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THE HOUSEHOLD

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

W. A. RICHARDS, INC. ESTABLISHED 1868. BRATTLEBORO, VT.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

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THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

GEO. E. CROWELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

CROSBY BLOCK, - - MAIN STREET,
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HYMN FOR THE SEASON.

BY ALICE CARY.

Shorter and shorter now the twilight clips
The days, as through the sunset gates they crowd,
And summer from her golden collar slips,
And strays through stubble fields, and moans aloud.

Say when by fits the summer air deceives,
And, stealing hopeful to some sheltered bower,
She lies in pillows of the yellow leaves,
And tries the old tunes over for an hour.

The wind, whose tender whisper in the May
Set all the young blooms listening through the grove,
Sits rustling in the faded boughs to-day,
And makes his cold and unsuccessful love.

The rose has taken off her tire of red;
The mullen-stalk its yellow stars has lost,
And the proud meadow pink hangs down her head
Against earth's chilly bosom, nipped with frost.

The robin that was busy all the June,
Before the sun had kissed the topmost bough,
Catching our hearts up in his golden tone,
Has given place to the brown cricket now.

The very cock crows lonesomely at noon;
Each flag and fern the shrinking stream divides;
Uneasy cattle low, and lambs forlorn
Creep to their strawly sheds with nettled hides.

Shut up the door! who loves me must not look
Upon the withered world, but haste to bring
His lighted candle and his story book,
And live with me the poetry of Spring!

FRUIT-TREES FOR ORNAMENT.

THE utilitarian appreciates his fruit-trees in proportion to the value of their product. He has no eye for the beautiful pink coloring or delicious fragrance of the apple-blossoms, as they cluster among the glossy leaves, and even the golden fruit that bends the sturdy branch into graceful curves, is looked upon as so many dollars and cents, or as so much food for sustaining physical nature; while the finer sensibilities of mankind are unregarded.

Handsome trees, whether producing fruit or otherwise, are worthy of our admiration and care; but if both the beautiful and useful can be brought within the limits usually prescribed

for one, then there will be few among our rural or suburban population who need be deprived of either.

To value fruit-trees simply for their beauty is an old-time sentiment, "born of the poets," and although, at the present time, few regard it worthy of a thought, still it should be revived, and our people who have not the means with which to lay out extensive parks and pleasure-grounds may be taught to plant fruit-bearing trees in such a manner that they will produce a beautiful and picturesque effect.

It may be urged that our fruit-trees are in bloom but a few days; but this is true with nearly all flowering ornamental trees. Even those glorious Chinese magnolias tantalize us with the brief existence of their bloom, and when these are gone, their beauty is far less than many of our more common fruit-trees. If our people would look upon their fruit-trees as ornamental as well as useful, they would be very likely to give them more care, and this certainly would be an improvement.

In making selections of trees to produce a particular effect upon the appearance of grounds, whether limited or extensive, some knowledge of their form of growth, as well as other characteristics, is required. For the purpose of showing the great diversity in the character of our more common families of fruit-trees, we will mention a few of the best known, placing at the head of the list the apple tree.

The general appearance and form of growth are as various among apple-trees as the difference in the size and quality of their fruit. The Northern Spy makes a very tall, conical-shaped tree, with straight, upright branches, while the Early Bough, Early Harvest, and Rambo, are nearly globular, with a rather dense head. The Baldwin is similar in form to the last, but rather more spreading, and the Rhode Island Greening forms a still more open head, giving it a flattened appearance, as though the ends of the upright branches had been pruned off. The foliage is also of a very dark green color, while that of the Early Harvest is comparatively light. The Early Red June is a tree of moderate size but a gem in the way of ornament, owing to its large, rich green leaves, and the abundance of large, beautiful pink flowers. The Rawles Janet, so celebrated at the West, is a handsome, globular-shaped tree, that blooms very late, usually long after most of the other varieties are passed. The Willow-Twig, with its pendant branches, may also rival the Weeping Willow in graceful appearance. The Siberian Crab Apple is indispensable as an ornamental tree. It produces a profu-

sion of very light-colored flowers, and the fruit is so abundant that the trees appear like purple or golden balls, for the branches droop with the weight of the crop. The trees are usually of medium size and graceful in habit. The Transcendant Crab produces fruit resembling the lady-apple in form, size, and color. The leaves are of a dark-green color, but the general habit of the tree is not so graceful as the Golden Crab. Dwarf-apples, which are simply the larger varieties worked upon the Paradise stocks, may be employed as shrubs and placed on the outer edge of groups.

As great a diversity in form of growth exists among pears as with apples. Taking them as a class, however, they reach a greater altitude, and may, therefore, be employed for the centre of groups or for a background.

The Buffum and St. Michael's Archangel are almost as compact and erect in growth as the Lombardy Poplar and look equally as stiff and formal when planted singly. Flemish Beauty, Urbaniste, Doyenne, Boussock, and Louise Bonne d Jersey, grow naturally in a pyramidal form, and dark-green foliage. The Vicar of Winkfield is one of the most rapid-growing varieties, and though its branches assume a rather tortuous shape, still it soon becomes a stately tree. The Bartlett, Beurre d' Anjou, Tyson, and Onondaga are handsome growers, with branches slightly curving inward. The leaves of the first two are of a lighter green than the two latter. For a globular or slightly vase-form of head, none excels the rather slow-growing, but universal favorite, Seckel. Dana's Hovey, a new and promising late variety, is a rapid grower, with leaves of a dark lustrous green. For elegance of foliage, the Chinese Sand Pear is with out a rival, for it is of the darkest and richest green, and almost equals the broad-leaved laurel.

The Cerasus pumila, or native dwarf-Cherry, seldom exceeds three feet in height, and when in bloom, it is a bouquet of the purest white. Passing over some of the intermediate species, we reach the Morellos, with their dark, rich green foliage and pure white flowers. They are trees of medium size, seldom more than fifteen to twenty feet high, and may readily be restricted to one half of this by pruning. All of this class of cherries may be placed among what is called round-head trees.

—There is no place in the "wide, wide world," like home. It is the dwelling place of our hearts' treasure, and the first duty of our lives we owe to it and its inmates. To make it pleasant and attractive, should be the aim of every man.



ABOUT CARPETS.

THEIR ORIGIN AND PRODUCTION.

TEXTILE carpets are of Oriental origin, most probably Saracenic, and it seems that at first they were simply used for devotional purposes, being small in size, that they might the more easily be carried about, and woven so as to indicate in the pattern where the worshipper should touch the earth with his forehead in his prostrations toward the holy Kaabaat Mecca—a pattern retained to the present time in what are termed Persian and Khorassan rugs.

The Crusaders doubtless brought the idea of woven carpets from the East, as they did many another valuable invention and discovery—germs of civilization very necessary to the then semi-barbarous people of Europe, imparting to them elements of future comfort and convenience, which went somewhat toward compensating for the blood and treasure lost in these Quixotic enterprises.

At a period when our Saxon and Norman forefathers shared with swine and dogs one common apartment, the floor of which was strewn with the debris of meals and all kinds of filth, the rajahs of India, the shahs of Persia, the pashas of Turkey, and the beys of Tunis trod upon sumptuous carpets of wool and silk, which were often interwoven with threads of gold.

As our unpolished ancestors advanced in social civilization, they strewed the floors with rushes, hair, or straw, to combine the advantages of affording a dry, elastic tread for their feet, and concealment of the offal that lay festering beneath. The Norwegians, who still retain many of our old customs, make use of the juniper twigs for the same purpose to this day. Cardinal Wolsey was accused, it will be remembered, of ostentation and needless luxury in having the rushes of his floor changed every day.

Although after the revival of commerce with the East a few carpets came to Europe from the Levant, they were only met with in palaces or mansions of the richest nobles and prelates; and it was not until the middle of the last century, when the manufacture of Brussels was introduced into Kidderminster from Tournai, that they became more generally used in the better class of houses, and even at the beginning of the present century, that town which now gives employment to thou-

sands in the manufacture, produced in a year not more than it now turns out in a week.

About this time, however, the introduction of several cheaper kinds of carpet, the patterns of which are produced from the mere crossings of the warp and weft, spread the use of this article of luxury over a much wider area; but it was not until the application of steam power to the manufacture of Brussels carpets, that this superior description of floor covering began to be indulged in by the masses.

Brussels carpet has a looped surface, and whenever a color is not required to appear on the surface, it is buried beneath that which has to form the pattern; hence there frequently are three or four thicknesses of unemployed colors, rendering the fabric very costly. About twenty-five years ago, what are termed tapestry carpets were introduced, with the Brussels loop surface, but with the pattern produced by printing, thus necessitating but one layer of wool, and reducing the price in consequence some fifty per cent. Since then various modifications of steam looms have been brought out, which have still further cheapened and improved this carpet, and caused it to find its way into the peasant's cottage and the most remote hamlets.

During all this time the patterns of our carpets were rude and inartistic, and at the exhibition of 1851 they cut but a sorry figure beside the splendid French Tapis d'Aubusson et de Tournai; but that exhibition taught our manufacturers a lesson that they have not failed to profit by. In no department of England manufactures has the art element more notably developed itself than in this. During the last fifteen years an unmistakable improvement has been progressively taking place; and our Axminsters, Wiltons, and Brussels are now in many respects equal to the Aubussons and Tournais; while for cheapness and quantitative production, we can beat the world.

The principal varieties of carpets now in use are the Turkey, the Axminster, the Brussels, the Wilton, the Venetian, the Dutch, the Kidderminster or Scotch, tapestry and velvet pile, with the printed felt carpet, and these varieties may be briefly but clearly described in the words of a well-informed writer in Chamber's Encyclopedia:

The real Turkey carpet is made in one piece; those manufactured for the Orientals are usually too small for use in this country. The patterns consist merely of curved and angular strips of variegated, but dark and unobtrusive colors. The warp is of strong linen or cotton, to which bunches or tufts of colored worsted are tied, according to the pattern, a drawing of which is placed before the weaver to copy. The surface is afterward shorn level. Rugs are made in a similar manner, and the colored worsteds are tied very rapidly by young girls.

The Axminster carpet is merely the English-made Turkey carpet, formerly manufactured, as above, at Axminster, in Devonshire. They are usually made to order of the size required for the room; and, from the tedious nature of the process of manufacture, they are very expensive.

Tembleton's patent Axminster car-

pet is a very beautiful fabric, very much resembling that from which it derives its name, but it is wrought on the chenille principle.

The Brussels carpet is a mixture of linen and worsted, but, as with the Turkey carpet, the worsted only is shown on the upper surface. The basis, or cloth, is of a coarse linen fabric, and between the upper and under threads of the web (usually five) worsted threads of different colors are usually bound in. The pattern is produced by drawing off the surface, between each reticulation of the cloth basis, a portion of the worsted thread of the color required at that spot to produce the pattern; these updrawn portions are formed into loops by being turned over wires, which are afterward withdrawn, and the loops thus left standing above the basis form the figured surface of the carpet.

The Wilton carpet is made like the Brussels, but the wire has a groove in its upper surface, and instead of being drawn out, it is liberated by passing a sharp knife through the worsted loop into this groove, and thus making a velvet-pile surface instead of the looped thread.

The Venetian carpet is produced in a common loom, and the pattern is all in the warp which alone is visible, as it encloses the weft between its upper and under surfaces. The patterns are generally checks or stripes and the latter are chiefly used for stair carpets.

The Dutch carpet is a coarser and cheaper variety of plain Venetian, sometimes made wholly of hemp, or of a mixture of coarse wool and cow-hair.

The Kidderminster, or Scotch carpet, has usually a worsted warp or woolen weft, and the pattern is made by the combination of the colors of each. This is the most durable of the moderate-priced carpets. The patterns are not so brilliant as those of the Brussels or the Tapestry, but, being ingrained and woolen throughout, they retain their character until worn through. This, and the three immediately preceding descriptions of carpet, exhibit their patterns nearly similar on both sides and are therefore reversible.

The Tapestry is becoming very extensively used, as a cheap substitute for Brussels and Wilton, which it is made to resemble very closely in the brilliancy and variety of pattern. The manufacture of this useful carpet is curious and ingenious. Instead of five colored yarns, only one of which is drawn to the surface at any one place, while the four remain buried between the upper and under threads of the cloth basis, a single colored yarn is used; and the variety of color produced, by dyeing it of various colors at intervals of its length.

The Printed Felt carpets are, as the name implies, simply made by printing colors on felt; and they are chiefly used for bed-room carpets.

AN ENGAGING MANNER.

Politeness is to a man what beauty is to a woman. It creates an instantaneous impression in his behalf, while the opposite quality exercises as quick a prejudice against him. The politi-

cian who has this advantage easily distances all the rival candidates, for every voter he speaks with becomes instantly his friend. The very tones in which he asks for a pinch of snuff are often more potent than the logic of a Webster or a Clay. Polished manners have often made scoundrels successful, while the best of men by their hardness and coldness have done themselves incalculable injury—the shell being so rough that the world could not believe there was a precious kernel within it. Had Raleigh never flung down his cloak in the mud for the proud Elizabeth to walk on, his career in life would scarcely have been worth recording. Scores of men have been successful in life by pleasing manners alone. A trait of character is well worth cultivating, lads. Never forget the value of true civility.



HINTS FOR THE FLOWER GARDEN AND GROUNDS.

BY W. H. WHITE.

OBSERVING gardeners who have cultivated tuberous plants will have noticed the tendency of their removal, naturally, from their original position, in the course of years, if left to themselves. Take the potato as an example, allow it to lie in the ground, suitably protected through the winter, it sends up its stems from where the tuber remains. From the roots thrown out by these stems, a new set of tubers are formed at a greater or less distance from the original, and this is repeated again and again, from year to year, so long as the conditions are favorable, till there is a long space between the last and the original. Something of this kind goes on with all herbaceous plants, a part progresses and a part dies out every year. From not possessing a definite knowledge of this principle, some cultivators lose some of their plants; therefore it becomes necessary for all cultivators who would succeed, to study and observe the habits of all the plants which they cultivate, that they may be able to conform with the requirements of each individual variety.

Though all plants do not move, like the potato, under ground, they may progress in some other form. The herbaceous form branchy stocks just above the ground; and in their native places generally manage to get covered with leaves, which decay, furnishing at once protection and plant food, or shifting sands, etc., but in our garden culture little or nothing of this can naturally be expected to be accomplished, and unless we perform for the plant, what nature does under natural circumstances, the plants suffer and often soon die. Auriculas, primroses and carnations, with others, the two first of which form a new crown on top of the old ones, the old ones in time dying away, and unless new earth is hauled to them they do not thrive; such plants need, in garden culture, to be taken up and re-set

every few years, or to cover the running parts above ground with earth, so that new roots may be established from the advancing stocks. The best covering for protection of herbaceous plants is earth, and if we would save our plants from injury of winter's frosts, etc., the surest and most natural protection is to cover them with earth, with good drainage around them. In the spring they can be uncovered and set a trifle deeper, which will answer all their requirements in this line. The same principles are applicable to all similar plants, as hollyhocks, pansies, chrysanthemums, phloxes, etc.

All our tender plants desirable for preservation for another season, must soon be lifted from the flower-beds and borders and removed to safe quarters, and unless neatness is the order the beds will present a rough appearance. After removing the plants, etc., in good order, as even order is pleasing in the absence of summer flowers and plants; tidy grounds, unlike those neglected, do not present an unwelcome and eyesore appearance every time we look out on them during the winter. If it is desirable to increase any shrubs it is a good time to attend to it soon after the leaves fall; suitable cuttings are made from matured wood of this year's growth, and planted in suitably prepared ground, and protected as much as possible with earth, or any non-fermenting material, from severe frosts of winter.

Some of our readers have roses which they wish to give winter protection, at the proper time, and are at a loss to know how. In the Gardener's Monthly I find a plan which looks feasible, communicated by an Illinois correspondent; he says, after trying various ways: "I take cheap boards, about an inch thick and a foot wide and cut them into lengths of three feet. Then of three pieces make a box for one plant; the pieces are sawed diagonally, lengthways from opposite corners; four pieces are set on end and nailed together, making the appearance of a steep tent; first, before setting in of severe winter, cut the roses down to three feet, or less, and otherwise prune; draw a small mound of earth around each plant and place the box over the plant; draw earth up to the box to keep it in place; an inch and a half augur hole is bored at the top and the bottom for ventilation." He says he has used this means of protection for several years and finds it very efficacious, and others who have adopted it find it satisfactory. We would suppose that instead of using four pieces of the board for one box that three would answer the same purpose, generally. Larger or smaller ones can be made in a similar manner. —N. E. Homestead.

RECEPTACLES FOR WASTE PAPER, SCRAPS, ETC.

BY MRS. C. S. JONES.

Noticing in your excellent paper THE HOUSEHOLD, sent me a few days since, that "Viva Starr" desired directions for a receptacle for scraps, etc., I append descriptions of two kinds used in my own house, and

which may be made as simple or elegant as desired.

Vases for Scraps, etc.—Very elegant glass vases ornamented with potchomania or decalcomania pictures, are suitable for handsomely furnished parlors or drawing-rooms; but those of more simple appearance and corresponding with the furniture of a more unpretending parlor or a dining or sitting-room are made thus: Obtain an earthen or stone jar, of good shape, (such as are used to hold cream for churning, pickles, etc.,) some of which are of quaint and really artistic form; which, rub perfectly smooth (unless glazed) with fine emery paper. Then give two coats of any colored paint desired, black, scarlet, stone, or dark green, according to the style of ornamentation to be applied. Next obtain a set of pictures for the decoration, which may be either in the Chinese, Japanese, Egyptian, or Etruscan styles of ancient pottery or the brighter, lighter "schools" of Scoris, Modern Japanese, Palissy, Du-Barry of the French class, Wedgewood both green and gray, and gray blue of the English, or perhaps the beautiful and at present popular Majolica ware; the only point to observe being the keeping of the particular "school" of pottery designed to be imitated perfectly distinct; not mixing together an incongruous mass of various kinds of illustrations. By this means very creditable and satisfactory imitations of any class of china may be made, that will prove beautiful additions to any room.

But to proceed with the descriptions. Supposing, Miss Viva, you desire an Egyptian vase, you will then have obtained from your store or pottery a jar narrow at the bottom and top, and with rounded, bulging sides, with "ears" or a sort of handle projecting a little from the upper sides; this you have given two coats of deep scarlet oil paint, (to be obtained of any house-painter), and it having dried you give it a coat of dammar varnish, in order not to discolor the bright scarlet shade. Now you must take some black paper, or if possible obtain some of the grotesque figures now so much used for fancy work, called "silhouette," (or shadow pictures). If the former, you commence and cut out all sorts of curious figures, such as you find in pictures of Egyptian or Assyrian life, or grotesque ones may be used which cause much amusement.

Cut them out carefully so that all white paper is removed. This done, proceed to arrange them on your vase, in almost any manner satisfactory to yourself, using a size made of smooth flour paste (boiled) mixed with glue-water. Or, if preferred, you may sketch your designs upon the scarlet surface, and paint them with ivory-black tube paint, using a small camel's hair brush; to do this, place the jar on its side with a book upon each side of it, bringing it near the edge of the table and steadying the hand upon an "Artist's hand rest," as the designs must be clearly and accurately done. Large designs for the back and front and small ones scattered over the plain ground around them, will perhaps appear best. When this is done, trace black lines, or paste bands of black

paper on the rim and around the lower part. This mode of ornamentation is also fine for common flower pots. When dry, varnish with dammar varnish.

Should the Etruscan or other rich vase be desired, paint the ground black, and obtain mythological or other quaint figures in opaque colors, and ornament with dead gold, which may be obtained in shells of the artist's colorman. For Japanese, use buff or light pea green, white or straw color, and the curious Chinese and Japanese designs or "Scraps," sold for decalcomania or potchomania work, (if the former, apply as the decalcomania is usually done); or, I have found beautiful and most appropriate pictures on certain chintz, cretonne, and sometimes in wall papers. If the English Wedgewood china is admired, a perfect imitation is obtained by using the glazed stone ware, with a rather uneven "rippled" surface, upon which fasten designs of pure white, using the embossed designs that come upon valentines, lace paper, and embossed cards, and in order to keep the smooth raised surface, previous to applying the figures, fill the deep parts with layers of tissue paper, or with the "crude papier mache" made by boiling paper ten hours in glue water, (until reduced to a pulp) and forming into a paste with powdered chalk. For a small operation, however, this might be considered troublesome, but I use this paste so much for various kinds of more fancy work, that I always keep a supply. By the way, in applying the gold figures in Chinese or Japanese designs, this paste is valuable as a "raising," laying a little of it beneath the paper, and shaping it with the fingers.

The French Chinas are extremely beautiful for a tastefully furnished room. Use for Du Barry style a pale rose color, (making the surface as smooth as possible,) then varnish with dammar. Obtain some of the lovely designs in "gelatine pictures," and the "scraps" and enamelled or embossed pictures that present such a beautiful effect, whether in scenes, landscapes, or flowers; cut them out carefully, and placing a large scene, landscape or group of flowers in the centre of front and back, surround with bands of gold paper, and garlands of roses, etc. For Pelissy, use a ground of Turquoise blue, and same ornamentation. Always finish with dammar varnish. As some of the friends may not know where I procure the article here named, I would mention that I always obtain mine from J. Jay Gould, 20 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass.

I fear our basket will have to wait for another time, friend "Viva."

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. CROWELL.—*Sir*:—I wish to ask through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD how to get rid of red spiders on my plants. I have tried tobacco with no success. If any one can inform me what will destroy them, I will be greatly obliged. Mrs. T. S.

MR. CROWELL.—In a late number of THE HOUSEHOLD, "C. D. N." wishes to know a way to use some of the fine

shells she has. They can be made into bouquets of flowers, wreaths of flowers, and for covering hanging baskets. Wood mosses may be used also for the outside of a hanging basket, covering frames for mottoes, pictures, etc.

For brightening autumn leaves, use boiled linseed oil, instead of varnish, and dry them in a cool room, and they will not curl or fade in a long time.

MRS. E. C. S.

MR. CROWELL:—I have been an earnest reader of THE HOUSEHOLD for some time, but have never spoken in it myself. The many useful suggestions and helps, but especially the warm, loving, sympathizing letters have awakened a responsive chord in my heart and made me long to identify myself with the members of this living, loving HOUSEHOLD. I thank the dear friends who have told me so many pretty ways to adorn a home by simple, tasteful means.

Will some one be kind enough to tell me how to prepare skeleton leaves, and at what time they should be gathered.

C. E.

MR. CROWELL:—I noticed in the August number directions for making a wax motto, "Cast thy anchor in Heaven." I think it must be very pretty, and I intended to make one, but did not quite understand how to form the letters. I attempted to cut them out with scissors, but could not make them look nice and even; will "M. E. N." please to inform me the best way for making them, and oblige a subscriber of THE HOUSEHOLD.

Lynn, Mass.

HATTIE.

AUTUMN LEAVES, ETC.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—For the benefit of C. D. N. I will give my experience with autumn leaves. Last fall I gathered a great many leaves and ferns and had good success in preserving them. I spread a few sheets of newspaper on an old table, took a warm iron, just warm enough not to turn the leaves brown, rubbed it lightly over a piece of spermaceti, (a sperm candle will do), ironed quickly over two or three leaves in succession, then back over each one again and thus continued till they were quite dry, stems and all. When all were pressed I varnished them with white varnish. I tried varnishing them on both sides, but found it was not necessary. When the varnish was dry I worked them up into mottoes, crosses, anchors, etc.

One or two of these ornaments hung upon damp walls in rooms where there was only occasionally a fire, and I noticed in them a disposition to curl up. I pressed a great many leaves on the branches, hanging them up afterward with the leaves downward till the stems were dry, after which I made them into bouquets with fern leaves, which latter, by the way, I treated in the same manner as maple leaves, only they are prettier without varnish. After making them into bouquets they droop just about enough to look natural. I noticed that both ferns and maple leaves were easier pressed, and looked just as well, by leaving them after gathering them till they began to wither somewhat.

If C. D. N. would send me her address through THE HOUSEHOLD, I there

would be pleased to send her specimens of my leaves. A great many persons admired them the past winter.

HOW TO GROW POND LILIES.

A Reading, (Pa.), lady gives the following directions for growing white water lilies—the common pond lily of our small inland lakes:

The roots having been procured in the fall, were kept damp during the winter in flower pots. In the spring a tub was made by sawing a substantial barrel in two; this was set out of doors, and one-third filled with garden soil, sand and well rotted manure. The roots were planted in this mixture and covered. Water was added in small quantities and at intervals of a day or two, and so gently as not to disturb the earth, until the tub was full. Very soon the handsome round leaves made their appearance and filled the tub. The loss of water was made good from time to time, and ere long the blossoms appeared, delighting every one by their beauty.

When winter approached, the water was allowed to dry off almost entirely, and the tub and contents placed in the cellar, and watered at long intervals. In the spring the roots were separated, and half the increase returned to the same tub, with a fresh mixture of earth. They were brought out earlier than before and blossomed more profusely. The flowers were as perfect as the Camellia, and delightfully fragrant. The blooms were about two inches in diameter—not quite as large as some of the specimens in the pond from whence the roots were taken, but equally beautiful and fragrant.

TO TRAIN FUCHSIAS.

When a slip has grown six or eight inches high, nip out the top down to the last set of leaves; it will then throw out branches on each side. Let these grow eight or ten inches then nip them out as before; the tops of each branch, when grown the same height as the others, nip out again. Then procure a stick the size of your finger, eighteen inches in length, take a hoop skirt wire, twine back and forth alternately, through holes made in the stick equal distances apart; place this firmly in the pot back of the plant, tie the branches to it and you will have, when in flower, a beautiful and very graceful plant.

—Those who buy plants at green-houses, know how fresh and green they look when they are first taken out, and how they droop afterward, from the effects of the change from the warm moist air of such houses, to the dry atmosphere and draughts of the sitting room. It is stated that if the plants are enveloped for a few days in thin, soft paper, leaving an opening at the top, they will become acclimated without feeling the change. Sprinkle the leaves daily, on both sides, with a small wisp broom, with warm water.

—We find that geraniums, petunias, lemon verbenas, and all plants of that class, taken up and put in boxes of earth, winter well in the cellar. Agaves, oleanders, crape-myrtles, and things of that kind, winter splendidly



FASHIONABLE DRAW-BACKS.

DO not like the fashion at all. In fact it is detestable," I said, looking up from a late fashion plate.

"To what do you refer?" asked Leonidas, peering over his evening paper. "There are so many detestable styles one can hardly be expected to know which you mean."

"Why, the pull-back skirts," I replied, pointing to the plate I had in my hand, in which the dress was drawn back to the utmost closeness in front and puffed out to a great huff in the back.

"Well, why do you adopt it then?" asked the gentleman afore mentioned. "I believe I have seen you looking very much like that picture—only you have not so young and pretty a face, if I might be so bold as to judge—but the dress looks like your last one, I am sure."

"You are mistaken there, sir," I said. "My dress is not as closely drawn as this one, and I do not like even that. But what makes me wear it? What makes you dress so fashionable, tight pants instead of the loose breeches, such as the revolutionary heroes of a hundred years ago, of whom we are hearing so much now-a-days, wore? Fancy George Washington, who never told a lie, in tight pants!"

"But I wear my clothes as my tailor cuts and makes them," replied Leo. "In fact, seeing I do not understand fitting and sewing my own garments, there is no other way for me but to leave it to those who do. But I do not pretend that I detest that article of apparel."

"But you would, were you truthful as was the boy with a hatchet, or even half as honest as I am," I replied, confidently. "If I do not like a prevailing fashion I am free to say so, but as for saying I will not adopt it, why that is another thing altogether."

"I think I have heard you affirm that you would never wear those new-fangled tight skirts," said Leo inquisitively.

"Well, I will not as close as some wear them—only medium."

"But you are not obliged to do even that; I wouldn't were I you and of your mind."

"Yes you would too. For what can I do with Madame, my dress-maker, more than you can with your tailor? If she cuts me a suit she wishes it done something according to prevailing modes, and if I demur, why, she loosens the strings a little, just as she lets out the seams a bit when I tell her that a dress waist is tight enough to strangle me; but she will have it nearly her own way after all."

"And you are very willing that she should," replied my tormentor.

"Of course I wish to be something in fashion," I reply. "No one would give me credit for my good sense in rejecting an obnoxious mode, but

would think I was ignorant of what was worn, or else had Noah's wife's dress-maker to do my fitting for me. Either case would be a dilemma, as you see. It is only the extreme of the fashion against which I am prejudiced, for if we must abandon hoops it is very convenient to have our clothing adjusted in some tolerable way for us. But I do wish Katie would not wear hers so ridiculously close, though she seems to glory in being strapped back to the smallest fashionable limits."

"Talking about me, are you?" exclaimed that young lady, entering the room at the close of my last sentence.

"No, simply the fashions," replied Leo, "and were bringing you in for an example."

"Well," replied Cousin Kate, who by the way is a young miss not yet twenty and is with us, as one of the family for a time, that she may have the advantages of the excellent musical instruction in our place. "Well, are you going to set me up for a dummy, or what is it that I must answer for?"

"We were talking about these new-fangled pull-back, puffed out skirts which make you look like a kangaroo," replied Leonidas, in his *sang froid* manner.

"Kangaroo! that is complimentary, surely; guess you saw some at the last menagerie that exhibited here."

"Lots of them both in and out of the show ground," replied Leo, "but those outside the cages looked the most ridiculous, I do believe."

"What would you have us do, pray? go back to the big hoops and inflate ourselves like balloons? If I rightly remember, the men made not a little sport and ridicule of that fashion, and now that they are gone by and we come to simplicity once more, why we are ridiculous still—I do wonder if it is possible to dress so as to suit mankind—no matter whether we are suited or not. For one, I like a change, and when fashion changes, so do I."

"No danger but you will change when the fashion does," said I, "and enter heartily into every new notion that comes along."

"Well, why not take it heartily if at all?" says Kate in reply.

"Sure enough," rejoined Leonidas. Here is Lavina, turning to me, "who feels obliged to be in style, who considers it a matter of duty due to the world, and one of conscience to herself, yet is all the time a martyr to what she calls the requirements of the period, in matters of dress."

"O, well," replied Katie, "there are always things enough that I could detest if it did any good, and there are fashions which are fussy and uncomfortable, to say nothing of how odd they at first appear, but we soon get accustomed to them and all is well."

"The days of inflation are past, and there is a shrinkage, as the political papers tell of," I reply. "I do regret that hoops have gone by; the large unwieldy ones which were at one time worn, were decidedly ridiculous as well as in everybody's way, but those of the latter years of their reign, were both decent and comfortable, and altogether better for one to wear than to carry the weight of skirts on the

hips and around the waist. I, for one, am sorry to part with them and have retained them till at last, the present drawn-back skirts banish them from the wardrobe, especially when one pretends to be nicely dressed."

"So the last skeleton is out of the closet, is it?" quoth Leonidas.

"Not quite, sir," I reply, "for when busy in the kitchen in hot summer days like these we are now having, I wear my hoops and intend to do so, fashion or not."

"These close skirts are a little uncomfortable I will admit," said Kate, "in these sweltering days, but we must not expect to have things always to our minds, and as winter is soon coming they will be in our favor. Nevertheless, I do think that a hoop of moderate dimensions and of light material is the most healthful and sensible mode for woman to adopt as long as we wear long, heavy skirts which need support in some way."

"O, these heavy, trimmed skirts! when shall we be released from them?" I exclaim. "But I partly agree with you that if we must reject hoops and must wear heavy skirts, that the fastenings at the back—moderate ones—are a help in locomotion, still I do not like the looks of the arrangement and so must be as before,

A MARTYR OF THE PERIOD.

THE FASHIONS.

HINTS FOR EARLY AUTUMN.

Fashion, as full of caprice as the wind, after varying to all the points of the compass, driving modistes into insanity and rendering designers of patterns idiotic for life, has returned with all the force of first affection to the *princesse* shape, which is but a counterfeit presentment of the useful and graceful *polonoise*. The *princesse* costume is similar to the *Gabrielle*, the waist and skirt in one piece, with large hanging sleeves, and the skirt heavily draped from the front; it is extremely graceful and coquettish, and is intended for home, evening, dinner dress, and even for full dress. The same style will be manifest in outside garments of velvet and camel's-hair, suffered to fall plainly without being draped. Naturally, tabliers, overskirts, basques and sacques, will also be worn for other occasions. The popularity of the costume strengthens with its growth; therefore, this most economical as well as picturesque of all fashions will continue throughout the coming season. It is announced that there will be no improvements in the "flatness" of costumes, especially at the back; they will be scanty and awkward. But if the dress was so manipulated at the waist as to allow the skirt to fall more freely and naturally, it would be the most artistic costume of recent times.

Among the popular pure colors is a lovely soft gray. *Acier* is a cold steel gray, and ranking next in quiet colors, which are perfect for street toilets, are the shades called *rossignol* (nightingale), *ramier*, (wood pigeon), and *pousiere*, in which all colors of dust are concentrated. *Fumee* (smoke), is again revived, with Carmelite brown, *bouleau* (birch color), and Centennial brown, which is tinged with red. There

are several greens of the most invisible shade, and also the dusky olive. For warmer tints there are the *scabieuse* and *Chamberlin*, a very dark wine color. Brilliant tints especially for gas light, are *nacarat*, a red verging upon orange, and *enfer*, a vivid flame color. The colors for evening dresses are delicate and lovely. A perfect shade of rose enchanting for a brunette; a pure blue called *Indienne*; a turquoise blue; green of a faint translucent water tint, and the sea foam green of last season will also be seen. There is a tint of white with the creamy softness seen in Provence roses. *Ble* (wheat), will be very fashionable, and also ecru tints, such as *creme*, a cream color with a strong tint of gold; straw color, salmon, and pale flesh tints.

Plaids will only be worn combined with a plain color, and lovers of Louisine silks will be glad to know that they come for winter in heavy silk diagonals, serges and basket-woven. The colors are handsome and unique. The dark background of the plaid is heightened by bars and lines of vivid scarlet, red, straw color or blue. Among other materials newly imported are *faconne* fabrics, the figures covering the surface in damask designs being wrought in the loom. They are like the old-fashioned damask, remnants of which are yet cherished by those whose surroundings tell of the past. Magnificent brocades bring back the days of farthingales and powdered wigs, and are stiff enough to stand alone by reason of the weight of embroidered bouquets. The *moyeu-age* damask brocades will be again revived in all their quaint stateliness. Their rich Tyrian purple and delicate blue grounds are covered with floriated designs and graceful arabesques.

Matelasse silks of last year come again, not as heavy as they were, with new faces reminding one of the fashionable grenadines of this season in having raised velvet stripes and designs. Black and very dark plain fabrics will be as fashionable as ever. There is no decrease in the popularity of the silky black sable brillantine and the lustrous beaver mohair; in fact these goods resemble silk more closely than ever. A new exquisitely fine black cashmere has appeared under the name of "the Grand Opera brand," its soft flexibility making it especially adapted to the graceful arrangement of drapery. All-wool diagonal serges and merinoes remain in fashion and come in such colors as invisible green, seal, and warm chestnut brown, the pale blue called the "India sky," and the intense indigo blue of last year.

The Jacquard woolen goods will lose none of their popularity. The ground of quiet tint is covered with silk figures, and some that are more costly have raised designs of velvet. They are always of two shades, that is, the ground if gray will have black figures; if brown, blue figures; and dark gray grounds are sprinkled over with figures of a lighter gray. A change has also been effected in the making of sleeves. The coat sleeve retains its shape, but is made much shorter in order to permit either a wide flowing cuff, or that most becoming of all styles, deep frills of lace and silk with

an inner fall of lace. All of the French basques will be made excessively long-waisted. A very long cuirass corset and corset cover will be laced tightly over the hips. The outline of the figure is followed as nearly as possible.

Elderly ladies complain that there are no fashions suitable to their age and dignity, or to that happy medium between extreme old age and youth. The simplest morning dress consists of a deep basque and skirt trimmed with three or four flounces. Caps, so-called, belong to the dead past; in their stead, there are dainty white lace and black coiffures or barbes, half kerchiefs of lace of a square shape. Mourning caps are made of fine white muslin, brightened with pretty knots of black velvet ribbon, or of pale lavender.

Hair dyeing and false black fronts of hair are also happily obsolete. The present fashion of wearing the hair is so extremely simple that it is possible there may be this season a great reaction, and there is a rumor floating about that the hair will be raised in a huge tower before many months. This style it is asserted is far more becoming than the present simple style, which imparts a child-like expression to the most intellectual face, and is becoming to none, while hair-dressers are losing their trade.

Parisian ladies have already adopted different styles in bonnets, and one peculiar shape can be worn either way, to correspond with the toilet. The back brim is turned up and the front shades the forehead; each part is trimmed differently, and is made to wear either way. Large Watteau chip hats or flats are worn in the country. The finest are elegantly with Valenciennes lace, mingled with black velvet and clusters of red and white currants. On white chip hats black lace is profusely used with clusters of geranium, oak, and begonia leaves, transformed by the frost into vivid tints of red and chrome. Plain and coarsely braided straw flats are entirely covered with ruches and fine pleatings of white crepe lisse or finest muslin. Directly on top of the crown there is placed a cluster of pond lilies, or a bunch of vivid scarlet poppies, with black velvet-ribbon twined about them and left hanging in two long ends. These hats are lined with the faintest tinted silk and a lace ruche ornaments the inner edge.

Plaid flannel is one of the useful fabrics imported for seaside wraps and cool mornings in the country. They are made up in the simplest possible manner. The flannel has a soft white ground with plaids and broken bows of green and black, blue and crimson, blue and black, rose and blue, and shaded plaids of blue and of brown. The Dolman is the most convenient shape and there are others of the Talma style. There are, always, a hood, trimmings of black ribbon, a fleecy white wool fringe and fluffy tassels.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE PRICE OF A FAIR COMPLEXION.

A Paris correspondent writes: In connection with the matter of feminine vanity comes a curious bit of gossip concerning a young matron

who has journeyed all over Europe with "Milwaukee, Wisconsin, U. S. A.," painted upon her trunks. This young matron would have been a beautiful woman had she a sea-shell's tint upon her face. Unfortunately she had lived long enough in a billious Western state to become possessed of the lemon peel complexion that is gained by an intimate acquaintance with chills and fever and from the caressing touch of prairie winds and sunshine. She had been in Europe long enough to have regained perfect health; but she found that even after the cause was removed, the effect of a billious habit—a saffron skin—remained.

She consulted physician after physician in vain. They all gave her the same advice—to eat sparingly, to bathe freely, and to avoid cosmetics. This was exactly what she had done for years, having abandoned the use of powder—as she tells herself—ever since the day in which her eldest daughter, aged ten, came majestically gliding down the broad aisle of the church during the first prayer, with her young face so bedaubed and besmeared with her mother's lily-white that she looked as if made up for a stage-ghost. She had lived lightly, bathed freely, and eschewed cosmetics, and still, though a blonde with golden hair and blue eyes, was as sallow as a consumptive gypsy. She felt inclined to offer a large reward to any chemist who would discover the secret of turning golden flesh into snow, and her husband openly declared that "to ease Kitty's mind" he would pay \$5,000 for any "moth and freckle lotion" that would truly perform the wonders of metamorphosis that so many pretended to do.

All at once it began to be noticed in the hotel that little Mrs. C. was not very often to be found in her room, or indeed elsewhere about the hotel. Her *Cafe au lait* was taken to her every morning, but after that she was never seen by servant or friend until late in the evening. She did not remain in her room, for after her absence began to be whispered about as a mystery, the servants were questioned as to her whereabouts, and could tell nothing save that she left every morning very plainly dressed, and returned at evening apparently very much fatigued.

Curiosity so tormented certain female inmates of the hotel as to little Mrs. C.'s proceedings that they arose one morning at an unconscionably early hour for them and watched on the stairs for her solitary departure. They retailed their gossip in several rooms later—that she went out in a plain alpaca dress and waterproof, and, although dressed with such mysterious plainness, was very evidently very much "gotten up" as to complexion, for she looked most as fair as an English woman. Every Sabbath, however, Mrs. C. remained away from her mysterious business, whatever it might be, and came regularly to the *table d'hôte* with her brother, while Mr. C. had gone on a hurried business trip to Wisconsin. Then all the ladies of the establishment began to whisper darkly of an intrigue, of a handsome lover, and of stolen, blissful meetings in the secret places of the city, for it was evident that, in her husband's ab-

sence, Mrs. C. was behaving shamefully, and even gone to the extent of getting her face enamelled after Mme. Rachel's costly method.

But one day, long to be remembered in the annals of that hotel in the Rue de Castiglione, after the ladies had stooped to varied devices to discover the mystery of Mrs. C.'s life—had even followed her into the street, and after seeing her drive rapidly away in a voiture, had followed her in another till somehow they would lose sight of her carriage in the crowd—the mystery all came out, and Mrs. C.'s secret was buzzed about from mouth to mouth. And it was a secret!—enough to convince one that a woman is the greatest of mysteries herself, a riddle even to those who know her best. It is not more than a month ago that Mme. S., a florid and portly English matron who is as much concerned at her prospective increase to elephantine proportions as was ever Lord Byron at the gain of a pound of adipose, went out to take a Turkish Bath, having been recommended to do so as a remedy against excessive corpulence. She returned to the hotel and her gossips, pale with excitement and stuttering with a desire to tell her story faster than her tongue could move.

"I went into the room," she gasped, "and called for my attendant. She came dressed in a red flannel blouse in Turkish trousers, with bare feet and arms. She was as white as milk everywhere—on bosom, neck, arms, feet, face. She was as lovely as a picture, with her shining golden hair and large blue eyes. She was prettier than a picture, for she—she—she—was—Mrs. C!"

This was the whole matter in a nutshell. Mrs. C. had observed while taking her Turkish bath that her attendants had the whitest skins imaginable. Questioning them she learned that it was a result of their life of sweating in a hot, damp atmosphere. Instantly her resolution was taken, and, taking advantage of her husband's absence, she became an attendant in the Turkish Bath establishment in an endeavor to rid herself of her yellow roses. And those friends who meet Mrs. C. when she returns to America next year, with a face as fair as a child's, need not tell her that they have learned from me the way in which she gained it.—*Graphic.*

SECURITY AGAINST MOTHS.

Now is a good time to look over all the blankets, carpets, and woolen garments, and see if they are free from moths and caterpillars. Take a windy day for this work, and bring the articles out upon the clothes-yard, and hang them on the lines to air. Brush the clothing thoroughly, and examine all the places where moths can crawl in and deposit their eggs.

While looking over the household supplies of woolen articles it is well to make a selection of all those which are too much worn or too shabby for use, and put them in one basket or trunk to be given away. The poor widow down the avenue would be made happy for weeks in the possession of the cast-off clothing of your little Mary or Charlie. It is hard work for her hands to win the bread and meat

her children must have to keep them alive, and it is hardly possible for her to procure such nice clothing as that you hold in your hand and do not know what to do with. Food for moths is it if returned to your closets and bureaus, while it will greatly rejoice the hearts of both mother and children, if you will only bestow it judiciously. Remember as these chilly nights come on that Christ has said, "The poor ye have always with you," and also "inasmuch as ye did it unto them, ye did it unto me."

There are various preparations for keeping moths at bay; but we think that camphor gum and red pepper are as effectual as any of them, for no moth-miller will enter where either are plentifully scattered. After the blankets and pieces of carpet, etc. have been aired for three or four hours in the hot sun, they can be restored to their old places. The bits of carpet can be put into an old bag of canvas and hung up in the attic, the blankets kept under the mattresses of beds not in use, and the clothing returned to trunks or closets.—*N. Y. Times.*

TAKING UP CARPETS.

Three-ply and Kidderminster carpets should be taken up every autumn in rooms that are in daily use. They are of such a texture that the dust sifts through them during the summer months, and if allowed to remain down all the winter it fairly grinds them into holes, but if they are well cleaned in the autumn a weekly sweeping and a daily brushing up with a hand broom and dustpan will keep them in nice order, and they will last twice as long. Axminster, Aubusson, Moquette, Wilton, and Brussels carpets need not be shaken oftener than once in three years, and then only for fear of moths getting into them.

Scarcely any dust sifts through their heavy textures, and a thorough sweeping and brushing, either with bits of newspapers torn up and well moistened with water, or with damp tea leaves from the teapot, is all they require. It is well, however, once in a few months to withdraw the tacks in the corners of rooms that are constantly in use, and sweep away any dust that has collected there. Then scatter red pepper freely about the edges and nail down the carpets.

If moths have commenced to devour them they must surely come up, and when well shaken you can apply kerosene or benzine to the places where they have been eaten. Hang the carpets on the clothes-lines to do this, and a few hours of sun and air will carry away all disagreeable odors.—*Ibid.*

CHEAP TOILETTE MATS.

MR. CROWELL:—Would I seem intrusive if I should answer Rosella's request for making cheap toilet mats? I take crochet cotton number ten, Stringfellows is best I think. I crochet them single chain stitch, the desired size, and finish them with a pretty shell border of cotton and German wool. I will send a sample if she wishes.

Will Viva Starr please send directions for making a worsted tidy?

CONNIE COOK.



BIRDIE GOING TO BED.

BY HANNAH MORE JOHNSON.

Our Birdie has had the busiest day,
How tired the dear little girl must be!
Sometimes with Charlie and Rover at play,
Where John and the boys are raking hay;
Then housekeeping under the maple tree,
With her little neighbors across the way,
And their nineteen dollies for company.

Six times they've taken those dolls to ride;
Two of them married and one of them died.
A kitten was lost from the wheelbarrow's deck
When that wonderful steamboat went to wreck;
And the shopping and nursing and cooking they've
done
Would tire any housekeeper under the sun.

Now I think if she hadn't such sleepy eyes
Our Birdie would see there's a star in the skies;
A brave little star, who held up his light
As soon as the sun had said good-night,
And he's winking at Birdie with all his might,
As much as to say: "Don't you think it is best
For such tired little birds to get into their nest?"

Oh, wise little star, don't let Birdie hear,
Only whisper it softly in mamma's ear;
Who is it that's sleepy? Is it this poor doll?
She's just slept for a week on the garden wall,
And Birdie, who's leaning upon my knee,
Says she isn't tired or sleepy at all;
Only Charlie—and here, with a gathering frown,
The tearful face on my shoulder went down—
Only Charlie was naughty and gave her a fall,
And Rover, bad Rover, ran off with her ball;
And the kitties who came to her house to tea
Wouldn't sit at the table like company;
And, oh! such a trouble sometimes she's had;
I should think the dear little girl would be glad
To listen to mamma's evening call—
But then she's not tired nor sleepy at all!

Then what did the star mean when he said
'Twas somebody's time to get into bed?
It must be those robins that overhead
Are singing their little bird babies to sleep;
Shall we go to the window and take a peep
In the nest where they live in the maple tree?
So a soft little hand is slipped in mine,
And we climb the stairs so warily,
And we look through the leaves till we see the
shine
Of two bright eyes that have spied us there—
Go on, little robin, go on and sing,
We haven't had time before to spare,
And now Birdie and I are listening
From our pleasant seat in the easy chair.

But while we were talking so soft and low,
So papa robin wouldn't hear, you know,
The dress and the apron began to go
Down from the shoulders and over the knees,
And the little white buttons stood all in a row
Out of the button-holes gay as you please,
And all of the strings we found untied,
While the shoes round her ankles opened wide,
And Birdie laughed out as she saw them slide
Away from her toes and down to the floor,
And the stockings flew after in one minute more.

New little white night-gown, fresh and clean,
Come out of your closet—we know where you've
been;

Here's somebody ready and waiting for you!
The robin's sweet song is almost through,
And mamma has another she never sings
Except to a Birdie with folded wings—
Folded away in a crib like this,
As soft as a mother-robin's breast,
Where my darling waits now for her good-night
kiss,

With three pretty dollies to fill up her nest.
Hush-a-bye, babies, all in a row,
Your little mamma has so much care!
I'm afraid she's too busy, so hush-a-bye O!
Too busy to think of her evening prayer;
But while I was doubting her childish love,
Its story began in the shadows dim;
And He who was waiting and listening above
Sent down the sweet sleep she was asking of Him!

—N. Y. Observer.

THE BABIES! THE BABIES!

BY ROSELLA RICE.

WILIGHT came last evening before I finished picking blackberries. I wanted to gather them all so I could bake pies early this morning. It was a glorious evening, for I looked up occasionally, away to the line of undulating hills that lay up most royally against the western horizon.

"The sunset's gold was flushing river, and hill, and shore." Italy! I'll never sigh for Italia's sunsets and scenery so long as the summers and autumns bring with them these exquisitely beautiful views that nothing lack, and nothing mars. While I was picking the berries at the wayside, a poor little section hand on the railroad came along, tired and grimy and dusty, his dinner pail in one hand and the other hand was drawing his treasure, the bright little carriage in which sat his sixteen months old girl-baby. The mother walked slowly behind it. Baby was fretting and rubbing its dimpled fist aimlessly at its eyes and nose, and whimpering "ee-hee! ee-hee!"

Now you think that young mother said gaily: "baby-girl! mamma's pearl!" or "cheer up! cheer up! heigho! heigho!" but you are mistaken. I wish she had said that, or mocked the robin, or pee-wee, or little piggy, or did something pretty and cute, and innocent and loving. But instead, she lowered her voice until it made me think of caverns and graves, and garrets haunted, and skulls with glaring eyeless holes, and said: "hush! keep still, or that ugly black man will carry you 'way off!" There was a little low shivering sob, and a stifled cry, the two dear little hands lay in each other meekly down in the wee lap, the head bent over and the whole posture was indicative of abject fear. Oh, I could have snatched the babe away from that weak, short-sighted mother forever! I thought how much better that the blessed angels bear the babies away from danger and the blighting of soul and body, than that such miserable apologies of mothers should be suffered to work such utter ruin as this.

How common it is to hear mothers say "that man will cut your ears off!" or "if you do that again I'll skin you alive!" or, "the black man is just waiting to carry you away!"

Oh, I know every inch of this ground! I have been over it all and these fearful threats have burned and seared themselves into my inmost nature! To-day I cannot stand inside of our old cellar walls, even though they are half tumbled in and the old time aspect is altogether changed, without shuddering and feeling the chills creep over my back. For misdemeanors I was frequently shut inside the cellar after dark, while those in authority outside, laughed and said: "There! there! right between those barrels! he's crawling out! old Raw-head and Bloody-Bones! he'll soon find you! there! he's snapping his big white teeth! there! there! there he is!"

My childish imagination was always vivid. I could paint well—all the little playmates would sit spell-bound listening to "Zelle's good stories."

Oh, I could see the horrible spectre with a bare, bleeding head, and reeking jaws, not like any animal that ever lived or will live. I see it yet as I saw it then. With terrific shrieks, I would crowd my quivering little body closely up against the cellar door, and press my face upon the latch until it seemed my form was contracted and compressed into a size no bigger than an infant's body.

I loved the forest, whose densely wooded hills stood and still stand, like solemn sentinels shutting in and guarding my beautiful country home, and making of it an umbrageous retreat, rare enough to tempt the wild-wood sprites, but when I stand in one place I am daunted, and feel as though the spot was haunted. Ruth, the hired girl, used to tell me that the devil lay behind that very old log where I always went to get sheets of moss, great rare patches that made such superb coverlets for my doll's bed, and such plushy spreads for the old beehive that adorned one corner of my play-house, and such exquisite carpets for my little bare brown feet to tread upon. Oh, that was a thorn Ruth implanted right among the most excellent enjoyments of my wonderful childhood. I said, "does Mr. Devil have hair on his head?" "Yes." "Is it like my papa's?" "Yes." "Will I know who he is if I see him peep up and just show the top of his head?" "Oh yes, he lies there a good deal of his time," said she, with eyes fishy and unwinking. I never saw his face—the devil's—but frequently when my feet went at a flying pace past the fatal spot, I very distinctly saw the top of his head as he endeavored to peer over and not let me see him watching. It was terrible! my marvelously beautiful green covered log! that he would select it from among all others and just there in that charming place near the wayside rock, and the choice plum trees, and the chestnut tree, and the sweet brier rose, and so close to the road that led to aunt Polly's!

Then there was a "big ugly man," who always came and cut off little girls' ears, if they were noisy when their mothers went to milk in the evenings. For fear of the man we always crept back under the bed and held fast to the hand of our little sister, and we spoke in doleful whispers with our lips close to the ears that were doubly precious because they were endangered. The noise of our beating hearts "was all the sound we heard." Dead silence reigned until the return of the muffled woman bearing the foaming pails.

These things are very sad for one dwarfed and mis-shapen and blighted to dwell upon. Oh, I often think what a god-like race of children should somebody give to the world! Physically free from the taint of disease, no hereditary poison in the blood, no pre-disposition to anything unnatural, treated from very infancy like reasonable, accountable, growing men and women, the intellect cultivated, the moral perceptions trained and strengthened, and a beautiful and correct discipline maintained throughout, a perfect symmetry blending into one, the intellectual, physical, and moral.

But how can these things be when the crown of motherhood comes to

those who read not at all its wonderful and wise mysteries? Who, if they do read, read not right; who turn away from the problem and seek not to solve it; who see in the germ immortal lying on their bosoms, only a heap of dainty cambric and ruffling, and laces and embroidery, an obstacle, a hindrance, a nuisance.

What golden prophecy of a time fairer than the ideal, comes to the mother as she feels the throbbing of the sweet little life that grew out of her own? Is her heart lifted up to exaltation's pearly heights in gratitude that her crown renders her blessed among women, that she walks now a queen consecrated to a work greater than man's—greater than the angel's—a mission divine, given her in trust from the hand of the Most High?

The seeds of deceit, and revenge, and malice, and every selfish propensity; of falsehood, and superstition, and cowardice, and every phase of meanness; the seeds of all these are sown in infancy and early childhood. It is very easy work if done then. Parents do it ignorantly, and sometimes unconsciously, but generally in a heedless, careless way. How common it is to hear a parent say to the rollicking ten months old baby, while showing him off to a visitor: "make a fist and tell him to see his master." Forthwith the tiny pink fingers and thumb double up according to rule and order, and the miniature fist is thrust under the visitor's nose, and very frequently plump against it. A laugh greets the baby and rewards him, and he feels that he has done something smart. Vanity and combativeness and boldness are all encouraged, and even then, like vile weeds in a fair garden, they are striking root in the pure soil.

Whose work so great as the mother's? whose influence so potent? whose interest deeper?

But alas for the misguided parents who stand when their work is done with countenances blank, when they should be illumined, who look in vain for good fruits, who have nothing but broken efforts and unavailing tears, whose hands are empty, and whose hearts are heavy, and they go down to the grave as weary as though they carried "a burden of beautiful work well done."

THE LEISURE TIME OF BOYS.

We would suggest, to the many parents who are perplexed with the difficulty of finding the wherewithal to amuse and interest their boys, to give their lads every opportunity of acquiring a mechanical trade. The industry and ingenuity of a boy of average ability, says the Scientific American, may easily be made to furnish him with a never-failing source of amusement of the best order. The boy who can produce or make something in the world, that achievement of a result is not a reward reserved for grown people only. And the education of mind, ear and hand, which this use of tools and mechanical appliances furnishes, is of a great and real value, beyond the good resulting from the occupation of leisure time.

Having nothing to do, is as great a snare to the young as it is to the full-grown; and no greater benefits can be

conferred on youths than to teach them to convert time now wasted, and often worse than wasted, into means of pleasant recreation and mental improvement. The boy, whose time and mind are now occupied with marbles or kites, may be a Watt, a Morse, or a Bessemer, in embryo; and it is certainly an easy matter to turn his thoughts and musings into a channel which shall give full scope to their faculties. To most boys the use of mechanical tools is the most fascinating of all occupations.

As logic and mathematics have a value beyond accuracy in argument and the correct solution of problems, in that they teach men the habit of using their reflecting powers systematically, so carpentry, turning, and other arts, are of high importance. These occupations teach boys to think, to proceed from initial causes to results, and not only to understand the nature and duty of the mechanical powers, but to observe their effects; and to acquire knowledge by actual experiment, which is the best way of learning anything. All the theories culled out of books leave an impress on the mind and memory which is slight compared to that of the true mechanic.

Our advice is to all who have the great responsibility of the charge of boys: Give them a lathe, or a set of carpenter's tools or even blacksmith's tools; give their mind a turn toward the solid and useful side of life. You will see the result in increased activity of their thinking capabilities, and the direction of their ideas toward practical results; and still more obviously, in the avoidance of idle mischief and nonsense (to omit all reference to absolute wickedness and moral degradation) which are, to too great extent, the pastime of the generation which is to succeed us.

GOOD HABITS OF SLEEPING IN BABIES.

One baby often rules a whole household, and with an iron rod, too. The mother brings up the old excuse, that she does not dare to control it, as she should like to, on account of its nervous temperament. So, for that reason, papa must go out of the room to read his paper, because the rustling of it wakes baby; auntie mustn't practice, for baby is asleep; if anybody attempts to enter the room, mamma holds up a warning finger, with a look of pitiful distress upon her face; and if perchance the door-bell rings or a door slams, the cry of the baby is sure to follow close upon it. In fact, silence must be maintained, if possible, while baby sleeps; and that, in most houses is a pretty hard thing to accomplish. Now, I do not believe that all this regard for baby's nerves is right. She can accustom her baby to sleep in spite of all the noises incidental to the house. By hushing every noise and accustoming the baby to sleep in undisturbed quiet, she educates it to be nervous and to cry out at every unusual sound.

Many mothers make a regular business, every forenoon, of getting the baby to sleep. They sometimes spend an hour or more in their endeavors, rocking and singing until they com-

pletely exhaust themselves. I do not believe such a process is necessary, though I know many mothers will disagree with me. I believe that any healthy baby can be taught to go to sleep on the bed by itself, without any rocking or singing, if the right means are taken in season. It seems but reasonable to say that no child will cry to be rocked asleep who never was rocked to sleep, or cry to be walked with if that habit has not been practiced, or in fact, cry for any special thing of which it knows nothing. I speak from experience, not theory.—*Hearth and Home.*

SHALL I LET MY CHILDREN SLEEP?

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—For four years I have read your columns with much interest, and have often longed to join the band of questioners, but it already occupies so large a space I fear there is no room for me. There is one question, however, I am so anxious to have discussed by some who are older and wiser than I, that I will venture to ask it.

Shall we waken our little children at six o'clock in the morning, in order to have them ready to eat their breakfast with the family, or leave them for nature to awaken, which she usually does about seven? I have always preferred leaving them to her, but my husband does not quite agree with me on the subject; he is willing I should have my own way about it, but I don't feel like taking it without knowing that I am right and he is wrong. I have been following his plan through the past winter and spring, but it makes my heart ache to rouse them up from a sweet sleep, unless I knew it was best for them. I wish some who have an opinion on this subject, would hasten to express it in THE HOUSEHOLD.

R. C. E.

A HINT TO TEACHERS.

A great many think much that is called progress in education is of very questionable wisdom. Little children in the primary schools are taught things they cannot understand in place of attending to spelling, penmanship, and other branches, adapted to their age, in which with all our boasted improvements, they are inferior to their parents and grandparents. Let us give an illustration.

A father in Boston recently heard his boy, five years of age, shouting repeatedly, wringing his hands at the same time, "Tommy shut your jaws, count one." He asked what it meant, but the boy could only say, his teacher required him to say it. Anxious to learn more of the mysteries of the famous Boston school system, he visited the school and found that the pupils were required to repeat in concert, with gymnastic exercises "comma, shortest pause, count one," which the boys, with no idea of its meaning, had so changed that his son had learned it as above. The parent went away deeply impressed.

YOUNG AMERICAN WONDERS.

I wonder what makes papa tell such nice stories to visitors about his hid-

ing his master's rattan when he went to school, and about his running away from the schoolmistress when she was going to whip him, and then shut me up all day in a dark room because I tried just once to be as smart as he was!

Wonder what made papa say that wicked word when Betsey upset the ink all over his papers, and then slapped my ears because I said the same thing when my kite-string broke!

Wonder why mamma told Bridget the other day to say she was not at home when Tommy Day's mother called, and then puts me to bed without any supper every time I tell a lie!

THE PUZZLER.

ANSWERS:—1. It takes wisdom to see wisdom.

2. There is a cross in every life, And a need of earnest prayer. But the lonely heart that leans on God, Is happy everywhere.

2. S O T
S P L A Y
S O L D I E R
T A I N T
Y E T
R

4. P O N D 5. S T E P
O B O E T A M E
N O T E E M M A
D E E D P E A K

6. C
T A R
L A M E D
C O V E R E D
I M M O L A T O R

7. Bridegroom. 8. Blockhead.

9. It was about noon of a day in mid-summer, that my friend *Augusta Lincoln* and myself, being allowed our liberty, started on a little excursion.

We chose no unknown region to visit, but wended our way towards the broad ocean.

Had it been a rainy day we could not have enjoyed ourselves so well, but as it was fair, and no signs of foul weather, the walk was delightful.

The first object of interest was a high column, that from its peculiar form and its appearance of once having been white, reminded us of the Bible history of *Lot's wife*. It was a grand sight, and we spent a long time admiring it.

Next we noticed a yellow stone, in the shape of an orange, with the sunlight upon it, it presented a golden appearance. At length we reached the sandy shore. Above and below was a wide expanse of blue. Far in the distance we could see the fishers at work while around us flew many birds.

We sat down to rest upon a little rock, and were soon asleep, to be rudely awakened by a dash of cold water, after which bath we were glad to hasten home.

10. Less.

ENIGMA.

1. I am composed of twenty-two letters.

My 21, 9, 18, 1 is a place to secure money.

My 16, 3, 14, 20 is used in baking.

My 22, 7, 2 is a soft white metal.

My 10, 13, 3, 22 is very bitter.

My 6, 4, 11 is a close embrace.

My 19, 15, 8, 1 is the opposite of pain.

My 5, 12, 17, 22 is a wool bearing animal.

My 20, 6 is an interjection.

My whole is a proverb.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

2. My first is in stay but not in part, My second is in gun but not in dart, My third is in muff but not in hat, My fourth is in fish but not in cat, My fifth is in fans but not in curls, My whole is used by many girls.

CHARADE.

3. Cold, senseless and dead,
I lay on my bed,
And a king's daughter watched o'er me.
A brave warrior's life
I saved from the strife,
But he fled from before me.
A wife by me knelt,
But ne'er for me felt
The pure love of a woman.
I died not nor lived,
Loved nor believed,
Nor did aught that is human.
A cruel king sought me,
But when he caught me
He despised me and cursed me,
Hated me ever,
Though I wronged him never,
And his own daughter nursed me.
Father nor mother,
Sister nor brother
I never had on the earth,
No smiles, but salt tears,
Dark troubles and fears
All greeted my troubled birth.
On the world's stage,
On history's page,
My name you'll never discover.
My lovely mistress
In sores distress
Gave me th' name of her brave lover.
Hardships and danger
Hold me a stranger,
War time and peace time, the same is,
So heartless and cold,
Old, centuries old,
Can't you guess now what my name is?

DECAPITATIONS.

4. Behead sour and leave a musical instrument. Behead to demonstrate and leave to ramble. Behead to vibrate and leave part of a bird. Behead to search and leave a garment. Behead a tract of land and leave part of the body. Behead a garment and leave an animal.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

5. Calamity; an authentic prohibition; quickly; a small horse; a sort of boom or yard; freedom from pain; to lie at ease; a heathen deity; a cruel Roman king; an Australian bird. My initials form the name of a celebrated poem, and my finals its author.

ROSCOE F.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

6. A consonant; a bright body; a sudden light; reclining; trials; a performance; a stew; a doctor; a hard stone; to deprive feloniously; a consonant.

A FISH POND.

7. This cup is a keepsake.
8. The supper charmed every one.
9. This doll is melted.
10. His word is truthful.
11. Don't encroach on my grounds.
12. Scat! every black cat.
13. This almond is bitter.
14. Look out for his heels.

A. A. L.



MRS. PINK'S TABLECLOTH.

BY EDITH ELLIOTT.

"Give your best and your strongest to that which lasts longest."—*Anna Holyoke.*

I KNEW a woman who always kept her house in a state of perfect neatness. No grain of dust, no cobweb, no spot ever was seen from floor to ceiling. No spider, not even a fly, dared to desecrate her house. She watched for flies all summer as a cat watches for a mouse, and no sooner did an unlucky wretch of a fly appear at door or window than she pounced upon him with a long cloth and drove him in terror from her dominions. It was a pretty house, clean, cool, and comfortable, and at all times so very tidy that it was really refreshing to go into it. Yes, she kept her house perfectly clean, but she never did anything else. That was her life work. From early morning till she lay down her weary limbs to rest at night, her chief thought and aim was to have her idolized house perfectly clean.

Now, neatness is a virtue that we admire exceedingly. "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," says the old proverb, and it is certainly near akin to it. Yet, after all, it may be a question whether it is the "chief end of man" or of woman, or whether the whole soul, mind and body, all the energy and vitality of any human being, should be expended in the one item of keeping clean.

Let us take a peep into this immaculate dwelling. It is evening; here comes Mr. Pink home to his supper. His affectionate spouse rushes out to greet him with the endearing welcome: "The mat! the mat! Mr. Pink here's a clothes brush, do brush yourself outside before you come in! There, Johnny, bring your father his slippers! Those boots must not come in until they are cleaned! Oh, Mr. Pink!"

But just then she perceives that two guests have arrived with him, and she hastens to welcome them to her immaculate parlor. Here, spreading a large newspaper upon the floor, and placing a chair upon it she says, "Do not forget, Mr. Pink," and with this parting injunction excuses herself, and retires from the room. Mr. Pink seats himself carefully in the chair over the newspaper, informing us in answer to our looks of wonder, and by way of explanation, that he is so heavy that his wife finds the chair he sits upon is apt to wear the carpet, when he moves it, as he has the habit of doing, without this safeguard; and then we seat ourselves with similar feelings to those a man might experience if required to walk upon eggs. But our model housekeeper soon re-enters and summons us to the dining-room, where a most inviting repast is spread upon a snowy white tablecloth.

To fill a column here with a description of the delicious edibles set before us, might be highly interesting to housekeepers, but it is no part of our

present purpose. Suffice it that they were duly appreciated and praised, both by her husband and guests, and "all went merry as a marriage bell," till an unlucky accident threw a cloud over the happy party. Whether owing to a want of proper training at home, or to an unusual nervousness, I am at this moment unable to determine, but in taking a preserve saucer of canned fruit from Mr. Pink, which the latter had in his hospitable heart filled almost to overflowing, my husband, spilled a little of the syrup upon the spotless tablecloth.

Mrs. Pink, who was busy in pouring the tea, did not at first notice the accident, or the look of intense mortification upon the face of Mr. Elliott. But the next moment her eye caught sight of the spot, and it being not far from her husband's plate, took it for granted that it was caused by his carelessness, and with a good deal of vivacity immediately availed herself of her privilege as a wife. "Oh, John! Do see there! How could you—?" But here the real offender interposed, stammering: "I—I am very sorry, Madam. I fear that I am the guilty party. I was very careless."

"Oh, it is of no consequence, whatever," replied Mrs. Pink, perceiving too late her error. But it was only too obvious that, to her at least, it was a matter of great consequence. In vain Mr. Pink tried to divert the attention of the company with funny stories; in vain I praised Mrs. Pink's delicious biscuit and sponge cake; it was but too evident to all, that the spot upon Mrs. Pink's nice tablecloth was a sore offence that rankled deep in her heart, and was not to be healed by any words or smiles of ours, or by anything but the soothing hand of time, which slowly but surely effaces even the deepest impressions of sorrow or joy.

A very small and insignificant object, if held close to the eye, may suffice to obscure even the glorious light of the sun, and in like manner, we too often permit very trifling ills to stand between us and happiness, and thus it was with our friend Mrs. Pink. Surrounded by loving and admiring friends, with a beautiful home, and many luxuries, a spot upon a clean tablecloth, or even a speck of dirt upon her clean floors or walls, was large enough in her eyes, to shut out the sight of all the blessings and comforts around her; great enough to make her and all around her miserable.

Ah, friends! could we but see these things with the same eyes with which we shall view them a hundred years hence, what a different aspect would they present to us! Those events that now seem important may then seem most trivial, while those that we now regard with carelessness may then be seen to have been the turning points in our lives.

If we could but learn to estimate our deeds and virtues at their real value, we might find that though neatness is good, patience and love are better; for long after a spot on a tablecloth has been washed white, and the cloth itself worn out, the memory of kind deeds and gentle words will irradiate our hearts with beauty and love.

TABLE MANNERS.

When invited to dinner, great care should be taken to arrive a little before the specified hour. The few minutes thus secured are necessary for introductions, and prevent any delay in the meal.

At formal dinners a plan or map of the table is frequently laid in the drawing-room or parlor, with the names of the guests at their appointed place on the chart. A card is also placed at each plate with the name of the guest, but in any case the host and hostess can readily, with a low-spoken word, inform each gentleman which lady he is expected to attend to the table.

The hostess is escorted by the most distinguished gentleman guest, while the host conducts the principal lady, the gentleman giving the lady his right arm, and seating her on his right hand, except in case of the hostess, whose escort is seated on her right hand as the place of honor.

Oval, octagon, round, or oblong tables are preferred, as more suited to conversation than the old fashioned large square, and the host and hostess are frequently placed fronting each other at the shortest diameter, the lady being regarded as sitting at the head of the table, and the gentleman at the foot.

The fashions of different districts differ so widely that few general rules can be given except that a ready tact and good nature will promptly adapt itself to any circumstances.

Where the formal meal is supplied by plenty of servants, general conversation becomes a duty of the guests, and any discussion of the viands is out of place. Each person is supplied by the servant, and the gentleman is not required to assist his neighbor in any way, unless it is deemed necessary to drink healths.

In informal meals all is entirely changed. The host and hostess perform the labor of distributing the food, and it becomes the duty of the guest to offer any slight assistance that is necessary. In such cases the hostess is also supposed to be partly responsible for the fare, and a slight passing compliment to the food is allowed as well as an invitation to partake, but reiterated invitation or pressing is always objectionable either from guests or host.

The conversation should be gay and spirited. Heavy topics should be avoided, particularly such as can possibly awaken controversy. No one can converse well while eating, and a lively interchange of small talk alone should be permitted, unless the company are expected to sit long over a dessert.

The hostess gives the signal for rising, and all the ladies instantly follow her example, the gentlemen escorting them as before.

Coffee is usually served in the drawing-room a short time after leaving the table, and is convenient as inducing sociality, as well as conveying a hint to the guests to depart.

A GOOD DISH OF RICE.

A correspondent says few persons know how to boil rice properly. It should be cooked so that the grains

will remain separate and distinct, but not hard and the whole be in some degree loose and porous. The following is to the point: Pick over the rice carefully; rinse it well in cold water till it is perfectly cleansed; drain off the water, then put in a pot of boiling water, with a little salt. Allow as much as a quart of water to a teacup of rice, as it absorbs the water very much while boiling. Boil it seventeen minutes, then turn the water off very close; set the pot over a few coals, and let it steam fifteen minutes with the lid of the pot off. The beauty of the rice boiled in this way is that each kernel stands out by itself, while it is quite tender.

THE DESSERT.

—A philosopher asserts that the reason why ladies' teeth decay sooner than gentlemen's is because of the friction of the tongue and the sweetness of the lips.

—"How hollow it sounds!" said a patient under the movement cure, as the physician was vigorously beating his chest. "Oh, that's nothing," said the doctor, "wait till we get to the head!"

—A little boy was playing with a couple of nickel five-cent pieces, the other evening, which a friend had given him, and putting his finger on one of them, said: "This one I am going to give to the heathen." He kept on playing, till at last one of the nickels rolled away and he could not find it. "Which one have you lost?" asked the friend. "The one I was going to give to the heathen," replied the cherub.

"I say, Jim, what is the difference between the commencement and the beginning of anything?" "I don't know," said Jim, "what is it?" "There ain't any," was the reply. "I see," replied Jim. "Now you tell me this: A mule was on one side of a river, and some hay on the other, and the mule wanted to get at the hay without wetting his feet. How did he do it?" "I don't know," said Jones; "I give it up." "So did the other mule," said Jim.

—A very tall and shabby looking man, a fellow that reminded you of a vagrant letter from a font of forty-line paragon extra condensed, stepped up to one end of a Louisville bar, and, after heaving a glass of liquor down his long throat, blandly asked the bartender if he could change a twenty dollar bill. The gentleman informed him that he could. "Well," said the tall one, with a sigh of satisfaction, "I'll go out and see if I can find one," and he plunged out into the cold world on his mission.

—"Have you writing-paper in boxes with letters on it?" He informed her that he had a fine assortment of the different styles of initial stationery. "How much do you ask for a box of it?" "All prices, from twenty cents to two dollars per box." He then inquired what initial she wanted. After a moment's pause and some consultation with a friend, she answered she would take "G," and turning to her friend, she said she took that letter "because she wrote to George twice as often as any one else."



HELPS TO HEALTH FOR MOTHERS AND INFANTS.

Number Three.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

AFTER taking all needful care that the infant be provided with food that is both nourishing and easily digested, the next care of the mother must be to provide for him a constant supply of fresh, pure air.

Why is this of vital importance? Let us see.

The digested food is composed of chyle and waste. The chyle, which is a fluid resembling milk, contains all the elements required for nourishing and renewing the body except one; that one element, which must be united with it before it can be turned into blood, is oxygen. But where is the oxygen to come from? Have a little patience dear reader, and let us stop a few minutes to examine with reverent admiration the wonderful skill and wisdom, as well as love, displayed by the Creator in his careful arrangement of tubes and ducts so as to carry out his plan in the best possible manner, without interfering in the least with the work going on in any of the various organs around them, in the great laboratory of the human body.

1. The chyle is sucked up as it passes through the alimentary canal, by myriads of little tubes called lacteals. These tiny ducts with surprising discrimination, absorb only the chyle, leaving all useless matter to pass on and out of the body. This apparent wisdom and power of selection on the part of the lacteals is but seeming intelligence. In point of fact they are but passive instruments in the hand of Him who never for a moment forgets us but who from our birth to the last moment of our existence upon earth, works within us continually, keeping in motion the wonderful machinery that he has contrived and created. We may eat our food, but we cannot of ourselves digest it or turn it into living blood, bone and muscle; and no mortal can do it for us. Who on earth can turn an apple or a potato into living flesh? yet God may perform this miracle for us day after day, for years, without a thought on our part of the favor conferred upon us, or of His patient, loving kindness and tender care.

But to proceed. The chyle after passing through the lacteals and mesenteric glands, flows into the thoracic duct, a tube about as large round as a goose quill, which piercing the diaphragm or wall of flesh that separates the thorax from the abdomen, carries this milky fluid to the subclavian vein, near the back of the neck, where the chyle mingles with blood from the veins. It is through this vein carried to the right side of the heart, and thence to the lungs.

Now for the all-important change which is to convert the chyle into pure blood, and also to change the old venous blood, which comes back from

its circuit of the body devitalized and laden with impurities, into pure healthful blood, fit to nourish and renew the body.

This change can be effected only by breathing fresh air. Without a constant supply of pure out-door air a child can no more be healthy than a fish can live out of water. Fresh air is quite as necessary as food, for without it we can not obtain the oxygen necessary to change the chyle into living blood.

When we cease to breathe we cease to live, and when we cease to breathe pure air we are on the highway to disease and death. Common air is compounded chiefly of two gases called nitrogen and oxygen. Every time we take in a breath we inhale the oxygen, which uniting with the chyle and old blood, perfects the former and renews the latter, changing them to a bright red color, and sending a feeling of life and vigor through the whole frame. Then when we throw out our breath, we exhale with it carbonic acid gas and vapor, and some of the old worn out particles of the body which are not only useless, but which if allowed to remain in the body would be absolutely poisonous.

Day and night, every moment, this change is going on, by this wonderful plan of our Creator, and the body is being thus freed from that which would injure it, while it takes from the atmosphere in return that which keeps it in life and health. Of course every time a person breathes he not only uses up a certain amount of oxygen, but he spoils, or renders unfit for use a certain part of the air around him by breathing into it dead and poisonous matter. Just as you would by throwing a handful of dirt into a pitcher of water, make it muddy and unfit to drink, so every time you breathe, you make impure about ten cubic feet of the air around you. And the oftener you breathe into this air the more impure it becomes, until at last it is so bad that no one can live who breathes it.

What would be thought of a mother who should give her children only muddy water to drink? What if this mother should choose to pass by the spring of clear beautiful water that bubbled up from a bank near the house and bring in a pitcher of water from a mud puddle in the road? Yet many families do what is even more filthy and disgusting, i. e., they inhale day after day foul and fetid air loaded with perspiration, dust, dead atoms of putrefying animal and vegetable matter, and noxious, poisonous gases.

Suppose some mother to have a large pitcher upon her dining table filled with water, and then day after day as the water was partly used up by the family, instead of rinsing her pitcher and obtaining a fresh supply of water for the next meal, suppose she should leave the little water that remained after each meal, and add to it daily a few slops, and then offer this to her husband, children and guests to allay their thirst? But the woman who neglects to open her windows and doors and air thoroughly her rooms every day, does that which in reality, and in the esteem of all intelligent people, is just as bad and as disgusting. In plain words, dirty air is as

bad as dirty water or dirty food. Indeed in one respect it is worse, for we may decline taking into our mouths food that we perceive to be bad, but we cannot so readily escape breathing the air of the room in which we are sitting or sleeping.

I have in my mind a family of father, mother and three children, who night after night through the whole year, sleep in one small room, and who never have a window open in this room from one year's end to another, not even in the morning to air the bed while making. Can we wonder that their complexions are pallid and death-like, that they seem dull and spiritless and proverbially slow and plodding? finding no time for reading, rest, or recreation, and I fear no time to read *THE HOUSEHOLD* and profit by this article.

Children and invalids are especially sensitive to the ill effects of bad air, having less vitality and strength to resist the influence of poisons. It therefore becomes the imperative duty of the mother to see that her infant and young children breathe always a pure atmosphere suited to give them health and vigor.

Well authenticated instances are related of children who have died in the night while sleeping in a close room, simply from want of air enough to keep them alive. Grown persons who sleep in a close room awake in the morning unrefreshed, and often with a headache and drowsy, dull feeling, and want of appetite. Oh, what a fearful amount of suffering and disease, despair and death, is caused by want of good air! It is very certain that in another sense than that usually intended, a large proportion of mankind "die from want of breath."

How often do we hear people say of themselves "My blood is out of order," and how many quack medicines do we see advertised warranted to "purify the blood."

Now, dear friends, pure blood can never be procured by pouring drugs into the stomach. If you would have purer blood two things, at least, are absolutely necessary.

1. A perfect digestion.
2. A constant supply of pure air.

To secure the latter, keep your house and surroundings perfectly clean and free from all offensive smells calculated to poison the air. Thoroughly ventilate every room used by the family, every day, by opening the doors and windows. Even in the coldest weather the windows may be safely opened for a few minutes each day. And last but not least let your children play in the out door air as much as possible during the day, remembering that if they are suitably clad, every moment that they spend in the out door air they are treasuring up for themselves a stock of health and strength for future enjoyment and usefulness.

FOR INVALIDS.

One of the most pleasing indications of the world's advancement to be observed by invalids, is seen in the fact that our most scientific and best physicians dose less and attach more importance to good nursing and prudence. We heard one of our most skillful physicians, a few evenings

since, state that physicians or their medicines, killed about one-half of those who died under their care. He would except those who were worn out by disease or age so that nature could not exert her powers successfully. His view was to give some medicine to help nature to act, when trammelled by disease, etc.; but to let nature and good nursing exert their influence and the patient might recover. The enfeebled consumptive was too often drugged to death, when patient good nursing would prolong life.

Often is the judgment of the physician set aside by anxious friends who think their afflicted ones cannot recover unless the doctor is pouring down some nauseous draught. They must call in another physician unless he will do more and save the precious life, and he, annoyed by their disquietude, must administer some drug, when the poor patient can scarcely bear it. Less medicine and more temperance, kind friends, then less disease and longer life.—*The Message.*

FOR THE HAIR.

Some one has asked what is the best thing to prevent the hair falling out? Simply salt and water, not too strong, is better than all the hair restoratives in market.

E. B.

To prevent the hair coming out take one ounce of sage, one and one-half pints of rain water, boil twenty minutes, strain into a bottle and add a tablespoonful of white Castile soap, cut fine, and a teaspoon not quite full of powdered borax; shake well and when cold rub on to the scalp thoroughly twice or three times a day.

M. LOU.

CURE FOR CROUP.

MR. CROWELL:—Allow me to answer Mrs. W's question before I forget it, as I consider it valuable. Fluid extract of ipecac will cure croup in its worst form. Give ten drops once in fifteen minutes till the child vomits, and once after and rub the chest with sweet oil. My boy of four had the membranous croup and this remedy saved his life. It must have quick attention. Ammonia is also good to inhale.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

CHILBLAINS.—I have seen several cures for chilblains, but don't remember to have seen mine. I suffered almost all of one winter and some one gave me a preparation of linseed oil and lime which cured me so that I have never been troubled since. The preparation can be had at any drug store, I think.

M. E. W.

—If onions are sliced and kept in a sick room, they will absorb all the atmospheric poison. They should be changed every hour. In the room of a small pox patient they blister and decompose very rapidly, but will prevent the spread of the disease. Their application has also proved effectual in the case of snake bites.

—A lecturer in New York recently said laughing was one of the best salutary agents known to the medical faculty, and was withal an indication of intellectual vigor and moral soundness.



HINTS TO YOUNG WRITERS.

BY U. U.

Number Four.

IN my last, I touched upon books of value for writers to have at hand, but the brief list comprised only works for reference or consultation in preparing manuscript for the press. If one is writing upon any given topic, requiring research or the citing of authorities, they must, as a matter of course, have access to works upon the subject; but this is beyond the range of the ordinary young writer while experienced ones are quite likely to understand their own needs in this respect better than any one else can point it out to them. A good set of encyclopedias is a desideratum to a scholar or writer; or if a set is beyond one's means, there are condensed works containing very much valuable information and to be had for a comparatively limited price.

I mentioned before some works upon the use of words and the importance of this branch of learning to the young writer. This study upon our own language and literature is one of the richest of feasts, and one which we can heartily commend of value to our young friends. The "History of the English Language," by Hon. George P. Marsh, and "Lectures on the English Language," from the same pen, are popular as well as standard works, the author himself being one of the finest linguists of the age. Max Muller's works upon language, we recall as reading with the greatest interest, though to the mere English scholar much of it may seem technical, still it cannot but benefit as well as enlarge one's understanding of our own tongue.

English literature is another branch of importance, especially to the writer. Most of us have become familiar, in our schooldays, with some text book upon this subject, and so far as they go, the study as pursued in school, is good. But the lover of literature does not end his or her studies when school days are over, and thus more elaborate works demand our attention. Taine's English Literature, in two large volumes, covers almost the whole ground, and we have in it not only the literature but much of the history of the times when the writers flourished with dissertations and allusions, showing the large field occupied by the illustrious author.

Hallam's "European Literature," in four volumes covers the literature of the various European nations for certain ages, and in its allotted field possesses much merit. Still, to the average scholar it becomes rather tiresome as continuous reading, though valuable for reference to any period treated upon. The "Germany" of Madame De Stael is a book full of literature in which authors and their works are discussed and essays written upon them by one of the most brilliant

women the world has known. In connection with this topic we may also mention very many works of the "Essayists" as being real studies upon literature and authors, and which cannot be too highly commended to readers who like good books. Take the voluminous essays, critical and miscellaneous, of Macaulay, and you have almost the whole field of literature dissected and discussed in the most able manner, and by one who seemed to have all learning and knowledge and language at his command. Not less pleasing are others called the British essayists, while all of them treat more or less upon literary topics, and subjects connected with scholarly and æsthetic pursuits. There are those too, among our own countrymen who have ably contributed to this department of literature; such works for instance, as Lowell's "Among my Books," and others, not forgetting the brilliant contributions of Margaret Fuller Ossoli to this department of our literature. And the Reviews, both English and our own "North American," are invaluable as helps in literature.

Turning from works upon literature, we need not speak of the benefit which is to be derived from familiar acquaintance with the productions of the best authors themselves. Some of these are to be particularly prized for their grand, soul-inspiring thoughts, others more for their command of language and pleasing style, and others still, for poetical or artistic merit in which they may rank as peers. In Shakespeare we have nearly all these excellences, if not more than can be enumerated, even though we may sometimes shrink from the coarse expressions which were but a true picture of the age in which he wrote.

It has been said that if young people would attain to felicity of expression and to the most approved style, they must give their days and nights to poring over the pages of Addison. Now while the style may, as can all other faculties, be educated and improved, we doubt if that is not, as is poetry, born not made, by imitation of even masters of the craft. Yet for all that an acquaintance with the best models, a study as to the use of words and synonyms as well as in the easy construction of sentences is a help, and one that no one should ignore. Addison is given as an almost perfect model and has been so held up as to somewhat cast others in the shade. But for all that we are free to confess that much in his voluminous works is little calculated to interest young people of this day, especially American readers, and that his best essays have what seems an old fashioned tone and manner of moralizing that render them hardly attractive to the general reader. Yet how pure and clear are his sentences, how irresistible his humor when he is humorous, and how well chosen his words and their arrangement, none who love good literature for its own sake need be told.

And Charley Lamb, so quaint, so pathetic and so ingenious, who does not love him as a man and as a writer? Who of us do not envy his command of language and the sweet flow of his words? But to come to our own day and to authors

whose thoughts beat in unison with the times, are there not enough that are good examples of style and who are real masters of the literary art? T. W. Higginson whom we have before mentioned seems to us one of the most perfect and graceful of writers, while his works are full of thought, and his love of literature and learning, is, as can be seen, the passion of his life. Geo. W. Curtis is another of our most eloquent men, as well as the best of essayists, while his humor, so genial and telling is scarcely surpassed by any. Those of us who have read the Harper's "Easy Chair," during the years which Curtis has sat in, need not be told of his excellence both in expression and matter; while his "Manners upon the Road," in the Bazar are among the richest and most telling things of our literature. These are only part, but not a page does he write that is either weak or inartistic, while his clear, forcible and beautiful style makes his good reading for an example of what can be done by a master of literature.

Then there is Howells, so easy, so natural, and taking the simplest of things and making the most interesting of tales and in a manner that is perfectly tantalizing to the common bunglers with the pen. And Holmes, (not Mrs. Mary J.) so rich and suggestive and with all so brimming full of mirth; we linger over his pages and I too wish he did nothing but write, leaving it for third-rate scribblers to do the doctoring, and to kill off scores of the weak bantlings of the press.

As for our poets, we are quite sure that some of them are as artistic as the more famed standard classics of the old world and have in them much that is good, beautiful and true. But poor poetry is the poorest of reading, and the young aspirant should learn to know the difference between jingle and true poetic merit. This applies to many prose works as there is much in them of the real spirit of the muse. Is not Ruskin one of these? And can one be familiar with his pages and not be mentally stronger as well as having a higher ideal of all art and literature and life?

Thackeray's Lectures on the English Humorists and the Four Georges, as well as some of his "Roundabout Papers," are not only to be commended for their style and literary excellence but for the interest with which they hold the reader unto the end. As for the novelists, why need one spoil the taste and enervate the mind by reading the weak, poorly written or highly sensational works that flood the land, when we have masters in fiction who can be commended for their high ideal and true artistic merit, and whose works may be good studies as well as good lessons for us all? There is certainly enough good literature, more than many of us can begin to read, without spoiling the taste and weakening the mind by worse than wasting time over poor trash.

The writer to be true to himself and to his mission will find something in all good works to help him, though it be unconsciously, in his art, as does the artist of colors in everything he views. Not that he is to imitate, but the mind needs suggestions, and

strengthening, and developing, that it may bring forth of itself; and while hard work and perseverance, and much care is the labor of those who use the pen to purpose, they must constantly receive else they cannot continue to give of themselves. It is said of the late Charles Sumner, when urged to undertake some new enterprise, that he replied: "You must not expect me to pump out faster than I fill up." "But the American habit," says E. E. Hale, "is to pump out all the time without ever filling up again. Indeed, they begin to pump before they really fill up at all."

This perhaps somewhat accounts for much of the crude literature of the day—the half educated, and these of little real literary genius expect to compete with the scholars and true literati of the day. Not but that one may write on practical matters, who makes no pretensions to authorship, and often it is commendable to do so; but it is those who dabble with poetry and romance in an inartistic way, or who would be critics, though unfitted to do so, to whom the censure belongs.

Now and then one may make a lucky hit, in a certain line, without apparent attempt; but those to whom we owe the most that is rich, and rare, and beautiful in literature are those who wooed her coyly and labored perseveringly to make themselves worthy of attempting to use the pen.

THE REVIEWER.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for September is full of brilliant attractions. The opening, illustrated paper, "Mose Underwood," by A. J. Volck, will be found very interesting and amusing, both in its writing and in the cuts illustrating the same. "Glimpses of Polynesia" is quite an entertaining bit of description, with some handsome illustrations, followed by the first installment of Mrs. E. Lynn Linton's new romance, "The Atonement of Leam Dundas," the opening chapters of which are very fascinating. Edward Kearsley furnishes another "Camp-Fire Lyric." Other articles are "Our Architectural Future," by Edward C. Bruce, "The Comrades," in four chapters, by Sarah Winter Kellogg, "A Rocco Love-Story," by Sarah B. Wister, "The Hospice of the Great St. Bernard," by Charlotte Adams, "A Sawdust Fairy," by Charles Warren Stoddard, and "The Mother of Ba'tiste," by M. D. Ruff. T. Adolphus Trollope furnishes an interesting paper on "A Perfect and a Perfection in Sicily." "Smithers," by Edward Spencer, is, as its full title indicates, a curious bit of Revolutionary history. The Literature of the Day is fuller and fresher, with more variety than usual.

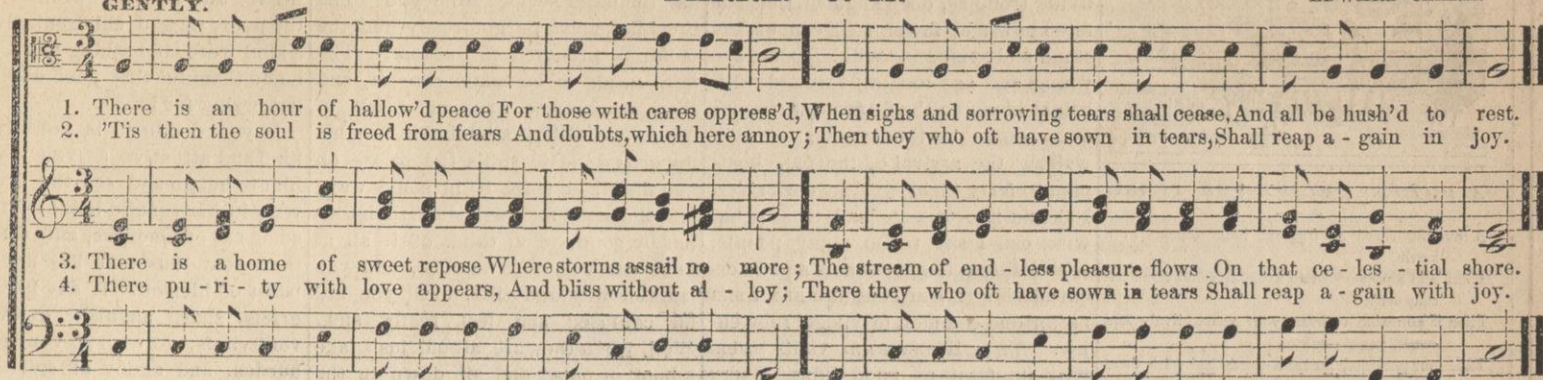
ST. NICHOLAS FOR SEPTEMBER contains a variety of very pleasant and interesting contributions, along with the usual fine array of pictures. On one of the first pages is Rachel Pomeroy's cheery little poem of "Three times one," and there are other dainty compositions in rhyme—two of them beautifully illustrated by Miss Jessie Curtis. Of descriptive articles, the number has a full installment, bringing together for us in one article a collection of birds whose plumage is entirely white; giving us in another an account of "Some Queer Dishes," which are served in Oriental countries; and in still a third, as a companion sketch, a description and picture of a peculiar Mesopotamian boat or "Goofah," which will open the children's eyes in wonder. In the same line, too, are Mrs. Treat's glimpse through the microscope at the "Cyclops," and Mr. Rideing's account of "A London Child's Holiday," spent in a steamboat trip up the Thames and into the suburbs of the great city.

The serial stories grow in interest and excitement as they approach their conclusions, and Mr. Trowbridge gives us a vivid description of a tornado on the Western prairies, which is also graphically pictured in an illustration by W. L. Sheppard.

GENTLY.

BARRE. C. M.

EDWARD CLARK.

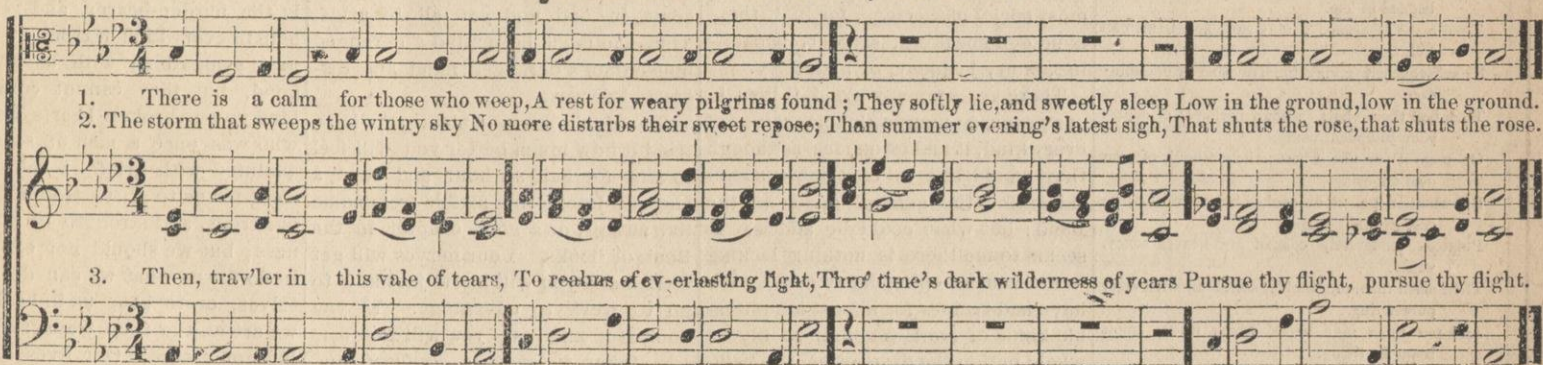


1. There is an hour of hallow'd peace For those with cares oppress'd, When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease, And all be hush'd to rest.
2. 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears And doubts, which here annoy; Then they who oft have sown in tears, Shall reap a - gain in joy.

3. There is a home of sweet repose Where storms assail no more; The stream of end - less pleasure flows On that ce - les - tial shore.
4. There pu - ri - ty with love appears, And bliss without al - ley; There they who oft have sown in tears Shall reap a - gain with joy.

QUIETUDE. 8s & 4s, or L. M.

E. C.

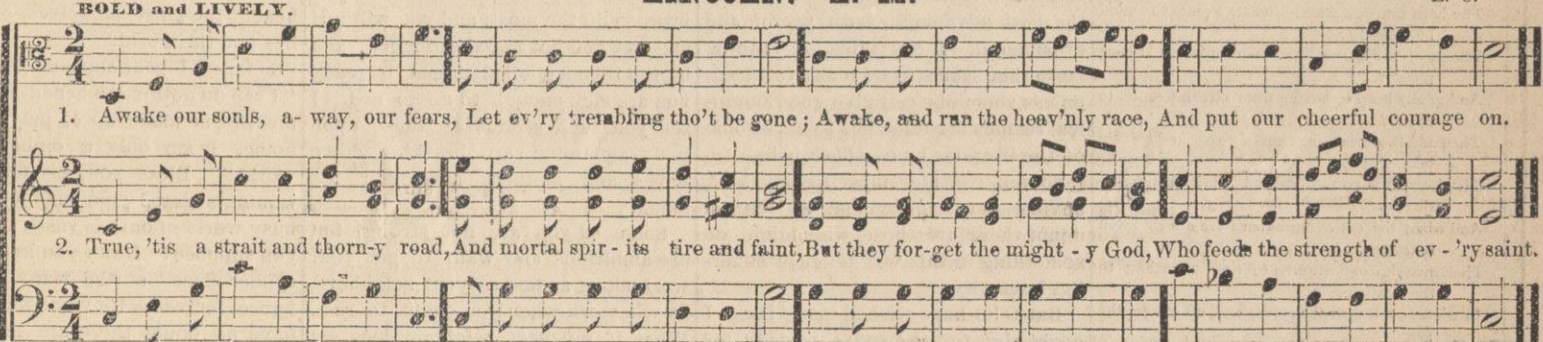


1. There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for weary pilgrims found; They softly lie, and sweetly sleep Low in the ground, low in the ground.
2. The storm that sweeps the wintry sky No more disturbs their sweet repose; Than summer evening's latest sigh, That shuts the rose, that shuts the rose.

3. Then, trav'ler in this vale of tears, To realms of ever-lasting light, Thro' time's dark wilderness of years Pursue thy flight, pursue thy flight.

LINCOLN. L. M.

E. C.



1. Awake our souls, a - way, our fears, Let ev'ry trembling tho't be gone; Awake, and run the heav'nly race, And put our cheerful courage on.
2. True, 'tis a strait and thorn-y road, And mortal spir - its tire and faint, But they for - get the might - y God, Who feeds the strength of ev - 'ry saint.

TYLER. 7s.

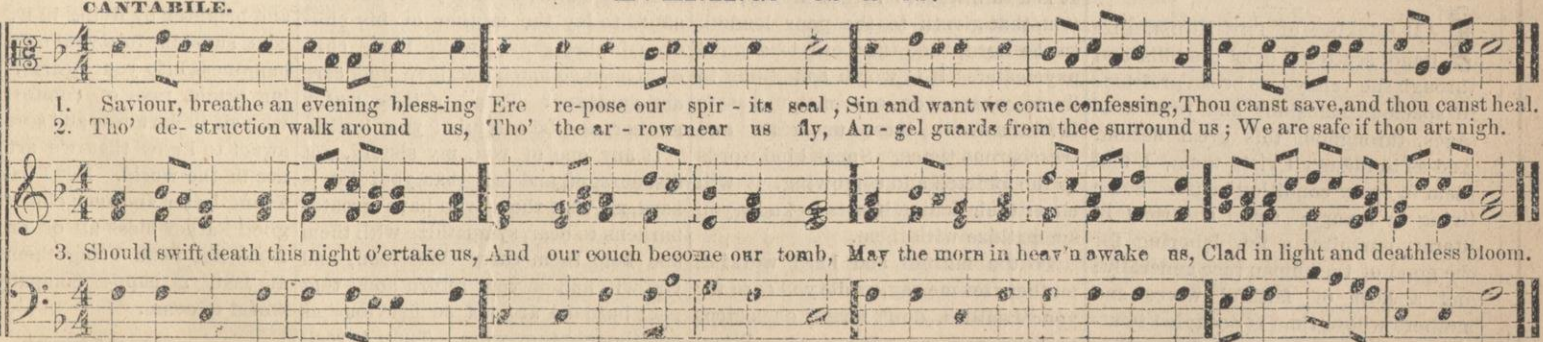
E. C.



1. Lord of hosts, how love - ly, fair, E'en on earth thy tem - ples are! Here thy wait - ing peo - ple see Much of heav'n and much of thee.
2. Here we sup - pli - cate thy throne, Here thy pard'ning grace is known; Here we learn thy righteous ways, Taste thy love and sing thy praise.

EVENING. 8s & 7s.

E. CLARK.



1. Saviour, breathe an evening blessing Ere re - pose our spir - its seal, Sin and want we come confessing, Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
2. Tho' de - struction walk around us, Tho' the ar - row near us fly, An - gel guards from thee surround us; We are safe if thou art nigh.

3. Should swift death this night o'ertake us, And our couch become our tomb, May the morn in heav'n awake us, Clad in light and deathless bloom.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for September has been received, and so well does a perusal reward us for the time expended therein, that we advise our friends to read it. What is it about? These are the principal topics, in

our opinion: David A. Wells, the American Economist, with an excellent portrait; Paul or Apollon—Which is Right? Sins of Ignorance; Hans Christian Anderson, the Danish author; Controlling Circumstances; Country Schools,

illustrated; Absorbing Power of Interest on Money, with Tables—a powerful argument which our farmer-friends should read; Count Waldeck, who died at one hundred and nine; Responsibility of Criminals, by Prof. L. N.

Fowler; The late ex-President Andrew Johnson, with two portraits; besides valuable miscellaneous items and editorial matter, all very interesting. Price 30c., or \$3 a year. Address S. R. Wells & Co., 737 Broadway, New York.



A POETIC RECIPE FOR YEAST.

A handful small of fragrant hops deposit in a kettle,
Then add a pint of Adam's ale, and boil them till they settle;
Then if you wish to brew your yeast, lively and sweet, you'd oughter
Take four potatoes, medium-sized, and wash them well with water;
Dive them of their jackets next—in common parlance, skin 'em—
And faithfully dig out the eyes, there's dirt imbedded in 'em.
Then make assurance doubly sure, and banish all pollution,
By subsequently giving them another grand ablution;
Then boil them—half an hour, perhaps; of course your judgment using,
Or steam if you like it best; the method's of your own choosing,
But whether boiled or cooked by steam, the process should be rapid:
Potatoes moderately cooked are heavy, soggy, vapid.
Then mash them thoroughly, each lump with vigor pulverizing,
And put them in a vessel which leaves ample room for rising;
A cup half filled with sugar add; 'twill sweeten it enough;
It needs the same amount of salt; you'll find it *quantum suff*;
The hops infusion strain in next, a pint, you mind by measure;
Then with two quarts warm water dilute it at your pleasure,
And gently keep it moving from circumference to center;
Then add two brimming cups of yeast, and quickly take occasion
The fragrant mixture to subject to brisk manipulation;
And when the entire ingredients are mingled well together,
Then give the opportunity to rise, according to the weather—
In winter set it near the stove, and oft renew the fire,
In summer place it further off, the temperature is higher—
Then patiently the issue wait, while time his flight is winging,
Its status scanning now and then, and when you hear it singing,
And see upon its surface—now here, now there—a bubble,
You feel a thousand fold repaid for all your toil and trouble.
Give to the wind all idle fears, all doubts all scruples banish.
And when the bubbles thicken fast, and crowd and and break, and vanish,
The yeast is prime, your toil is o'er, success has crowned persistence,
And leaves of tender, light, sweet bread are looming in the distance.

TO THE WEARY ONES.

BY OLIVE OLDSTYLE.

I AM thinking of THE HOUSEHOLD Band, scattered over the hills and through the valleys, on broad prairies; in spacious mansions and rural cottages, throughout this great nation. And as in infancy I visit them, I find them in every condition in life. Some living in luxury; some absorbed in literary pursuits; a few laboring for the good of the human race generally; and a host of faithful wives and mothers whose time is occupied in attending to the wants of their families and trying to make their homes the dearest place on earth. Many are poor and overworked, and very much discouraged. Others are in sorrow—loved ones are sick and dying and dead; and too many have secret griefs,

living troubles, deep anguish, that but few know and fewer still can understand and sympathize with. Some are young and are looking forward with bright hopes to the future—others are away down in the evening of life, waiting the arrival of the pale boatman to ferry them over the dark river. I should like to greet all these; but what can I say to so many people, with different temperaments and different needs? I can congratulate them all for one common privilege they enjoy. THE HOUSEHOLD visits them with its feast of good things every month, and how much information, good advice and sympathy, is contained in its pages. It is better than most social gatherings, for in it there is no evil speaking, slander, backbiting, envy, jealousy, or hypocrisy.

There are so many good things in our paper, so many valuable recipes of every kind, it makes one feel as though they would like to contribute something for the general good of the Band; but what could be added? It seems to me there is nothing lacking in the housekeeping department. We have had recipes for almost innumerable kinds of foods (enough to give a whole nation the dyspepsia), and valuable recipes for dyeing all colors have been freely handed in. We have been told how to do all kinds of work to the best advantage, both useful and ornamental. I can think of nothing more that seems to be really required, unless some one can give good botanical recipes for remedies to cure some of the ill's poor human flesh is heir to. I do not consider myself competent, having never dosed much, but no doubt there are those who might do something in this way for poor suffering humanity.

But O! I have wished many times I could give to the Band a remedy for aching hearts, a balm for wounded and tried souls, and a quieting potion for poor, tired, unstrung and distracted nerves. I have tried some remedies which have proved to be good, at least, in some cases. But first, let me congratulate those who are enjoying prosperity, who are blessed with an abundance of the comforts of this life, who are surrounded with friends and whose path seems to lay through flowery fields. While you enjoy so many blessings, remember those who are less forward, who travel a thorny road, through cypress groves, and dark ravines, and dreary deserts. Lighten the burdens of the poor by giving them a portion of your bounty. It is a safe way to invest money, for "he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," and the Lord is a good paymaster. It is worth something to know where you can make a safe investment in these uncertain and treacherous times. Speak kind words to the afflicted and sorrowing, it will cheer their aching hearts to know you sympathize with them.

To the faithful and hard working mothers let me say, while you care for your families, don't forget or neglect to take care of yourselves. When you get tired and nervous—rest. There will be times when there is a great deal to do, and much to hinder you from doing it. Perhaps the good man is getting ready to go to market or on a journey, and wants this, that,

and the other service from you. The breakfast must be got ready and the children prepared for school. The milk needs to be taken care of, and there are faces to wash and heads to comb, and amid it all Johnnie cuts his finger and Susie spills the gravy on her dress, or soils it in some way; and the hired men will want their dinner by noon. You think of it all at once and get very nervous, and you run this way and that, until you are all confused and feel really sick. Well, when they are all off, just take a book or paper and sit down in the easiest chair you have, and read a little while and forget your work until you rest. You say some one will come in and find you all in arms. They had much better find a deranged house than a deranged mind and distracted nerves.

You don't know unless you have tried it how much better you will feel to stop for half an hour and read a cheerful interesting article from some live author, or a good chapter in the Book of books. Your nerves will get settled and you will know just how to go to work to advantage. If you don't stop and rest, you will go from one thing to another confused and tired, and all will seem to go wrong. Everything you touch will most likely go bottom up, you will forget what you want to do the most, and you will toil and fret and not get ahead much, and by the time a spoiled dinner is ready you are sick enough to go to bed. I tell you such strains as these upon body and mind, are breaking down wives and mothers altogether too much.

Some of you are not strong, but are ambitious and want to get your work along as fast as your neighbors, so you work when you ought to rest. What if my next neighbor does get her clothes on the line while mine are in the boiler? She is stronger than I am. Once I could drive on and do two days work in one (which was wrong), but now I get tired in a little while, I stop and rest a few minutes and then go on. In this way I can do a fair amount of work besides reading, which is not lost time, but if I don't take time to rest I am liable to break down entirely. You say, "The work must be done, and you cannot afford to hire help." Can you afford to use up all your stock of health and strength and become a confirmed and helpless invalid? Can you afford to die and leave those dear children to the care of strangers and the mercies of a cold-hearted world? Can your husband afford to lay the mother of his children in her grave, while those children need so much her love and care and guidance? Think of this, weary mother, and be careful of your health.

If any one of you, my sisters, get discouraged and feel that your lot is hard, go visit those who have greater burdens to bear, sympathize with them and help them carry their load, and you will find on your return home that your burdens are not so grievous as you thought they were. There is real, solid pleasure in forgetting self and trying to help others. If you feel like complaining because you are poor and want so many things you cannot buy, call on the poorest family of your acquaintance, see the pale mother suffer-

ing for the comforts of life, look at the poor, ragged children, give them a kind word, if nothing more, and go home thankful that your children are not crying for bread.

If your husband is not always as kind and attentive as you would like him to be, go and see the drunkard's wife in her squalid home; do for her some act of kindness, and thank God that your husband has not made a beast of himself. If any have secret griefs, sharp anguish, gnawing the very vitals, go with all your grief and burden, and agony of spirit, to the great, the compassionate, the loving Saviour. Tell Him all your sorrow, and cast on Him your burdens, for He is the burden-bearer, and is able to help in every kind of trouble. Friends may sympathize with us and do us good, but they cannot console and bind up our broken hearts as He can, who was once a man of sorrow, acquainted with grief. I believe it is right for us to go to God for help in our trials, and strength in our weakness; but we should not expect Him to do for us what we can do for ourselves, or to keep us in health while we are all the time transgressing the laws of nature. Our lives are given for a good purpose, and we should try to live as long as we can, and spend our days in that manner which will benefit the most, ourselves, our families and the world.

I fancy I hear some of you saying, "I can do nothing to benefit the world, my life is made up of petty cares at home, I am only a cipher in the world!" Bless you, my dear, unassuming sisters! your influence in this busy world of ours is vastly more than you suppose! Don't you know that a cypher placed at the right side of a figure, increases its value ten-fold? I have no doubt there are many men who are worth ten times as much to society by having a good, patient, loving wife to soothe and comfort them when worn and fretted with the wear and tear of busy life. Women are powerful helps for good, even though they may be little and unknown to the public, when on the right side. Put a cipher on the other side of a figure and the value is decreased ten-fold. And there have been smart men who were capable and desirous of doing a great amount of good, whose influence was crippled, and their usefulness destroyed, because a woman was on the wrong side, a hindrance instead of being a help.

Cheer up, sisters, you can all do some good, and make the world some better and brighter by living in it. You can coax sunshine into your own lives, and happiness into your hearts, by carrying bright rays of comfort to those who sit in darkness and sorrow. It is sweet to know that we are of some use in the world. But I have written a long letter and must close. May the good Father bless all of THE HOUSEHOLD Band and bring them together at last, a happy company, in the world to come.

DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

If there has been no previous reply to the questions in reference to the habit of "eating dry starch," and "going barefoot," referred to by Mrs.

J., of Los Angeles, Cal., it was an oversight.

The effects of the excessive use of starch—we always use it with our food, if we take potatoes, bread, the grains, beans, peas, etc.—will be to increase the fat, produce feverishness, inflammations, and of course impair the blood by giving an excess of carbon. This is far safer in the winter, when a good supply of fuel is needed, in the form of the oils, the sweets or starch, than during the hot season, when nitrogenous foods and the acids, with the juices of fruits and vegetables seem more in demand, as indicated by the natural appetite. Of course this habit may prove injurious and yet I should sooner fear the use of candies, the excessive use of butter and the oils, at our meals, since it would be unusual—on account of the insipidity of dry starch—for one to use it in large quantities, unless used to bleach the skin, like chalk, slate-pencils, etc., which produce the paleness of death. Of course there is nothing poisonous about it, the harm being the same as in the excess of all foods, of course aggravated by being taken between meals.

Of the custom of "going barefoot" there may not be much harm since it is practiced only in warm weather. Boys like to lay aside their boots, sometimes rather early in the spring, and may suffer from the cold, but such are usually tough and can bear exposure better than girls; still, the feet should be kept warm. There will be this in their favor, that they will not, at that time, be troubled with corns and bunions, or with the deformities of the feet, so usual with those who wear small and narrow boots, like the major part of the fashionable of both sexes, particularly the—! The feet will "spread," but they will be natural in form, instead of having enlargements of the joints, the toes turned inward out of the natural straight line from the center of the heel across the ball to the second toe. In these modern times when Dame Fashion has so much tyrannical sway, there is not much danger of excess in this regard, at least among the girls, while the boys are generally manageable, at least, after the novelty passes.

In the August number Mrs. Dorr's article was replete with common sense and refined sentiment, as her articles generally are, she is correct in the idea that we never should worry and fret about what we have eaten since mere worry never can be of any avail. If we are conscious that we have done wrong in this matter, if we choose to use remedial measures, it is well, while the habit of indulging in unnecessary thought, direful forebodings and unavailing fears, at best, will aggravate the natural results. In the matter of taking our food, if we have about what we believe to be right we need not be anxious till we are made aware of something wrong, by the grumbings of the stomach, of the existence of which we know so little, save by the suffering of abuses, often, indeed, fearful. So powerful is the influence of the mind over the body that cheerfulness and hope must improve digestion, while fear and anxiety must retard it, often resulting in serious disasters.

But let it not be inferred that we should have no regard as to what we shall eat and drink, or that we have any moral right to eat what we may reasonably suppose may give us pain, and of course impair digestion and consequently abridge our usefulness. Conscience has as much to do with our eating and drinking as with our conduct as a whole. If we know that certain food is unwholesome and that it has uniformly distressed us, it is folly and worse than folly, to persist in its use, since our only excuse is the mere sensual gratification, which should be obtained in the use of wholesome food. He can have no valid claim to intellectuality who lives only to eat, or who is controlled only by taste, by a vitiated, depraved taste.

By a reasonable care of our habits in general and perhaps of those connected with our food particularly—since these have great influence in modifying our health—we may do much to make life agreeable and useful. Our health is in our own hands as much as any earthly possession, and for it we are personally responsible to a greater extent than we may suppose. By investigations and by previous thought, by seeking what we may know will ordinarily give us the most health and strength, we may avoid many, if not most of the ills of mortal life, living like human and intellectual beings—not like brutes.

Mrs. K. Of the "proper way to cook Smith's crushed white wheat," there may be differences of opinion, though in reference to its great value as an article of food, especially for the dyspeptic and those who wish to avoid the curse of this fashionable disease, there should be but one opinion. Some prefer to stir it into boiling water, and cook it thoroughly—an important condition—stirring it while cooking, but this involves unnecessary labor.

A still better method is to pour two quarts or more of boiling water to a coffee cup of the wheat, stirring it till thoroughly wet and thin, and then put the dish into a kettle of boiling water, cover to keep the steam in, cooking it for two or three hours by steam. If cooked thoroughly, it becomes like jelly and very palatable. Thorough cooking improves it. If not quite thin when cooked, it will harden and be too thick when cold.

Some may prefer to cook apple, berries or other fruits in it while still others cook it with the water in which meal has been slowly boiled, having a thick soup, while it is very palatable, the most important idea is its wholesomeness, its power to make muscle, give strength, vigor, and health. It makes a wholesome meal, in part, at any time, but specially appropriate at night—avoiding unpleasant dreams.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

EDITOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—Aunt Leisurely says, "So if there is one simpleton in the world there is one more to keep her company." Now that is applicable on more subjects than that upon which she so ably discourses. Almost every number of your valuable little paper (I only wish with many others that it were larger and would visit us more frequently,) contains some plaint from some sad

sister, that strikes a sympathizing chord in my heart and in the next number was sure to be just the help needed, the kind word of advice or sympathy and I have so wished that I could command sufficient language to express the heart longings and unhappiness that at times surges over my soul and threatens to ruin my own happiness and that of my friends. The thought came to me, perhaps some of the friends forming our HOUSEHOLD Band may be able to lend a helping hand or pen not only to me but to others similarly situated.

Living in a small village with a very small proportion of the society congenial to my tastes, with never a good sound lecture or first-class concert to ennoble one's thoughts, or break the monotony, and being naturally melancholy, quite apt to look on the dark side, in spite of every effort I have to succumb to the demon of discontent and despair—that is not a whit too strongly expressed. I am in comfortable circumstances, a pleasant home, husband and children to care and work for, and still am terribly dissatisfied with everything and everybody, but most of all with myself. I am not what I know I ought to be in any one thing, to my friends, to my children, in my housekeeping, in my intellectual attainments, oh, dear, in everything, in fact, I come short of my aspirations, but I could bear that if I could only cultivate a happy disposition.

Now some of you will say, "Take these trials to your best Friend and Saviour." He has long been my only anchor of hope, always ready to help, but he also requires that I make strenuous effort to overcome this terrible feeling, and I have exerted all the strength of will of which I am capable and sought every means of improvement or amusement, in short, turn which way I will, battle as I may at such times I come conquered instead of conquering as I had wished, spirits always clear up or clear down, never the medium of happiness.

Where is "that other simpleton in the world," if there is one, will she please inform a fellow sufferer of some means by which she can find relief, and so overcome the terrible enemy of her own and other's happiness? How I wish some of you sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD would condescend to correspond with humble me who am seeking after

HEARTSEASE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—To one and all of our band we come with hearty greeting, especially to those we have known the longest, Mrs. Dorr, Mrs. Carney and many others, to the dear Louisiana girl we extend our hand in a warm, earnest clasp, thanking her for giving voice to the thoughts and feelings of so many other ones like herself. We are glad her letter drew forth such a good long talk from our elder sister, but feel we would like to hear again and again on this subject for it is an engrossing one to us and we wonder where it will end.

When our dear friend of the sunny South wrote of her yearnings after a better, fuller developed life than she had known, mind you it was what more than anything else she needed. How many of us are tired of the ceaseless round of duties without any out-

let whereby we may feel that we are reaching the cherished ideal of a cultivated, developed womanhood, while each week only makes us more conscious of our deficiencies. We feel very sensibly how far our young friends of the opposite sex are outstripping us in the accumulation of knowledge and look upon us as being beneath them in an intellectual status. We think this should not be so, that it is neither just nor right. Will not some one agitate the question of "Girl's Rights?" We see it so plainly ourselves and wonder when others will see it in the same light.

But girls you know are expected to marry, and if they should not what then? We dare not think of the consequences. If it were not that this idea of matrimony is taught from the cradle we think the girls all would fare far better than at present. Will not Mrs. Dorr, Mrs. Carney or some one take up the subject in our behalf? In the few years of our acquaintance we have learned to love many of the contributors, and they seem as friends because drawn together by THE HOUSEHOLD and we yearn for a closer acquaintance. Can we not have this?

We would dearly love to know the dear girl of whom we speak. Sunshine asked for a correspondent; we feel this is just what we have wanted but always felt afraid to ask it; we think there can be nothing harmful but much that is beneficial in the expression of thoughts, taste, feelings and aspirations of young friends; I have always loved letter writing and look eagerly for the letters to THE HOUSEHOLD, hope they will increase greatly in numbers hereafter. Meantime should the Louisiana girl care to cultivate the acquaintance of a Keystone girl, and should Sunshine still care for a correspondent we shall be very glad to hear; will send our address with this to Mr. Editor.

Like Olive Oldstyle we feel like asking after those of the Band who once spoke and have since remained silent. How is it with Marah now, has her sky grown brighter? Let us hear from you again. Many things are striving for utterance but we have now too far trespassed on the space of our paper. With our kindest wishes for its prosperity we remain as ever true

INQUIRESTA.

Beallsville, Pa.

DEAR MR. CROWELL:—It is a pity that THE HOUSEHOLD can't come oftener for the correspondence is one of the spiciest parts of it and of course there can't be room for all the letters you receive. I for one shall gladly welcome the day when its semi-monthly publication is announced. One sees so many sides of human nature in its columns that that alone ought to render it attractive. I feel as though I'd like to get hold of some of those lady contributors and give them a good shaking, sometimes. That's because we don't agree, still they may be as near or nearer right than I am nevertheless. Respectfully, one of your HOUSEHOLD Band,

CARRIE.

STOVES, SINKS, ETC.

I see frequent inquiries about the blacking of stoves. I have tried many kinds of blacking, but there is no black-

ing to compare with the "Rising Sun," which is advertised in this paper. When I put it on my stove I do not have it as thick as cream, as some say, but rather thin. For one blacking I put in about half a teaspoonful of molasses; this acts like magic; the stove looks brighter, blacker, and the blacking does not burn off so bad. Rub this on well on those red places you sometimes find on your stoves, and rub them well after it is dried in. This is for the top of the stove. The sides of the stove do not need thorough blacking but very seldom, once or twice a week, when you are blacking the top take your dry brush and rub the sides of the stove. You will find this a neater way than to have your blacking so thick, which makes it such dirty work to black a stove. If any thing has been spilt upon the sides I just dampen the brush a little. Use your parlor stove in the same manner as I recommend for the sides; you will see it will look well. In the spring, black it. Occasionally through warm weather rub it with the dry brush, it will need no further care unless put where it is very damp. Don't ever wash a stove with soap suds; it makes the iron look red and spoils the looks of it. MRS. S. L.

Waltham, Mass.

In one of your last papers I saw several inquiries concerning keeping a kitchen stove bright. I would like to tell your readers how I keep mine bright and black the year round, and never use but one cake of blacking a year. I use the "Peep o' Day," "Rising Sun," or any of those manufactured by Morse & Bros. of Canton, Mass., they are best and don't fly. I mix the blacking with strong soap suds, as thick as cream, not too thick, and put it on with a piece of thick woolen cloth when the stove is not quite cold. I rub my stove all over, then apply a dry, stiff brush, not making hard work of it, but rubbing briskly as possible, not bearing on hard. This I do once a week. In the mean time if any grease gets on my stove I rub it off before it burns on, using a brown paper, and by care after the redness once is off, and it has become used to being blacked, it will keep looking quite well several days, then when it gets off a little I wet the cloth and just rub the stove after dinner and brush slightly, but cut off no more blacking for several days. After the cloth is thoroughly saturated with the blacking it always contains enough to apply to just the top every day for a week. A large very thick piece of old pant cloth is best to apply with, I think, the blacking goes into all the crevices better than with a brush. It does not take me three minutes a day to keep my stove as bright and clean as new. I venture "grandma's swab" would take more time. I wear rubber gloves to keep the blacking off my hands.

I would like to tell housekeepers, too, how they can keep their hands nice and smooth, and still do the dirtiest part of housework. As soon as I get my dishes all finished I always wash my hands with soap and dip in indian meal while washing, rubbing hard with the soap lather and meal, then I always have handy a cup of equal parts of milk and vinegar into

which I dip my hands, rub slightly and wipe dry. The hands under this process will never crack or chap, or get grimmed and show the washing of pots and kettles. You can do your work through the day and go to a party at night without gloves, and feel proud of your white, smooth hands.

One useful hint and I will close. Have upon the sink always, a piece of pumice stone, worn smooth with use, and a slight rubbing of pots and kettles daily when washed, will keep them clean and smooth always. It will take off all the roughness better than a knife, and does not sound as disagreeably. I could not keep house without my piece of pumice stone.

I forgot to say in its proper place that a small piece of gum tragacanth dissolved in stove blacking will make the polish last much longer, and makes it blacker and brighter. H.

Ogden, Kansas.

A DISH OF PICKLES.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—In your last issue N. H. asks for recipes for pickling. I send two of mine which I know are good.

Pickle Lily. (Query: "Pick-a-little.")—One peck of green tomatoes, one head of cabbage, six onions, six green peppers; chop these together, salt them, put the mixture in a colander and let it drain over night. In the morning pour off the green liquid and throw it away. Cover the chopped tomato with vinegar, add one cup of scraped horse-radish, one cup of white mustard seed, one cup of whole cloves, one cup of stick cinnamon, one cup of mace and one cup of sugar. Boil until soft but so that it will hold its form. It will keep without sealing but is better when tightly covered. It should not be eaten till it is at least a month old.

To Pickle Cucumbers.—Put them in a weak brine for two or three days until a white froth rises on the top of the brine. Take off the brine and scald it, skimming it carefully. Pour it hot over the cucumbers. Repeat this process two or three times. After they have been in brine about nine days remove them. Pack them for pickling in this way. A layer of cucumbers at the bottom of the tub. Cover it with a layer of sliced onions and peppers, the peppers previously soaked in brine, sprinkle with spices of various sorts and bits of horse-radish. Add another layer of cucumbers, then the onions, peppers and spices, and so on till the tub is full. Scald the vinegar and add to it a teaspoonful of alum for every two gallons. Pour the prepared vinegar scalding hot over the cucumbers. When cool, cover closely and set away. AUNT DORCAS.

Green Tomato Pickles.—Half a peck of green tomatoes and one dozen onions, sliced and laid in alternate layers in a colander over night, sprinkled with salt to draw out the watery parts; in the morning put into a porcelain kettle with one and a half ounces of ground black pepper, one ounce of whole clove, one ounce of whole allspice, one ounce of mustard seed, four ounces of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of ground mustard; cover the whole

with good vinegar and boil twenty minutes, put in a jar and cover tight for future use. M. LOU.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—A recipe for sweet tomato pickles is called for. I have one which we think excellent. To each peck of green sliced tomatoes sprinkle a teacupful of salt, let them remain over night, drain off the brine by placing them in a colander; then take two quarts of water and one quart of vinegar and boil them fifteen or twenty minutes, drain again, then take four quarts of vinegar, two pounds of brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls each of ground cinnamon, allspice, cloves, and pepper to taste. Put all in a porcelain kettle and boil slowly fifteen minutes.

When we eat baked beans there is nothing nicer than the spiced vinegar to eat on them, taken up with the pickles. ANNA.

W. Hartland, Conn.

"Walla-Walla" wishes for a recipe for green tomato pickles. The following has been used in our family for years, and I know it to be good.

To Pickle Green Tomatoes.—Slice your tomatoes in three slices each, sprinkle plenty of salt between each layer, and let them stand twelve hours, if not longer; then scald up in clear water in brass or tin, (we use tin.) Boiling makes them soft. Skim them out, drain thoroughly through a colander, then put them in your jar, sprinkling spices, cinnamon and cloves, (and cayenne pepper if desired,) between each layer. Turn on cold vinegar while the pickles are warm, then it will strike through good. Slice horseradish root and put some in to keep the vinegar—a teacupful to a gallon jar, improves them very much. MARY.

To Pickle Blackberries.—Twelve pounds of berries, one quart of vinegar, three pounds of sugar; make a syrup of the vinegar and sugar, put in the berries and boil them twenty-five minutes. MRS. B.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—If Molly H. will wash her goods in lemon juice before she puts them in soap suds and lay them in the sun awhile and dry, the iron rust will come out without further trouble. I have tried it with good success and it has not failed.

JELLY CAKE.—I will give my recipe for jelly cake, the simplest and the best that I have tried; I never saw it in books or papers either as it is one of my own invention. I take two eggs and beat them thoroughly by themselves, then add one cup of sugar, one cup of sour cream, one teaspoonful of soda, a pinch of salt, one-half teaspoonful of extract of lemon and flour enough to make it as stiff as lemon cake. It will make a large jelly cake.

I have another kind I make at times; it might be preferable to others as people differ in tastes. I beat two eggs in a teacup and fill up the teacup with sweet cream as thick as you can afford and then add one cup of white sugar, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, a little salt and extract of lemon, with the addition of one and one-half cups of flour. The flour had better be stirred in gradually as it has to be a little stiffer for jelly cake than a single cake. Bainbridge, Ohio, MRS. J. K. S.

APPLE DUMPLING.—Dear Editor:—I noticed some time ago inquiries for making the old fashioned apple dumplings and I

think my recipe is it. Take two pints of sifted flour, one pint of finely chopped beef suet and a little salt (no raising required.) Mix into a paste just stiff enough to roll; peel, half and core each apple, envelope each in a thin covering of the paste, dust dry flour over each and let them stand until the apples are cooked. This is our English way of making apple dumplings, they are much lighter and more healthful than if made with raising. E. A.

WHITE MOUNTAIN CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of pulverized sugar, one cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, the whites of eight eggs, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder; bake in layers like jelly cake.

Icing for the same. The whites of five eggs, beaten to a stiff froth, then add three cups of pulverized sugar and one pint of prepared cocoa nut; spread between the layers the same as jelly cake. PEARL.

MR. CROWELL:—I send you some recipes which I know to be good.

MOCK MINCE PIE.—One cup each of pounded cracker, chopped raisins and sugar, two cups of water, one-half cup of molasses, two-thirds of a cup of vinegar, three tablespoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg. This makes four pies.

PICKLE FOR MEAT.—One gallon of water, one and one-half pounds of salt, one-half pound of sugar and one-half ounce of saltpeter.

COFFEE CAKE.—One cup each of sugar, molasses and butter, four and one-third cups of flour, two cups of chopped raisins, one cup of strong coffee poured on the butter and when cool add the sugar, etc., three eggs, one teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg, one-fourth of a pound of citron, one teaspoonful of soda and one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar.

GINGERSNAPS.—Put in a cup two tablespoonfuls of water, three tablespoonfuls of butter or lard, fill the cup with molasses, add one teaspoonful each of ginger, allspice and soda, a little salt and flour to roll.

SPONGE CAKE.—One cup each of flour and sugar, three eggs, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar and one teaspoonful of soda in a tablespoonful of milk; beat ten minutes.

CURRENT JELLY.—One pound of white sugar, one pound of currant juice; bring the juice to a boil, warm the sugar in a pan and add, boiling it five minutes; put in glasses, etc., and cover with paper pasted on when cool.

RAILROAD CAKE.—Two eggs in a cup and cream to fill it, one cup of sugar, one and one-half cups of flour, a little salt and nutmeg, one teaspoonful of soda and two of cream of tartar.

GINGER READ.—Two cups of molasses, one cup of milk, with two tablespoonfuls of soda, five tablespoonfuls of butter, one-half cup of boiling water with one teaspoonful of alum, one tablespoonful of ginger; mix one cup of flour with the molasses, put all together and add enough flour to roll in sheets; bake, and cut in squares.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—One cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of milk, four cups of flour, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one and one-fourth teaspoonfuls of soda, one teaspoonful of ginger and one-half teaspoonful each of cloves and cinnamon.

WHITE MOUNTAIN CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, four cups of flour, one-half cup of butter, one cup of milk, one cup of chopped raisins or currants, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful each of cloves and cinnamon and half a nutmeg.

BROWN BREAD PUDDING.—One quart of boiled milk, one pint of cold milk, one cup of molasses, two cups of meal, one teaspoonful of salt; mix the meal with the molasses and pour on the hot milk then the cold.

PORK PUDDING.—One cup each of molasses, chopped pork and sour milk, one-half cup of chopped raisins, two eggs, salt, one teaspoonful of soda and flour enough to make a thick batter; steam six hours.

LEMON CUSTARD PIE.—Two cups of brown sugar, two cups of water, juice and yellow rind of one lemon, a pinch of salt, two tablespoonfuls of flour mixed in a little of the water and four eggs, the yolks and the white of one beaten; make crust as for custard, beat the whites of three eggs and stir in when all ready to pour in the crust and grate on nutmeg. This makes two pies.

Dobbin's soap is good. A SUBSCRIBER.

TRANSPARENT PIE.—Yolks of three eggs, two-thirds of a cup of sugar, one cup of milk, one tablespoonful of flour, and one of butter; flavor to taste. This makes two pies, to be baked like custard pies; when done spread over the top the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth and sweeten and flavor the frosting. Set back in the oven to brown slightly.

S. D.
Mound City, Mo.

EDITOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—A little more than a year ago I was led to introduce THE HOUSEHOLD into my home, having learned that Mrs. Dorr was a contributor to the same, and I must confess that I am truly glad that I was thus led to be a subscriber to your valuable paper. I have taken much interest in reading the letters from the different ones, and often thought I would like to join the circle and pen a few lines occasionally, but have been so fully convinced in my own mind that I am not gifted with the "Pen of a ready writer," that I have long hesitated to have one of my letters appear in print; however, having a few recipes that I thought might be acceptable to some of the sisters I concluded to send them, though perhaps they may not be new to many of the readers.

CORN BREAD.—Two teacupfuls of white corn meal, one teacupful of wheat flour, one small teacupful of soda, one tablespoonful of molasses, a little salt, and enough sour milk to wet it. Bake in a loaf or gem pans.

RICE CRUMPETS.—One-half tablespoonful of butter warmed, stir into it three-fourths of a coffee cup of boiled rice, one coffee cup of milk, two eggs, one large tablespoonful of yeast and flour enough for a thin batter; mix over night and bake in gem pans.

GRAHAM GEMS.—One-half pint of Graham flour, one-half pint of wheat flour, two fresh eggs, one pint of rich milk, one tablespoonful of salt; bake in gem pans.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Lenora wishes a good and simple way for making

CREAM BISCUIT.—Here is one that is excellent: Three eggs beaten very light, one pint of sour cream with an even teacupful of soda in it, add a little salt and thicken to the consistency of fritter batter. Bake in little tins that come fastened to the plate. They are delicious eaten hot with good butter or chicken gravy.

SUE.

CABBAGE SALAD.—Chop fine one small head of cabbage, season with salt, and some like a sprinkle of mustard; then take a piece of butter the size of an egg and brown in a spider; beat up one egg, add three tablespoonfuls of sour cream and one-half cup of vinegar; mix and stir into browned butter, while hot pour on the cabbage and cover. It is better cold after standing two or three hours.

M. W. M.

MR. CROWELL:—Dear Sir:—I have tried several recipes that I have taken from your paper and liked them very much and in return will send you some which I consider nice.

CREAM PIE.—Make a cake with one and one-half cups of sugar, one-third cup of butter, three eggs, one-half cup of milk, two and one-half cups of flour, one teacupful of cream of tartar, one-half teacupful of soda, one teacupful of extract of nutmeg. Make a filling with one-half cup of flour, one cup of sugar, two eggs beaten well together and stirred into a pint of boiling milk; when cool flavor with a teacupful of lemon or vanilla; this is sufficient for two pies; bake the cakes in two Washington pie plates, cut them open and place the cream between.

A Subscriber wanted a recipe for

COLORING WOOLEN GREEN.—Here is one which I have used with never failing suc-

cess. One pound of fustic, one and one-half ounces of blue chemic and three ounces of alum to a pound of goods; for dark green add one-half pound more of fustic; in coloring always use a brass kettle if possible and you will be sure to get a good color.

Will Maggie please tell me what she knows about worsted flowers? As I am making a bouquet I would like all the information I can get. Yours in haste, LILLIAN A. M.
Wilmot Center, N. H.

TARTS.—One quart of flour, one teacupful of cream of tartar and two-thirds of a cup of lard rubbed in the flour, one cup of cream, and one-half teacupful of soda dissolved in one tablespoonful of milk. Roll thin and bake quickly.

M. E. H.

MEAT PIE.—Dear Household:—I noticed in the June number that M. B. asks for a recipe for meat pies. I send mine which I know to be very nice as all testify that have used it. Three pints of meat, six pints of apples, after they are chopped, one do. of cider, one and one-half each of molasses and sugar, two tablespoonfuls of cloves, three of cinnamon, one of nutmeg and two of salt; raisins and citron if you like.

Worcester, Mass.

LIBBIE M. S.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

MR. G. E. CROWELL:—Having lately subscribed for your most excellent paper, and noticing in each number several questions and answers, I too come for information. Can any one tell me what will destroy those miserable little black ants that infest nearly every house in this neighborhood? They come every summer and nothing eatable escapes them if they can find the smallest crevice through which to obtain it. They are a source of the greatest annoyance to me and of the many things I have tried, nothing has yet succeeded. Any information will be thankfully received by

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

New Berlin, Wis.

Will some one of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD please inform me where I can obtain copies of the Montpelier Argus and Patriot containing the article entitled the "Mob Cap," published in May, 1874? I cannot get them at the office; will some one who has them please address me in this paper?

B. F. S.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of your many readers give me a remedy for removing superfluous hair? About a year ago while in ill-health I had my hair shingled, and since that time my hair has commenced growing down on my forehead and continued to grow down until it has almost ruined my appearance, yet I cannot stop it. If any one will tell me a remedy I will be more than grateful.

HALLIE.

MR. CROWELL:—Lenora, in the August number of THE HOUSEHOLD, asks what will make the hair grow and become fine and soft. Also if there is anything that will keep the hands white and soft while doing housework.

I will answer both questions with one recipe, which I have tried for both, also for removing tan and freckles on the face. To one quart of water add one ounce of ammonia or spirits of hartshorn and two ounces of borax. Cork tight or it will lose its strength; then every other day use one-half teacupful of the mixture in about three times as much water, and wash the hands, face and head thoroughly with it. I think that Lenora will be satisfied with the result after trying it for a few days.

NELLIE.

GEO. E. CROWELL:—Will some one of your correspondents give me a recipe through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD for muffins?

New Lebanon, Ohio.

MRS. M. W.

MR. CROWELL:—I would like to ask the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD if they can tell me how to destroy large black ants? and oblige,

A. J. S.

I would like to ask through THE HOUSEHOLD for a recipe for German coffee?

MRS. WM. H.

Tell sister B. to strain her honey and boil it ten minutes, and she will not be troubled with its turning to sugar.

A. C. E.

Veazee, Maine.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to know what will clean gilt frames?

Will some of the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD inform me what will keep meat bugs out of smoked hams and bacon?

MRS. L. J.

MR. CROWELL:—In the September number of THE HOUSEHOLD in the recipe for preserving citron please say, "soak a week in strong brine," instead of strong wine. I think it would make a material difference with the citron as the wine would spoil it.

Los Angeles, Cal.

MRS. J. C. B.

Will some of THE HOUSEHOLD readers tell me if a scarlet merino shawl can be colored a dark drab? if so please send a recipe through THE HOUSEHOLD. Also, a recipe for coloring a light brown. And oblige,

A READER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please tell me a recipe to make cocoanut cakes as made by the bakers and you will greatly oblige,

Seattle, Washington Ter.

MRS. J. H. D.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to inform "Amateur Gardener" that I have a wax plant, three years old, which is in blossom now for the first time.

Allow me to add my rule for milk bread, it is different from those I have seen in your paper and may be of use to some of your readers. Two cups of new milk, warm, two and one-half cups of warm water, three cups of flour, one teacupful of salt; keep it in a kettle of warm water, near the stove, until it rises, then mix with it two quarts of flour and a little warm water.

May I add a cake recipe for A. P. H.? Three cups of flour, three eggs, one cup of raising, one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup of butter, one cup of milk, one teacupful saleratus.

Will some one of your numerous correspondents send me their recipe for keeping cool this warm weather.

HIGHLANDER.

Milton, Mass.

MR. CROWELL:—Sir:—In answer to Mary, I beg to say that if she will write and direct to Mrs. H. H. Crane, No. 25 Winter Street, Boston, Rooms 14 and 15, and ask for a description of her Dress Reform garments and patterns, she will be pleased with the result. The Dress Reform is a noble Christian work, for while we improve the body we unconsciously act upon, and elevate the mind.

Nell can procure her spooler at Leavitt and Brant, 50 Bromfield Street, Boston.

Will sister Jessie please write again and tell us more ways to use our "women's wit."

It is hard not to have the means of gratifying our desires for good reading, but how much more to be pitted are they who have not the desire.

If "Education of American Girls" is more desirable than "Sex in Education" it must be a profitable book for every mother.

W. Amesbury, Mass.

MRS. N. C.

EDITOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—In the August number of THE HOUSEHOLD I see a letter from J. of Los Angeles, Cal. Will she please write again and tell us all about that country? how times are, about the climate, whether the summers are hot, or cool; and I should so much like to have her address so I could write to her myself. We think of going there in the spring.

S. D.

Mound City, Mo.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the kind friends give me recipes for using rye meal, in the making of bread, cakes, griddle cakes, etc., especially bread? Also recipes for making different kinds of fruit batter? Also how can I keep grapes fresh a long while, I have heard that it can be done, but how? And will some one give me a good recipe for currant jelly and have it firm and clear, mine is always dark and cloudy.

And I wish to ask if any of the sisters could tell me how to make different kinds of patchwork; I have lots of new pieces, and would like to use them up, and quilts and com-

fortables always come handy on a farm; I get tired piecing them all the same way, blocks, stars, etc., and would like some new ways.

One more question and I am done. Some time ago, where I was visiting they showed me an anchor and cross, made of writing paper, made into stars, and worked into an anchor and cross, which were beautiful; could some one tell me how it was done? With many thanks for former recipes, I remain, yours truly,

M. C. S.

MR. EDITOR:—In the last number of THE HOUSEHOLD, Hope wishes to know "how to take ink spots out of a carpet without taking out the color?" I have a carpet with blue ground with delicate sprays of other colors upon which a bottle of ink was upset which was taken out by the immediate application of cream-tartar used plentifully with water, first taking up with a spoon all the ink possible. Take a clean cloth and water, and rinse thoroughly. Afterward using a dry towel to take the water out by patting the carpet with it.

MRS. J. W.

Passaic, N. Y.

MR. CROWELL:—Dear Sir:—I have been the happy recipient of THE HOUSEHOLD only seven months, and during that period have taken much pleasure in its perusal. I consider it very beneficial and almost indispensable to us housekeepers; but I will be brief as I have been a member of your family only a short time. I would like to send a few recipes and if you consider these worthy I shall perhaps make another attempt.

Mollie H. wishes to know what will remove iron rust from clothing? Dissolve one-half an ounce of oxalic acid in a cupful of warm water and wet the spots; I have sometimes had to soak them. It is sure cure.

Cora wishes to know how to cook parsnips? They are delicious fried in butter.

E. Dover, Maine.

SISTER MAT.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will sister Jessie please send through THE HOUSEHOLD her recipe for making cracker pies and greatly oblige,

Earl, Ill.

SISTER BESSIE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Last winter I came across a stray number of your paper and found it so interesting that I sent for it right away, and now I would not do without it. I would like to ask a few questions if you have space for them.

Will some person tell me how to fix cochineal to color blanc mange, ice cream, etc.?

I would like very much to know how to make water melon cake?

Also how to crystallize a winter bouquet?

Locke, O.

MRS. J. E. M.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Mollie H. wishes to know how to remove iron rust? If she will put lemon juice and salt on the spot, it will remove it.

I join in Fanny Fern's request.

I am also waiting to hear how Maggie makes worsted flowers and also should like to have G. A. H. tell me how to make hair flowers? and in return I will tell what little I know about wax flowers. Hoping you will excuse my trespassing on your valuable space and time I remain, yours sincerely,

M. H. N.

MR. CROWELL:—I have a shawl, black and white, checked, with a little orange in it. It is some soiled. Can any reader of THE HOUSEHOLD tell me how to cleanse it, as they cleanse in the dyeing and cleansing houses?

We have been using Dobbin's soap for a month past, and the washing is done with little more than half the labor. I will give a recipe for a washing fluid I have used for five years and still like to add to even Dobbin's soap. One pound of salsoda, one-half pound of unslacked lime, put in a gallon of water and boil twenty minutes; let it stand and cool, and drain off into a stone jar and cork. I put one cup of this into my first suds for the washing of five persons.

I liked the article on bread, by J. I. M. I never have been able to make perfect bread many times in succession. It doesn't seem possible that ten minutes is long enough to raise bread the last time. I think most all the readers will query how yeast can be made without potatoes. I make mine of grated raw ones.

J. E. H.



THE POOR MAN'S SABBATH DAY.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

The merry birds are singing,
And from the fragrant sod
The spirits of a thousand flowers
Go sweetly up to God;
While in his holy temple
We meet to praise and pray,
With cheerful voice and grateful lay,
This summer Sabbath day!

We thank thee, Lord, for one day
To look heaven in the face!
The poor have only Sunday:
The sweeter is the grace.
'Tis then they make the music
That sings their week away;
O, there's a sweetness infinite
In the poor man's Sabbath day.

'Tis as a burst of sunshine,
A tender fall of rain,
That sets the barest life a bloom,
Makes old hearts young again.
The dry and dusty roadside
With smiling flowers is gay;
This open heaven one day in seven—
The poor man's Sabbath day!

'Tis here the weary pilgrim
Doth reach his home of ease!
That blessed house called "Beautiful,"
And that soft chamber "Peace."
The river of life runs through his dream,
And the leaves of heaven are at play!
He sees the golden city gleam,
This shining Sabbath day!

Take heart, ye faint and fearful;
Your cross with courage bear;
For many a face now tearful
Shall shine in glory there,
Where all the sorrow is banished,
The tears are wiped away,
And all eternity shall be
An endless Sabbath day!

Ah! there are empty places
Since last we mingled here;
There will be missing faces
When we meet another year,
But heart to heart before we part,
Now altogether pray
That we may meet in heaven to spend
The eternal Sabbath day.

A WOMAN'S CRUSADE OF
TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Number Six.

BY MRS. JULIA A. CARNEY.

THE SERPENT COILED AT THE FOOT OF
THE CROSS.

THE appointed hour found most of those present at previous meetings, gathered together. We had learned to love each other as co-workers in a cause which constantly gained in interest as we learned more of its importance to the world. Most of us had been timid in our first efforts, and far from sanguine in their hopes, all were now glad and grateful for what we had accomplished. The reformation was believed to be thorough in our own village, some were wondering if our good president was about to propose a missionary trip to adjacent ones.

Many had decided in their own minds what our unfinished work was, but no one was willing to speak until she who had requested us to meet once more should explain the object of the request. We were all a little startled at her first words. "My sisters," said she, very slowly and calmly,

"The serpent we have banished from our hearthstones still has a shelter in our churches. It is still hidden beneath our altars, it is coiled at the foot of the cross. To-morrow the communion service will be administered in all our churches; heretofore it has been our custom to use wine in the cup of sacrament. We have recently resolved not to offer it to our visitors, nor visit where it is offered to us. Can that which is wrong at our own tables, be right at the table of the Lord? Can we do as christians what it is wrong to do as individuals? Can we consistently say to our children, 'touch not the unclean thing,' if they see us partaking of it in the name of the pure and holy Jesus? How can we tell them that what is wrong in our own homes, dangerous in the drug shop, degrading and poisonous in the saloon, is sacred in the church? How can we ourselves believe such an absurdity or countenance it by our silence if we disbelieve it? These questions press heavily upon my own mind and I urge them upon your careful consideration. Let us speak as heretofore, as sister to sister, no matter what our religious creed may be."

For a few minutes no one seemed inclined to express any opinion, although very decided ones were written on several faces.

An aged lady arose and asked if Christ himself had not used wine, presenting it to His disciples at the first institution of the supper, and bidding them "drink ye all of it?"

This occasioned an earnest and to me very interesting discussion, in which many arguments were used, and some facts disclosed which were new to me at the time. One of these urged against the theory that the wine of the Passovers, which of course was that used in the first celebration of the Lord's supper, was fermented, was that it was customary for each one to drink four and sometimes five cups of it. As all the family partook, and the feast was universal among the Jews, if the wine used were of a nature to produce intoxication it must have been a service which our Lord would have discountenanced instead of perpetuating. Another was that the term old and new as applied to wine did not refer to its state as having been fermented or otherwise, as many have thought.

The new wine was prepared from grapes which had been dried in mosses at the vintage season and were afterwards soaked and pressed, yielding a liquor of course inferior to the juice of the fresh fruit.

"It is proof enough to me," said one, "that the cup presented by Jesus to His disciples contained a beverage very different from the intoxicating wine of the present day, that it was so given by Him to them, as a token of love and benediction. Even if Archæology were silent upon the subject, if we were not told by all authorities that no fermented thing was allowed in the celebration of the feast at which they sat, or upon the Paschal table from which He took the cup, if the custom of the Jews at the present day did not confirm these records, it is enough for me to know that the pure and holy Saviour said, 'Drink this in remembrance of me,' such

words were never spoken by Him with reference to the drink which 'Biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.'"

Another boldly remarked that if He did, it would be to her no conclusive evidence that we should do the same.

There was a little rustle and stir through the house upon this remark, some evidently thinking it irreverent. She had made the remark however without any intentional disregard of our Saviour's authority as an example. It was only the impulsive manner in which most women first announce their convictions and then give reasons, if they have any. Sometimes it must be confessed those reasons are mere intuitions, but how often even a child's intuitions are worth a volume of labored argument. In this instance however there were several cogent reasons. One was the difference between the custom which prevailed among the Jews at the time our Saviour lived on earth, and those of the present day. It is admitted by all that He never degraded His high prerogative by seeking to change those trivial matters which involve no high principle. He gave general rules and left all nations and individuals to apply them to their own circumstances throughout all the ages of the world.

"We do not," said she earnestly, "wear the Jewish costume because Jesus wore it. We come to the sacrament with boots or slippers, and one who should leave them outside the door would be more than suspected of insanity. We lay no stress upon the selection of our upper room, do not now recline at the table, do not even in most cases, use unleavened bread. Now admitting what I think is almost impossible, that the wine used at the first institution of the Supper was intoxicating, why should we be anxious to follow this part of the form and not the others? Why not content ourselves with what we do know, that Christ strictly enjoined temperance and brotherly love, and use a beverage which can neither harm us, lead our reformed inebriate brothers back to perdition, nor associate our most precious and sacred religious rite with the revelries of a drinking saloon? 'The latter killeth, the spirit indeed giveth life.'"

Another lady thought we should carefully avoid giving too much weight to our own opinions in the interpretation of scripture. It was safer to follow our Lord's exact mode of proceeding. He turned water into wine for a wedding feast, and the little taste we had at the communion service could surely do no harm. A younger lady hurriedly exclaimed, "How dare we say the water was changed to fermented wine? The bible does not say so. Christ did not even call it wine, it was the master of ceremonies who so designated it. If he had been drinking such wine as is now used, through a sufficient number of days to have the abundant supply usually furnished at the Jewish weddings at that time all consumed, he would not be the best judge of the nature of the fresh supply. But think, my dear sisters, of the character of the supposition. There were six water pots containing two or three firkins apiece; the firkin is a measure of nine gallons; here

then, according to your supposition, were fifty-four gallons of intoxicating wine bestowed upon a party of people who had been drinking freely for several days; the amount furnished alone would contradict the theory of its being the kind of wine which is denounced as a 'mockery,' a 'serpent,' a 'deceiver,' by the same record. Can we read the curse denounced upon him 'who putteth the cup to his neighbor's lips,' and dare to accuse the Saviour of thus using his miraculous power?"

She paused in her almost breathless utterance and another slowly and calmly replied to the question, "What harm can so slight a taste so seldom taken do?"

"There is no such thing as a little dabbling with any sin. If a thing is wrong in itself, it is wrong to play with it, familiarize ourselves to it, learn to think it is harmless to us although dealing destruction to others. It seems to me as much a blasphemy to associate the name of our Lord with a little wine drinking as with a little gambling or a little swearing. You start with horror at the thought; you can then imagine my feelings as I think of its being associated with the first step in the road to a drunkard's grave. Must temperance people be obliged to stay away from the House of God when the Eucharist is administered, and keep their children away lest the example of those they respect or love should annul their parents' precepts, for the sake of a mere name? Because a beverage called wine was used eighteen hundred years ago, are we to break down all the barriers of sin, forget our temperance pledges and drink the vile poison which is now called wine?"

"But did any one ever hear of an instance in which the wine of the communion did harm?" asked the same unbelieving sister who had last week asked the same question with regard to home-made wines.

"Yes," said our president, "I have, in a very recent instance, seen a man who had struggled up from the degradation of intemperance to a life of sobriety, whose family had become comfortable and happy, and whose reputation had become so well established that we were glad to welcome him to our church, receive from it a harm which was as much worse than murder as soul is more precious than body, or a christian's death better than a drunkard's life."

When my husband first took charge of the society in N—, I was told in reply to my inquiry for a laundress, 'Mrs. L. will be glad to do any work you have to give her, but she cannot leave her little children to come to your house so you will be obliged to send it to her.'

'Will she do it nicely?' I asked.

'Oh, yes, she will do it in the best manner possible, and it will be a deed of charity to give it to her; she needs help very much and will receive nothing for which she does not pay.'

My interest in her behalf was at once excited for there is no feeling I honor more than self-respect, by some miscalled pride, which works and endures but will not receive charity.

That very afternoon I sought and found her. Found her too, in one of

the prettiest and neatest cottages in town. At first glance I thought I must have mistaken the direction received from my informant. That is surely not the abode of poverty. Why, that house is pretty enough for any one. I wish the parsonage was half as tasteful, thought I, for I had been a little disappointed in the more pretentious, but less cosy domicile chosen by the N. society for their minister's family. A second look however, showed me that much of this prepossessing appearance was due to the original design of the building, to the neatness and taste displayed in the care of the shrubbery and flowers in the little yard, and careful training of the vines around its porches. The paint was faded and weather stained, the gate was broken, the front paling needed mending with a new one.

Inside the house the well-kept but worn and scanty furniture, the pale faces of poorly clad, but prettily behaved children, and the weary look upon the mother's countenance all repeated the story I had heard.

Here indeed were the drunkard's family, suffering for all the comforts his worse than wasted wages might have given them. Yet how bravely they bore up under all their trials, how silently they suffered, and how patiently they worked, I only knew by the hidden watchfulness of weeks, during which I sent them all the work I needed done and paid them as liberally as I dared.

Sometimes as I saw the wreck of a once manly man reeling through our streets, or in my frequent calls at the cottage was greeted with a maudlin wit or overdone politeness which were evidently the result of a brilliant intellect and courteous manners brought low, I asked myself the question, is there no hope of reformation?

I asked the same question of my husband, of our different temperance societies, of our active philanthropists, no matter what their peculiar tenets of theology or their pet particular hobby of reform or the errand which brought them to our house, or me to theirs, my one unvarying question to each, was 'Cannot we do something to reform Mrs. Steven's husband?'

For by that title he was known throughout the village; not because there was any suspicion of strong mindedness about Mrs. Stevens, but because her strength of heart so upheld the family in the public estimation, that all recognized her as its legitimate head and instinctively shrank from degrading even the miserable being who should have held that station, by the appellation, 'old Stevens.'

Of course the question met with as many different answers as it was addressed to different persons. Some merely laughed and said they guessed it would be a wild goose chase to try to do anything with him; others shook their heads and said they feared it would be quite impossible, some said they had already tried every argument they could use to persuade him to sign the pledge; others said that none but the Lord was mighty to save one so long a victim to the appetite for strong drink.

The last remark made me very thoughtful. I had asked aid of many

human friends but I had not addressed the one Almighty Friend. From that hour my course was changed. I prayed for that man day and night, omitting at the same time no influence which could be brought to bear upon the mind of the erring being, for I remembered that we are to work as well as pray. Not that I expected a miraculous answer to my prayer, but I needed wisdom from above to guide me in the efforts I had determined to make. Yet it did almost seem like a miracle when those efforts were crowned with success.

A favorable time seemed to present itself when after a violent attack of fever which his sin-shattered constitution had little power to resist, and during which he had been as carefully nursed as if he had been a blessing instead of a disgrace to his family, he slowly recovered, weak as a child but glad of a new lease of life, and very grateful to his family and neighbors for their tender care.

The appetite for drink was weakened by the enforced abstinence of weeks, and his mind was calmer, his reason clearer from the same cause. Now if ever, I thought, there was hope of his signing the pledge, and once signed I believed he had honor and firmness enough to keep it. Having assisted his family in caring for him in his long illness, I had become quite well acquainted with his moods of mind, and selecting the time when he seemed most favorably inclined for such a conversation, I spoke with him upon the duty he owed himself, his family and his Creator, to use his restored health in a more noble manner than he had the previous years of his life.

Finding him sincere and earnest in his resolution for reformation, I urged him to fence those resolutions around with an array of brothers and sisters, and strengthen them with the supporting hands of the whole temperance community, by signing the pledge and joining our band of Good Templars.

'Will they receive and trust me?' he asked, with that wistful look which spoke more pathetically than any words, the deep feeling of his long degradation.

'Most assuredly they will, and assist you to become again the noble man, the kind husband, the fond father, I am told you always were before you were beguiled by temptation into this pitfall,' I replied earnestly, for I felt that it was the time for earnestness if he were ever to be won back to a life of sobriety.

'Will you write me a pledge?' asked he, waving his hand towards the table where were the necessary materials.

How gladly I complied with that request only the 'prayer hearing and prayer answering God' could know. I wrote from memory the pledge of our temperance society. He read it slowly and aloud, as if to show that the act was a deliberate one, and then appended his name in a firm bold hand, like that of John Hancock to the Declaration of Independence. To him it was indeed a declaration of independence, of true freedom; to his wife, the pledge of a new hope; to his children, the promise of a happier life.

As I sat struggling to repress the deep emotion of my soul, his wife en-

tered the room ushering in my husband who was like myself frequent in his visits to the slowly recovering invalid. Each took in the contents of that paper at a glance. Without a word of formal greeting, the pastor bowed in prayer, a fervent petition that strength from above, whence only is enduring strength, might be given to keep that solemn covenant. The prayer was broken only by the sobs of the long suffering wife. The display of emotion which long years of endurance had not been able to extort, was called forth by the rush of joy. We returned to our home and left them to their hopeful happiness.

That pledge was faithfully kept for two years. During two years the reformed man worked steadily, and faithfully kept his pledge of total abstinence. His happy children were again well clad and their mother was no longer sad and weary looking. I had to look for another laundress, nor was I sorry for the task.

At the end of that time came the change which first opened my eyes to see the serpent that was coiled beneath our altar. There had been a season of deep religious interest and Mr. Stevens had shared in its intense emotion. He had always felt deeply grateful for the opportunity of redeeming a partially wasted life and retrieving his blighted reputation. He rightly felt that while earthly friends had used their influence to uplift him from the 'slough of despond,' their efforts had been all in vain had not strength from God been given him to keep his pledge.

The communion season drew near. A large number were to make profession of religious faith and be received into our church that day. Mr. Stevens had hesitatingly asked his pastor if he could not be admitted to membership and profession without joining in the service of the Eucharist; yet so blinded were we all by habit and by the length of time he had led a temperate life that we heard in this question only a doubt of the importance of the rite, or of his own worthiness to partake. So the question was answered, or perhaps I should say silenced, by an array of scripture quotations, while the sad problem that was vexing the soul of the questioner was left to be solved by a still more sad reality.

Never shall I forget that solemn service. It was Easter morning, and a cross of mingled flowers and evergreens was erected in our church, over which was wreathed the inscription, 'He is not here; He is risen.' At the foot of this cross stood the communion table with its massive silver service in honor of Him who had not where to lay his head, its leavened bread, because we do not think it necessary to follow the letter but the spirit of the request, and alas, its intoxicating wine sparkling in silver goblets at the very foot of the cross.

Yet strange to say we feared no evil, as if the house of God were a place where the demon's influence might be disarmed, as was the old belief. The sermon was an earnest and very impressive account of the resurrection of our Lord, and an appeal to each one to arise from the death of sin unto the newness of a holy life.

Many new members were received, among them Mr. Stevens. There were many who noticed the flushed cheek and excited manner with which he stood by the altar, and believed it caused by the remembrance of his former degradation. He told me afterwards it was the smell of the wine upon the table and that he could hardly refrain from clutching it even in that solemn hour. More than one noticed the eagerness with which he snatched the goblet when it was passed to him by the aged deacon, and a fear entered their hearts that he was not yet safe. As if any one who has once been a victim of intemperance could ever safely taste a single drop.

As we walked back to the parsonage I told my husband of my awakened doubts and that it seemed to me wrong to place such a temptation in a brother's pathway. Yet my fears for our reformed one were only vague ideas of what might possibly be the effect of repeated tastings of the wine after the first solemnity of his profession had faded from his mind. Little did I think he was at that very moment in the lowest liquor saloon in town, trying to satiate with stronger liquors the appetite which our communion wine had re-awakened.

You shudder at the thought but it is a simple fact, that the man who for two years had abstained from the slightest taste of strong drink, went from the church to the grog-shop and never left it till he was carried to his now despairing family insensible, or in plain language, dead drunk.

Did we dismiss him from the church? No! Who had tempted him to his fall? The sin and the shame were ours, and ours the solemn duty to uplift him with our utmost effort. We performed that duty unitedly and prayerfully, keeping him away from all tastes of liquor until completely sobered, and surrounding him with a guard of brother Christians and temperance men until he was comparatively safe. The church in N. voted at their next meeting that nothing bearing even the semblance of fermented wine should ever again be offered to their members."

For a few minutes there was an entire silence in the house. The impressive words of our president had reached every heart and filled it with an emotion too deep for expression.

Then the same old lady who had felt it her duty to object before, arose. It is a singular fact that there are people in the world who are conscientiously contrary minded. They feel it their duty to object to everything that is done or proposed to be done, particularly if it is a matter which involves either taste or feeling. So the objection came.

"If we use water it will not look like the blood of Christ."

"Nor does the bread look like His body," impulsively spoke another. "For myself I care not what else is used if it is not fermented wine. Jesus used the cup of the Passover because it was nigh him, as He used the 'lilies of the field' for an illustration probably because they were blossoming near. If you must have something that may properly be called 'fruit of the vine,' seal up your grape juice as you do your fruit, without

fermentation and it will be no less worthy of commemorating the love of Him who died that we might live pure and holy lives."

The wife of one of our worthy deacons arose. "I can testify, my sisters, that this sin lies not at the door of our church. For many years my children have gathered the wild grapes which are so plentiful in our woods. They are dried by simply hanging or spreading them in my attic and stored in bags for use. When the season of communion is near, I boil a quantity of them slowly for a few hours, and the juice strained and sweetened is the pure fruit of the vine. Our church has used no other since my husband was elected to the office of deacon."

"A friend of mine," said another, "was sufficiently interested in the subject to write to several prominent members of the Jewish church and ascertain what they used during the Feast of the Passover. He received for answer that raisins were placed in stone jars and boiling water was poured over them a sufficient time preceding to extract the flavor but not to allow fermentation."

A lady who remarked that if any were so weak that a sip of wine could injure them, she thought they had better stay away from the table of the Lord, was gently reminded that Christ came to save sinners rather than saints, and also referred to the passage, "If meat cause my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world standeth, lest I cause my brother to offend."

At last we voted unanimously that as christians we could not consistently use a bar-room beverage in the celebration of the Lord's supper.

The next day was the communion. It was a lovely morning, just as the cool breezes of autumn were beginning to breathe refreshingly over the fevered cheek of summer. In not one of our village churches was it tainted that day with the fumes of fermented wine. In not one was the serpent coiled at the foot of the cross.

Galesburg, Ill.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Number Fifty-nine.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

It is very sweet, sometimes, to be led in a way one does not know; to yield to some subtle impulse and do what one has not in the least premeditated. When I sat down in my pleasant little library to make ready for our March "talk," I was utterly at a loss what to say. My mind seemed as barren and empty as a last year's bird's nest. I said to myself, in a desponding mood, that it was about time for me to give up this business—that I had "talked myself out," and that there was nothing left for me now but endless repetitions. I asked if the stream had not run dry, and the fountain ceased to play. Just then I took up Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," turning the leaves in an idle, purposeless sort of way. My eyes fell upon the words "I would not live away"—and instantly, with scarce a moment's thought, I began to write. I had not found my theme so much as it had found me. It had come to me without purpose or volition of mine, and I followed its leading.

Was it intended as a reproof to my weakness, my stupidity, and my want of faith and courage, that to no one of my HOUSEHOLD letters have I ever received such swift and earnest response, as to that very one? Not only through the columns of this journal—but private letters came to me from people I had never heard of and whom I never shall see this side of Heaven, thanking me for "words spoken in season." They brought glad, grateful tears to my eyes even while they humbled me in the very dust. One young wife and mother whose name, even, is entirely new to me, writes me from a home hundreds of miles away,—"I wonder how you came to write that article in the March number? You certainly did not write it for me, for you did not know of my existence. Yet it was just what I needed, and treats of the very subject I have been worrying about all winter."

For her sake, as well as for that of many others, I am glad that my pen struck the keynote to which so many others have responded; and in their name do I thank Olive Oldstyle, the author of "Papers for The Household," and other friends, for their words on this theme—words that are as "Apples of gold in pictures of silver."

But did "Polly Jewell" really suppose I meant to say that I "wanted to live always in this world of sin and sorrow?" Thank Heaven, it is not necessary to take either horn of this dilemma. The truth is apt to be found half way between two extremes. Because Olive and I, and a good many others, who are in the flush of youth, or in the full strength of middle age, or even in the decline of life, but still doing with our might the work given us to do—because we, I say, are not willing to die to-day, does it follow that we want to live five hundred years, more or less? Why, the very point I made, or tried to make, was that Death, however much we might dread his approach in our hours of strength and vigor, however much we might shrink from the thought of his icy sceptre and chilly touch in the noonday of life and love and labor, ceased, as a rule, to be the King of Terrors long before he actually reached his victims. God is love and he in his mercy has taken care of that. I, for one, have an intense love of life—this earthly life. With all its losses and crosses, its pains, and its disappointments, of which we talk so much, and which we number over and over with such strange persistence, it yet seems to me to be a blessed thing to be alive, alive here on this green earth which "in the beginning" God made, and pronounced so good and fair. When some who were inexpressibly dear to me had passed out from my sight and were hidden beneath the sod, or under the darkly-rolling sea wherein "no man knoweth their sepulchre," one of the hardest things to bear was the feeling of unutterable pity for them that took possession of my soul. It seemed "so dreadful to be dead!"

Now don't all speak at once, and tell me that feeling was neither philosophical nor christian-like, and that I ought to have felt thus and so with regard to the present and future of my beloved, who had passed beyond the

veil. I am merely giving you the facts of the case—not apologizing for them. Philosophy is one thing and feeling is another. But what I began to say was just this. Notwithstanding all this—this strong instructive love of life, this clinging to present relations, to the loves and labors and sorrows, even—of this earthly existence—I still believe that the strength to meet death not as a stoic, merely, but as a submissive, trusting child of God, will come to me when it is needed. What we need now, friends, is strength to live.

A great deal passes current as religion that is really sentimentality. The very young, especially, are quite apt to take a sentimental view of death. They quote, "The favorites of the Gods die young"—"Death loves a shining mark," and proverbs of that ilk, till they really feel as if it was an honor to die. They talk about the "rest of the grave" before they have earned a right to it; and about the trials of life before they have so much as seen their approaching shadow. I know I did, for one. Such doleful verses as I used to write when I was twelve years old!

Is this a world of sin and sorrow? Doubtless. But is it not also a world of goodness and gladness? Why do we so persistently ring the changes on the one tune and not on the other? There are rainy days, and snowy days, and dark days. But are there not more days when the sky is like a pearl or a sapphire, and all nature rejoices in the sunlight? Do you not know more good people than bad ones? Have you not more friends than enemies? When, like Sam Lawson's Hepsy, you take the trouble to "count up your marcies," do not they greatly out-number your grievances? Nine-tenths of you, if you answer these questions truthfully will answer in the affirmative.

In the course of my life I have noticed one curious fact. As a rule it is those who have known the least heart-sorrow who have most to say about the trials of life, and who are most apt to call this beautiful world a "wilderness of woe." The earnest, thoughtful natures that feel most deeply, find life too full and too short to be spent in idle bewailings.

Yet, even as I write, as if in very mockery of my thought, there comes to my ears over many a mile of mountain and valley, the wail of a sorrowing mother whose only child is to-day being buried out of her sight. Ah, Dora, you are not alone in your mother-sorrow! "In Ramah was there a voice heard, lamentation and weeping and great mourning—Rachel weeping for her children and would not be comforted, because they are not." Centuries have passed since these words were written, countless generations have floated down the tide of Time, and nation after nation has been swept from the face of the earth, but dealing as they do with universal truths, they are as true to-day as they were when the ancient historian committed them to the care of the ages. Rachel still weeps for her children, and will not be comforted.

Rachel—this weeping Rachel of by-gone centuries—stands for the Doras, and the Ellas, and all the rest of the

mourning mothers who have spoken to us of THE HOUSEHOLD. It is the hardest thing in the world to answer their appeals; and that is one reason why Dora's has remained un-noticed so long. When one remembers at what fearful cost a mother wins her child, how she herself goes down into the valley of the shadow of death for it and comes back worn and wasted—when one remembers the sleepless nights, the days of anxious watching, the loss of youthful bloom and freshness, the weakness and the weariness, and thinks of all that she has offered up at the shrine of her treasure, it does seem a hard thing that it should be snatched from her yearning arms and consigned to darkness and the grave.

Yet I know women who in their very heart's core feel that it is "better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all." Did Dora ever think of that? Did she ever think of the many, many childless women who have not even her sweet memories to feed their starving hearts upon? How much it would take out of her life if she were to lose the memory of her darling—if the recollection of all its sweet ways, its baby graces, its countless, nameless witcheries should at once be blotted out forever!

"I would be willing to undergo any suffering, to bear any anguish, for the blessing of a child, even if I knew I must soon lose it," said a woman who had been ten years a wife, but never once a mother. "It would be easier to give it up than never to have it. I want to know what motherhood is before I die."

This was very strong language. I shall not be surprised if you say she did not know what she was talking about. The stricken heart, whether it is shorn of its possessions, or whether it mourns because it has never had them, is fain to cry out, "Never was sorrow like unto my sorrow."

"How can a home be made happy in which there is not even one little child?"—I have not her letter before me, but I believe this was Dora's question. Love has many channels and Time is the great healer. There is scarcely a wound that does not heal sooner or later. To make a happy home, dear, you must be happy yourself—and happiness will surely come to you unless you persistently shut your heart against it. Do not brood; do not nurse your sorrow; think that your child is still yours though it has gone on a far journey, and that sometime you will find it again. Let its blessed memory be an inspiration and a help; let it make your love for its father deeper and tenderer; let it lead you to love all little children for its sake, and to reach out helping, guiding hands to all such as are in need, or are wandering astray. So shall a peace come to you, at last, that shall be better than joy—a peace that shall rest upon you like the benediction after the prayer.

THOUGHTS FOR MOTHERS.

BY M. E. BOGGESS.

The present is an age of reform. In every department of church, state and society voice and pen are being alike exerted in favor of change, of reform.

In one sense this demand is simply indicative of national character. As Americans, we are impatient of anything that savors of sameness, ever anxious for change whether in the right direction or otherwise. But in another sense these expressions of the people are intensely significant, proving as they do that we are awake to the evils that corrupt our nation, desirous for their destruction and for a purer and more elevated social atmosphere.

Some years ago the idea seized the public mind that to accomplish a thorough reform in society woman must be enlisted in the work to a degree hitherto unknown. This idea once established gradually enlarged her fields of labor and extended the bounds of her public privileges till to-day almost every avenue of employment is open to her as co-laborer with man. This has settled the question so long puzzling the public, "What shall be done for our destitute working women?" but has failed to materially affect the tone of society. So theorists have the reform problem yet for solution. The truth is, while the changes made in favor of woman's extended privileges were just and right and of incalculable benefit to the class above alluded to, and while the idea which introduced these changes was in itself correct, it yet failed because it did not reach the source of trouble.

Napoleon, when asked what France most needed to save her from impending ruin, is said to have answered, "Mothers." Not less is this the need of America now. Our curse to-day, the curse which threatens the very life of our society is lack of maternal work at home. Till we recognize this fact and waken mothers to realize its full importance, any attempt at successful, permanent reform must be futile. God proclaimed the duties of motherhood woman's crown and whenever for selfish ease and pleasure or worldly ambition and fame she sets them aside, she throws away her sceptre and calls down a curse on her nation. Many women are free to choose their life work where they will, changing their occupation at pleasure, but a mother's work is God appointed and from the moment God gives the little unconscious babe to her arms to train for Him till He lifts it to His own bosom or calls it to take its place in the rank of workers on earth, she dare not accept another work to the neglect of this without incurring His displeasure. The great duty of motherhood is to start her children in the path that will lead them to eternal life and lead them there till they are able to follow it without her guiding hand. The nursery is the place and the only safe place to secure strong, vigorous, healthy growth of correct principles and habits that shall make the child's life a success.

We often hear astonishment expressed that men are so undecided in character. And yet it is no cause for astonishment. The trouble lies far back in their childhood when they were not trained to habits of decision and now the convictions of their mature judgment are not strong enough to withstand the impulses of inclination which they have been accustomed to follow. Our children are little

vines whose tendrils are constantly reaching out after forbidden supports, and it is a mother's care to lift each one and twine it about the Rock of Strength. Little gardens wherein the Master expects only fragrant bloom and to the mother has he given the task of uprooting the weeds which are continually springing up. Ah, those weeds; constant watchfulness is their only destroyer; a little pause for ease or pleasure and we find some noxious plant has begun to twine its roots amid the fibers of a tender growth of virtue and is choking its life out.

Verily the faithful mother will have little time to sigh over lack of occupation. Mothers have no need of the ballot to make their influence felt in the government of the nation. Already their hands may guide through the principles taught their children since the surest test of national strength or weakness is found in the character of her mothers.

Men are, as a rule, what their mother makes them or what her neglect allows them to become. The men to whom the world to-day are most indebted for acts of goodness started at the threshold of life on the same road with the villain who dies in the hovel and is consigned to the pauper's corner with a sigh of relief that earth is rid of his vile presence. A mother's faithful care; a mother's sinful neglect often forms the impassable gulf which separates two souls throughout eternity.

Scattered here and there throughout the country are mothers who understand these truths and whose lives are consecrated to God and the work He has given them. They are the hope of our country, the ten faithful ones for whose sake Sodom remains unconsumed. Nor are their labors all confined to their homes. Hundreds of them find time to extend their labors and benefit many with their teachings who would otherwise never receive such instruction, and the very fact of their devotion to their housework renders them our most successful public workers. But there is a tendency on the part of the majority of mothers to throw off the responsibilities of motherhood on various pretexts. Many are zealous advocates of reform, ambitious to work in the various societies organized for that purpose. With one hand they work to rescue a brother from the gulf of ruin, while with the other they open the way for their children to be drawn into the same vortex. Others plead the claims of society as an excuse for neglect of home work. Society certainly has demands on our time and must have so long as we are social beings, but the family is the very basis of society and any demand of the latter which conflicts with the proper building up of the former is simply adorning the structure at the expense of a safe foundation. Still others plead that child training is not in accordance with the progress of the age or the spirit of the times. While this plea is far too common and its effects too faithfully evident it only proves that our progress in that respect is in the wrong direction and such a spirit directly opposed to God's teachings.

"Train up a child in the way it should go and when he is old he will not depart from it," is God's word and whenever we accept it as the watchword of our nation and the foundation of our reforms we will be saved with a salvation which is born of God's blessing.

"Whatsoever man soweth that shall he also reap," is also God's word and it would be well for mothers to ponder deeply its meaning.

HOUSEHOLD CHATS.

Number One.

BY GLADDYS WAYNE.

I made my first acquaintance with THE HOUSEHOLD on receiving the June number and I may as well say, right here, that I, too, want to become a member of THE HOUSEHOLD Band and do what I can to help my sisters, to make them happier, their burdens easier and their lives brighter and gladder.

But let me tell you how it came about that I am now only getting my first glimpse of this HOUSEHOLD which is dear to me already. I saw a notice of it in a paper, and not being able to banish it from my mind after a long while I sent for a specimen, and in due time it arrived.

How long I remained before it lost in admiration, when aroused by the rumble of thunder, I cannot say, but should judge sometime, as I barely had time to escape "A Summer Shower," by taking refuge in "The Veranda;" it proved however, to be only a passing shower, the skies soon being as bright, and the birds singing as merrily as ever.

It was then and there that I resolved to have verandas on at least two or three sides of my house—that is to be!—seeing that this was so convenient and pleasant, and afforded such an excellent view of the "Garden Walks." And I was not long in deciding that it would "Pay" to "beautify my home with flowers and shrubbery." Then, after inviting myself to enter the house, I proceeded to "The Drawing Room," and there resolved that I would never "Move" if I could help it, and that I would cultivate "Cordiality" of manner. I now stepped into "The Conservatory," and was pleased with the fine collection of flowers there displayed, especially those conducive to health—and also the "Roses;" then I peeped in at "The Dressing Room" door, but turned right away, resolving to get a stick, forthwith, and declare war with those rascally "Moth Millers," by coming down upon their encampments "like a wolf on the fold;" and thus thinking I passed on to "The Nursery," where I forgot my plans of vengeance for a time in anxiety concerning "Lost Willie," and I stayed there until they found him. Then I visited "The Dining Room," observed the "Table Manners," etc., deciding that "Wine" of any kind is better let alone; and after partaking of "The Dessert" passed on to "The Dispensary," where I resolved to "Sleep Warmly," next winter, if it takes all the "bed-covering" in the closet, and all the "Soap-stones" in town! I next entered "The Library," the shelves of which I found stored with "Pure Literature,"

works of useful information, the proper perusal of which could not fail to render one more "Intelligent." I also peeped in at the open door, or entrance-way, of a little alcove on the right, which, indeed, seemed a part of "The Library" itself, and where the work of "Reviewing" was being somewhat extensively carried on, and then after listening to a song entitled, "I Cannot Call Her Mother," I passed on to "The Kitchen," where I learned how to "Bake Beans" properly.

I then proceeded to "The Parlor," where I passed some time very pleasantly, and resolved to resume the conversation with "Mrs. Dorr," "Olive Oldstyle," and others, at some future day, as I was, by this time, getting hungry and wanted to return to "The Kitchen" where I had seen "Mrs. S. L." making "Brewis;" so, fearing that I would be too late if I remained longer, I begged to be excused, and withdrew. In my anxiety to make haste, I crossed a sort of hall-way, opened a door on the right, and found myself in the wrong room! I saw at a glance that it was the room containing THE HOUSEHOLD "Desk;" and seated before it, was a man busily engaged in writing. Being considerably frightened at his somewhat singular appearance, I was about to beat a hasty retreat, but found that it was too late, for at that moment he glanced up, and with such a kindly expression on the otherwise somewhat plain features, that I took courage, and approaching begged pardon for the intrusion, saying that I had missed the way, and would be grateful for being directed to the right room. He very kindly gave me the desired information; and after thanking him I was turning away, when he enquired if I would not avail myself of the "Trial Trip," offered to all by the proprietor of THE HOUSEHOLD. Seeing that pens, ink, and paper were at hand, I promised to return in a few days and have my name enrolled for the "Trial Trip." Then hastily bidding him good afternoon, I hurried away to "The Kitchen," where I found "Mrs. S. L." preparing to serve the last spiderful of "Brewis;" so took a plateful, and sat down right there to eat it, and found it very good. (She will please accept my thanks.) Then I looked around a little, and liked the looks of the sisters so well that I made up my mind to stay and answer some of the questions, and get better acquainted with all.

And to all I say: Dear sister-women, let us clasp hands across the intervening hills and valleys—let us come a-near each other in heart, sympathy and thought, speaking freely to each other, as friends face to face.

Dear "Sue Zorbaugh," will you not think of me as your friend? I shall be so glad to help you if I can, through future "chats." When your heart feels empty and sore with longing for the little one that is gone, you still have a sweet thought to comfort you—you still have the blessed consciousness that your darling is forever safe; no sorrow nor pain can touch him; never will those little feet wander aside in paths of sin; never will he suffer the pangs of remorse or despair; never will the spotless purity of that soul be tarnished.

Kiss the three little ones for me, and be assured that you have my warmest sympathies, and that I shall not forget you.

OLD BACHELORS.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

For the advantage of this lonely, unnatural, domestically dwarfed and undeveloped class, it may be well that they should understand just how they are regarded by those whose duty it is to make at least one happier. In reply to a remark in reference to the propriety of making this unfortunate class as comfortable as possible, a boarding house widow said that that was not her policy, but that she would treat them so that they would go and do as they ought. Now there may be some philosophy in this if not humanity. That a man can not fulfill his destiny in single blessedness, is manifest, and that he can not be respected as a citizen, that he cannot exert the influence of a family man he generally is made sensibly to feel. And the same is specially true of woman since her nature is even more social, domestic and affectionate. A noble woman who has declined good offers on account of physical ailments, recently used the following sensible language: "I have been led to see that a woman but half fulfills her life destiny who lives alone. I know that there will be a life-long incompleteness to my life as I have been forced to plan it. I know that earth will not fill the void in my existence; I fear even heaven will but show the sad wrong I do the soul even more plainly than now. Yet I have steeled my heart and closed my ears lest I should be so rash as to place myself in a home whose duties I cannot successfully discharge. But the greatest torture is that as the years go on I may see that because I may not be able to exercise my powers of locomotion the love of the other may wane and the powers of the mind and soul fail to hold." And she adds, "A woman's nature is but half developed who never loved or was loved and she loses the crown of her womanhood who is denied the mental, moral and soul expansion of maternity, and yet I deny myself the whole because I think it my duty."

But why do so many men live on in bachelorship? Some it may be expect too much of woman—demand that she shall be far better than man—and failing to find one corresponding to the ideal one, give up the search in disgust. But let such cherish proper and natural views, raising their personal standard a little higher and then it may be they will be more successful.

The utter worthlessness of some of the misses, some of the boarding-house toys, decorated with a slight trace of French, a smattering of Italian or German, a little spicing of music and seasoning of literature, with scarcely enough of the ornamental in a general sense to keep them through a single summer's day, may have deterred many a sensible man from a matrimonial alliance. A prudent young man, blest with even an ordinary share of common sense can easily take the inventory of such a

budget of dry goods and he knows full well that he cannot be honest with a moderate income and support such a hanger-on in her indolence and inefficiency, with hands too exquisitely colorless to mould dough, and her brain too rapid to appreciate the importance of her position, and a body too wasp-like and flimsy to be of any importance to an honest, poor young man, to say nothing of an utter disinclination to be useful in any important sense. It is quite certain also that such men are convinced that with the prevailing love of show, excessive devotion to mere fashion, such flirtation and such a feeling of dependence for support—as if woman were the mere appendage of man, a thing to be possessed and gazed at like a picture, petted like a kitten, or at most to bear children for others to care for—that such can never make a companion for a true man. It is but fair to admit that a part of this fault may be that of the mother, who, in her false kindness and tenderness has really taught the daughter to be helpless and that some of this class when joined to a loved one, one able to mould her, might still learn to be useful—not to be a drudge—and a good wife, a helpmeet and a worthy companion. And here let it be remarked that the writer does not advocate a life of toil, a subjection in any sense to a "lord," but would have the wife a true woman, capable of usefulness with brain or hands, or both, an intelligent companion of a worthy, temperate man, as willing to be useful in the family, in her sphere of labor, as she wishes her husband to be, the two laboring side by side with each other and for each other, with a mutual interest and responsibility and a oneness of purpose.

But it is by no means necessary for young men to go to the boarding-schools, since there are more sensible young ladies outside from whom to make a selection. It may be that young men are too often fascinated by a comely face—an artificial one, it may be—and failing to secure such, have retired like simpletons, in despair. If young men would but give the preference to good souls and an amiable expression rather than to the accomplishments and paints and rouge it may be that there would be a change of base in matrimonial engineering. If they would but seek and accept the true, good and capable, though not beauties in the popular sense, remembering that the accompaniment of a pretty face is a false heart too often, with a deep sub-stratum of vanity, some of the disappointments and infelicities of married life might be avoided. And if all would make these alliances with more reference to moral obligations and adaptedness, and with less regard for pecuniary considerations, there would be fewer complaints of tyranny, uncongeniality and unfaithfulness.

It must be conceded that marriage is promotive not only of morality but of happiness, to say nothing of the well known fact that the married of both sexes outlive the single. The standard of public morality will ever be affected by the relative number, not only of the married and single but by the character of those alliances. Marriage ever must form the basis of

the social compact, one of the bonds to bind society together. Conjugal love, in its relative unselfishness is a harmonizer well adapted to develop the whole nature, the higher nature, and promote public virtue and individual happiness.

KNOTS.

They are everywhere. Little two-year-old finds them in his shoe-strings at bedtime, much to his own and his mother's vexation. Naughty little six-year-old who has planned to join a runaway expedition to the stream where her mother has forbidden her to go, finds that there is a knot in the fastenings of the back gate which renders escape by that way impossible, and mamma can see the front gate from her window. So she disconsolately goes back to her playthings in the yard, wondering perhaps why that knot must be just there.

And we older people, we find knots everywhere along our daily path, and though we often impatiently wish them elsewhere our wishes are of no avail, and we must do the best we can with them, however vexatious and unnecessary they may seem to us. In everything we undertake, in every path we seek to tread, difficulties and discouragements confront us, and sorely perplexed by our unexpected trials we wonder wearily if the way will ever be clear for us and why these knots must vex and hinder us so. Yet there are few of these that will not yield to steady, persistent effort, and any object not worthy of this effort is not worth possessing. That which is easily won is lightly held. Our best efforts are often unavailing and we fail of success, but with every effort made we shall grow stronger, and even our failures are never total loss. However lowly the place we fill there is a best to be made of it, and if sometimes we are debarred from that which we wish to do it is because we can be more useful in another place, the place assigned us by an unerring Providence. And if we work on with steady, patient hands and prayerful hearts there will come a time when the tangled, knotted threads of life will lie straight and smooth beneath our hands, and this most intricate of problems will be solved for us and finished too, for I think no one of us will know just why she has lived until our earthly life is made perfect and complete in that life which is to come.

"Every day has some new task
For your hand;
Do it bravely—that's the way
Life grows grand."

MAG.

Cumberland, Ind.

GOLDEN GRAINS.

There's not a heart, however rude,
But hath some little flower
To brighten up its solitude
And scent the evening hour.

There's not a heart, however cast
By grief and sorrow down,
But hath some memory of the past
To love and call its own.

—Good to begin well, better to end well.

—He who takes the best care of today has least fear of to-morrow.

—Keep your difficulties to yourself, and let people know that you are in expectation of good fortune.

—People would soon be astonished at results if they would all work together for the common good.

—Those only are fit for continual solitude who like nobody, are like nobody, and are liked by nobody.

—Establish a temperate zone of thought and policy round the globe, and the social world will be safe.

—To express contempt for personal defects is not only a sign of ill-breeding, but of a poor understanding.

—The great wish of most people is for a fortune and nothing to do. How fully men are punished when it is realized.

—He that thinks himself the happiest man is really so; but he that thinks himself the wisest is generally the greatest fool.

—If home is the place where faces are sour, and harsh words and fault-finding ever in the ascendant, children will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere.

—When certain persons abuse us, let us ask ourselves what description of character it is that they admire; we shall often find this a very consolatory question.—Colton.

—Southey says: "A good man and a wise man may at times be angry with the world—at times be grieved for it; but be sure no man was ever discontented with the world who did his duty in it."

—Whatever may be the means, or whatever the more immediate end of any kind of art, all of it that is good agrees in this, that it is the expression of one soul talking to another, and is precious according to the greatness of the soul that utters it.—Ruskin.

—Errors, to be dangerous, must have a great deal of truth mingled with them; it is only from this alliance that they can ever obtain an extensive circulation; from pure extravagance, and genuine, unmingled falsehood, the world never has and never can sustain any mischief.

—There are a great many persons who act as if they thought petty troubles were a luxury; and they seem never to be satisfied without them. They nurse their annoyances, and dandle them, as it were, on their knees, seeming determined to bring out of them all that they have in them.

—Cunning has only private selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended views, and like a well-formed eye commands a whole horizon; cunning is a kind of shortsightedness, that discovers the minutest objects which are nearer at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance.

—The carpenter's gimblet makes but a small hole, but it enables him to drive a great nail. May we not see here a representation of those minor departures from the truth which prepare the minds of men for grievous errors, and of those thoughts of sin which open a way for the worst of crimes! Beware, then, of Satan's gimblet.—Spurgeon.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

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

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—We have used no other soap but Dobbins' Electric, for the last eight or ten years for ordinary purposes. It seems to me that merchants do not fully comprehend the fact that Dobbins' Electric Soap is the *ne plus ultra* of all soaps in the market. We also consider it the cheapest of all soaps as one bar will do three weeks washing for an ordinary sized family. And then its purity enables the laundress to use it in washing the finest fabrics without any possible danger of leaving any stain behind.

MRS. H. S. COOPER.
Bald Mount, Pa.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—My wife tried Dobbins' Electric Soap and called it splendid. I said "Humbog! any soap will wash as well." That week I got the front of my shirt thoroughly spattered with paint, and to satisfy my curiosity and show my wife that it was no better than other soaps, I rubbed the shirt front thoroughly with it, then put it in solution according to directions; and though I had worn the shirt three days, and then let it dry over Sunday, five minutes rubbing took out every spot and not a trace of paint could be found even after ironing. This is a test I never saw any other soap stand, but if you wish to believe it a humbug, don't test it as I did.

B. H. RICKARD,
Ashtabula, Ohio. House Painter.

As several of our readers have wanted to know if we are using Dobbins' Electric soap, and if so, whether it in reality possesses the superior merit that the manufacturers and our numerous correspondents claim for it, we have referred the question to our "better half" who makes the following reply:

I have been using Dobbins' Soap in my family for several months and am highly pleased with it. It is by far the best soap I ever used, and, all things considered, much the cheapest. One bar of it will go as far as twice the quantity of any other soap I have ever used, while it also saves a large amount of time and labor usually expended in boiling and rubbing the clothes while washing. On this account its use must result in a great saving in the wear and tear of clothing which is no small item in our washing day expenses. I think this saving in the wear of clothing alone more than pays for the soap it is necessary to use. My washer woman calls it "magic soap" the dirt disappears so quickly. Judging from my own experience of nearly a year in the use of this soap I do not think that any of those who have written to THE HOUSEHOLD in its praise have claimed more for it than an honest trial will fully sustain.

MRS. MARY L. CROWELL.

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

WE TRUST every one of our present subscribers will send us a half dozen or more trial subscribers before Oct. 1st. See A Trial Trip, on last page.

FOR PURITY, PALATABILITY, BONE, flesh and fat forming properties, Ridge's Food stands second to none. Children fed on this delicious diet grow up strong and healthy.

FIRST GRAND EXPOSITION of the TRADESMEN'S INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE, Pittsburgh, Pa., opens Oct. 7, closes Nov. 6. Address A. J. NELLIS, Pres. T. I. I. 10-2smpry

IRON IN THE BLOOD.—When the blood is well supplied with its iron element, we feel vigorous and full of animation. It is an insufficiency of this vital element that makes us feel weak and low-spirited; in such cases, the Peruvian Syrup (a protoxide of Iron) can supply this deficiency, and its use will invigorate us wonderfully.

A DISTRESSING COUGH causes the friends of the sufferer almost as much pain as the sufferer himself. Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry speedily cures coughs, colds, influenza, sore throat, etc. It will always relieve Consumption, and in many well-attested cases it has effected a perfect cure. 50 cts. and \$1 a bottle, large bottles much the cheaper.

Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass., has already (Sept. 11) enrolled 54 boarding students for the coming year as against 37 for the corresponding term of last year, and 22 for entire year previous. Six additional sleeping-rooms have been handsomely furnished; the chapel, studio and gymnasium entirely made over and beautifully finished. An addition to the building must soon be made. C. C. Bragdon is Principal.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED. SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP, SCHENCK'S SEA WEED TONIC, SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS, Are the only medicines that will cure Pulmonary Consumption.

Frequently medicines that will stop a cough will occasion the death of the patient; they lock up the liver, stop the circulation of the blood, hemorrhage follows, and in fact, they clog the action of the very organs that caused the cough.

Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia are the causes of two-thirds of the cases of Consumption. Many persons complain of a dull pain in the side, constipation, coated tongue, pain in the shoulder-blade, feelings of drowsiness and restlessness, the food lying heavily on the stomach, accompanied with acidity and belching up of wind.

These symptoms usually originate from a disordered condition of the stomach or a torpid liver.

Persons so affected, if they take one or two heavy colds, and if the cough in these cases be suddenly checked, will find the stomach and liver clogged, remaining torpid and inactive, and almost before they are aware the lungs are a mass of sores, and ulcerated, the result of which is death.

Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup is an expectorant which does not contain opium or anything calculated to check a cough suddenly.

Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic dissolves the food, mixes with the gastric juices of the stomach, aids digestion, and creates a ravenous appetite.

When the bowels are costive, skin sallow, or the symptoms otherwise of a bilious tendency, Schenck's Mandrake Pills are required.

These medicines are prepared only by J. H. SCHENCK & SON, N. E. corner Sixth and Arch Sts., Phila. And are for sale by all druggists and dealers.

We call attention to the advertisement of the Mount Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y., one of the oldest, most extensive and reliable establishments in the United States. 9-2f.

—We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of our friend Dr. Hanaford, on the last page of this paper. As the season for lectures is at hand the announcement is very opportune and we trust will be freely responded to. We can safely promise it will be a good investment.

The careful housewife occasionally "takes account of stock" to see if she is likely soon to be out of any of the various necessary articles of housewifery, and if she sees that the American Peerless Soap is getting low she orders another box forthwith. This is one of the best soaps in the market and we feel sure from what we know that it will give satisfaction.

The Atlantic Flour Mills of F. E. Smith & Co., Brooklyn, is one of the LARGEST in the UNITED STATES. What strikes the visitor more particularly is the almost entire absence of noise and the regular and orderly manner in which each department carries on its business. There is an air of NEATNESS and CLEANLINESS, also, about the machinery and floors, which form a STRIKING CONTRAST to the workings of some establishments. The well known and universally admired Crushed Wheat is manufactured at these mills. Send for a package if you have never used it—if you have you will not fail to keep it on hand.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE of Saturday, Sept. 11, is a remarkable issue, even for that journal and very completely illustrates its claim to be "the leading American newspaper." In addition to all the ordinary and extraordinary news of the day from all parts of the world, it publishes letters and special articles from Charles Reade, who treats of international copyright; from Bayard Taylor on Canadian scenes and life; from a correspondent on the American Evangelists, Moody and Sankey; from Hon. Hugh McCollough on the currency question; from Arsene Houssaye on life in Paris; from "John Paul" at Saratoga on finance and other topics, and from its special correspondents in various sections of the country. Such an array of brilliant names and talent has rarely if ever been gathered in any single publication, and never in the columns of any daily newspaper. Readers of THE TRIBUNE enjoy a daily miracle, which places such a wealth of treasure at their command for the nominal sum of four cents, or one dollar a month—postage paid.



FOR MOTH-PATCHES, FRECKLES, AND TAN, ask your Druggist for Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. It is reliable.

FOR PIMPLES ON THE FACE,

Blackheads or Flesh-worms, use Perry's Improved Comedone and Pimple Remedy—the Great Skin Medicine, or consult DR. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond Street, New York.

\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. 10-12r

\$57 60 Agents' Profits per week.—Will prove it or forfeit \$500. New articles are just patented. Samples sent free to all. Address W. H. CHIDESTER, 277 Broadway, New York. 10-1bl

Kill all You Can

of the destructive insects; and you will find that the

HOUDAN INSECT POWDER is the best you ever tried to effect this purpose. Entirely harmless to all other creatures, but kills all insects at short notice, merely by its odor. Prepared and sold, free by mail, in liberal sized boxes, at 25, 50 and 75 cts. each, by T. L. HALLWORTH, Box 583, Chelsea, Mass.

Decorate Your Gardens. 12 Flowering Plants for \$1.00, our selection. Send for circular. WILLIAM S. EWELL, Florist, Howard St., Dorchester District, Boston, Mass.



AGENTS WANTED.

Men or women. \$34 a week. Proof furnished. Business pleasant and honorable with no risk. A 16 page circular and Valuable Samples free. Send your address on postal card. Don't delay but write at once to F. M. REED, 37th ST., NEW YORK. 6-12



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FOR Present Planting! Parlor Culture!

Our Illustrated Catalogues of Dutch Bulbs, and Flower Roots, and Plants for House Culture, now ready and mailed free to all applicants.

Peter Henderson & Co.
Seedsmen, 25 Cortlandt St., New York.



IODIDE OF AMMONIA

Cures Neuralgia, Face Ache, Rheumatism, Gout, Frosted Feet, Chilblains, Sore Throat, Erysipelas, Bruises or Wounds of every kind in man or animal.

"Discharged from the Massachusetts General Hospital as incurable, with inflammatory rheumatism in my shoulders, fingers and feet; suffered fearfully for three years; tried everything; lost all hope. DR. GILES' LINIMENT IODIDE OF AMMONIA effected a complete cure."

ELLEN SMITH,
No. 72 Plane St., Fall River, Mass."

Sold by all Druggists. Depot No. 451 Sixth Avenue, New York. Only 50c. and \$1 a bottle.

The Fruit Recorder and Cottage Gardener

will be sent FREE 3 months to all applicants. We do not ask any one to subscribe for our paper until they know what they are to get. It speaks for itself. Price only \$1 per year. Most liberal terms to club agents of any paper in this country. Purdy's Small Fruit Instructor is a work of 64 pp. that tells in simple language just how to grow fruits in abundance for home use or market. Price, 25 cents, postpaid. A. M. PURDY, Rochester, N. Y.



The Autumn No. of Vick's Floral Guide, containing descriptions of Hyacinths, Tulips, Lilies, and all Bulbs and Seeds for Fall Planting in the Garden, and for Winter Flowers in the House—just published, and sent free to all. Address, JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y. 10-2adv

Once Joined, Never Divided!



To introduce our Superior Style of Table Cutlery, we will send to any address by mail, post-paid, upon the receipt of \$1.00, one of our Beautiful Steel-Bladed, Hot-Water Proof Handled Butter-Knives, Silver-Plated Throughout. Worth twice the money. Circulars, giving full description and Post-paid price of all our styles, sent on application. WOODS CUTLERY CO., Anttrim, N. H.



EMPIRE

(Self-Inking) and BOSTON PRESSES.

For Job Printers & Amateurs. Prices of Presses and outfits from \$4 upwards. Send 5c. for our splendid new Catalogue of Presses, Cuts, &c., just out, with complete illustrated instructions for beginners. Gorham & Co. 143 Washington St., Boston.

Printing Office complete for \$5 5-6adv

10 DOLLARS PER DAY AGENTS WANTED to sell THE IMPROVED HOME SHUTTLE Sewing Machine Address Johnson, Clark & Co., Boston, Mass.; New York City; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Chicago, Ill.; or St. Louis, Mo.

SPECIAL PREMIUMS!**Open to All.**

The attention of our readers is called to the following list of Special Premiums which will be given to our agents, in addition to the regular premiums and commissions allowed them.

To the agent sending us the largest list of yearly subscribers previous to Oct. 1st 1875 we will give

A COTTAGE ORGAN, worth \$200.

For the Second largest list

A GOLD WATCH, worth \$100.

For the Third,

either **A SEWING MACHINE, worth \$80,**
or **APPLETON'S AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA, worth \$80,**

For the Fourth,

either **AN ELEGANT SILVER TEA SET, worth \$50,**
or **A SILVER WATCH, worth \$50.**

For the Fifth, Prang's Beautiful Chromo,

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD MAN, worth \$25.

The above selection of Premiums is designed to be equally desirable by ladies and gentlemen for which reason a choice of two articles is given in the third and fourth offers.

ANOTHER LIST**DESIGNED FOR COUNTY AGENTS.**

The campaign of 1875 is to be conducted mainly by COUNTY AGENTS of whom we have already appointed a large number. We hope to have one in each county in the United States before January, 1876. These agents receive a circular containing terms, etc., and giving the quota of subscribers to be raised in each county, based upon its population, location, and other circumstances and the person who shall send us the largest list of yearly subscribers from any County in proportion to the quota assigned to it, before Oct. 1st 1875 will receive

A SEWING MACHINE, worth \$75.

For the Second largest list we will give

AN ELEGANT SILVER TEA SET, worth \$50.

For the Third

A SILVER WATCH, worth \$35.

For the Fourth,

A BICKFORD KNITTING MACHINE, worth \$30.

For the Fifth

A CHILD'S CARRIAGE, worth \$20.

For the Sixth

A CRAYON PORTRAIT, worth \$15,
(Life size and copied from any picture.)

For the Seventh,

A BECKWITH SEWING MACHINE, worth \$12.

For the Eighth, Prang's Brilliant Chromo,

SUNSET IN CALIFORNIA, worth \$10.

For the Ninth

Family Scales, (24 lbs.) worth \$5

For the Tenth

A Gold Pen, worth \$3.

Remember these premiums are to be given to the agents procuring the largest number of subscribers in proportion to their quotas—so that all have an equal chance, and the most valuable premium may be earned by the smallest list.

To Single Subscribers.

We have on our subscription books the names of several thousands of SINGLE SUBSCRIBERS. A single subscriber is not necessarily an unmarried one but merely one whose copy of THE HOUSEHOLD is the only one taken at his or her postoffice. Those who receive this paper in wrappers (except in a few of the large cities where all are wrapped) will understand that they are single subscribers and therefore interested in this paragraph. Now it is just as easy for us to send fifty or a hundred copies to an office as one and we much rather do it, so we call upon those friends to send us lists of sub-

scribers from their postoffices and not compel us to wrap each paper singly—you have no idea of the large amount of work it causes every month. No matter if you don't get but one name besides your own. That will be two and that will make a bundle. Read what we will do for you: To the single subscriber who shall send us the largest list of yearly subscribers from their own postoffice we will give

A BECKWITH SEWING MACHINE, worth \$12.00.

For the Second largest list we will give

A Family Clothes Wringer, worth \$7.50.

For the Third,

A PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM, worth \$5.00.

For the Fourth, a copy of

GREAT INDUSTRIES OF THE U. S., worth \$3.50.

For the Fifth,

A GOLD PEN WITH SILVER CASE, worth \$2.50.

Many of these single subscribers will, we hope, become County Agents and thus compete for the other prizes also.

4thly and to Conclude.

To the agent sending subscribers from THE GREATEST NUMBER OF POSTOFFICES we will give a copy of

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY, worth \$12.

For information regarding postage, etc., see items in Our Desk on last page.

BOYS**LOOK HERE!**

HAVE YOU SEEN THE

High Flyer Kite?

A patent Kite Frame made by machinery so that it can be put together in five minutes, and a tough manilla covering printed in colors.

The best Flying Kite ever made. Thirty inches wide and three feet high, and weighing only four ounces.

Inquire for it at the stores, or send for a description to

MILTON BRADLEY & CO.,

Springfield, Mass.

BRADLEY'S PATENT CROQUET

is the BEST ever made because no other has the **SOCKET BRIDGES** or **IRIDEXICAL BALLS.**

The Socket Bridges double the value of any set without increasing the cost to the purchaser.

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Pleasant and Profitable Employment.—"Beautiful!" "Charming!" "Oh, how lovely!" "What are they worth?" &c. Such are exclamations of those who see the large elegant new Chromos produced by the European and American Chromo Publishing Co. Every one will want them. It requires no talking to sell the pictures, they speak for themselves. Canvassers, agents, and ladies and gentlemen out of employment, will find this the best opening ever offered to make money. For full particulars, send stamp for confidential circular. Address F. GLEASON & CO., 738 Washington St., Boston, Mass. 9-4c.

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THE TRIAL TRIP

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TEN CENTS.

A GOLD DOLLAR

will be given the person

sending us the largest

number of Trial Sub-

scriptions

Before Oct. 1st, 1875.

1868. 1875.

THE HOUSEHOLD**For 1875.**

Friends, one and all, thanking you for your presence and patronage in the past, we herewith present you with our

PROGRAMME FOR VOL. 8TH.**A New Volume!****New Type!!****New Contributors!!!****New Subscribers!!!!****A Better Paper for Less Money!**

We take much pleasure in announcing to our readers that in addition to retaining all of our present excellent corps of contributors for the coming year, we have secured the services of several new writers of rare ability, the whole forming a list unequalled by any similar magazine in the country, and insuring to the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD for 1875 a volume of unusual attractiveness and value. Among our new contributors will be found ROSELLA RICE, who under the nom de plume of Pipsissway Potts, wrote the well known and universally admired series of articles entitled "The Deacon's Household," and ETHEL C. GALE, formerly a prominent contributor to *Hearth and Home*. Our readers will be pleased to know that these ladies will contribute regularly to our columns. MRS. DORR will continue her admirable series "To Whom It May Concern," in which all are concerned—in short our bill of fare is to be of the most unexceptionable quality as will be seen from the following

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS FOR 1875.

Mrs. JULIA C. R. DORR,
Mrs. JULIA A. CARNEY,
ROSELLA RICE,
ETHEL C. GALE,
ANNA HOLYOKE,
Dr. J. H. HANAFORD,
Prof. HIRAM ORCUTT, (Experience),
Rev. BERNICE D. AMES,
Mrs. SARAH E. AMES,
HELEN THORNTON.
C. DORANTHERSON, (Kitty Candid)
MARY CUIITS,
Mrs. ELISA E. ANTHONY,
ELLEN LYMAN, (U. U.)
LIZZIE E. PINCOTT,
ALICE W. QUIMBY,
OLIVE OLDSTYLE,
E. D. KENDALL, (E. D. K.)
AUNT LEISURELY,
GYPSEY TRINE,
SARAH J. B. COLE,
CHRISTABEL,
BARBARA BRANDT,
A MARTYR OF THE PERIOD,
EDITH ELLIOT,

and others who will contribute more or less frequently to our columns.

We shall procure, wholly or in part, a new dress for THE HOUSEHOLD, which we hope to have ready for the new volume, and make other improvements in its appearance from time to time as may be desirable and practicable.

At the same time, notwithstanding the extra expense we have incurred and the increased value of the paper in consequence, the price will remain the same, though many publishers are adding from 25 to 50 cents to their publications without making any improvements, on account of the new law requiring prepayment of postage after January 1, 1875. In fact THE HOUSEHOLD will ACTUALLY COST A LITTLE LESS than heretofore as we shall send it for the coming year prepaid for

One Dollar and Ten Cts.

making it by far THE CHEAPEST PUBLICATION IN AMERICA.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

For Beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability and Cheapness, Unequaled.
MORSE BROS., Prob's, Canton, Mass.

MANHOOD, WOMANHOOD AND NERVOUS DISEASES.**A Book for Every Man,**

JUST published by the Peabody Medical Institute; a new edition of the celebrated medical work entitled SELF-PRESERVATION. It treats upon MANHOOD, how lost, how regained and how perpetuated, cause and cure of EXHAUSTED VITALITY, IMPOTENCY, Premature Decline in Man, Nervous and Physical Debility, Hypochondria, Gloomy Forebodings, Mental Depression, Loss of Energy, Haggard Countenance, Confusion of Mind and Loss of Memory, Impure State of the Blood, and all diseases arising from indiscretions or excesses.

It is, indeed, a book for every man, young and middle-aged men in particular. 300 pages, bound in beautiful French cloth, illustrated, price only \$1.

A Book for Every Woman.

Entitled, SEXUAL PHYSIOLOGY OF WOMAN, AND HER DISEASES; or, *Woman treated of Physiologically and Pathologically*, in health and disease, from Infancy to Old Age. 350 pages, bound in beautiful French cloth. With the very best prescriptions for prevailing diseases. Price \$2.00.

A Book for Everybody.

The Peabody Institute has also just published a new book treating exclusively of NERVOUS AND MENTAL DISEASES, more than two hundred royal octavo pages, twenty elegant engravings, bound in substantial muslin, price \$2.

Either of the above books are sent by mail to any part of the world, closely sealed, postage paid, on receipt of price. Or all three books sent to one address at the same time on receipt of only \$4. Here is offered over eight hundred and fifty pages of the ablest and best printed and bound popular medical science and literature, on subjects of vital importance to all, for only \$4—barely enough to pay for mailing. It should be borne in mind that these great Medical Works are published by the Peabody Medical Institute, an honored institution, established with large funds for the sole purpose of doing good.

These are, beyond all comparison, the most extraordinary works on Physiology ever published. There is nothing whatever that the Married or Single of either sex can either require or wish to know, but what is fully explained, and many matters of the most important and interesting character are introduced, to which no allusion ever can be found in any other works in our language. All the New Discoveries of the author, whose experience is such as probably never before fell to the lot of any man, are given in full. No person should be without these valuable books. The press throughout the country, the clergy and the medical faculty generally highly extol these extraordinary and useful works. The most fastidious may read them.

Address the PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bulfinch St. (opposite Revere House), Boston, Mass., N. B. The author and consulting physicians can be consulted on all of the above named diseases, and all diseases requiring SKILL AND EXPERIENCE. 1-12

MORE THAN 200,000**'FAMILY FAVORITES'**

bear constant witness to its superiority over any Sewing Machine ever manufactured. These machines are manufactured by the Weed Sewing Machine Co., of Hartford, Conn., and sold by agents or canvassers in almost every section of the U. S.

TRY THEM.

IMPORTANT CUTTING BIAS TRIMMING made a pastime by using ELLIOTT'S SCALE GUIDE. Every lady knows the difficulty of cutting Bias of uniform and accurate width. With this Guide a mistake is impossible and the work can be performed as accurately and rapidly as the cutting of a straight strip. We send the Guide Scale by mail, prepaid, upon receipt of 50 cents. Agents to introduce this wonderful improvement wanted everywhere. Address SCALE GUIDE CO., 43 Broomfield Street, Boston, Mass. 7-4d

200 DECALCOMANIE PICTURES and list sent post paid for 25 cts. GEO. BOLES, 165 Tremont St., Boston, Ms.

TILDEN LADIES' SEMINARY.

FALL SESSION BEGINS ON MONDAY,
SEPT. 13TH, 1875.

We have added to our large and permanent Board of Instruction, a practical and efficient Elocutionist, who will drill by sections, the whole school in reading and elocution, as a specialty. Send for a Catalogue to

HIRAM ORCUTT, A. M.,
West Lebanon, N. H.

July 1, 1875.

BAYOLINE**QUININE HAIR TONIC!**

Still growing in public favor. Each month increases its sales nearly double that of the previous month. The following are some of the reasons why it pleases so universally.

BAYOLINE never fails to stop falling out of hair.

BAYOLINE will immediately eradicate dandruff.

BAYOLINE keeps the hair soft and pliable.

BAYOLINE is as clean as pure water.

BAYOLINE will not color the hair.

BAYOLINE has won for itself a popularity which has never before been equalled by any other preparation recommended for the same purpose. All who have used it are willing to vouch for its ability to perform all that is claimed for it. It is without doubt the best Hair Dressing ever used. Prepared by

LEVI TOWER, JR., BOSTON.
Sold Everywhere. 50 cents a bottle.

As a guarantee of the reliability of **BAYOLINE** we are permitted to use the name of **GEO. H. NICHOLS, M. D.**, who has used it in his family with exceedingly beneficial results, and is perfectly acquainted with its composition. He unhesitatingly recommends it to his patients, and declares it free from any injurious substance. 8-3smph

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IF YOU WANT TO ENJOY CROQUET YOU MUST PLAY CORRECTLY, AND YOU can do so only by following Prof. Rover's rules.

CROQUET, ITS PRINCIPLES AND RULES.

The leading journals of sports, such as "Forest and Stream," "Wilkes' Spirit of the Times," and the "American Sportsman," as well as the expert players, have adopted "ROVER" as the authority for the United States.

Send Ten Cents and Receive a Copy by Mail.

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PORTLAND, ROMAN & KEENE'S CEMENTS,

For Wells, Cisterns, Foundations, Stables, Cellars, Reservoirs, Iron Boats, &c.

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Remit 6 cts. postage stamps for Treatise on Cement.

Beautiful Everblooming**ROSES****Strong Pot Plants,**

Suitable for immediate Flowering. Sent Safely by Mail, post-paid.

Five Splendid Varieties, purchaser's choice, \$1; 12 do., \$2.
For 10c. additional, we send

MAGNIFICENT PREMIUM ROSE.

Our elegant Spring Catalogue for 1875, describing more than two hundred finest varieties of Roses, and containing full directions for culture, with chapters on Winter Protection, Injurious Insects, &c., is now ready, and will be sent FREE to all who apply. Address,

The Dingee & Conard Co.,
3-adv ROSE GROWERS,
WEST GROVE, Chester County, Pa.

STEINWAY PIANOS.

The Best is the Cheapest.

The Steinway Pianos, for FULLNESS, CLEARNESS and PURITY of TONE and THOROUGHNESS of WORKMANSHIP, are unequalled. The majority of the leading artists throughout the world prefer them for their own use and concede to them the highest degree of excellence.

EDWARD CLARK, Agent, Brattleboro, Vt.
Also, Agent for the Behning & Klitz Pianos, and the Estey Cottage Organs.

Pure Bred Poultry.

For sale at prices suited to the times. **Houdan, Dark Brahma and Brown Leghorn** Fowls and Chicks for sale at prices according to quality. Write for what you want. Address **THOS. L. HALLWORTH, Box 583,** Chelsea, Mass.

THE BEST OFFER EVER MADE!

Read!

Reflect!!

Resolve!!!

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

AN ESTEY COTTAGE ORGAN

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

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

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

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

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

A Weed Sewing Machine

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

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

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

GEO. E. CROWELL,
Pub. of Household.

POLAND**Mineral Spring Water**

CURES ALL

Kidney Complaints, Gravel, Piles, Dropsy, and all Affections of the Liver.

References of the highest responsibility abundant. Send for Circular.

LIST OF PRICES.

Barrels, \$7.00
Half Barrels, 4.50
By the Gallon,50

JACOB GRAVES & CO., AGENTS,
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12 Chromos for \$1. The grandest chance ever offered agents. We will mail to any address, post paid, 12 beautiful Oil Chromos, size 9x11, mounted, on receipt of \$1. Sell for \$3 in an hour. Try a chromo agency, it is the best paying agency out. Everybody loves and buys pictures. We have work and money for all, men and women, boys and girls, whole or spare time, daytime or evening, at home or traveling. Inclose \$1 in a letter. Chromos by return mail. They sell at sight.

WANTED Agents for the best selling Prize packages in the world. It contains 15 sheets paper, 15 envelopes, Pen, Penholder, Pencil, patent Yard Measure, package of Perfumery, and a piece of Jewelry. Single package with elegant prize, post paid, 25 cents. Send stamp for our illustrated catalogue. Address, **F. P. GLUCK, New Bedford, Mass.**

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Pleasant and profitable. Catalogue with full particulars and sample free. **E. M. DOUGLAS,** 12-12 Brattleboro, Vt.



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

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

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

EXPRESS TRAIN.—Leave Brattleboro at 2:00 p. m., reaching Miller's Falls at 4:50 p. m.

GOING NORTH.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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