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THE HOUSEHOLD

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

ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 7.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., JUNE, 1874.

No. 6.

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The Household.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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BRATTLEBORO, VT.

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THE OLD FARM HOUSE.

At the foot of the hill, near the old red mill,
In a quiet, shady spot,
Just peeping through, half hid from view,
Stands a little moss-grown cot;
And straying through at the open door,
The sunbeams play on the sanded floor.

The easy chair, all patched with care,
Is placed by the old hearth-stone;
With watching grace, in the old fire-place,
The evergreens are strewn;
And pictures hang on the whitened wall,
And the old clock ticks in the cottage hall.

More lovely still, on the window sill,
The dreyed flowers rest,
While 'mid the leaves, on the moss-grown eaves,
The martin builds her nest;
And all day long, the summer breeze
Is whispering low to the bending trees.

Selected.

DOES IT PAY?

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

CHAPTER I.

A VERY comfortable, convenient little house, Alfred, and you must take all the credit for it," said Mrs. Early to her husband as they sat together upon the verandah one summer evening.

"Yes," responded he, "Yes, it is thoroughly made, and seems quite homelike to me already; I would not exchange with any of the neighbors, although there are several in the settlement that cost more than ours."

"And now," said Mrs. Early, "we must try to have the surroundings improved a little. That great heap of earth and shavings ought to be removed, and trees planted, and when grass springs up around the house, with a little care we shall have a lovely place here. If you will put up a fence to keep out the cattle I will have a garden and all sorts of pretty things."

"Yes, perhaps so," said Mr. Early absently, "though that sort of thing does not pay, in my opinion. There

are other things more important." And Mrs. Early prudently changed the subject of conversation. Similar conversations had been held in several houses in the neighborhood, and with similar results. Month after month passed. The seed that had been put into the ground, in the early spring, had ripened into golden grain and been cut and stored, or sent to Eastern markets. Many a one could boast his hundreds of bushels of grain, and other rich and abundant crops; and when the energetic settlers saw the success of their labors, they wrote to their friends in the East telling them that they had found an El Dorado, and urging them to come and settle near them.

Improvements of various kind were to be seen, but the dooryards were *in statu quo*. No trees nor fence, and the offending heap of earth which had been thrown out when digging the cellar, was still before the windows; while chips, and straw, and fragments of various descriptions, strewed around the houses presented a very untidy, and anything but an attractive appearance. Several of the farmers' wives had attempted to cultivate a few flowers, but they had so often been destroyed by pigs and other domestic animals that they were almost discouraged.

Mrs. Early had embraced several favorable opportunities to remind her husband of their plan of having a nice door yard, but as often was the matter postponed indefinitely.

"Alfred," she said to him one day, "do you know they have a law in Maine that whoever sets out trees on his land shall have a remission of taxes. What a good thing it is, is it not? By and by the roadsides will be lined with trees, and travelers will ride or walk through avenues of beautiful arching foliage. I wish it were the law here!"

"I am not sure but we have such a law," returned her husband, "I know the question has been discussed in our Legislature."

"Oh," said Mrs. Early, "I think whoever sets out a tree is a public benefactor, and working not only for his own good, but for the good of future generations.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever" you know, and I am sure trees are among the most beautiful works of God. There is something so attractive about trees, that I never tire of studying and admiring them. Think how lovely we might make this place by planting some in various places about the house."

"Well wife," said Mr. Early, "to please you I'll set out some trees by and by, and you shall choose them. It does not pay to do it I know, and I

think I might do something else that would be of more benefit to the children, but as old Uncle Si used to say 'We must conform a leetle to the ladies,' and so to please you I'll set out the trees." And true to his word he planted the trees in the autumn.

Another year rolled by. The spring cleaning was over, and the house as neat as waxwork. Mrs. Early sat on the verandah darning her husband's stockings, and raising her eyes from time to time to look around her, while her thoughts went back to the nicely kept grounds of her early home in New England, when suddenly she formed a determination. "Arthur! Charley! children come here," said she, and two bright little boys who were playing horse before the door came to their mother's side, "I want to tell you something" said the mother. "If you will pick up the chips around the yard and put them in the woodshed I will pay you a cent a basket-full."

"Oh good, good," shouted the little fellows, "may Alice help too?"

"Yes," said the mother, and the work began in good earnest. Mrs. Early cheered and encouraged them from time to time with praise, or pointed out some stick that they had over-looked; and presently when the last stick was mended, went out herself to help them. Day after day the work went on, and one day Mr. Early was surprised on coming home from the field earlier than usual, to find his wife with wheelbarrow by her side, and shovel in hand, digging away the obnoxious heap of rubbish.

"What in the world are you about wife," said he in astonishment. "This is not work for you. You will surely make yourself ill, why you have been doing a man's work."

"Oh no," rejoined Mrs. Early cheerily, "I only dig a little at a time, and then rest; and 'Every little makes a mickle,' as the old Scotch folks say."

After dinner that day Mr. Early called his hired man to help him and before tea the grounds about the house were in perfect order, much to Mrs. Early's delight; and if the truth must be told Mr. Early was almost as much pleased with the change as his wife. Had he not the double pleasure of doing a good act and pleasing his wife at the same time?

The summer went on; fresh green grass covered the nakedness of the earth, and bright flowers in neatly kept borders began to assume a very cheerful aspect. Mr. Early became more and more interested in his wife's labors, and many a happy summer evening did they pass in planning or executing together some new improvement in the grounds or garden.



SOCIAL USAGES.

HERE are some details of social usage that are so childish, and, withal, so inconvenient and burdensome, as to demand a public denunciation. Nobody likes them, everybody desires to be relieved of them, and all seem to be powerless to reform them. Their burdensomeness forms a serious bar to social intercourse, and their only tendency is to drive some men and women out of society altogether, and to worry and weary those who remain subject to them.

A person is invited to an "informal" reception. Special pains may be, and often are, taken to impress him with the idea that such a reception is, indeed, "informal." The idea is very good. The proposition is to bring together a circle of friends in a familiar way, without expensive dress on the part of the guests, or an expensive entertainment on the part of the hostess. It is an attractive sort of invitation, but woe to the man or woman who accepts it according to its terms. The man and the woman who attend in anything but full evening dress will find themselves singular, and most uncomfortable. They have taken their hostess at her word, and find, instead of a party of familiar friends, who can sit down and enjoy an hour of social intercourse, a highly dressed "jam," which comes late and departs late, and which finds itself treated to an elaborate supper. People have, at last, learned that if there is anything that must be dressed for elaborately, it is an "informal reception," and that there is really no greater cheat than the invitation which called them together. The consequence is that we have no really informal gatherings of men and women in what we call "society."

Again, when we invite a guest to dinner at six, we expect him to come at, or before, that hour. It is counted the height of impoliteness for a guest to keep a dinner waiting a moment. This is just as it should be; but when we invite a guest at eight o'clock, to a reception or a party, what then? Why, we do not expect him until nine, we do not ordinarily get him until half-past nine, and are not surprised at his entrance at any subsequent hour before the company breaks up. Why the rule should be good for the dinner that is not good for the assembly does not appear, except that

in the case of the dinner it is a question of hot or cold soup that is to be decided. At eight the host and hostess are in their vacant rooms, be-gloved and waiting. They are there for an hour, wishing their guests would come. At last one makes his appearance, and with a guilty look whips up stairs. Then he waits until another joins him, and another, and another, and so at last he descends. All have lost the only opportunity they will have for a pleasant chat with those who have invited them—lost, indeed, the only chance they will have of a look at the flowers, at the pictures, and the enjoyment of an undisturbed chat, with comfortable seats and surroundings. All dread to be first, and so all wait, and thus trust far into the night their hour of departure. The company that should be at home at eleven, and in bed at half-past eleven, do not find their beds until one the next morning.

To the man of business such hours as mingling in social life imposes are simply killing. They are the same to women who have family duties to perform. They wipe the bloom of youth from the cheeks of girls in from one to three seasons; and thus social life in the great cities, instead of being a blessing and a delight, as it should be, becomes a burden and a bore. Many are driven by considerations of health and comfort out of social life altogether, and those who remain rely upon the rest of summer to restore them sufficiently to stand another campaign. We submit that this is an unexaggerated representation of the present state of things, and protest that it demands reform.

Every hour that a man spends out of his bed after half-past ten at night is a violence to nature. They have learned this in Germany, where, in many towns, their public amusements terminate at half-past nine, and, in some cases, even earlier than this. It is in this direction that a reform should be effected in America, so far as every variety of public and social assembly is concerned. An invitation at eight should mean what it says, and be honored in its terms. In this way social life would be possible to many to whom it is now practically denied, and become a blessing to all.

It is not hard to institute a reform of this kind. All it wants is a leading; and half a dozen of our social queens could do the work in a single season. It used to be deemed essential to a social assembly that a huge, expensive supper be served at its close and this at an hour when no man or woman could afford to eat a hearty meal. We have measurably outlived this in New York. It is "quite the thing" now to serve light and inexpensive refreshments. The man who dines at six needs no heavy supper before he goes to bed. He not only does not need it, but he cannot eat it without harm. Its expensiveness is a constant bar to social life; and let us be thankful that this abuse, at least, is pretty well reformed already.

Other abuses and bad habits can be reformed just as easily as this, because reform is in the line of the common sense and the common desire. The leading, as we have said, is all that is wanted, and when we commence another

season such leading ought to be volunteered. Something surely ought to be done to make social life a re-creative pleasure, and not a severe tax upon the vital forces as it is at present.—*Scribner.*

HOUSE CLEANING.

Now is the time that tries women's souls and no sound is heard o'er the house save the scrub brush, the mop and the broom. The spring cleaning is on hand, not quite as early as usual, owing to the cold late spring; but it has come. And first there are all the woolens, blankets, etc., to be washed and all that can be spared (for we dare not put them all out of sight, lest we provoke another snow-storm,) are to be packed away in deep chests, and plenty of cedar boughs strewn over them, or else powdered camphor gum. The fortunate possessor of a cedar wood trunk need have no apprehensions, but without that, the moth-millers will make sad havoc among your cherished furs, woolens, etc., unless you guard them carefully.

All carpets do not need to be taken up; those which do not, can be loosened at the edges, the dust brush pushed under a piece, and a clean sweep of all the dust can be made. Then wash the floor thus swept with strong soapsuds, and spirits of turpentine after. Then tack the carpet down. The odor is soon gone, if you open your windows, and you can feel safe for this summer, at least. Upholstered furniture can be treated in the same bath, if applied with a soft clean-cloth, and the colors will receive no injury. But before using it, brush the cushions with a stiff hand-brush and a damp cloth, so as to take away all the dust.

A nice way to clean straw matting after it is laid, is to sprinkle corn meal over it, or damp sand, and sweep it thoroughly out.

Windows are hard to wash so as to leave them clear and polished. First take a wooden knife, sharp-pointed and narrow-bladed, and pick out all the dirt that adheres to the sash; dry whiting makes the glass shine nicely. I have read somewhere that weak black tea and alcohol was a splendid preparation for cleaning the window glass, and an economical way to use it would be to save the tea-grounds for a few days and then boil them over in two quarts of water and add a little alcohol when cold. Apply with a newspaper and rub well off with another paper and the glass will look far nicer than when cloth is used.

When mattresses and feather beds become soiled, make a paste of soft soap and starch, and cover the spots. As soon as it dries, scrape off the paste and wash with a damp sponge. If the spots have not disappeared, try the paste again.

A GENTLEMAN.

Show me a man who can quit the society of the young, and take pleasure in listening to the kindly voice of age; show me a man that covers the faults of others with a mantle of charity; show us the man that bows as politely and gives the street as freely to the poor sewing girl as to the truth.

millionaire; who values virtue, no clothes, who shuns the company of such as congregate at public places to gaze at the fair sex, or make unkind remarks of the passing poor girl; show us the man who abhors the libertine; who scorns the ridiculer of his mother's sex, and the exposure of womanly reputation; show us a man who never forgets for an instant the delicacy and respect due a woman, as a woman, in any condition or class, and you show us a true gentleman.



THE MAIDEN AND THE LILY.

A lily in my garden grew,
Amid the thyme and clover,
No fairer lily ever blew,
Search all the wide world over.
Its beauty passed into my heart—
I know 'twas very silly—
But I was a foolish maid,
And it—a perfect lily.

One day a learned man came by,
With years of knowledge laden,
And him I questioned, with a sigh,
Like any foolish maiden:
"Wise sir, please tell me wherein lies—
I know the question's silly—
The something that my art defies,
And makes a perfect lily."

He smiled, and stooping plucked the flower,
Then tore it, leaf and petal,
And talked to me for full an hour,
And thought the point to settle:
"Hersin it lies," at length he cries:
But I—I know 'twas silly—
Could only weep and say, "But where—
O, doctor, where's my lily?"

Scribner.

CONCERNING CANARIES.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—How can I better manifest my thankfulness for the privilege of exchanging ideas, which your columns furnish, than by trying to contribute something in return for the fund of varied and valued information which I am so constantly gaining?

The query of Mrs. L. S. "who shall decide when doctors disagree?" called to mind the dilemma I have often formerly found myself in from difference in opinion of those who claim to be authority in the matter, on the proper management of canaries. And by it, I am prompted to submit to her and others who may be interested, a few ideas I have acquired on the subject, in an experience of several years.

If your birds are well and free from disease, it is a comparatively easy matter to keep them so. And my advice, as to the way in which it can be accomplished, is, to be governed by the same rules (as far as they are applicable to both) that you would observe in caring for a young and delicate child—that is, make yourself acquainted with their want and needs and then supply them in as natural a manner as possible.

Here I must digress sufficiently to pay a tribute to Dr. J. H. Hanaford's invaluable articles on the "Care of Infants." I read them with interest, advocate them with earnestness and practice them (as far as possible) with confidence in their worth and

In order to secure health and consequent comfort to your birds, their cages must be kept scrupulously clean. And that can only be done by covering the tray with clean paper or fresh sand every day. They should be regularly supplied with soft water to drink and also for bathing, at as nearly the same hour each morning, as is convenient, allowing the bath tub to remain only long enough for them to wash very soon, they will learn to use it immediately and thereby save you much trouble.

A plenty of seed, at all times is necessary. Attention must be paid to this, because, from the construction of some cages, it would not be possible for the bird to empty the seed cup and your pets might starve, with food in sight but out of their reach. I must differ with those who favor giving sugar, cake and other sweets to birds. If it does no greater harm, it causes a disrelish for their natural food and I think that, in the exact proportion to which that or other injurious practices are followed, the health of the bird will suffer.

For food I recommend mostly seed; canary constantly and occasionally a mixture of rape, millet and (very sparingly) hemp. The little green stuff they need must be of the most delicate nature—the tender, inside leaves of celery, cabbage or lettuce, and a bit of apple or baked potato may be added to their food sometimes without injury—cuttle fish, sand or plaster must not be left out of their constant supplies, for long at a time.

The iron of the rusty nail is needed to supply the loss of vitality occasioned by moulting, hence should be used at that time, and may be at others with advantage, if the birds are not as vigorous and active as usual.

Among the many erroneous ideas that prevail, not one is more absurd and productive of evil to these little creatures so dependent for their well being upon our knowledge of their necessities, than the belief, that during the period of incubation, all attention to the cleanliness of the cages must be suspended, for fear of disturbing them. You can easily accustom them to your presence, near and around their cage while attending to their wants so that the extra care which is necessary, for their own comfort and a healthy development of their young, will give pleasure instead of annoyance. To their ordinary food I add rolled cracker and hard boiled egg.

Thus far my efforts at bird keeping and raising have been attended with the best of success. And I find all my trouble amply repaid by their constant manifestations of gratitude and sweet enlivening music during the long winters when our native birds have migrated to their southern homes.

MARIANA.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD,—Dear Sir:—In response to the invitation extended in THE HOUSEHOLD I would offer a few suggestions concerning canaries, from which some information may be gleaned.

I have had as many as eight young birds at a time in the cage. I find that a hard boiled egg, chopped fine is very good for them, as well as for

the old birds. The cups containing the seed should be filled every other morning, at least, and never allowed to get empty. Never allow the old birds to go without cuttlebone. They love lettuce leaves when young and tender, and the seed when ripe. Also plantain leaves, and the stalk containing the seed, even while quite green. Also beet leaves. I always give my birds plenty of sugar, as they love it dearly, and it does them no harm.

When insects or vermin get in the roof of the cage, either hold a lighted candle under them, (after removing birds,) or light a few matches under them. Then let the cage be thoroughly ventilated before putting the birds back.

Red peppers, chopped very fine, and mixed with seed, are very good for them. Old birds will often eat them by hanging the pod on the cage. About every ten days they should have the pepper.

Cabbage leaves, green apples, and crackers are very good for them. The perches should be cleaned very often. During "mosquito time," a bar, or piece of netting should be hung around the cage, as the mosquitoes often sting the young birds upon the head, killing them instantly, which accounts for many of the mysterious deaths among young, and apparently healthy birds.

I hope some of your many readers may call something of interest from these suggestions. NELLIE W.

CAMELLIA CULTURE.

While it is generally understood that the camellia requires little care, as compared with other greenhouse plants, I find that but few persons succeed in retaining their plants in good and healthy condition for any length of time; and florists themselves seem still to adhere to the idea that their stock of camellia plants has to be renewed every few years, on account of their dying off or becoming worthless. When we ask what the cause of all this is, we can not obtain any satisfactory explanation. One attributes the failure to unsuitable soil, another to the impurity of the water, a third to the peculiar climatic conditions of the locality, etc., etc. As far as I am concerned, I fail to see any objectionable ingredient in our soil, if properly prepared; nor in the water, if judiciously applied; nor in the climate, if the necessary protection is given.

Within the past few years I have had frequent occasion to note the cause of sickness and loss of camellia plants; and doubtless many other plants would have perished, possibly sooner, had they been exposed to similar ill-treatment. The various causes of failure in the cultivation of camellias may be summed up as follows:

1st. Over-potting, which is practiced by amateurs as well as by professional gardeners, to a very great extent. This treatment is only desirable when growing certain plants for specimens, or when a continuous development of young growth is desirable.

2d. Insufficient drainage, which has a tendency to sour the soil, and to produce decay in the roots.

3d. Placing pots containing these

plants upon dry shelves. This frequently results in the drying-up of the outer earth containing the spongiolites, which are formed of very delicate tissue, and which alone enable the plant to absorb the moisture and plant-aliment contained in the soil.

To keep these spongiolites in active condition, it is necessary to protect them from a dry atmosphere, which can only be properly accomplished by plunging the pots to at least half their depth in sand, tanbark, or almost any other handy material. Where amateurs cultivate but a few plants, and where nicety and neatness are most desirable, the pot containing a camellia plant may be set into one of a larger size, and the space between may be filled up with sand, which will answer every purpose as well as plunging.

4th. Exposure to violent heat, as direct sunshine. The camellia requires partial shade and a cool temperature. Some of our florists are in the habit of forcing these flowers when they find a large demand for them; for instance, about Christmas and New-Year. I am of opinion that forcing is detrimental to the plants, and frequent forcing is likely to destroy them. Give your plants all the airing and ventilation you can, and protect them from the hot sun, and they will keep in a healthy condition.

5th. A close dry atmosphere, and the burning of coal or gas in the room where the plants are kept; this will kill almost any plant. When it is necessary to burn gas or coal, the plants should certainly be removed for the time being; and during dry and warm weather, a frequent syringing with water will be most beneficial.

6th. Frequent surface watering, in not sufficient quantity to penetrate the soil to the depth of the pot. When you do water your plants, water them thoroughly, so that every particle of the soil may be moistened. If done in this way, not more than two waterings per month will be necessary, unless the weather is very warm and the atmosphere unusually dry.

Remedy all these defects in treatment, keep your plants clean and free from dust, and I am quite certain that camellia culture will be more successful in the future. Our climate is a most excellent one for camellias, and they might be planted almost anywhere in the open ground, if proper shelter from strong winds and protection from the direct rays of the hot sun were provided.—*California Horticulturist.*

FLOWERS FOR SPRING PLANTING.

Now is the time to select our flower seeds for spring planting, and I would like to give a few hints on the subject.

As an ornamental foliage plant, I think the amaranthus far surpasses any other, as it produces a striking effect in the centre of flower beds, or mixed in with flowers. It is most brilliant on poor soil, and is a half-hardy annual. A salicifolius is the finest variety. It is of a deep red color, and the leaves are very long and pointed.

It cannot be too highly recommended. Antirrhinum, more commonly called snapdragon, is a very showy flower growing about two feet

high, and flowering well. It is a hardy perennial. The seeds should be sown early, in pots or under glass, and when large enough transplant into the flower beds, about six inches or more apart.

The aster is a favorite of mine, and for a profusion of flowers and richness of display it is unrivaled. It is a half-hardy annual, growing from ten to eighteen inches high. Sow the seed early in the spring under glass, or in pots in the house, and when they are large enough transplant them into the beds about one foot apart. They grow best in rich soil. Boltze's new bouquet, Truffault's peony-flowered perfection; a long name for you; and lastly the new giant emperor, a tall, strong-growing variety, with immense flowers. The flowers are few, but very double and beautiful. The balsam, a well known hardy annual, is from one foot and a half to two feet in height. Spotted rose-flowered balsam is a very large variety, double and with perfectly-formed flowers. It is almost as pretty as a rose. Candytuft is a very useful hardy annual for beds and bouquets, and blooms better when cut. It is very easy to grow. I never fail to send for a package of each color. They are white, purple, crimson, and fragrant. The forget-me-not is a very pretty little flower growing about six inches high. It is adapted to shady places, and will flourish well on rock work—

"Where Time on Sorrow's page of gloom
Has fixed its envious lot,
Or swept the record from the tomb,
It says, Forget-me-not;
And this is still the loveliest flower,
The fairest of the fair,
Of all that deck my lady's bower,
Or bind her flowing hair."

The zinnias, a splendid class of hardy annuals, grow well in any soil and make a most brilliant show. They should be started under glass, then transplanted about one foot apart. They bloom profusely till fall. Verbenas are splendid bedding plants, blooming all summer. If grown from the seed, they should be treated as half-hardy annuals. But I think verbenas do better if the plants are brought from the greenhouse. In a few days after you set them out they will begin to grow very fast, spreading all over the ground and covering themselves with bloom. It is best to pick off the old flowers, as they will bloom and grow much better. The sweet-william, a hardy perennial, grows about one foot high, and blooms profusely. It has a most splendid appearance in May and June.

Fuchsia or "ladies' ear-drop," is an elegant plant for pots or the garden. In the garden they should have a shady situation, and the soil should be rich. Cypsolhila is a very small flower, usually white. It is remarkable for not wilting quickly, and therefore is very useful for decoration or to wear in the hair. The flowers which I have mentioned, together with a few others, such as stocks, salvia, pinks, phlox, *dicinus major* or castor-oil plant (a splendid foliage plant), and the fragrant mignonette, form a very good list.

Ornamental grasses are also desirable for bouquets, both for summer and winter. For winter use, cut after flowering, and tie up in small bunches,

drying them in the shade. Pampas grass is the most stately and magnificent grass in cultivation. Quaking grass is very graceful, beautiful for bouquets, and easily grown.—*Boston Cultivator.*

THE MOCKING BIRD.

In answer to Fannie D., in THE HOUSEHOLD, as to the treatment of mocking birds, I have been very successful with them. The bird that I now have has been mine for four years, and has not had a day's ailment.

I feed mainly with a mixture of egg and potato, in the proportion of one third egg and two thirds potato. In summer, this food must be prepared fresh every day; in winter, a supply may be kept in a cool place, and one egg will then serve for several days. The egg must be hard boiled; the potato baked, or boiled without salt; and both must be grated or finely chopped, so as to become intimately mixed, otherwise the bird will pick out the bits of egg, and reject the potato. My rule is to boil this food every morning, putting over one or two potatoes and an egg in a small vessel and boiling them while breakfast is being prepared. Be careful to observe the proper proportion, as too rich a diet of egg and potato causes disease of the eye and even blindness.

A part of an apple stuck between the wires of the cage, and a bit of stale bread, furnish an agreeable variety, and should be supplied every day. Berries, when in season, should be substituted for the apple, and may be given freely.

Besides this regular and customary food, I give my bird two or three "meal worms" (the larvae of a small black beetle) which I keep in a jar with wheat bran all the year round. A supply of them can be obtained at any flouring mill, especially in summer. In the absence of these, a few little shreds of lean, fresh beef (unsalted) will be found a good substitute.

Spiders of all kinds, except the larger ones, are at all times eaten with avidity. During the moulting season, I give my bird all I can find, even to the extent of five or six daily.

A large clean cage, with plenty of sand, and a constant supply of fresh, clean water are indispensable. A shallow vessel with water for bathing is greatly enjoyed.

A friend of mine had a mocking bird which was occasionally allowed the liberty of the room. Every morning in winter, when a large wooden bowl of tepid water was brought in to bathe the bird, the mocking bird would first take a splash in it, and would then sometimes lie down on the rug before the grate extending a wing to be dried by the fire, which he had learned to regard as a substitute for the sun.

Unless properly and carefully attended to, mocking birds will give no satisfaction; but if properly cared for, will be silent during only a small portion of the year. Although, upon the whole, very troublesome birds to keep, yet if well kept, they will amply reward the care bestowed on them; and surely it will be a pleasure to study their habits and make them as happy and comfortable as possible in their captivity.

Mrs. A. E. H.



FASHIONS AND FASHIONABLE PATTERNS.

BY ONE OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

AS we look over the fashion "Journals" and "Bazars" issued from various houses, there at first seems to be little that is novel or really new in the make up; or at least, the new styles appear to be more a modification or amplification upon last year's modes, than anything strikingly new of themselves. In vain we look for the plainer fashions that we keep being told are to be adopted, while the trimmings and embroidered work upon suits causes us to feel that fashion demands much more in this way, than many of us will be inclined to give. And yet, we each one of us have it in our power to adopt only as few as we think consistent, and while following general outlines, to elaborate as little as we please. The redingote, which was really a plain garment and particularly suitable for fall and winter wear, is to be discarded it is said for summer: or at least to a great extent, and the polonaise, so often mentioned as to be among things past, is to be a general favorite. This is certainly a more tasteful house garment, and as it admits more decoration and variety of make than the ridingote, will find the favor of many on that account.

And indeed, the usefulness of the polonaise, and the fact that it can often be made from partly worn dresses, and then worn with different skirts makes it both a garment of economy, and one that, since we have become accustomed to it, cannot well be dispensed with. And while the polonaise admits of more trimming than the redingote proper, yet very pretty ones are made up this spring with merely a bias hem facing, with or without piping upon each side, while a piece turned back from the front and prettily trimmed, is neat as well as stylish. Basques and overskirts still find place in the fashion books, therefore those who have garments thus made can remake a little, or change the trimming, and console themselves that they are in as good fashion as any one.

Young girls, it is said, will continue to wear the plaited and full waists, especially for school suits, which is certainly in better taste than the more elaborate overtrimmed dresses which even children are often covered with, and which it is so much work to make, and such a burden to women who do their own sewing.

But fashion journals and descriptive catalogues are so common, that there seems little need in a paper like this to more than call attention to these, which any lady can procure at a small cost, while some are given away, gladly by pattern dealers, as a bait to more readily dispose of their patterns. Thus any lady in country places can, by a little notice of the advertisements which appear in most

of our newspapers, send direct to the houses themselves for some specified number, if she does not care to subscribe by the year and often a quarterly number will be of more worth than any other, certainly than the popular magazines that profess to give fashion plates, which are as often old style, as any way. It needs but little observation to know which are to be trusted and which not. It is not our motive to be mouth-piece for any one among the dealers, and we have no interest in any, but having an opportunity to look over the journals of several houses, we think that something, from most any, would be valuable. Smith's Bazar and their patterns advertised in THE HOUSEHOLD, we know to be reliable as to the latest fashions, while the cloth models which come with the pattern prove a great help to the more unskilled in the art of dress making. These, however, are higher in price than most others because they profess to be in high style, and are obtainable only by sending direct to the publishers. So all you have to do is to select from their "Bazar" the number of the pattern needed and you will receive it with the model, and this will help in your work. Some object to this as being "too high style" for general family use, and say that much is impracticable, except for the richest garments, though we think there is enough that is simple to be selected from.

Then there is Demorest's books and patterns, and by getting "What to wear and how to make it," one has a pretty good idea of what will be in vogue. These, the books, magazines, and patterns are to be obtained of agents in almost any village of any pretension, as are also Butterick's, which if more commonplace, are yet much liked, especially for making children's garments, because of the simplicity and plain directions accompanying them. The Harpers' Bazaar as well as patterns are to be recommended, to say nothing of dozens of others, more or less popular, among the people.

It is well to get some numbers from among the journals—one or more as one can afford, and then make some estimate of what is most suitable for your material, and which will best suit your form, age, and position; and then you can send, either to the publisher for your patterns, or get them next time you go into town. For these patterns are a great help and a matter of real economy where one is her own, or child's seamstress. They tell just how much material you want, and there is little time wasted, as there used to be when ladies tried to fashion patterns for themselves as best they could; or were obliged to borrow of their neighbors, and then perhaps get an ill-fitting pattern, and one that its best days were gone by. The variety now enables any lady to suit herself, not be obliged to do as some one else does, as a matter of necessity.

There would be no better economy for a mother than to purchase some of these nicely fitting patterns also for under garments, and then allowing Jenny and Kate to cut them themselves, and to let them learn how to put them together ready to be sewed

on the machine. The honor of doing the cutting will make most any young girl try to do it well, while the accuracy of the patterns is such an improvement upon "home made" ones, that the work will be not only easier but better done. And then after, it will come more natural to cut dresses, prims, and sacques which interest most young girls. Let them also have neat dresses for afternoon, and as prints, cambrics, etc., are very cheap it will be a good plan to let them experiment upon the making, and allowing them also to choose their patterns, as they will then take more interest in the work.

CONCERNING FANS.

The fan dates back to such remote antiquity that it is impossible to state its origin; some writers saying it was devised together with masks and false hair by the courtesans of Italy, other historians attributed it to the daughter of a Chinese mandarin, others to the Sibyl of Cunac, who used it while delivering her oracles. But more than three thousand years ago, and before the Sibyl's day, Egyptian artists painted fans on the tombs at Thebes. In Greece we find traces of them 500 B.C. In Rome at dinner parties fans were waved by slaves who stood behind the guests. Roman poets frequently allude to them, and the pictures on ancient vases indicate the prevalence of their use. Tinted plumes of the ostrich, semicircular at the top and confined at the base—the type of the state fan of China to-day—hung from the gilded ceilings of boudoirs, while at the Amphitheatre the matrons who witnessed the games infuried with slow pomp and conscious elegance, and women while displaying their brilliant jewels and white hands coqueted behind, fans of fabulous value.

The fan was favorably received by the court of Henry II, being introduced by Catherine de Medicis, who brought to France the folding or Pompadour fan. During the luxurious reigns of Louis XIV and XV this held the ascendancy, some being formed of delicately perfumed leather, painted by artists and shaped by sculptor's hands; others were made of the most elegant taffeta, adorned with picturesque landscapes and ornamented with diamonds and precious stones. In those days a lady's toilette was incomplete without a fan, and marvelous prices were paid for them. A French duke to gain favor in the eyes of Madam du Barri sent her for an offering a fan valued at thirty thousand francs, and King Louis XV to win the same woman's affection presented her with one thickly studded with diamonds—one in the center of the fan costing fourteen hundred pounds.

In England fans existed in the reigns of Richard II and Henry VIII. In Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor" Falstaff alludes to them. The fan was a favorite toy of Queen Elizabeth, twenty-seven jeweled ones being found in her wardrobe after her death, forming the most costly collection on record. Among others was one of rare feathers, having on its gold handle a crescent of

mother of pearl inclosing a smaller one of diamonds and pearls, which formed a jewelled frame for her own portrait.

In Spain at an early day the fan was an especial favorite, and the Spanish lady is inimitable in her management of it; its power in her hands (if we may use so weighty a word for so slight a thing) making it a dangerous weapon. She imparts her own personality to it, and betrays her character in its handling. Disraeli says: "A Spanish lady with her fan might shame the tactics of a troop of horse. It speaks a particular language, and gallantry requires no other mode to express its most subtle conceit or its most unreasonable demands than this delicate machine." Sir Roger de Coverley says: "I have seen a fan so angry that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover who provoked the passion to have come within the flutter of its motion."

In Japan the fan occupies an important position, being almost a national emblem, scholars receiving it in the schools as a reward of merit. The Japanese waves his fan in form of courtesy as a gentleman of our country doffs his hat, and when a criminal of rank is sentenced to death a fan is presented to him, and his head is severed as he bows and reaches for the fatal gift. The manufacture of fans in Japan is carried to great perfection. The famous fan-room of Yeddo is said to be a wonder in the way of art.

Perhaps the fan was never more popular than in our day. Certainly we have it in endless variety—the cheapest within the reach of all, the most expensive rare and beautiful enough for the royal hands to toy with. While Biddy in the kitchen vigorously fans her heated red face with the broad palm-leaf or the cheap Japanese with its grotesque figures, Arabella in the drawing room gently waves before her aristocratic brow a dainty thing of point lace, gold, and jewels, which represents a money value not to be despised. Mdlle. Theresa, the celebrated Parisian singer of vulgar songs, was presented by an admirer with a fan of blue satin with turquoise and diamond studded sticks, the price of which would support a common family a season. Should there be any truth in the old superstition that "the turquoise sympathizes with its possessor and grows pale and faded in times of sickness, sorrow, and disgrace," the ornaments of this fan must long ago have grown colorless.

We were shown not long since a pretty and costly curiosity in this line. On a silk groundwork was a cross of fine point lace with an enameled honey-bee resting on its center, and in each corner an enameled letter, d-o-n-t. Whether the recipient merited the prettily expressed petition (don't be cross), we were not told.

The fan cases of our city jewelers present a choice array—there is the bridal fan of white satin, round point, and pearl sticks, fans of point de Venise over pale-tinted velvets with opal and pearl sticks—amber satin with a network of finest thread lace and gold sticks—and an endless variety with prices to suit their texture. Then for more modest purses you may

and the fragrant Russia leather fan, pretty and serviceable; sandal-wood fans exhaling a subtle fragrance; Watteau fans of carved wood prettily painted—fans forming a horseshoe when opened, fans forming a dagger when closed. There is also the carriage fan which serves too for a parasol. But it would require a catalogue to enumerate all. We must, however, quote from a late Saratoga letter: "The fans that are all the rage are from eighteen inches to two feet in length. These monstrosities form a delightful cover for flirtations—whispers, blushes, and smiles, being faithfully concealed behind them. When these stupendous screens are not in use they are allowed to dangle from gold or silver chains, ribbon, or velvet, attached to the belt."

There are as many ways of fanning one's self as of shaking hands, and to flirt a fan properly was at one period considered an art. If Addison's amusing instructions in the use of the fan are not familiar to all my readers I would advise them to read them. While fans are now manufactured all over the world, China and France monopolize the supply. The labor, like that of pin making, is subdivided, twenty different processes being required for a single fan; and many of the working class live by this trade alone. Space forbids more. I will only add the fan is not only an ornamental accessory of the toilet, but an article of such exceeding comfort, I am sure of many an echo when I say, "Long may it wave."—*Hearth and Home.*

DRESS IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

MR. EDITOR:—Although not an old acquaintance, still I am very much pleased with your valuable journal, and especially with the article of E. D. K. in the February number on "Social cobwebs," and recognizing the truth of the writer's statements, and the disastrous consequences that are sure to follow, unless prompt and effectual measures are taken to check the evil, I wish to direct the attention of your readers to a remedy which appears perfectly feasible.

In the University of Toronto, an unsectarian institution, richly endowed by the state, and possessed of a magnificent pile of buildings, and a corps of professors unsurpassed by any on the continent, the son of the poorest Canadian appears attired in a simple black gown of the same material as the scion of the richest and most prominent family, and neither feels, nor sees any mark of outward distinction; unless it be that of superior intellect and industry when he wrests from his more favored classmate some of the many scholarships offered for competition, and which frequently enable the poor to obtain finished educations and consequent wealth and position. Neither the toiling parents nor the son are distracted as to where-withal he shall be clothed; for the one cheap dress is prescribed for all.

Why should not this system of wearing a uniform dress during school hours be introduced into the Public School? It would obviate rivalry, as the outward appearance of all would be the same, and surely some appro-

priate and cheap garment could be devised which if made with regard to sanitary conditions would favor a more perfect bodily development in the "Coming Race" than the present pernicious styles; thus working a threefold good benefiting body, soul, and spirit. But we hear some imbued with the republican doctrine of doing as one pleases, denouncing this innovation as a hydra headed monster of monarchical growth. It is all very well to talk about the rule of public sentiment created and guided by a devoted pulpit and a pure press, but it still remains a dictum uncontested by past experience, nay, rather strengthened, that that people are alone prosperous and happy who possess good laws and a government strong enough to enforce them. Human nature is not all that the good and wise could wish, but must be brought under the strong arm of the law.

In no country has the experiment of governing without law been tried more fully, or under more favorable circumstances than in yours; and if we are to judge from the signs of the times it has been in that respect, a lamentable failure. King Gold, and his consort Queen Fashion have taken possession of the public school, the citadel of liberty and equality, and bound the young in a slavery more galling than that of any Eastern Despot. You have the irrepressible conflict between capital and labor, strikes, bread riots requiring to be quelled by the soldiery, and Hyde Park open air demonstrations supposed hitherto to be wholly indigenous to monarchies.

Licentiousness under the guise of freedom has been the curse of the age. It has attempted the subversion of religion and the social and family ties. But the pendulum is slowly, but surely, swinging back to the level of stable equilibrium. The people are asking more law and less freedom. They demand that railway and all monopolies should be brought under the control of the central government, and that the cities should have more stringent municipal institutions.

In the interest of education let a uniform dress in the public schools be one of the reforms. It may interfere with the private rights of a few, but in regard to the welfare of the community at large, is justified on the same ground as prohibition; since the intemperance of fashion is as damning in its consequences, as that of drunkenness.

D. WEBSTER CLENDENAN.
Toronto.

PANSY LAMP MAT.

MR. EDITOR:—As I have been not only interested in THE HOUSEHOLD but oftentimes benefited by its useful suggestions and recipes I would like as a small return to reply to C. N., who asks directions for making pansy lamp mats which are as follows.

Quantity of worsted, one ounce shaded purple, three-fourths ounce bright yellow, one-fourth ounce black, one-half ounce white. Begin the center with white, first chain three or four and loop them together, then make eight rows of lock stitch widening so as to have thirty-eight stitches

on the eighth row. Next chain three slip one, and put in a lock stitch into every third stitch of the preceding row. Next chain five putting a lock stitch into every loop of the preceding row. Next row put four shell stitches into each of the preceding loops (numbering nineteen). Next row, chain three putting a lock stitch into every third shell of the preceding loop. Black worsted, first row chain five putting lock stitch into every preceding loop of white. Second row of black, chain seven putting a lock stitch into every preceding loop widening so as to have forty-two loops. Yellow worsted only one row, make seven shell stitches in every loop of the last row of black. Purple worsted, first row, make one shell stitch in every shell of preceding row (which was yellow), second row chain three slipping one shell, putting a lock stitch into every third shell of preceding row. Last of all looping together the pansies which are six in number, take four of the yellow shells, turn them wrong side out and catch them together so they will lie down flat as possible slipping three of the yellow shells between each of the six pansies.

I hope C. N. will have no trouble in following these directions as they make a very pretty mat, and ask her for directions for making the hair receiver, and bead basket which she promised in January number. R. M.

MYSTERIES OF THE SHAWL TRADE.

Before leaving this subject I must relate a curious discovery on this occasion. M. Guyetaut took me to see one of his first artists, who works at home. In the front room of a modest apartment was the intelligent artist working at his lathe, and in the back room was his wife working upon an Indian shawl. A fine cashmere worth 4000 francs, or, perhaps, \$1,000 in New York, was cut into strings or figures, and on glancing at it I could not help crying: "Ah! how in the world did this fine shawl get so badly damaged? Was it eaten by the rats?" Madame Guyetaut laughed, and said: "Oh, ouvrière Monsieur, it is not damaged at all; I'm re-arranging it." Probably my lady readers will be as much surprised as I was to find that these costly shawls are purposely cut in pieces and then sewed together again. The philosophy of it is this. Some years the fashion is for white figures, running about in scrolls, as in cashmeres, and sometimes for black. Hence shawls with white ground figures are cut when black sell best, and the black cuttings sewn in.

Sometimes, when a lot of shawls has been for many years on hand, the disposition of the figures is changed, in order to suit the prevailing taste. Now, the work was done so well that I could not distinguish the seams, but it seems to me that if I were to buy a shawl worth a thousand dollars I should greatly prefer to have it as it came from the Indian loom. I was told that hundreds of those re-arranged shawls are annually sold to American ladies at very large prices; and if those who have them find that they come in pieces, they will under-

tand the reason. They have only to end the shawl to some *raccommodense*, like the person of whom I write, and he work will be elegantly done again. This industrious artist and his not less industrious wife earn a very handsome living from their common abor.—*Selected.*

COTTON TIDIES.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Of all the papers that come to our home, you are my favorite. I had often wondered why the ladies could not have a paper letter adapted to themselves, until I saw THE HOUSEHOLD. Your letters are very interesting and useful, for it is no small task to keep a well regulated house, especially if one loves to read very much, and we ought to have time for reading, which is essential, that we may be useful. I have tried several recipes and find them good, and thinking some may like to know how to make a very pretty tidy of cotton cloth I will send directions.

Cut a circular piece of bleached cloth, measuring two inches across, then turn in the edge, and gather with strong thread, draw it up as tight as possible, and fasten, then press together with the fingers, until round, with the gathers in the centre, make twelve of these for one row, then make twelve rows and sew them all together on the wrong side. For fringe use cotton yarn drawn in with a needle, and cut three inches long. Any pieces of cloth left from garments will do as well and you will be pleased with the result.

MRS. E. A. B.

A SENSIBLE STYLE.

MR. CROWELL:—I am a subscriber of THE HOUSEHOLD and watch very anxiously each month for its arrival. I would like to offer a word to the lady who wrote in the March number in reference to the way of wearing her hair. I think that I can sympathize with her for I was troubled with the same annoyance she has, that of false hair, until about one year ago, I coaxed my husband to let me wear my hair short (he being like most gentlemen opposed to seeing a lady with her hair short). Now, though I live in the fashionable city of Lincoln the capitol of Nebraska, I am perfectly independent of style. My hair being bushy is very becoming to me, and my friends tell me I look better than when I wore it up and had so many "false fixings." And now I would say to this sister coax your husband to consent, and let all these "horrid contrivances" go, and be natural in spite of Chicago styles.

MRS. F. E. C.

—Concerning complaint of Mrs. L. S. in March number of THE HOUSEHOLD, in regard to hairdressing, etc., I would recommend that she bathe her hair in cold tea twice a day, and I will insure her a fine growth of beautiful, luxuriant, and healthy hair, with less trouble, no danger of injury to scalp or hair, no expense, and in less time, than any, or all, of the quack mixtures, which are so loudly and persistently recommended.

NELLIE W.



LITTLE FEET ON THE FENDER.

In my heart there lived a picture
Of a kitchen rude and old,
Where the fire-light tipped the rafters
And reddened the roof's brown mould;
Gliding the steam from the kettle
That hummed on the foot-worn hearth,
Throughout all the live-long evening
Its measure of drowsy mirth.

Because of the three light shadows
That frescoed that rude old room,
Because of the voices echoed
Up 'mid the rafters' gloom;
Because of the feet on the fender,
Six restless, white little feet—
The thoughts of that dear old kitchen
Are to me so fresh and sweet.

When the first dash on the window
Told of the coming rain,
O, where are the fair young faces
That crowded against the pane?
What bits of fire-light streaming
Their dimples and cheeks between,
Went struggling out in the darkness
In threads of silver sheen!

Two of the feet grew weary,
One dreary, dismal day,
And we tied them with snow-white ribbons
Leaving him there by the way,
There was fresh clay on the fender
That weary winter night,
For the four little feet had tracked it
From the grave on the bleak hill's height.
O, why on this darksome evening,
This evening of rain and sleet,
Rest my feet alone on the hearth-stone?
O, where are those other feet?
Are they treading the pathway of virtue
That will bring us together above?
Or have they made steps that will dampen
A sister's tireless love?

KITTY'S PARTY.

BY A LITTLE BOY'S MAMMA.

HARRY was lying on the sunny slope before the western porch, gazing dreamily at the sailing clouds, when suddenly he heard the sound of voices in the garden, just behind the long rows of currant bushes. Recognizing them as those of Kitty and her mother, he listened, to hear what they might be talking about so earnestly.

Now Kitty, you must know, was not Harry's sister, although she was his constant playmate and companion. She had always lived at Harry's home and her mother was a sedate and faithful follower of the house of Blanchard. Little Kitty was petted and admired by all the family. She was so fair, so innocent, so exquisitely neat, and had such graceful, winning ways. Her little face and hands were like the softest, whitest velvet, she had mild blue eyes, and shining yellow hair. Then she always wore the daintiest of white pinnafores coming snugly up to her chin.

But now we have introduced our little friend to your notice, we must bring forward her mother, faithful Tabitha. There was little resemblance between the two. Tabitha's eyes were of a faded yellow, her hair of a quiet grey, while the marks of care and trouble were plainly impressed on her long, thin face. She had lived with the Blanchards for some time, but no one ever knew her former history, or anything about her, save that one stormy winter night she had

come to their door, and in a piteous tone besought admittance. She was ragged, dirty, and evidently half-starved. The next morning, refreshed by food and made clean by kindly care, she made so favorable an impression, and seemed so anxious to stay, that by general consent she was permitted to remain. And she proved so neat, so honest, so faithful in the discharge of the particular duties assigned to her, that Mrs. Blanchard was often heard to say, that nothing would induce her to part with so faithful a servant as "Tabby," as she was familiarly called.

Tabby was always silent when questioned about her other name, and so she and her little daughter were known as Tabby and Kitty Blanchard to the end of her days. But all this while we have left Kitty and her mother walking up and down the garden path, and Harry behind the currant bushes listening to their conversation. Let us listen too.

"Yes Kitty," her mother was saying, "Yes, have a party if you want to, and have it to-night and over with, and you must ask Harry and let him bring Fido if he wants to."

"Yes mamma," said Kitty, cutting a caper of delight. "And you'll get me a blue neck ribbon like Muriel's?" she added anxiously.

"Now Kitty," said her mother reprovingly, "I hope you don't expect to have everything Muriel Abbot does. You know Mrs. Abbot is rich and has not a child of her own, and has nothing else to do but to pet Muriel. They say she sits beside Mrs. Abbot at table, on a chair with an embroidered cushion, and has a lovely porcelain dish to eat from that captain Abbot brought from China. And I've been told that Mrs. Abbot spends an hour or two every morning, washing her, brushing her hair and fixing her up with new ribbons. You can't have what Muriel does, so don't tease, child."

Kitty turned mournfully away, while Tabby with slow and measured steps, went gravely back to the house. Harry was so interested in the plan of the party, and so sorry for his little playmate's disappointment, that he resolved to persuade his mother to give him a blue ribbon, for Kitty's neck, and to take the bowl of bread and milk which was his usual supper, and place it on the supper table which he knew the hospitable Tabby would try to get ready for her little daughter's friends.

When the first bright rays of the moon were shining over garden and orchard, happy little Kitty ran to the gate to meet her friends with the ribbon tied neatly around her plump little throat. But alas! for Kitty's vain hopes of rivalling her stylish friend. Muriel, fair and graceful, clothed in spotless white from head to foot, wore around her snowy neck a ribbon, as pink as her own little mouth. And furthermore—a style entirely new in Puseyville—she wore the tiniest and fanciest of pink bows in her delicate ears. Muriel was accompanied by a young stranger whom captain Abbot had brought home on his last trip from Japan. The captain had been the means of rescuing him from a terrible death, and the poor

fellow had clung so tenaciously to his preserver, that the good natured captain had brought him home, as another pet for his childless wife.

Then there was Persis, another of Little Kitty's friend's accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Mowzer, who came to assist Tabby in getting supper. Persis was a saucy little thing, with eyes as bright as buttons (and a great deal brighter; buttons could not compare with them) and glossy black hair, growing coquettishly low on a very white forehead, and parted neatly in the middle. Her dainty stockings were as speckless as snow just fallen. And although it was September this funny little Persis wore a pair of cumbering white mittens.

Next came Thomas Katterwahl from over the way. He was invited chiefly on account of his musical abilities, his voice being of unquestioned power, and possessing, in a superior degree the quality which you might term "long-drawn-outness." Really, the manner in which master Thomas would go through the gamut, rising with a steady swell from bass to contralto, from *pianissimo* to *fortissimo*, was something astounding, to say the least. He was of a benevolent turn of mind and instead of hiding his talent, it was his custom, sometimes alone, but oftener assisted by a few friends, to give free musical entertainments in the open air. Sometimes, during one of these concerts, the ground all about the great singer would be covered with offerings, cast at his feet by excited listeners. People in the vicinity have even been known to rise from their beds, that they might open their windows and add their mite to the favors showered upon this incomparable musician.

Thomas was of a melancholy disposition, as you would have inferred from his songs, which were always of a mournful character. It might have been from this reason, and it might have been from necessity, but Thomas was always clothed in sombre black, from head to foot. His black vest came up to his throat, and neckerchief and all were of the same gloomy hue. With Thomas was a stranger, who had lately come to Puseyville. This young gentleman was from a very superior family who claimed that their ancestors came from a far away island in the Mediterranean sea, not many leagues south of Rome. His name was, as you might suppose, a very Romanish sounding one, it being Catalinus. His two brothers were named respectively Hannibal and Julius Cæsar, all very foreign, high sounding names as you will perceive. Catalinus Chartrense was the whole name of this aristocratic young gentleman, who was clad in a suit of soft bluish drab, that being the color invariably worn by his family. Now Chartrense is not the name by which this family are commonly known in this country but it is their true, family name, nevertheless. Harry was present, accompanied by Fido and assisted in doing the honors.

After duly admiring the garden, they took a long walk through the orchard, thence into the grove, and round by the brook to the garden again. Then they amused themselves for a time by playing "Puss in the corner" and

other games. By the time they were tired of these, supper was ready. And such a supper! First there was a large fish of the kind called "pout" in New England, and "cat fish" in the West. This was caught by Tabby herself in the brook and was deliciously dressed with catsup. Then there was a plump roasted pigeon, also caught by this incomparable Tabby who added hunting to her other accomplishments.

In the center of the table was the bowl of milk, and near it was a dish got ready, no doubt, out of courtesy to the Japanese gentleman, for it was a rat ragout! And judging from the rapidity with which it disappeared, others beside Japanese Tommy were fond of fricassee rat. The guests finished their repast by eating a plate of cold chicken donated by Mrs. Blanchard. Then the musical part of the entertainment began with a doleful lilt from honest Thomas. This portion of the proceedings we must hasten over, only stopping to say that it was brought to an untimely end, by the unseemly conduct of Fido. The gentleman from Japan was giving a specimen of the music of his country when Fido, evidently unable to control himself longer, gave a howl of disgust, and rushed upon poor Tommy.

While Harry was endeavoring to show Fido the impropriety of his conduct he heard his mother's voice calling "Har-ry, Har-ry." He started, turned over and—awoke! to find that Kitty's party was all a dream. While he was lying there so lazily on the grass, he had, naturally enough fallen asleep. And as Kitty and her mother were the last object his eyes had rested upon, it was natural too that he should dream of them. But though the party was only a dream, yet Kitty and Tabby and all the rest are real, live personages. And if you'll come to Puseyville (it's up among the Catskills) you shall see them and they are worth knowing, though they are, as Fido scornfully observed at the party, "only cats!"

EARNEST WORDS WITH PARENTS.

Number Eleven.

The character and habits of children are the results of family training, and they will appear in manhood. Hence, the great importance of parental care and solicitude as they contemplate their duty from this standpoint. The child must establish a character of integrity and be trained to habits of honesty, benevolence and industry, or he will be lost to himself and to society. And yet, how many parents not only impart no practical lessons to aid in forming this character and these habits, but by their own life and management, encourage dishonesty, selfishness and indolence. They practice deception in dealing with their children, and thus teach them to be false. They make promises which they never fulfil, threaten punishments which they never inflict, and sometimes tell their children absolute falsehoods, in regard to their food, medicine and sports. They do not realize the fact, nor understand the influence of such treatment upon the heart and character of susceptible childhood; but it

must be disastrous. Their own example of truthfulness, should be accompanied by positive moral lessons drawn from life and from the Scriptures of truth, touching this subject to enforce the precepts of honesty.

Selfishness too, is often encouraged and cultivated under parental example. We may not expect benevolence to spring up spontaneously in the heart of the child. It is a plant of tender growth, and must be nourished by divine as well as human influence. Without knowledge and experience, the child cannot appreciate the rights and wants of others, nor his own duty in regard to them. His first attention must necessarily be directed to himself, and the natural tendency of his life is to form selfish habits. To counteract this tendency, and to cultivate the feeling and habit of benevolence, is evidently an important duty of parents. Indeed, it is through parental fidelity alone, that the divine promise: "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it," can be realized. The evil contemplated is often the result of excessive care and indulgence. If all the wants of the child are anticipated, and every member of the household is accustomed to run at his bidding, the "little darling" will have a right to conclude that he is the most important person on the premises, and will expect and demand unlimited gratification. So indulged and gratified, the habits of self-denial and self-reliance which are indispensable to success and happiness in life, will not be formed; nor will the ear be trained to listen to the calls of mercy and benevolence.

The indulgence of children in everything that is harmless, as I have said, is eminently proper.

We have therefore, only to distinguish between the harmless and harmful, to understand and avoid the contemplated evil.

Whatever endangers life is harmful, and hence, children must not be indulged in eating poison, or playing upon the margin of a precipice. Whatever endangers health is harmful, and hence, eating at improper times, in improper quantities, or of improper food, and especially of those luxuries which serve only to gratify a perverted appetite, should never be allowed.

Whatever tends to deprave the moral character, or to cultivate and strengthen the selfish propensities, is harmful, and hence, "evil communications," corrupting literature, and every degrading habit, should be strictly prohibited.

Our cities are thronged with young men from the country who are on the high way to ruin, through want of self-restraint and love of pleasure. And where and how are these victims of dissipation, lust and crime, trained? I answer, in the home school of selfishness, and under the instruction of their unwise and too indulgent parents. The depraved appetite was there formed and the selfish passions there cherished and indulged. Can it be possible that the seed sown in early life, and watered by the tears and warmed by the sunlight of parental love, has sprung up, grown and ripened into such a fearful harvest? It is even so. The enemy "sowed tares" while the divinely ordained

guardians of the home, "slumbered and slept."

Vanity, another form of selfishness, is the product of early training, and more often in matters of dress. How numerous the young women of our land who have become the victims of fashion and folly; who disdain solid culture and genuine refinement; who seek their greatest enjoyment in the gay assembly, at places of amusement, and own the latest and most exciting novel; and who from distorted views of life, judge of merit by the false standard of wealth and social position. They too often ignore superior talent and high attainments, unless decked in the splendor which money can purchase. Such vanity and selfishness can plead no apology and can find no cure. But who has distilled such wasting folly into the minds of these daughters? was it not the mother's example, and precept that first gave her little girl a fondness for dress and an admiration for fashionable display, which in her riper years, occupy all her time and thoughts? Children should be tastefully and neatly dressed, and should acquire a love for the beautiful in nature and art, but they should be taught, at the same time, the proper use of apparel, and the great excellence of moral and intellectual attainments, to elevate and adorn female character. If properly taught and managed through the period of girlhood, they will become women who may have wealth and culture, without being proud and vain; who may become fashionable in the true sense of that term, and yet judge themselves and others by the approved standard of excellence.

EXPERIENCE.

A RICH YOUNG MAN.

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

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

Sometimes he gets hold of those little pink fellows down below. He thinks they are the cunningest. There is such a drove of them. He can't count them himself, but I believe there are as many as ten. One of them "goes to market," and one of them "stays at home," and there is a South America.

little mite of a one that don't get any bread and butter. How he doe squeal! Dear! dear! You would think this young man would cry to hear him; but he don't; the ripples of laughter come gurgling up his little fat throat, until, when at last the poor piggy gives his very hardest squeal he almost explodes with glee. It's so pleasant to have jolly little fat pigs of one's own to play with! Ten live pink piggies! Just think of it! But that is not all—O no! He owns the most lovely piece of red flannel, which his grandma gave him, that is very valuable. It is such a pretty thin and so bright! He turns it over and over in every light, and tastes of it. If you should lay a ten-thousand-dollar greenback down beside it, he would grasp it in preference that gorgeous, magnificent rag. You couldn't buy that of him with ten or twenty thousand dollars.

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

THE PUZZLER.

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

ANSWERS:—1. "Be cautious of believing ill, but more cautious of reporting it." 2. A crown will not cure the headache, nor a golden slipper throughout. 3. H. W. Longfellow.

4.	R T O P R O B I N P I N N		
5.	L i B r A O v E r T N o R a H D u L C E O r I o N N i N u S		
6.	H A T E A B E L T E L L E L L A	7.	E L B E L A I D B I N D E D D Y

8. The fading many-colored woods, shade deepening over shade, the country round

Imbrown: a varied umbrage, dusk and dun, Of every hue, from wan declining green

To sooty dark.

9. Lout, out, ut, t. 10. Rye, ye, e. 11. Lax, ax, x. 12. Department. 13. Elephant. 14. Discount. 15. Continued. 16. Incident. 17. Transformed.

18. P[h]easant. 19. C[r]ane. 20. Ho[r]se. 21. Po[e]t. 22. Co[a]t.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

1. I am composed of fifty-seven letters.

My 39, 12, 47, 35, 18, 2, 20, 57, 48, 2 is a capital.

My 13, 9, 19, 23, 21, 1, 44, 21, 40, 59, 55 is a city in Algiers.

My 7, 17, 12, 29, 24, 1 is a city in Turkey in Asia.

My 10, 6, 1, 53, 20, 36 a cape of South America.

My 34, 22, 4, 19, 41, 38, 50, 17 is a port in Washington Territory.

My 37, 27, 47, 34, 52, 19 is a city in Massachusetts.

My 14, 48, 19, 51, 27, 16, 17 capital of one of the eastern states.

My 3, 12, 20, 43, 50, 1, 49 is a city in Michigan.

My 39, 45, 18, 57, 5 a sea in Europe.

My 26, 16, 1, 44, 54, 38 is a country of Europe.

My 8, 31, 15, 6, 56, 17, 12 is one of the Southern states.

My 33, 12, 51, 48 is a bay of Massachusetts.

My 39, 35, 46, 21, 42, 45, 1, 31, 11 a city in New York state.

My 1, 28, 11, 32, 20, 23, 12, 2, 30, is a long range of mountains in the United States.

My whole is a proverb of Solomon. M. C.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

2. My 1st is in wholesale but not in retail.

My 2nd is in hate but not in love.

My 3rd is in cottage but not in house.

My 4th is in carrot but not in parsnip.

My 5th is in snow but not in water.

My whole is useful on the farm.

ANAGRAM.

3. Grinps si moginc! prigns si gicomn, Hiwt erh busnines nda reh rewohs Veeanh is ggninir twih het glingus Fo teh ridbs ni krabe dan woreb; Sudb ear gillfin, sleeve ear lewglins Swolfer no delf nad moblos no tere, Roe eth heart, dan ria, dan caneo, Rutaen dolsh erh bijelue.

LILLIE S.

CHARADES.

4. My 1st is a useful animal. My 2nd signifies an assemblage. My whole is the master of an occupation.

5. My 1st is a mistake. My 2nd is salute. My whole is a weapon.

6. My 1st is useless without my 2nd. My 1st and 2nd combined is a very important adjunct of a farm. My whole is a hardy laborer.

SQUARE WORDS.

7. A planet of our solar system; enclosed space; a bundle of paper; not different or other.

8. Degraded; a girl's name; a prefix; a measure of length.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

9. When was an army chosen from the manner in which they drank?

10. What army took refuge in a barley-field?

11. What king made an altar like one at Damascus?

12. In what tower were a thousand persons burned to death?

13. Where was the great stone of Abel?

14. What two men were hid in a well?

15. Who stole eleven hundred shekels of silver from his mother?

16. Who had a dinner-party in his parlor?

17. What king was a leper?

18. How many cities belonged to the Levites?

19. Who, being wounded in battle, killed himself with his sword?

20. Who had a choice out of three punishments?

21. Who slew six hundred men with an ox goad?

22. Who sank in the mire in a dungeon?



THAT "BILL OF FARE."

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

I PRESUME that the readers and the editor of *THE HOUSEHOLD* will pardon an "old fogey" if he should find a little, just a little fault with the "bill of fare" in the April number, though, as a whole, the articles are approved. The writer is not ignorant of the fact, however, that it does not require a large amount of talent simply to "find fault," or much character or courage to induce one to indulge in such a habit. Nor is it usually good policy for a physician,—one who lives by the follies and errors of the community—to say a great deal about such false habits. If he is poor and wishes to do nothing to injure his business, it may be regarded as folly to give advice, when, if followed it must injure his business. But, on that point, there is not much danger, since those who patronize us the most—or a part of them—will not heed such advice, if it requires much self-denial, though almost constant sickness should be the result.

Waiving all of these considerations, and not fearing a life of indolence, to which the writer has been a stranger, thus far, he will not fear to speak the truth. In doing so, it seems a duty to say that one fundamental principle demands simplicity in all of our habits, our diet constituting a very important consideration. As New Englanders, we are far too luxurious in our living. We have too many dishes, eat too much, too fast and at irregular times. We far too often forget that our heavy meals should not be at night, and also that we should not take a particle of food within three hours of bedtime. And it may be remarked that far too many of the hard-laboring classes, fatigued and exhausted, retire to rest (and yet not to rest) too soon after taking a hearty meal, hearty in quantity and kind. It would be an improvement to take a lighter meal, or if taking the same, to take it earlier.

Some articles recommended for supper will be disapproved by intelligent physicians, if indeed it is best to take these at any time. Some of these cannot be used by those having weak digestion—like the dyspeptic, whose stomach has been exhausted, worn out by wrong habits of living, by the too great exercise of the brain, or by too little physical exercise. If these articles are unfavorable, or cannot be used with safety by the dyspeptic on account of the increased labor of digestion, it is plain that they are not the best for any of us, especially if we wish to retain our present powers, and avoid the doom and discomfort of the miserable dyspeptic. Among these proscribed articles are "ham," "smoked beef,"—rendered more difficult of digestion by the smoking, since all processes of preserving increase the labor of diges-

tion—"cheese"—the old is especially bad at night—"cold tongue," rather too hearty for this meal, the "cake," especially if rich, far more appropriate earlier in the day. Some will also object to the "tomatoes," on account of their griping tendencies, to say nothing of the modern theory that they aid in the production of cancers, too alarmingly prevalent in modern times. The "radishes," also, may safely be avoided, since they may be regarded as an irritant rather than as food, as they contain but little to nourish the body.

But what shall be substituted? In general terms, very simple dishes and but few of them. The learned Dr. Hall, so widely known by his writings, recommended "bread and butter and a cup of tea," a very light meal and still all that the system demands, particularly if much exhausted by excessive labors during the day. As a substitute, a single dish of oat-meal pudding,—such as the Scottish natives make a prominent article of food, and thrive by its extensive use,—the southern white corn flour, cracked wheat, and last, though not least, the "crushed white wheat." The invalids will sleep far better on such simple articles, while none can sustain any injury by their free use, (the doctors will be the greatest sufferers).

Lastly, it is not best to adopt hearty food on what is intended as a day of rest, rest for the whole body, the stomach included. If we wish to hear and appreciate the preaching it is injudicious to make the day one of feasting. Indeed two meals on that day will as well meet the wants of such a day of rest, as will the three while we labor with both body and mind. It may also be remarked that the "coffee" recommended may not agree with the "bilious," and may not be as safe, on the whole, for any, as black tea, or shells, plain cocoa and such drinks, or water.

PICNICS.

This is not a pretty word, by any means, nor, so far as I know, a very expressive one; and yet, what pleasant memories it awakens. As I never can see a hearse, with a red-nosed driver, and all the paraphernalia of simulated sorrow—sadder to think upon than even that heavy vacant burden within—without my mind reverting at once to the thoughtless, merry time when I was a school-boy, and managed to be present at a certain Derby, by paying half a crown for the privilege of clinging to a funeral plume; as I never smell a herring, fresh or otherwise, but the waving woods of Inverary, and the long blue waters of Loch Fyne, pass before me like a dissolving view, with all their summer prime, and youth, and pleasure; so, at this word picnic, formed of two ill-assorted monosyllables, I hear the distant murmur of the seas, and the hurry of shadowy rivers, and the trumpets of the bees upon moorlands, and the whisper of autumn woods with the voices and the laughter of those I love, ringing, year behind year, through all.

There are but few touchstones of our poor human hearts which can elicit any past remembrance wholly

without pain; but I think this simple word, that is born of pleasure, and nicknamed in drollery, is one; poverty, ill-humor, illness, all things that deform or embitter our existences, are forgotten in the sound. Care, it is said, killed a cat; but I have never heard of its having hurt a picnic—otherwise, the salt would not be left behind so often. Mirth, if he travels even in the hamper with the bottles, is sure to be there; love, who is very light and portable, is carried by the ladies; appetite, like charity, never faileth; and digestion—well, digestion sometimes come to a picnic a little late, in consequence of having been obliged to go back for the dinner pills.

I have sat at rich men's feasts, which were partaken of in the open air, whereat powdered footmen waited upon us decorously, and a bishop said grace; where every one had a cushion to sit upon, and a napkin folded upon his plate; but I scarcely call that picnicking. And I have taken my repast—brown bread and egg, and onions, with a flask of the most extraordinary wine—outside Disentis, in the valley of the Grisons, and ate upon the hillside by myself, because the town, and the inn, and the people all smelt so execrably; but I don't consider that a picnic either. I have been one of a party of three hundred, whose various contributions to the common stock have been decided upon three weeks before the day of meeting, at a lottery, wherein mustard, and bread, and pepper were the prizes; where there were two military bands to dance to, under a thousand Chinese lanterns; where champagne corks went off like platoon firing; and where it took half an American lake to ice the wine. And I have joined mighty pleasure companies of the people, where everybody kept his food in his pocket-hankerchief, and having cut it up with clasp knives, and devoured it, seized everybody else's hands and ran down grassy hills at speed; but these things, too, I consider foreign to the picnic, which seems, somehow, to signify something snug and well selected, and quite at variance with monster meetings of any sort.—*Chambers' Journal.*

FISH AND BRAIN-FOOD.

The idea that a fish diet, or, at least, the frequent use of fish as diet, is promotive of brain-power, seems to be growing; and the philosophy of it is said to be that the phosphorus contained in the fish acts beneficially on the brain. Looking at what we call the lower class of animals, it is true that a very considerable amount of intellect is to be observed in those that feed exclusively on fish. Learned seals are very common accessories to shows. Of all wild creatures the otter is one of the most intelligent and easily domesticated; and, with regard to the feathered race, wonderful stories are told about the instincts of storks and other birds that feed upon fish.

It does not appear to have been satisfactorily demonstrated however, that intellect is much developed in the human race by frequent use of a fish diet. To arrive at a conclusion

respecting this, it would be necessary to obtain trustworthy statistics with regard to the mental powers of Laplanders, light-house keepers, fasters in Lent, and others who live much upon fish. Our own observation is that those who live much upon fish—as, for example, the inhabitants of fishing-villages—are not especially distinguished for mental vigor, though their animal power can not be questioned.

THE DESSERT.

—A Western Granger has written for some Mardi Gras seed.

—Hash is said to be the connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdom.

—When you see a woman winding her watch in a horse-car you may make up your mind that she has not had a watch very long.

—The scientific men have settled the matter beyond all question that it is a mistake to suppose that the sun is supported by its beams.

—A passenger by rail, aroused from a serene slumber by the tooting of a whistle, exclaimed, "The train has caught up with those cattle again."

—An old lady in Washington was recently heard to observe, on taking up the morning paper, "I wonder if anybody has been born that I know."

—Andrew Jackson was accused of bad spelling, but John Randolph defended him by declaring that "a man must be a fool who could not spell a word more ways than one."

—We hear from the West that a philosopher has extracted the following reply from a school-boy to the query: "How is the earth divided, my lad?" "By earthquakes, sir."

—My man, what's your charge for rowing me across the Frith?" Boatman—"Weel, sir, I was just thinkin' I canne break the Sawbath day for no less than fifteen shillings!"

—An exchange says—"Traces of the late visit of the horse disease are apparent in this vicinity." What has become of the balance of the harness, and the running gear we are not told.

—One of our esteemed clergymen was complaining, the other day, that few young people get married lately. We suggested to him the idea of offering chromos, but he didn't seem to favor the plan.

—In a recent article on a fair in his locality, the editor of a Western paper says a brother editor took a valuable premium; but an unkind policeman made him put it right back where he took it from.

—The Chicago Tribune wants to know: "Why is it that lightning never strikes organ-grinders? that they never fall into the river and get drowned? that they never starve to death? and are never bitten by mad dogs?"

—We are sorry to learn that a German chemist has succeeded in making a first rate brandy out of sawdust. We are a friend of the temperance movement, and we want it to succeed, but what chance will it have when a man can take a rip-saw and go out and get drunk with a fence-rail?



THE STOMACH.

BY C. C. LORD.

We know a man who is now about fifty-five years of age. In his early life he had as fine a constitution as you generally see. He had vitality, activity and endurance. Now he is crooked, worn and sick. But he doesn't look like one exhausted with voluntary toil. He is apparently blasted by disease. Do you want to know the great secret of his breaking down? He abused his stomach.

In the left side of the upper part of the abdominal cavity is a bag or sack that daily churns its contents by the united operation of a wonderful combination of longitudinal and circular muscles which enter into its structure. This is the stomach. The success of its churning, however, depends upon its reasonable indulgence of the necessary time and opportunity. The individual above mentioned was inclined to deprive his stomach in respect to both these things. When his stomach was free of food and needed all the powers at its just command, he would rush to his work with more violent energy than he would hardly exercise at any other time. A man can seldom do two things well at once. He can't successfully digest food and work his muscles together.

An opportunity highly appreciated by the stomach is that of "elbow room." Tie close, strong bandages about your arms and see how hard it will be to use them. Just so close clothing restricts the muscular motion of the stomach. He that hopes to be free from stomach complaints must never allow himself to be oppressed by his wardrobe.

Then the stomach has functions which are more physiological than mechanical in their nature. These depend largely upon the integrity of processes immediately preceding the stomach's operations. Put a portion of solid food in your mouth and see how hard it is to swallow it without making an attempt at chewing and insalivation. The disposition to mastication is greater on assuming a reclining position, in which it is almost or quite impossible to "bolt" food. The ancient habit of reclining at meals was a good one. We used to think that insalivation only implied a kind of maceration of the food in an appropriate liquid secreted by the gastric glands. However, if we are to believe more recent authority upon the subject, there is more active philosophy in the mouth than perhaps many of us deem. Some time ago an enquiring physiologist concluded, through actual experiment, that the different salivary fluids performed different uses. The parotids, situated in front of the lower parts of the ears, secreted a fluid that softened the food; the submaxillaries, situated under the lower jaw, one that assisted the function of taste; the sublinguals, situated

under the tongue, one that lubricated the ball in view of facilitating its descent, through the oesophagus, to the stomach. There are no doubt other important chemical uses effected by the saliva. If this be true, it only proves that nothing is made in vain, but everything has a distinct purpose under the heavens.

When the food is chewed and insalivated and turned over, or down, to the stomach, this organ secretes a fourth fluid of a transparent,ropy, acidulous nature, upon the successful action of which also depends the welfare of the body. This leads us to say something about drinking at meals especially. Any fluid becomes weakened by dilution. The system has an instinct of this truth, and when drink is required, absorption takes it from the stomach immediately, carrying it directly to the circulation. Otherwise, as when more drink than required is taken, the functions of the stomach, through which is secreted gastric juice, are impeded and evil ensues. We have known persons to suffer badly from this cause. We once cured a lady of an excruciating pain in the stomach by making her eat some solid, dry food to absorb the surplus moisture there.

We are not going to say much on the food and drink question proper, because we dread long articles. We will speak in passing of the importance of a healthful variety of food. The physical system rebels against monotony. Variety affords a refreshing and renewal of strength that is derived by no other means. To live long on any two or three articles of even otherwise wholesome food is productive of evil. But this advice doesn't necessarily mean we are justified in indulging an almost endless variety of aliments at a single sitting. Rather, would we advise against this practice. Combinations of aliments may result in unanticipated, as well as undesired, chemical effects. This suggestion applies in more than one way. Sometimes people, particularly those who drink too much at meals, are affected with a "sour stomach." Digestion is impeded, fermentation takes place, and acid is developed. If they drink of saleratus water, or take some other alkaline prescription, the acid is neutralized and the immediate difficulty removed. But who can anticipate the ultimate effect of that product of a combined acid and alkali in the system, or decide whether or no the individual is permanently better off than before? Again, who would like to eat leather! Yet it is said that the tannin of tea and the albumen of milk combine to make this very article, which the stomach of the tea-drinker is called upon to dispose of. Generally speaking, a few articles of diet at one time are better than many. Also we would avoid chemical beverages, as well as all drinks much hotter or colder than the natural temperature of the stomach, as they are liable to injure its tone.

Not many years ago, in one of our larger medical hospitals, lay a man dying with dyspepsia. A counsel of physicians was held, their best skill applied, but all to no purpose. Finally they concluded to consult the pros-trated man's appetite. "As he is

now," they said, "he will die; he can do no more if we try this experiment." They asked the sufferer what he wanted to eat. A person put his ear down to hear the sick man gasp "sour krout." Over twelve days the patient lived on sour krout, and got well. In a great many emergencies the stomach can be trusted to choose its particular form of nutriment. Especially may this be true in the experiment of such as are habitually wise in the conduct of their physical individualities. This may be true in respect to both the quality and quantity of food. Other things equal, we believe that if persons are careful to select only those articles of diet that never excite artificial desire, the appetite may be trusted to meet contingencies. Our own experience, at least, tends to confirm this idea. This theory in practical application will perhaps cover Dr. Hall's in reference to "food medicine." The Doctor cures "epilepsy with watermelons, kidney affections with celery, hydrophobia with onions," etc.

A healthy stomach, we may say, is wise; its suggestions are philosophical and kind: but how treacherous are the cravings of an abused and debilitated stomach! A man in New Hampshire rises every midnight to prepare and eat a full meal of hearty food. Three meals a day do not suffice for his abnormal cravings, and rest at night is broken to satisfy a slavish appetite. Nor is this the most unhappy case that can be imagined. The Brooklyn Eagle lately published the following sadly suggestive item: "A very respectable woman entered Judge Walsh's court yesterday and sat in front of the Judge. She was dressed in a black and white dress carried a leather bag in her hand, and was of a very neat and clean appearance. As soon as Judge Walsh was disengaged she slipped up and asked to be sent somewhere where she couldn't get any liquor.

"Have you any home?" asked the Judge.

"Yes, I have, but I must go somewhere where I can't get it."

"Do you want me to send you to jail?"

"Anywhere, Judge, where I can be kept from it."

"What is your name?"

"M——F——."

"Have you been drinking long?"

"I have been a drinking woman for over three years."

"How long do you want me to commit you?"

"Long enough for me to get my brain clear, your honor, and I'll make one more trial."

"Well, M——, I'll send you to Raymond street for ten days."

It would seem that such a tale as this might excite any one to the manliest exertions after the health-government of his appetites and passions, lest he reap the bitter fruit which has made so many a life a sad pilgrimage.

SLEEP THE BEST STIMULANT.

The best possible thing for a man to do when he feels too weak to carry it through, is to go to bed and sleep a week if he can. This is the only true recuperation of brain power, the only

actual recuperation of brain force. Because during sleep, the brain is in a sense of rest, in a condition to receive and appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood, which takes the place of those which have been consumed in previous labor, since the very act of thinking consumes, burns up solid particles as every turn of the wheel or screw of the splendid steamer, is the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace. The supply of consumed brain substance can only be had from the nutriment particles in the blood, which were obtained from the food eaten previously, and the brain is so constituted that it can best receive and appropriate to itself those nutrient particles during a state of rest, of quiet, and of stillness in sleep.

Mere stimulants supply nothing in themselves—they only goad the brain, force it to a greater consumption of its substance, until that substance has been so exhausted that there is not power enough left to receive a supply, just as men are so near death by thirst and starvation, that there is not power enough left to swallow anything, and all is over. The incapacity of the brain for receiving recuperative particles, sometimes comes on with the rapidity of a stroke of lightning, and the man becomes mad in an instant, loses sense and is an idiot. It was under circumstances of this kind, in the midst of a sentence of great oratorical power, one of the most eminent minds of his age forgot his ideas, pressed his hand against his forehead and after a moment's silence said, "God, as with a sponge has blotted out my mind." Be assured readers, "there is rest for the weary" only in early and abundant sleep.—*Journal of Health.*

TO CURE CORNS.

Soft corns are cured by warm water batheings and buckskin protectors, and no parings are necessary. Hard corns on the top of the toes, at the joints can almost always be removed in two or three days by simply soaking the feet in warm water for about twenty minutes, night and morning, rubbing the corn with the end of the finger while under the water. This hastens the softening, and in a day or two the kernel can be picked out with the finger-nail. If the corn is shaved off, the roots deepen; besides, troublesome bleedings sometimes follow, and in several cases have ended fatally. A bit of cotton saturated with oil and bound upon the corn over night, facilitates the softening. The hurting of hard corns before falling weather, is removed by soaking them in warm water.—*Dr. Hall.*

—If the pores of the skin were absolutely closed up, as with a coat of varnish, a person would not live ten hours. It would kill him to keep in the system the refuse matter, which, to the amount of a pint a day, is discharged through these pores. This shows the importance of bathing, of sufficient exercise to keep the glands in good working order, and of frequent changes of the clothing that has to absorb this pint of matter a day.



THE REFORM IN SPELLING.

EDITOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD: —I write to second the motion of Rekrap on spelling, so expressed in the February No. of your paper, which I am favored with the perusal of, as my daughter is a subscriber. He has expressed, as the saying is, "my sentiments exactly." I have often been disgusted and provoked at the manifest stupidity, and utter foolishness of the prevailing method of spelling; it would seem that in some respects, if ingenuity were taxed to its utmost capacity, scarcely worse results would be arrived at. Why not adopt a common sense strate forward method, instead of adhering to, and practicing every sistem because of its antiquity, or custome, or fashion's sake? If we have any particular place to go to, on bizness, we do not go a round about way to get there, travil further, and on a worse road, unless there is some motive of profit or pleasure, as an inducement.

What pleasure or profit there can be in spelling a word one way, and pronouncing it in a difrent one, I challenge the world to show, except that it serve to make more work for paper makers, printers, type founders, and type setters, at the expence of the whole remaining inhabitants of the world. It would seem the method adopted was on the principle of the saying that the farthest way round was the nearest way home!

As this writer says if this manifestly neded reform "is ever to be brought about," it can, as with others, only be done, in the first place at least, by talking, writing, and agitation. And now, as the ice is being broken I call on every one who has a stone, to throw them on till their accumulated wate shall sink this ancient folly to the bottom of the ocean of everlasting oblivian, to the advantage of coming generations for all time.

In order to make a practical effort, and show that we mean bizness, and to be consistent, let all who have a word to rite on this subject follow the example I have endeavored to set, and do their spelling in a natural manner.

I will take another copy of Webster's Unabridged, fully aranged on this plan, at fifty dollars! Who speaks next? Don't be bashful in a good cause.

T. LEONARD.

Grafton, Mass.

THE PRINTING OFFICE AS A SCHOOL.

For a young man who is not altogether a fool, who has had the advantages of an ordinary education, the printing office is undoubtedly a capital school for intellectual advancement. In regard to general knowledge, no class of men who labor for a living can approach the printer. The studious among them, if their natural gifts be not below the level of mediocrity, have equal chances with the

members of the so called professions, to acquire both worldly honors and literary fame. From the days of Caxton to those of Franklin, and from his day to our own, the craft has produced eminent men in every walk of life.

A good printer is generally a critic, not only of language and punctuation, but of the intrinsic literary merits of whatever comes under his hand. It is impossible that it should be otherwise, since so great a part of his life is made up, as it were, of facts that enforce reflection. The labor that employs his hands gives his mind neither exercise nor care. His fingers move intuitively to the exact points requisite for the proper appointment of his work, while his mind seizes the idea sought to be conveyed by the writer whose work he is engaged on, and is only expelled therefrom after his judgment has passed sentence upon its merits.

Many a one, without knowing it, possibly owes some unknown compoitor or proof reader much more reputation as a writer than he would be willing to acknowledge. If by changing the reading of a sentence without affecting its meaning, he can give it strength or smoothness, a good printer asks no questions about the matter but changes it at once.

There are some printers, it is true, who can never learn the plainest rules of composition or punctuation. To such a one might we use the identical words spoken by a well-known divine, speaking to a young, but particularly silly candidate for ministerial orders: "Young man, you have made a mistake; you have been called to another field—the cornfield."

HINDOO WRITING.

Writing is a curious art as practiced by the Hindoos. They may be often seen walking along their native streets writing a letter. An iron stile and a palmleaf are the implements. In writing neither chair nor table are needed, the leaf being supported on the middle finger of the left hand and kept steady with the thumb and forefinger. The right hand does not, as with us, move along the surface, but, after finishing a few words, the writer fixes the point of the iron in the last letter, and pushes the leaf from right to left, so that he may finish the line. The characters are rendered legible by besmearing the leaf with ink-like fluid.

THE REVIEWER.

THE ISLES OF SHOALS. An Historical Sketch. By John Scribner Jenness. New York: Published by Hurd & Houghton. Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 12 mo. pp 180: Price \$1.50.

We have here a most interesting account of the discovery and settlement of the cluster of rocks known as the Isles of Shoals, which are fast taking rank as one of the most delightful and popular places of summer resort on the Atlantic coast. To those who visit these bare and desolate crags at the present day, it seems hardly creditable that they should once have played so important a part in the early history of New England. Indeed we are told that their population was at that time larger than at any other point in the Eastern provinces; trade and commerce were extensive; the fisheries were pursued with activity; the little harbor was filled with shallows and pinnacles; the neighboring sea was dotted with

sails, sweeping in and out; the rocks, now so silent and deserted, resounded with clamor and bustled with business—everywhere boisterous hilarity, animal enjoyment, exuberant spirits, cheerful and varied activity. * * * But now, nothing except the tumbled walls of a ruined and abandoned hamlet, so rare to see in New England, remain to attest the former existence upon those celebrated Isles, of the busy and boisterous settlement we have pictured. With the decline of the fisheries, the population have departed, and the sea-mews, after an absence of two centuries, have returned to their ancient haunts. 'A heape of rocks' was the first English description of the Isles of Shoals—a heap of crags, strangely enough, is also the last. In the fine language of Lowell:

'A heap of bare and splintery crags,
Tumbled about by lightning and frost,
With rifts, and chasms, and storm bleached jag,
That wait and growl for a ship to be lost,
No islands; but rather the skeleton
Of a wrecked and vengeance-smitten one.'

FIRST STEPS IN GENERAL HISTORY. By Arthur Gilman, M. A. Author of "First Steps in English Literature," "Seven Historic Ages," etc., etc. With Maps and Charts. In one volume, 16 mo, cloth, \$1.25 Uniform with "First Steps in English Literature."

The object of this suggestive outline of General History is to stimulate the student to make thorough investigation, and at the same time to furnish a guide which shall indicate the general path to be pursued. Each country is taken up by itself, and its history sketched before attention is turned from it, thus fixing the mind upon but one subject at a time. Views of contemporary events are given in tables that establish the historical connection of the nations; and maps, that are purposely free from details, exhibit the geographic relations of the countries. The Index will be found of service in tracing the progress of great movements that have affected more countries than one. For sale in Brattleboro by Cheney & Clapp.

THE NORWICH CADETS, A TALE OF THE REBELLION, by Homer White, lately published in attractive style by Albert Clarke, St. Albans, an interesting though rather improbable story of two Norwich Cadets who became firm friends at the University, which they left at the breaking out of the war to engage in the fratricidal strife. One being Vermonter and the other a Georgian, they as a matter of course took opposite sides in the struggle, having singularly enough, several hand to hand encounters and other interesting experiences, including an escape of the Vermonter from Libby prison by means of his jackknife. The principal characters "happen round" with a celerity and precision truly remarkable and the story is full of exciting and stirring scenes. Price, in boards, \$1.00; pamphlet, 50 cts. Sent post-paid by the publisher.

PORTER & COATES, Philadelphia, announce that they will shortly issue a new novel by the amous Swedish Author, Madame Sophie Schwartz, entitled, "Gerda, or The Children of Work." Several of this lady's works have been translated into English and have met with universal success; in particular her last one: "The Son of the Organ Grinder," which passed through two editions within a week of its publication. "Gerda," the forthcoming volume is a novel of special interest and contains many incidents experienced by the author during youth before she began her literary career. They will also publish the following novels during next month.—"The Vicissitudes of Bessie Fairfax," by Miss Harriet Parr, better known as "Holme Lee," considered to be a remarkably clever novel, and, in every respect, creditable to the author of Sylvan Holt's Daughters; "No Alternative," by Annie Thomas, the favorite writer of light fiction; and a genuine love tale translated from the German of Carl Detlef. "The Sportsmen's Club Afloat," by Harry Castlemon, the popular author of Boys' Books is now ready, and makes the second volume of the "Sportsman's Series."

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. The May number maintains the usual freshness and fitness, commanding the interest and gratifying the taste of the reader. The first paper, "The New Hyperion," by Edward Strahan, illustrated, still keeps on its even way, each chapter seeming to possess a quaintness and special interest of its own. The second article, "In a Caravan with Jerome the Painter," illustrated, recalls many pleasant incidents

of an artist whose genius was unique and unquestioned. The "Bluebirds of Spring" is a charming poem, breathing the air of May. In this number, Mr. George MacDonald's serial story, "Malcolm," deepens in interest, and really captivates the reader. The next paper, by T. Adolphus Trollope, "A Meet in the Campagna," describes in a familiar and very readable way certain odd customs of fashionable English and American visitors abroad, and the provisions made for them by European nations. "Deshler & Deshler; or, My Life as a Book Agent," part first, by Sarah Winter Kellogg, puts some fresh life into a much-abused subject, and holds the reader's earnest attention from beginning to end. The next paper, "Burning and Burial," by Fannie R. Feudge, discusses a subject that is commanding a good deal of attention at this time, and contains much information regarding the various ways the Eastern nations have of disposing of their dead. Then follows a Sonnet, by T. M. Coad. "A Modern Cressida" is continued, and Mrs. Edith Penhryn's various loves and lovers are described in a decidedly fascinating way. "The British Civil Service," by Reginald Wynford, is a paper containing much valuable information and well written. A Visit to Pasta, the greatest of lyric actresses, while living in retirement at Como, is described by R. Davey. Then follows a somewhat lively paper on Flirts and their Ways; a Poem, by John Boyle O'Reilly, and the usual fine variety of Monthly Gossip and Literary Criticism completing the number and making it very attractive reading for cultivated minds.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR MAY. The Frontispiece of ST. NICHOLAS for May is a very large and remarkably fine engraving illustrating a passage in Goeth's Poem, "Johanna Sebus." Indeed, this number contains many engravings of unusual excellence: Miss Hallock has two; one of which is a specimen of her very best work on wood; Miss Ledyard has two; Eyttinge and Sheppard each has a capital piece of character drawing; there is a beautiful little thing copied from Michelet, and a picture from one of Henschell's graceful and dainty sketches. There is even a drawing from a native Japanese artist. The literary contents this month alternate very fairly between the practical and the imaginative. There is an article on the "Origin of Blind Man's Buff," one on the workings and wonders of the Telegraph; a paper by the late N. S. Dodge, on "Auctions All Over the World;" "Christmas City," a capital description of a toy-town which can be built by any smart boy; an account of the origin of the story of Blue Beard; a true story from Holstein, of a missionary stork, and an article with illustrations descriptive of "Haydn's Children's Symphony." As to fiction, there are three serial stories by Trowbridge, Stockton and Olive Thorne, all full of interest this month; a story of Greenland, with an adventure with polar bears; a delightful little home-story called Miss Fanshaw's Tea-Party; a Japanese Fairy tale, and "The Jimmyjohn's Sailor-Suit," one of Mrs. Diaz' popular sketches. "How Persimmons Took Cah ob Der Baby," by Mrs. Lizzie W. Champney, is a most delightful piece of southern dialect poetry, and with its capital illustrations, is sure to be popular with old and young. "In the Wood" is a sweet little poem with a sweet little picture. The departments are all good as usual, especially Jack-in-the-Pulpit, in which there is a pre-eminently funny story of a low-spirited turtle. The Riddle Box contains one of the best puzzles of the day, an every-day song, written in the "Language of the Restless Imps."

We have received the first six numbers of Duyokinck's Cyclopedie of American Literature, now being published by T. Ellwood Zell, Philadelphia, so well and favorably known as the publisher of those standard works Zell's Cyclopedie and Zell's Descriptive Hand Atlas of the World. Of the merits of this work we purpose to speak at more length in our next issue, merely remarking that it promises to be one of the most interesting and valuable publications of the season. It is printed upon superior paper, with broad margins, and will make two handsome quarto volumes of about 1000 pages each, profusely illustrated with fifty-two choice engravings and over five hundred on wood. It is issued by subscription in fifty-two numbers of 40 pages each at fifty cents a number. For circulars giving farther information address Horace King, Thompsonville, Conn., General agent.

Words by H. H. CLARK.

THE FARMER'S SONG.

Written and arranged by
D. A. FRENCH.

The musical score for 'The Farmer's Song' consists of eight staves of music for voice and piano. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal parts. The piano accompaniment features a bass line and chords. The score is divided into sections by vertical bar lines and includes a 'CHORUS' section.

1. The farm - er's life I love so well, I nev - er can its joys fore - go;
 2. The farm - er's wife, I do de - clare, With ev - ry trou - ble must con - tend;
 3. A jol - ly life is this we lead, We men who laugh and sing and saw;
 4. You must not live by bread a - lone, For but ter's good, as you will learn;

Though ev - ry part its pleas - ure brings, Yet best I love my bon - ny hoe.
 Her hus - band's love know this how that is made, And It's You first please to to push, look and then see to me draw. churn.

5. Thro' sum - mer time in ev - ry grove, The hap - py birds sing all day,
 6. Some times I scrub, some times I scour, Some times the greas - y dough nuts fry,
 7. I love all toil, what e'er this be, There's pleas - ant work in house and burn;
 8. A jol - ly life is this we lead, We men who saw and hoe and rake;

Why then may I not sing as well, As joy ful now I make love to I rake the hay.
 Some- times I ty girl to wind - dian meal, But now I'll sew a pump - kin the pie.
 With pret - ter this, we wo - men lead, Oh! churn and hold scrub and the yarn. bake.

CHORUS to be sung after the last verse.

'Tis sweet, 'tis sweet, whate'er our lot, To find a joy in ev - 'ry care; For heav'n is won by ear - nest toil, And ev - 'ry toil is but a pray'r.

DIRECTIONS RESPECTING FARMER'S SONG.—In singing this song, during the Prelude the first actor comes on the stage, carrying a hoe upon his shoulder. At the conclusion of the verse, he commences hoeing—keeping the motions with the musical accent of the Prelude, (which should be repeated after each verse.) During the playing of the Prelude the second time, the second singer comes in, bringing some clothing to mend; and at the conclusion of the Prelude, sings the second verse, and at the conclusion of it commences sewing, keeping time with the Prelude. During the singing of each verse, those who are working make the motions of their work, without noise. The same directions are to be observed during the singing of seven verses. The first half of the 8th verse is sung by the gentlemen, and the last half, by the ladies; then, after the Prelude, (during which they all continue their work,) they sing the chorus, (keeping time with their work.)

In singing each verse, the melody should be used. The third actor comes upon the stage with a saw-horse, saw and a stick of wood. The fourth actor comes on with a dash-churn. The fifth with a rake. The sixth, with a moulding-board and rolling-pin, and a piece of dough. In the 7th verse, a lady and gentleman come in together—the gentleman holding a skein of yarn upon his wrists, and the lady having a ball of yarn to wind.



TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee, that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing over-much,
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day—
We are so dull and thankless; and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away,
And now it seems surpassing strange to me,
That, while I wore the badges of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft, and tenderly,
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee;
This restless, curling head from off your breast,
This lipsing tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped.
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet in their graves had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heartache then!

I wonder so that mothers ever fret,
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the footprints when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear its patter in my house once more:

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite, to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumped by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest is flown;
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

Aldine.

"WHAT I KNOW ABOUT" RAG CARPETS.

BY MRS. JULIA A. CARNEY.

WHAT does make you dislike rag carpets so much?" says an inquiring neighbor.

"Well! that is a good deal like the question proposed to a philosophical society; 'Why does a fish weigh more when taken out of the water, than it does in?' After debating for a long time in the most able manner, one old gentleman thought to ask if it were really a scientific fact!"

"Why! is it not a fact that you dislike rag carpets? They all so say?"

"I shall not even ask who you mean by 'they.' Through life I have noticed that 'they say' very many things because they don't know, not because they do. As to the query I can only say, 'that depends.' If you should ask me if I like an umbrella, I should reply, very much indeed of a rainy day, particularly if some one else holds it. If I were to advise a mother with two little children and only two arms, I should say, save your strength to keep them well sheltered among your wrappings, and leave the umbrella to those who have more strength to hold it against the wind and rain."

"I don't understand you."

"To speak more plainly, there are many things advisable to those who have plenty of time and strength, with no children, or only such as are old enough to assist, which would be

worse than folly for their next door neighbor, who has to take the time from the care of her little crowd, or from hours of needed rest. There are many things right for those of limited means, which are downright meanness in those of more ability.

For instance, there is Mrs. A. with her lame daughter and her two active boys. She is an invalid herself, and with a very slender income. By working up in this way the rags which all families make, at such odd moments as she can spare, by the help of the daughter, she keeps her two rooms neat and comfortable, with little expense. Even the boys help, not only cutting, but sewing; and the one woven carpet which has cost some money for warp and weaving, is made to last much longer by aid of neat braided mats distributed over the places where is most wear. These are done almost entirely by the boys during the winter evenings when they might else be loafing at the grocery store, or in some worse place, learning the 'ways that are dark and tricks that are vain.'

It is a pleasant sight of an evening to see Mrs. A. and Nellie making or repairing some needed garment, or doing some piece of sewing for a neighbor to increase their little store, while the boys sit by sewing or braiding a mat for mother. I have noticed they are all 'for mother,' no matter what place in the room they are to fill! The other evening Henry showed me one he was making with the needle wholly. It was a piece of strong coarse cloth upon which he was sewing the little corners and clippings left in cutting woolen rags. Those from cotton go at once into the bag kept for that purpose, and now and then a bright tin is added to their household goods by exchange with the peddler. Henry had selected the finest and softest pieces, and sewing them closely together, had made a thick, soft mat for mother's feet while sewing. Of course he sewed only one edge or corner to the cloth, leaving the rest to stand up in a thick velvety cushion for the tired feet. Eugene, the older brother, was resting those feet by taking his place at the treadle, and running his mother's sewing machine while she basted, and Nellie did the finer finishing. Frank was taking from the same basket the coarser pieces to make a mat for the hall. All were busy, all were happy; and tongues ran a merry opposition to the click of the machine, to which they were so much accustomed as scarcely to notice it. I never saw Eugene look so well, (I believe you girls call him fine looking!) and had I been twenty years younger might have lost my heart immediately. As it was, I thought, the young man who is careful of his mother, will be kind to his wife, so I will recommend him to the first pretty girl I find, who knows how to make good bread, and prefers work to wealth. Don't blush, dear, if you belong to that class."

"Well, I only wish some of those who say you are opposed to the making of rag-carpets could have heard you talk, you are really quite eloquent in their favor, and I think I will go home, and search the garret for old clothing to begin a carpet immediately."

"Wait a little, dear! Perhaps I can discourse as eloquently, not to say, indignantly, upon the other side. Indeed, I am very like the old fashioned guide-posts with a finger pointing in each of several directions. You had to look carefully, and see which was the right path for yourself, while a very different one might be the right way for the next traveller."

We all know Mrs. B., the over-tasked wife of a wealthy farmer! Overtasked, because upon a large farm, particularly a western farm, there is always so much to do, and society has made a supply of efficient feminine help so impracticable a thing. Her husband can purchase a liberal supply of rich and tasteful carpeting for their handsome dwelling, but he cannot fill her place in his home or heart, should she waste over unnecessary economies, the health and strength, for which there is too much unavoidable labor."

"But there are evenings and winters you know!"

"Yes! but our western winters are so short, and so broken by intervals of weather quite suitable for some kinds of farm labor, to say nothing of the large amount of work made by the keeping of so much live stock, as to afford scarcely needed rest. Mrs. B. tells me they have *only* seven hired men in winter, yet she seldom has more than one hired girl, can seldom get extra assistance even during harvest, when the amount of out-door help is trebled, and a corresponding amount of additional labor performed in the kitchen. Now, when she and her two helpful and intelligent daughters have lived through all this work, and come to a place of rest, do you think it their highest duty to make rag-carpets? They have earned the price of money carpets, they have also earned the right to rest!

They have fed a score or two of bodies; they need a little time to feed mind, heart, and soul! Step during the summer twilight, they are busy all through the day! The girls are sitting among the flowers and shrubbery of their beautiful yard, themselves the most attractive objects there. Perhaps not, there is Mr. B. alternating his gaze between the newspaper and his happy family, with a look of love and pride which is not obscured by a cloud of tobacco smoke. There is Mrs. B. in her rocking chair, tired but happy, and I am glad there is no knitting work in the folded hands.

I utterly detest this idea which some worthy people hold in so much reverence, that we must always be doing something. Did not the Creator of Heaven and Earth rest, and give us His commandment—the first commandment ever given to His creation—that we also should have an interval of rest? Has He not also ordered the change from day to night, which almost compels us to rest and sleep? Are not these lesser intervals, when we sit down 'all tired out' we say, and feel as if it were too much trouble even to think, as useful in their place as the Sabbath itself? Yet which woman of us all,—especially if born in New England,—enjoys them as she should, and does not feel as if she ought at least to have a little knitting work in her hand?

There are hands that are never folded quietly, without a suggestive twitching of the muscles or uneasy movement of the fingers, until they are folded in death. Hardworking hands they are, mother's hands most of them; they have rolled too much pastry, and made too much cake, and nursed their darlings through too many sicknesses occasioned by eating these dainties; they have sewed too many flounces upon too many dresses; they have pieced too many quilts and made too many yards of rag carpeting.

Many a worthy woman is now resting in a very neat coffin, with the green grass for a quilt above her last repose,—a carpet for her little ones to tread as they seek their mother's grave,—who might now be the joy of her home, had she been willing to rest when weary, even if the last tin was not polished, the last stitch taken, or the last rag ready for weaving!

Then there is Mrs. C. some say she hates rag-carpets, because she don't make them! Let us look into it a little. She is situated so much like Mrs. A. you would think she ought to do as Mrs. A. does. Not at all. Her daughter, not being lame and better educated than Nellie A. is a teacher, earning in a short time the price of a carpet. Her son is in college, and must attend to his lessons in the evening; to run a sewing machine then, would be to necessitate an expenditure of midnight oil, which early manhood's strength cannot afford to use. The son next in age is in a preparatory department, and must study all the time which is unsuited to out-door exercise, and his mother would live upon a bare floor all her life, if need be, rather than he should stay in doors, while the sunshine called to health and happiness in the purer air outside. As for the youngest boy, you might as well attempt to make a thunder shower do the week's washing, as to set him to making mats. It may fill your cistern and water the bleaching grounds, but you rather wash the clothes yourself. So with her little fellow; with an amount of brain and nervous energy, which is fortunately balanced with a good physical constitution, he will some day do a man's work in the world. So she lets him do boy's work now, alternating with plenty of boy's play, until he is so tired and sleepy that his evening is only long enough for a boy's book."

"What does she do for rag carpets then? No other kind are useful in a kitchen or room where much work is done. Does she make them herself?"

"No! indeed! she did enough of that when she was a little girl, for her mother was one of the thriftest of New England's thrifty housekeepers, and would have deemed a wasted rag a sin, and an uncovered spot of floor a disgrace. So the little girl sewed rags till her fingers ached, and vowed by all the hours she sat by the big basket, wishing for the good fairies who never came to diminish its contents, or sighing for the loved haunts by the riverside and within the tangled wood, that her little girls should never be set to sewing carpet-rags."

And just here, let me say of this method of training, that her one girl, brought up to play with her brothers out of doors, to earn the name of

romp, and to obtain for her mother many a word of blame for 'letting that child spoil such a complexion;' has attained such a degree of health and nervous energy, as to set up a most wilful determination that there shall be at least one rag carpet upon the premises, if she has to make it all alone. So the rags are silently accumulating in her mother's garret, and one of these vacations, perhaps the mother may help her do as pastime what would have been irksome as a task. Meanwhile rag carpeting is easily purchased by those who like it, at a price only about double its cost in money if you use besides your own time, labor and rags. This is not the best way for Mrs. A. who has no available means to earn money; but it is best for Mrs. B. whose large farm supplies carpets as easily as reapers and mowing-machines; or Mrs. C. who likes writing stories for 'The Blazing Sun,' or essays for 'The World's Friend' much better than sewing rags; or Mrs. D. who with her crowd of little ones has time only for their care, and whose manly husband is willing to work for her and them."

"What had I better do with my cast-off clothing then, it is quite too good for moths to eat? Then my father, mother, and the boys;—our closets are loaded, as also is the garret."

"The 'Dorcas Society' will dispose of all that are still fit for use, or can be made so. Or you can be your own Dorcas! 'The poor ye have always with you!' Mrs. A. for instance, although she would not think of asking or accepting charity, would not hesitate to receive a basket of carpet-rags from a neighbor. You need not consider a good garment wasted by being thrown in, if you have no longer use for it. If it is capable of being made over by turning wrong side out, or upside down, washing, dyeing, or repairing, it will be done. If a piece is good for quilts or linings, or trimming, it will be saved for that purpose; if a dress lining is still strong, it will be washed, reserved for a new dress, and by her skill made to fit, if not the right size. She will make garment for her little boys out of those discarded by your father and brothers, reserving the best pieces for repairing them, and still have much left for carpet and mats.

Meanwhile, as your father can afford to furnish you with the best teachers, and wishes you to be proficient in music, while your own talent for painting urges you forward in that direction, and your studies are already confining you too much to a sedentary life, a rag carpet in your case would be the height of folly."

"Oh! not the height, the depth, you meant to say," and the young girl ran laughing away. Whether she were pleased with my advice or not, is shown by the fact that she soon afterward called upon Mrs. A. and after a little friendly chat, alluding to a mat in process of construction, remarked that she had so much material if only she had time to use it and asked, would Mrs. A. accept it, and use it before it was destroyed by moths? To which Mrs. A. gladly consented, for she had too much common sense to mistake genuine kindness for an affectation of benevolence.

Now, dear sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD, do not mistake my meaning! When I sermonized upon washing Monday, be it hot or be it cold; be it storm or be it shine; and disturbing even the quietude of the holy Sabbath evening with the creaking pump and the rattling tubs; many thought I entirely disapproved of Monday washings. What I constantly urge is this. All this round of housekeeping work is done for the comfort of our families, don't let it interfere with their comfort in other directions, and remember that you are yourself a member of the family! Some women never think of this, but seem to consider the family upon one side, requiring certain labors performed; and themselves upon the other, straining every nerve and overworking every muscle, in an oftentimes vain attempt to meet those requirements.

You are yourself the most important member of your own family, if you are the mother! Rise early if you choose, but have plenty of quiet sleep at any price! Wash Monday if convenient, but don't turn your kitchen into a Babel, nor expose to severe weather either yourself or some sister woman, for the sake of an arbitrary rule always to do a certain piece of work upon a certain day, and have it through at one precise hour. Make as many rag carpets as you choose, but don't consider it a solemn duty to do so, if opportunity is not given from other duties; if you have any better work before you; and particularly, if your strength is given to that noblest of all work—maternity!

This article has grown very lengthy and I fear prosy, or I would tell you of a rag carpet I once saw that was very precious to its owner, and very nearly sacred in my eyes. It was made by a lady who had much time and a limited income, that the room occupied by her aged and invalid mother might be pleasant and comfortable. The dear old lady had herself assisted in preparing the rags, and had been very happy in the employment.

I will just hint my opinion that all carpets are an evil, inasmuch as they absorb impure air, gases and contagious effluvia, and in the attempt to cleanse them cause so much foul dust to be thrown into the air. Indeed it is doubtful if they should ever be used in a sleeping room, where dust and dirt will gather, and pure air is most necessary.

Fortunately, mattings of every kind are cheap and durable, and the coldness in winter is easily obviated by a few rugs of warmer material, which can be removed from the room to be dried and beaten occasionally.

I wish some one would tell us more about the wood carpeting, when it will become an easily obtainable thing, and what is its average price per yard.

Meanwhile this is almost all "I know about" rag carpets.

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

During the later spring and early summer months, one great question with housekeepers, especially in the country away from markets, is: What shall we eat? What can we get for dinner? How is it possible to get up anything for variety, at this most

anseasonable season of the year; and just the time when the appetite needs a little humorizing, even though a person be not particularly dainty at table.

During the winter, the farmer's family have been supplied with fresh pork, beef, chickens, etc., and in addition to these, there has been a variety of vegetables, with fruits for the table, and for cooking, so that a good dinner could easily be gotten up by the skilled housewife, without difficulty.

But now all these are gone, and the material at hand from which to make out the bill of fare is reduced to narrow limits indeed. Thus it is that the housewife, wishing to set an appetizing table, finds herself extremely puzzled what to do.

In many families the pork barrel is the main resort for meat, and this is supplemented, perhaps, by a supply of corned beef, of hams, and dried beef, with salt fish, to make out the catalogue. But few people, in these days, are fond of salt pork, except for an occasional meal, and children never care for it, we think; and yet this is the meat furnished, often day after day, and through the hot summer months, when fat meats are neither wholesome, or relished by any, as regular diet.

Now though salt pork may not be especially desirable, yet, as it is made a necessity with many, a change in one way or another in the method of cooking gives a little more variety than having it, as usually, fried from one meal to another. One way for its better relish is, after the pork has been freshened and nicely fried, to cover it with a batter made of one or two, or more eggs,—according to the size of the family,—the eggs mixed with a spoonful of new milk to each egg, and then thickened slightly with flour. This, when fried to a rich brown, and served hot, disguises the pork, as it were, and adds much to the relish of the meal.

And few persons, I think, are aware of the excellence of broiled pork over fried. For broiling, it needs to be well freshened—it is a good plan to have it freshen for a few hours in cold water before heating—and then turn off the first water, and put on another, letting it come to a boiling point. If it is desirable to save part of the drippings, the meat can be partly fried, and then dipped in flour, and put on the gridiron over coals till nicely browned. After, spread on a little butter, and if you do not have a better dish than any fried pork can be, we are mistaken in our taste.

Fried pork may also be made more agreeable to some to have a cream, or milk gravy made and the fried slices put in it to cook for a moment; though this does not apply to such as is fried to a hard crisp—in fact nothing but scraps as some cook it.

And the same that has been said of pork will also apply to smoked hams,—such of the ham as one does not choose to boil and serve cold.

Dried beef, if sliced very thin, and hot water turned upon it, barely letting it stand for a moment to boil, then

this turned off and milk, butter—and cream if you have it—added gives a good dish and one of which children

are particularly fond. The milk of course, is to be thickened as for any gravy, and eggs are a needed addition, to have this dish at its best.

Corned beef is often spoiled by being very hard salted, and so it is better to let it remain fresh as long as it will keep frozen in winter, so as to avoid longer salting than possible. Though corned beef, with a piece of salt pork, is the sign of a "boiled dinner," yet it need not be confined to this unless one chooses to make it so.

It is oftentimes better relished if boiled without vegetables being put in the same pot, and when it is to be eaten cold, it retains its juices much better to let it stand in the water till cool. When served hot for dinner, a sauce of catchup, or mustard, or other kind adds to its relish, while a dish of mashed potatoes, is often more appetizing than are potatoes cooked with the meat and served whole. For there are some people who can eat the meat with relish, yet cannot partake of vegetables cooked with it, and thus, an occasional change of this kind may be agreeable to all.

Where vegetables of any kind are cooked with the meat, every particle of fat that can be removed, should be taken off before they are put in the water, and where they are of kinds that need considerable boiling, more than one skimming of the pot may be necessary.

We have seen a "boiled dinner" put on the table that looked as though it was cooked in grease, and was so unpalatable as to be scarce eatable at all; besides such dishes must be extremely unhealthful, to say the least.

Thus far we have let our chat run on salt meats, because these are most eaten in country places during the warmer season of the year. Indeed, some farmer's tables scarce see a piece of fresh meat for months, unless a stray fish, or bit of game, comes in the way occasionally.

But why need this be so exclusively the case? Is there no way in which butcher's meat can be provided, at least a share of the time? In New England, (however it may be in the west,) we think there are few farmers but might make arrangement to have fresh meats on their tables every few days, if no oftener, and this would be a happy relief from the accustomed salt fare, of which their families so tire, as to almost lose relish for eating altogether. Few, we imagine, live so far from some little village, or larger place where fresh meat is supplied, but that they could purchase a piece quite often, were they so disposed, while, if the distance is greater, neighbors often send by each other, to make purchases in town, and why could not this be included with the rest? But the truth is, that very many go to town and sell the products of their farm, yet hesitate to spend a little on a more healthful and better diet for their families.

It is not so much because they cannot afford to do so, as because they are not in a habit of it, or perhaps think the cheaper salt fare will do just as well.

But is it cheaper, in the end, to live on so much fat salt meat? Is the farmer's wife, who must work early and late, as strong and as healthy as

she would be if she had more good beef to eat, and thus would relish food, so as to make a hearty dinner, instead of feeling no appetite at all, half of the time, for the constant salt meat diet, which, cook as best she may, becomes often loathsome to her taste, as well as to her sight?

It is not needful always to buy the highest priced meats in the market, and often it is not particularly desirable to do so. There are pieces which may be had for a few cents a pound, and that will also "cook themselves," as one objection urged against the extravagance of butcher's meats is the butter it takes to cook with, after they are gotten, though farmers, if any one, can afford to use butter, we should think. Large pieces, if with some bone in, can be cooked in a pot, say half a day if necessary, with sufficient water to keep from burning, and then will be as tender as needs be, while the juices left will make an excellent gravy, quite as good as we can make with the nicest piece of roast beef.

This, even in hot weather, can be kept for a day or two, and put on the table cold, or can be warmed up, and then, at last, the small bits make a nice chop meat for breakfast, while the bones may be utilized still farther, by making into a soup, which will give relish to your next day's dinner, though it may amount to little towards a family meal.

And then how cheap are regular soup-pieces, which will make a good, wholesome dinner or two! and be a grateful change from the salt meat dinners, which have perhaps been the bill of fare for the whole week. These, any good housewife knows how to make as best suits her own family. For though some general rules are necessary—and these are given in all good cook books—yet, as to details, there are many who choose to "season according to taste." For some prefer onions, others do not; some like turnip, cabbage, potatoes, and other vegetables chopped and cooked in the soup while others do not relish such a dish at all. But most, we think, will like a soup, with perhaps a few potatoes, and the broth seasoned with catchup, and this may be overtopped with nice dumplings, or, if this is not convenient, pieces of stale bread can be used to good advantage here.

The nice soup, given in cook books, are usually made to be eaten merely as "first course," and is made by straining the broth and having all the meat and fat removed. But a good, healthy family dinner can be gotten up of a soup by leaving the meat in the broth, and adding such vegetables, or commodities, as are at hand, or as best suit the tastes and needs of the family. We fear the value of this wholesome, cheap food is underrated among many housewives.

In all this we are by no means dictating, but only giving a few hints. And you, my friend, who are a young housekeeper, can you not, in the beginning, coax John to allow you a share of fresh meat all the season, if you are where it can be obtained? No matter if his father's folks never thought of such a thing, and hence he don't see why you and he should

do differently. Tell him that it will be quite as cheap, in the end, to allow changes in diet, and also just say that you can sell off more of your meat in the fall, instead of salting so large quantities, and that this will pay for an occasional dinner of butcher's meat. Or, it is not impossible that, even now, you could readily dispose of half the contents of your pork barrel, and, as exchange is no robbery, buy your fresh meat yourself.

A TALK WITH PERPLEXITY.

BY GYPSEY TRAINE.

Did you ever know anything Yankee school-ma'ams would not attempt to do? I dare say not, not excepting an effort to eat hominy and milk three times a day, when boarding around, and so you will not be surprised that one of them should come to your assistance. Not that I never did housework; on the contrary, I have done more or less of it all my life.

When I was but twelve years of age, my mother was ill with inflammatory rheumatism, my sister just recovering from the same, and no one was left but myself to do the work. Strong with a mighty ambition, I coaxed my father to let me try it, and, as usual, carried my point. The remainder of the family consisted of a brother and hired man. For two months, I did nearly all the work, besides taking care of my sister. I shall not tell you how I did it, because I cannot tell myself, and, probably, if I could, it would be no benefit to you.

I think my mother always had what is termed, "a knack of turning off work," and with her for my teacher and the observations I have made in the many families, with whose home life I am familiar, I will try to suggest a few helps to you. Now, if I have satisfied you of my competency, let us begin.

In the first place, there should be system, just as much as in the school-room or shop. Of course, a person naturally slow with as much method, will not accomplish as much work in the same time, as a sprightly person, though I cannot conceive of a housekeeper who can always have her house in order at seven o'clock in the morning. You are not troubled with sluggishness, I am sure, as the rapid undoing of your packages bears witness.

Would it have taken much more time to have put your bonnet and shawl on the rack, and taken your purchases to a private room? However, I will not ask questions, but suppose you wish to begin with washing day, which is on Monday, though we prefer Saturday, as then, preparations do not encroach upon the Sabbath.

The night before you intend to wash, put your clothes to soak. Now, there is a right and a wrong way. If you put very dirty clothes in with the rest, in a few weeks they will become gray and dingy, and what housekeeper does not covet fine, white linen. These should be put in a tub by themselves, with plenty of ley soap and warm, soft water, then you have nothing more to do with them, till morning. Generally, one can do twice as

much in an hour, in the morning, as can be accomplished in the same time, in any other part of the day; therefore, be sure to rise early, taking a cup of tea and a bit of bread before you look at your washtub. We will suppose that Henry, or whatever your good man's name is, has already started a fire, and the water is heated. Dip out the cold suds from your tub, fill up with warm water and begin. As soon as a boiler full is washed, put them over the fire, and your potatoes into the oven at the same time, then, if you have a machine, you can finish the rest before it is time to get breakfast, which you will do next. By the time that is eaten, your clothes are boiled enough; take them into the sudsing water and put the rest in to boil. Let those in the tub remain, until your dishes are washed and put away, then, if the others are not boiled sufficiently, you can sweep, dust, or do anything else that is waiting to be done. As soon as you have your tub empty, the others are ready to go in. Next, they all go into the rinsing water, and, by the aid of a wringer, are in a few minutes ready for the lines.

Colored garments, if you have any, can now be washed in the sudsing water (unless very light) and rinsed in the rinsing tub, which may have a hole in the bottom, connected by a pipe with the drain, thus removing the water without lifting. Of course it is stationary. Now you will put things away, using as few steps as possible. If your soap dish belongs in the cellar-way, and your mop hangs there, when you carry your soap away, bring back your mop and save one journey. By wiping carefully the doors that may have become spattered, you will avoid a great cleaning day every few weeks.

In a few minutes your floor is washed and stove blacked, and, as you have planned to have cold beans for dinner, you still have two hours, or more, in which to rest, comb your hair again and change your dress. After dinner your work will depend upon the day.

If you would like, and Mr. Crowell will give me a corner in THE HOUSEHOLD, I will talk next time about baking day. In the meantime keep these rules in view.

Plan your work the day beforehand. Study to make each minute useful.

When you are done with an article, put it back in its place. To this last there are, of course, exceptions, but it should be followed in general.

To-day I have done our washing, written this article, entertained company for three hours, and the sun is still sailing high above the horizon.

One word more, not about work, but your health, which I suppose is good and that you are not easily fatigued, otherwise, do not worry about the model housekeeper, but take your work as easily as possible, not attempting to keep the perfect order that a strong woman may maintain. Many of our noblest women have fallen victims to their efforts to keep pace with their neighbors, who have health and help, while they have neither. The reward is not equal to the sacrifice.

HINTS FOR THE KITCHEN.

Having derived a great deal of benefit from your columns without having contributed much myself, I have thought some suggestions of mine might not come amiss. I have been wanting to write for a long time but an opportunity has not presented itself until now, I think it is a great privilege to have such a medium through which we sisters can converse with one another and thus avoid the clatter there would be if it were possible for us all to meet together. I have commenced my fourth year's subscription for THE HOUSEHOLD and I only regret that I have not received it from the very first of its publication. But aside with preliminary remarks.

I am first going to give my way of keeping a kitchen stove bright. I sand-paper mine always before blacking to take off the grease and stains. I have the stove cold and mix the blacking about as thick as cream and apply with a cloth or brush, and then while wet rub with a dry brush briskly until polished, my stove is as smooth as glass. I polish it once a week, and when it gets spotted during the week, I take a piece of sand paper (No. 1 1-2 is best) and scour them off. In cold weather when I do not want to let my fire down I take off the centre of the stove and carry out of doors and rub the rest with sand paper, and soon as the covers are cold, polish them and the stove looks nice and nearly as well as if blacking had been applied to the whole.

I have a few words to say in regard to washing flannels, I think rubbing soap upon them shrinks them. I make a strong suds for the purpose. A nice way is to pour boiling water upon the flannel when it is new and let it stand a few minutes and then hang out without wringing, it will not injure colored flannels. To wash clouds or similar worsted articles I make a strong suds, wash them and rinse in bluing water, it will take more bluing than for cotton goods, wring evenly so that the article shall not be streaked, then starch in this starch, hang out, and keep stretching it first one way and then another until dry; a good drying day it will not take long to dry; pick the tassels out a thread at a time and it will look nice; sometimes I iron them over.

To the lady who wishes to know how to cleanse grease soaked plates, I will say to her to boil them in ley. I would like to give some recipes, but I have been too lengthy now and shall hardly expect to see all I have written in print. MRS. F. A. J.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

RAILROAD CAKE.—Three cups of flour, two cups of sugar, one cup of milk, three eggs and the yolk of one more, saving the white for frosting, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Bake on white paper and let it cool before frosting.

FROZEN CUSTARD.—Take one quart of milk, five eggs and one-half pound of sugar, boil the milk and pour it over the eggs and sugar, beating it at the same time. Put it on the fire again and stir to prevent it burning; as soon as it thickens take it off and strain through a hair sieve, and when cool add the flavor and it is ready for freezing.

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

LAY FATTE CAKE.—One coffee cup of sugar, four eggs, a piece of butter the size of an egg, one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-fourth teaspoonful of soda, one-third teacup of water or milk, and a heaping coffee cup of flour.

A FRIEND AND NEW SUBSCRIBER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD.—For one short year you have come a welcome visitor to our western home. You are so much a part of us we cannot think of giving you up. The first of the year I sent you a small club, thus obtaining a valuable premium, "Great Industries of the United States." I was agreeably disappointed in the book both as to size and contents; it is well worth three times the number of names required to obtain it. I send you a few recipes.

TAFFY CANDY.—J. C. P., in the February number of THE HOUSEHOLD, asks for a taffy candy recipe. Here is a very good one. One cup of sugar, one-half cup of molasses, one-fourth cup of butter, and a tablespoonful of water. Boil all together until it will snap when dropped in cold water.

If Carrie will keep her silver in old linen or tissue paper, I think she will not be troubled with it turning black.

SMOTHERED CHICKEN.—Here is a Southern method of cooking young chickens: Dress young chickens, wash and let them stand in water half an hour to make them white; put into a baking pan (first cutting them open at the back), sprinkle salt and pepper over them, and put a lump of butter here and there, then cover tightly with another pan the same size, and bake one hour. Baste often with butter. You will obtain a dish pleasing even an epicure.

LEMON PIE.—Grate two large or three small lemons; yolks of four eggs, two cups of sugar, one cup of water, one cup of new milk, and a tablespoonful of corn starch, beat well together. This will make two pies. Beat the whites of four eggs with four tablespoonfuls of white sugar, and spread over the pies when done, then set back in the oven to brown.

J. W.

PASTRY FOR PIES AND TARTS.—Take three cups of sifted flour, one tablespoonful of white sugar, one tablespoonful of salt, one cup of lard, and half a cup of cold water; stir with a spoon and roll out for your pies. This is for three pies, and you can enlarge it as you wish. Do not put your hands to it, nor roll it, only to spread it out thin, if you wish it short and crispy, and not flaky and tough.

Danvers, Mass.

E. P. N.

BLANC MANGE.—Mrs. H. J. H. inquires for a good recipe for making blanc mange. I have one I would like to send her. First place a tin pan over boiling water and pour into this two quarts of sweet milk; I then take one-half teacup of the moss and add to the milk, which must be stirred occasionally to dissolve the moss. In one hour's time the moss will become soft. I then take the milk and strain through a thin cloth strainer into moulds. As the milk cools, it thickens. It is then ready to serve with flavored cream. Try it.

L. S.

ANOTHER.—Mrs. H. J. H. wishes a recipe for blanc mange. Here is my way. Two quarts of milk, a large half cup of Irish moss tied in a lace bag, allowing room to swell; place the milk and moss in a pail and the pail in a kettle of hot water, cook half an hour. Try a little by cooling in a spoon once in a while as some wish it much harder than others. When hard enough to suit turn into a mould and flavor with lemon. Serve cold with cream and sugar. Skimmed milk makes the best blanc mange, so I set it over night and use the cream to eat on the blanc mange.

HEPSY.

CORN BREAD.—Two cups of corn meal, two cups of sour milk, one cup of flour, two eggs, one-half cup of sugar, and one teaspoonful of saleratus. Bake half an hour in a hot oven. It is excellent.

One of your readers asks which oil

is the best for oiling machines. I think olive oil is the best.

A. O. E.

LEMON CUSTARD PIE.—Two cups of sugar, beat with the white of one and the yolks of four eggs, grate the yellow and squeeze the juice of one large lemon. Mix one tablespoonful of flour with two of water, then thin it with another tablespoonful of water, and mix with the rest, add two cups of cold water and a pinch of salt. Beat the whites of three eggs stiff and stir very quickly with the rest, have the crust ready, pour in the custard, and bake half an hour, this makes two good sized pies.

MRS. E. M.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Will some one tell the exact degree of heat an oven should have to bake bread and cake? THE HOUSEHOLD says the oven should be hotter for bread than for cake, and as I am troubled about getting the right heat, will some one please tell how hot the oven should be for cake, and how much hotter for bread? and oblige.

J. R. H.

The inquiry has been made for the best kind of oil to use on sewing machines. I have used kerosene oil on my machine for five years, and I think it the best oil for machinery. It keeps the various parts from gumming, and prevents portions of lint from collecting.

Will some one of the contributors to THE HOUSEHOLD please inform me where I can obtain the stamped rugs? and oblige.

MISS L. S.

Will some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD please send me a list of the hardest and easiest cultivated plants for window garnishing? Also, give a few hints as to the cultivation of the amaryllis bulbs. I have some five years old and they have never blossomed. Also, the tube rose and calla.

A FRIEND AND NEW ENGLANDER.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some sister give a recipe for coloring blue and green on cotton, that will neither fade nor rot the cloth?

N.

MR. CROWELL:—I would like to ask the lady that sent a recipe last winter for making frosting of isinglass (without eggs), if she can give me any more information in regard to it? I tried three different times without success, and she said she always had good luck. I would also like to have some one tell me how to make what is called soft frosting for the top of cake.

MRS. T. F. S.

MR. EDITOR:—If the lady who asks how to clean kid gloves will try this method, I think she will be pleased with the result. Take a cup, fill half full with benzine, then dip the gloves in it, and rub lightly the soiled places; pour out the remainder, fill with clean, and again immerse the glove; then place it on the hand while wet, and rub dry with a piece of clean flannel, and lay in the sun for a few minutes. Please tell us how you succeed.

I. E. T.

MR. CROWELL, —Dear Sir:—Will some one please inform me through your columns, how to restore an old crêpe veil so it will look like new? And oblige a Subscriber.

Mrs. M. L. R.

I should like to ask if anyone can tell me how to make those small lemon and ginger snaps that we buy at the groceries.

S. P.

Will some one inform me through THE HOUSEHOLD, how to cook cracked wheat? And oblige a subscriber.

M. G. W.

MR. CROWELL, —Dear Sir:—A Subscriber wishes to know what makes her kerosene lamps leak. I have been troubled with mine in the same way. In the first place, I get the very best oil, and after they are trimmed in the morning I put them in a cool closet, away from the heat of the stove, turn the wicks beyond the rim of the lamp; not leave them up ready to light, for if you do it sucks up the oil and then the heat makes it run over, and when it is time to light your lamps they are covered with oil.

MRS. STODDER.

MR. CROWELL:—I have been a subscriber to THE HOUSEHOLD for several years, and I feel much interested in it. I have never

written for it, or answered any inquiries, because I knew there were others far more capable than I, who could fill its columns.

In the last number I notice among Questions and Answers this request of Mrs. E. I. S. P. in regard to brown silk. I first rippled mine, waist and all, then placing the pieces near me on the ironing table, I dampened or sponged each piece on the wrong side with weak, gum-arabic water, and ironed it immediately with a warm iron, not hot. Care must be taken not to have it too stiff. It takes very little gum-arabic. Dampen and iron a piece of old silk first to try stiffness.

The following recipe I have never tried. Pare three Irish potatoes, cut into thin slices, and wash them well; pour on them half a pint of boiling water, and let them stand till cold. Strain the water and add an equal quantity of alcohol; sponge the silk on the right side, and when half dry iron the wrong side. You can give these if you wish.

Machines are frequently cleaned with kerosene oil, but care is taken to rub them thoroughly afterward with flannel. If you can procure oil from a responsible machine agent, and you'll not be troubled with sticking oil. I get that sent out by Singer's Manufacturing company, and find it good.

M. N. P.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Although I am not a member, I am a reader of your very valuable paper. A kind friend offered it for me to read this year, and I am sure I shall not be without my name in your family circle another year. To sit down and read what the sisters say is like a good old-fashioned visit. To-day I made a loaf of cake without eggs and I want to thank the one that sent the recipe. It was just what I had been wanting for a long time.

Will "Aunt Leisurely" please tell me how or where she gets her bitter yeast? I have tried faithfully to make yeast as she told her niece Zillah; but I cannot make it come, but can fetch it with my recipe, every time. I think after she tells about the bitter yeast, I'll get some and try again—then if I fail I shall think "Aunt" must be mistaken about the "teacup of salt."

E. L. H. A. of Kansas asks how to clean zinc. I will tell her what is the best thing I have ever found. "Kitchen Crystal Soap," scour with this, then wash off with any other soap.

H. O. W.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I will tell that busy Kansas sister how to clean zinc. Dip a cloth in soft soap and rub it all over the zinc; after letting it remain on a few minutes wash off, and the zinc looks fresh and clean.

Ada, wishes to know the right way to make pumpkin pies with one crust. I suppose we all think our way is the best. A poor pumpkin pie is the poorest of pies, but a good one is fit for you, Mr. Crowell, to eat, and I do not think you would refuse the second piece, even if you were not a Yankee. But the recipe. After stewing and straining through a colander or sieve, add new milk to thin it, and instead of eggs use sweet cream, say the cream from a pan of milk to six pies, and one cup of sugar, but if after tasting I think it needs more sugar, I add it. (There is a great difference in the sweetness of pumpkins.) Season with cinnamon and nutmeg. Do not get it too thick; the cream thickens when cooked, the same as eggs do. Eggs make pumpkin pies hard and flour (which some use) makes them pasty.

Will some one give us a good recipe for making an omelette?

EMMA B. C.

Ulysses, Penn.

MR. CROWELL:—I appreciate your valuable little paper highly, and with your permission, will try to answer a few of the many inquiries made through its columns by our sisters.

Ada asks for a recipe for pumpkin pies. Here is one which will answer for squash or pumpkin. Peel and cut the pumpkin into pieces the size of a finger, removing the inside, and stew in just water enough to cover it, until perfectly dry and tender, then strain through a sieve or colander. Take one cup of the pulp, one cup of good rich milk, and one egg to a pie, (if your cups are just the size of mine it will just fill your pie.) sweeten to taste with either sugar or molasses, season with ginger, nutmeg, cinnamon and a little salt. Bake in a quick oven, till the center rises up, and I am willing to stake my reputation as a cook, that you will have a

pie worth eating, provided you don't eat it too soon, as pumpkin pie is better a few days old, or when the top begins to look shiny.

A. A. F. and Minnie H. want to know how to make crust for tarts. Here is my way which we think excellent, for pies, tarts, etc. Take one pint of flour to a pie, rub into it shortening of butter if you can afford it, if not use good sweet lard, never drippings, enough to make it as short as you like, and a little salt. Mix up with pure cold water just enough so you can make it stick together by pressing between your hands, and roll out to the desired thickness, and bake in a quick oven. Never knead your pie crust, and be sure to bake pies, not dry them.

E. C. S. wishes to know how to make "nice light graham bread." Please tell her to procure "gem pans," if she has not already, which are small round cast iron pans, a dozen in a group, which can be bought for fifty cents a group at your hardware store. First, have your oven hot enough to burn everything else up, and it will be just right for gems. Put your gem pans into the oven to heat, then take one egg, well beaten, to a quart of water, add a little salt, and wheat meal enough to make a moderately thick batter. Grease the pans, which must be hot enough to fry when the grease touches them, and with a spoon drop batter enough in each to fill it even with the top. Bake until done, and if they fail to be as light as a sponge it will be because the oven was not hot enough. Or, if she prefers, mix the wheat meal with one third bolted flour and treat it just as she would white bread. I always failed in having it light with pure, unbolted flour baked this way, but to mix it, it does nicely. We tried Aunt Leisurely's way of making bread and it is excellent; only we kept it too warm one day and it soured.

Please tell "A Southerner" to use pure sperm oil on her machine, and it will not gum. There is a great deal of sperm oil sold as pure which does gum, but a good article will not.

If Mrs. E. J. S. P. will dissolve a little gum arabic in boiling water and after it cools sufficiently to work with, take a sponge, or small rag, and sponge the silk with it until it is thoroughly dampened, then press with a moderately warm iron till dry; it will "look most as good as new." Care should be taken to not make it too stiff or it will crimp again easily.

Will some one please tell me how to renew blue ties and ribbons after they are creased and the ends faded? I manage pink ones by dipping in analine, and pressing dry.

Mrs. P. calls the "butter makers to the front." It will take a long chapter to give all the details in this art, and my article is already much too long. Will give a few suggestions only. Taking it for granted that she has a good breed of cows, nice, fat, sleek, gentle creatures, which they should be; and that she knows they should be fed and milked very regularly, and that the milk should be strained in nice, clean, sweet pans, which should be shallow, the milk not standing more than three or four inches deep, and if she has a good spring house where the water flows winter and summer, keep the milk there the year round, if not do the next best thing with it, which is to keep it cool in summer and warm in winter. Then just as soon as the cream rises, skim it into the cream pot, but do not let the milk stand to sour for it makes the butter oily and taste old. The cream should be stirred every day, and when it begins to taste acid, churn it, and be sure to have it at the right temperature; to be sure of this have a thermometer to gauge it by. If your butter should be soft, leave it in the buttermilk to cool, if not take it into the bowl and salt to taste, as there is no definite rule for this, as people's tastes differ so widely. Work it with the ladle just enough to mix the salt through, no more, or it will be oily. Then set away until it is cold and hard. Now comes the working over of it, upon which much depends. If it is hard and much of it take your hands to it and do not trust to the ladle; for it must be thoroughly broken up and kneaded, and all the buttermilk and brine drained out. A little nice, fine white sugar added now will improve it. When it is thoroughly worked make it into a nice roll, and let your husband judge if it is not good, for men are generally good judges of butter; or any thing else good to eat.

ADA.



DREAMING AND WORKING.

"It is better to sit down dreaming
Of things that would make life sweet,
Than follow a mocking phantom,
And find in the end defeat.
Better to dream forever,
Though dreams are but dreams at best,
Than to wreck a life for a shadow—
Better to dream and rest."

But better than idle dreaming,
Is work for the true and right;
Better than rest in torpor,
Is mettle and nerve, and might.
Better than dull inaction,
And waiting for things to be,
Is hearty and brave endeavor
Till worthy reward you see!

"But what if you work forever,
Till time for the work is done,
And never attain your hoping,
Or find your reward begun?"
He wins who has honest courage
To fight to the battle's close,
For, dying in truest service,
The truest reward he knows!

There may be a time for dreaming—
There's always a time for work!
And that which awaits his doing,
No man of us all should shirk.
For better than dreamful fancies,
Are purposes true and grand,
And best of all noble Manhood
Abides in the willing hand!"

CAUGHT IN A TRAP.

I.

SOME few autumns ago the rector of a little seaside parish sat conning his books in the quiet of his own study.

It was a wild October evening, the wind twirling and rushing up the short drive that lay between the front door of the house and the gate in the shrubbery, which divided the grounds from the high road.

Mr. Fergusson was puzzled over his work, bothered by it, in fact; finally he sought assistance of the inferior order of creation, to wit, his wife, who sat opposite to him, busily knitting children's socks.

"Kate!" he ejaculated, in an injured tone.

"Well, John?"

"These accounts are a frightful nuisance. I wish I had never undertaken such a piece of business; it's no end of work for me, and not half a dozen of the people will thank me for it, after all."

Mr. Fergusson perfectly revelled in all sorts of parish work; but he was a man who delighted in a good, hearty grumble now and then, and his wife understanding such moods well, always found it an excellent plan to treat them homoeopathically.

"Suppose you shut the books up, John, and let us chat for an hour. The people won't be coming up for money before Thursday or Friday, and this is only Monday."

"The people will be coming up for their money, you most procrastinating woman," answered the husband. "Suppose you were to help me now, instead of going on with that eternal knitting; we might manage this between us, and have the gossip you are longing for afterwards. Now, then,

who is Simon Green—the one on the Common? And did he have his money out in April to buy a pig? Now we shall get on perhaps!"

The knitting vanished, and the pair were soon immersed in accounts, Mrs. Fergusson's capital memory supplementing the rector's rather carelessly kept accounts admirably. An hour's work brought them to the end of their labors; and Mr. Fergusson, on going to a large, old-fashioned desk, and drawing therefrom three canvas bags full of gold and silver, had the satisfaction of finding the sum they contained tallied exactly with what was required to pay all the depositors in the club their proper amounts.

"I shall be glad when we get rid of it," he said, as he replaced the bags. "I am so unused to having such sum as £70 in the house that I don't feel quite safe with it. It's to be hoped we shall never be rich, Kate. I've been accustomed to £200 a year so long now that I should feel out of my element with a larger income."

"By-the-bye, was not Sarah to come home to-night?" asked the husband.

"Not till to-morrow. She wanted one more day to see a sailor brother who was coming home. I think, if you don't mind, John, I shall not keep Sarah longer than Christmas. I don't like some of her ways."

"Then my dear, it's your duty to try and improve them. You took the girl out of charity; don't give her up in a hurry."

"I'm not in a hurry, indeed. It is quite two months since I found her reading a letter of mine, which I left open on the table; and that's not a pleasant habit for a servant to have, is it? I talked to her kindly, but I believe she does the same sort of thing still, when she has the chance."

"Then don't give her the chance, Kate. You never find me leaving my letters about," ("Oh, John!"); "or, if I do, they are such as are not of the least consequence."

"I did not know so well when I engaged Sarah what a bad character her family bore; one brother has been in prison twice."

"All the more reason for keeping the girl safe from evil influence. You shouldn't be too hasty, Kate; you are a dear, little soul, but, like all women, you judge too impulsively, and—Who's that, I wonder?"

A heavy step passed the window, followed by a ring at the door bell. Mrs. Fergusson opened the study door, as Jane, their steady elder servant, passed down the stairs, candle in hand.

"I wonder if that's Sarah, come home to-night, instead of to-morrow?" said her mistress.

"Lawk, no ma'am, not likely," an-

sawed Jane; "but we'll soon see who it is;" and pulling away the chain from the door, she opened it, disclosing a man's figure without. He was dripping wet, and had to hold his hat on with one hand, or the wind would have carried it far away; the other hand he extended with a large, damp, yellow envelope therein.

"A telegraph!" cried Jane, taking the missive from him and passing it on to her mistress, who in turn carried

it to her husband, and watched his face anxiously, as he opened and read it. A grave, perplexed look came over his features, as he handed it back.

The message was from his brother at Fordham, a place forty miles distant, and ran thus:

"Come immediately—a third, bad fit—my father anxiously expects you."

"No help for it, Kate," said Mr. Fergusson, answering his wife's appealing look. "So much may depend upon my seeing him once more that I dare not choose but to go. How am I to get to the station, though, in time for the ten o'clock mail, I wonder? It's nearly nine now, and five miles on such a night as this would take me more than an hour to walk."

"Walk you cannot, John," answered his wife. "I know," she added quickly, "the man who brought this message, must go back past Mr. Holland's; I will write a note asking him to send Arnold and their dog-cart up for you. Anything is better than walking. I know he will do it for you."

Mrs. Fergusson wrote her note hurriedly, while her husband spoke to the telegraph official, who promised to go to Mr. Holland's at once.

When he was gone, Jane stood looking blankly from master to mistress, and then she said dolefully, "And please, sir, what's to become of us."

"Become of you! Why, will you not stop and take care of the house, to be sure," said her master, rather shortly. Then, closing the study door upon himself and his wife, he added, "But I don't half like leaving you at such a time, and with only one servant. How awkwardly things happen sometimes!"

He was so heartily concerned, so evidently uneasy, that, as a matter of course, his wife cheered him up by assuming a bright courage that she was far from feeling. She lighted a candle and held out her hand. He understood the gesture.

"God bless them!" he said, and followed her up stairs to where their children slept, to give their little sleeping faces a farewell kiss.

As he stood by their bed he heard the horse coming up to the door—the half hour had passed too quickly; but another thought struck him at the last moment.

"Don't leave that money down stairs all night, Kate; put it in my dressing-room; or, stay, put it yonder—and he pointed to a door partly overhung with a curtain—"that's the safest room in the house. Good-bye, my darling; I will telegraph in the morning, in time for the postman to bring the message. If I'm not back to-morrow, get Allen and his wife to sleep in the house. God bless you, good-bye!"

Another moment and he was gone, and Jane and her mistress looked two very lonely and deserted females, indeed, as they stood peering out into the darkness, listening to the wheels.

"Come, Jane this will never do," said her mistress at last, wiping some rain-drops and drops of another nature from her face. "Let us see that all the doors and windows are fast. Get your supper and come and tell me when you are ready for bed."

Then she herself re-entered the study and sat down to collect her thoughts somewhat, after the hurry and turmoil of the last half-hour.

This illness of her father-in-law? would he relent at the last, and let her husband share his property with his other children? Differences arising out of John Fergusson's marriage with a dowerless woman, fermented by petty family jealousies, strengthened by the independent attitude the young man had assumed—such difference had been, after all, the heaviest grief to Mrs. Fergusson's married life. And now she wondered and pondered on them, till the clock on the chimney-piece struck the hour of ten, and startled her out of her meditations.

"This the night," she thought, "for winding that time-piece up," and she sought among the ornaments for the key. In her search she found something she had not expected—this letter, not in an envelope, slipped behind the time-piece, most likely, as soon as read:

"Dear Sir,—The sum you name in your letter of the 6th, that is £70, will be remitted to you in the form you request, on Monday, the 10th inst. The receipt of Mr. Holland will be quite sufficient. We beg to remain, yours obediently,

WILLIAM AND FRED'K MATHERS.
Managers of the Fordham Savings Bank."

"Oh, John, you careless man!" murmured his wife; "and you say you never leave anything about! This is the 10th, so that's been lying there three days, I suppose. I'm very glad Sarah has been out most of the time!"

"If you please, 'm, I'm going up stairs now, as soon as I've cleared these things away," said Jane, entering with a respectfully aggrieved air, "and glad I shall be to get to bed; for what with the night being so rough, and master his goin' off so sudden, I feel all queer like, and as if I had the cold shivers runnin' down the spine of my back."

When the servant left the room, Mrs. Fergusson remembered her husband's injunction, took the bags of money from the desk, and carried them to the room he had desired, there locking them securely in a small closet or safe.

This done, she went and stole her youngest born, Ruth, from her little cot and carried her off to her own bed. A lingering goodnight over her darling Rosie, the six-year-old daughter, whose sweet, tender, young face looked wonderfully like her mother's, and soon Kate Fergusson was sleeping by her child, with her husband's likeness under her pillow, and a prayer for his quick return filling even her sleeping thoughts.

II.

It seemed to the mistress of the house that she had slept so long that morning must be near, when she awoke with an inexplicable feeling of fright—a feeling of something, or some one, near her.

"What is it?" she cried, starting up in the bed, and instinctively catching the sleeping child in her arms. No answer.

Only a distinct sound of breathing,

and then a movement like a hand feeling along the wall—towards her.

She began to tremble violently; nothing but the presence of the child on her panting bosom, saved her from fainting.

"Who is it?" she cried, her voice so shaking and hollow that it awakened Ruth, who clung to her, sleepy and scared.

This time she had answer.

"We will do you no harm," a voice spoke out of the darkness, "if you give up that money you've got;" and then, before Mrs. Fergusson could master courage and breath to speak, another voice, out of the room apparently, added in a rough undertone, "And tell her to look sharp about it, too!"

"Two of them! O God, help me!" she whispered to herself, and Ruth began to break into screams and sobs.

"Keep that brat quiet," angrily muttered the voice on the landing, "and don't keep us here all night."

Now, surely, if ever a woman was in a miserable plight, Mrs. Fergusson was that woman. Not a house nearer than the Hollands', a full quarter of a mile off; no soul near to help her, for Jane, who worked hard by day, slept hard by night, and slept moreover in a queer, little room at the very top of the house; all alone—worse than alone, utterly helpless, and a woman who confessed to the usual feminine share of cowardice.

Still, she drew her breath, and there flashed from her heart a cry for help; and then, for a few brief moments, she thought—thought with all her mind and soul—Was there any way for her out of this?

And her reason told her there was none.

"Come," said the voice in her own room, "I'm a good-tempered chap enough, but my mate's in a hurry; don't provoke him. Look alive, and tell us where to find the swag—money!"

She groaned and shook, and all her limbs turned cold as the voice grew nearer and nearer; and at the last words a heavy hand was laid upon the bed. Then, further to torment her came the thought that once this money were gone there would be none to meet the people with—the people who had saved it week by week, day by day, all the past year! Heavy drops ran down her shaking form; her hands turned numb and her lips clammy and cold, while the beating of her heart was like the quick tolling of a bell—louder, louder—till it deafened her.

"I'll find a way to make her speak," growled the second voice; "here's another kid in this room." Then in one instant a thin streak of light shot across the landing, and the next—

"Mother, mother, mother!" shrieked Rosie's voice; and at that sound Ruth redoubled her cries, and the unhappy mother sprang up, clasping one child, mad to protect the other.

"Silence, you fool!" said the man by her, speaking harshly for the first time. "You'll drive that fellow yonder to do the child a mischief if you won't do as I tell you. Keep down, won't you?" For she was struggling wildly to pass him, to get across the room to Rosie—Rosie, whose cries were sounding strangely stifled.

"Look here, if you don't give up this

game, by the Lord, he'll knock you on the head, if I don't." And clasping one wrist like a vice, the man held her fast, while with the other hand he turned on the light from a small lantern hung at his side. She lifted her eyes slowly, as fearing whom she might see; but there was little enough visible of the burglar's face—a wide hat, a thick reddish beard, and a loose, rough gray coat, were all she saw.

"Hush, hush," she murmured to Ruth. "Mother will send them away; don't look at him." And she turned the baby's face towards herself; then raising her trembling voice, "Rosie, my darling, your mother is coming!" But Rosie did not answer her, "O, my God!" she panted, and looked up wildly.

"Mate," said her captor, loud enough for the other man to hear, "take your hand off that child's mouth if you aren't in a hurry to be strung up." The strange muffled sounds upon this broke out again into the old cry. "Oh, mother, mother!"

"Now," said the man, "one good turn deserves another. You're plucky enough for a woman, but I can't waste all the night talking to you;" and then he gave her a look that made her shiver from head to foot anew. "Bungle those two brats of yours into one bed, and come and get us what we want."

She seemed powerless now, and her very soul fainted within her as she crept after the tall, dark figure over the landing into Rosie's room.

"Oh, my child!" cried the poor woman, and essayed to run to the little bed where lay the small figure, pinioned down by the heavy grasp of a taller, darker man than her own captor.

"Hands off, missus," growled the jailor. "Hands off, now! Just put that other one in here along of this one, and I'll take and turn the key on 'em both, while you take us yonder to what we're lookin' after."

No choice again but to obey: two passionate kisses and a low "God keep you!" and between the two men she was marched from the room, followed by the children's pitiful cries, their wild, frightened sobs.

She led them down the first short flight of stairs to the door which, as we have already said, was partly overhung with a curtain. This door opened into a room which had been used by Mr. Fergusson's predecessor as an oratory. The rectory had been built in the time of the late rector, and built consequently very much to suit his taste and fancies.

One more peculiarity of the room to note; the doors—for there were two—fastened with a spring on being pushed to, and could only be re-opened by a hand accustomed to the task, and they also were furnished with heavy bolts on the outside; one door

opened on the landing, the other, a smaller one, in one side of the recess at the further end, led into a bedroom which had been Mr. Fergusson's predecessor's, and whence he could go in and out of his favorite oratory at any hour of the day or night, as it pleased him.

Here, as the kitchen clock below struck the hour three, stood the strange trio—the muffled, disguised

men, the trembling, white-faced woman.

But one of them carried a light, the other had left his lantern outside.

"Now," said the darker of the men, "here's the room, you say; we can finish this business pretty quick."

The small safe, let into the wall, was directly before them; below it four drawers reached down to the door; in the lowest of these, at the back of it, Mrs. Fergusson had laid the key.

She pointed silently to the drawer, which they at once dragged out, with too much strength, for they jerked it quite out on the floor. One of them suddenly turned particular about making a noise, and bade their unwilling helper shut the door. As she felt the spring catch securely beneath her hand, there suddenly flashed upon her a thought—a hope—a way of escape for herself, a way of yet saving that fatal money.

From the look the men had cast around the room Mrs. Fergusson was sure they knew nothing of their whereabouts.

"Shut that door," the man had said, and never so much as cast a look towards where was the other door, completely concealed in the shadow of the recess.

Every pulse beating wildly, she glanced furtively across the room; through the tall, narrow, church-like window yonder she could see the moon struggling through thick clouds, and she could see—her sight quickened by the peril of the moment—she could see a faint thread of light on one side, which told her that the farther door stood unlatched.

"Oh, Heaven help me, and give me time!" she prayed; but her hand shook so that it could scarcely obey her swift thought. Another moment, and she took in her exact position; the men stooping over the keys, the lamp on the floor; and the next she had flung her shawl over the lamp, darted across the floor out into the room beyond, and flung to the door with force.

Yet more to be done. She drew the bolts with frenzied speed, above, below—that way was safe: then, with the passionate strength of the moment, she sped through the room, out on the landing to the curtained door, and made that fast from without, while the furious captives beat at it from within; and then—ah then, poor thing, her fortitude forsook her, and a thousand fears she had not counted on most cruelly beset her. She slid down a few stairs, clinging to the rail; then, losing her hold, fell heavily on the stone floor of the hall below.

Mr. Fergusson had reached his nearest station in safety, had sent back the wraps his careful wife had guarded him with, and started by the ten o'clock train to Fordham.

The rain beat on the windows as the train flew along in the darkness, and presently a prolonged whistle told him that they were approaching a certain junction where he would have to wait some ten minutes or so.

Two or three lamps on the platform by which they drew up, showed some few passengers and a couple of sleepy porters. Another train had just come in from an opposite direction from

Fordham, now only fifteen miles distant, and some of its passengers had alighted and were making their way past the line of carriages.

Looking out upon his fellow-travelers without much curiosity or interest, Mr. Fergusson caught sight of a face which he had little expected to see. Shouting to a porter to open the door of his compartment, he sprang out and grasped the arm of a man very much like himself—in fact his own elder brother.

"George," he exclaimed, "were you going for me? Is my father worse?"

"What on earth do you mean, and wherever did you spring from?" was the answer he got, accompanied by a look of profound amazement.

"Oh, George," he said, with a gasp, "did you not telegraph to me this evening that my father had another fit?"

"Most certainly I did not."

"Oh, my wife, my wife!" said the clergyman; and then he staggered up to a heap of luggage and sat down and hid his face in his hands. His brother saw the matter was serious, so he let his own train pass on without resuming his journey, and was soon in possession of all the explanation John Fergusson could give.

"Porter," he asked, "what time does the night-mail go through to Wheelborough?"

"1.25, sir," answered the man; "reach Wheelborough 2.15."

The distance was five-and-twenty miles; the present time a quarter, or, by the time the explanation was ended, half-past eleven.

"No help for it, John, we must wait for the down-train; we couldn't pick up a horse, nor yet a pair, that would be ready to start this time of night and get us to Wheelborough before a quarter-past two. Come, old fellow, cheer up; it's no use taking for granted everything you dread!"

But George Fergusson thought in his own mind that matters looked black enough to justify any amount of fears, and had hard work to find hopeful talk for the next two hours. He tried family matters—anything to pass away the time—in vain; his brother's mind was filled with overwhelming anxiety, his eyes peering up the line to catch the first glimpse of the approaching train.

At last the shrill whistle, the glaring lights, creeping nearer and nearer, the minute's stoppage, and then off again homewards—homewards!—and he began to dread the moment he longed for.

At Wheelborough the two brothers struck out at once from the station on their five-mile walk; and, as they left the further out-skirts of the town, the church clock chimed half-past two o'clock.

George Fergusson could barely keep up with his brother's rapid stride, and thought him half crazy with excitement when he saw him lightly leap a ditch and start running across a broken piece of earth.

"George," cried the clergyman, pointing to his own house, not a stone's throw distant, "look at that light!" And through the long, narrow window of the oratory a light shone

plainly. "Good God, if we are too late!"

The brothers scarcely knew how they covered the short remaining distance. A blow at the hall window, and their united force at the shutters within, and they made good their entrance to see—Kate Fergusson lying senseless on the floor; to hear the wailing and crying of children overhead, and a strange sound of low voices whispering and hands cutting away at woodwork.

Late indeed they were, but not too late. An out-door bell, set clanging, soon called ready help from the village, while Jane, already roused by the sounds, but too frightened to venture from her room alone, busied herself over her unconscious mistress.

The captives in the oratory fought like cats, and one of them gave George Fergusson a bite in the arm, the mark of which he will carry as long as he lives—that was "Rough Dick." "Gentleman Jim" turned sullen, and submitted to the force of numbers at the last with a better grace.

When on their trial, two months later, "Gentleman Jim" paid Mrs. Fergusson several compliments, and politely assured the judge before whom they were tried, that he esteemed it no disgrace to have been "trapped by such a brick of a woman!"

The gang to which the two thieves belonged had received all their information from Sarah's brother, who was a sort of hanger-on to their brotherhood, and to whom had been intrusted the sending of the lying telegram which had so comfortably disposed of the master.

"All's well," they say, "that ends well;" and our tale is no exception to the proverb. It was rather a long getting well, though, in the case of Mrs. Fergusson; still she was her own brave-hearted self again by Christmas time; and—take note of this, all wives—never did she show her husband the letter she found; never did she tell him or any one else, that his one bit of carelessness had supplied the "correct time" to the intruders.

And, for a piece of happiness to end with, though Mr. Fergusson the Elder did not have a fit and die, he did have a fit of another kind—of repentance for his prejudice against his daughter-in-law; so he made reparation by a very handsome increase to their income. And as for the rector, after the wild joy of having his wife safe again, he declares his "courting days" have all returned.

PAPERS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Number Eighteen.

MARRYING A FARMER.

"The idea of Edith Whitten, with all her learnin', and piano playin', and other accomplishments, a goin' and marryin' a farmer, is just ridiculous," said Mrs. Cassidy, with an emphasis, not to be mistaken. "If I'd ha' been her, an' was goin' to marry Nicholas Henderson, I wouldn't ha' spent so much of my money in goin' to school, but saved it to furnish my house with, for what good will her education do her now, I'd like to know?"

I smiled at this characteristic speech of good, home-spun Mrs. Cassidy, then asked why Edith's education could not serve her as good a purpose, as a farmer's wife, as though she had married a judge, or parson, or even the president, if that would suit better.

"Well, as for that matter, such men expect more of their wives I suppose than farmers do, though its my opinion, that a common edication is good enough for any girl, and they better spend their time in learning something of more use to them. Of course, if they expect to teach for a livin' their learnin' may come handy, though mos any one knows enough to keep district school, and Edith did before spendin' that two years at the finishin' Seminary she went to," concluded Mrs. Cassidy.

"But think," said I, "how fond Edith is of books, and how she craved a liberal education, and now that she has had so good opportunities, she will continue to add to them, and what a source of pure enjoyment it will be to her through life. How much more capable, too, of exerting a beneficial influence in her family, among her neighbors, and in the little world she may call her own, wherever she may be. And Nicholas Henderson, I can assure you, values these qualities in her, and if he is less cultured, she will only help him, by her influence, to rise higher in the plane of life. And how much better fitted too for intelligent and useful motherhood, than are a large share of the women to whom such a trust and responsibility is given."

"Well," said Mrs. Cassidy, "it's no use of talkin' or arguin' with you, and all this may have a fine sound, but come to the useful and practical part of life, and to real hard work, and then see where the extra learnin' will help her. It won't help her make any better bread an' butter, or make her dishes wash themselves, and she'll find it all the harder to come to work, than if she wasn't a hankerin' after books."

"I'm not sure of that," I replied. "If her culture does not help her in her homely toils—though I believe it will—it will at least be a source of pleasure to her while engaged in them, and that takes away half the drudgery of manual labor. She will wash dishes much easier if the thought of some pleasant thing she has read keeps her company, or if her own thoughts are weaving themselves into something above mere work and practical duties."

"Well, its no use to say any more," said Mrs. Cassidy, "only you see if she is a better farmer's wife, with all the culture you talk about, than if she had not half as much, and its my opinion that she will be sorry she's wasted her money, instead of savin' it for housekeepin' things."

"If she is a better wife, then she will be a better farmer's wife," replied I, and there the subject dropped, as we were interrupted at this point. Perhaps it was as well, for I found it hard rowing against the stream, and my own notions were of little account with this unlettered, yet good-hearted neighbor.

But the subject did not, by any means, drop from my own mind, and thinking upon it, has inclined me to write out some farther thoughts on

this same oft-discussed and important topic.

And here, I assume, that if there is any place where a liberal education and a cultivated literary taste is beneficial to woman, as woman, it is quite as much so in the rural districts, and as a farmer's wife, as in the busy town, or any position in life. To be sure, the lack of this may be less sensibly felt, and less apparent to others, but for all that, the thing, itself, is as important in the one place as the other.

And indeed, in the country where there is less social diversion, and where life assumes a work-day sameness, and yet where there are times for mental recreation, if one is disposed to secure it, it seems to me that scholarly tastes must be more than usually appreciated, and a mine of wealth to the possessor. For what a comfort amid the homely toils, of much of woman's home life, is the mind educated to have resources of its own, with a taste that can gain something, above itself, from every surrounding circumstance, especially in the domains of natural beauties around.

And the educated mind keeps on its study and leaning, and this is the very zest of life itself. It is where the mind is trained to think for itself that new fields are constantly opening for enjoyment, and life is a living, growing thing, not a mere frivolity, on the one hand, or drudgery on the other.

What food for the day may be gained by the reading of a single page from some good author, and the carrying out of a thought, or the weaving of a fancy into something of beauty amidst our toilsome labor. But it is the educated mind alone that can make itself at home on these subjects, and bring all things, as servants, to minister to the mind's and soul's growth and cheer. It is, I think, the lack of this educated faculty to seize on common things and make the most of them, and to appreciate the best of literature, that makes so many women in the country feel isolated, and as little better than working machines at the best. This would be a pleasant lubricating oil, and not only the working machine move more smoothly, but there would be less wear of the system, and something pleasant intermingled with it, to relieve the monotony and tedium of the toil.

All this, says some doubtful reader, is mere sentimentalism, and will not apply to our real toilsome life. It may be sentimentalism to some, but to others it is the clearest of truth. They have practiced it.

But says another, love, the training of the affections, with the knowledge that our toil is duty and of benefit to others, is the true stimulus to life. Yes, indeed, this is so. But is this the whole duty of woman to herself or to others? For what are these mental faculties given, except that we are to improve and make the best of them?

To go back to my friend Edith. If she is a better wife, and attains a more fully developed womanhood, for her educational tastes and advantages, then she will make a better farmer's wife, than otherwise she would do.

And why not a farmer have the benefit of such advantages as well as any other class of mankind?

It is a mistake for any one to think that farmers are all boors, and incapable of appreciating the finer qualities of cultivated womankind. There are those that are, and so are they in all the walks of life. But Nicholas Henderson is not one of them. He may lack the polish of a "society man," but he has good natural abilities, is intelligent, and withal, has no inconsiderable knowledge of the world. And in their home life, think you not that added charms, such as Edith can bring to his fireside, will brighten and beautify it, and help also to elevate her husband in his chosen position and station?

It is said that there are, by far, more cultivated and refined persons among young women, than among the men of to-day. But, be that as it may, does not this finer culture help to refine man, and make his home and social surroundings far superior to what an illiterate woman can attain to.

And in country homes, if anywhere, is there needed cultivated women for mothers and for elevators in society. Here there are far less advantages for young people than in towns and cities, and here the mother often needs to act to a great extent, as stimulus, guide, and teacher to the young minds thrown upon her care. Here, in absence of more exciting pastimes, is there room for the true mother, if she be fitted for the task, to let her ingenuity devise means of recreation, and her own ready information help the growing boys and girls in their efforts to something better than a mere mediocre life.

How pleasant the picture of a country mother, who tells us how she plans for the education and best good of her children. How, while she is busy with her needle, she can delight them by telling them stories from history which she has treasured in her memory, and to which, in stolen moments, she is constantly adding more. Then, in their questions, instead of not knowing, or caring, to be able to satisfy their inquiries, as many mothers do not, she helps them to study upon it themselves, to think for themselves, at the same time encouraging and assisting their endeavors in such a way as she deems best. She tells us how the girls cut work and learn to sew while the evening conversation is going on, and how she herself joins in their games and helps to make their quiet seclusion anything but dull or monotonous, as so many firesides are.

For where there is any degree of scholarly enthusiasm, and that shared together in a family, there is always something new each day to look forward to—something fresh to acquire, and to be interested in.

Then too, this educated literary taste can help the young people in their selection of reading, and, without eschewing the good in fiction and current works of the day, can yet so direct the young mind that, of itself, it will soon be able to learn the difference between worth and trash; between literature, as such, and mere works of little or no value, even if of the harmless kind.

And then in the realm of nature, that which surrounds one in the country, how many lessons may the intelligent mother draw from these, though

in so pleasing a manner that it will seem pastime, rather than lessons, to the questioning child, and give them the faculty also to discern much, they otherwise might not, for themselves. The mind of a child is not a vacuum, but it is a hungry thing, longing to be interested in something; and if it is not something of value it will be quite likely to take to feeding itself with chaff, or else to divert its hunger by unhealthy stimulus of other kinds.

Think of the men and women—mere clods and dullards to what they might be—who, had they been blessed with better educated, intelligent mothers, might have far more elevated themselves, and, in turn, those around them. And if this is particularly applicable to rustic life, it is because there is less outside stimulus, and the need of all the more in the home circle.

One of the most intelligent country ladies that it has been my good fortune to meet, and who, though on a farm, and overcrowded with various duties, takes the most intense interest in the education of her children, told me that, in her own father's family, the children owed little to him, by way of mental stimulus, but everything to their mother. "Why," said she, "there was scarce a subject upon which a child might direct inquiry but my mother was at home upon it, or soon made herself so. And this, though there was a large family to care for, only limited means to do with, and in the quiet of farm life."

But this early training never was forgotten, while the mother was looked upon by her children as above most mothers in that which secured their highest esteem, yet not a whit behind any in the tenderer, more womanly duties of her family.

No, good Mrs. Cassidy, Edith, with what you call her fine "learnin'" has not thrown away her advantages by marrying a farmer, and though it is possible she may find less cultivated society there than she would like, yet it is hers to give, not only to her own family, but to the pleasure and elevation of those around her.

SPLEENY SICK FOLKS.

BY JENNIE E. JAMESON.

"Well!" This word was not spoken in a pleasant, charitable manner, but in a sharp, decisive way, which showed at once that the speaker's mind was made up, upon some question, and was not to be altered. "Well, I believe there's nothing in this living world ails that woman! She might work just as well as the rest of us, if she only thought so; She's spleeny, that's the trouble, and the whole trouble!"

Having delivered this speech, Miss Susan Parks screwed up her thin lips in a determined manner, and plied her needle with renewed vigor. Miss Parks was attending a meeting of the "Ladies' Benevolent Society" in the pleasant village of Granville. A company of twelve ladies were assembled in Mrs. Rand's parlor. Five were seated at each of the round tables, and two were engaged in cutting and basting garments for the poor people of Granville, and of distant lands; for occasionally a "missionary box" was

sent to the Rev. Mr. Edwards, formerly pastor of the first church of Granville, but now laboring among the heathen. Surely, a benevolent, a charitable institution, was this ladies' Society. Would that the words from the lips of the members of such societies, were as charitable as the works of their hands.

Mrs. Johnston was sitting near Miss Parks; and after that lady had expressed her opinion upon the subject under discussion, she said, "Yes, Miss Parks, I agree with you in thinking that Mrs. Brown is spleeny. There she has lain, let-me-see, its nigh on to three years, and its my opinion that nothing ails her, only she don't want to work."

"Yes," chimed in Miss Parks, "and there's poor Mr. Brown, having to hire help all the time, and then have things go at sixes and sevens! Well, he no need to have married that girl, in the first place, I always thought she never'd amount to much, he might have married somebody who had some ambition to start with!"

A few ladies who heard this remark, smiled significantly; for it had been reported that Miss Parks would gladly have changed her name to Mrs. Brown. Mrs. Gray, the pastor's wife, had been listening with a sober face, to the remarks of Miss Parks, and Mrs. Johnston. She now said:

"Ladies, is it not possible that you may be mistaken? I called upon Mrs. Brown, a few days since, and I cannot believe that one in her place would refuse to be up, and at work, if it were possible for them to be. Her little boy, a bright, handsome little fellow, came and pulled her hand. 'Pe'se mamma, take Willie up, I's so ti'ed.' The tears stood in her eyes when she answered him, 'No Willie, mamma can't take you, but perhaps sometime she will get well, and strong, then we will have a good long rock!' then she said to me, 'No one knows how hard it is, for me to lie here, when I do so long to be at work; but we all have something to be thankful for, my husband and children are very good to me, and I do not suffer as much as some do.' No ladies, I do not think it is her choice to lie there, shut up in that little room; and instead of condemning her, we ought to learn from her a lesson of patience; she is a great sufferer."

"O yes," sneered Miss Parks, "It's all very well for such folks to talk, I should think she might ache, lying there so long. I believe she thinks it's fun to be waited on, from morning till night, and not lift her finger to do a chore, and there's Mrs. Rowell, and Mrs. Peck, just about the same sort; ailing all the time, no more spunk than sick kittens! I havn't any charity for such folks!"

"Nor I either," said Mrs. Jones, "I have my aches and pains as well as the rest, but I never could afford to lie still and be waited on. There now!" she continued, looking out of the window, "There's Emma Nye, traipsing off somewhere, she's another one that's sick all the time, can't do anything but set in an easy chair and make tattin' or some such foolish trumpery; guess if she can do that, she can do housework; but she's b'en off down country, and got sich fool-

ish, stuck up notions, that she thinks she can't sile her pretty fingers with work."

"That's so!" said her next neighbor, "But I reckon if she was my girl, she'd have to do something. When I was a girl, I had to work!"

"People don't do now as they did in our day," said an old lady,—"though folks do say that Emma Nye was quite a worker till her health failed, but I don't know, I havn't much faith in her, seems to be good sort of a girl enough, but I guess she's sort a lazy, like to be aristocratic. As fur Miss Brown, I guess she's sort o' spleeny, believe if I was in her place, I'd stir 'round and work some."

"I do not think we can always judge by appearance," said Mrs. Gray. "I have seen the time when I could sit in an easy chair and do light work, when it would have been impossible for me to do the housework even for a small family. I think these people who have to lie still, have the hardest time of it, after all; let us not judge them too harshly."

We will leave this cosy parlor at Mrs. Rand's, where, among the members of this charitable (?) society, whom we have noticed, only one seemed to have the charity which

"thinketh no evil," and look into the home of Mrs. Brown. It is situated two miles from the village of Granville, and is "beautiful for situation." The house is surrounded by beautiful trees; green fields stretch out before it, through which winds a river; and far away are the lovely green mountains which encircle the valley. The scene is pleasant, but within the house lies one who has not looked upon it for more than two years; has hardly stepped outside the four square walls of her little room, during that time. Every room in the house speaks the loss of a guiding hand. Cobwebs hang in the corners; the floors and windows are dingy, the stoves unblacked. In one room stands a table covered with boxes containing plants, which plainly show the want of care; with bare stalks, and drooping heads, they seem to mourn the absence of the loving hand which once cared for them; but now lies pale and thin, upon the white spread of the bed in the room adjoining.

Day after day Mrs. Brown lies in this little room, and thinks; (when people are sick they find out the weariness of this constant thinking) and longs for health. She had been a hard working girl and woman, until health and strength left her, to learn, in weary weeks of pain, the great lesson of patience and trust. She thought of her husband who was laboring to get rid of that great peace-destroyer—debt—thought what a burden she was to him, and wished she was laid under the sod, in the grave yard upon the hillside; then she would moan. "I must not wish so, if it is God's will that I live, I must not wish to die. O, Father in Heaven! help me to be patient!" She thought of her children, Edgar and Willie, without a mother's care, going day after day with soiled and torn clothing, in place of the neat, pretty suits they used to wear; she seemed to see their great sad eyes looking at her from all parts

of the room, appealing to her for her aid and comfort.

Most of the time the help in the kitchen was very inefficient, it being almost impossible to get steady, capable help. Mrs. Brown often heard the furniture smashing about at an alarming rate, and the sound of breaking crockery, reminded her that her place as housekeeper, was by no means filled. Her appetite was very poor, and no wonder; for her food was often burned, often undone, very seldom inviting. Her physician had forbidden the eating of any bread but graham, and that must be two days old; and, as the help seldom understood the making of good bread, it was black and hard, often mouldy. They were far from a good meat market, and when meat could be procured, it was not well cooked. Mr. Brown, busy with the care of his farm, knew nothing of all this, and his wife would not complain. But notwithstanding all that Mrs. Brown endured; notwithstanding her frequent efforts to "do something" in the shape of work; that her home, before her illness, was the model of neatness; and that she had worked until she was obliged to give up—people called her "spleeny."

This word is used in a sarcastic manner, and seems intended to convey the idea that the persons alluded to, think they are sick when they are not. "Might just as well work, if they only thought so."

Let us go back to the village of Granville, and look at the home of Emma Nye. At this time she was living with her sister, Mrs. Downing, a plump, cheery, woman, whose heart and hands were always busily employed in caring for her husband and three bright, rosy checked boys.

Upon the afternoon in question, she was making a suit for her eldest; her darling Carl, of whom she was justly proud, and finding that she needed some more trimming, Emma offered to procure it for her.

"For you know," she said, "Dr. Holman tells me to walk out in the air, even if it does tire me."

She was returning from the store when the ladies of the Benevolent Society saw her. When she entered her sister's little sitting room, she threw herself upon the sofa, panting for breath.

After a moment, she said:

"O, how I do wish I could do anything without getting so tired, so tired! I wonder if they call me 'spleeny' as they do Mrs. Brown, I don't believe they would if they knew how I long to work. If I hadn't gone into those miserable mills, after mother died, and worked so hard, perhaps I should have been stronger now, I don't know what to do, I'm sure, perhaps they think I am lazy, O, dear!" she ended with a sob.

"There now! Emma, just you don't fret!" said her sister cheerily. "We are going to have you all well, in a little while, and if folks call you lazy—though they've no right too, who know how you used to work—just let 'em talk; and if they say you're 'spleeny,' I wish they had to try it, and be sick a while, see how spunky they'd be! Yes, just let them try it."

And we echo Mrs. Downing's words.

"Let them try it!" People who are sick long, seldom escape being called spleeny. We do not believe that any woman with a heart, would see everything about the house going wrong, and make no effort to work, if they were able to work. We think that the burdens of those who are obliged to spend months, lying in weariness and pain, are heavy enough, without the additional one of being called "spleeny" or "too lazy to work." Let those who indulge in such uncharitable remarks try a sickness of one or two years, with the discouragements endured by Mrs. Brown,—who was not an ideal personage—and we will warrant a sure cure. Let them remember that, though, they "bestow all their goods to feed the poor, and have not charity, it profiteth nothing," and, for the sake of Him who said "judge not, that ye be not judged" refrain from adding to burdens already grievous to be borne.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Number Forty-six.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

I have been somewhat surprised—and I may as well add, a little grieved—at the pretty sharp strictures my reply to "Maud" has called forth. If I have in any way hurt her, or given her undue cause for discouragement I am truly sorry. Mrs. Carney (the "sharp" used above does not refer to her, by the by,) says I have given only the shady side of authorship. I beg her pardon—but is it not rather the *business* side? And it was with regard to that side chiefly, as I understood, that Maud asked "Mrs. Dorr or some one else" to advise her.

Let us look at her letter for a moment. She says, in effect (please don't suppose I am quoting her spicy words) "I am a girl of nineteen, the oldest of eleven children. I must do something to support myself. I have tried teaching, but it does not answer. Sewing and fancy-work are equally out of the question. I have no taste or talent for music and painting. I understand housekeeping, but lack strength for it. Can I earn my living with my pen?"

This, I take it, is the gist of Maud's letter. Perhaps I entirely misunderstood her. I did not suppose that her question related to the duty of authorship, or to its esthetics; and to make my position perfectly plain, I said expressly—"We are talking of writing, now, you know, merely as a means of earning one's bread and butter, the fig-leaves that seem to be indispensable in all climates, and a roof to shelter one." Later, after having given her facts and statistics from which she could draw her own inferences, I said, "Yet if the 'woe is me' is upon you, you will write and *find joy in it*, in despite of crosses and disappointments and manifold hindrances—and I should be the very last to bid you forego the joy! For after all, 'literature is its own exceeding great reward—a reward which although it may be enhanced by popular appreciation and pecuniary success, is yet by no means dependent thereon. * * * * If you have the true fire of authorship burning in your heart as a live coal

from off the altar, you can no more help writing than you can help breathing. But do not lean too heavily upon your pen, lest it pierce you to the heart. It is a poor support."

Is that what Christabel calls persistently presenting the dark side? When I was a girl of nineteen those very words would have aroused me like a bugle-call, and I should have cried out,—"I will feel that joy—the keen joy of creating—if I die for it!"

Writing as a means of culture, of intellectual growth, of spiritual expansion, is one thing. Writing as a means of earning one's bread and butter is quite another; and the two should not be confounded. When Maud said she wanted something to do, implying that as the elder of eleven children there was a pecuniary necessity for this doing—I suppose she referred to the *present*. I did not understand her to say, "Shall I devote the next five or ten years to 'preparing myself for authorship?' Shall I think and study and observe? Shall I strengthen and broaden myself in every way, so that by and by I may be able to say something to which the world will gladly listen, and for which perhaps it will be glad to pay?"

If she had asked me that question, I should have said, "Yes, dear child, do it—and may God help you! and even if you never see a word of yours in print, you may count yourself well paid."

But she spoke of a straightened home, of a narrow life, of what she had already tried to do; she discussed this plan and that, by which she might earn her livelihood. And I, for one, gave her an answer according to what I supposed to be her immediate needs, founded upon the observations and experiences of twenty-five years of actual literary work. I am sorry I cannot take back one word of it; sorry that I am compelled to think now as I thought then, that for a young girl of nineteen, unless she has transcendent genius (which Maud does not claim,) or the advantage of unusually favorable circumstances and surroundings, to attempt to support herself by writing is perfectly suicidal.

Does this mean that she must not write at all? must she give up her pen because she is cautioned not to lean her whole weight upon it? It was Sir Walter Scott—and he may be presumed to have known what he was talking about—who said that "Literature is a good staff, but a poor crutch." That is, it is a real help, but not a sure support. There are very few men, in this country at least, who live *solely* by literary work; by which I mean, in this connection, their *writings*; their published books, or their contributions to the periodical press. Look at Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Howells, Aldrich, Stedman, Baker, Hays, Holland, Warner, Mitchell—dear me! the list "grows as it goes" and I may as well stop here as anywhere—these men all have some *business*; something on which to depend besides the selling of manuscripts. They are teachers, professors, doctors, ministers, editors, brokers, farmers. How do mothers and housekeepers write? Surely very few of them do that and nothing else. Why then need it be supposed that I would have

Maud burn her pen and empty her ink stand because I tell her, what I firmly believe, that she cannot support herself by her pen? Not now at least; and it is not best for her to starve meanwhile. She may better set type, or learn telegraphy, or book-binding, or some other art or handy-work—and write between times. The best literary work done in this country, has been done by those who did something else also.

I am sorry Dr. Holland is not here to enter the lists in his own behalf. But as he is not, I am compelled to say that he probably knew whereof he affirmed. Mary Clemmer Ames may, or may not, be one of his "exceptional men." But at all events she has a "salaried position" as one of the *regular* staff of The Independent. The book to which Christabel refers, "Ten Years in Washington," is a reprint mainly, if not wholly, of selections from her letters to that paper. What they pay her I do not know; but it ought to be a good, round sum, as

she is obliged to live in Washington most of the time—on their business. A man or a woman who is engaged as a regular contributor to a periodical, at a stated price—i. e., who has engaged to furnish so many articles a year for so much money, has a "salaried position;" and such are more or less independent according to the amount they receive. The Harpers pay at least one lady, \$5000 a year for her services. The Tribune pays liberal salaries to its stated contributors. I know a young lady who is the New York correspondent of one of the Chicago ladies, at a salary of \$1000 a year, and could mention many other similar instances.

But all such cases Dr. Holland expressly excluded; and it is possible he excluded, mentally, the few, the very few, whose books bring them large copyrights. If he did, he did not say so. He was however, speaking of the army of writers whose battle-field is the periodical press; and I "guess" he told the truth. At all events, one who questions his word should have had equally large opportunities for observation and knowledge.

Christabel asks, quoting my words, "one may not bring even to the learning of a pair of stockings something better than enthusiasm?"

Very likely. But that was not the point I was discussing. The question of duty was not propounded by Maud. She did not say, "I have a message that I ought to deliver; I have a word of cheer for those who are heavy-hearted; I am commissioned to bear good tidings of great joy to all who will hear." She simply said, like a sensible girl, "I love to write, and I am going to write. Will it be safe for me to depend upon my pen as a means of livelihood?" It did not once occur to me that in an answer to that question, it was necessary to include the whole alphabet of literary labor and aspiration, from Alpha to Omega.

It is, however, quite safe to conclude that whatever any girl of nineteen has yet written has been done enthusiastically, in the flush and glow of eager inspiration. Such writing is mere joy. It is not work.

But I have myself been writing this past winter and spring, in the fulfillment of an imperative engagement, steadily, continuously, day after day, week after week, month after month; often being at my desk five or six hours each day. I do know, Christabel, what it is to do "hard work" from a mere sense of duty; when the enthusiasm and inspiration, the fresh joy of the creative impulse has died out; when the head throbs and the whole heart is sick, and one is forced to cry out, "O! that I were free to do just what I please to-day, or to lie in a happy day-dream—and do nothing!"

Yet I am not *obliged* to write. What I mean is, it is in no sense a bread and butter question with me. The money I earn I do not need for personal necessities. But a literary life is like the maelstrom. If you once get caught in it, it is hard to get out. To use another figure, having put your hand to the plow it is not easy to let go of it.

Now when I remembered that the work would be harder for her than it had been for me, because by it she must earn her bread, was it strange that I should say to this young girl who came to me all flushed and eager eyed, "My child, count well the cost! You will not always feel as you do to-day. You will be tired by and by and the work will drag. You will have many competitors and the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong." Was it wrong to remind her of this?

Or should I, ignoring all the years have taught me, have answered, "Oh yes, Maud! You must write by all means. You will always find it delightful and it will be perfectly easy to support yourself by your pen."

Which did you want, dear Maud, the truth, or "encouragement?"

A PROBLEM OF LIFE.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

"The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel.
The former called the latter 'little prig.'
Bun replied, 'You are doubtless very big
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together
To make up a year, and a sphere.
If I'm not as large as you
You are not as small as I,
And not half so spry.
If I cannot carry forests on my back
Neither can you crack a nut.'

How very providential it is that people are not all alike in this world. Daniel Webster, for instance, was a great statesman and a great orator. A nation is proud of him as such. But what if every man and woman on earth was a Daniel Webster, having just his talents, just his character and tastes. Who would rear our children, cook our dinners, take care of the sick? Who would build our houses, navigate our ships, and do a hundred other things, that are quite as essential to our welfare and happiness?

Goodyear was a benefactor to the human race in the invention of vulcanized rubber; but during the years he spent in experimenting, his family suffered terribly from poverty; and if all the rest of mankind had been similarly employed at the same time, the human race would have perished

from starvation before the discovery was made. Even the learned and pious Jonathan Edwards, whose Christian example and teachings did so much good, knew so little of common affairs that when on one occasion he tried to saddle his own horse, he put the saddle on hind part before. Go through the whole catalogue of great men and women and you will find they are and ought to be the exception, rather than the rule. The world has but one Shakespeare, and needs but one, for his thoughts may be read and admired by all the world. It has thousands of good mothers and good daughters and needs millions more. When Napoleon was asked, what France needed most, he replied "mothers." Not statesmen, orators, generals. These are all very valuable sometimes, but after all, they do nothing for the welfare of individuals or nations in comparison to the good mother. If she is not the lever with which to raise the world, she is the hand, that holds the lever.

"Ah! we cannot all be mothers," you say. "We cannot even always be daughters. Some of us are not so fortunate as to have parents left us. Thousands of us will never have homes of our own. What can we do? May we not go out into active life like our fathers and brothers, and achieve for ourselves independence and honor?" Certainly, you may. It is your duty and privilege to improve to the utmost whatever talents God has given you, and to use them faithfully for God, your neighbor, and yourself. Make the most of yourself, that you may do all the more for others. But to do that you must find out what you can do best. Study yourself—and be careful not to mistake your calling. Dr. Holland has an illustration in which he represents different animals as exhibited for premiums at a country fair. Of all the animals, perhaps none are so popular as the race horse. Now suppose the man who owns a fine draft horse, or a gentle family horse says to himself, "Race horses are most popular, I will enter my horse as a race horse." The animal that as a family horse or draft horse seemed admirable and very desirable, as a race horse is simply ridiculous. He comes out far behind in the race, and gets nothing but contempt, simply because out of his place and trying to do that for which he has no adaptation. Here is a great secret of beauty and fitness. "A place for everything and everything in its place." Ruskin illustrates this idea in the fifth volume of his "Modern Painters" in the chapter on Vulgarity. He takes as an example of that which is disagreeable, mud; and asks why it is offensive. It is composed perhaps of water, clay, sand, and coal dust. But of clay we make the finest porcelain; of sand transparent beautiful glass. Coal or carbon as a pure crystal is the costly and brilliant diamond and what is more beautiful than water? Thus each of these substances is pure and beautiful when in its own place, and only when mixed or out of place unsightly or foul. We do not like to see things out of their places. We like to see a womanly woman, and a manly man. Thus when Mrs. Victoria Woodhull alias Blood, sets her-

self up for a candidate for President of the United States, she makes herself as ridiculous as a cow would were she to run a race with a horse, and justly merits the contempt of all who know her, for she has neither talent nor fitness for such a position. And even were a woman to attain such an eminence it would be no honor nor credit to her unless she were fitted to discharge its duties well. And this is as true of man as woman. Position can never honor the individual; but the individual honors or disgraces the position.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

"Pigmies are pigmies still, though perched on Alps." There are, no doubt, some women, who would make better public officers than some men. Some Queens have ruled better than some Kings. Joan of Arc was not out of place as a soldier and general. She fulfilled nobly, the mission for which she seemed specially fitted by God. Anna Dickinson and Mrs. Livermore do not seem out of place, for they are simply doing all the good they can with the great talent for oratory, which God has given them. But where we find one woman fitted to do good as a statesman, an orator, or a general, we see a million better fitted for something else, which may be quite as useful and honorable yet more distinctively feminine.

It is one of the proofs of the benevolence and wisdom of the creator that we have such different tastes and talents, and that they are distributed just in accordance with the wants of the world. For instance there are a great many women who would make good nurses and physicians, and a great many sick people and young children who need care; a great many women who make excellent teachers, and millions of children to be taught; a great many women who would make good wives, mothers and housekeepers, and a great many homes to be made happy. On the contrary few women would make good generals, and few are needed to promote the general peace and prosperity of the world.

Woman's place and work is wherever she can do most good, and she never seems so lovely as when doing that which her nature and education fit her best to do. But how about the countless women who by force of circumstances must always be doing what is distasteful to them, or that which they feel they cannot do so well as they might do something else; are they then necessarily unlovely? Oh ye toiling women and maidens who wearily go over and over the treadmill of duty from morning till night, whose whole time and strength must be spent in dusty or close heated rooms; you that long for fresh air and sunshine to inspirit your weary bodies; that hunger for intellectual and social food to nourish and strengthen your minds and hearts; to whom books and friends and rest and culture are denied; you who are forever longing for something higher and better and nobler—you know not what—who feel sometimes the yearning breathed in these lines, ascribed to Mozart.

"Like perfumes on the wind
Which none may stay or bind

The beautiful comes rushing through my soul.
I strive with yearnings vain
The spirit to detain
Of the deep harmonies that past me roll.
Therefore disturbing dreams
Trouble the secret streams
And founts of music that overflow my breast.
Something far more divin:
Than may on earth be mine.
Haunts my soon heart and will not let me rest."

Ever reaching upward and outward for more light and air, for the light of knowledge, the air of freedom, and the sunlight of affection; and as often beaten back by the chilling storms of poverty, pain, unending drudgery or untoward circumstance. To the world ye may indeed seem unlovely and ignoble. But be of good cheer. There is one who seeth not as man seeth; who looketh not at the outward act, but at the spirit in which it is performed. The dull every day routine which seems mean and trivial to outward eyes, may to Him seem a victory more brilliant than those of Waterloo and Austerlitz; a victory over self. And what shall we say of the patient women whose lives are made up of such victories? Ah! it is not so much what you do as how you do it that brings the honor or disonor.

And with God the question is not only how but why. Which think you is the greater heroine, she who does what she likes and does it well, because she likes it, or she who does what she does not like and cannot do well, yet does the best she can, because God likes it, or because she can in that way do most good?

"Who does the best his circumstances allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more."

No doubt you can do something well. Find out what you can do, and how you can be most useful and happy with the means, time and talents at your command and then throw your heart into your work, and you will be a blessing to your friends and to the world.

And remember these beautiful lines by Schiller.

"What shall I do to be forever known?
Thy duty ever.
Thus did full many who yet slept unknown.
Oh! never! never!
Finkest thou perchance that they remain unknown
Whom thou knowest not?
By angel trumps in Heaven their praise is blown.
Divine their lot."

OUT DOORS.

—A serious famine is reported from Asia Minor.

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—More ocean steamers sail from New York in one year than from any other port in the world.

—It costs \$100,000 for a year's sweeping out and watching of the Treasury building at Washington.

—A ten-year old boy at Austin, Ill., died recently from the effects of a chill caused by a pailful of cold water thrown over him by another boy.

—The ocean lines anticipate a dull time this year, in cabin travel, there being no especial attractions on either side of the water, and the American dullness and the loss of so many steamers conspiring to keep people at home.

—There has been an extraordinary falling off in the emigration from Liverpool this year. For instance, in March, 1873, the number of persons who sailed from the Mersey "under the act" was 13,411, while in the corresponding month of this year it was only 6068.

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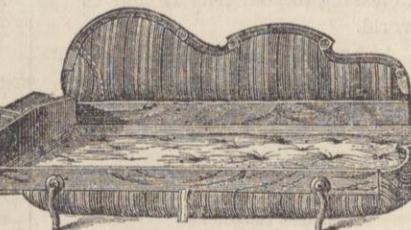
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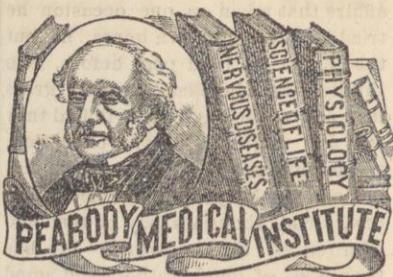
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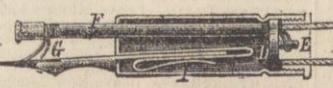
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