract greater multitudes than any of the curiosities he had previously imported."

We are suddenly aroused from our meditations by subterraneous rumblings and hasten to the Giantess with steps more hurried than graceful. This is said to be the largest and grandest geyser in the Basin. At present its waters resemble a clear spring with smooth, unruffled surface. The mouth of the crater (fifteen by twenty feet) being filled to the brim with water which gently flows over the edges. Presently this water bubbles, then boils, each moment rising higher, till it finally explodes, so to speak, and we, watching at a respectful distance, see the mighty columns ascend until there seems to be five tiers of water. This is caused by the columns rising inside one another, and as they are held an instant in this position the effect is very striking.

At this grand finale one might say the geyser was five stories high. During the exhibit we hear noises even under our feet that sound like the workings of mighty furnaces that are nearly exploding with their excess of power, and wonder what visions would meet our eyes were the crust to break through and let us in, for in many places it sounds hollow and we dare not ride over it. Now that the water has subsided we approach carefully and looking down the funnel-shaped cavity, which a short time ago was filled with water, fully sixty feet, can see a small opening at the bottom, the crater now containing only a few pailfuls of water. This immense cavity will re-fill and probably "spout" again in a week or ten days. There were about twelve geysers there; they sometimes become extinct. We have mentioned two — Old Faithful and Giantess. These we viewed by sunlight, moonlight, firelight, and their grandeur never diminished.

Brief remarks will be made of others, as descriptions of each would only tire our readers, for no pen can fitly portray their beauties. The Grand has lovely formations around it, but unfortunately waits till between eleven and twelve o'clock p. m. before its display, thus causing sight-seers the inconvenience of lighting a bonfire on the mountain side and "sitting up" with it. However, it well repays those whose patience holds out. The Castle, so called because its crater resembles an old castle, makes a terrible noise before its ejection of contents, and continues half an hour. The Splendid is truly named for its column of water falls in a perfect spray, thus giving a glittering effect in the sunlight. The Riverside and Fan are small but pretty. The latter derives its name from its column taking the form of a lady's opened fan. The Giant's crater resembles a tall chimney with one side broken off. This geyser seldom throws water to any heighth, probably leaving most of the "spouting" for his "better half," the Giantess, to do.

Parties thinking to make these geysers perform the office of washing machine often throw soiled clothing into the orifice just before the eruption and generally receive it thoroughly cleansed and in the best possible condition for darning—provided the pieces can be found. Old Faithful swallowed several handkerchiefs for our party and failed to return them. Perhaps they are now used by the Celestials. Some throw in articles of gold jewelry attached to pieces of wood and they are returned bright as if cleaned by a jeweler. Such are doubly valued because of their adventures in mid earth.

Lest our readers should tire of "going a geysering" with us, we will take leave of the main geyserland, though our pen has not, and cannot do it justice. Old Faithful gave us a welcoming and now tenders us a parting salute. We turn our faces homeward and journey toward the Lower Basin. Midway between the two we find a remarkably clear spring, or lake rather, covering several acres and said to be the largest body of hot water on the continent. It is called the Devil's Half Acre. In fact, from names given, one would infer that this region was the personal property of his Satanic majesty and legions, the Indians calling it a land of evil spirits. There is "water, water everywhere," but we will omit mention of the minor springs as they are too numerous and uninteresting. In the Lower Basin we find geysers, but so small in comparison with those left behind that we stop only to admire its principal wonder—the Paint Pot or Chalk Vats. This is something grand in its way. The crater is but little elevated above the surrounding earth and its contents the consistency of hasty pudding. The paint is whitest nearest the center and most delicately tinted from faintest rose out to dark red or brick color. A little farther off we find green and yellow tinged in a similar manner. The chalk when cold is like putty and soon loses color when removed from the vats. A perfect paradise for little folks who love to make "mud pies."

Our party is very enthusiastic over this curiosity but a storm threatens us, such a storm as this high altitude alone is subject to. Having already this month, (August,) been caught in a genuine snow storm, which occasioned much discomfort in the way of cold fingers and feet, we hurry on to the Mud Geysers.

Here our tent is pitched under wide-spreading trees, with the broad Yellowstone in view and for the present we are "Monarchs of all we survey." The first thing after camping is getting meals. This accomplished, we start on a rambling tour, armed as usual with note book, pencil, field glasses, and last but not least, good company. We are now near a spring called in common parlance the Devil's Cave; in Hayden's Report, the Grotto. The overhanging rocks are handsomely colored; green predominating. The main spring is within but the hot waves come rushing out violently. A boiled snake at the entrance testifies to its heat. The air if inhaled often produces serious effects. The Giants' Cauldron, an immense heart-shaped opening in the mountain side, is boiling furiously with fearful thunderings, the steam rising in heavy clouds. We pause on the brim and look down thirty feet where the mud is boiling as if the furnaces were heated seven times hotter than usual. The surrounding trees are coated with mud, thus proving that the contents are sometimes ejected with indescribable force.

Weary with sight-seeing we chat awhile around our cheerful camp fire, then retire. With the sighing of the pines and murmuring of the river for lullaby, we soon sink to repose, and sleep, "Tired nature's sweet restorer" reigns supreme.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

I. L. Cragin & Co., 119 So. Fourth St., 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.

MR. CROWELL,—*Sir:*—I sent for a sample of Dobbins' Electric Soap, and have just received my first box. My neighbors are delighted with it, as well as myself, and I thank the ladies of THE HOUSEHOLD for introducing it to me. It is worth the cost of THE HOUSEHOLD to me, and I don't think I will ever try to keep house without THE HOUSEHOLD and Dobbins' Electric Soap. MRS. S. E. PATTERSON.

St. Petersburg, Clarion Co., Pa.

MR. CROWELL,—*Dear Sir:*—I notice many of your subscribers are discussing the merits of Dobbins' Electric Soap. If they had all used it as long as I have, nine or ten years, they would understand it. For flannels it can't be beat; for calicoes excellent; and by using it for soaking the white clothes, it lessens to labor one-half.

MRS. A. M. PLANT.

St. Albans, Vt.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have tried Dobbins' Electric Soap and find its qualities almost miraculous. Washing is no task at all when Dobbins' Electric is used, and it requires but little time, while with the old-fashioned way I scarcely got through before dinner, working a great deal harder. My clothes look whiter and are not injured by hard rubbing. Dobbins' Soap does not injure the finest fabric, and I advise every housekeeper to try it. It speaks for itself.

MARY F. WILKINSON.

Seneca, Kansas.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have given Dobbins' Electric Soap a thorough trial and find it the best soap yet brought out for washing and other purposes, the clothes requiring no boiling or hard rubbing, and but half the usual time for washing.

MRS STEPHEN BAILEY.

Alma, Wis.

MR. EDITOR:—I have tried Dobbins' Electric Soap as you recommended, and would not now exchange it for any other in the market. It does its work perfectly and has in addition the merit of exceeding cheapness, it being with made less expense than any soap I know of. MRS. F. H. KNIGHT.

Watsontown, Pa.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have given Dobbins' Electric Soap a trial, and followed the instructions given, and find it excellent. I think it will do all for the washwomen that it promises. I cheerfully recommend it to my lady friends as the best soap for washing I ever saw. MARY T. CALDWELL.

Sherman, Me.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have tried and am now using Dobbins' Electric Soap, and I consider it the best I ever saw. It saves the boiling and hard rubbing of the clothes, making a great saving of labor in washing.

Newport, Vt. MRS. O. ROBINSON.

HISTORY OF A PICTURE.

Two of the most celebrated artists the world has ever known dwelt in the same city. One delighted in delineating beauty in all its graces of tint, form, and motion. His portraits were instinct with the charm of physical vigor. The graceful, half-voluptuous outline of form and feature harmonized with delicately blended tints. On his canvas, the homeliest faces had an almost irresistible charm. The other found pleasure only in depicting weird and gloomy subjects. Above all, did he excel in painting the portraits of the dying. The agonizing death-throe, the ghastly face and form, were all depicted with marvelous fidelity. There existed between these artists the most intense dislike. At length this dislike culminated. The beauty-loving artist had been engaged in painting the portrait of a beautiful woman. Connoisseurs pronounced it the most wonderful piece of art that had ever been produced. His brother artist was jealous of his fame and sought revenge. By bribing the keeper of the studio he gained access to the picture each night. At first he was content to only deaden the brilliancy of the complexion and eyes, efface the bloom from cheek and lip and paint a shaddow on either cheek. Later, his strokes grew bolder and freer, and one morning the artist awoke to find the entire outline of the portrait changed. He could scarcely recognize in the emaciated form and haggard countenance the glowing conception he had embodied. The pallid face and expressionless eyes he had attributed to a lack of genuineness in his materials; but when the outlines were changed he suspected the cause and indignantly dismissed the keeper. What the revengeful artist marred by a few rapid strokes of his skillful brush was only restored by years of patient industry. Reader, need we name the artists,—Health, who paints the flowers and "grassy carpet" no less than the human form divine,—Disease, the dreaded artist who revels among the ruins both of nature and humanity,—and Carelessness, the keeper to whom Health often intrusts his portraits. And is it not the beauty of woman, the most admired of all the works which adorn the studio of Health, that Disease oftenest seeks to mar? The slightest stroke of his brush upon the delicate organization leaves an imprint that requires much skill and patience to efface. Restoration must be prompt. Carelessness must be dismissed. Let suffering women heed the warning ere Disease has marred their chief beauty—Health—beyond reparation. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has been used by thousands of these sufferers, and they are unanimous in their praise of its excellence. If you would be transformed from the pallid, nervous invalid into a happy, vigorous woman, try it.

HOW AN OHIO WOMAN MADE MONEY.

Mrs. Dr. ——, who resides in a thriving Ohio village, writes that she sold *one hundred copies* of that superb book, "Buckeye Cookery and Practical Housekeeping," *in ten days* (commissions over $60), besides doing all her cooking, washing and ironing, and "don't feel tired out either." A book must have great merit to sell as this has, reaching the 16th thousand in four months. Any bright woman can make money now and secure a regular and permanent income hereafter, by taking the agency for her town or county. Send by postal card for particulars and valuable sample pages of the book, which are sent free.

BUCKEYE PUBLISHING CO.,
Minneapolis, Minn., or Marysville, Ohio.

FIFTY DOLLARS

Will be paid for the best article descriptive of the Dover Egg Beater in its application to the business of the kitchen; its absolute qualities and comparative advantages; to be furnished by the lady correspondents of The Household. To each of those who will compete for this purse, one of the Beaters will be furnished gratuitously on application, together with some of the best articles already written. Ample time will be allowed for competitors to familiarize themselves with the qualities of the Dover Beater. Due notice of the time when the articles must be handed in, will be given in this paper.

Boston, Mass. DOVER STAMPING CO.

Persons who design to compete for the above mentioned prize are requested to send their articles to the publisher of THE HOUSEHOLD on or before Dec. 15th, 1877. With each manuscript is to be sent the name and address of the writer in a sealed envelope which will not be opened until the purse has been awarded by a committee of three disinterested persons. No pains will be spared to insure an impartial decision in accordance with the merits of the contributions.

THREE MONTHS (postage paid) for ten cents. See A Trial Trip, on last page.

WIDE AWAKE, an Illustrated Magazine for Young People, is the very best publication of the kind in our country, as well as the cheapest. The September number has Poet's Homes, illustrated, and Lolly Dinks and His Doings, and scores of other good things, interesting and instructive. Price $2. Published by D. Lathrop & Co., Boston, Mass.

DON'T PUT THE POOR WORKING MAN DOWN!—This is the title of the greatest motto song ever published in America. Written and composed by Bobby Newcomb. Will be sung in almost every theater in the land. Price 35 cents per copy. If you cannot get it from your regular Music Dealer, send to the publisher, F. W. Helmick, No. 50 West 4th St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

SORRENTO AND INLAID WORK, by Arthur Hope. Price $1.50. Hadley Bros. & Co., Chicago. Mr. Hope is a veteran in the art of engraving, and his book is a manual for all who are interested in scroll engraving and carving, both beginners and experts. The book is illustrated with full page designs, many of them the choicest silhouettes. Altogether Mr. Hope's book is a gem, and no amateur can afford to be without it.

LANGELL'S ASTHMA REMEDY.

MR. LANGELL:—Your sample package (Langell's Asthma Remedy) is just as you pronounced it to be. You will please send me a full package, for which find money enclosed.
FRANK TISDALE, Montgomery, Ala.

Sent by mail for $1.00 per box. Address, D. Langell, Office, 73 Astor House, New York.

We would call the attention of those of our readers who have anything to do with putting down carpets, or who live in the same house with those who are so unfortunate as to reckon this as one of their duties, to the very "handy" and desirable Carpet Stretcher, manufactured by Bullard & Co., of Worcester, Mass., and advertised in another column of this paper. It is the best thing we have yet seen for laying carpets, and cannot fail of being liked by any one who may give it a trial. Don't undertake to put down another carpet without sending for one of these articles—it will pay for itself every time it is used.

THREE MONTHS (postage paid) for ten cents. See A Trial Trip, on last page.

A few trials of Ridge's Food will prove its wondertul power in building up the system, however debilitated. WOOLRICH & CO., on every label.

IN THE FAMILY nothing has proved a greater boon than the RAVEN PASTE STOVE POLISH. It dispenses with brush, dust or disagreeable smell, and still fulfils all requirements.

The practical proof of success is success. This proof is presented by "Andrews' Bazar." In management, matter, print and price it has concentrated the elements of success, and richly merits the high rank it has attained as the ladies favorite journal of fashion. W. R. Andrews, Cincinati, publisher.

EXTENSIVE ART GALLERY.—Next to the Bible, no book is more useful than Webster's Dictionary. The Unabridged is *an extensive art-gallery*, containing over three thousand engravings, representing almost every animal, insect, reptile, implement, plant, etc., which we know anything about. It is a vast library, giving information on almost every mentionable subject. It indeed has been well remarked that it is the most remarkable *compendium of human knowledye* in our language.—*Household Advocate.*

ANOTHER HELEN'S — BABIES, with this taking title: Four Irrepressibles; or, the The tribe of Benjamin. Their summer visit to Aunt Agnes. What they did and what they undid. Loring, Publisher, Boston. Three boys and one girl, children of Benjamin Cutler, a Boston banker, are the Four Irrepressibles. Aunt Agnes, a young lady just returned from a long residence in Europe, finds her lovely home in New Hampshire very quiet, so writes to Mr. and Mrs. Cutler to let the children come up and pass the summer with her. Their exuberant spirits will enliven the place: A girl will take all the care of them, and the "hired man" will see they come to no grief. But alas!

RAND'S NEW YORK CITY BUSINESS DIRECTORY FOR 1877. The second volume of this valuable and indispensable work has just been issued by the Publishers, Messrs. Walter Heugh & Co., of 3 Park Place, New York. No pains or expense has been spared in the production of the present volume, to make it complete and reliable. In typographical appearance and binding, certainly it is a fine specimen of book making. It contains over one hundred pages more matter than the last year's volume, which has added largely to the cost of the production of the work, and compelled the Publishers to issue hereafter only the full cloth bound edition at One Dollar per copy, upon the receipt of which sum they will forward the work to any address in the United States or Canada, by mail, postage prepaid.

A LIVE ADVERTISING AGENT.—The Chicago Inter Ocean says: "We clip the following deserved compliment from the Springfield Republican: 'Mr. H. P. Hubbard, Newspaper Advertising Agent, of New Haven, is one of the most reliable and stirring men in the business anywhere.'" We would commend Mr. Hubbard to all who need his services, as a faithful, competent man, and are glad to know that the establishment of his agency, has been appreciated by our business men. He has on his list all the principal papers in the country, and by the advantageous connections can place advertising for any one at very reasonable rates.—*New Haven Register.*

We have done a considerable amount of business with Mr. Hubbard during the past three years, and have ever found him prompt, energetic, and reliable.

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY FREE. See Trial Trip, on last page.

SUPERIOR NUTRITION THE LIFE.

REGISTERED JUNE 5, 1877.

IMPERIAL GRANUM.

THE GREAT MEDICINAL FOOD.

This justly celebrated DIETETIC PREPARATION is, in composition, principally the GLUTEN derived from the WHITE WINTER FLINT WHEAT CEREAL, a solid extract, the invention of an eminent Chemist. It has not only been highly recommended, but certified to, by a large number of Chemists and Physicians—representing a very high degree of medical science—as the Safest, Most Acceptable and Reliable Food for the GROWTH AND PROTECTION OF INFANTS AND CHILDREN and

For Mothers lacking sufficient nourishment for their offspring.

Unlike those preparations made from animal or vinous matter, which are liable to stimulate the brain and irritate the digestive organs, it embraces in its elementary composition—

That which makes strong Bone and Muscle, That which makes good Flesh and Blood, That which is easy of digestion—never constipating, That which is kind and friendly to the Brain, and That which acts as a preventive of those Intestinal Disorders incidental to childhood.

And, while it would be difficult to conceive of anything in Food or Dessert more CREAMY and DELICIOUS, or more NOURISHING and STRENGTHENING as an aliment in *Fevers, Pulmonary Complaints, Dyspepsia and General Debility*, its RARE MEDICINAL EXCELLENCE in all INTESTINAL DISEASES, especially in

Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa and Cholera Infantum,
Has been Incontestably Proven.

SOLD BY Druggists AND Pharmacists IN THE *PRINCIPAL CITIES of the UNITED STATES.*

JOHN CARLE & SONS, NEW YORK.
10-3h

C. E. ALLEN'S PLANT & SEED CATALOGUE.

72 Pages, Illustrated, mailed to applicants on receipt of stamp.

All who are seeking for early Vegetables should buy Vermont grown seed, they being acclimated will ripen their crops from one to three weeks earlier.

C. E. ALLEN,
Seedsman and Florist,
Brattleboro, Vt.

The best Polishing Powder for Jewelry, Silver Plated Ware, &c. Sent post paid for 25c Agents wanted. T. E. Reed & Co., New Britain, Conn.
10-4h

BEST AND CHEAPEST BERRY CRATES AND BASKETS in use. So acknowledged by leading Growers everywhere who have used them for years. A. M. Purdy, Editor Fruit Recorder, and large fruit grower, Rochester, N. Y., writes: "Purchased 200 N. D. Batterson's Crates and Baskets, and must say, for compactness, durability, lightness, neatness and free circulation of air, have never found their equal." Well made; best materials, sizes and shape; Crates are iron bound, have best hasps made; Baskets fit most other crates, can be nested. Order by freight immediately; delay occasions loss. Remit by registered letter or bank order. Satisfaction guaranteed. 32 qt Crates, 24 in long, 12 in. wide, 15¼ in. high, with 32 Quart Baskets $1.35; 36 qt Crates, 24 in long, 17¼ in. wide, 12 in. high, with 36 Quart Baskets, $1.40; 30 pt. Crates, with 30 Pint Baskets, $1 Quart Baskets, $15 per 1,000, Pint Baskets $10 per 1,000, in any quantities.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure relief for Asthma. Price 35 cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO. Charlestown, Mass.
1-12o

YOUR NAME on 50 extra mix. VIS. CARDS 15c J. R. HOLCOMB, P. M. at Mallet Creek, Ohio.
7-12adv

GRAPE VINES.

Also **Trees, Small Fruits, etc. Wholesale rates very low** to Nurserymen, Dealers, and large Planters. Send stamp for Descriptive List. Price List **FREE.**

T. S. HUBBARD, Fredonia, N. Y.
9-10ea

READ! A RARE OPPORTUNITY; Don't Miss this Chance! Upon receipt of only 25 Cents (currency or silver), we will send One Pair Elegant French Oil Chromos (companion pictures and very beautiful), and also **The Cricket on the Hearth,** the People's Favorite Literary and Family Journal, for FOUR MONTHS on trial. It is a mammoth 16-page, 64-column Illustrated paper (size of Harper's Weekly), filled with splendid Continued and Short Stories, Sketches, Poems, Useful Knowledge, Wit and Humor, etc., etc. The largest, handsomest, best and cheapest paper of its class in the world. This Great Offer is made to introduce it into New Homes. Write Now. Address F. M. LUPTON & CO., Publishers, 245 Broadway, New York. **READ!**
11-1s

STRAWBERRY PLANTS BY MAIL.

The pure WILSON'S ALBANY is recognized by all experienced planters as the best and most profitable variety grown. Extra care has been taken to keep my stock pure, which I can warrant.

Price by mail, per 100, - - - $1.00 Price by express, per 1000, - - $5.00

Raspberry, Blackberry, Currant, Gooseberry, and Rhubarb plants, by mail, $1.00 per dozen.

If ordered by express stronger plants will be sent, and extra plants added to pay express charges.

Leading sorts of Apple, Pear, Peach, Plum, Cherry, Quince, Grape, Evergreen and Ornamental trees, Roses, Shrubs, Climbing plants, etc., at low rates.

NO ORDERS RECEIVED FOR LESS THAN $1.

SPECIAL OFFER.

To those whose ground is limited, and wish to have a constant succession of fruit from June until frost, I have arranged a list which will be sent by mail for $5.00, or by express for $4.00, or one-half the list for $3.00 by mail, or by express for $2.50, which is 15 and 30 per cent. discount from dozen rates, viz.:

Strawberries.—100 Wilson's and 50 Chas. Downing.
Raspberries.—12 Mammoth Cluster and 6 Philadelphia.
Blackberries.—6 Kittatinny and 6 Lawton.
Gooseberry.—6 Houghton's Seedling.
Currants.—6 Cherry or Versailles.
Grapes.—2 Concord, 1 Hartford.

Address all orders to **C. E. ALLEN, Brattleboro, Vt.**

THE BRATTLEBORO HYDRAULIC CEMENT

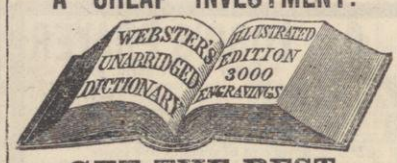
DRAIN, SEWER, AND CULVERT PIPE WORKS.

This Cement is particularly adapted for Drain, Sewer, and Culvert Pipes, on account of its great strength and its continual hardening properties, which render it impervious to decay and frost. Every one knows the value and convenience of a permanent house drain. Taking the low cost of the pipe which is 20 to 50 per cent. lower than iron or any Scotch or American clay pipes in the market, parties will see where it will be for their interest to use the cement pipe.

Price list and testimonials will be furnished on application.

WM. A. PELLETT, Manfg., Brattleboro, Vt. **SAM'L E. TODD, Patentee, Bridgeport, Conn.**

A CHEAP INVESTMENT.



GET THE BEST.

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary,
10,000 Words and Meanings not in other Dictionaries.

3000 Engravings; 1840 Pages Quarto.

A necessity to every intelligent family, student, teacher and professional man. What Library is complete without the best English Dictionary?

Every *farmer* should give his sons two or three square rods of ground, well prepared, with the avails of which they may buy it. Every *mechanic* should put a receiving box in some conspicuous place in the house, to catch the stray pennies, for the like purpose.

Lay it upon your table by the side of the Bible—it is a better expounder than many which claim to be expounders.

It is a great labor-saver—it has saved us time enough in one year's use to pay for itself; and that must be deemed good property which will clear itself once a year.—*Massachusetts Life Boat.*

ALSO

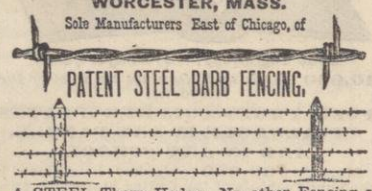
Webster's National Pictorial Dictionory.
1040 Pages Octavo. 600 Engravings.

Published by G. & C. MERRIAM, Springfield, Mass.
11-1

Washburn & Moen Man'f'g Co.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Sole Manufacturers East of Chicago, of



A STEEL Thorn Hedge. No other Fencing so cheap or put up so quickly. Never rusts, stains, decays, shrinks, nor warps. Unaffected by fire, wind, or flood. A complete barrier to the most unruly stock. Impassable by man or beast. TWO THOUSAND TONS SOLD AND PUT UP DURING THE LAST YEAR. For sale at the leading hardware stores, with Stretchers and Staples. Send for illustrated Pamphlet.
9-3r

$100 INVESTED HAS PAID A PROFIT OF $1,700

during the past few months, under our improved system of operating in STOCKS. Book containing full information sent on application. TRUMBRIDGE & Co., Bankers & Brokers, 92 Broadway, New York.

PLANTS, SEEDS, BULBS, by mail, or express. Cut-flowers and floral designs for funerals, weddings, etc., a specialty.
C. E. ALLEN, Brattleboro, Vt.

$1162.75 PROFITS FROM $10625 in TEN DAYS by a CALL on WESTERN UNION, AUG. 2.

STOCK CONTRACTS

judiciously managed on the plan of limited liability always ensure a good return, often ten times the investment in as many days. Send for information and the **"New System of assured profits,"** free.

Gold and Stock Brokers. { T. POTTER WIGHT & CO., No. 35 Wall Street, New York.
U. S. BONDS A SPECIALTY.

BIGLOW & MAIN'S

PUBLICATIONS

Are the Best!

FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Brightest and Best, $30 per 100 Copies.
Royal Diadem, ...$30 per 100 Copies.
Pure Gold, ...$30 per 100 Copies.
Any of above sent by mail on recept of 35 cents.
Book of Praise, ...$40 per 100 Copies.
Sent by mail on receipt of 50 cents.

FOR PRAYER MEETINGS.

Gospel Hymns, ...$30 per 100 Copies.
Sent by mail on receipt of 35 cents.
Winnowed Hymns, $25 per 100 Copies.
Song Evangel, ...$25 per 100 Copies.
Either sent by mail on receipt of 30 cents.

Sold by Booksellers and Music Dealers Everywhere.

BIGLOW & MAIN, PUBLISHERS,
76 East 9th St., N. Y.; 91 Washington St., Chicago

New Music Books for Schools!

Now give new life to your Musical Exercises by introducing one of these superior books.

The Grammar School Choir, (60 cts., $6 per doz.) by W. S. TILDEN, provides admirably for the needs of the Upper Classes in Grammar Schools. Just out. Carefully prepared by a practical and successful teacher. Music in 1, 2, 3 and 4 parts, and the best quality.

The School Song Book, (60 cts., $6 doz.,) has an unusually extended Instructive Course, interspersed with Exercises and Songs, beautiful Music, and is prepared for **Girls' Normal Schools,** by C. EVEREST, Teacher in the Philadelphia Normal School for Girls.

The High School Choir, ($1; per doz. $9.) has already a great reputation as an almost perfect High School Song Book, and is extensively used—but should be universally used. Music in 2, 3 and 4 parts. By L. O. EMERSON and W. S. TILDEN.

The Whippoorwill, (50 cts., $5 doz.) Fine general collection of cheerful, wide-awake Songs for Common Schools. By W. O. PERKINS, author of The Golden Robin.

Specimen Copies of any book mailed, post-free, for retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO.,
BOSTON.

C. H. Ditson & Co., 843 Broadway, New York.
J. E. Ditson & Co., Successors to Lee & Walker, Philadelphia.

ROYAL FRAGRANCE
SOLID COLOGNE.

Double Strength of Perfume! Excellent to prevent ravages of moths in clothing. Send for it. 3 samples for **25 cts.** Postage stamps will be received. DR. W. A. HUBBARD, Chemist, **45** N. Anderson Street, BOSTON, MASS.
4-12h

WORK FOR ALL

In their own localities, canvassing for the **Fireside Visitor,** (enlarged) Weekly and Monthly. **Largest Paper in the World,** with Mammoth Chromos Free. Big Commissions to Agents. Terms and Outfit Free. Address 11-6r
P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

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 Stationary,	$0 50	2
2	Indelible Pencil, (Clark's,)	50	2
3	Embroidery Scissors,	50	2
4	Name Plate, brush, ink, etc.,	60	2
5	Ladies' Ivory handle Penknife,	75	3
6	Sugar Spoon,	75	3
7	Autograph Album,	1 00	3
8	Package Garden Seeds,	1 00	3
9	Package Flower Seeds,	1 00	3
10	Half Chromo, Autumn Leaves, Winter Wren or May Flowers,	1 00	3
11	Butter Knife,	1 00	3
12	Turkey Morocco Pocket Book,	1 00	3
13	One vol. Household,	1 10	4
14	Fruit Knife,	1 25	4
15	Pair Tablespoons,	1 50	5
16	Call Bell,	1 75	5
17	Carving Knife and Fork,	1 75	5
18	One pair Napkin Rings,	2 00	5
19	Six Scotch PPd Napkin Rings,	2 00	5
20	Six Teaspoons,	2 25	5
21	Rosewood Writing Desk,	2 25	5
22	Rosewood Work Box,	2 50	5
23	Fruit Knife, with Nut Pick,	2 25	6
24	Child's knife, fork and spoon,	2 50	6
25	Gold Pen with Silver Case,	2 50	6
26	Six Tea Knives,	2 50	7
27	Six Nut Picks,	2 75	7
28	Gilt Cup,	2 75	7
29	Photograph Album,	3 00	7
30	Spoon Holder,	3 00	8
31	Family scales, (12 lbs., Shaler)	4 00	8
32	Pie Knife,	3 50	9
33	Soup Ladle,	3 50	9
34	Cake Knife,	3 50	9
35	Pickle Jar, with Fork,	3 50	9
36	Six Tablespoons,	4 00	9
37	Six Table Forks, medium,	4 00	9
38	Six Tea Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles,	3 75	10
39	1 doz. Teaspoons,	4 50	10
40	Family scales, (24 lbs., Shaler)	5 00	10
41	1 doz. Tea Knives,	5 00	10
42	Sheet Music, (Agts. selection)	5 00	10
43	Carving Knife and Fork,	4 00	12
44	Hf. Chromo, Morn'g or Even'g	5 00	12
45	Butter Dish, covered,	5 00	12
46	1 pair Napkin Rings, neat,	5 00	12
47	Syrup Cup,	5 50	12
48	Gold Pen and Pencil,	6 00	12
49	Six Table Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles,	5 50	14
50	Caster,	6 00	14
51	Cake Basket,	6 50	14
52	Croquet Set,	6 50	14
53	Family scales, (50 lbs., Shaler)	7 00	14
54	Webster's N'tional Dictionary,	6 00	15
55	Clothes Wringer,	7 50	15
56	Folding Chair,	5 50	16
57	Six Tea Knives, silver plated, ivory inlaid handles,	7 00	16
58	Card Receiver, gilt, tine,	7 00	16
59	Celery Glass, silver stand,	7 50	16
60	Fruit Dish,	8 00	16
61	Gold Pen and Holder,	7 50	17
62	Butter Dish, covered,	7 50	18
63	Spoon Holder,	7 50	18
64	1 doz. Tablespoons,	8 00	18
65	1 doz. Taole Forks, medium,	8 00	18
66	Photograph Album,	10 00	18
67	Caster,	8 00	20
68	Syrup Cup and Plate,	8 50	20
69	Cake Basket,	10 00	20
70	Elegant Family Bible,	10 00	20
71	Stereoscope and 50 views,	10 00	20
72	Folding Chair,	8 00	24
73	Sewing Machine, (Beckwith,)	12 00	24
74	Cash,	6 25	25
75	Child's Carriage,	10 00	25
76	Chromo, Sunlight in Winter.	10 00	25
77	Webster's Unabridged Dictionary,	12 00	30
78	1 doz. Tea Knives, silver plated, ivory inlaid handles,	14 00	30
79	Ice Pitcher, porcelain lined,	15 00	30
80	Photograph Album,	18 50	30
81	Silver Watch,	20 00	45
82	Folding Chair,	20 00	50
83	Child's Carriage,	25 00	60
84	Sewing Machine, (Weed,)	60 00	60
85	Bickford Knitting Machine,	30 00	75
86	Silver Watch,	35 00	80
87	Tea Set, silver, neat,	50 00	100
88	Sewing Machine, (Weed,)	100 00	100
89	Cash,	35 00	100
90	Tea Set, richly chased, gilt, elegant,	75 00	150
91	Cottage Organ, (Estey,)	150 00	150
92	Ladies' Gold Watch,	80 00	175
93	Gent's Gold Watch,	125 00	275

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 any premium to get all the subscriptions at one place or to send them all in at one time. They may be obtained in different towns or states and sent as convenient. Keep a list of the names and addresses and when a premium is wanted, *send a copy of 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.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

DON'T FORGET that we want a SPECIAL AGENT in every county in the United States. Many are applying for these special agencies and all are pleased with the terms we offer. If you can attend to the business in your county it WILL PAY YOU WELL to do so.

Free until January, 1878.

To all new subscribers to THE HOUSEHOLD for 1878 we will send the balance of this year free. Will our readers call the attention of their neighbors to this offer, and each one send one or more new subscribers to keep them and us company during the coming year?

A BLUE CROSS before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed. Do not wait for an agent to visit you, but enclose $1.10 in a letter, giving name and post office address plainly written—including the *State*—and direct the same to Geo. E. Crowell, Brattleboro, Vt. Don't send *Personal Checks*, we cannot use them.

PERSONS ACTING AS OUR AGENTS are not authorized to take subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD at less than the published price—$1.10 per year, including the postage.

SEE OUR OFFER of Organs and Sewing Machines for their value in subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD. We hope to send at least one of each into every county in the United States and Provinces in the next twelve months.

WANTED, a few more good County Agents, especially in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and the South. We give good pay, pleasant work and permanent employment. A few more chances left—will you take one?

THE HOUSEHOLD is always discontinued at the expiration of the time for which the subscription was paid. Persons designing to renew their subscriptions will please remember this, and by taking a little pains to send in good season save us a large amount of labor.

OUR PREMIUM ARTICLES in all cases are securely packed and delivered in good condition at the express office or post office, and we are not responsible for any loss or injury which may occur on the way. We take all necessary care in preparing them for their journey, but do not warrant them after they have left our hands.

OUR NEW PREMIUM.—We take great pleasure in placing the Bickford Knitting Machine upon our Premium Lists both regular and special. We can most heartily recommend these machines to any and all who wish a simple, durable, cheap, and every way satisfactory knitting machine, and are confident that at the very favorable rate at which we offer them they will be among the most popular premiums on our lists.

WE INVITE the especial attention of our lady contributors to the generous offer of the Dover Stamping Co., to be found in another column. We trust that all our readers are personally acquainted with the merits of the Dover Egg Beater, for a good housekeeper must look upon this simple and inexpensive utensil as a necessity in every well furnished kitchen, and we do not see how any one, after giving it one trial, can be willing to use any other kind.

TAKE NOTICE.—Our readers have doubtless seen the advertisement of Leamon's Dyes. These dyes are very highly praised by those who have used them, and we offer them as premiums to our friends in the full confidence that they will prove to be first-class in every respect. They are put up in neat packages, each color separate, and—with the exception of the *Black*, which is a liquid—can be sent safely by mail. To any one already a subscriber, who will send us one new subscription, we will forward a package of these dyes postpaid—for two new subscriptions we will send three packages, and for a club of five we will send by express the full set of twelve packages. Full directions accompany each package together with a beautiful sample card.

A TRIAL TRIP.—In order to give every housekeeper in the land an opportunity of becoming acquainted with THE HOUSEHOLD we have decided to send three numbers *on trial—postage paid*—FOR TEN CENTS, to any one not already a subscriber. This offer affords an excellent chance for the working ladies of America to receive for three months the only publication in the country especially devoted to their interests, at a price which will barely pay us for postage and the trouble of mailing. We trust our friends who believe THE HOUSEHOLD is doing good, and who are willing to aid in extending its influence, will see to it that everybody is made acquainted with this offer. This trial trip will be especially an aid to our agents in affording each one an opportunity of putting THE HOUSEHOLD into every family in his county at a trifling cost, where it will be read and examined at leisure, which will be the very best means of swelling their lists of permanent subscribers. As an inducement to our readers to make an effort in that direction we will give a

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary

to the one who sends us the greatest number of trial subscribers before Oct. 1st, 1877.

Unexceptional advertisements will be inserted at the rate of fifty cents per agate line of space each insertion.

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY FREE. See Trial Trip, on this page.

CHANGES AT LASELL SEMINARY FOR YOUNG WOMEN, AUBURNDALE, MASS.—Miss Anna M. Thomson, well known in various parts of the country as a woman of culture and a teacher of ability, takes the department of Mathematics. Marion Gilmore, class of '76, a scholar of unusual promise and considerable experience in teaching, will give her *entire attention* to training in English Composition. By this new departure (for such schools) Lasell purposes to make this work, so often dreaded by young pupils, a real delight.

We learn that Prof. Alonzo Tripp, of Boston, proposes to give a series of lectures in Brattleboro upon "France and Europe since 1848." The lecturer was in Paris at the revolutionary outbreak in 1848, and an eye-witness of the stirring scenes ending in the subversion of the Orleanist dynasty. The rendering of that event in the author's third tour in Europe, published in 1851, won high commendation from prominent European journals, including the Liverpool (Eng.) Times, the Independence Belge and the entire American press. He has since been favorably situated for fresh and accurate information regarding transpiring Continental events, and he formerly lectured extensively in Lyceum Courses, upon contemporaneous European topics, as a specialty. These productions, therefore, are not compilations from the current literature of the day. The information was derived from personal knowledge and original sources, inaccessible to the public. They are, in fact, the outgrowth of more than twenty years' research, under rare circumstances for producing, within a brief compass, a just and luminous picture of the great epochs of modern France, and the late marvellous transformations in Europe, and are most happily adapted to American audiences, being sensational in character, popular in style, exact in information, and abounding in facts of surpassing interest. The Lectures have been delivered with great acceptance in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Brooklyn, Newark, Albany, Troy, Poughkeepsie, Annapolis, Md, New Haven, Hartford, Salem, Portland, Me., Bangor, Alexandria, Va., and in smaller centers, having been repeated in some places as many as fifteen times, securing the profound attention of brilliant assemblies, and receiving the hearty indorsement of prominent scholars, educators and leading minds of the country. These lectures will be repeated in other places during the fall and winter.